Behind the Screen and the Net

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10547122.

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning: No Archive Warnings Apply
Category: M/M
Fandom: Haikyuu!!
Relationship: Shirabu Kenjirou/Yahaba Shigeru, brief mentions of - Relationship, Tendou Satori/Semi Eita, Iwaizumi Hajime/Oikawa Tooru
Character: Shirabu Kenjiro, Yahaba Shigeru, Tendou Satori, Semi Eita, Oikawa Tooru, Iwaizumi Hajime, Watari Shinji, Kunimi Akira, Kindaichi Yuutaro, Kawanishi Taichi, Reon Oohira, Yamagata Hayato, Ushijima Wakatoshi, Goshiki Tsutomu
Additional Tags: Social Media, Instagram, Snapchat, Skype, Texting, Awkward Shirabu, RLLY AWKWARD CONVOS, Yahashira, ok you know what we need more yahashira, pretty setters, Yahaba would lowkey be a lil shit, OIKAWA TRYNA BE A DECENT SENPAI, Iwa is done with ur shit, Tendou is the real MVP, Hella ooc tho, Friends to Lovers, Slow Burn, Mutual Pining, groupchats, aoba johsai, Shiratorizawa
Stats: Published: 2017-04-05 Completed: 2017-06-03 Chapters: 10/10 Words: 16415

Behind the Screen and the Net

by NotSoFamousNerd

Summary

Tendou decides that Shirabu needs a life outside of volleyball. So he sets up an Instagram account for him- little does Shirabu know that a simple scroll through the recommended list would give him so much trouble

Notes

HEY HEY HEY
so.. this was completely self indulgent ok. Like we need more Yahashira and I'll be the one to add to the tag more and more ;;; Honestly, I know I have an Iwaoi fic that I haven't touched in weeks but THIS- THIS NEEDED TO HAPPEN OK. This is probably hella ooc but idgaf. Literally I read Chapstick and Unknown Number and got inspired. BOTH ARE AMAZING FICS AND YALL SHOULD GO CHECK THEM OUT. JUST SAYIN.

and now.
Onto the ...
Yahashira
"Shirabu, you need to relax and cut loose more! This'll help you kill time and help you out with your social skills."
"I really don't see how Instagram would 'help' me, Tendou-san. Besides, I don't have time to kill."
"Well either way, your social skills need some work. You're still a stuck up, salty brat according to Semi-Semi."
"I don't care about what Semi has to say about me. Can I please have my phone back now?"

Shirabu only groaned as Tendou outstretched his arms, making the phone less attainable from the brunette's range. Apparently, Tendou was currently in the process of creating an Instagram account- much to Shirabu's dismay. In truth, Shirabu had never cared much for social flings or anything of the sort. He really just never had the time to care about his social image- mostly because of his countless sleepless nights that were used to study and the constant burns on his forearms that were caused by the relentless volleyball practices each day after school. So naturally, it would be an understatement to say that he was getting a little impatient in this situation.

He only let out a sigh as he leaned his body closer to Tendou's, extending his arm to retrieve his phone.
"Tendou, seriously! This is absolutely fucking stupid!"
"Wakatoshi has an Instagram too, you know."

It was at this point when Shirabu retracted his arm and simply folded it underneath his other arm. He only huffed and let out an unimpressed "fine." This resulted in a sly, yet victorious smirk that perched its way onto Tendou's lips.
"Alrighty then! What do you want your username to be?~" the redhead asked, his tone seemed a bit too cheerful for Shirabu's liking.
"I don't know, you can decide. Just run it by me first so I don't end up embarrassing myself."

It only took a few seconds for Tendou to type in something random before displaying the screen to Shirabu.
"Absolutely not."
"I thought that 'Ball_setter420' would be right up your alley!"
"I guess the rumors are true. You're incapability to function properly is not only limited to the court.."
"Kenjirou! And to think that I went out of my way to do this for you!"
"Don't call me that and no one asked you to do anything."
"I smell salt." Tendou muttered as he went back to figuring out a decent username that met all of Shirabu's unsaid standards.

It took a good few tries before Shirabu finally settled with 'Salty_setter10' It was still far from what Shirabu wanted- but hey, it's not like he was coming up with creative or witty usernames either. In fact, it was the most viable option for Shirabu at the moment. He wasn't one of those people who liked putting all of their information out there on the table- especially not on social media platforms. So naturally, any plays on his name or anything indicating his personal information was out of the question. Tendou found this to be true when he tried to input the name "Shiratori_bu"

"Alright, Mr. Mysterious. If you're going to be that picky with your username, how are we going to fare with your bio?" Shirabu only rolled his eyes and snatched his phone back from Tendou.
"I'll just write in one of my famous quotes." He said dryly as he tapped along the screen.

Tendou only laughed upon setting his eyes on the screen.
"Really, Shirabu? I'm surrounded by idiots 24/7. Try me.' ?"
"Hey. My true emotions are out there."
"And this is why you have no friends." Tendou joked as he finished creating the profile. Shirabu only shot Tendou an icy glare as he snatched the phone from his clutches.

"Whoa, whoa, Kenjiro. We're still not done yet." The redhead smirked, his smirk implying the worst for Shirabu in his situation.
"Oh god. now what?" The brunette deadpanned, his grip on his phone tightening upon hearing Tendou's words.
"I gotta add everyone from the team! Including myself." He said as he somehow managed to pry the small device from Shirabu's vice grip.

"Tendou, no."
"I thought you were on board because Wakatoshi has an account?"
"That's because I had the slightest bit of reassurance when I heard that! Ushijima-san at least has some sense!"
"Oh well, I'm pretty sure the rest of the team would be happy when they hear you say that." Tendou sneered as he tapped around.

Shirabu took this time to observe who the hell Tendou was dragging into his now piling following list.
Lion.Reon
Semi_Semi
UshijimaWakatoshiOFFICIAL
Oh_My_Goshiki
NinTendou
Kawaiiinishi12
Yama_Gata14

Shirabu only cringed upon reading the usernames. This is SERIOUSLY not the team he played on- or at least, he hoped that it wasn't. In fact, he hoped that this was all some kind of sick joke. No way were they really this embarrassing outside of volleyball. However, all color drained from Shirabu's face as he watched the playful smile that was formed permanently on Tendou's face.

"There we go! Now all of our teammates are on your following list."
"You can't be serious."
"Whatsoever do you mean, my sweet Shirabu?"
"First of all, never address me, ever. And second of all, these are not my teammates."
"I'm pretty sure UshijimaWakatoshiOFFICIAL is our dear beloved captain."
"No. It can't possibly be."
"Well, why don't you go take a look yourself if you want to deny it."

The brunette only let out a groan as he pressed on Ushijima's icon. Sure enough, it was him. His pictures consisting mainly of things that pertained to volleyball- or him during practice. Sometimes, Shirabu would wonder if it was Oikawa who got Ushijima into social media bullshit- but that wasn't really important right now.

"Uh, just wondering.. what is this recommended list..?" Shirabu asked reluctantly, almost as if he was too embarrassed to ask the question in the first place.
"Oh, it's other people that Instagram thinks that you'll like."
"How do they know that?"
"Well, since you're following ALL of Shiratorizawa's volleyball team, they might think that you'd be interested in other teams."
"Like..?"
"Aoba Johsai."
"Ew." Shirabu said plainly, as he scrolled through the recommended list.
"What? Get a kick out of it! They probably don't know it's you!" Tendou smiled.
"Ah! Speaking of which! We forgot to set up your profile picture."
"What... what does that smile imply..?"
"Come here, Shirabu~ just one little picture~" Tendou purred.

Shirabu, surprisingly took a pretty decent photo. However, he still managed to look extremely salty and done with life.
"It's better than nothing." Tendou keened as he saved the picture.

"Well, hurry up and finish up whatever you're doing. We have practice in 5 minutes." Shirabu stated as he walked out of the locker rooms in which they previously sat in. And with that, Tendou followed after him, slipping the phone in Shirabu's bag.

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About 4 hours down the line, Shirabu walked back in the locker room, back and neck completely drenched in sweat. Silently cursing to himself as he began pulling the sticky layers off his body. Thinking back to the events that unfolded earlier. God. That god, awful account that Tendou had set up.

Sighing, he reached into his bag, feeling around until his fingers brushed against the small metallic device. Reluctantly, he turned his phone on and noticed that he received 4 notifications from Instagram alone. Curious, he opened the app and read that the 4 notifications were from the follows he had received when he was away at practice. Tendou, Goshiki, Ushijima, and Kawanishi had followed him back a few minutes after he left for practice- or so the notification read.

Seeing as he hated walking back to his dorm room alone, he figured fucking around on the app couldn't hurt- I mean, he couldn't really complain if he was being entertained. As he started walking towards the direction of the dorms, he decided to stalk around the recommended list that he had stumbled upon earlier.

Unsurprisingly, some accounts of the Seijoh volleyball club players showed up when he was scrolling through Ushijima's recommended list. Shirabu only tapped on Oikawa's account just for fun- I mean, he still had a while before he got home. Shirabu was mostly bored with it. I mean, he had a feeling of what Oikawa would be like on social media- full of himself. Literally every single picture that was posted was a picture that included himself or a part of his body. So naturally, Shirabu got bored of it really fast- mostly because most of the selfies looked the exact same. Same angle, same pose, etc.

So, Shirabu began tapping around the other accounts of the Seijoh players. He seemed to get a kick out of the whole experience liking shots he deemed worthy of his standards- however, things began to get interesting as he scrolled through yet another recommended list.

Shirabu had been browsing through the account of what he believed to be Seijoh's libero, Watari. Until he had stumbled upon a picture of him and some other guy. He was.. oddly pretty. The other boy was brunette, his hair looking fluffy and resembling the appearance of a cream puff. His skin was milky white and the smile on his face was evanescent. It was weird, Shirabu swore that he had seen that face before. I mean, it was obvious that the other boy in the photo also goes to Seijoh- seeing as both were clad in their school uniform. But, he wondered if he had seen that face on the court in a past experience.

Shirabu only read the caption below the photo:
"Chilling with my dude @Yaha_Puff6 during lunch! Volleyball practice in 2 hours!"
Curiosity had driven the nail in deeper for Shirabu as he clicked on the user link. He was then greeted by the 'private account' screen, notifying that he had to follow him in order to view his photos. At first, Shirabu hesitated. Across the period of time that was spent walking back to his room, he would normally ignore private accounts like this one. However, something weird drew Shirabu in. Almost as if he WANTED to know who this pretty boy was.

I mean, it's not like Shirabu liked this boy in particular. It was more a sense of familiarity that drew him to the boy in the picture. In fact, this wasn't the first time he had stumbled on his face on social media either. He had seen the same boy in the background in some of Oikawa's pictures- along with many of the other Seijoh members. Oddly enough though, none of the photos prior to this one mentioned the boy in the background. So of course, this whole situation seemed peculiar to Shirabu. In fact, it was so peculiar that it had compelled him to hit the follow button and watch as the button's letters changed so it could then read 'Requested'. And as he looked up from his phone, he had realized that he was standing in front of the dorms.

However, before he tucked his phone away, he took the time to read the account's bio:

"Seijoh's unknown setter, surrounded by rude assholes 24/7. I've been told I'm quite shallow, but quite frankly, I don't give a fuck :)

Shirabu only sneered at the last bit. What a weird first impression, he thought as he tucked his phone away into his bag.

'Seijoh's unknown setter'. The words ran through his head a variety of times as he made his way to his room. So that's where he remembered him from. Not from him being in the background of some idiot's photo- but from seeing him on the court. If he remembered correctly, the name that was displayed above the bio section of the account was Yahaba. Guessing it was probably his last name that he put out there (for Shirabu had done the same), he tried to retrace footsteps in his memory of ever hearing about a Yahaba during any of the practice matches with Seijoh.

Shirabu clearly remembered a period of time of when Oikawa was out of commission due to a knee injury so they brought in their second setter. Which in this case, he was assuming was Yahaba since he felt that familiarity upon seeing his face. It wasn't like Shirabu to really pay attention to the appearances of his opponents. Yet, Yahaba's face kind of stuck out to him. He remembered how he was on the court, though. Although Yahaba's skill was nowhere near Oikawa's, he could tell that he was strong willed and able to keep a level head in even the most tense of situations. However, he still made simple mistakes- which lead to the evident victories of Shiratorizawa throughout that time period. Other than that, Shirabu never payed him any mind. Mostly because he would sit on the bench if Oikawa was on the court, he simply had no time for dawdling around on bench warmers.

But now, ever since the Spring Tournaments began, Shirabu's had time to think. And quite frankly, he's seemed to remember things that he had seemingly brushed off while they were happening. Just like what he was doing now- when this, Yahaba, person was brought into question.

Letting out a sigh, Shirabu arrived at his room. As he entered, he decided to call out his roommate's name to check to see if they were home.

Silence.

Shirabu only made a small fist pumping gesture as he kicked off his shoes and turned on the lights. He didn't know what it was about having the room to himself- but it was oddly satisfying. This is when he had time to think, in fact, Shirabu had this nasty habit of talking to himself when he was alone (or thought he was alone). So naturally, as he made his way into the bathroom and turned the shower faucet on, his lips parted as he began to dissect his day in a verbal manner.
"Stupid Tendou. My day was absolutely perfect until he made that stupid fucking Instagram account. I mean, I didn't ask him to make that Instagram account. I didn't ask to go get caught up with all of Seijoh's players.. Hell! I didn't ask to get curious about some pretty boy from Seijoh." He stopped himself from speaking as he uttered the sentence. "Whatever." He grunted as he peeled his clothes off and stepped into the now cool shower.

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About 15 minutes afterwards, Shirabu emerged from behind the shower curtains. Surprisingly enough, he didn't utter a single word to himself after what was said earlier. Shirabu, himself, had no idea whether this was out of disgust or embarrassment over his admittance of his curiosity over Yahaba. I mean, hell, he's never uttered a word to the guy. He's only ever seen him in pictures or behind the net- but no interactions to this day.

Letting out a small "tch" noise, he only pulled his pajamas on and walked back to his room. In his subconsciousness, he had snaked a hand through his bag upon arrival to his small, yet messy room. However, as he opened up the screen, nothing could prepare him for what he was about to see:

Yaha_puff6 has accepted your follow request! You can now see their photos

Yaha_puff6 has followed you

Shirabu's eyebrows only knitted together as he read the notifications over and over again. He even blinked and rubbed his eyes with fervor, almost as if he was trying to determine whether he was dreaming or not. It honestly perplexed him, to say the least. He began to feel the most foreign of things crawl into both his chest and stomach. He felt like he was going to throw up- and his heart would go alone with his vomit.

Hesitantly, he unlocked his phone screen and opened up the Instagram app. At first, he was reluctant in tapping Yahaba's account- he was.. oddly nervous. And this is what perplexed him- why on Earth was he nervous? He's been through this in his head a million times.

He doesn't know Yahaba
And Yahaba probably hasn't the slightest clue of who he is either.

So why the fuck did he feel like this?

Slowly, his fingertips made their way to hover over Yahaba's icon. Which just so happened to be a picture of his face, making Shirabu's situation harder by the second. And in a matter of seconds, Shirabu's screen was flooded by rows of a variety of random things.

For the most part, Yahaba's account resembled Oikawa's in the light of having the majority of his account be selfies or pictures mostly revolving around himself. However, Yahaba had some other interesting stuff too. He had some pictures of his dog and pictures of the dinner or lunch he had just eaten. There was even a post about the practice match between Aoba Johsai and Seijoh. It was honestly quite intriguing to have a window into the life of Yahaba.

Other than being a pretty boy, Shirabu had grown to realize that Yahaba was also sarcastic and witty with his comments and advances- so, he dared to do something he had never done before.

He dared click the like button- on several photos that dated back to the previous year and years before that. Shirabu's face was now flushed after double tapping yet another picture on Yahaba's wall. He honestly felt so awkward right now- so, he decided that it was best for him to get some sleep and get this damn phone away from him before he embarrassed himself further.
I mean, he was pretty much alone in this situation. It's not like he could tell his other teammates that he got involved with someone from Seijoh. He has an image as the team's salty setter to uptake! Besides, hearing that your salty setter stalking another setter from your rival school because they thought was pretty isn't something that just rolls off the tongue casually.

Shirabu only let out a frustrated groan, threw his phone across the room and collapsed on top of his bed, letting out a deflated and defeated moan onto the pillow that sat underneath his face. As he squinted his eyes shut, he tried his best to shut out the possible taunts that he'd receive from Tendou and the rest of his team in the morning before drifting into an uncomfortable sleep.

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Shirabu awoke the next morning to the constant blaring of his alarm that sat adjacent from his right ear. "Fucking shit.. i was hoping tomorrow would never come, but here we are." he groaned as he kicked the lazily strewn covers off of his body with a frown. Letting out a sleepy yawn, he reached for his phone and strolled into the bathroom.

The first thing he did upon entering the dimly lit bathroom was take a seat on the toilet, and turn his phone on. As he waited for his phone to load his missed notifications from the night before, he felt himself wake up after reading yet another notification on Instagram:

Yaha_puff6:
"Hey, this is Yahaba.. uh, so I recently followed you back and you kind of liked my photos from last year and you don't have any photos up on your acc and Im just making sure you're not some creepy ex or something."

Shirabu was taken aback. Who the fuck did he think he was coming on so strong like that. Honestly, he wasn't sure how to respond. He had a few options though:

0. Approach the situation with a reasonable amount of salt for the analyzation no one asked for
0. Approach the situation with respect and decency. Claim who you are and leave it at that
0. UNFOLLOW. BLOCK. NO I DON'T THINK YOU'RE PRETTY, BYE

To be honest, Shirabu wanted to approach with method one, but he only replied with what seemed to be a mixture of number 2 and 3

Salty_setter10:
uH SORRY. I just uh. I didnt look at the time stamps and yeah. I dont think we've met before

Yaha_puff6:
I swear I've seen your face before tho

Salty_setter10:
Uh wait how did you see my face??

Yaha_puff6:
It's in your profile pic :P

Salty_setter10:
Oh uh. Ya. Let's go with that

Yaha_puff6: haha you're kinda cute but in a flustered bunny way

Salty_setter10:
Uh?? I dont know you???
Yaha_puff6:
Well, I mean we're trying to establish that rn??

Salty_setter10:
Well, I don't know you personally but I know you're on Seijoh's vball team

Yaha_puff6:
Ya, it's in my profile, brah

Salty_setter10:
oh yea tru tru. I just think I've seen you play before

Yaha_puff6:
I doubt it. I'm a benchwarmer. People are too amazed by Oikawa-senpai

Salty_setter10:
Well, Ushijima-san would say the same about Oikawa

Yaha_puff6:
Wait a minute..

Yaha_puff6:
You go to Shiratorizawa?

Salty_setter10:
yeah.. I'm also on the volleyball team

Yaha_puff6: That's where I know you from! The salty bowlcut setter!

Salty_setter10:
Watch it.

Yaha_puff6:
Well, I mean, I'm not the one to like all of your first-year photos at 9 o clock at night

Salty_setter10: I retract all my likes, then

Yaha_puff6:
I would too, but you don't have any photos :p

Salty_setter10:
Well, good. Because now I won't post any

Salty_setter10:
So suck on that

Salty_setter10:
i gtg to practice so yeah

Yaha_puff6:
Good luck ;) you gonna need it Shiratori boi

Shirabu was literally on the verge of fucking death itself. How the hell did the pretty boy just manage to talk to him so smoothly like that? Like what the hell??

He only shook it off as best as he could and made his way to the gym to start morning training with
his team.

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"SHIRABU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING FRATERNIZING WITH THE ENEMY?!!" Tendou's voice echoed through the gym. Shirabu's eyebrows only knitted together in confusion as he turned his head towards Tendou's direction. Upon inspecting him, he noticed he had a familiar looking device in his ha-

"TENDOU! WHY DO YOU HAVE MY CELLPHONE?!!" Shirabu felt his cheeks flush upon thinking about the conversation he had with Yahaba that morning- the very awkward conversation he had with Yahaba that morning

"Why did you let pretty setter from Seijoh #2 slide into your DM's?! And how could you like most of his old photos?! Number one rule of Instagram is not to do that!! THAT'S CREEPY!!"

"Well, how was I supposed to know that?!"

"You might as well apologize to pretty setter #2 and post a picture of yourself!" Tendou finalized as he readied the camera upon Shirabu.

"Tendou, no!" Shirabu shrieked as he heard the camera click. The image displayed was Shirabu donning a bright shade of vermillion on his cheeks, accompanied by a small pout that came across his features. It was arguably one of the cutest pictures of Shirabu that was ever shot in his entire existence.

Tendou was quick to upload it along with the caption of:
"This was posted against my will but I'm still fucking adorable."

After he was done, he simply handed the phone over to the pouting brunette and fled to Ushijima, trying to avoid Shirabu's wrath.

However, as soon as it was uploaded, Shirabu received a notification that Yahaba had liked his photo. Yet another blush crept upon his cheeks as another notification popped up over his DM icon.

Yaha_puff6:
So.. what is it you were saying about how you'd never post a picture? #screenshotted
Shitabu and Yahababe

Chapter Summary

Yahaba starts pushing his luck

Chapter Notes

SO. I'm sorry this took so long to upload (And the fact that it's short!) I've been busy with testing and trying not to curl up into a ball and sob about rarepairs. I also apologize if it seems hella disjointed bc I just write this on and off and idk..

BUT

NEXT CHAPTER:
TIME FOR SOME SEIJOH BABES TO APPEAR

Salty_setter10:
I don't see you complaining

Yaha_puff6:
Maybe I am. Maybe I'm not

Yaha_puff6:
You'll never know :P

Salty_setter10:
And you call ME the creepy one

Yaha_puff6:
Hey

Yaha_puff6:
I'm not the one who likes 75% of my first year photos at 9 pm

Yaha_puff6:
AND MAY I ADD THAT YOU LIKED ALL OF THOSE RIGHT AFTER I ACCEPTED YOUR FOLLOW REQUEST

Salty_setter10:
No need to get defensive

Salty_setter10:
Unless

Salty_setter:
You agree with me *gasp*
Shirabu only chuckled at his phone as he scrolled through the conversation awkwardly. In a way, Tendou was a blessing in disguise. In the sense that his stupid idea of creating an Instagram account for him wasn’t a complete waste of time.

Although Shirabu responded to Yahaba's snarky response a few hours later, the latter didn't seem to mind. This drew Shirabu further in towards Yahaba- he wondered if his prediction of Yahaba's personality was correct. I mean, he knew for a fact that the way someone acts on the court does not reflect the person's actual personality. However, Shirabu believed that the court itself brought out the best and worst sides of people at times- Oikawa for example. Nonetheless, Shirabu couldn't really compare Yahaba to Oikawa. On the basis of him only seeing Yahaba a few times and barely knowing him- to be honest, it would be unfair to compare the two. So naturally, Shirabu was at odds about who he was really talking to right now. From what he's seen, however, he could tell that Yahaba is pretty sarcastic and witty- key points of interest for Shirabu.

Salty_setter10:
So.. just wondering..

Salty_setter10:
Are you stalking me..?

Yaha_puff6:
You wish c;

Salty_setter10:
I'm not the one who liked someone's photo directly after they posted it

Yaha_puff6:
At least I'm not the one who liked most of my first year pictures

Salty_setter10:
STOP. I GET IT

Yaha_puff6:
#shotsfired

Yaha_puff6:
No but seriously though.

Yaha_puff6:
I just opened up the app and your picture was the first thing that popped up on my dash

Salty_setter10:
..dash..

Salty_setter10:
Is that slang or should I know what that means

Yaha_puff6:
Oh my god. You're a literal grandpa.

Yaha_puff6:
"Dash" is short for dashboard. It's the first thing that pops up when you open up the app
Salty_setter10:
Oh. Well, excuse me, you fetus

Yaha_puff6:
Ill Have you know I'm a Proud Second Year

Salty_setter10:
Well, so am I.

Salty_setter10:
I just don't act like you

Yaha_puff6:
Wow rude

Yaha_puff6:
At least I know how to maneuver around Instagram

Salty_setter10:
At least I know that you act like a fetus

Yaha_puff6:
*gasp*

Yaha_puff6:
you've just been unfriended, unfollowed, blocked, my mom's calling your mom and you're uninvited from my teen queen sweet sixteen summer beach bash birthday party

Oh shit. Shirabu fucking panicked when he read this. Honestly, Shirabu was the type of person to take everything too seriously and not know the fine line between joking and reality. So, naturally, he just sat there frozen, eyes wide and glued to the screen. It took a few seconds for him to finally take action and actually check his follower list to see if the latter had literally unfollowed him.

However, much to Shirabu's dismay, he hadn't noticed the sneaky pair of eyes that had been watching over his shoulder this entire time.

"Are you texting Seijoh setter #2?" Tendou's voice echoed through the brunette's ears. This caused an unwelcoming shiver to crawl up Shirabu's spine.
"No!" He lied, a blush now creeping on Shirabu's cheeks.
"I mean, everyone else is either showering in the locker rooms or having extra practice.. so.. I'm guessing it's Seijoh setter #2."
"He has a name, y'know."
"So it IS him!" Shirabu only sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose in sheer annoyance.
"Sure, let's go with that." He groaned as he received yet another notification from Yahaba

Yaha_puff6:
You still there, buddy?

Much to Shirabu's disgust and dismay, Tendou noticed this and promptly snatched the phone from Shirabu's grasp.

"Buddy? Seriously, Kenjirou?"
"Hey! I can't control him! Now give my phone back!"
"No! I want to see how you talk to him!"
Shirabu felt his face turn white as Tendou scrolled through the messages. Even though he knew that Tendou had done the exact same thing not even an hour ago, he was still extremely put off.

However, the brunette only watched in horror as Tendou's fingers began tapping rapidly against the screen.

He was typing something in response to Yahaba. And honestly, Shirabu wouldn't have given two shits if he were texting somebody else- but the very fact that the person in question was Yahaba made Shirabu want to crawl under a rock and hide for the rest of his days. And this still remained a mystery to him- However, he had just chalked it up as 'stranger danger' and nothing more.

"Why didn't you respond to him? That's a perfectly good meme!" Tendou's voice had snapped Shirabu out of whatever dazed stupor he appeared to be in.
"Meme..?" The latter asked, his eyebrows knitting together in confusion.
"Don't tell me you actually took this seriously and checked to see if he really unfollowed you."

The brunette's cheeks only reddened, shaking his head in denial.
"Unlike you, I'm not a complete airhead!"
"Well, knowing you, you probably did. You're pretty much like Goshiki with these kinds of things."
Tendou teased as he let out a slight chuckle.
"Don't compare me to him!"
"Well, if you don't want to be on the same clueless level as Goshiki, then respond back and stop being so petty."

Shirabu only gave Tendou the fiftieth dirty stare of the day and went back to his phone.

Salt_shaker10:
Yeah, I was just talking to my teammates

Yaha_puff6:
As in the big scary Shiratorizawa squad?

Salt_shaker10:
At least it's not the pansy Seijoh squad

Yaha_puff6:
...

Yaha_puff6:
I'll let that slip since you're cute

"OH OH SHIRABU." Tendou resounded as he watched the conversation unfold. The latter was trying to keep a stoned face as he read and reread the last message.
"Pretty boy from Seijoh thinks you're cute~" Tendou sang as Shirabu typed in a response with shaky fingers.

Salty_setter10:
for once, I reciprocate your feelings

Yaha_puff6:
I think I understood that when you liked most of my photos like the creeper you are ;p

Salty_setter10:
Jesus Christ. You sound like the creeper right now, Yaha_puff6
Yaha_puff6:
You don't have to call me by my username, y'know.

Salty_setter10:
Then what DO i call you? Creeper #1?

Yaha_puff6:
No, you can call me by my last name. I mean, we are Japanese, after all.

Salty_setter10:
Oh..

Salty_setter10:
You do know that I'm not giving you my name, right?

Yaha_puff6:
Not yet, at least c; I just don't want you to verbally call me Yaha_puff6

Salty_setter10:
Okay, one: ew. And two: is the name in your bio your first or last name?

Yaha_puff6:
Last. But for real, I just feel kinda bad that I don't remember your name but I remember your face.

Salty_setter10:
I don't like giving my personal information out to strangers

Yaha_puff6:
Well, you ARE the one who got an Instagram AND we both know what schools we go to

Salty_setter10:
Yeah. That's the only thing you'll know about me.. that and how my face looks.

Yaha_puff6:
A very cute face c;

Salty_setter10:
You...

Salty_setter10:
You're not flirting with me... right?

Yaha_puff6:
You wish :p

Salty_setter10:
I guess I was right for pegging that everyone in Seijoh is a complete airhead

Yaha_puff6:
Take your squad, put them in front of a mirror and say the exact same thing. Just replace the 'Seijoh' with 'Shiratorizawa'

Salty_setter10:
You're pushing it, Yahaba
Yaha_puff6:
So are you, salty_setter10

Salty_setter10:
Ok, you're right. That hurts to look at

Salty_setter10:
Don't ever call me salty_setter10 ever again.

Yaha_puff6:
Back to the question at hand

Yaha_puff6:
What DO you want me to call you, then? You did say that you don't like disclosing your information to random strangers

Yaha_puff6:
So, I'm guessing the name on your bio must be an alias or fake name or something

Salty_setter10:
No. It's my actual last name.

Yaha_puff6:
?? But how could that be ??

Salty_setter10:
A friend set up this account for me

Yaha_puff6:
I'm guessing this 'friend' is a teammate?

Salty_setter10:
That's actually kind of freaky how you'd know that

Yaha_puff6:
I knew it

Yaha_puff6:
Although teasing you is fun, I too, have volleyball practice right now

Yaha_puff6:
I'll talk to you later, Shirabu

Yaha_puff6:
Or should I say

Yaha_puff6:
Shitabu

Salty_setter10:
Just go. You're pushing my patience

Yaha_puff6:
If I annoyed you as much as you lead me on to believe, then why are you still talking to me? C;
Yaha_puff6:
Just a parting thought

Yaha_puff6:
See you later, Shitabu
"So, Shigeru. Who's got you lagging on your phone?" Watari asked as he approached Yahaba- who was currently in the process of tucking his phone away in his bag.
"Now that, my friend, is classified information." He smirked as he made his way over to the court, the small libero trailing behind him.

"Didn't you say something about some creeper liking a helluva lot of your photos yesterday?"
"Yeah, what about it?"
"Would you, by chance, be speaking to that creeper?"
Yahaba paused in his tracks and took a moment to think of a viable response.
"No, why would I?"

Watari only chuckled endearingly and shook his head.
"Knowing you, you probably confronted the creeper and told them to fuck off."
"Hey! I'm not the 'confronting' type."
"Oh sure. I guess we don't call slamming Kyoutani against a wall and telling him to calm the fuck down 'confronting'."
"You shush, libero." Yahaba hissed, Watari only chuckled once more before lining up with the rest of their team in the adjacent corner of the gym.

To be honest, practice is rough for Yahaba, due to the fact that his mind was completely engulfed in thoughts of Shirabu. He'll admit that it was weird- thinking about a rival setter from a rival team. His thoughts laced along the lines of wondering if he'd be greeted with responses from Shirabu upon returning from practice and wondering if he was by chance, attracted to Shirabu.

His thoughts had completely enveloped him to the point of multiple missed sets and sloppy receives. Honestly, Yahaba couldn't recall a day where he had been yelled at more than today. However, his attempts to keep his overwhelming thoughts to himself were proved in vain when the third years began to take notice.

Watari didn't seem to help the situation any further, however, seeing as he notified Oikawa of his behavior towards his phone earlier. However, Yahaba had been so caught up in his own thoughts that he had neglected all of his surroundings.
So naturally, he was a bit thrown off by having Oikawa- along with the other third years- confronting him after practice.
"Yahaba-chan, I heard from a little birdie that you're becoming a little distracted by your phone." Oikawa started. For some reason, Yahaba felt as if he was about to be lectured by his parents about the important of internet safety or something stupid.
"I- We're worried about you, Yahaba. The Spring Tournament will begin shortly and we're just checking to make sure you're not distracted." Oikawa stated, matter-of-factly. 
"I.. don't see what the difference is? I'll just be on the bench like I always am for official matches," Yahaba replied. This resulted in a few sharp inhaled among Matsukawa and Hanamaki, Iwaizumi's face seemed to soften and Oikawa swallowed roughly. 
"That's the thing. You WON'T be on the bench for much longer."

At first, Yahaba's eyebrows knit together in a rugged fashion. 
"What do you mean by that.??" Oikawa inhaled sharply, almost as if he had been jabbed in the gut. 
"Well, I was waiting until after the Spring Tournament to tell you.. but the coaches asked me who would be best suited to become team leader for next year and I kind of.. picked you."

A wave of mixed emotions come over him as he watched the words roll from Oikawa's lips. A tinge of excitement and pride filled his heart, along with conflicting anxiety and dread. Yahaba's lips pursed and formed a thin line across his face, he's pretty sure his already pale complexion has managed to turn even paler by now. 
"So.. you're saying that I'll be captain in my third year.?"
"I mean, I didn't say it like that.. but you get my gist."

Yahaba blanked out after that. Even though Oikawa rambled on for a while about the importance of focusing during practice, Yahaba managed to ignore it until Iwaizumi promptly told Oikawa to shut up.

At first, Yahaba considered confiding in someone about his now rising anxiety levels. However, he recalled how Watari reacted when he first vented to him about his stresses and anxieties. Although Watari was a good listener and friend, dealing with Yahaba's severe anxiety was a whole other ball game. Not wanting to worry his friend, Yahaba took to his deep breathing exercises that his parents had once assigned him when he was in middle school. 

No effect.

Calming down was a hard process for Yahaba. For he was the type of person to let go of something and then remember it after he thinks he's calmed down. In fact, it's quite easy to trigger his anxiety. And Yahaba absolutely hated this.

'Captain.. captain..' the words coerced and clashed together with his thoughts, his mind now a jumbled mess. Even as he tried keeping up with Watari and the conversation they were having, he was still out of it. Although he tried countless times in calming his thoughts by taking deep breaths, his mind still flickered back to what Oikawa had said earlier. God, he really needed to get this out of his system. If he didn't, he's pretty sure he would fucking scream- however, who to? Yahaba didn't want to stress Watari out and he couldn't really talk to Kyotani without being glared at or possibly ignored. At this point, Yahaba was stooping to new levels of desperation and simply reached for his phone.

'I can't believe I'm fucking doing this..' he thought to himself as he pulled up the instagram app. Reluctantly, he went to edit his profile and typed in his Snapchat and Skype in his bio. At first, he felt shame in stooping down to such low levels that he's probably have to vent through a stranger- however, he gained a weird sense of reassurance when he thought, "no one will add me." Or "no
one would even notice that my profile changed." So, he left it like that and proceeded to walk home.

He normally walked home with Watari but tonight, he insisted for the latter to go on ahead of him. Yahaba didn't want to burst unexpectedly and spill all of his stresses out on Watari- that just wasn't his style. So naturally, he did what every teenager did when dealing with youthful angst- pop in some earphones and try to shut out the world that surrounded them.

Yahaba took his walk nice and slow, he knew his mother wouldn't come back until an ungodly hour of the night and he was in no real rush. He just wanted to focus on the music that was playing dimly in his ears and try to clear his mind. In fact, in order for Yahaba to really register all of his stresses and obtain a clear mind is by thinking of good things that happened in his day- or just general things that he liked.

At first, he started of simple. He focused on how much he delighted the cool night air, how he loved how the late night stores and lampposts acted as a nightlight under the thick blanket of the night... however, he wasn't exactly sure when Shirabu got mixed up in his thoughts.

He liked how sarcastic and witty he was, he liked how cute he looked in his one awkward picture on Instagram. He even liked how his name sounded. Shirabu. There was a weirdly satisfying roll on Yahaba's tongue whenever he mouthed the syllables to the latter's name. Although Yahaba had only seen Shirabu a couple times in his life, he tried his best to recall how Shirabu would play on the court..

Tactical, calculating, collected..

He had gotten so involved with his thoughts that he ended walking past his house. It was a few more houses down when he realized he had walked the entire block and had completely missed his destination. Letting out a disgruntled huff, he began jogging back to his house.

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God, how Yahaba had forgotten how great a soft bed felt underneath him after a taxing day. He smiled against the pillow that his face was pressed to as he inhaled the muted scent of sweat and detergent. Slowly, he turned his head to the side, his vision now settling on the bag he had thrown next to him upon laying down.

At first, his mind wandered back to the thoughts of himself during his time of desperation. He reasoned that he had completely overreacted and in fact, didn't need anyone to talk to. He figured his lone walk had cured his temporary anxiety so he reached for his bag and proceeded to grasp his phone. Intentions of deleting the proof of his past anxiety.

As he unlocked his phone and opened up the Instagram app, Yahaba had noticed that he received a few messages from Shirabu along with a few Skype notifications. Over his better judgement, he decided to check Shirabu's messages before doing anything else.

Salty_setter10: Shitgeru?? That's your skype name?
Salty_setter10: i didn't' think you'd be that thirsty haha

Yahaba only scoffed at the messages and went to go delete the newest edition of his bio. Afterwards, he went to go check his Skype notifications.

Watari had sent him some of the daily memes and questions about the math homework. However, Yahaba had noticed something else upon opening up the Skype app:

Salty_setter10 would like to add you as a contact.
Salty_setter10 is now in your contact list!

Shitgeru: are you serious.

Salty_setter10: what do you mean if I'm serious.

Shitgeru: i really didn't think you'd go so far to stalk me, Shitabu.

Salty_setter10: hey it's not what it looks like

Salty_setter10: I'm using this for research

Shitgeru: research for??

Salty_setter10: Seijoh

Shitgeru: why would you need info on Seijoh?? You're literally so devoted to Shiratorizawa??

Salty_setter10: that's the reason why, dumbass

Shitgeru: I'm not following?? The reason why you decided to stalk me and possibly my entire team was because you're loyal to Shiratorizawa??????

Salty_setter10: well. I'm becoming captain when all the third years leave. So i might as well get a head start now.

Shitgeru: wait, are you serious?

Salty_setter10: about becoming captain? Because if so, obviously.

Shitgeru: oh well.. shit

Shitgeru: I am too..

Salty_setter10: oh my god. That is hillarious.

Salty_setter10: are pretty setters as captains Seijoh's unknown kink or??

Shitgeru: Yahaba?

Salty_setter10: it's been like ten minutes

Salty_setter10: is this about me calling you a dumbass

Salty_setter10: bc I'm sorry

Shitgeru: it's not because of that

Shitgeru: just thinking

Salty_setter10: you're probably stressed too

Shitgeru: ?

Salty_setter10: I was told today that I was to become captain after Ushijima-senpai leaves
Salty_setter10: i was pretty stressed about it but y'know
Salty_setter10: we're all different
Shitgeru: Wow
Shitgeru: I never thought I'd ever agree with you over something like anxiety..
Shitgeru: but I'm pretty stressed too..
Salty_setter10: Good to know that you're human, Yahabutt
Shitgeru: You too, Shitabu
Shitgeru: idk.. can i just.. vent to you about stuff?
Shitgeru: Shirabu?
Shitgeru: it's alright if I can't. Sorry for asking
Salty_setter10: it's fine
Salty_setter10: I was thinking too
Salty_setter10: to think that I came in as a second year hating Seijoh with every fiber of my soul
Salty_setter10: and finishing off the year with becoming friends with Seijoh's future captain
Shitgeru: Same here though.
Shitgeru: to be honest, I have nothing against Shiratorizawa personally but I guess Oikawa influenced me
Shitgeru: now I'm a prideful asshole
Salty_setter10: Oikawa has that effect on people
Shitgeru: so.. I'm your friend?
Salty_setter10: did I stutter
Shitgeru: well then..
Shitgeru: this is weird
Salty_setter10: I know. My first rival frenemy
Shitgeru: oh yeah, huh
Shitgeru: after the Spring tournament, we'll pretty much be rivals
Salty_setter10: yeah..
Salty_setter10: until then, I'll try to be less salty
Shitgeru: how cute
Shitgeru: but you should def change your skype name

Salty_setter10: no. You already know my name is Shirabu. Why do I need to listen to you

Shitgeru: YOU LITERALLY JUST SAID YOU WERE GOING TO BE LESS SALTY

Shitgeru: besides, we're friends now, Shiraboo

Salty_setter10... I'll do anything to make you stop saying Shiraboooboo

Shitgeru: Then change your skype name!

Salty_setter10: what to, then?

Shitgeru: Shitabu

Salty_setter10: ew no

Shitgeru: but we'll match!

10 minutes go by without a response. Yahaba's worried that maybe he pushed too hard and probably scared him away. Instead of sitting there and dwelling on it, Yahaba elected that it was best to take a shower and get his homework started afterwards. Sighing as he rose to his feet, Yahaba lazily sauntered over to the bathroom and his thoughts began to race all over again.

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After a long shower, Yahaba stepped back into his room. His pajamas were lazily draped on his body and his hair was still wet. Slowly, he made his way to the bed and retrieved his phone before taking a seat at his desk. Opening up his phone, he noticed that Salty_setter10's skype name had changed to Shitabu. Yahaba only smirked at this and went to go type something to Shirabu

Shitgeru: I thought you said you didn't want to match with me?

Shitabu: Well..

Shitabu: Why not?

Shitgeru: c; you love me

Shitabu: disgusting

Shitabu: I have a question though

Shitgeru: shoot c;

Shitabu: why is your skype name Shitgeru??

Shitgeru: it's a play on my first name

Shitgeru: Shigeru

Shitgeru: Yahaba Shigeru c;

Shitabu: Why couldn't you have done a play on your last name?

Shitabu: Something like Yahababy
Shitgeru: yahababy?
Shitabu: Yeah, because you're a baby :p
Shitgeru: rude
Shitgeru: what about you?
Shitgeru: you could have done a play on your first name
Shitabu: I don't know if I can
Shitgeru: what is it? You dont have to tell me
Shitabu: no, it's fine.
Shitabu: It's Kenjiro
Shitgeru: hmm.. i'll think of it later..
Shitgeru: Kenjiro's a cute name tho
Shitabu: yeah..
Shitgeru: Well i gtg do some hw rn so ill talk to you tommorow.
Shitabu: goodnight, Yahaba
Shitgeru: you can call me Shigeru, you know
Shitabu: then you can call me Kenjiro
Shitgeru: goodnight, Kenjiro
Shitabu: good night, Shigeru
Coping Mechanisms

Chapter Summary

Short little chapter that deals with opening up to each other and bonding!

Chapter Notes

Okay, so quick warning:
These two lovely children will be discussing the topics of anxiety and depression.
Nothing beyond that though.

To be honest, I thought that giving Yahaba and Shirabu anxious behaviors would make them more realistic and believable given their current situation. I even reflected some of my experiences onto this chapter so I hope this is okay and that you guys will keep reading! ^^

Opinions on the execution of this shitty chapter and others are accepted!

Shitabu: Hey shitgeru

Shitgeru: Why are you skyping me at 3 a.m.

Shitabu: Can't sleep

Shitabu: My insomnia is a bitch

Shitgeru: oh

Shitgeru: are you anxious about something?

Shitabu: yeah

Shitabu: the Spring tournament is next Wednesday

Shitabu: Coach is pushing us really hard and I have exams coming up too

Shitgeru: I hear you. Anxiety + pressure is generally not a good mix

Shitabu: That reminds me..

Shitabu: you never really told me about your situation

Shitgeru: My captain situation?

Shitabu: Yeah. It's weird.. Whenever I get anxious, I like hearing about someone else's anxiety.

Shitabu: It's oddly satisfying.
Shitgeru: This'll work then. I need to vent out my frustrations to a certain extent in order for me to feel better.

Shitgeru: Hah. That means we have complimenting coping mechanisms.

Shitabu: I guess so.

Shitgeru: anyways.. about my stresses.

Shitgeru: So, you know how you guys have Ushijima and he pretty much gives Shiratorizawa a hefty reputation?

Shitgeru: We have Oikawa-san. He's pretty much the only reason why Aoba Johsai is seen as a powerhouse.

Shitgeru: I just shut down when he told me that I was to become captain..

Shitgeru: I just feel like I could never amount to Oikawa. Or keep Seijoh's powerhouse running.

Shitgeru: I mean, look at him. He's a fucking god when it comes to volleyball. I barely started upon entering high school and I used to take practices and games for granted since I was always on the bench.

Shitgeru: but now, the pressure's on me and I don't think I can handle it..

Shitabu: well, you're not wrong about Oikawa.

Shitabu: BUT

Shitabu: that doesn't mean that you should compare yourself to him. You and Oikawa are on two separate levels.

Shitabu: Yes, Oikawa is an amazing player and lead your team well. But that doesn't mean that the Seijoh legacy has to end with you.

Shitabu: I know I've only seen you play a few times but I can tell that you have a good head on your shoulders. You'll pull through just fine.

Shitabu: But, when we're both captains, don't think that the Shiratorizawa vs Seijoh rivalry will be off.

Shitgeru: We won't lose then.

Shitgeru: also... thanks.

Shitgeru: that made me feel a lot better about my position.

Shitabu: don't speak of this to anyone.

Shitabu: but I'm glad to help.

Shitgeru: I mean, the most helpful part about this was knowing that I'm not you.

Shitabu: ?

Shitgeru: I'm not the one filling in Ushijima's footsteps ;)
Shitabu: Shitgeru.

Shitabu: this is what I get when I try to be nice

Shitgeru: I'm kidding! I'm kidding!

Shitgeru: but seriously though.. thank you.

Shitgeru: I'm most certain that you'll become a great captain too.

Shitabu: about that..

Shitabu: I think you just voiced my concerns about that, too

Shitabu: It's weird.. I've never really talked to anyone about this.. I mean, the people I've listened to only tell me once or twice.

Shitabu: they tell me that they feel bad for weighing their stresses on me

Shitgeru: I'm one of those people. You know Watari?

Shitabu: Seijoh's libero, right?

Shitgeru: yeah! I used to vent to him all throughout our first year..

Shitgeru: sometimes it was about little things that made me tick

Shitgeru: sometimes it was about huge things that festered and ate away at me

Shitgeru: I felt bad for stressing him out with my problems. Even if he told me that it was alright, I still felt like shit

Shitgeru: so when this whole captain bombshell got dropped on me, I didn't know what to do..

Shitabu: just a quick question..

Shitabu: you don't suffer from depression or anxiety, do you?

Shitgeru: Mild anxiety, whether it be social, anticipatory, or performance anxiety, I'm pretty much mild in all fields. I'm also pretty prone to anxiety and panic attacks..

Shitgeru: what about you?

Shitabu: I've had manic depressive episodes and a few panic attacks. All I know is that my anxiety keeps me up at night

Shitabu: my insomnia is something I could live without

Shitgeru: i don't know

Shitgeru: I don't think your insomnia is bad

Shitabu: why?

Shitgeru: If you didn't have insomnia, you wouldn't be talking to me

Shitgeru: Thank you for having insomnia, Kenjirou.
Shitabu: You're dumb, shitgeru
Shitgeru: says the boy who's talking to me ;)
Shitabu: well maybe I just so happen to like talking to you
Shitabu: is that so wrong?
Shitgeru: no
Shitgeru: I like talking to you too.
Shitgeru: we should probably go to bed for reals though
Shitgeru: it's like 4:20 rn
Shitabu: don't meme with me right now
Shitabu: it is too fucking early for this shit
Shitgeru: no seriously, look at the clock!
Shitabu: oh
Shitabu: you're right
Shitgeru: Yahababe is always right ;)
Shitabu: I'm going to block you if you call yourself Yahababe one more time
Shitgeru: Yahababe Yahababe Yahababe Yahababe Yahababe Yahababe Yahababe Yahababae
Shitabu: FUCKIN STOP
Shitgeru: you opened yourself up for that
Shitabu: ok, maybe so, you idiot
Shitabu: anyways, goodnight, you dingus. I'll talk to you in the morning
You're Cute

Chapter Summary

Just a chapter of their random conversations on Skype

Chapter Notes

So...
I was thinking of pumping out yet another Yahashira fic.
BUT
I have no idea whether I should write the Yahashira into a Second Gen Captain fic or just have a fic solely based on Yahashira. Like I have these two in the works but I'm not sure which one to publish.

The Second Gen Captain fic is just them going to the beach and getting up to some dumb shit over there.

The Yahashira-centric fic is actually going more into detail of my little headcannon of Shirabu having bad insomnia. But after a practice match with Seijoh, he begins dreaming again. But there's always a reoccurring character in his dreams. And yall know who dat boi is ;)

So... input on which to do or suggestions on better Yahashira prompts would be generously accepted!!

8:15 a.m

Shitabu: I'm not going to school today
Shitgeru: how come?
Shitabu: My insomnia kept me up too long
Shitabu: My eyes are literally burning

Shitgeru: I only really have reviews for class today so I guess I can skip today too
Shitgeru: so I can spend more time with you ;3

Shitabu: Shigeru, no. You need to study
Shitabu: I don't want you stressed again

Shitgeru: ooo does Kenjirou care about me? *v*

Shitabu: i dont want to see you stressed because I don't want to have to comfort you again ;p
Shitgeru: im hurt
Shitabu: i'm just kidding, you dorkus!
Shitabu: now get to class, you idiot

---

2:40 p.m

Shitgeru: Shi
Shitgeru: Ra
Shitgeru: Bu
Shitgeru: Ken
Shitgeru: Ji
Shitgeru: Rou
Shitgeru: help me
Shitgeru: KENJIROU
Shitgeru: KENJIROUUUUU

Shitabu: WHAT DO YOU WANT. IM TRYING TO DO HOMEWORK

Shitgeru: I thought you stayed home today?

Shitabu: I did. But my roommate Kawanishi brought me the homework for Calc.

Shitgeru: You take calc?

Shitabu: yeah.
Shitabu: even if I have an A in calculus, I still can't calculate why you like talking to me

Shitgeru: I like you

Shitabu: wha
Shitabu: i dont know whether to be disgusted or.???

Shitgeru: no idiot, not like that... at least not yet ;)

Shitabu: you're insufferable

Shitgeru: ;))
Shitgeru: no, but honestly.. i haven't really had any friends who were okay with me talking or opening up about my anxiety
Shitgeru: I mean, I've only seen you a couple times but you helped me as if I was a friend you see every day
Shitgeru: so I wanted to thank you again
Shitgeru: plus, I like our banter
Shitgeru: keeps me sharp ;)

Shitabu: omg way to ruin a moment Shigs :/

Shitgeru: But it's my duty to wink at you and make you feel uncomfortable !

Shitabu: yeah yeah. What were you talking about earlier?

Shitgeru: about needing help with something??

Shitabu: yeah that.
Shitgeru: yeah well.
Shitgeru: Oikawa told me to pick a vice and I wanted to elect Watari as vice but I couldn't.

Shitabu: Because he's the libero

Shitgeru: exactly.
Shitgeru: so I asked Oikawa
Shitgeru: but then Iwaizumi overheard and mentioned something about getting Kyotani on board.

Shitabu: Kyotani?

Shitgeru: yeah. He's an on-and-off member
Shitgeru: he's a wingspiker who's admittedly pretty good but super unreliable..

Shitabu: yeah, we have one on our team too.
Shitabu: His name's Goshiki and he's a really annoying first year outside of the court
Shitabu: however, he's fiercely loyal and excels in scoring points much like Ushijima senpai

Shitgeru: yeah, but do you like him?

Shitabu: of course not. Too cocky for my taste

Shitgeru: that's exactly my point. It's not like I'm saying that I hate Kyotani..
Shitgeru: but he just seems like a fucking asshole. He always steals balls meant for other spikers and normally hits it out anyways.

Shitabu: is he a first year?

Shitgeru: no.
Shitgeru: he's a second year

Shitabu: no way
Shitabu: how did he make the team?!

Shitgeru: i have no fucking clue
Shitgeru: but Iwaizumi practically babies him.

Shitabu: that must suck.
Shitabu: RIP in pieces Shigeru

Shitgeru: that reminds me, who are you picking for your vice?

Shitabu: Kawanishi

Shitgeru: the one who gave you the hw??

Shitabu: yeah. He's also a teammate.
Shitabu: a fucking asshole..
Shitabu: but a teammate.
Shitabu: that reminds me
Shitabu: you completely sidetracked me from my responsibilities.

Shitgeru: then go do your homework, you dingus :p

Shitabu: you shush
Shitabu: goodbye you pile of dog shit :(
Shitgeru: ;(
--
3:05 a.m

Shitgeru: Hey Kenji
Shitgeru: You awake?

Shitabu: Kenji is Dateko's future captain
Shitabu: i am kenjiROU
Shitabu: unless you're cheating on me with another second gen captain

Shitgeru: ew never.
Shitgeru: I would never cheat on my dear beloved KenjiROU

Shitabu: utterly repulsed
Shitabu: anyways, what do you want?

Shitgeru: first, I wanted to ask why you're up so late again
Shitabu: Insomnia

Shitgeru: oh.
Shitgeru: are you stressing again?

Shitabu: not exactly
Shitabu: More like my whole body is physically tired but my eyes want to stay awake

Shitgeru: maybe you should leave your phone somewhere further away from your bed
Shitgeru: Phones and other electronic devices actually affect the way you sleep

Shitabu: oh look
Shitabu: Shigeru trying to sound smart.
Shitabu: I'm so impressed
Shitabu: I'm swooning

Shitgeru: I'm guessing the sarcasm and saltiness are heightened when you lack sleep?

Shitabu: yeah.
Shitabu: maybe I should sleep..

Shitgeru: you should
Shitgeru: I don't want you straining yourself so hard
Shitgeru: especially before the spring high

Shitabu: I see your tactics, sir
Shitabu: trying to knock off the competition.

Shitgeru: Was I the one to say that I'll be a great captain someday? ;)

Shitabu: WE BOTH SAID THAT TO EACH OTHER!!!
Shitabu: you better be fucking flattered.
Shitabu: i gave you a genuine compliment
Shitabu: it's not everyday when people receive compliments from me

Shitgeru: You're so cute
Shitabu: shut up
Shitabu: I think the sleepiness is messing with your perception

Shitgeru: wait
Shitgeru: there was something I wanted to ask you

Shitabu: what now?

Shitgeru: when's your birthday?

Shitabu: ...
Shitabu: May 4th

Shitgeru: So you're a Taurus
Shitgeru: in astrological logic

Shitabu: and you want to know this information, why?

Shitgeru: I just wanted to know what the heavens had to say about our relationship.

Shitabu: relationship?

Shitgeru: not romantic
Shitgeru: but if we're compatible as friends

Shitabu: oh..

Shitgeru: what did you think I was talking about?

Shitabu: oh nothing
Shitabu: like I said, the sleepiness is getting to you

Shitgeru: I see..
Shitgeru: well either way, we're pretty compatible.

Shitabu: what's your sign then?
Shitabu: since you're one of THOSE people

Shitgeru: I'm a Pisces.

Shitabu: Weird
Shitabu: I need to look that up now..

Shitgeru: take your time. It's Friday ;)

Shitabu: It's Tuesday night and you're absolutely and truly dumb on all aspects, Shigeru
Shitabu: but..
Shitabu: Your inability to form any intelligent conversation with me is really cute..

Shitgeru: ☆••

Shitabu: stop acting cute.

Shitgeru: make me ;))

Shitabu: alright, goodnight, Shigeru
Shitgeru: KENJIROUUU NOOOO

Shitabu: also.. i looked up the compatibility between Taurus' an Pisces' and I found out that we're compatible..
Shitabu: but on a higher scale..

Shitabu: Shigeru?
Shitabu: I'm guessing you fell asleep but that's okay
Shitabu: get some sleep, you dorkus, I'll talk to you in the morning.

----

Shitabu: TENDOU
Shitabu: I NEVER THOUGHT I'D TALK TO YOU THROUGH HERE
Shitabu: BUT I NEED YOUR FUCKIN HELP
Shitabu: I THINK I LIKE SEIJOH SETTER #2
Shirabu starts falling for a certain creampuff

So... I know this'll probably throw a lot of things off.. but I want to make these next few chapters strictly text fics.

BUT. yall came for mutual pining. So I shall give yall some mutual pining ;)

Shitabu: Hey shigeru..

Shitgeru: Everything alright?

Shitabu: Not really
Shitabu: My anxious insomnia is acting up again

Shitgeru: I'm guessing that this is because of the tournament?

Shitabu: you would be correct
Shitabu: I mean, I know we've creamed you guys dozens of times in the past but I'm not sure anymore..

Shitgeru: Are you anxious because of all the improvement these other teams have gone through?
Shitgeru: Because I'm feeling that too

Shitabu: Aren't you going to be warming the bench?

Shitgeru: I guess. Idk
Shitgeru: you never know. Someone could get injured

Shitabu: what positions do you play btw?

Shitgeru: Pinch server and the setter

Shitabu: so you're like Semi

Shitgeru: Oh my god. Semi's scary.
Shitgeru: or at least.. his serves are
Shitgeru: I'll take that as a compliment!! ^^

Shitabu: you really shouldn't. I stole his setter position c:<
Shitgeru: Well what are you gonna steal from me?
Shitgeru: My dignity?

Shitabu: nah. I stole that a long time ago
Shitabu: I'm aiming for your heart

Shitgeru: ew
Shitgeru: utterly repulsed
Shitgeru: I must go bleach my eyeballs now

Shitabu: I'm just kidding you shitball.
Shitabu: I'd never go for you

Shitgeru: Im hurt

Shitabu: YOU JUST SAID YOU WERE REPULSED??

Shitgeru: I was joking, babe ;(

Shitabu: babe?

Shitgeru: idk, it kinda slipped
Shitgeru: besides, I've been dying to meme

Shitabu: ew
Shitabu: this is why I would never go for you.

Shitgeru: well, what would make you go for me?

Shitabu: if you had a big dick

Shitgeru: SHIRABU

Shitabu: just kidding, I'm not really that much into sex anyway.

Shitgeru: are you??

Shitabu: Aro? Nah. I'm more demiromantic
Shitabu: like I have to form actual feelings for someone before I consider getting into bed

Shitgeru: that is hella cute
Shitgeru: so.. I never got around to ask this and this is hella off topic
Shitgeru: but.. what are you? Sexuality wise??

Shitabu: I'm gay.
Shitabu: but don't worry
Shitabu: I'm not for you ;)

Shitgeru: wow rude

Shitabu: what about you?

Shitgeru: I'm pan
Shitabu: Like as long as I like someone's personality, I'll be attracted. No matter what gender

Shitabu: boo u whore ;(
Shitgeru: THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR MEAN GIRLS REFERENCES

Shitabu: haha
Shitabu: but seriously though..
Shitabu: Does that mean you go either way?

Shitgeru: pretty much

Shitabu: then.. can I ask you something?

Shitgeru: shoot

Shitabu: you.. tolerate me, right?

Shitgeru: what kind of question is that??
Shitgeru: If I didn't tolerate you, why would I be awake at 3 a.m. just to make sure that you're alright??

Shitabu: You really do care about me, huh

Shitgeru: why wouldn't I?
Shitgeru: You're my best friend, Kenjirou
Shitgeru: You've been there for me at 3 A.M too
Shitgeru: So I don't care whether it's 3 a.m or 6 in the afternoon
Shitgeru: I'll always be here for you

Shitabu: Thanks, Shigeru.. It's just.. you mean a lot to me and..
Shitabu: Idk, I'm getting emotional rn..

Shitgeru: You should get some rest for the big day tomorrow
Shitgeru: I wouldn't want your team losing before facing us !

Shitabu: you dork..
Shitabu: Talk to me in the morning..?

Shitgeru: of course.
Shitgeru: I always have time for you

Shitabu: goodnight, Shigeru..

Shitgeru: Sweet dreams, Kenjirou

Chapter End Notes

Also I'm sorry for the weirdness of this chapter. This was kind of inspired by a conversation I had with an ex of mine. So.. there's that.

Please kill me
Distractions

Chapter Summary

Prepare for embarassing groupchats and the beginning of some angst

Chapter Notes

I literally have no input for this. BUT I'm not sure if I should bring back the groupchats and separate chats in later chapters. Please let me know what you guys think!!

Shitabu: We made it past the first day of the tournament
Shitgeru: I saw!!
Shitabu: I think I saw your creampuff head somewhere in the crowd
Shitabu: stalking around and shit
Shitgeru: You guys played well today!
Shitabu: not really..
Shitabu: idk I got weirdly nervous today
Shitabu: like I've been through dozens of tournaments before but today felt.. different
Shitgeru: I'm sorry.. did I keep you up late too long?
Shitabu: no no!
Shitabu: you helped with my insomnia
Shitgeru: idk I said a lot of sentimental stuff last night
Shitgeru: I'm sorry if I overwhelmed you in any way
Shitabu: It's not you!
Shitabu: I guess.. it's scary since every match could be Ushijima's last
Shitabu: He was a great captain, you know?
Shitabu: I'm just.. not ready..
Shitgeru: I feel the exact same
Shitgeru: whatever, fight to see another day, right?
Shitabu: I'm guessing your team made it too?
Shitgeru: yepper pepper
Shitabu: I'm glad..
Shitabu: I still have a chance to break your spirits!!
Shitgeru: That's even IF i'll be playing.

Shitabu: You never know.
Shitabu: I like watching you play

Shitgeru: whoa. Do I have a stalker on my case? ;)

Shitabu: you wish!
Shitabu: No, you're just in a few Seijoh matches from the interwebs
Shitabu: don't take this as a compliment or whatever..
Shitabu: but your serves are killer
Shitabu: and your sets are clean

Shitgeru: Oooo
Shitgeru: does someone have a crush on me ;)

Shitabu: I forgot I had some homework to do.
Shitabu: bye you little shit

-----

Conversation: Watari Shinji
Shitgeru: [screenshot sent]
Shitgeru: WATARI. WHAT DOES THIS MEAN

Watari Shinji: DUDE IS THIS SHIRATORI BOI KENJIROI

Shitgeru: AAAAAAAAA

Watari Shinji: Dude. He's totally into you

Shitgeru: Not even
Shitgeru: Why would you think that

Watari Shinji: bECAUSE HE LEFT WHEN YOU ASKED HIM THE WUESTION. HE SEEMS LIKE A TSUNDERE

Shitgeru: NO I PROBS MADE HIM UNCOMFORTABLE
Shitgeru: I JUST COULDN'T HELP MYSELF
Shitgeru: He'S So FKCIing CUT E
Shitgeru: LIKE PLEASE MARRY ME

Shitgeru: [screenshot sent]

Watari Shinji: I'm legit at a loss of words
Watari Shinji: YOU CALLED HIM YOUR BEST FRIEND?!
Watari Shinji: Sh00k
Watari Shinji: YOU ARE R00D
Watari Shinji: I AM NOTHING TO YOU

Shitgeru: calm down Watery
Shitgeru: idk. I guess..
Shitgeru: I'm crushing hard..?

-----

Group chat: Shiratori Boiz
Nintendou: Guys I have an announcement to make
Shitabu: dont you fuckin dare

Nintendou: Our lil Shirabu has a crush

OhMyGoshiki: !!!!!!!!!!

Kawaiinishii: Nice

SemiSemi: wot

Reon: Oh

Yamagetdabooty: Get sum

Ushijima_Wakatoshi: Congratulations, Shirabu

Shitabu: TENDOU YOU LITTLE FUCKING SHIT!!

Semisemi: You lay one finger on him, and I will whoop your fuckin ass

Nintendou: thanks bby ;w;

Shitabu: disgusting
Shitabu: I'm vomiting

OhMyGoshiki: but who is it?! OhMyGoshiki: your crush?!

Shitabu: none of your business, freshman

Yamagetdabooty: damn Reon that's 15 bucks to you

Shitabu: wtf are you guys talking about now?!

Reon: Yamagata and I made a bet
Reon: basically, we were betting on whether you'd be less salty if you were in a relationship or had a crush on somebody
Reon: Yamagata said yes and I said no

Yamagetdabooty: so now I owe him 15 of my precious dollars

Shitabu: you're all insufferable

OhMyGoshiki: TENDOU!!!!!!!!!
OhMyGoshiki: TELL US!!!

Nintendou: Babe back me up

Semisemi: i gotchu

Nintendou: for now, we'll say he has a crush on someone from Seijoh

Ushijima_Wakatoshi: It's Yahaba isn't it?

Shitabu: HOLY FUCK

Nintendou: HOE EXPOSED
Semisemi: oh my god for real?!
Semisemi: you have a crush on their pinch server?!

Shitabu: he's also a setter..

Nintendou: I knew you were attracted to Semi's type ;)

Semisemi: my type being??

Nintendou: The position hoe
Nintendou: you know. When a pinch server also sets n shit

Semisemi: ohhhh

Shitabu: AS IF I WOULD LIKE SEMI SAN!

Semisemi: that's right. You don't like me
Semisemi: You like the Seijoh pinch server who looks like a fuckin creampuff

Shitabu: talk shit about Yahaba again. See what fuckin happens you old man.

YamagetaDatbooty: o shit

Reon: it's gettin serious

OhMyGoshiki: especially if Shirabu's getting defensive!!

Shitabu: SHUT UP GROSSHIKI!

Groupchat: Seijoh Hoes
Watari Shinji: [screenshot sent]

HoeNoMakki: Here come dat boi

MatsuDaddy: O shit waddup

AliensAreDaddy: SHDBDJF
AliensAreDaddy: WHO IS YAHABACHAN TALKING TO
AliensAreDaddy: WHO THE FUCK IS SHITABU

Iwa: Calm down, shittykawa
Iwa: so what if Yahaba has a crush on someone?

Watari Shinji: what if I were to tell you that Shitabu is from Shiratorizawa

Kunimimimimi: Oh my god
Kunimimimimi: I expected better from you, Yahaba

Vegeta: SJCNFKD YAHABAAAA

Shitgeru: ......
Shitgeru: This is why Shirabu is my best friend and not you, Watari

Conversation: AliensAreDaddy
AliensAreDaddy: YAHABS YOU BESTA FUCKIN ANSWER ME
AliensAreDaddy: YOU CANNOT HAVE THESR DISTRACTIONSA DJCNCKC
3 a.m.
Shigeru: Hey..

Shitabu: Hey..

Shigeru: I had a rough night..

Shitabu: me too.

Shigeru: tell me about your night. I need to feel something other than shame and random rage

Shitabu: idk. Coach was being extra strict about shit. I had to stay two hours after practice
Shitabu: and some other personal stuff

Shigeru: I was exposed
Shigeru: meaning, I was teased because of the person I liked

Shitabu: I will stab these homophobes

Shigeru: not homophobes.. it was based off something else.

Shitabu: well, if it makes you feel any better
Shitabu: same thing happened to me

Shigeru: you like someone?

Shitabu: yeah..

Shigeru: deets?

Shitabu: not unless you spill the beans about yours

Shigeru: I'll tell you how he's like..
Shigeru: you can do the same or whatever.

Shitabu: deal.

Shigeru: he's really soft. Like, he may seem like a rude asshole.. but he's soft inside. He's caring and cute and a good listener..
Shigeru: I just really really like him
Shigeru: you go

Shitabu: well..
Shitabu: my guy loves talking. Whether it's about emotions or random shit that happened throughout his day. I just love hearing his thoughts and emotions. Yeah, he's stubborn and emotional but that's part of why I like him so much

Shigeru: interesting..
Shigeru: well, I'm going to sleep

Shitabu: ok?
Shitabu: goodnight Shigeru

Shigeru: yeah
Conversation: Watari Shinji
Shitgeru: He likes somebody else..
---
Conversation: Nintendou
Shitabu: He likes somebody else..
Who Do You Like?!

Chapter Summary

Here's where the good stuff is ;)))

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! So.. just a short thing I wanted to say..
Behind the Screen and the Net will be ending soon. I’d like to say it'll have up to 10-12 chapters.

BUT FEAR NOT. I'm planning on making this a series.
SO, not only will there be a continuation in the next work. But also fucking college days and some smut here and there ;)

Just stay tuned, loves!

Also, don't forget to give my other Yahashira fic a read!

Shitgeru: so, we're going up against Karasuno today
Shitgeru: Wish us luck so that we can cream you guys

Shitabu: Good luck, Shigeru
---
Conversation: Nintendou
Shitabu: Can we sit in during Seijoh's game?

Nintendou: why? Wouldn't it be bad if you watched Seijoh's creampuff??

Shitabu: He.. he'll most likely be on the bench..

Nintendou:...
Nintendou: this is the longest you've gone without insulting me
Nintendou: You must really like this piece of shit
Nintendou: I'll ask Ushijima

Shitabu: Thank you, Tendou-san..
---

Yahaba absolutely hated his pregame nerves. Although he knew he was most likely going to be warming the bench for the entirety of the game, he knew he shouldn't take his position for granted. In fact, it wasn't the fact that it was a game that freaked him out. It was the unpredictability that absolutely fucking scared him.

Nonetheless, he did his line of warmups along with everybody else and tried shaking off his anxiety. However, the thoughts from last night seemed to wander back into his mind- the thought of Shirabu
swam back into his thoughts and began clouding over his vision.

"God dammit.." he cursed as he thought back to Shirabu describing his crush. Constant questions pulsed through Yahaba- questions like,

'Who is he?'
'Do I know him?'
'Does he go to Shiratorizawa?'
'Is he on his volleyball team?'
'Is he even ON a volleyball team?!'

"Yahaba!" The mentioned boy only jumped at Oikawa's sudden call. He took a few deep breaths before breathing out a small answer.

"Y-yeah?"
"Pay attention! Since Kyotani's here on the court, we're counting on you to deliver amazing set ups to him."
"Why me and not you?" Yahaba quirked a brow as he watched Oikawa's once playful smile fade into a determined look.
"Because I have a feeling that that kid will one day become the ace. And with me gone, you'll be our official setter. I trust your skills and I have the utmost confidence in you. WE have the utmost trust in you, Yahaba."

And with that, Oikawa gave him a slight nod and took his leave. Yahaba only made his way to the bench where the other obscure players stood and took a seat.

It was weird, Yahaba thought as he pressed his elbows to his knees. Of all the things he could stress about now, why did Shirabu come to mind? Yahaba only sighed and hid his face in his hands as the match began.

----

Shirabu took a seat on the second level of the gym, at an angle that viewed Seijoh's side of the court from the rear. It was at this angle at which Shirabu could make out where Yahaba was. It wasn't long before his eyes landed on his still figure. He looked absolutely hopeless, like he had no reason to be here. And this hurt Shirabu to no extent- and he knew exactly why.

It was because of last night. Shirabu ached from the words that were exchanged last night. He knew that Yahaba liked somebody else, yet, he couldn't help but be compelled to him. Yahaba wasn't like other people he's met. In fact, Yahaba was the only one who could really keep up with him- mentally and emotionally. Shirabu treasured their friendship more than any other worldly possession. And if need be, he would sacrifice anything just to keep Yahaba in his life. Even if it meant letting go of his feelings towards him.

Shirabu sat in between both Ushijima and Tendou- Ushijima looking fully immersed in the game and Tendou casually leaning back and picking his nose. The only reason why Shirabu wanted to sit in for this game in particular was because he wanted to SEE Yahaba in action. He reasoned that the coaches would let Yahaba have a turn in the court seeing as these were the Semi Finals. However, for the first fifteen minutes, Yahaba sat in the same position- his face in his hands and his back curved into a forward arch.

Fifteen minutes turned into thirty minutes as the time went on. Still, no sign of Yahaba stepping on the court yet. Although Yahaba slammed a teammate against the wall to straighten him out, Shirabu still watched his every move and grew more curious about him. He knew he couldn't like him- for there was no point. He thought that were was absolutely no chance that the boy Yahaba was talking about last night was him. But he just couldn't help himself.
Yahaba was just so perfect.

A small tap from Tendou came at Shirabu's shoulder a mere few seconds afterwards.
"Shirabu, we have to leave now." The brunette's eyes only squinted as he shook his head.
"I'm not leaving yet."
"Old Man Washijou going to be pissed if you keep him waiting."
"I don't care. Just tell him I'm taking a massive shit or something."
"Why do you care about this creampuff so much?"
"The same reasons why you care about Semi so much."

Tendou froze and stared at him for a few seconds.
"Be honest with me, Kenjiro. How do you really feel about this guy? Yahaba?"
Shirabu froze for a few seconds before responding with a small.
"I just really really like him"
"You don't love him?"
"It's too soon to say that! I just get really happy whenever he texts me and I got butterflies in my stomach when I saw him today. Just please. Let me stay."
"Ten minutes. Do you think you can manage with that, lover boy?"

Shirabu only scoffed and turned his back to Tendou.
"Yeah I can. Now go." He said as the redhead walked away.

In a way, Tendou was a blessing. If he hadn't created Shirabu's Instagram account, he wouldn't be here. He wouldn't have felt what he felt right now. He wouldn't have ever discovered Yahaba's wonderful character if it hadn't been for Tendou.

Shirabu found himself smiling as he saw Yahaba stand at the corner of the court with a small number in his hands. The switch between the players was quick, and before Shirabu knew it, Yahaba had already hit a smooth serve. The serve curved slightly over the net- it was honestly.. astonishing to watch, even as the ball was picked up. The play was fast, ending with a point to Seijoh after their 16 spiked the ball down. Shirabu watched as Yahaba's face contorted into a prideful smile. His smile was probably the best damn thing Shirabu had ever witnessed.

God, how he wanted Yahaba to smile at him like that-

As much as Shirabu craved to watch more of the match, he watched as his team made their way onto a court adjacent to Yahaba's. Nearly falling onto his face, Shirabu quickly sprang to his feet and muttered a colorful list of curses as he, too, made his way down to the courts.

Although his team was merely sitting on the benches, a lecture from Washijou was proven to be inevitable. However, as he looked over to Seijoh's court, he watched as the ball dropped to the floor on Seijoh's side. Frantically, his eyes darted towards the scoreboard..

29-31. The win going to Karasuno and not Aoba Johsai. Shirabu wasn't sure what it was, but he felt his heart crack. He wasn't sure whether he was upset over the fact that he couldn't make good on his constant promises with Yahaba- or just.. sheer bitterness towards the the team on the other side of the net.

He didn't see Yahaba after that. Shirabu figured that he probably slipped off to the bathroom to cry or something- and the very thought of Yahaba hurt absolutely shattered him.

Although Shirabu was extremely distracted throughout his own game, his team still managed a win. However, Shirabu secretly didn't care. He saw this win as a meaningless one. If it wasn't Seijoh they were facing next, Shirabu didn't want to face the opponents at all.
Right now, all he cared about was getting back to his room and reaching for his phone.

Shitabu: Shigeru
Shitabu: hey
Shitabu: are you okay?

Shitgeru: idk anymore
Shitgeru: something bad happened today

Shitabu: i
Shitabu: i want to know

Shitgeru: idk
Shitgeru: promise not to laugh or insult me?

Shitabu: of course

Shitgeru: sounds fake, but ok

Shitabu: EVEN WHEN YOU'RE SAD, YOU MEME

Shitgeru: ;)
Shitgeru: anyways
Shitgeru: we lost today

Shitabu: who to?

Shitgeru: Karasuno
Shitgeru: have you heard of them?

Shitabu: Ushijima's talked about them before.

Shitgeru: i jsut
Shitgeru: I cnat beljeve we lost

Shitabu: you win some you lose some
Shitabu: you did your best out there, Shigeru

Shitgeru: just wondering..
Shitgeru: did you sit in during our game today?

Shitabu: i did
Shitabu: that setup was amazing

Shitgeru: my setup to Kyotani??

Shitabu: that wild 16 was Kyotani?!

Shitgeru: haha yeah

Shitabu: you two compliment each other well

Shitgeru: idk I guess

Shitabu: so.. how are you doing?
Shitabu: are you alright?
Shitgeru: I'm better now

Shitabu: ?

Shitgeru: you're here

Shitabu: oh..

Shitgeru: sorry
Shitgeru: that must have sounded weird

Shitabu: no
Shitabu: I'm glad
Shitabu: I feel the same way

Shitgeru: I may not have won today
Shitgeru: But I expect you to kick some crow ass tomorrow.

Shitabu: you know it
Shitabu: Can I ask you a favor tho?

Shitgeru: shoot

Shitabu: will you
Shitabu: watch me?

Shitgeru: of course, Kenjiro

Shitabu: :)
Shitabu: thank you

Shitgeru: !!!
Shitgeru: the first time you used :) nonagressively!!!!

Shitabu: you're so dumb :)

Shitgeru: I retract my statement

---

Conversation: Watari Shinji
Shitgeru: fuck help me
Shitgeru: I'm pining hard

Watari Shinji: ??
Watari Shinji: Over Shirabu??
Watari Shinji: I thought he had a crush on someone else?

Shitgeru: idk man

Watari Shinji: you should def talk to him about it

Shitgeru: You think so?

Watari Shinji: JUST DO ITTTTT

Shitgeru: you are NOT shia lebouf.
Shitgeru: and I will not.
Watari Shinji: binch it's either you or me who does it.

Shitgeru: how are you even going to get in touch with him??
Shitgeru: oh no

Watari Shinji: (σ _3^3)
Watari Shinji: I can't believe your password is still CreampuffsAreMyLife
----
Shitgeru: so
Shitgeru: Shitabu
Shitgeru: can you tell me more about this crush you have?

Shitabu: why?
Shitgeru: idk it'll help me think about something other than the loss

Shitabu: alright
Shitabu: well
Shitabu: The guy I like plays volleyball too.
----
Conversation: Watari Shinji
Watari Shinji: [screenshot sent]
Watari Shinji: guess who got some progress ;)

Shitgeru: ew. Get off of my skype m

Watari Shinji: ok ok I'm logged out already
Watari Shinji: go get him, tiger ;)
----
Conversation: Shitabu
Shitabu: shigeru?

Shitgeru: I'm here
Shitgeru: sorry my friend hacked into my shit and I had to tell him off

Shitabu: your friends hack into your shit?

Shitgeru: sometimes

Shitabu: oh
Shitabu: how will I know that this is really you, tho?

Shitgeru: i can send a pic of me holding up a sign or get quizzed about you

Shitabu: let's do both
Shitabu: I'm not about to get punk'd

Shitgeru: alrighty
Shitgeru: [image sent]

Shitabu: why the fuck does the sign say 'Kenjirou's #1 bae'
Shitabu: AND PUT YOUR TONGUE BACK IN YOUR MOUTH!

Shitgeru: ;) ;P
Shitgeru: are you going to quiz me or not?
Shitabu: fine. Fine
Shitabu: when's my birthday and what star sign am i

Shitgeru: May 4th, and Taurus

Shitabu: what's my first name and what school do I go to

Shitgeru: ughhh make them harder.
Shitgeru: Kenjiro and Shiratorizawa

Shitabu: fine..
Shitabu: who do you like.

Shitgeru: ??
Shitgeru: I thought you were quizzing me on yourself?

Shitabu: never mind

Shitgeru: well.. i could spill another detail of my crush if you want..

Shitabu: sure

Shitgeru: he plays volleyball too.

Shitabu: what position??

Shitgeru: now that would give it away, my dear Kenjiro ;)))

Shitabu: tell me, you doofus!!

Shitgeru: no
Shitgeru: only if you tell me yours ;)

Shitabu: You sound like a twelve year old.
Shitabu: but fine.
Shitabu: we'll send it on the count of three

Shitgeru: ok
Shitgeru: 1
Shitgeru: 2
Shitgeru: 3

Shitabu: Yahaba Shigeru
Shitgeru: Shirabu Kenjiro

Shitabu: wait what

Shitgeru: uh.. let me explain
Say That You Like Me

Chapter Summary

Supportive babes confessing and adorable short fluff chapter

Chapter Notes

It's ending, my loves!!
But fear not, I will continue this story with another work ^^ the next work will dig more into their third year as captains of their respective teams and them leaning on each other!

Suggestions for how their third year will play out are accepted! Feel free to scream with me about Yahashira and Haikyuu on my tumblr!!

Tumblr: Justaddthelilyrice

Shitabu: I..
Shitabu: wow

Shitgeru: Same

Shitabu: you like me?!!
Shitabu: for how long?!!

Shitgeru: idk!! Like when we started talking??
Shitgeru: you're just so cute and sarcastic and???
Shitgeru: idk man..

Shitabu: so.. the guy you were describing earlier..
Shitabu: that was me?

Shitgeru: yeah..
Shitgeru: you're soft

Shitabu: soft..?

Shitgeru: yeah.
Shitgeru: Idk I guess I just feel soft around you
Shitgeru: you do things to me that I can't explain

Shitabu: idk what I'm feeling right now..

Shitgeru: shit
Shitgeru: I'm sorry, I'll stop
Shitgeru: I shouldn't rush into pouring out all my feelings rn
Shitabu: no no
Shitabu: you're so cute when you talk about things you like

Shitgeru: Well
Shitgeru: you're something I like.

Shitabu: I feel
Shitabu: tingly
Shitabu: like in my chest
Shitabu: What the fuck are you doing to me

Shitgeru: I feel the same way when I text you
Shitgeru: it's called falling for the rival team's setter ;)

Shitabu: remind me again why I like you..?

Shitgeru: Because I'm Yahaba Shigeru ;)

Shitabu: so.. I'm not sure where we are right now..
Shitabu: like
Shitabu: are we best friends who have romantic feelings for each other or boyfriends?
Shitabu: or somewhere in the middle?

Shitgeru: I don't want to stress you out right now
Shitgeru: you still have a match tomorrow
Shitgeru: and if you win that match, you'll go to Nationals
Shitgeru: I want to go at your pace

Shitabu: you'd wait for me?

Shitgeru: of course!
Shitgeru: I couldn't focus all day today wondering on who the hell you liked!

Shitabu: so in other words..
Shitabu: you thought about me?

Shitgeru: ;)

Shitabu: stop
Shitabu: but..
Shitabu: I guess this is a win win for me

Shitgeru: ?

Shitabu: If I win tomorrow, I'll go to Nationals
Shitabu: If I don't..
Shitabu: I'll get to kiss you and make US a thing
Shitabu: so please come to my game tommorow..

Shitgeru: of course I'll be there
Shitgeru: I'll be expecting an amazing win tomorrow, babe ;)
Shitgeru: that or an amazing kiss

Shitabu: shut up!!!
Shitabu: I'm going to bed now but..
Shitabu: I'll see you tomorrow at the match..?

Shitgeru: I wouldn't miss it even if the world was ending.

Shitabu: hey..
Shitabu: whatever happens
Shitabu: my feelings towards you won't change

Shitgeru: haha you're so cute, Kenjiro <3

Shitabu: go to bed!!!
  •
  •
  •
Shitabu: goodnight though, Shigeru..
Shitabu: <3
Finale

Chapter Summary

The end is here.

Chapter Notes

I just wanted to thank all of you who supported this fic. I literally had no idea that it would get this much attention and I'm just so glad that there's more and more content being added into the Yahaba/Shirabu tag on AO3

Like most of you know, I will be making a sequel to Behind the Screen and the Net. It will be following the story but it will be set during their third year in high school and their college days! More info on that will be on the notes below this chapter so please give that a read!

Anyways, please enjoy the finale of Behind the Screen and the Net!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shitgeru: Hey Kenjirou :)
Shitgeru: I'm pretty sure you're phone is already off
Shitgeru: But I have the utmost confidence that you'll kick some serious ass today
Shitgeru: Even if you don't, I can't wait to kiss you afterwards
Shitgeru: Now go get them!!

--

Shirabu's phone, however, was not turned off. In fact, Shirabu read through the letters of encouragement as he was en route to the match. He dared to form a small smile as his eyes darted across the different messages. However, much to his dismay, Tendou and Semi seemed to notice this but decided to leave Shirabu alone and proceeded to smile amongst themselves instead.

They knew the signs of young love. For they, too, were caught in the strange cycle. So naturally, they left him be- knowing that Tendou had done his job in helping his underclassman.

Shirabu wasn't exactly sure what it was about Yahaba that made him melt.

Was it the way he looked when playing?
Was it how supportive he was when Shirabu needed someone to cry on?
Or was it just him in general?

Honestly, Shirabu knew the exact reason why he felt the way he did for Yahaba.

He wasn't perfect.

Although his reasoning was unconventional, Shirabu believed it to be quite reasonable. It was the very fact that Yahaba wasn't perfect that made him so relatable. Yahaba was just as scared and
ignorant as he was. He was grounded and wasn't some sort of unrealistic expectation of a flawless human being. He was refreshing, in a way. Seijoh always seemed to be flawless because of the person that headed them- Oikawa. However, after spending time with Yahaba for the past few months, he had come to realize that even the future captain of his rival team could have fears.

And in this case, those fears were more than reasonable.

Shirabu had remembered the very second when he felt the familiar tinge of excitement fill his veins. The very second that he had began to feel something.. ethereal. In fact, the instance Shirabu was pondering about was when he had discovered that it wasn't his feelings for Yahaba that were ethereal.

It was Yahaba himself who was ethereal.

Although it was an oxymoron to call Yahaba ethereal, Shirabu just couldn't think of a better word to describe the boy. Although he knew it was too early to profess any so-called feelings of 'love', he knew that these emotions were stemming from his extreme adoration for the setter.

And he'd never admit it, but he absolutely loved the way he felt whenever he thought about Yahaba.

"Yo, Shirabu." Tendou called from his seat on the bus. Shirabu only lifted his cheek from his palm and gave the redhead a dazed look.

"Mhm?" His voiced trailed in his throat.
"It's time to go."
And with that, the brunette stood up to leave.

-----

Today seemed.. different. Although everything else was routinely the same and mundane, Shirabu couldn't help but feel this sensation of dread of the unknown. There were many possible factors as to why he was feeling so distressed.

Yahaba was the most prominent thought in his head.

It was times like these when Shirabu would try to clear his thoughts. It's not like he could afford to be distracted during an official match. Especially because of a love interest. However, even as Shirabu followed through with his routine warm ups, he just couldn't shake the thought of Yahaba.

Was it pressure? Was it the excruciating possibility that he could slip up at any time during the match? Or was it just the thought of letting Yahaba down?

'No. It's impossible to let him down right now. It's a win-win situation for me.'

This was soon a mantra in full effect in a matter of mere seconds. God, of all times to panic and shut down, why now? Shirabu felt his heart constrict in his chest- almost as if it was being strangled from him. The feeling resembled dying of asphyxiation in the worst way possible.

His eyes began to dart around the gymnasium. The crowds looked mundane. A sea of almost identical heads and bodies engulfed him as he searched desperately for Yahaba's evanescent smile that had once drawn him in- his search, however, was in vain.

Yahaba was nowhere in sight. And Shirabu began to panic even more.

"Kenjirou! Line up with the rest of the team!" Washijou's voice boomed. Flustered, Shirabu only jogged toward the edge of the court where the rest of his team stood. He tried his best to look confident enough to blend in with the proud smiles of his teammates- but he just couldn't.
He couldn't smile unless Yahaba was here.

"Please welcome the Shiratorizawa Academy volleyball team."

A loud string of cheers and enthusiastic chants filled the gymnasium as Shirabu's respective team bowed in response.

Everyone in that damn gymnasium knew who the victors would be at the end of the day. But the brunette was still restless.

He didn't want to win if Yahaba wasn't there by his side.

"... Shirabu Kenjirou, setter..."

Oh shit, Shirabu cursed as he jogged towards his coaches. While he was sulking in his own thoughts, the match officials had not hesitated on starting the game. He received a rather nasty look from his coach in the midst of his daze, almost as if Washijou was trying to snap some sort of sense back into Shirabu.

"Let's have a good game!" The words echoed solemnly in his ears as it bounced around him. Engulfing him in a weird chill that ran up and down his body.

All he wanted right now was to see Yahaba sitting in the stands with that cute smile he wore yesterday with his tongue sticking out. Normally, Shirabu preferred to isolate himself from the outside world before a game. Mostly because he was a no-nonsense type of person and did not have time to care for outside distractions. But Yahaba- Yahaba was pretty much the only exception to his unsaid expectations.

The game started in a flash, and the ball was already bound for Shiratorizawa's side of the net. Although he was still shaken up by his childish infatuation to see Yahaba, Shirabu managed to take action in moving towards the ball. His movements were still as fluid as always as the ball delicately kissed his palms.

The set was sloppy- or at least by Shirabu's standards, it was. However, his team managed to score a point. This reoccurred for the next few points. Although Shirabu appeared to be externally in tune with his mind and physical abilities, his thoughts and emotions drowned him.

He was most utterly, and entirely distracted, and he absolutely hated it. However, unlike other situations, Shirabu wasn't upset at the source of his grievance. In fact, he was utterly repulsed and disappointed at himself. He knew that Yahaba meant what he said- he was going to be here. He knew that Yahaba didn't want to distract him during the game and become yet another burden on his shoulders. He knew all the answers- he just couldn't get his mind to shut up.

It was early in the first set when Karasuno called for a timeout. Like always, Washijou was going on in a rampant lecture about the importance of raised elbows and other subjects that were completely arbitrary to Shirabu. So, naturally, his eyes began to wander through the crowd.

And as if on cue, he watched as a familiar face poked it's way from the stairway entrance and to a seat in the stands. God, how could Shirabu not recognize that face? Yahaba sat in the furthest corner of the stands, away from both the Shiratorizawa and Karasuno crowds. He bore a simple blue hoodie that hung low and reached his mid thigh. His legs were covered by thick black denim as they popped up from the seat.

Shirabu couldn't help but stare at him. He watched as Yahaba's eyes fluttered every which way, almost as if he was searching for Shirabu himself. A small smile cracked on his lips as Yahaba's eyes
finally met his own, his heart absolutely fucking melted upon setting his sights upon Yahaba's caramel eyes.

'Hey.' He mouthed, causing Yahaba to let out a small chuckle. 'Hey.' The latter replied as he reclined into his seat.

However, before they could continue their hushed conversation, the timeout time had expired- throwing Shirabu back into the stresses of the match. He didn't hesitate to look over his shoulder once more just to see Yahaba's smile. God, how much he loved that smile was almost unreal.

As Shirabu stepped foot on the court once more, a different, more pleasant sensation engulfed him. Instead of uneasiness and uncertainty, he was greeted with a strong wave of confidence. and he knew exactly why.

---

Yahaba was completely awe-struck. He knew that Shirabu was already an amazing player to begin with. However, something about this match seemed different. In his spare time, Yahaba had taken to watching all of Shiratorizawa's old matches- all of which, included Shirabu. And in each and every video, Shirabu was indifferent and unchanging. He seemed stiff, almost as if he was obligated to compete today. However, today, Shirabu looked at ease- almost as if he was having genuine fun during the match. And that was something that Yahaba absolutely loved. He loved watching Shirabu in his element- in fact, he just loved Shirabu. But he'll never admit that openly.

---

After an intense two hours rolled by, both teams were at their weakest- especially Karasuno. Since Shiratorizawa was no stranger towards competing on a national stage, Yahaba reasoned that that would give Shiratorizawa an edge over Karasuno.

Although Yahaba was in favor towards becoming Shirabu's boyfriend, he still hoped that his team could pull a win out from under Karasuno. One, because he wants Shirabu to be happy and have time to think about their relationship. And two, because he wants to see Karasuno utterly and permanently crushed.

So by this point, Yahaba was at the edge of his seat. His fingernails dug deep into the cheap fabric he sat upon. Match point- Karasuno's match point, to be exact. He audibly gulped as he watched that final serve come from Karasuno's end of the court.

'Please please please..' he prayed, his mind going into a frenzy of thoughts.

The ball was successfully returned by Shiratorizawa, only leaving the set up and the set unbeknownst.

The set and the spike themselves were clean- almost begrudgingly so. Unfortunately, it was received- leading to the tell tale set and spike routine.

'Please receive it. Please receive it..' Yahaba prayed as he watched the ball fall atop of the arm of the Shiratorizawa libero. For a split second, it really looked like he made another amazing receive.

It was just for the span of a nano second, however.

The ball then flew towards the opposite direction of the court. Yahaba's eyes quickly darted towards Shirabu's still figure. The mentioned boy looked absolutely bewildered as he watched the ball make contact with the floor.

Yahaba felt his breath escape his lungs as he heard the ball's final bounces.
Victory, Karasuno.

Although he wasn’t playing in the match, he still felt his heart break as if he was on the court playing as well. And with that, he stood up and promptly left the building, along with more than half of the Shiratorizawa students. He just couldn't bring himself to watch Shirabu self destruct during the award's ceremony. So, he only made his way towards the lobby, awaiting Shirabu's figure to exit the gym.

Although both parties had agreed on being happy with either results, this situation was more bittersweet than both had anticipated. Yahaba felt absolutely wrecked- yes, he was more than likely to have a boyfriend at the end of the day. But it just seemed like an obligation in these terms. And it fucked him up to no extent.

About fifteen minutes later, Shirabu emerged from the gym doors, his team absent. "Kenjirou!" Yahaba called, ejecting himself from his position against the wall he was leaning on. Shirabu promptly turned his head in Yahaba's direction.

His eyes were puffy and pinkish, almost as if he had been crying for a few minutes. But in all honesty, Yahaba wasn't going to judge him. For he felt the exact same way when he lost yesterday.

"Shigeru.." Shirabu breathed, striding over to Yahaba until they were a mere 3 feet away from each other.
"Hey, are you doing ok?" Shirabu shook his head and trained his eyes on the floor.

Yahaba only let out a soft sigh and studied the other boy. His body language completely gave his emotions away. His back was slouched and his head was faced downward. It was absolutely sad to see him like this up close. His jersey was covered in sweat stains and his arms were marked a hellish red- a reminder of how much he had worked for and had wanted that win today. However, Yahaba wasn't about to let the latter shut down because of this.

"Can.. Can I touch you? Like, are you all right with it?" He said, his voice hushed and subdued.
"Why would you ask me such a stupid thing?" Shirabu groaned, his voice was hoarse and seemingly broken.
"Well, I just want to make you feel better!" Shirabu was silent for a few seconds before stepping closer to the rival setter. Only stopping when his nose was pressed against Yahaba's shoulder.

The taller boy slowly traced his arms under Shirabu's before lacing together around his back, pressing a small smile to the boy's scalp.
"God, you're so cute." He whispered. He felt Shirabu's face warm up against his shoulder as a muffled "shut up!" emerged from his shoulder.

"So, now that we know that your season's over, what do you want to do?" Yahaba started, beginning to run his fingertips up and down Shirabu's spine.
"Regarding us?"
"Yeah. Regarding us."
"I want to go out with you, you shithead."

Yahaba blushed at this and averted his eyes from Shirabu's head.
"Really? You're not going to back out or anything?"
"No. I mean, where else am I going to find someone who can keep up with me intellectually and banter-wise?"

This caused a laugh to erupt from both parties as they pulled apart from each other.
"Shirabu! We're loading into the bus now!" Tendou's voice resounded as he called to Shirabu from the opposite side of the lobby.

"I guess I gotta go now.." Shirabu whispered, his eyes now darting to the floor once again. "Are you doing anything later?" Yahaba's eyes widened as the words rolled from Shirabu's lips. "No, why?"

"I want to go on a date. You're treating me." He smiled. "Well, how expensive do you want this date to be??" "I want a steak and lobster tail dinner." Shirabu winked at the taller boy. "God, you're so stupid!" Yahaba chuckled as he rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly. "So, uh.. see you then?"

"Yeah, text me when you're ready to go and I'll pick you up."

It was at this point when both parties said their respective goodbyes and started walking in separate directions.....

Until a loud clatter of footsteps came rushing towards Yahaba from the back.

"Wait, I almost forgot something." Shirabu added, cheeks dusted a bright hue of vermillion. At first, Yahaba was confused and began wondering what it was that his new boyfriend had forgotten. "Well.. what did you forget?" A small pause floated between the two. Until Shirabu broke the silence and took a deep breath in. "This."

It was then when Shirabu had closed the gap between the two's faces and planted a soft kiss on Yahaba's lips. It was an innocent kiss- the ones you'd expect to have in middle school with your first significant other. And it made Yahaba feel absolutely airy.

So naturally, he found himself pouting as soon as Shirabu pulled away. "I promise you'll get more of those if you impress me with your cash tonight." Shirabu joked as he began walking back from where he came from. "I knew you only saw me as a sugar daddy!" Yahaba laughed as he watched Shirabu walk outside. And he too, followed suit and made his way back home.

Although two strangers had started out from the most awkward of places, both had come to find out that from behind the screen and the net lies a person. And within that person laid a kindred spirit for the both of them.

Chapter End Notes

I kind of need suggestions for some things I was planning to do with the sequel.

As you all may know.. there is NO smut in this tag and I don't know whether that's a good thing or a bad thing. So, I was thinking of doing eventual smut. Something like awkward first times or sexting or something. I made a plan for this and tbh I'm just unsure whether readers would be interested in reading about rairpair smut but idk. Please let me know what you think!!

I'll see you all in the sequel!!
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!