Growing Pains
by Ananeiah

Summary

When no one was watching, Hikaru grew up, learned to be comfortable with who he was. Unfortunately, not everyone grows up at the same pace, and becoming an adult has never been fun.

Or, in which Shindou makes several decisions, Touya has an epiphany, Touya screws up, Shindou is unexpectedly patient, Touya has a minor and then a major freak out, Japan (and the Go Association) is not especially progressive, Touya Kouyou is amazing in many ways, Shindou is an adult, and everyone plays Go. Not necessarily in that order.

Notes

Many thanks to @mystrade-lecroft for beta-ing for me, even though she has solidly no interest in (or awareness of) the fandom; she did it out of love, and I appreciate that. And her. She is wonderful, and deserves to be appreciated.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Shindou Hikaru was fifteen and a half, two months after the Hokuto Cup when he figured out he liked boys the way other boys liked girls. The realization shocked him in a vague sort of way before he got over it.
Two weeks after that he realized he loved Touya as more than just a rival, and that shocked him quite a lot. He avoided Touya like the plague for a bit while he came to terms with it. Their Go schedules were rarely matched, though, so no one really thought anything of it, and eventually he came to the conclusion that basically nothing had changed except now he knew what that heavy-light feeling he got in his chest when he watched Touya play Go was called.

Around the time of his sixteenth birthday he was out walking with Akari. She was chattering about how school was going, how the Go club she had started was doing, and the other things of the usual high school girl talked about. A leaf fell.

“Hey, Akari,” he said. He stopped walking. “I need to—I have something to tell you.” She stopped walking too, and wondered when he had become the boy in front of her. Not quiet or calm, maybe, but more mature and more contained.

She waited. “What is it?” she asked eventually.

“I like someone.” She was about to say something, but stopped. There was a strange look on his face. He took a deep breath. “I like someone,” he repeated, “but I don’t think he likes me back.”

She stared at him. A thousand things ran through her mind, surprise and dismay and but you can’t be gay before she got ahold of herself. She looked at him. His face was fairly calm, but his eyes looked as though he was waiting for a sword to swing. I wonder if I’m the first person he’s told. I probably am. Why is he telling me? She thought about it some more, and decided.

He was still the person he was before he had told her, and that person had been a little stupid and prone to saying mean things without thinking them through and a bit selfish sometimes. He was the same person who was obsessed with Go, who taught her club for free sometimes, who had brought her the homework when she was sick in elementary school and shared his bento with her when she forgot hers that one time.

“Oh,” she said. “Alright then.” He relaxed, and she knew she had made the right decision. Same old Hikaru.

They continued walking.

Years passed. He and Touya continued to climb their way up the ranks and argue and play Go. In fact, Hikaru’s behavior had never changed from before and after. Touya never had any idea.

So Touya was very surprised when he walked into a room looking for Shindou, and found him kissing a boy.

Akari had introduced Hikaru to a boy from her school. (He had also come out to her more or less in secret, and she wondered what it was about her that made them do that. She figured if nothing else they could bond over being secretly gay. It must be remembered that for all her kindness, Akari was only sixteen, and did not always know the wise thing to do. In this case, however, it had worked out.)

The boy’s name was Eiji Kintarou, and what he and Hikaru bonded over was the fact that not only were they both gay, but they were both in love with someone who was not in love with them.
But they were lonely, and more importantly, sixteen. So being lonely and hormonal they decided that they may as well have a go of it with each other.

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Hikaru decided he liked kissing. It was warm and smooth. The taste was kind of weird, but there was definitely something to be said for holding someone really close to you.

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When he was seventeen, Shindou threw a Christmas party. There were a lot of people there from the Association, and a few people he knew separately. There was soda and food and several cheap, portable gobans that were already in use. Ochi was awkwardly and rudely instructing Akari, who, used to Hikaru’s teaching, took it in stride.

But Touya wanted to play a game, a real game. So he went looking for Shindou. He asked a few people if they had seen him, including Akari, who looked at him strangely for a moment before saying she didn’t know. Touya continued looking.

He went upstairs to the room he was pretty sure was Shindou’s. It was cracked open.

Touya opened the door and blinked. Shindou was kissing a boy.

They were holding on to each other like nothing else mattered, and though they were idly shifting their hips against each other, that was all. Shindou was holding the other boy’s face and neck like he couldn’t let go.

The light from outside the room flooded in, though, and they stopped when they noticed it. They were breathing a little faster than normal, and their lips were a little swollen, but that was all.

Shindou looked at him, and if Touya had been less shocked, less horrified, he would have seen something odd flash like quicksilver in his eyes before disappearing. “Touya,” he said.

“I—I’m going to go!” he blurted and ran.

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For weeks Touya couldn’t look at Hikaru, to the point where other people began to notice. When they ran in to each other at the Go Association, Touya would look away. They didn’t have any official matches scheduled. Whenever Hikaru tried to talk to him, or text him, or call him, Touya ignored him. When he asked Ichikawa when Touya would be free, she looked at him sympathetically but said Touya was unavailable.

Finally Hikaru got sick of it. He went to the Touya salon when he knew Touya would be there and stormed in. Touya saw him and tried to get up to leave. He pasted on his most obnoxious smile and said as loudly as he could, “Touya! Hi! It’s been a while! Want to play a game or two? I’ve missed kicking your ass.”

As predicted, the old guy who had a fan-crush on Touya and hated him started going on about showing young master Touya some respect and how Touya would be the one kicking ass. Touya had no way to get out of it.

They sat down at their usual table, and Ichikawa, being wonderful, shooed all the other patrons away, looking over her shoulder worriedly at Touya.
They did nigiri in silence, and Hikaru reached for the black goke. They played in silence for about forty-five minutes before Hikaru said, soft enough that it was under his breath, “What’s your problem?” Touya flinched like he’d been hit, but his move was still perfect. *Doing it this way really had been a good idea,* mused Hikaru while he thought about where to go. He placed his stone and continued, “Seriously, is it really that much of an issue?”

Touya sat quietly, not even reaching for a stone. After a few seconds of struggling with himself, he burst out, “Yes!” He snapped a stone down, the click resounding in the quiet after his outburst.

But Hikaru just looked at him. “Why?” he placed a stone down and tapped his fan against the goke. Endgame had begun.

And Touya floundered. “It just is!” he hissed. The entire conversation was hushed, and all of the other patrons knew enough to stay away while they played. “You were kissing a boy! You’re gay! How is that normal?!”

Hikaru looked up from the board to stare at him. Touya winced, and hastily played a stone. Hikaru took a breath, and shrugged. “It’s not, I guess.” He played a stone. “But then, honestly, neither are we? I mean, we’re top ranked professional Go players, and we aren’t even twenty yet. If we were normal, we’d still be in high school instead of being paid to play a game. A board-game, even.” Play continued. “So I don’t really think it matters that it’s not normal.”

Touya just shook his head. Hikaru looked amused, now, and said, “Touya. I hate to break it to you, but I was gay before you knew about it. I’m still the rival you chased and who chased you. I still love Go and ramen. I still think Ko Yong Ha and Ogata-san and Kuwabara are all creepy. I’m still going to tell you about the other me someday, though I’m still not sure when. What exactly has changed?” He looked down at the board, grinned, and placed a stone. He was winning.

But Touya wasn’t looking at the board anymore. For the first time in weeks Touya was looking at him, at his face. He seemed dazed, as though none of this had occurred to him. After a few moments he looked at the board. “You’re right,” he said. “I…I suppose nothing has changed, really.”

The game continued. Hikaru won by two and a half moku.

Afterwards they played another match. It descended into their usual argument, and they both ended up screaming at each other. Unlike usual, though, Hikaru did not storm out. In the middle of the did-too-did-nots he looked at Touya and started laughing. Touya flushed, told him to shut up and sit down and play.

Life resumed as normal, and time passed the same as it always had.

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They were twenty years old and at a bar. Shindou, at least, was definitely at least a little tipsy, and Touya was working his way slowly to not-completely-sober. Several other pros their age were there, as well, it being something of a party.

At one point, Shindou was looking at another patron their age, not one of the Go group. He wandered over to talk to him, and they disappeared for a little.

Touya thought nothing of it until Shindou came back to their table looking mellow and happy and a little glazed in the eyes. Touya took one look at him and nearly choked on his drink. He grabbed Shindou’s arm and dragged him away to their own table, away from everyone else.

“What are you doing?!” Shindou just smirked at him and said, “I really shouldn’t need to explain this
He flushed, but growled out, “I meant, how could you just—in bathroom! And with a stranger! And anyway, what about disease!”

Shindou’s smirk slid into a genuine smile. “Relax, Touya. It was just some kissing and a mutual handjob, no risk of disease or anything like that. I’m pretty sure worse goes on at schools, if what some of what Akari told me is true. It’s nice to know you care, though,” he gently teased. He reclaimed his beer and took a sip.

Touya didn’t let it go, though. “But still, with a complete stranger. And…and anyway, don’t you have a boyfriend?”

“Huh?”

“You know, when I walked in, and you were…at the party…the boy you were, uh—kissing.” Touya had never felt less articulate.

Shindou looked confused for a moment before his face cleared. “Oh, you mean Kin-chan? Yeah, he’s not my boyfriend. Not anymore, anyway.”

“Oh.” Touya told himself he wasn’t going to ask. “Did something happen?” His face burned, and he told himself at least he hadn’t asked why not, which would have been rude.

Shindou wasn’t smiling anymore, but he didn’t look offended. He played with his beer can for a few moments. Right as Touya was about to say never mind, Shindou answered.

“We were never really together, you know? I mean, neither of us…we both liked other people. But those people don’t like us back, so…I dunno. It was nice to feel wanted and have someone, in that way, you know? Plus kissing and stuff is awesome.

“But…” Now he looked uncomfortable. “After a while we kinda noticed it wasn’t what we wanted. Like, there’s no point forcing a relationship with someone you don’t like in that way, you know? So we broke it off a while ago. Still friends, but not together.”

Touya sat quietly. He knew Shindou had grown up, and knew that he wasn’t the same loud child who didn’t seem to know anything he had been when they were twelve. He knew what he wanted in a relationship, enough to end one that wasn’t working. He was comfortable in his skin, calm in a way Touya hadn’t realized had been missing since that awful two months when he stopped playing. He wondered when it had grown back, and how he’d missed it.

They both sat for a moment, nursing their drinks. Shindou continued in a lighter tone, “But anyway, since I’m single now, I need to go for it when I find it! Like, my own hand gets boring, you know? I bet you do,” he mocked, poking at Touya’s sweater. (Touya still didn’t see what was wrong with his clothes.)

“Shindou!” he yelped, protesting. Shindou giggled—something Touya was going to mock him mercilessly for when they were sober and talking about something else—but didn’t say anything else. Touya shifted in his seat and said, “I couldn’t do it.”

Shindou looked at him quizically. “I couldn’t…in a bathroom, not with a stranger. I just…I think it should be with someone you know and love. Not…”

Shindou was nodding. “Yeah, that makes total sense. Not everyone is as desperate as me,” he said, grinning a bit before returning to being serious. “It’s better with people you know and like, so I can
They were both quiet for a moment. Then something Shindou said caught up with him, and Touya blurted, “Wait, Shindou. You like someone?!”

Shindou burst out laughing. He laughed even harder when Touya’s first question was whether they played Go. He calmed down a bit after a while, but didn’t answer any questions. After five minutes of pestering him—did he know them? Who was it?—and wondering why he even wanted to know, when three years ago he was horrified to even think about Shindou being gay, Shindou eventually stood up and said, “Yeesh Touya, calm down. You’re worse than Akari! You’d think I was getting married. I said the person doesn’t even like me that way, remember?” Touya paled. How awful, for Shindou to be in love with someone who didn’t like him. For years, from the sound of it.

He started to apologize for being insensitive, but Shindou waved it off. “It’s fine. I’ve had time to get used to it. Tell you what, though,” he said, with an odd look in his eyes, almost like the look he got what he was playing a read his opponent hadn’t seen, except…more amused, somehow. “Tell you what. I promise, if this person suddenly decides they do like me back, you’ll be the first to know, okay?”

Touya had to content himself with that.

-Things went to hell shortly thereafter.-

They were at the Go Association for the awards ceremony and its afterparty. Shindou and Touya were together, as usual, but also Isumi and Ochi and Waya and a few other rising stars were all together. They were giving Waya grief about his new girlfriend, and somehow the conversation turned to Touya’s lack thereof. There were a few gently mocking comments about how for all his brilliance at Go he couldn’t seem to manage clothes or basic social interactions, let alone girls. Shindou followed it up with a comment about how he would probably try to flirt with a girl using Go. It was a fairly mild comment, given some of the previous things, but Touya had had enough.

“Shut up, Shindou! What would you even know about it? You don’t even like girls!”

The room was silent. Touya hadn’t even realized he had been shouting until he heard the ringing in his ears that told him all conversations had stopped.

Shindou just stared at him, eyes wide. He looked shocked and underneath that, a little hurt. A lot hurt. Then his face shuttered, and he began collecting his things.

“Shindou, I—” he started to say. Shindou didn’t say anything. Didn’t even look at him. Just walked out.

After he left, the room buzzed with conversation, louder than before. Nearly everyone was glancing at either the door Shindou had just left through or at him.

“What the hell are you saying?” demanded Waya as soon as he was gone. “What do you mean he doesn’t like girls? Are you saying he’s gay? He can’t be gay!”

The conversation continued from there, but Touya didn’t say a word.

Shindou is gay? How can that be? How disgusting! It’s not normal. What does that mean about his
Go? They can’t continue to let him play if it’s true. It would taint the Association’s reputation! Do you think it’s true?

He left five minutes later, unable to bear the whispers he could hear everywhere in the room.

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A week later, one of Shindou’s match opponent refused to play him, saying he would not sit opposite a pervert over a goban.

The same thing happened with his next three matches.

A month after the string of refusals to play Shindou started, he was called to Association. He left with a defeated look on his face. Everyone knew what had happened. All of his matches had been suspended while they tried to work out his schedule.

What they meant was they were unsure who would be willing to play him, and were even less sure if they wanted him playing.

Touya wanted to scream.

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Shindou refused to see Touya. Refused to answer his calls or texts. Ignored invitations to go for food, for ramen.

Touya wondered if this was how Shindou had felt when he refused to speak with him, after he found out. It probably was, and he felt horrible.

Then he realized that it really wasn’t the same, since Shindou hadn’t really done anything to feel bad for, and this was definitely his own fault. Shindou had the right to be upset, to not want to speak to him. He had a reason to hate Touya, where before Touya had nothing but childish shock and mindless prejudice.

He felt even worse.

He wondered what it said about him that he wasn’t sure if he felt this bad because he knew it was his fault or because Shindou might never talk to him again.

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When Waya confronted Hikaru to ask if it was true, Hikaru just shrugged.

Waya sneered as he turned to leave.

Waya stopped speaking to Hikaru.

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Hikaru was called back to the Go Association around two weeks after the initial suspension—not that they were calling it that, but that was what it was. He was told there would be “an informal inquiry” that would determine how the Association would “handle the situation”.

He refrained from asking what that “situation” was, exactly. He only nodded, said he was willing to answer any questions they had, and left. He clutched his fan like he would die without it.
As he was leaving, though, he ran into Touya Kouyou.

“Shindou-kun,” he said. He didn’t have to look as far down as he used to. Shindou nodded his head.

“Touya-sensei. I didn’t know you were back. How was Seoul?”

“It was an excellent trip. There are some very good players there.” Shindou nodded and prepared to go. “I would very much appreciate it if you would play a game with me,” he continued.

When he was younger, just a child, he would have stammered out his reply. When he was a teenager, he would have hesitated, would have glanced off to the side, and no doubt would have changed his mind several times. Now he only looked at him calmly.

He began to answer. “Of course, sensei. However, I am currently suspended from the Association —”

“I am aware. An unofficial game, I have found, can be more rewarding, however.” Shindou nodded his agreement. “Would you be willing to come to my house? At 7:00 pm tomorrow evening?”

Kouyou had played Go for many years, and was very used to ignoring an audience. In the same way, he ignored those who gathered in the lobby to eavesdrop.

Shindou was accepting the invitation, which was far more important. “Of course, Touya-sensei. I will be there.”

Shindou was, for once, prompt. He came to the room with the goban and sat down, breezing right past Touya as though he was not present, like so much air. This was not like when they had been fifteen and they had mutually pretended to ignore each other; then, they had been devouring everything they could find on each other. They had laughed about that together when they were seventeen.

This wasn’t even like when he had ignored Shindou after finding out he was gay; then he had revealed his awareness of Shindou by avoiding him.

Shindou was really ignoring him. He sat across Touya’s father as though it was something he did every day.

They did nigiri and began, with Shindou taking black. Touya watched helplessly as Shindou played piece after piece in flowing patterns, his fan held loosely in his fingers as he contemplated. The game was beautiful.

He wished he was the one playing Shindou.

The game lasted for three hours, played in complete silence. Kouyou won, but it was a victory earned. At the end, he said, “You play very well, Shindou-kun. Indeed, if I may be bold, your Go has changed since you were a child, but it is just as beautiful.”

Shindou bowed. “Thank you.”

“Before we discuss the game, I would like to ask you a few questions…?”
Shindou looked bleakly amused. “Of course. Not gonna lie, you are the only one to preface the questions with a game first. So, you know. Thanks for that.”

He paused for a moment. “What exactly is going on?”

“The Go Association is considering permanently stripping me of my status as a pro.”

He frowned. “Why would they do such a thing?” He did not say, your Go shows excellent potential, even more now than when you were young. His game was very different, with only echoes of the games he played against him. While it was less elegant, there was more room for growth.

“They were … told that I was gay. Since then, several of my opponents have refused to play me, to the point where even if the Association was not inclined to be … traditional,” Touya could practically hear him phrase it that way instead of saying stuffed up old windbags, “they would need to figure out how to deal with the mass refusal to play against me.”

The room was quiet for a moment, except for the light tap of Shindou’s fan against the goke.

Eventually he asked, “What are your plans?”

“I… I don’t know.” Shindou took a breath. “I dropped out of high school to play Go, to become a pro. I love Go, more than anything. If I can’t play…well, I will always be able to play amateur games, on NetGo, or in amateur tournaments. But I have no way to get a job, not really. I put my everything into playing Go, and while I don’t regret it, if I am kicked out of the Association, I have nothing to fall back on.” He looked down at the goban. The room was quiet.

Touya felt sick to his stomach. He knew this whole situation was bad, but he hadn’t quite realized exactly what all this meant to Shindou.

He listened numbly as his father and Shindou agreed to postpone the discussion, since it was late. He was frozen as his father walked Shindou to the door. He heard it close, and the sound shocked him from his stupor.

He scrambled to get to the door, leaving the house without even putting his shoes on. He ran, calling out, “Shindou!”

Shindou froze, and with a sigh slowly turned around. He panted, then said in a rush, “Shindou, I’m sorry.”

“Yeah. That’s nice.” Shindou started to turn around.

“Shindou—” What could he say? All of this was his fault. He had heard Waya saying awful things about him. It was his fault. He had blurted out a secret that wasn’t his in public. He was the one responsible for the way Shindou’s life was falling apart, and he didn’t even have the words to apologize for it. He stared at his shoeless feet, which were quickly getting cold from being outside.

Shindou was probably never going to speak to him again.

He heard Shindou snort, and looked up. Shindou was looking at him fondly. “Relax. I’m angry at you, yeah, but we’re still friends.” He sighed and looked up at the sky, which was studded with stars, even through the Tokyo pollution. “I’m really upset, and frankly I have the right to be, but—listen, I promised I would explain the other me and Sai and the weird early games and all that some day, and I’m gonna, ’cause you’re my friend. Just…give me some time, okay?”
Just like he had when he was twelve, he stared at someone who was so much better than he was and started to cry.

He nodded his agreement through his tears. Shindou was still his friend.

Touya didn’t know for certain, but he was pretty sure his father had gone to the Association to talk to them about Shindou; his father had accompanied him to the Association building on a day he had a match, and disappeared as soon as they had entered the building. He may not have been a pro anymore, but he was widely acknowledged as one of the best players in the world, and his voice had some weight.

His suspicion grew when, a few days later, the Association called Shindou in to discuss the situation.

His hands were sweating, and he clutched his fan so tightly his knuckles were white. The only reason he relaxed his grip was because he was worried he was going to break it.

“Shindou-san,” said some bland member of the administration, “we have had some time to discuss amongst ourselves, but there were a few things we wanted to ask you before we made a final decision.” He nodded. “There are…rumors that you are—your proclivities…that is…”

Hikaru interrupted. “There are rumors that I’m gay.” He spoke flatly, and the spokesperson for the group flushed a bit, but nodded.

“Is it true?”

He thought about saying no. He thought about saying that the only source of information was Touya, and the only thing he had actually said was that Hikaru wasn’t interested in girls, which could mean anything. He thought about how much easier his life would be if he didn’t have to deal with people looking down their noses at him. He thought about how badly he wanted to play Go, and the people who were refusing to play him.

But ultimately he thought about how he wasn’t twelve anymore, and how he didn’t want to lie about something that was part of him the way he had lied about Sai. Lying to keep secrets had been such a pain, anyway. The Go Association was full of old windbags, and he wasn’t going to lie just to keep them happy.

So all he said was, “Yes.”

They started muttering, and the administrator frowned. “Given that, I don’t think—”

But Hikaru interrupted again, more forcefully this time. “But I don’t see how that matters. I’m not exactly shaming the Go community; if anything, it’s the opposite. Before this whole thing started, I was considered one of the rising stars of Japanese Go.

“And it’s not as though I am indiscreet. I’m not like Ogata-sensei, who shows up with a different woman on his arm each week.” Some of the people on the board stared at him like they couldn’t believe he had dared to say that. “Before Touya mentioned it at the party, no one even knew. The only reason Touya knew was because I told him in confidence.” That was stretching the truth a bit, but whatever. It was make or break time, and anyway, how Touya really found out was none of their business.
He took a deep breath, more calm now than he had been when the meeting had started. He was still holding his fan, but he was holding it with the same relaxation he did during matches. He looked at them and spoke with all the poise of an adult comfortable with himself.

“I play excellent Go, and that is all that should matter to the Association.”

The murmurs had not subsided; if anything they had grown louder. But Hikaru knew they had listened with the same certainty he had when he had won a match, the same perfect knowledge of inevitable victory.

Three days later, the Association reinstated him for active play.

The first person who tried to claim they would not play Shindou because he was a pervert after his reinstatement was forced to accept a forfeit.

As it happened, the match in question was a match in the Hon’inbou series, and player was in a situation where a loss meant that not only was he removed from the series but demoted in his dan-level.

After two other players tried to refuse to play him were given default forfeits, the message spread quickly.

The first official match Hikaru actually played after the suspension was removed was against Isumi. He reflected to himself with some amusement how it also seemed to be Isumi he played first after a longstanding time of not playing Go.

Nonetheless, his bow when he started the match was a little deeper than was usual, and his onegaishimasu was very noticeably sincere.

Touya was calmer now that Shindou had started playing in official matches again.

Shindou still wasn’t speaking to him. When they saw each other, Shindou would nod at him calmly before walking away.

It was so much better than when Shindou was ignoring him.

He wished for matches, of course, the unofficial ones where Shindou would make flashy, unexpected moves, and they would argue over it. He missed the times when Shindou dragged him out to ramen afterwards, or to something else if he felt like being conciliatory. He missed Shindou.

But he kept it to himself, because Shindou definitely did deserve time. Shindou was his friend, and he could wait for that.

Hikaru was sitting on floor by the widow of his apartment. He was holding the fan loosely in his hand, watching red maple leaves fall from the trees.
He had his goban next to him, empty.

He thought about what had happened. He thought about how angry he was at Touya, how scared he had been when it looked as though they were going to strip him of his pro title. He thought about how Touya always looked for him in a room, and accepted it when Hikaru wasn’t ready to talk to him yet.

He snorted to himself. “I guess it’s probably time to get over it. He didn’t mean to, and anyway he apologized.” He snickered some more as he realized he was actually talking to himself. It was probably a leftover habit from Sai.

He calmed down while he thought about Sai, and what Sai would think of him now. He was pretty sure Sai would be happy for him, proud of him even. He was still playing go, still chasing the hand of god with his rival.

He glanced down at the goban, and fished his phone out from his pocket. He dialed a number, his thumb about to hit call when a thought struck him. He knew Touya’s schedule pretty well, even now, and Touya was supposed to be at the salon fairly soon. He put his phone away with a grin and got up.

Let’s go chase the hand of god, he thought.

End Notes

Just so you know, this work contains opinions that are not mine. I wrote them in because I felt it suited the narration, or the character, or the setting, not because I believe it is true. Please don't read this and get angry at the content.

Also, if (against all odds) you wish to read the DVD commentary, or say hi on tumblr, I can be found at https://ananeiah.tumblr.com/.

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