Supernova
by Anamenia

Summary

Tsukishima didn't have problems with Kuroo's scheming acts until now but when Kuroo gave him a phone number and told him he could hire someone to help him with his libido he didn't expect the said whorehouse to be a pizza station nor the hooker to be Yamaguchi Tadashi a.k.a the cute delivery boy

or

Tsukishima lives his life normally, he goes to the school, practices football and eats periodically. Tsukishima only realizes what's missing in his life is light when he meets with Yamaguchi Tadashi, a mess of a boy that has no idea how bright he is, just like a supernova.

Notes

Heyyy, this is my first Haikyuu fic and also first time using AO3, I'm still trying to figure things out so be nice to me ^^ I will update regularly and already finished writing the first 7 chapters, all of them have approx. 2k words so yeah, here we go!
Tsukishima looked at the house phone standing at the end of his bed. He was eyeing it for more than he would want to admit now. When he finally got his eyes off of the phone he tried to distract himself with the dinosaur figures on the top shelf of his studying desk, when that didn't work he sighed and faced the unwanted. He diverted his gaze back to his stomach where he could see his dick lying lifelessly even though his hands were tired from trying to bring life to it for over half an hour.

He felt a blush creeping up to his face and threw a long swear out in the air where no one can hear it in his small one-room apartment. Of course, his blood was flowing to his face instead of his dick, ignoring all of his tries, because fuck him. Not even in a good way.

Tsukishima was a 19-year-old American football player who was majoring in archaeology, which was quite contradistinctive considering the hardness of both subjects. Tsukishima was handling it well so far if of course, if it wasn't for his major blow up the day before.

Tsukishima had blown up to one of his teammates while they were at the practice, it wasn't unseen for him to get on peoples nerves with his silver tongue, everyone was aware the ratio of salt flowing through his blood after all but verbally disturbing people was one thing and punching someone square in the face was another.

He was suspended from practice for two weeks when his coach had found out. Tsukishima wasn't exactly really found of football or practices but still, it ground his gears that he wasn't going to attend the practices not because he wanted to but because he wasn't allowed to do so. He hated it when people told him to do something. That's why he was still having an argument in his mind with his ego; listening to Kuroo or not listening to Kuroo?

When he got suspended in front of the whole team by coach Tsukishima stormed out of the field, not caring about the whispers coming from the seats above the field or how his eyes seemed to be wetter than it was usually. The first thing he did was to punch the nearby locker with all of his strength when he was finally in the locker room. His fist hurt after punching Satori square in the face but apparently cold metal hurt more, that didn't stop him from going ahead and kicking the bags sitting on the floor and the seats for good measure.

He was heaving heavily when he finally looked up and came face to face with the vice-captain, Kuroo.

“Your fist will swallow if you keep punching like that.” He said matter of factly pointing at Tsukishima’s trembling hands lazily. Tsukishima turned his body to him with a growl escaping his lips, his hormones taking control of his body fully at this rate, leaving no room for his brain to analyze the situation at hand.

“Now now, everyone has seen enough punching for today and we wouldn't want you to end up on the ground would we?”

Tsukishima’s lips twitched with annoyance but he knew Kuroo was right. Even under the big uniforms they wore for the practice his biceps were clearly seen, his ass up from all the training he does with Bokuto when they don't have practices and Tsukishima had seen what the weird haired
linebacker was capable of. What he had done to offense players on the field was something hard to forget and Tsukishima didn't want to be at the receiving part of that equation.

“What do you want?” Tsukishima spat instead of doing something stupid like unleashing his anger on the one guy that can beat his ass in a matter of seconds.

“Your serenity.”

Tsukishima kept looking at Kuroo until his shit-eating smirk settled on his stupid cat face.

“I really am rooting for your goodness.”

“Since when do you care?” Tsukishima asked which came in the reply he had heard multiple times before and still holds no real meaning behind them.

“I’m always this kind.”

Kuroo looked at Tsukishima with his “kind” smile on his face until he understood Tsukishima was not going to change his judging look. Kuroo sighed and walked to his locker, which was two lockers away from Tsukishima’s own. Tsukishima eyed his moves carefully, he wasn't as buff as Bokuto or Kuroo but he was quick which came handy on his position and he wasn't ashamed to run away from whatever the fucking weird thing Kuroo was planning to unleash from the depth of his locker.

When Kuroo finally faced Tsukishima he held a piece of paper for him to take.

“I know what you need. You need a good fuck to get it out of your system and since finding a lover for you with your character is kind of hard I think this is the best solution. Just call this number on your free night and have fun, lowering your libido might help.”

Tsukishima didn't know if Kuroo knew he was having problems with his uncooperative dick for the past week or if he was just good at guessing but either way he pocketed the paper just to make him let go of the subject.

But there he was on a Saturday night, trying to relieve himself from the stress that was building upon his shoulders and crushing him under its heavy weight yet nothing was happening. That had happened 2 days ago and Tsukishima was really angry at himself for even thinking of paying for a hooker, was he really that desperate? He must have looked like it for Kuroo to go ahead and offer him a whorehouse number.

Tsukishima couldn't take looking at his ego lying dead next to his dick anymore and got up to pick up the phone. He punched in the numbers and waited for someone to pick up.

“No, I got thi- HELLO! How may I help you?”

Tsukishima cringed at the liveliness of the voice coming from the other side of the line and had to physically hold the phone away from him to not get affected by the whatever happy virus this person was suffering from.

“Uhm,” Now that Tsukishima thought of it, how was he supposed to ask for a hooker? Did he ask it nicely? Asked about his options? How much was it anyways? He didn't have more than 200 bucks for a couple of days until his father sent him his next monthly allowance.

“Hinata! Get away from the phone, go clean the mess you’ve created!” There was a struggle happening on the other side of the phone just like the one Tsukishima was having with his inner self. Would it be rude if he hang up? And what mess were they talking about? Tsukishima rather didn't know.
“Hello, I am Sugawara, I’m the manager for tonight, may I get your order?”

Tsukishima let out the breath he didn't know he was holding before. This Sugawara guy seemed easier to talk to and he definitely didn't have a screeching voice which was a plus.

“Ah yes, order. Uhm,”Since when Tsukishima didn't know what to say? Since when he was ‘uhm’ ing? This needed to stop. Tsukishima straightened his back and puffed up his chest with confidence. “I want to know whatever you have on your hand right now.”

“Ah, as in specials? Well, we have White Bianca, Philly, and Meatballs—“

“Okay you choose,” Tsukishima cut in the manager as kindly as he can, he was kind of hyperventilating after hearing the names of the people there, to be honest, and he really didn't want to know why someone ever would want to call themselves ‘Meatballs’. “I’m cool with anything, just you choose.”

“Okay then, can you at least tell me your choice of size? Small or larger? Maybe XL if you are having a party?”

REALLY? How did he even understand he was gay? Tsukishima didn't remember this Sugawara guy asking about his preferences of gender but now he was asking about how he would like to get his cock, large or extra large? How long was extra large either way? Tsukishima opened his mouth to ask about it but closed it down again, he really didn't want to know.

“Medium would be fine.” He answered at the end, he wasn't going to be at the receiving part anyways.

“Okay, sir, that will be 30,50 for you. Will you be paying with credit card or cash?”

“Cash,” Tsukishima answered without a second thought. This was coming in cheaper than he was expecting it to be.

“Any other additions you would like to add sir?” Sugawara asked for the last time and Tsukishima coughed to cover his embarrassment.

“Can he be someone cute? If that is possible of course, it's not really necessary.”

Tsukishima figured he would be more comfortable with someone that is more close to the cute side than the serious sexy side since this was going to be his first time doing something like this.

“I will see what I can do about that.” Came in the soft reply from Sugawara. Tsukishima felt little all of a sudden, his mother was ruffling his short blonde hair as he asks for another cookie.

They ended the phone call after Tsukishima gave in his house address. Tsukishima hated to admit it but maybe Kuroo was right and after getting laid he could be like himself in no time again. But the question marks were still flying around his head. What if he still didn't get a reaction from his penis even after having a company that shows attention to it other than his own hand? What was he going to say to the hooker? Sorry? Were they going to sit until Tsukishima’s lower parts show sign of life? And how the heck was he going to great them when they come?

Tsukishima buried his head in the pillow with one swift motion. He was screwed and it wasn't even in a good way.
Exactly half an hour later Tsukishima was sitting on his couch trying to watch some old matches of NFL. He took a long warm bath and didn't bother with trying to put on a shirt or dry his hair since it was both really warm in his apartment and he didn't want to bother with extra clothes. He decided it would be best for him to get over with it quick and easy. When the doorbell ringed he walked to the door with sure steps, not letting his anxiety get the best of him. Tsukishima peeped from the hole of the door and saw a boy wearing a red buffed jacket. Was it a motorcycle jacket? Tsukishima figured this must be his guy and opened the door.

“Hello!” The boy squeaked under Tsukishima's burning gaze. What the heck?

The first thing that caught Tsukishima's attention was the boy's greenish black hair. The night sky in a forest would look like the same colour, Tsukishima thought. He was indeed wearing a red motorcycle jacket and Tsukishima was pretty sure the bag he was carrying wasn't for foreplay toys.

When the boy reached his back to grab the bag fully Tsukishima saw the one piece of hair rising up from the mossy forest. It moved back and forth as the boy struggled with the bag. Tsukishima felt the sides of his lips curving upwards, it looked so darn funny.

“Cooperate with me!” The boy hissed at the pizza box and finally retrieved it from the bag.

Tsukishima wasn't exactly angry, he knew Kuroo wouldn't be up for something that is only for Tsukishima's goodness. But still, thinking about ordering a hooker from a pizza station- He shook his head amusedly, he couldn't even focus on getting angry at Kuroo when the boy in front of him flinched as a fly get closer to his hair. Tsukishima finally came face to face with the boy when he dared to look at him in the eye.

“One medium Chef's special. That would be 30.50 sir.”

If the boy's hair was a forest then his face was the sky, full of stars decorating ever curve of his face especially his cheeks and nose. Tsukishima kept looking at the boy from above just to watch him fidget on his place until a blush crept up to his face. The boy caught his lower lip between his teeth and sucked on it nervously, attracting Tsukishima's attention. Unlike some other young boys who are trying to grow a beard and end up with a weird small moustache this boys face was free from any kind of hair. His lips looked more defined when they were not covered with unwanted (at least on Tsukishima's opinion) hair and Tsukishima wondered if it was because he shaved regularly for the job, or was he as hairless in every part of his body?

“I'm sorry!” The boy blurted out with a higher pitch. He buried his now quiet red face to his left hand as he kept holding the pizza box with his right. Tsukishima noticed he had some freckles on his hand too.

“Our manager told us about your request and I'm not- not- that!”

Tsukishima watched the piece of wild hair going forwards and backward as the boy speak and snorted. He couldn't have been more wrong.

Tsukishima grabbed the pizza box rather harshly and put the cash in his hand with the quickness of a cornerback. Before the boy could understand what was happening Tsukishima was closing the door right to his face, but he still managed to catch a peek at the boy's bewildered face as he looked out behind his hand. Tsukishima couldn't help but snicker then it turned into a short giggle and soon enough he was having a laughing fit on the floor.
Jokes on Kuroo, if he thought Tsukishima would get angry then he was wrong. He didn't even remember when was the last time he laughed that hard. Tsukishima swept away a tear forming in his left eye with his long fingers and kept chuckling as he got up from the floor and dropped the pizza on the kitchen table. He could smell the pizza and his stomach growled, it wouldn't hurt to eat a few slices of hot pizza, he did pay for it after all. The most expensive pizza he was ever going to eat, what kind of a pizza place was it anyway?

Tsukishima's eyes found the logo of the pizza, it said ‘PIZZA STATION’ with big green letters that were cornered with gold yellow paint. Tsukishima opened the box and the first thing he saw was a writing on the top of the lid.

Ask him out, he is free

It said. Tsukishima chuckled at the thought. Dating with the pizza delivery guy? Tsukishima thought of the lips of the boy, then his attention was back at his hair and how it would feel to run his hand through that forest. As his imagination get the best of him Tsukishima was already marching back at his bed, his lower parts already forming a small tent on his sweatpants. Jokes on Kuroo indeed.

Chapter End Notes

Tsukki is dirty minded what can I do :D Hopefully you enjoyed the first chapter, do tell me your thoughts about it I'd love to hear it! ^^
“I see you get rid of your foul mood.”

Tsukkishima covered his neck with reflect when he felt Kuroo’s hot breath hitting there. It might be intentional but then again that’s also where Kuroo’s height ended. Tsukkishima put on a gentle smile on his face just to mask his annoyance at the smaller boys guts of mocking him straight to his face.

“Not thanks to you, senpai.”

“Well, you kind of deserved it don't you think? The whole team had to put up with you and your antics for a week.” Kuroo shrugged as he put his hands on his tracking pants pockets and started to walk away. “I had to put you in your place.”

“You take your position as the second captain too seriously, senpai.” Tsukkishima rolled his eyes behind his glasses. Normally he would wear his contact lenses but today his eyes seemed more dry than usual which left him no choice but wear his old square glasses. He looked like a fricking nerd, not a cornerback of the universities football team. Yet again Tsukkishima wore his glasses tall and proud.

The only reason for his despise to the glasses were the need to adjust them over and over again and the little pressure it put on the bridge of his nose in the class, not because he was afraid of peoples thoughts. Heck, he even dared them to say something about his glasses by making more eye contact, then he would show where came the “Salt and Pepper” nickname to the two cornerbacks of the team.

“And somehow you still don't take yours. Take this time to reflect on your actions Kei,” Kuroo’s voice changed back to his brotherly tone. Oh great, he was receiving ‘senpai’s advice’ in the middle of the campus where everyone could hear them. What a nice way to start a Monday. “Don’t make me tell on you to Bokuto again.”

Tsukkishima groaned audibly, he knew Kuroo meant his words so he nodded his head once, conforming Kuroo’s words and agreeing to “reflect on his actions”. Whatever the loving fuck that means.

Tsukkishima fished out his phone from his pocket to look at the time, he still had a good 20 minutes to go before his Zooarchaeology class. Why was he at the school at 8.10 even though his class starts at 8.30 you ask? Because he fricking loved his major. He loved dinosaurs, he loved history heck he dug (quite literally) learning about the creatures that lived on planet earth, especially dinosaurs.

Tsukkishima took it slow as he walked to the faculty that they share with the historians and occasionally med students along with veterinarians. Some people might have underestimated his major but little did they know he was learning about the human body, animals bodies, the four elements that affect earth and heck he even had a selective astronomy class that he will definitely take in his third year. He was learning about everything he was ever curious about when he was a kid and never felt like it was a burden on his shoulders, unlike other students that usually hate their classes. Of course, Tsukkishima had one or two classes he wasn't exactly fond of but that didn't
mean he was going to whine like a kid about it.

Tsukkishima opened up the additional book their professor had suggested for them to read and searched the last paragraph he left. Tsukkishima usually put on his big earphones to block out annoying peoples voices but at that time of the hour, he didn't need that. So relaxing on the bench at the faculties garden, listening to the additional twits of birds didn't bother him.

That is until someone decided it was a good idea to interrupt him.

“T’M SORRY CAN I USE YOUR PHONE I’M SO SORRY!”

Tsukkishima looked at the person bowing before him. He did a double check, yep the one tuft of hair was sticking up and pointing straight at him from the even messier than before greenish black hair. Of course, they were going to the same university, because fuck him that's why.

Believe it or not, Tsukkishima was ashamed after confusing the boy for a hooker and then jerking off to his image. So he would rather not have this conversation right now. He seized the opportunity to leave before the boy can raise his head up but it was already too late. The boy was looking straight into his eyes as his body was still in a bowing position.

“I really am sorry and I would understand if you didn't want to lend me your phone but I swear I will just make a call and not run away with it. My name is Yamaguchi Tadashi, I am a first-year architecture student and I am stupid enough to leave my project at home because I am a fricking idiot. I will just call my roommate.”

“First of all, you talk a lot.” Tsukkishima started, the boy interrupted with a quick and anxious “Sorry!”. Tsukkishima gave him the bad eye yet finished his sentence. “And second of all why don't you ask the security?”

The boy, Tadashi, straightened his back as a blush crept up to his ears. His eyes were focused on his fingers that play with the hem of his quite thin shirt for November.

“You were closer so I just assumed you would help. Didn't think of the securities.” Tadashi mumbled under his breath.

Tsukkishima rolled his eyes at how pathetic that excuse was. They were living in Tokyo in modern times, who was helping who without some benefit? What was this boy? Stupid? Overly optimistic? A Pollyanna?

“Sorry for bothering.” The stupid boy, Tadashi, apologized again and was about to turn his back on Tsukkishima to leave when it struck Tsukkishima. He was about to leave. And did he not remember who he was? Tsukkishima for a fact knew there were not a lot blonde 1.94cm boys around on their campus and he didn't exactly have a common face so how come this forlorn-looking boy didn't recognize him? Was he that oblivious? Before knowing what was he doing Tsukkishima grabbed his phone from his pocket and offered it to the boy. Noticing he will not see the phone Tsukkishima coughed.

“Here.” He added for good measure. Tadashi’s shoulders were slumped down, even his rebellious hair was looking defeated. Tadashi looked at the phone for a second then it became two seconds and right when Tsukkishima was about to retreat his offer back with annoyance his light bulb lighted up.

“OH MY GOD THANK YOU IT WILL TAKE A SECOND!”

Tadashi grabbed the phone and sat next to Tsukkshima on the bench that was already occupied
with Tsukkishima’s sports bag and school bag. Yamaguchi looked at the phone and back at Tsukkishima.

“It wants a password,” Yamaguchi said offering the phone back at Tsukkishima to let him punch the numbers in privacy.

“1112.” Tsukkishima told Yamaguchi the password not bothering to take his phone. Yamaguchi quickly murmured thanks before opening the phone.

“Pick up, pick up, pick up you lazy bun-“ Tadashi chanted quietly. Tsukkishima returned back to his book. Normally he wouldn't care but somehow he couldn't help but drop an ear at the freckled boy's conversation. His freckles seemed to look a lot more under the actual sun instead of the imitation of it. No, Tsukkishima wasn't paying attention, it was more like the freckles were shining and it was blinding Tsukkishima’s eyesight. They were pretty much impossible to ignore.

“Pick u- KENMA!” Tadashi yelled suddenly, jumping as he smiled excitedly. Tsukkishima side eyed him irritatedly yet didn't say anything about it.

“Oh my God you’ve got to help me! I’ve forgotten my project in the dorms. Can you please bring it? I know you also have a morning class, please just help me out and I will buy you breakfast.”

Tsukkishima wondered why he was trying to bribe his friend to help him as he was in need. That’s not how friends acted to each other. Yeah, Tsukkishima didn't exactly have a lot of friends but he did get along with his teammates even though he grinds their gears time to time and he wouldn't hesitate to help them if they were in need. He would talk a lot about it and rub it in their faces occasionally but help them nevertheless.

“Okay, then I will clean your cat's litter box for a week.” Tadashi’s forlorn look was gone, he simply looked agitated now. Tsukkishima couldn't help but notice he was holding his lower lip between his teeth again. Then he noticed he was staring and before Tadashi can catch him he diverted his attention back to the book.

“Alright, two! Just-“ The boy sighed there but he didn't sound as urgent as he was before, “Just bring it before 8.45 okay?”

There was silence between the two young boys after Tadashi ended the phone call. Tsukkishima slightly turned to look at him. Tadashi was still holding his phone in his hand but didn't exactly seem to remember or care it wasn't his. His eyes were closed and he was taking long relaxing breaths, probably to calm himself down. Tsukkishima didn't want to interrupt his inner peace but something was bothering him. He had to ask.

“I think you forgot to ask your friend to bring your phone too.” Tsukkishima stated. Tadashi opened his eyes immediately making eye contact with Tsukkishima. He looked and looked and looked then his eyes grew up with recognition.

“Oh my God I remember you!” Yamaguchi stated which Tsukkishima replied with a roll of his eyes. Took him long enough. “You, you are the one that asked for a cute delivery guy.” Yamaguchi stated the fact they both know.

“Yes,” Tsukkishima answered before he continued without skipping a beat. “Your phone, didn't you forget that in your dorm too?”

“Huh?” Came in the rather overly intellectual answer of the freckled cute boy. He looked really cute, Tsukkishima wasn't going to deny that. Stupidly cute or cutely stupid, he didn't know. But he
was sure those two words were in the definition of Yamaguchi Tadashi.

“Oh, I didn't forget my phone, it burnt.”

Tsukkishima blinked, Yamaguchi kept looking, Tsukkishima blinked again, Yamaguchi started to blush.

“It’s not really a good story.”

“Oh, I want to hear now.” Tsukkishima closed his book and didn't bother with marking the page with his finger, it was obvious he was not going to be able to do any reading at this point in his morning.

“So you know I work in Pizza Station.” Yamaguchi started, Tsukkishima confirmed it with a nod. “We have a new worker, his name is Hinata. He is kind of-“

“Acts like he is suffering from a happy virus? Talks obnoxiously loud? Is messy?”

Yamaguchi’s eyebrows raised up and get lost behind his forest of a hair.

“You know Hinata?”

“No, he was the first person to answer when I called, I just put two and two together.” Tsukkishima shrugged showing it wasn't a big deal, now what happened to his phone that was the question.

“Wow, you are smart.” Yamaguchi blurted out instead. Tsukkishima cocked his head to the side quizzically.

“Do I not seem smart?” Tsukkishima asked just to make the already anxious boy more nervous. He loved pressing buttons that he shouldn't be pressing, it made people do funnily embarrassing stuff. Tsukkishima was the type of person to match a small light in a room and watch people dance as they burn.

“No, you don't.” Yamaguchi answered straightforwardly. He shook his hands in front of his face when he saw Tsukkishima’s face.

“I mean you do know but you didn't before. I didn't exactly remember you like this. I mean- you weren't wearing a shirt and you had, had, you know-“

Tsukkishima felt his cold façade breaking apart when he saw how his victim was struggling to talk about his naked body but didn't hesitate to say he looked like an imbecile to his face. Yamaguchi Tadashi definitely caught his interest now.

“You mean my abs?” Tsukkishima offered with a baleful smile. Tadashi settled with a nod. Then he whipped his head up again.

“Do you have a class? Of course, you have a class, who would come to school at this unholy hour if they don't have a class? You don't have to wait with me, I would be fine.” Yamaguchi asked and answered his question himself confusing Tsukkishima for a second.

“I wasn't going to wait with you,” Tsukkishima stated. When he saw the freckled boys confused face he pointed at his phone that he was still holding. “I was waiting for you to give me back my phone.”

“Oh, yeah.” Yamaguchi answered sheepishly offering Tsukkishima his phone back. Tsukkishima
checked the time and saw he only had 5 minutes left. To be honest, until Yamaguchi kindly remind him he had forgotten he even had a class. Considering the fact he was holding the book that is about the class it was saying something. Maybe he should wait with him until his friend comes. But why? Why would Tsukishima want to get late to one of his favourite classes because of some freckled stupid boy he merely knows? That didn't stop you from jerking off to his looks, whispered a voice from the depth of his stomach. Tsukishima choose to ignore it.

“It is going to rain.” Tsukishima warned as he got up and put two of his bags straps to his shoulders vertically.

“It is? It seemed like a sunny day…” Yamaguchi said turning his face at the clear sky, searching for dark clouds but finding none.

Tsukishima shrugged his shoulder nonchalantly.

“We’ll see.”

Yamaguchi diverted his gaze back to Tsukishima. Now that there weren't any emergencies going on Yamaguchi’s pupils were not as big as before. Tsukishima could see his eyes clearly yet he still couldn't understand the colour of it. It wasn't black but it wasn't brown either. Was that yellow specks or it was just the sun playing tricks?

“Is something wrong?” Tadashi asked. His blush was finally gone and his freckles could be seen clearly yet again. He looked concerned. Tsukishima felt anger bubbling in the depths of his stomach. Why was he concerned about him? He should be concerned about himself! What kind of a person didn't have a clear eye colour? What kind of sorcery was this? Green-black hair with a weird rebel one sticking up like a lightning rod in the middle of his head, no real eye colour, freckles all around (?) his body? Yamaguchi Tadashi wasn't normal and Tsukishima found it endearing. He was fricking curious about this stupid delivery guy for some reason and he was angry at himself for it. What now, he was going to run after people in the middle of the semester while he should be occupied with practices and classes? He didn't have time for this.

“Nothing.” Tsukishima answered before turning around on his heels and marching to the entrance.

“Oi! You didn't tell me your name!” Yamaguchi called after him.

“You don't need to know.” Tsukishima answered coldly not stopping to look back.

Chapter End Notes

I suck at chapter names... Anyways! Thanks for the positive response, it urged me to write more and I can't wait to share them!
Please tell me your thoughts so far they help me a lot
Tsukishima stepped into the balcony of the big house where he can see the pool horny young college students were making out, playing games or dancing next to it. It was a chilly Friday night but no one seemed to care with the heating system of the rather expensive house that Ushijima’s parents own.

“Oi, shouldn't you be inside enjoying the party like other kids?”

Tsukishima turned back to look at Kuroo before diverting his attention back to the pool.

“We only have a two-year difference between us senpai, I am a kid as much as you are,” Tsukishima answered stoically.

Kuroo dropped his heavy musculin arm on his shoulders and pulled him to himself.

“Yet you still call me senpai.” Kuroo bawled with a mock sadness.

“Point taken.”

Tsukishima didn't bother with trying to remove Kuroo’s arm even though he knew that was what the older boy was aiming for. It was for Tsukishima to get uncomfortable and push him away which would end up in two situations; Tsukishima failing and Kuroo holding him closer than before or Kuroo initiating a wrestle that ends up badly on Tsukishima’s behalf. It was best to endure it for a while.

“How's your holiday? Enjoying your night off’s?” Kuroo asked kindly. Knowing Kuroo, he was just doing that to get a reaction from the collected Tsukishima. They were alike in that way, Tsukishima liked putting people into an embarrassing situation or simply shrugged them off with his wit while Kuroo liked angering people. It was probably because he knew no one in their right mind would try to fight back at him when they were angry knowing really well they would be the side to end up with a broken nose or rib.

“Not bad,” Tsukishima answered with a shrug. It was a blatant lie. He couldn't say he really enjoyed football that so much but without it, his life seemed dull. So dull that for the past few nights all he could think of was Yamaguchi out of boredom. He needed to get back on the field.

“If you want me to I can talk to the couch and say you've learned your lesson.”

Tsukishima’s ears perked up with the words coming out of the shit-eating cat boys mouth. It must be a trap.

“I really don't care.” He answered instead of a ‘Yes, yes, YES!’.

Kuro clacked his tongue on the roof of his mouth and sighed.
“Well then maybe I’m taking my second captain responsibilities too seriously again.” Kuroo said cheekily but it was offbeat, he actually sounded angry. Tsukishima was confused for a second but Kuroo was already leaving after withdrawing his arm back from Tsukishima’s shoulders.

Tsukishima let him go, he really wasn't in the mood to knock some sense into his drunken vice-captain. He stepped closer to the end and put his elbow on the cold stone then lazily took his chin on the palm of his hand.

If he had anything else to do, even a decent TV show he could watch at his nice cozy apartment he wouldn't be there but either he likes it or not, he was part of the football team and this was a party Ushijima was throwing before their season started and everyone's classes turned serious. They had approximately 3 months for their matches in February and as everyone knew this party was their queue to take things seriously. Tsukishima for a fact knew if he punched Tendou 2 weeks later the coach would just punish him with more drills instead of suspending him.

Tsukishima’s eyes caught the side of the pool when he heard a loud splash. There stood a fully clothed tall man that was half wet thanks to the person who jumped at the pool probably closer to him than he should. Tsukkshiima would have looked away after snickering under his breath to someone else's misery but the one piece of hair standing strong and tall even after getting splashed with water attracted his attention. Tsukishima didn’t know a lot of people with that kind of a hair so he was pretty sure assuming that back belonged to Yamaguchi wouldn't be wrong.

Tsukishima knew there could be anyone at the party since Oikawa practically knew everyone in the whole campus but he couldn't understand why Yamaguchi Tadashi was there, not in the house but right there in front of Tsukishima’s eyes where he could see and observe him quietly from far away? Was he always that close to Tsukishima and he just didn’t bat an eye at him or was he simply trying to make a place for him in the cool guys table. Tsukishima didn't know or simply didn’t care. What he did care was why the boy was still standing there, next to the pool where he got wet, after approximately 15 seconds has passed.

Tsukishima wanted to see Yamaguchi’s face to understand what might be the reason behind it when he heard someone push past him rudely. Tsukishima retreated his face from his palm and straightened his posture.

“Move if you are not going to get in.” Tsukishima heard the boy say and Yamaguchi snapped out of his daze, raising his head back up and probably murmuring something along the lines “Sorry I’m moving.” As he started to walk away.

“Yamaguchi.” Tsukishima drawled with his usual laid-back voice. He knew they could hear him, he didn't need to yell.

Yamaguchi’s head snapped up, so did some other peoples that were in the pool area. Tsukishima was glad he could finally see Yamaguchi’s face when he looked at him. He could read Yamaguchi’s face perfectly now and boy did he look shocked.

“Wait for me I’m coming.” Tsukishima said instead of answering the question mark that was starting to form up in Yamaguchi’s head which was an easier solution since Tsukishima didn’t know why he felt the need to call out to the pizza delivery boy in a party.

Tsukishima grabbed his jacket from the couch he left before and was glad to see there were no cum or alcohol on it. Tsukishima wore his thick black puffed jacket on his shoulders as he stepped down from the stairs. When he was at the pool area he was expecting to find Tadashi on the same spot he told him to stop. That did not happen. Tsukishima searched the place gingerly yet couldn't find a trace of the said freckled boy in the garden. Tsukishima felt his anger rising up and grabbed
the first person's arm that was close to him.

“Have you seen Yamaguchi?” Tsukishima asked to cut to the point.

“Who is Yamaguchi? New player?” The girl slurred. Tsukishima let go of her arm before cleaning his hand with a napkin he usually carries around with him. It was getting cold and he would rather die to ask for tissues from strangers to clean his snot. Or he could simply carry his own package of tissues on his jackets.

Of course, people didn’t know Yamaguchi. Heck Tsukishima didn’t know why he knew Yamaguchi or actually tried to initiate a conversation with the said boy. Was it because of his mysterious hair? Or the fact Tsukishima was confusing the fantasy Tadashi he formed up inside of his brain just to relieve himself on that night with the real and quiet boring Tadashi? Tsukishima was angry now, why didn’t he wait for him when he specifically asked him to?

Tsukishima’s eyes caught something near the bushes that opened up to the lower area of the big garden. It was a piece of flying hair, or so it seemed behind the bushes.

“I told you to wait.” Tsukishima drawled when he was near to Yamaguchi and they were both behind the tall bushes that could hide them easily if Tsukishima squatted a little.

“Huh?” Yamaguchi answered very intellectually. Tsukishima rolled his eyes not so subtly and Yamaguchi scratched his head seemingly not following Tsukishima’s annoyance.

“I did wait. I just thought you wouldn't want to get seen with me in front of all those people.”

Well, Tsukishima didn’t exactly have an answer to that.

“If I didn’t want to get seen with you I wouldn't have called your name.” He said finally, deciding it was the best answer he could give.

“What are you doing here anyway?” Tsukishima asked before Tadashi can have a comeback to that response.

“I can’t be at a party?” Tadashi asked. He really asked it wasn’t a snarky remark or something to bite back at Tsukishima. Tadashi looked serious, he looked like he was weighing himself if he was worthy of going to a party or not. He looked so… Pathetic. Pathetically insecure. Tsukishima’s eye turned into slits behind his contact lenses.

“I am not here to deliver some pizza if that's what you are asking. But I don't blame you for getting surprised. “ Tadashi’s lips formed a humourless smile at that point. “I came here with my roommate, I knew it wasn't a good idea. Just look at me, I don't look like I belong in a college party other than bringing pizza, it didn’t even turn midnight yet I’m sleepy and let's not forget about the fact I’m wet from head to toe.” Tadashi’s eyes snapped to Tsukishima’s judging ones when he realized he was in a conversation, not a monologue.

“Oh my God, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to bore you with my low self-esteem. You probably didn’t call me to listen about my miserable nig-“

“No, I didn’t,” Tsukishima answered coldly. His chin was up and he was practically looking down at Yamaguchi. He was wearing a plain blue checkered shirt and light blue jeans that didn’t exactly looked like they were made for winter. Tsukishima thought about his clothes, he was wearing his jersey like everyone on the team did for that night and under that, he was wearing a pair of black jeans. The only striking difference between two young boys was a coat and Yamaguchi looked like he needed one more than a very much dry Tsukishima.
“You don't own a coat or something or are you simply stupid enough to forget that too.” Tsukishima let out with a hostile voice that couldn’t exactly belong to someone who was thinking of landing their jacket to someone else.

“I own a coat!” Tadashi answered exasperatedly eyeing his surroundings to probably understand where the wind was coming from. “I just didn't think I would need one in a house since they told me it was a house party. Excuse my poor abilities to guess the house in this equation was a fricking zoo.” He let out on a whim, breathing from his nose in a matter of seconds, managing to curl Tsukishima’s lips upwards with a glint of amusement in his eyes.

“I suppose the pool area is where the hippos are located.” Tsukishima offered to if Yamaguchi was going to be able to keep up with his game.

“Please, even hippos don't dry hump that so much in water.”

“Also they are herbivores.”

“Well, not that one guy who was eating off that girls face.”

Tsukishima couldn't help but smirk at that. When Yamaguchi cooked his head to the side and answered with a grin his hand crept up to his coat without noticing. He was halfway removing his jacket to give it to Yamaguchi when the said boy spoke again.

“At least we know the football team are the jellyfishes.”

Before he can stop that from happening the jacket was already down from his shoulders to his waist. Yamaguchi’s eyes caught up the motion. Tsukishima had seen smaller plates than Yamaguchi’s eyes at the moment he saw Tsukishima was wearing a football jersey. Yamaguchi slapped his hand on his lips. That must have hurt, Tsukishima thought when he heard the slapping sound echoing at the empty era.

“I’m so-“

“Oi, who is there? I don't want no funny business in th- Oh, it’s you Tsukkushima?”

Tsukishima whipped his head to Tendou. He didn't need to, Tsukishima could recognize that cocky, annoying, know-it-all’s voice even from a mile away but he did anyway. Tendou’s eyes were glistering with the joy of new information or rather a new mocking subject for him to use towards Tsukishima.

“I just heard a slapping sound, didn't know you were the kinky type.” With that Tendou’s huge ass bug eyes were on Tadashi, scrutinizing him under seconds, making the already anxious boy even more anxious. Tsukishima felt the need to protect the pathetic boy yet he didn't need to.

“He wasn't slapping me, I was slapping myself!” Yamaguchi defended and Tsukishima wanted to smack himself on the forehead or smack Yamaguchi on the head or simply punch Tendou to oblivion back again.

“I m-mean-“ Tadashi stuttered quickly to correct his mistake but it was too late.

“Oh, no need to tell me.” Tendou singsonged calmly sending a wink to Yamaguchi.

“I’m sorry!” Yamaguchi wheezed with a high pitched tone before dashing out of the scene.

There was silence between the two defense players after Yamaguchi was gone. Tsukishima didn't
even think of following Yamaguchi, he didn't have a reason to.

“I was planning not forgiving you for a while,” Tendou started his voice deep and scary, it didn't help his hair looked like a fucking batshit crazy clown too, not that Tsukishima would admit he was intimidated by Tendou even if it was a little bit. ”But I think that episode right now just made us even.”

Tsukishima brushed pass Tendou without answering him. He zipped his jacket back on and left the party without telling anyone.

Chapter End Notes

PS: Jellyfishes don't have brain XD
I will update every weekend from now on since I want to keep at least 3 chapters in my hand in case I have a writer's block or can't find time to write,

Thank you so much for the kudos and comments, they raise my mood a lot T^T

Do tell me your thoughts about this chapter!!
Tsukishima always had something for boobs. It might be the reason why he didn't even think of being gay until it was his last year of high school. He saw the document about boxers and saw how masculine and full their chest looked and thought 'I could work with that'.

So he blamed his corrupted mind for not looking at Tadashi's eyes when they were talking beside the tall bushes but his nipples that were quiet perked from getting wet. Damn that boy and his stupid sense of weather. Who even get out of their house without wearing a fricking coat when it's clearly under 10°C? It was October for fuck's sake, people wore coats just for the sake of getting into the October feeling along with pumpkin spice lattes that filled the school corridors with its obnoxious smell.

Tsukishima turned around in his bed looking emptily at his finished homework, trying to find some mistakes or uncovered parts for him to cover. There was none. Tsukishima was never late in his classes in his life, not when he had a 40 degree fever and they had to put him in the hospital for 3 days, not when he had an important match, not when he had a huge fight with his brother that ended up with them not talking for 2 years 3 months and still counting.

But this was over accomplishment. He was already ahead of his 2 classes and finished all of his homework the day they were given. He hated overdoing anything, putting too much thought or effort when he clearly knew that thing was not worth it. Nothing was. So he closed his laptop angrily and muttered some swear words even though he was alone in his small department. Well, growing up with a mother that had dog ears did that to a kid.

Tsukishima put down his glasses to the side of his bed where he usually worked and put the laptop next to it. Lying on the bed alone was never a good sign if you were not trying to sleep. Tsukishima eyed his phone. Maybe he should call Kuroo and tell him he was over with reflecting on his actions and he could maybe utter an indirect apology for Tendou while he was at it. It was already 9 pm so they should be over with practice not that he would know exactly since he left the group chat they created long ago, he just couldn't stand the IQ level of the conversations. Someone eventually called him to let him know, that someone usually being Kuroo but Tsukishima was pretty sure with him being cross with the said guy and having a "detention", no one would call him.

Tsukishima's body did not move as it was declining his request of chewing and spitting out his ego at once just because he was bored of sitting at home alone. Maybe he should just call one of his friends.

Tsukishima decided that was a good idea and grabbed his phone from his pillow, opening the contacts. His fingers froze on the spot as his brain started to deliver information. Friend. Tsukishima's friend. Tsukishima shook his head and decided to go over contacts to choose who to call.

Distant family members, his parents, the football team... Maybe he could call someone from his classes. To say what, the logical side of his brain asked, the questions you already solved or the homework you have already made.

Tsukishima gripped the phone harder in his hand, squeezing the metal piece of garbage as if it was
at fault for Tsukishima's lack of friends. He was never bothered by not having close friends, he was better off alone although he enjoyed the company of people from time to time that was why he was in a team in the first place. To be more social. Well, that obviously worked well. Tsukishima rolled his eyes at his thoughts lazily, he was arguing with himself now as if everyone else around him was not enough.

Tsukishima got up from his bed on a whim of thought and put on his jeans, a thick sweatshirt and grabbed his coat on his way out. The night was young, he was hungry and he had some money to be able to afford eating outside, so why was he at home in the first place?

The bell ringed when Tsukishima pushed forward and get inside of the cozy and thankfully warm place. The place was not what he expected it to be, first of all, it was bigger. The walls were painted in orange and the tables were blackish blue. It wasn't the usual pizza place that popped into your mind, it was more... Eccentric? Different?

The walls were covered with inspirational quotes in different fonts that were giving the place more of a cafe feeling. Tsukishima squinted his eyes to be able to read the nearest one with the biggest font.

Try to be a rainbow in someone's cloud

Hah, no thanks. Tsukishima preferred to be the rain and watch the people dance hopelessly under his gaze, that was definitely funnier than being a fricking rainbow.

Tsukishima pulled out his hands from his pockets and walked to the register, trying to scrutinize the place with the advantage of his height. Tsukishima wasn't going to admit the fact it took him half an hour walk to find this place even with his GPS, no sir. He was going to say he was just passing by and decided to give a shot because of their flashy sign. That was far away from the main road. Was hidden by the tall business buildings. Definitely not somewhere you accidentally found... Tsukishima never said he was going to be convincing, he was just going to say it with his scary voice so no one could dare to ask him how if anyone even asks how he found the place anyways.

Tsukishima was disappointed to not see Yamaguchi sitting on one of the tables or in the register to take his order. He didn't even exactly know if this was the place he ordered his "pizza" from.

"Good evening sir! May I help you with your order? I assume you will order a tall one because you are so freakishly tall!"

Tsukishima pressed his lips together in annoyment. He remembered that voice and it kind of surprised him such a small person could cause so much stress. Did the boy swallow a microphone when he was a child? Was that the reason behind his big voice and petite body?

"This isn't Starbucks, there are no tall sizes," Tsukishima answered coldly before his eyes glinted with a new idea, already feeling much better since that annoying orange just proved this place was, in fact, the place where Yamaguchi was working. Tsukishima put on his best kind smile on his face before leaning on the stall that was standing between them.

"Hey kid, can you call your brothers or your parents that is in charge? I want to order."

That seemed to do the trick. The small boy with awfully striking orange-red hair jumped on his heels. His face was doing a weird thing that he probably thought was intimidating but he ended up
looking even funnier than before. Tsukishima suppressed his giggle.

"I AM in charge! I am no kid! What are you 20? I might be even older than you, you pineapple!"

Pineapple? Well, that was new. Tsukishima grinned.

"I am 21. And pretty sure you are not older than 12. Don't worry kid, growing up is not exactly the best thing."

"I AM A GROWN UP DAMMIT!" The boy jumped on his place, his ears turning into the shade of his hair.

"HINATA! Why are you yellin-" Someone yelled from the back of the angry tangerine and stopped on his track when he saw Tsukishima.

"Go help Yachi." The man said leaving no chances for declining it. Tsukishima watched the boy march into the back storage with joy. Maybe it was a good idea to come here after all, with or without Yamaguchi. Not that he was there because of the said freckled boy.

"He is an excited kid. His heart is in the right place." The man said in excuse for 'Hinata' behaviour. Tsukishima waved his hand on the air motioning it wasn't a big deal, which he supported with his words.

"It's not a big deal, we all went from the teenage stage in our lives."

"He really is 21 years old though." The man offered with a smile. His grey hair fall on to his right eye, making the mole at the bottom of his left eye even more visible. Tsukishima tched as a response.

"I suppose you would like to know our special pizzas first." The man said showing the menu he grabbed from the menu holder and opening up the last page. Somehow his smile looked more, confident? Sure of himself? Tsukishima fidgeted in his coat, suddenly feeling really aware of his surroundings.

"I think I will have the chefs special," Tsukishima said after glancing at the menu.

"Sure." Tsukishima read the name tag that the boy earlier should have been wearing too and saw it wrote Sugawara. Was this the guy who took his order a week ago? Tsukishima wasn't sure, he worked better with faces instead of names. Sugawara swiftly choose his order from the computer screen in front of him, putting down the menu back at its place.

"We have an advantage menu for medium size pizzas. 1+1, get two pay one. Would you like to use it?"

Tsukishima declined the offer.

"Its actually cheaper that way and we can make one a package too if you want."

Tsukishima's gaze turned cold.

"No." He was actually going to leave it at that but his stupid manners didn't let him so he grumbled a thank you before he fished out his wallet and paid for the overly expensive pizza.

"How on EARTH my hair is still sticking up after I wear a helmet? Isn't that kind of impossible because of gravity or something?"
Tsukishima collected himself quickly and took back his card from Sugawara while the smaller man was moving his eyebrows in a way Tsukishima's almost non-existent ones can never move.

When Tsukishima turned his face to the delivery boy he was already forming the words 'Sorry'. Until he saw Tsukishima's face and froze mid-sentence.

"I..." Yamaguchi's eyes were hooked on to Sugawara that was the only one behind Tsukishima and Tsukishima felt angry because his attention was not on him. He put his weight on his left leg as he waited for the now pale looking boy—which was a contrast to how red he usually looked- to finish his sentence.

"I am hi."

Yamaguchi raised his hand slowly and opened his palm, his eyes were back on behind Tsukishima and he not that so subtly turned what could have been a wave to a scratch on his head then an awful attempt to stick his one piece of hair to his skull which jumped right up after he dropped his hand to his side. If Tsukishima was not trying to remain cool he could have laughed.

"You are high?" Tsukishima asked, raising his eyebrows up in a not approving manner that your teacher would give you if you told them you didn't do your homework. Then he put his weight on the stall behind him, pulling out his elbows on the surface to support himself as he watched Yamaguchi dance. Ah, the good old feeling of being the rain.

"No. NO!" He shook his hands in front of him, almost dropping his helmet on the floor. "I wouldn't do such things when I'm on call! Not that I do that, that, getting high thing when I'm not working! Because I don't. I don't do high. I mean I don't get high." At least now all of his attention was on Tsukishima or rather trying to make Tsukishima believe he was not high.

"I mean there was one time when my roommate's friend accidentally blew up one of his experiments he did in our kitchen and we laughed for 3 hours straight but I didn't get high intentionally! So, no. I am not high. I am on call and I have to go, yeah. Bye."

Before Tsukishima could understand what was happening Yamaguchi was walking the distance between them and got inside of the back room without making any more eye contact with the 1.94cm tall boy that was quite hard to miss. Only then Tsukishima let himself laugh at how pathetically cute that monologue was. Getting high on an experiment? Who was this Yamaguchi Tadashi and in what kind of species he belonged to? Tsukishima found himself wanting to know.

"Your order will be ready in five," Sugawara called. Tsukishima turned his face at Sugawara with a wicked smile that he can't seem to erase from his face.

"Make it a package, please."

Chapter End Notes

I said before but Tsukki is just dirty minded in this fic so be prepared :D

Anyways, I hope you are liking frustrated-awkward Yamaguchi so far! Do tell me your thoughts about it ^^
“Didn't think I would see you here,” Kuroo called at Tsukishima from the bicycle he was currently on. Tsukishima dropped the weights he was holding to the ground and grabbed his orange official university towel from the bench.

To be true, Tsukishima didn't think he would end up in the university gym after a hectic day at school too but not going to the practices were taking their toll on him. He would never drop by at the gym unless they had a camp to strengthen their stamina or the upcoming play-off’s and all of his teammates knew that, especially Bokuto and Kuroo who were never out of the gym.

Tsukishima held his tongue when he was about to say “Me neither.” Because he specifically choose the Thursday night to come to the gym knowing the team would be at the practice and no one would see him there. But there they were Kuroo was bicycling while Bokuto and Akashi were stretching on the side. Tsukishima looked over his shoulders to see the locker rooms and caught a glimpse of black and pink hair. Great, Hanamaki and Matsukawa were in the gym too.

“I thought you had practice,” Tsukishima asked instead of answering Kuroo’s question. That seemed to answer his answer though since his shit eating grin was making a comeback to Kuroo’s face.

“Oh, you did, didn't you.”

Tsukishima rolled his eyes, grabbed his bottle from the floor and gulped it down all at once.

“Coach had to cancel it, apparently, it’s Kiyoko’s birthday today,” Akashi answered instead of Kuroo. Tsukishima wasn't exactly found of Bokuto, he was too unpredictable for his liking but his boyfriend was something else.

Tsukishima smiled at Akashi who returned the smile back timidly. Both of them were not quite verbal with their feelings but mutual understanding passed between them, Akashi couldn't have cared less about the fight between Tendou and him.

“And he cancelled the practice at the last minute because?” Tsukishima asked already knowing the answer.

“That old man might not be the greatest coach but he definitely isn't the greatest father either,” Bokuto said taking his place next to Akashi on the treadmill as they pushed some buttons and after the right arrangements they started to run.

“You realize those are both negative, right Bokuto senpai?”

“Well, the coach is a two negative guy,” Bokuto answered, his smile reaching up to his eyes.

“Bruh,” Kuroo called after that pathetic pun.

“Bruhhh.” Bokuto answered in the same disgustingly affectionate way. Akashi rolled his eyes along with Tsukishima.

“I better go, it was nice talking to you,” Tsukishima called once Kuroo decided it was the best
moment to talk about his date with some blonde chick the other day. Kuroo and Bokuto didn't care about being openly disgusting about their sexual lives but unlike Bokuto, Kuroo didn't have someone decent enough like Akashi to tell him when he should simply shut the fuck up.

“Then she bends down- oh you going?”

“Yes.” Tsukishima bowed before the trio can say anything else.

Tsukishima took a quick shower, he couldn't exactly sweat as much as he wanted to because of the intruders but still, it was better than sitting at home doing nothing. But then again this week was his last chance of taking a breath between the practices and classes came all too strong at once. A few days later he was going to start attending practices again.

Tsukishima put on his large headphones to his neck before wearing his jacket and swinging his large sports bag to his shoulder. He connected the headphones to his phone after zipping up his jacket and stepping out of the gym to the school grounds. Being in the official team of the university had its perks, for example, the gym was free to them and also it was near to his apartment, unlike all the other gyms he would choose over if they were not too damn expensive and far away just to not see his teammates faces every other day.

Tsukishima opened up his music files and choose a random American rappers album to play. As he raised up the volume the wind caught up with him, pushing back his hoodie he put on just to cover himself from the cold. Tsukishima grumbled at the wind yet kept his pace as he took strong and long steps towards the gates. As the music fell into a familiar rhythm Tsukishima was bobbing his head up and down with the beat. He loved rap not because he could understand the language but because of the beats and how he could understand if the person was angry-which they usually were- or raging or simply swearing their pain out. It wasn't about the words even though rap was all about words to other people. Tsukishima just liked getting familiar with one beat and the voice that supported it, unlike the pop music other people listened and tried to find different layers of the songs that their lives lacked. Tsukishima's life was as hectic as it could be with so many people that can and do annoy him, he needed his occasional break to fall into a constant rhythm.

Tsukishima pulled out his phone from his jacket to raise the volume and check the time. Funnily enough, he was not late to anywhere since he had got nothing else to do. Great.

Tsukishima breathed in the cold air, gazing at the trees that were supposed to cover the entrance. They were all dead and naked from their leaves, it was already October after all. That made him think the Halloween party he was probably going to get forced to attend by Terushima. How many days were left? Maybe he could arrange a visit to his hometown around that dates, his mother would be-

“-CUSE ME!”

Tsukishima withdrew his arm from the stranger's hands and quickly pulled off his headphones back to his neck. In front of him stood a boy that was lacking outfits for the cold air. He was chuckling with his eyes almost closed and his one piece of hair was swinging in the wind.

“Oh you finally stopped, I wasn't sure if I would be able to catch you at all! You walk real fast, faster than my running either way.” The boy kept talking, not bothering to look at Tsukishima or trying to regain his breath back.

“Whiuw!” Tadashi let out as he straightened his posture and looked directly into Tsukishima's eyes. His smile wavered for a second as recognition passed through his shiny eyes. Tsukishima was bothered by that look, was he not happy to see him? And more importantly Tsukishima usually
liked making people uncomfortable so it wasn't uncommon for people to react that way but why was he getting offended by it? That was new.

“You dropped your thing for money. I mean the thing that you put money in, or credit cards. Honestly, I prefer not to use any -credit cards I mean- but maybe you do and yeah I figured you might need it so I called after you but you didn't hear me. Oh, look, which is explained by your large headphones, never really seen people use that outside. Don't you think it's a little bit risky to use those? I mean you obviously can't hear people that way.”

Tadashi sucked in his breath, finally holding out Tsukishima’s wallet to him after fiddling with it the whole time he blabbered.

Tsukishima grabbed the wallet from Tadashi's hand, slightly touching his fingers as he did so. How the fricking DUCK was this weird freckled motherfucker was warm with only a plaid flannel shirt while Tsukishima's hands throbbed, begging for him to return them back to the secure and warm pockets of his jacket.

“That is the reason why I'm wearing them.”

“Well, it's not exactly convenient is it?” Tadashi answered back without stepping a beat, following the wallet with his eyes.

“Worth the risk.” Tsukishima answered callously remembering how the boy had called him a stupid right to his face two times already. Dropping his wallet in the middle of the campus late at night was not exactly what you called a smart move.

“Aah right,” Tadashi said simply, probably just to fill in the silence between them.

Tsukishima's headphones were buzzing in his neck with the loud beat that was easy to hear from where Tadashi was standing. Tsukishima suddenly felt self-aware of his music taste and wanted to shut it off.

“Were you coming out of the gym?” Tadashi asked showing his bag with his index finger. Tsukishima’s eyes caught a glimpse of freckles on his hands. Maybe his fantasy was true after all, Yamaguchi Tadashi was covered with freckles from head to toe. He hummed as an answer.

“I was going back to my dorms after a hectic night. The architecture projects are all hell, did you know?”

“All projects are hell if you have to work with a group.” Tsukishima confirmed which brought a smile at Tadashi's face which turned into a frown then a blush.

“I'm sorry for behaving like that at the party. I didn't mean to call you a jellyfish. Or runaway after doing so. It was a bad move, sorry.”

Tsukishima wanted him to apologize more, beg for his mercy on his knees preferably naked but kept those thoughts to himself. The poor sod already looked troubled.

“You weren't talking about me specifically.” Tsukishima waved it off but Tadashi declined the second words left his mouth.

“Which is even worse because I was generalizing! That's so hypocrite of me after all the things I've said to people! I felt so guilty, so so guilty please believe me when I say I'm really sorry.”

Tsukishima looked deep into Tadashi's eyes and saw determination-something he did not see in all
that the other times he had seen the boy. It definitely wasn't pathetic and did not seem like Tadashi he formed inside of his head. Who was Tadashi in the first place?

That reminded him, what was his eye colour? Tsukishima tried to select the colours of his shiny eyes but under the few street lights in the middle of the night with bad eyesight, it was almost impossible. Tsukishima damned his morning self for not bringing his glasses.

“Uhm, Kei?”

That brought Tsukishima back on earth rather harshly.

“How do you know my name?”

Tadashi looked almost as surprised as Tsukishima. His hand was halfway on air about to close his mouth yet again.

“I- I didn't. I mean I didn't know but Sugawara senpai told me- It was written on your credit card. Not that I...” Tadashi answered with his usual way of explaining things, which was messy.

“Right. I would appreciate it if you called me with my surname.”

Tadashi’s eyes grew into their plate sizes yet again. His mouth opened slightly, hot breath hitting the cold air and creating a small fog.

“Tadashi is fine. I mean you can call me fine-No! I MEAAN,” Yamaguchi rolled his eyes as he tried to collect his thoughts and Tsukishima buried his lower face in his jacket to hide his smile. How much did that happen on his daily basis to roll his eyes at himself? Tsukishima was having so much fun without even feeling the need to humiliate his victim since he seemed to be pretty good at it by himself. “You can call me Tadashi. My name. I don't mind.”

“Why would I want to call you by your name, or at all?” Tsukishima asked cocking his head to the side, scrutinizing his every single gesture as much as he can with 1.75 numbered eyes.

“You just told me to call you by your surname?”

“Well,” Tsukishima adjusted his bag on his other shoulder since standing at cold with heavy bags did not do any good to his shoulder, “that is if I drop my wallet or something equally urgent happens again.”

“Oh.” Tadashi let out. Tsukishima couldn't suppress his smirk as the boy looked down in shame or maybe disappointment? Tsukishima hoped so.

“But let's not take the risk of me wearing headphones again.”

Tsukishima held out his phone for Yamaguchi to take.

“Write your number. So you can call me if something urgent happens. Just in case.”

Yamaguchi took the phone in his(still warm) hands and looked at the screen dumbly. He looked at Tsukishima with empty eyes, then back at the screen. To the road and back again at the screen. Tsukishima was screaming initially at this moment.

“No! No! I will! I mean I would, but I've burnt my phone, remember?” Yamaguchi looked apologetic and Tsukishima wanted to smack himself right in the forehead. And there he was
thinking he was being smooth while Tadashi was simply judging how stupid he was for forgetting the crucial fact they have talked a few days ago.

“Well, then you can just run from my back.” Tsukishima grunted ripping the phone off from Yamaguchi’s hands.

“I wouldn't mind!” Yamaguchi answered shaking his head to the sides rigorously, his hair forming a small halo on his head with the action. Tsukishima wondered if his hair smelled like the forest.

Tsukishima thought about his answer. So it wasn't because he found Tsukishima stupid, Tadashi wanted to spend time with him. Tsukishima gave a small nod but couldn't settle for it so he talked.

“Good then.”

“Yeah!” Tadashi followed his lead. A nervous smile was covering his face, his blush creeping back at him yet again. Just how warm was this boy to blush twice in a time span of 15 minutes?

Tsukishima felt a smile creeping up to his face so he hid behind his jacket once again.

“Thanks for the wallet.” Tsukishima thanked as he started to walk again.

“No problem Tsukki!” came his cheery answer. Tsukishima would have cut anyone's throat for making such a ridiculous nickname out of his surname but he simply didn't want Yamaguchi to see his now fully spread smile on his face.

Chapter End Notes

Let's be honest Tadashi is fiiine~
Tell me your thoughts about this chapter~
Wet Dreams

Chapter Notes

I am so subtle with chapter names *rolls eyes*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Tsukki...” The moan echoed from the walls and came back to Tsukishima. He busied himself with the naked and perked nipples that were standing in front of him. He couldn't taste them enough.

“Tsukki...”

Another moan. Tsukishima growled and retreated from his position to look at the view in front of him. Yamaguchi was on his lap, his head was thrown back, his pink lips glossy with saliva. Yamaguchi rolled his hips as a hearty moan spilled from his open mouth yet again. Tsukishima gave him what he wanted.

Tsukishima pumped Yamaguchi with his right hand as his left hand found its way to the back of his neck. He caressed the side of his cheek before pushing it slightly to be able to see his face. Yamaguchi was glowing.

Tsukishima felt the warm feeling coming from his guts with the sight in front of him. Yamaguchi was so beautiful in his hands. His hair was wet at the ends, sticking to his neck and face at the right places. His cheeks were flushed along with his lips while the freckles shined under the lights even more than usual. His collarbones were so defined Tsukishima was sure any painter would unjust the royal feeling it gave to him.

“Tsukki...”

And there was the moan again. Tsukishima was coming close and he didn't even have the chance to touch himself yet. Just the sight of Yamaguchi calling his name was driving him crazy. Tsukishima found the way inside of his boxers and hold his longness tightly to not seem like a weakling that could get off without touching himself. Tsukishima closed his eyes as the hotness spread all over his body, trembling his hold on Yamaguchi and creating a booming ringing in his ears.

“Tsukki...”

A ray of sunshine was casting through Tsukishima's half closed window curtains when he opened his eyes. Getting rid of the buzzing sound in his ears took him more than a couple of seconds. Tsukishima groaned and retreated his left hand from his boxers. Great. Now he was having wet dreams for some boy he didn't even know. Not exactly.

Tsukishima swore and got up to get rid of the sticky cum on his boxers. He refused to look at the body length mirror on his way to the bathroom. What was he, 15? He refused to see a red face and sweaty hair along with a still semi-hard erection rocking through his boxers.

“Pathetic.” He called diverting his gaze away from the mirror in the bathroom again and took off his clothes to have some good warm shower, he needed to clearly pull his shit together.
After clearing up the mess he created on his bed Tsukishima looked at the time. He didn't have any morning classes that day so he still had almost 4 hours before it. Great. Like having nothing to do was not enough now he was losing sleep too.

Going back to the Pizza Station crossed his mind for a second before he dismissed it angrily. What now, he was supposed to see the freckled kid every other day? This curiosity of him was turning into a pathetic obsession and he did not like it one bit. Plus it was morning so Tsukishima was sure Yamaguchi wouldn't be there, he seemed to have only night shifts.

Tsukishima grabbed some bread and cheese from the fridge to prepare himself a sandwich. The silence of the room screamed at him in the most annoying way. Tsukishima started to cut some tomatoes with more strength than it needed just to seem like he was doing something actually important. The last tomato exploded in his hand when the knife cut through its skin, covering Tsukishima's chin and shirt with seeds. Releasing a huff of breath Tsukishima took off his shirt and dabbed it on his face to clean the seeds. As walking to the laundry basket in the bathroom Tsukishima noticed it was full and if he was going to attend the practice the next Monday he needed fresh clothes and jerseys. Tsukishima rolled his eyes initially yet smiled to himself to finally OH GOD finally he was going back to the team. Even taking all of his dirty clothes and putting effort to walk all the way to the laundry room in the basement didn't bother him as much as it would on any other day. Tsukishima did finish his sandwich before taking the stairs down though, to be able to enjoy his breakfast in the not that so silent laundry room of the apartment.

“Are you out of shape yet? “ Tsukishima rolled his eyes, feeling the pull of his nerves on his eyes. The red-haired weirdo somehow managed to jump his nerves to the roof with one sentence. Tsukishima reminded himself he needed to stay calm to guarantee his comeback to the team.

“I went to the gym regularly to not so,” Tsukishima answered raising his head up from his salad to meet with Tendou and Ushijima he probably dragged along with him. Oikawa and Iwaizumi were making their way to him as well and the huge ass smile on Oikawa’s face did not relax him one bit.

“Megane-chan!” Tsukishima's hand went to his nose to feel the non-existing glasses. Oikawa knew Tsukishima hated those sports glasses and didn't use them unless they had a serious match and that was just to be sure he was covering everywhere the way he couldn't do with lenses.

“Hello Iwaizumi-san,” Tsukishima answered instead, gaining a hello back from the said player.

“Rude!” Oikawa yelled yet Iwaizumi didn't seem to affect by Tsukishima's choice of answer.

“We have new faces in the team, they did the elections the other weekend.” Iwaizumi informed Tsukishima which the latter answered with raised up eyebrows. He didn't know about that. But to be fair they were lacking some wide receivers and some more defense players. None of the players seemed to enjoy defense in their school which made it impossible for Tsukishima and others to let loose their practices since they didn't have replacements, unlike Oikawa who had Kageyama as Quarterback. Actually, Akashi was also a quarterback but since Kageyama was more passionate about it Akashi accepted to be the end in their defense which they lacked a person after 4 people graduated from their defense and left only Terushima behind. Tsukishima wasn't sure if Terushima even counted as one player since he was never at the practices and showed up at the match with exceptionally good moves even for someone who comes to every practice. Thankfully they had Yahaba to cover for him if, or more specifically when, Terushima doesn't come but that was it, the defense team had no substitutes.
“Please tell me there are new defense players,” Tsukishima asked which Iwaizumi answered with an understanding smile before he can open his mouth though Oikawa was already raging.

“Who cares? Listen to this, there is this new guy and he tells he is a wide receiver with 1.69cm height! And then we laugh, the coach also laughs then coach says he will throw the ball himself and if he can catch it he is on the team. You know him, he was just messing around to create a good laugh on the team. Which we did. Then the guy takes it all serious and doesn't understand it is a joke on him and he takes his place with that scary face. THEN HE FUCKING RUNS 30 YARDS ALL AT ONCE AND FUCKING CATCHES IT!”

“It was impressive.” Ushijima contributed with his stoic face. Tsukishima assumed Oikawa was just exaggerating everything as usual but if Iwaizumi nod his head approvingly and even the thick-headed Ushijima was impressed this guy must be really something.

“Tendou and I tried to block him without a fullback just to see what he will do and he fricking jumped away from my block. Honestly, at first, he was down there and the second next to me on air.”

“Is he a first year?” Tsukishima asked as he showed the chairs on the table he was sitting to invite the tall men that were attracting more attention than Tsukishima wanted. Oikawa sat down excitedly, his eyes shining with mischievous.

“No, listen to this! He and Kageyama know each other! Apparently, they played against each other in high school and this guy lose pathetically. And after starting university he dropped playing but he saw Kageyama in the gym the other day and decided he still wanted to beat Kageyama. You should have seen the looks they were giving each other! I am so rooting for Hinata!”

This gained him a slap on the back of his head from Iwaizumi.

“We are on the same team you should be rooting for everyone.” Iwaizumi scolded Oikawa as the latter fixed his hair with long fingers and dropped his arm to the back of the chair, tilting his head towards to Iwaizumi childishly upside down.

“You know I can't do that Iwa-chan but I appreciate your team soul.”

Then something struck to Tsukishima making him almost choke on his bite. Tendou smiled his owlish smile looking from above.

“Being around for too many people after being alone for two whole weeks is taking its toll on you, Magane-chan?”

Tsukishima ignored Tendou's antics and locked his eyes on Iwaizumi's knowing he would be the only one to give an actual answer to him.

“Orange spiked hair, annoying loud voice, short temper, huge ass bug eyes?”

Iwaizumi raised his eyebrows at Tsukishima's description.

“You know Hinata?”

That's all he needed as an answer. Tsukishima closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He didn't let it go.
Sorry for the delay, I couldn't update yesterday but yeah there you go, football action is starting. Tsukki will start participating in the practices in the next chapter! Tell me your thoughts so far!
Tsukishimma didn't pull out his phone out of his pocket, instead, put his already cold hands into both of his pockets after making sure his school bag and sports bag were not putting pressure to his hunched shoulders. As he switched the songs without needing to look at their names Tsukishima suppressed a yawn. Their matches were going to start in February which meant they only had 3 months and a couple weeks to fully prepare with the new players. Apparently, they had one new defense player but it didn't seem to affect him since he was a cornerback and this guy was a linebacker. Not like he would feel threatened or something.

Waiting for two weeks without doing any practice was quite boring but having to adjust a new program with morning cardio and evening practices every other day all of a sudden was going to be a pain in Tsukishima's ass. Literally. Tsukishima adjusted his glasses with his middle finger quickly as he settled down with a song that seemed suitable for both waking him up and not fucking his earbuds early in the morning. The train came closer, Tsukishima could feel the stir under his feet from the impact. As the wind hit his face and fluffed up his dirty golden blonde hair everywhere a few people were rushing down the stairs to catch the train. Tsukishima knew he had the advantage to get in from the first station since the train was going to be empty and he had a chance to actually sit on his way to school. Not something you can usually do in Tokyo.

Tsukishima stepped in the second the doors of the train opened and used the advantage of his long legs to sit at the far corner where he wouldn't be bothered by the other passengers' bags or suitcases, plus he could put his head to the corner and close his eyes for 15 minutes.

Tsukishima felt sleep taking him the second he closed his eyes and snuggled inside of his coat. He knew he was going to get cold if he did not take off his coat in the warm train but he didn't bother with it, he was already going to run at least 5 kilometers in the cold. Cut him some slack, he needed some heat on his bones.

Tsukishima snapped his head to his left when he felt someone touching him but instead of coming face to face with a stranger he was staring at a tuft of greenish black hair. Yamaguchi’s head was pressed against his shoulder, his height was perfect to be able to do so without looking too uncomfortable. Tsukishima sucked in his breath to tell him off when Yamaguchi snuggled closer to his coat, his slow-paced breath hitting the side of Tsukishima's throat.

"Please play along I don't want to get up." Yamaguchi murmured, Tsukishima struggled to make up his words even though he stopped the music player the second he saw Yamaguchi leaning on his side.

Tsukishima raised his head up to see a few elderly looking people searching for seats. Tsukishima raised his eyebrows to Yamaguchi's scheming acts yet nod his head once to confirm. Tsukishima couldn't help but check if Yamaguchi had a coat with him and to his surprise, the freckled boy was carrying a coat that was tucked to the side of his one-strapped bag. His button-up shirt was half open to show the black Guns'n Roses shirt he was wearing inside. Was he a fan? Or just one of those people who taught it was cool to wear band shirts?

Tsukishima's side started to burn with the heat that was coming from Yamaguchi. How could a person produce so much heat, Tsukishima couldn't understand. Tsukishima slowly turned his head to his left. It was so embarrassing, Tsukishima could hear the bells in his head going off as he came closer to Yamaguchi’s hair. Before he could take a sniff of his hair the robotic woman voice talked.

“University Campus.”

Yamaguchi got up without missing a single beat and walked to the exit before the train stoped.
Tsukishima swept away the dumbfounded expression from his face and gathered his bags to make his way to the exit. When they both stepped out of the train Yamaguchi turned his beaming face to Tsukishima.

“Thanks, Tsukki! And good morning!”

Tsukishima decided a nod was enough for an answer. Noticing the fog in his glasses he took them off and distractedly cleaned them with the hem of his sweater, opening up his coat.

How the heck did the nickname stuck at him? When did they even become comfortable enough to call each other names? Heck half of his teammates called him with his surname even though this was his second year with the team. Tsukishima was about to ask about it when he caught a glimpse of Yamaguchi's beaming smile through his now adjusted glasses. His teeth were somewhat crooked yet not enough to need braces. Tsukishima would know both from wearing braces himself when he was in middle school and having a dentist father. Tsukishima saw how his fangs were longer than the rest of his teeth and gave him a boyish smile overall.

“You didn't strike me as a person who would act he is sleeping to not give up his seat,” Tsukishima said after he finished scrutinizing Yamaguchi's smile. Yamaguchi shrugged his shoulders yet he looked guilty for a second before smiling. Maybe he was aware of his childish trustworthy looks and he used it to his advantage. Could Yamaguchi Tadashi be smarter than Tsukishima gave him credit for?

“You didn't seem to be a person to cover up for other people too but apparently we are both wrong, right?”

Tsukishima couldn't argue with that, but then again, he didn't exactly try to cover for Yamaguchi, he just simply find it too bothersome to blow up his cover. What was he supposed to do, call the old ladies and tell them he wasn't actually sleeping? And what benefit could he possibly get from that? Yet Tsukishima settled down with a shrug to show his indifference to the incident.

"So, wanna walk together? I mean we can walk separately but we will literally walk in the same direction, it might look weird." Yamaguchi proposed with his usual blabber. His endearing smile was still settled on his face and Tsukishima thought he could get some positive energy before his morning practice. So he started to walk, glancing sideways to see Yamaguchi following his steps quickly and falling into a rhythm.

"It's early, why are you going to school?" Tsukishima asked as they left the metro station and wind caught up with them. Yamaguchi shuffled his bag and put his coat on before answering.

Tsukishima side eyed the freckled boy as he struggled to find where to put his arm through. Instead of rolling his eyes he settled for a smirk and did not miss a single movement of him.

"Oh, well, I have a presentation today and just wanted to calm my nerves by making sure everything will go smoothly." Tadashi answered once he zipped his coat half way and throw his tangled hair back. Did he brush his hair? Tsukishima usually only used his fingers since he didn't have enough hair to bother with a brush. Although Yamaguchi had visibly long hair he didn't seem to bother with a brush either.

"How can you be sure about that?" Tsukishima asked, gathering his thoughts in a span of seconds. Yamaguchi raised his eyebrows up meaningfully, Tsukishima knew he wasn't being helpful and his questions were not exactly conversation friendly, yet he asked them anyways. People always assumed his careless attitude meant he wasn't curious while it was the right opposite, Tsukishima was curious about people and their lines, at least until he figured them out.

"Well, I can make sure my USB is working on the school computer. I can check if my model is still safe and sound where I left it and," Yamaguchi raised his volume up when Tsukishima sucked in his breath to ask what will he do if his model is not there or broken,"if it's not in a good shape I can
talk with my professor and ask for extra time to fix it and such." Yamaguchi shrugged his shoulders as his eyes found Tsukishima's.

"You are awfully positive for someone who gets up in unholy hours just to check his model."

"And USB." Yamaguchi added bumping his shoulder to Tsukishima's playfully, his eyes were glinting with joy. His eyes, what color was his eyes again? "Well, to my defense you are awfully negative who gets up in unholy hours to do what? Make sure dinosaurs are still dead? Spoiler alert, they are."

Yamaguchi smiled, diverting his eyes from Tsukishima's as he said so and looked ahead, making it impossible for Tsukishima to once again select his eye color. Tsukishima was too busy with trying to understand his eye color that he couldn't even find the time to act or actually get hurt by that sarcastic comment.

"I have practice. Unlike you, mine is mandatory." Tsukishima grumbled, kicking a rock away as he did so.

"Oh? You have a discipline penalty or something?"

Tsukishima was so thrown off with that question he didn't even realize he stopped walking.

"No. Why?" Tsukishima fixed his glasses to make sure he could see Yamaguchi's expression who was now simply knitting his eyebrows with thought.

"I just assumed... Since you said mandatory. Sorry," Yamaguchi raised his head up and Tsukishima met with Yamaguchi's bright eyes. They were open, so open and clear yet Tsukishima couldn't understand a thing from his look. What was that expression? He was openly looking at Tsukishima without a single effort of hiding himself yet Tsukishima who usually bragged how he could easily understand people couldn't comprehend a thing. It was driving him crazy. "You didn't strike me as a person who would do things they don't want to do, that's all."

Tsukishima froze. What? His brain was all working too fast and too slow at the same time. What was that supposed to mean?

"I don-"

"Well!" Yamaguchi cut Tsukishima's sentence with a clap before he could even start. "This is me! Thanks for walking with me Tsuki! Have a nice day!" Yamaguchi called turning into his cheery self in a split second. Before Tsukishima's slow ass could figure things out Yamaguchi was already halfway done with his walk and waving to Tsukkishima eagerly. Tsukkishima turned his back and marched to the gym without waving back, or showing any recognition towards the freckled boy.

"AYYYY LOOK WHO IS HERE! TRRRROUBLE MAKER!"

Tsukishima tried to ignore Terushima yet when the said 1.80cm blonde boy was kneeling before him as he showed Tsukishima with both of his hands as if he is presenting a celebrity it was kind of hard.

"CLEAR THE PATH BASTARDS, MAKE WAY FOR DR.IAN MALCOLM!"
Tsukishima couldn't ignore that sentence. He locked his eyes with Terushima and rolled his eyes as the latter kept his cocky smile on his face and winked at Tsukishima before getting up from the floor and gathering his two red towels from the ground as he did so. He wasn't only an ass he was also detailed with his word choices, making sure he grinds peoples gears in the most creative way. Only Terushima could do stupid stuff and look cool about it, the boy just didn't know what shame was which often brought the doom of second-hand embarrassment to the team when he tried to flirt with the other team's players jokingly. Or seriously. Tsukishima had no idea.

Tsukishima went to his locker as he mumbled a heartless good morning to the half of the team that was currently changing into their sweats. A few mumbled back while Terushima yelled it.

"How can you be both a morning and night person?" Iwaizumi grumbled from his locker next to Daichi's. Daichi let out a throaty laugh and pulled out his pants. His thighs were always a blessing, so must have Terushima thought since he grabbed his red towel (that was a red carpet a second ago) from the end and quickly whipped Daichi's firm ass that jiggled slightly with the impact. Tsukishima wasn't going to deny he adjusted his glasses just so he could zoom into the captain's ass better.

Daichi cocked his head to the side and throw a look at Terushima yet his lips were still curled up with a small smile.

"I think Terushima is more of a people person rather than a night or morning person."Daichi answered Iwaizumi's question that he probably didn't need an answer for.

Matsukawa and Hanamaki were talking in hushed voices on the side, totally ignoring Terushima's antics. Aone and Kindaichi were stretching while Kyoutani Yahaba and Kunumi were probably talking about their classes since all three of them were majoring in sports. Ennoshita, Tanaka, and Narita were probably in the toilets doing whatever they do and the fact that Asahi was also missing proved Tsukishima right since the big tackle usually took responsibility to look after them. Not like he was much of a help with his stutters and pleas for them to stop. Tsukishima's eyes searched for Bokuto or Kuroo but they were nowhere to be seen.

"Bokuto and Kuroo went ahead to talk with the newcomers. I think Tendou dragged Ushijima with him to watch it." Daichi said suddenly answering all of Tsukishima's answers. Tsukishima stayed indifferent and take off his jeans to get into the cold sweats. The hairs on his legs rise up with the cold breeze hitting his tighs yet Tsukishima didn't complain.

Since Tendou was not around Tsukishima felt himself relax and let himself loose to play with Kageyama's mind a little bit before the practice.

"I heard the King knows one of the new players. Is that why he is incapable of wearing his shirt right?"

Kageyama whipped his head to his side where Tsukishima stand to retort but once he looked at his shirt that is inside out he grumbled a shut up and blushed.

"Tsukishima don't fire up Kageyama before the practice." Daichi warned half-heartedly, he knew it didn't stop Tsukishima yet never seemed to let go of his duties as the captain.

"I think he is already burning, maybe he is as sensitive as he is confused today? I wonder the reason."

Daichi was burning his side but Tsukishima choose to keep looking at Kageyama who was struggling to wear his shirt right under all those eyes watching him.
"I dug out the old records from youtube and found their match." Hanamaki called attracting everyone's attention.

"I watched it with him, Chibi-chan sure can jump! Honestly, if his team wasn't crap he could have won against Kitagawa Daichi." Matsukawa contributed doing exactly opposite of what Daichi just said.

Kageyama closed his locker with a bang that echoed in the small changing room and looked at them behind his long bangs.

"It isn't about losing or winning, he doesn't know how to play, he doesn't take it seriously nor has an idea about the actual techniques. He just jumps like a friking kangaroo."

"Don't tell me its Yuuji who is jumping like a kangaroo, it's too early for me to see his goods."

"You are late Trashykawa!" Iwaizumi who was doing minimal moves by then released all of his anger to the morning practice and the locker room shenanigans to Oikawa.

"Being actually popular takes time Iwa-chan, not that you would know."

Hanamaki and Matsukawa were next to Iwaizumi the second Oikawa started to talk, knowing the drill very well. It was the usual, Oikawa talking shit and Iwaizumi being persistent on making him eat the shit or his fists. It was all act though, Tsukishima didn't see Iwaizumi do more than throw a few weak punches to Oikawa's arm as the latter usually exaggerated it so much that Iwaizumi apologized and asked if he is okay at the end. They clearly developed a relationship purely based on a rhythm they were both used to and the brotherly love between them made Tsukishima sick.

"I will show you popularity you-"

"Yes, yes such an intelligent comeback now if you girls are ready can we start jogging? Daichi?"

Oikawa throw Daichi a very obvious 'This is your job' look with raised eyebrows and pointed eyes towards the smaller man. Tsukishima would have boiled with anger if somebody told him to do his job properly but not Daichi, never Daichi. He was like a solid rock and that was the reason why he was the captain instead of the main quarterback of the team, which is Oikawa.

"Alright." He clapped his hands once and every chatter around the room died down. Another reason, people listened to him. Oikawa? In the matches when he is scary, yes. Outside of the field when he cares about his manicured hands and carefully fluffed up hair to make sure he gives some good poses to his fangirls that follow him almost everywhere? Not much.

"Let's start."

Chapter End Notes

I probably won't be able to update next week but we'll see, Tell me your thoughts about this chapter!!
Halloween Party 1

Chapter Notes

I didn't write for the longest time, we can call it either depression or being lazy. I just
couldn't find my muse and I will try to keep going, hoping I can find my beat again.

Music was not an escape, it was a simple constant in Tsukishima’s life. He honestly didn't
understand how people that “just don’t enjoy listening music” existed in the world. He couldn’t
even think his life without music. Yes, even he admits there were times in his high school times
that he basically listened to music with his large headphones outside, and with small unnoticeable
ones in the class. At least going to Akiteru's high school had some of its perks, like white sweaters
that make the perfect camouflage for his headphones.

In his second year of high school when they went to the therapy with his family, the psychologist
said it was his way to deal with his thoughts and teenage depression. Whatever that means that is.
Even though his music joy was not stretching to the extremes of living with headphones in these
days he still never left them at home ever since he got one in middle school.

So he and music went way back which was not a surprise for anyone who knows or simply sees
him around the campus yet it still somehow made people gasp when they learn he actually enjoys
clubbing. There was booze, loud music that suppresses other people’s voice and a dark room where
no one actually sees each other which brought equality about his and normals peoples eyesight,
what was there not to like?

“Nice costume, what are you, your grandma?” Tendou asked sneaking up to Tsukishima who was
busy with trying to attract the bartender's attention to grab another beer. Tsukishima yelled at the
short boy once more yet the boy already looked occupied with making two drinks at once as he
gathered other orders from the people at the front at the same time. Tsukishima must admit he was
doing pretty well for one person yet he still let out an irritated growl and turned back to face
Tendou who was a Frankenstein while Ushijima was next to him in his Frankenstein’s monster
costume. At least his hair didn't look out of place for once while Ushijima basically looked dead
inside with an obvious attitude that show he was dragged there by force. Once again, at least it was
going well with the costume.

“Don’t know, borrowed them from your mother yesterday.” Tsukishima bit back which Tendou
answered with a lazy humorless smile, cocking his head to the side.

“No honey, if it were to be hers you would have looked like a hooker.” Tendou stated
showing Tsukishima’s outfit with his index finger that was occupied with a bottle of beer. The
party was just getting on its beat while it was obvious Tendou has found what he was looking for
at the bottom of a few drinks.

Tsukishima lost his composure for a second with his answer and fixed his glasses to hide his
distress. Then his eyes wandered around his clothes that were consistent of a chain necklace that
settled in the middle of his chest, between his boob muscles which shows from his half-open black
shirt. His black imitation leather jacket was open too. Along with his messed up hair that he get
with the help of Kuroo (not exactly a help he wanted, Kuroo simply messed it up with his knuckles
as he took the taller boy in to a headlock when he saw what was Tsukishima wearing, saying it
would help him look more like his character) he looked more or less like a homeless fuck boy. Pulling off an Ian Malcolm look was hard. The time Tsukishima raised his head up to come face to face with Tendou, he was smiling slyly.

“Oh wait, you do look like a hooker. Well, tell her her son whom she did not call for 10 years says hi.” Tendou saluted Tsukishima with a small drop of curtsey. Tsukishima rolled his eyes yet muttered a see you later when the said bo turned his back to the bar and dragged Ushijima behind him.

Dropping a family crisis in the middle of a conversation like it’s nothing was so Tendou. The team learned he was adopted when he joked about his real father being an alien that's why he was adopted since he couldn't abduct Tendou with him. Tsukishima didn't believe anyone could stop Oikawa from talking about aliens in the locker rooms but even Oikawa was at loss for words when that happened. The weird thing was no one was exactly sure if he really believed that or it was just a joke. No one had the balls to ask him about it, scared of what the answer might be.

“Megane-chan, your nerd is showing.”

Tsukishima walked through his thoughts about clubs one more time. He came to the conclusion he liked clubs when there are not people he knows around him that think its okay to bother him with their stupid comebacks.

“Oikawa senpai your fly is open.” Tsukishima drawled, sweeping away the sheepish smile from Oikawa’s stupid face while Iwaizumi chuckled next to him.

“Hello Tsukishima. Ian Malcolm this time?” Iwaizumi asked raising up his fist for Tsukishima to bump. Tsukishima smiled slowly, bumping his fist with his own.

“Yeah. I thought you were going to be Godzilla like last year?” Tsukishima asked in return. It was no secret to the football team that Iwaizumi really liked Godzilla ever since he was a kid, hence his major animation. No one even dared to say it was actually a pretty crappy movie with bad effects. At least not if they didn't want a black eye.

“He forgot to wash the costume.” Oikawa jumped into the conversation, seemingly done with his perfect appearance of a vampire. Of course. Last year he was the charming prince and from what Terushima says the year before that he was Tarzan. Did Oikawa Tooru even know when to stop? Probably not.

“Anyways, now I know where you look first when you see me Tsukishima.” Oikawa winked at Tsukishima exaggeratedly, his stupid “charming” smile plastered to his face. Tsukishima unintentionally leaned back as he grimaced.

“Just because I’m gay doesn't mean I look at peoples penises as the first thing I see them,” Tsukishima answered coldly, adjusting his glasses with his index and middle finger.

“Oh, so you only look at the handsome ones. I get it.” Tsukishima tried not to smack Oikawa’s pretty face that is quite easy to corrupt as the said boy winked at him again. Thankfully Iwaizumi, who was also a vampire with a simple fake tooth and cape that is thrown around his neck that was covering his black pants and black shirt, smacked Oikawa’s head from behind.

“You are making the boy uncomfortable Shittykawa!”

“Iwa-chan, I worked REAL hard for that hair! Don’t mess it up with you brute hands!”

Iwaizumi messed up Oikawa’s hair that was shaped perfectly as Oikawa let out screams for help.
“That is my queue to go.” Tsukishima murmured to no one in particular.

Tsukishima had this view of himself, he was not someone to overdo things. It was mostly because of his family matters but he also didn’t like putting too much effort on anything. Not like he didn’t have anything he enjoy, he just didn’t like the big hassle about it. After all whatever he does there will be always someone who is better than him, or better than that person and so on. Hence he was never the type to chase after other people even when they like them yet somehow even though they didn’t talk too much or cannot be considered more than acquaintance Tsukishima’s eyes searched for Yamaguchi Tadashi. From going on to the bathroom to waiting at the bar stools Tsukishima did everything to not keep himself busy as he scrutinized the room all over. Yamaguchi Tadashi was nowhere to be seen. Well, Tsukishima didn’t exactly think he would come too.

The party was a classic for their university, everyone was invited yet it was a party that was organized by the sports club. Good looking sportive people were everywhere and even though people said it was a nice way to meet new people the ones who go to the Halloween party were the same people every year. Tsukishima thought for a second, maybe Yamaguchi was one of those regulars but he never bothered to talk with him before? It was rather true that Yamaguchi wasn't exactly the eye-catching type.

“Oi, everyone’s becoming too drunk already. We will start the ritual.” Terushima jumped next to him with his pirate costume. From extra rings on his ears and bracelets on his thick ankles to the barefoot nature of Terushima Yuuji was mouth watering. Honestly, Tsukishima himself couldn’t deny this boy with visible lean muscles on his arms to the V-shaped lower abs was every man and women's dream both in the aspect of having that body themselves and having that body to themselves.

Tsukishima came face to face with Terushima’s sly smirk.

“Is that Ian Malcolm that I’m seeing?” He asked mockingly which Tsukishima answered with a small punch to his side.

“Ouch! You better pray that coach is not here or I’m telling on you!” Terushima fake whined, holding his side. Tsukishima opened his mouth to retort when he saw the change in Terushima’s behaviour. Probably a hot nurse or slutty bunny was coming near them since Terushima put on his usual playboy smirk to his face, closing his eyes halfway and cocking his head to the back to have a better look at the person coming.

"I think you would want to see this," Terushima whispered with a husky voice to Tsukishima who was about to push past him towards to the toilet. Tsukishima stopped in his tracks and turned on his heels to come face to face with a skull.

Tsukishima was about to ask what was the hassle when a skeleton started to walk towards them. He was wearing a pair of ripped black jeans with a simple black tight long sleeved shirt. He was taller than average, probably closer to Tsukishima's height more than Terushima while the most attracting thing about the boy was not his strikingly half face skull makeup but his lightning green eyes that shined under the club lights.

Tsukishima gulped when he noticed the said boy was no other than Yamaguchi Tadashi, his recognition was slow because of the absence of his tuft of hair. Yamaguchi's hair was gelled back, giving everyone a better view of his lenses.

As Tsukishima's brain was working at the highest speed to find a way to get Yamaguchi and himself out of there he noticed Yamaguchi was not alone. Another boy was walking next to Yamaguchi. He was smaller than Yamaguchi, his blonde hair was showing roots of black hair
underneath it that was giving him a somehow butterflyfish look. Was he wearing a white sheet? Or was it a blanket? Tsukishima didn't know if they were going to give prizes but if they did, this boy would have won the "idgaf award" easily.

"Hello." Yamaguchi greeted the duo with a small wave when they were close enough.

"And who are you again?" Terushima asked, completely ignoring the other kid that was looking at him with large yellow eyes, his focus completely on Yamaguchi. Tsukishima couldn't exactly blame Terushima yet he felt a tug on his hand, that forced him to make it a fist.

"Errm, we didn't meet but you've invited me. My roommate wanted to come too, they didn't ask for our names so I assumed it's an open party?" Yamaguchi asked scratching the back of his neck as he asked so, looking adorable even with the makeup. Tsukishima wanted to smack Terushima to oblivion for making him uncomfortable.

"It's fine," Tsukishima answered instead. The smaller boys attention was focused on Tsukishima this time. His eyes could easily compete with Tendou's Tsukishima thought as a small shiver went down from his back.

"Nice costume Tsukki." Yamaguchi complimented him with a smile, "Are you John Travolta from Grease?"

Tsukishima adjusted his glasses while Terushima laughed audibly.

"I like you already! Please forgive me for my rudeness before, let's correct my mistake and meet properly?" Terushima asked holding out his hand to Yamaguchi, ignoring the blonde boy yet again. Tsukishima usually didn't care about strangers yet the situation forced him to talk with the blonde boy.

"So you are the roommate with the cat?" Tsukishima asked just to make the boy talk, that way it wouldn't be as creepy as looking straight at him and not saying anything.

"Is this the one you've used their phone to call me three weeks ago when you burnt your own phone?" The pudding boy asked Yamaguchi, not bothering to answer Tsukishima's question.

"How- How did you?" Yamaguchi looked baffled, cut the conversation they were having with Terushima and focused on the blonde boy. The blonde boy simply shrugged as a response.

"I will wander around. If you can't find me, I probably don't want you to."

With that, he turned his back to the trio and vanished to air.

"Well, now I understand why you had to bribe your roommate to make you a favour."

Yamaguchi smiled and cocked his head to the side. He looked like a puppy with zombie's eyes. Tsukishima could have damned his luck since he was out of luck to find out about Yamaguchi's eye color once again yet he was so happy to find him in the first place so he bowed to his fate.

"Kishi, I would love to stay and entertain our lovely guest here but people are waiting for us."

Terushima hooked his arm with Tsukishima's and quite literally dragged him to the big table where most of the team was either sitting or waiting near it.

"I believe we are complete now that I've collected out Ian Malcolm from the ice age," Terushima barked getting the bystanders attention along with the team. Tsukishima couldn't help but blush
with the attention he was getting.

"Shut up," He drawled yet Terushima settled in for a wink instead of an answer.

"Well then lads, let's drink with our captain's count." Someone, most probably Iwaizumi, pushed Oikawa back to his seat when he tried to get up and Tanaka forced Daichi to get up from his seat.

"Well," Daichi stayed silent for a moment as he looked every member of the football team in the eye. Tsukishima wasn't exactly a "one for the team" person yet even he could feel the adrenaline pumping through his veins when Daichi's fierce passionate eyes met with his own. One look. That's all Daichi needed to do for the team to pull themselves together. Even Oikawa looked soberer than before. Tanaka was relaxing his muscles meanwhile Matsukawa and Hanamaki were seriously looking at Daichi, which did not happen unless they were losing and Daichi was scolding them. Tsukishima's eyes caught an orange hair and saw Hinata who was vibrating with excitement. Tsukishima rolled his eyes at him yet he too knew the feeling of becoming a part of the team. His eyes settled back at Daichi who was now holding a blue shot in his hands. Tsukishima grabbed one that was closest to him and smiled without noticing. They weren't even doing anything important yet this was one of the moments where you did the same thing with 20+ people and be happy about it. When he came face to face with Kuroo, Tsukishima noticed he was smiling too. They nod at each other, their quarrels were not more important than their team. Tsukishima felt a hand settling on his shoulder, it was Tendou's. He let him.

"Let's win," Daichi yelled, holding out his glass to the air.

"LET'S WIN!" The team yelled back. All of them raised their glasses and even the cheap alcohol that burned their throats couldn't stop them from smiling at each other.
The beat blasting through the speakers vibrated in Tsukishima's chest. He closed his eyes and focused on the slow bass finding it's way to his heart instead of the buzzing noise on his ears. He did not intentionally get drunk but agreeing to play "never have I ever" with Bokuto and Kuroo was basically agreeing to get drunk. He would have cursed his stupidity anytime but it was Halloween, the next day was a free day and Tsukishima would rather deal with buzzing ears than having to deal with his family drama.

"Kishi! Stop slacking, we are continuing!"

Tsukishima opened his eyes when he started to get pulled by no one other than Terushima, the club rat. Tsukishima tried to get his arm back but his almost chicken-like arms against Terushima's lean curvy muscles he did not stand a chance. When they sat between Hinata, who looked the same colour with his hair on the face and some girl Tsukishima did not know or didn't care to meet, his eyes caught phosphorus green eyes that were looking at someone. Someone other than Tsukishima.

Tsukishima got up from his seat before Terushima can object to sitting next to Yamaguchi on the floor. On second thought...

"Mind sharing?" Tsukishima asked, his voice turning up to be deeper than he intended to. Yamaguchi whipped his head towards to him and nodded once before moving to his left to open space next to him on the carpet. Tsukishima sat down and didn't complain about half of his ass sticking to the floor. He was more focused on how Yamaguchi was not talking with him.

"You don't look drunk," Tsukishima asked leaning to Yamaguchi's side like how the said boy did to him on the metro.

"I intend to," Yamaguchi answered, gulping down whatever alcoholic beverage he was holding in one shot.

Tsukishima would be lying if he said he did not find it very sexy.

"Alright ladies and gentlemen, the rules are simple. If you did it you drink it, if you didn't then you can contact me after the game." Terushima winked at the girl he was sitting next to and some of the players from the football team booed him, Tsukishima settled in with a roll of his eyes.

"I'm starting. Never have I ever had an amazing sex with my awesome boyfriend 45 minutes ago in the bathroom."

"BOKUTO-SAN!"

"OH MY GOD TOO MUCH INFORMATION!"

Akaashi was covering his reddening face while Bokuto looked like he, well, had sex with his awesome boyfriend 45 minutes ago in the bathroom. Matsukawa was covering Hanamaki's ears like they weren't the perverts of the team. Tsukishima once had to see their shared porn collection when they decided to sell them to raise money for their friends (Oikawa's) birthday present. Tsukishima knew he wasn't exactly the warmest type out there but sharing a porn collection with your best friend was definitely too much for him to handle. Especially if they decide to guess what's his kink and try to sell him Autogynephilia pornos.

Tsukishima threw a few chips at the duo before Kuroo got up and started the game for real.
"Never have I ever tried flavoured condoms."

"WE DID 50 MINUTES AGO!" Bokuto yelled gulping down his shot, completely ignorant to the looks Akaashi was sending to his way. Some people chuckled at Bokuto's antics and Tsukishima drank his shot, eyeing Yamaguchi as he did so. The said boy with green sparkling eyes put his empty glass next to Tsukishima's glass. Tsukishima wondered what flavour did he try before. Was it strawberry? Tsukishima hoped for it to be.

Hanamaki was looking at Terushima. The said charming pirate was sending stupid smiles to the girl next to him that he winked at before. Tsukishima knew what was coming yet he still wasn't prepared for the look on Terushima's face changing from charming to fury in a split second.

"Never have I ever went to a church to pick up a girl," Hanamaki started his sentence waiting for one beat to raise up the suspense.

The team knew this story very well, how Terushima followed a girl he declared the most beautiful babe he had ever seen and ended up in a church where he,

"Or a boy."

Fell for the charms of a boy instead. Tsukishima knew Terushima went to the church just to see the man again but the said "angelic boy" did not show up again.

"I hate you guys," Terushima said simply before gulping down his drink and waved at the back of the girl that was now leaving the room.

Some girl got up from her seat and raised her glass up. The costume she was wearing looked nothing like you would wear outside of a bedroom. That was probably called a "slutty bunny" or something along those lines. Her makeup was smeared on the side yet she had the biggest smile on her face. The kind that was not a smile for happiness but a smile nevertheless. Smiling while you are sad, something Tsukishima could never do.

"Never have I get cheated on."

From the looks of the girls next to her patting her shoulder and hair it was also a recent incident, just like Bokuto's but more unpleasant.

Tsukishima looked around and counted a total of seven people from the team. Matsukawa, Hanamaki, Hinata, Kuroo, Akaashi, Bokuto and Tanaka. Tsukishima realized he didn't know anything about their former relationships or the current ones minus Bokuto and Akaashi. Tanaka's older sister, Saeko raised her cup that was almost full.

"Well, this deserves two shots." She called before emptying the whole thing in one big gulp. Tsukishima felt his own throat itch with empathy.

"Yamaguchi."

Tsukishima returned his focus back on his left when he heard the laid back small voice whisper Yamaguchi's name almost as a warning. Tsukishima understood why when Yamaguchi put an empty glass next to his former one, then grabbed another one from the table and gulped it down again, squeezing his eyes shut while doing so. His green shiny eyes searched for something and found it on the pudding haired boy's hands.

Gulping down the third shot he let out a breathy howl, messing up his hair and some of his make up as he embrangled his perplexed face. Tsukishima didn't notice everyone was looking at
Yamaguchi until the said boy noticed the eyes settling on him. A blush crept up to his features, making Tsukkishima focus on the piercings on his red ears. Since when was this boy wearing piercings?

"Yeah, ugh, mine was a three-shot degree burn." He shrugged his shoulders and grabbed the other glass from the table.

"Can I continue? Okay." He didn't wait for anyone to answer him and raised his glass up, which everyone followed waiting for it to come. "Never have I ever played a sport."

Groans could be heard from the table and a few laughs from Kuroo and Terushima when they toast their shots before gulping it down. The mood was back to normal again and Tsukkishima smirked when he saw the winning smile on Yamaguchi’s face. Tsukkishima didn't know what had happened to Yamaguchi Tadashi and his ex-lover but one thing was obvious, Tsukkishima definitely wanted to see more of this scheming side of the freckled boy.
Standing Straigth

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Head throbs - it was fine, not like Tsukkishima didn't have them all the time when he talked with every other person living on earth; stomach aches - that he didn't have any defence system for, hence the reason of his bent spine and hunched up shoulders on the alley outside of the club they were partying.

"Just get out." Tsukkishima murmured with a shaky breath as he clenched his stomach once more with the hopes of it finally giving up and emptying itself.

Alcohol wasn't exactly toxic, at least he didn't believe it was but when you drink more than 5 shots along with other beverages your stomach gets the idea it is the king of the boy instead of the brain and decides to punish you for all the bad food you've consumed on your exam weeks.

Tsukkishima heaved and squeezed his eyes shut to focus on his balance. He pushed himself from the dirty wall that probably hosted many more drunk teens before him and tried to straighten up his posture. Lights blurred his already unfocused eyesight. Before he could mutter a curse he heard a banter coming from the exit.

"No, no you don't understand I have to get out of here." The words tripped on each other as they tumbled down from the mouth of their owner, Tsukkishima rubbed his eyes and stepped forward from his place to take a better look at the hyperventilating teen.

"You can't drive, Tadashi." Came in the answer from a much more collected person. Tsukkishima's ears perked up with the name. He took one more step and hunched his shoulders again to not get seen, also his stomach was rumbling again.

"I already drank my taxi money, and metro doesn't work at this hour." Tadashi reasoned.

"Tadashi. I have your taxi money. I stole it when you were on your second beer. Now sit here and wait till I can get someone to call us a car."

The kid with the white cape turned his back and walked in, leaving no room for discussion. Tsukkishima realized his feet were dragging him towards Tadashi who was now sitting on the stairs of the exit door. Some people exited out, not batting an eye on him, he didn't seem to mind.

"I can share my wall with you if you want," Tsukkishima made his presence known. When Tadashi's neon green eyes focused on him he felt the veins on his neck throbbing harder with a rush. Tsukkishima showed the wall on his back with his thumb, "It might be dirtier but I can assure you it won't judge you if you vomit on it."

Tadashi shook his head with a small curve of his moisty pink lip.

"I'm pretty sure the stairs wouldn't judge me either."

"The people stepping on them might." Tsukkishima reasoned.

"So might the duo that is occupied on your wall.

Tsukkishima turned his head to take a look at the wall and saw it was really hosting at least one
person whose hands were showing above the big trashcan. The slight motion caught Tsukkishima's eyes and yeah, there was the second person on the floor.

"Oh I should vomit on them." Tsukkishima declared, his stomach churning up with the thought of doing that on an alley that anyone could walk on you. How could anyone even have the guts to do that?

"It's fun actually," Tadashi answered Tsukkishima. Oh great, his mouth to brain filter was going out of order. After the initial embarrassment of slipping words from his mouth without intending to, Tsukkishima focused on Tadashi. Did he just confess to Tsukkishima he enjoys getting blowjobs on dirty alleys where anyone could walk on him?

"Don't look at me like that Tsukki, you never know without trying. " Tadashi shrugged and a smile was tugged on his lips, his eyes were shining under the exit signs light.

"The rush you feel on your veins, the heat creeping up to your head and dick at the same time with both embarrassment and adrenaline, the sounds coming out from your mouth that's poorly disguised, the moans that get choked on your throat, the urgent need to come undone because of the position you are in..."

Tsukkishima tried to gulp down but his mouth was as dry as Sahara desert, he wanted to hear the whimper Tadashi just let out one more time. Their eyes were locked on to each other and Tsukkishima was feckless to hide his growing bulge. The air felt both lighter and heavier around them. Tsukkishima, for a second, believed he could reach out to Yamaguchi right there and then and he would actually let him. The possibilities filled the alley and Tsukkishima could smell his desire radiating from himself with a sniff.

Exit door opened again and it could have been an alive T-Rex for all Tsukkishima cared. Tadashi did though, he turned his face to the intruder and talked. Tsukkishima didn't comprehend a word that left that sinful mouth. When Tadashi get up and didn't walk towards Tsukkishima his senses came back.

"Tadashi..."

Tsukkishima drawled, that was all he could muster up with the small bit of air on his lungs and spit on his dry tongue. Yamaguchi put a hand to his neck and rubbed it, a blush could be seen on his plump cheeks and his eyes were anywhere but on Tsukkishima. How could that boy say such things with a straight face in a second and look all young and inexperienced in another second?

"Taxi..." Yamaguchi reasoned and with a small wave turned his back to Tsukkishima.

"Bye, Tsukki."

Tsukkishima sucked in some air on his aching lungs. He put his left hand on his face to collect himself. After his breathing came back to normal he straightened up his shoulders and decided against going back inside. A long walk to his apartment would do.

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Tsukkishima took off his helmet and threw it to the bench that's next to his locker. He was usually the first to get into the locker room after almost every practice, he simply didn't understand people like Hinata and Kageyama's enthusiasm towards practice. The hours were set up by the coach who was an old professional, he knew what he is doing, why would he go ahead and push himself more
than necessary? Try to make those idiots understand his logic now, Tsukkishima would rather teach a T-Rex to peel a banana. A small curve of his lips appeared on his face with the visual presentation of a T-Rex on his mind. Yes, he would very much prefer that to most things.

Terushima got into the locker room after him who was followed by Iwaizumi, Oikawa, Hanamaki and Matsukawa.

"I'm hitting the bar-

"Maki, you might actually prove you are a seer" Matsukawa cut off Terushima as he took off his shoes, and checked Hanamaki who was trying to take off his knee caps before he took off his shoes.

Tsukkishima turned them his back to get undressed, also he didn't want to watch Hanamaki's stupid face doing stupider jests.

"I see alcohol, I see the word A,B,C,D, yes D, the bars name starts with D, could it be Dinamo?"

"Oh shut up Makki, I could have predicted that too, the only surprising thing in this situation is the fact Terushima doesn't have HIV yet."

After a beat, Oikawa's voice got followed by Iwaizumi's unsure voice.

"You don't, right Terushima?"

"I do have a disease."

Tsukkishima pulled his shirt off of his body and put his glasses on before turning to them. He rolled his eyes when he saw the cocky smile on Terushima.

"It's called being awesome and unfortunately for you losers, it's not infective. I can always spread some love though."

"Oh God, DON'T SPREAD YOUR 'LOVE' ON US YOU DISGUSTING ANIMAL!" Hanamaki yelled as Oikawa started to throw the hair products he kept on his locker to Terushima when he started to take off his pants and opened the fork part from the hem with the pure intention of probably choking anyone who was nearby with the smell.

As Asahi, Ennoshita and a few others started to get into the locker room Tsukklishima grabbed his towel and slippers before he made his way to the showers. Some steam was already seen from the corridor before Tsukklishima could get into the shower room Iwaizumi stepped out with a towel secured on his hips.

"The team is just getting undressed, you didn't need to rush,"

Iwaizumi gave a sheepish smile when he noticed Tsukkishima and pulled a smaller towel to his head.

"When you live with Oikawa you kind of learn to shower fast. If I didn't I might have freeze my balls to nuts since the idiot has the tendency to draw out all the hot water."

"We have hot water here though," Tsukkishima reasoned showing the obvious steam on his glasses before he took them off.

"Force of habit," Iwaizumi answered with a shrug of his shoulders. Tsukkishima shrugged himself
and made his way to the corner shower at the end of the third aisle. Tsukkishima by any means did not get separated from his teammates on any occasion but he always took it to himself to shower on the same cabinet that was the furthest he could escape to. He didn't think anyone would be uncomfortable if he took one of the centre cabinets since all of them were secured with a thick enough curtain yet this was more simple, also no one ever questioned him for it. It was just one of those things that happened without questions, just like how Iwaizumi's locker was the house of Oikawa's clothes or how Asahi always had a tin of ginger cookies on his.

Tsukkshima opened the tap and let it flow for a few seconds to get rid of the cold water that usually got poured down first from the old pipes. He took off his pants and boxers as usual and hanged them on the hanger next to the end of the shower curtain. Stepping into the hot steaming water shocked his calves at first but his muscles got relaxed after a minute. Oh, how he enjoyed the privilege of a hot shower on a cold night.

He grabbed his strawberry smelling shampoo from his bag and started to massage his scalp. Thank God the coach didn't make him work with Hinata yet but the time was near. Tsukkishima never thought the time he would agree with 'I have a stick on my butt' Kageyama about a person but here they were, refusing to acknowledge the orange tornado that messes up their system.

Did Yamaguchi like this energy ball really? They were working together after all, and he did seem to be close with Hinata. What was it with Hinata that Yamaguchi saw but Tsukkishima didn't?

Tsukkishima closed his eyes to prevent getting pink coloured shampoo in his eyes as he rinsed the shampoo from his hair. The image that welcomed his closed eyelids were a familiar scene from three days ago. Two people were blocked from the world by the trash bin that separated them from the earth of living beings.

'The rush you feel on your veins...'

Tsukkishima heard the voice of Yamaguchi as he gulped down the will to do something stupid. What was this even, he was thinking of football a second ago, he was not 16 anymore to get sudden images that would make him think with his south era.

'The sounds coming out from your mouth...'

Tsukkishima felt the still cold tile hitting his forehead as he leaned onto the wall to gain his balance again. The rush he felt on his head had got nothing to do with the hot water soaking him from head to toe.

Tsukkishima squeezed his eyes close harder as he tried to block the image for a second but failed miserably as the picture came closer to the surface. This time he was closer to them. Tsukkishima couldn't help but scrutinize the scene that could be so familiar yet so distant at the same time. How many times did he imagine himself with Yamaguchi till now? The boy seemed to be his favourite fantasy to imagine in his alone times for weeks now.

Tsukkishima was standing up in the image, his head was thrown back while his lower body was bent forward, he looked the perfect representation of a bow. His glasses were missing from his face but then the picture got clearer and wider. There was Yamaguchi. On his knees, in front of Tsukkishima, swallowing his whole length down into his pretty mouth. He didn't seem to have any problems with the stretch of his lips or how Tsukkishima thrust his hips forward from time to time, seemingly when Yamaguchi did something sinful with his mouth.

Tsukkishima opened his eyes and sucked in his breath. He was a man on a mission as he grabbed his soap with one hand and grabbed his half erected dick with the other.
'You never know without trying...'

Well, he was about to find out.

Chapter End Notes

Ever since I started my new job that consumes my energy and will to live at the same time I couldn't find any time or will to update this fic, writing this chapter reminded me how much I liked perverted Tsukki and how mischevious and cute Yamaguchi could be at the same time,

Do tell me your thoughts about the chapter!
Tsukkishima didn't see Yamaguchi for almost a month. Between his practices and upcoming exams along with his class project that he had to make with three other classmates, he couldn't even find the energy in him to cook. It was the second week of his exams and Tsukkishima was sick. He was sick and tired of the exams and the tempo he had to keep up with just fine, the problem was he was actually sick.

"You are sick." Kuroo drawled as they were getting into their designed suits. Tsukkishima liked this year's colors more than last year. While last year they had orange ones with black lines this year they had black material with neon orange lines. It looked captivating from away and intimidating from near which probably was the intended feeling.

Tsukkishima ignored Kuroo and put on his knee pads.

"He does seem less snarky, doesn't he?"

"Works for me." Hanamaki and Matsukawa answered Oikawa at the same time. They turned each other animatedly and showed each other with their index finger.

"Chips-coke-lock!" They screamed gaining a definitely used sock from Daichi.

"Stop yelling in the locker room for God's sake, coach told me that the girls are scared of changing in the locker rooms because they can hear us from downstairs."

"Well," Terushima jumped into the conversation as he got into the locker room and pulled off his small scarf from his neck. Tshikkishima was sure it didn't even protect him from cold at all, it was more a I'm-a-fashionable-douche-fashion. Or maybe he used it to give to girls who are deliberately cute and cold. Either way, the doucebag didn't need any kind of protection from the cold meanwhile Tsukkishima got a cold as easy as a long-haired kid gets lace from kindergarten. Which he got when he was in kindergarten, on his first day in fact. He fucking damned his genes for being weak to any kind of attach from any species of bacteria and virus.

Tsukkishima realized he missed the end of Terushima's sentence but he was sure it was something dirty as Oikawa covered his ears and eyes yelling 'GOD!' as Iwaizumi threw his sneakers at Terushima. Apparently, he wasn't the only one since Tsukkishima saw 5 more shoes lying next to Terushima who was trying to cover his body with his arms.

"That hurt!" He yelled when he was sure no one was going to throw any more stuff to him. A blue shoe flew from next to Tsukkishima from a rather red looking Kageyama. It hit Terushima right on the head, gaining an effective sound from the impact.

"TOBIO! MY CHILD!" Terushima cried out, holding his heart with one hand as he held his head where the shoe hit him with the other one. "You hurt me!"

"That was the intention senpai." Kageyama murmured as he quietly went next to Terushima and fetched his and Iwaizumi's shoes from the floor. Iwaizumi clasped Kageyama's shoulder as he passed by.

"Who is corrupting my child! Is it you Kishi?" Terushima yelled, or rather talked in his usual
talking voice as he started to strip from his thin layer of clothing.

"Why do you always assume it's me." Tsukkishima drawled, not looking up from his shoes as he knotted them.

"Well, shit, Wolverine. What happened to your voice? Did you get choked on a dick?"

Tsukkishima straightened up his posture to say something, honestly anything to Terushima when a coughing fit burst out from his lungs.

"He is sick." Kuroo purred again. Tsukkishima met with his knowing eyes and hold it for a second before going back to controlling his shoulder pads.

"Kei," Daichi called at him, at least he had the brains to come and talk with him rather than shouting at him across the room.

"I'm not sick, just a cold." Tsukkishima did his explanation, using minimal words to make himself clear. His throat did feel like he just gave the longest blowjob ever, to be fair with Terushima.

"I think it would be better if you just skipped this one and got some rest. Hinata is not joining either, it's just the right season for everyone to catch a little bit of cold, it's totally normal."

Tsukkishima knew that. He knew it but no one else except for him and the little orange tornado was having the same problem. He wanted to sue his parents for not giving him better genes honestly. Why couldn't he be like... Like other people on the team.

"I'd rather not." He answered instead. Daichi smiled at him and gave him his scarf from inside of his locker.

"And I'd rather you do. Go home and rest, Kei."

There Tsukkishima was, walking to the gates of the campus, still in his practice attire since it was quite warm in it surprisingly. Also, he didn't want to stand inside and change his clothes under the knowing gaze of Kuroo. And maybe he was a little bit tired and moving his arms upwards actually hurt his joints.

Tsukkishima got out of the campus and started to walk towards the metro station. As he passed the Starbucks that was strategically standing on the same line between the school and metro station for sleep-deprived college students his eyes caught a sight of green hair.

Has it been, what, almost a month now after the Halloween party? It was almost December so maybe a little bit less than a month. Regardless of the time, Tsukkishima's heart started to beat louder in his ears. His feet dragged him towards the crowded cafe without his permission. As he crossed the street his mind started to race with the speed of his heart. How many times did he think of Yamaguchi after their talk? How many times did he come inside of his fist thinking about the boy's freckles, or eyes, or collarbones or how utterly devastating it would be for Tsukkishima's heart to see the boys white long legs spread around his sheets ruthlessly.

Tsukkishima gulped twice just to get rid of the dry feeling between his teeth, it only hurt his throat some more but did nothing to contain his excitement. As he stepped inside the cafe that was much more louder than it seems from outside questions started to pop inside of his head.

What was he even going to say to Yamaguchi? They were not friends, they weren't even on the basis of saying hi to each other regularly. Maybe Yamaguchi forgot about him already. Would he wave back if Tsukkishima waved at him? Where was this insecurity coming from? Tsukkishima,
once again, found himself cursing at his genes for making him doubt himself over nothing.

Tsukkishima turned on the ball of his feet to get out but unfortunately, there were already two more people standing in the line after him, who were currently blocking the exit. Honestly what was in this coffee that made people wait on lines that reached the exit door? He was never fond of coffee that much anyway, must have been a coffee addict thing he can't possibly understand.

Giving up on leaving, Tsukkishima decided to scrutinize the area for a green hair. With his height and, thankfully, contact lenses, it would be impossible to miss Yamaguchi in this cubicle of a room. When his eyes couldn't catch what he was looking for Tsukkishima shrugged and let it go, it must have been a trick that his eyes played on him, maybe he just saw a worker with green apron and his mind came up with its own idea. Well, he was inside and already in the line, he might as well order a winter fairy tea or something along those lines that might help him get rid of this itchy feeling he has on his throat.

"You struck to me as a black coffee person."

Well, things did have the intensity to come back when you are not looking for them apparently. Tsukkishima's eyes caught Yamaguchi's gaze and drank his face that was beaming with an almost closed eyed smile.

Tsukkishima, hoping it looked fashionably late instead of moronically spacing off to someone else's face or even worse looking like a creep who tries to eye fuck someone in the middle of a Starbucks smiled back at Yamaguchi.

"What else did I struck you as?" Tsukkishima asked, turning the conversation into an interrogation. He wanted to know everything the boy with the most unfair smile thinks of him. He suppressed his other side who wanted to know everything about Yamaguchi too, he didn't need to go there now.

Yamaguchi pursed his lips and furrowed his eyebrows, creating a V shape between his eyebrows. It was endearingly cute, Tsukkishima wanted to yell "It's so fluffy I'm gonna fucking die!" at his face. Might be the fever that was catching up with his cold, he wasn't sure but he sure as hell were going to blame it on his fever if he slipped out a sentence similar.

Realizing Yamaguchi was taking too long to answer Tsukkishima looked over to Yamaguchi who looked kind of pink on the cheeks. Was he coming down on a fever too? Before Tsukkishima could ask Yamaguchi snapped his attention back to Tsukkishima's eyes.

"Are those new? For the team I mean. I don't think I've seen them before. Not that I'm religiously keeping a track on the football team or anything but you weren't wearing these at the party. Not on the Halloween party obviously. You were, were really, your outfit on Halloween I mean-"

Yamaguchi looked anywhere else except for Tsukkishima's eyes a smirk crept up to Tsukkishima's face.

"Were what?" Tsukkishima asked, deliberately dropping his voice an octave or two to gain Yamaguchi's attention back again. It seemed to be working as Yamaguchi did look at him with his big doe eyes, diverted his gaze back to the black attire that was covering his legs and found Tsukkishima's eyes once more with a more defined pink sitting on his cheeks. It was definitely worth the pain he felt on his throat afterward.

"You were really... fashionable, it was a great outfit really. It stood out."

Yamaguchi finished lamely, taking a few steps forward as the line progressed. Tsukkishima didn't like the way Yamaguchi diverted his gaze anywhere but him.
"Oh, so I take it that you didn't like the new uniform?" Tsukkishima asked as he smoothly opened up his jacket and put the uniform onto display for Yamaguchi's eyes to savor, opening his arms as he held the ends of his puffy bomber green jacket. That seemed to do the trick.

Yamaguchi exactly did so. For a couple of moments, he had just looked at Tsukkishima's middle and legs. Tsukkishima was debating on whether he should took off his coat so Yamaguchi can see his shoulders too. He wasn't nearly as egoistic as Kuroo or Oikawa or buffy as Bokuto but he did win in the genetic pool of big ass shoulders compared to most of his other team members. He thought he could give them a good use now while there was someone to actually see and clearly enjoy. Yamaguchi was so obvious that it was almost embarrassing for Tsukkishima to watch him squirm.

Almost.

"Are you sick?" Was the answer Tsukkishima got, which made him roll his eyes visibly as he dropped the edges of the jacket.

"No, I gave the longest blowjob to the longest thickest dick you could ever imagine." Tsukkishima drawled, copying Terushima just a bit.

Yamaguchi's coughing fit was so worth the plagiarism he comitted.

"Hello, welcome to Starbucks, can I take your order?" The women behind the counter that separated them drawled. Tsukkishima tore his eyes from Yamaguchi's now definitely red face. It took him more than a few seconds to do so. How could you blame him, Yamaguchi seemed to vibrate with energy whenever he blushed, which happened to him considerably more than a regular person. His smaller freckles were less visible yet the big ones seemed to stand out more in Tsukkishima's eyes. His blush didn't stop on his cheeks and nose, it went further to his ears and neck. Oh, that delicious looking long neck. Tsukkishima didn't even have words for how much he wanted to leave a hickey on that neck, maybe on his collarbones too. Which was another point, why were Yamaguchi's collarbones visible when the weather was a one-digit number, probably closer to zero than ten.

When Tsukkishima finally tore his eyes apart from Yamaguchi's collarbones, even though he wanted to examine his arms and shoulders from a nearby position, he was sporting a frown on his cold features. At least the women stopped hitting the counter with her long - definitely longer than it should be, what was this, mortal combat? These new fashion statements of women having lethal killing objects on their hands needed to stop - fingernails when she saw Tsukkishima's face.

"I will get a tea, preferably a winter tea, and he will get your most stomach warming drink you have, whatever that is. Big. Biggest you have, both of them."

As the women typed in their orders and Tsukkishima produced a 5.000 yen bill from his wallet Yamaguchi touched his arm which was holding the wallet before he started to talk.

"No, please scratch that, I want a small black filter coffee please." Yamaguchi told the women as he held out his 500 yen change to her with a frown. "And we will pay separately."

Tsukkishima pulled his arm under Yamaguchi's hand and put his arm over his.

"I'm paying and I'm choosing." Tsukkishima declared, giving a side eyed glare at Yamaguchi he added, "Please take it all from here."

The women gave a sympathetic smile at Yamaguchi and took Tsukkishima's money under
Yamaguchi’s hurt gaze.

"One Chamomile Tea and one Matcha Tea Latte, that would be 1,040 Yen. Can I also get your names?" She took the money and gave the change to Tsukkishima. Tsukkishima took the 500 yen out of the change women gave her and threw it on the small box next to the cashier as he told his name and Yamaguchi’s. The women thanked Tsukkishima as Yamaguchi’s frown became deeper.

"You didn't have to pay for me. And I've never tried a Matcha Tea Latte, what if I don't like it. Also, I should be up, I'm in my exam week, and that latte sounds like it would put me under a sleep quicker than sleeping beauty.

Yamaguchi lined up his discomfort to Tsukkishima behavior. Tsukkishima shrugged.

"You can pay the next time. And choose my drink, God knows I know nothing about this place except for Pumpkin Spice Latte which is all over the internet."

"What." Yamaguchi halted. Tsukkishima, instead of staying with Yamaguchi in the middle of the line pulled him along with him to wait for their drinks at the end of the counter. Yamaguchi followed him without a protest but still looked at Tsukkishima with his big shocked eyes, as if he just told him he doesn't like puppies.

"You don't drink Starbucks? Are we sure we are in the 21st century, right next to our university, in our 20 ish ages? You can't not know about Starbucks."

"Of course I know about Starbucks. It just seems like a waste of money and time and dignity to me when I can have a much more quality bean coffee at home from my own coffee machine, that's all."

"You own a coffee machine?"

Tsukkishima wasn't one to bend towards a sugar baby/daddy kink but seeing Yamaguchi in his thin clothes, and hearing his surprised tone to smallest things it just made Tsukkishima so giddy inside. He wanted to put a coat around those delinquent collarbones and shoulders ever since he met the boy, wanted to put something warm in his tummy - a tea wasn't exactly his first though he must admit - and now he just wanted to take Yamaguchi home show him his apartment and just take him right there on his kitchen floor as he looks at his coffee machine.

Tsukkishima shook his head twice just to gather his thoughts. Being sick always made him hornier for some reason, maybe he had a fever and his dick was taking the leash away from his actually upper side brain.

Knowing that didn't stop him from saying this though.

"Yeah, I bet I can make you a better coffee than them, you are welcome to come and try." One look at Yamaguchi's raised eyebrows and his mouth already forming an I-don't-know-how-to-say-nopolitely O, Tsukkishima hastily added. "After the exam week maybe."

Yamaguchi's smile wasn't fully shown since he was looking at his shoes for a reason Tsukkishima can't fathom. Either way, putting a smile to his face made Tsukkishima warm inside, probably more than the piss water he was about to drink in a second now.

"I'd love that, Tsukki." Yamaguchi answered with a small voice. When he raised his head though, he was grinning. "But I must warn you, I know my coffee and I'd be really disappointed if you couldn't fulfill your promise to impress me with your skills."
Before Tsukkishima could interpret if it was his mind playing with his receptors and twisting Yamaguchi's words into something dirty or if it was just Yamaguchi being a little shit, mocking with him, the barista called their names. Yamaguchi took his first, removed the cap and sipped on it immediately. Tsukkishima, even though he knew he looked like a creep, looking at the boy's sinful pink tongue swiping his upper lip clean from the foam and trying not to pop a boner in a coffee shop couldn't tear his eyes away from the view in front of him. As Yamaguchi's atrocious mouth let a low moan and closed his eyes momentarily Tsukkishima looked around just to be sure no one heard that sound that should definitely belong to a bedroom, his eyes caught the barista's gaze on Yamaguchi. Even though the barista couldn't see the full view Tsukkishima was pretty sure Yamaguchi's side view was enough for a quick day time fantasy along with that merciless sound. The barista's agape mouth confirmed Tsukkishima's thoughts.

"It's not bad actually," Yamaguchi commented with his regular voice. Tsukkishima confirmed that he heard him with a humm and kept looking at the barista until her attention was on Tsukkishima. After holding her gaze with a cold demeanor Tsukkishima turned back to Yamaguchi who was busy fiddling with his drink with a wooden stick.

"I'm still pretty sure I can satisfy you more back at my place." He said with a smile, trying not to sound as snarky as he felt inside. When Tsukkishima looked back again as they started to walk and saw the hint of a blush on the girl's cheeks with a frown his smile turned into a more satisfied one.

"Well, we'll see. I gotta study a little bit more, feel free to join me if you want," Yamaguchi asked to Tsukkishima politely as he dropped his bag and coat - was it a coat really, it seemed more like a raincoat rather than a winter coat - to a small table.

"My exams are finished." Tsukkishima shrugged. The disappointed form Yamaguchi's body got into after his decline put an actual smile on Tsukkishima's face. He looked actually sad that Tsukkishima was leaving.

Before realizing Tsukkishima's palm was on Yamaguchi's hair. When Yamaguchi's wide open eyes found Tsukkishima's his were wider than usual too. With the smallest curve of his lips, Tsukkishima pressed down on Yamaguchi's hair and petted his head. Yamaguchi's eyes closed down instantly, probably a reflect to having your head petted. Before Yamaguchi could see the tiny blush settling on Tsukkishima's face he turned his back at Yamaguchi.

"Do your best." He called before dropping his hand and making his way up to the exit without expecting a goodbye or thanks from Yamaguchi.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for bearing with my irregular updates, I really like writing this fic but sometimes life happens and I'm left with no motivation or time or whatsoever,

I'm not really happy with how this chapter came out but still thanks for reading,

Btw "chips coke lock" is something we use in my country, when two people say the same thing at the same times they say that and lock their mouth, the first one to speak buys the other one chips and coke *flies away*
Tsukkishima went home, took a nice warm shower, definitely found some new kinks he is pretty sure weren't there before as he fantasized about Yamaguchi and went to sleep. When he woke up the next morning his throat didn't seem as delicate before. He was pretty sure the drink didn't help him out on its own, the medicine he took before going to bed took a more crucial part in him feeling better but still, Starbucks wasn't so bad with their teas.

Maybe he would visit there a little bit more often. For the sake of some difference, that's all.

The first time he went to the cafe Yamaguchi wasn't there. Not like it was Tsukkishima's intention to see the smaller boy. He did run into the trio of Bokuto, Akashi, and Kuroo though and had to endure a conversation as he kept his hopes up for the forest haired boy to show up. Needless to say, he gave up after 30 minutes and bid his goodbye to Akashi, ignoring the other duo deliberately.

In his second time he took his laptop with him giving the cafe's reputation of providing a place for students to study it would be a great cover. A great opportunity, he means. Spending 3 hours in a Starbucks would have looked much more loserish if he didn't have his computer next to him as a company.

The exam week was already over in his third attempt. Tsukkishima looked at his hair, swiped the sides with a gel he found in the deep corners of his bathroom and decided it didn't look half bad. He was wearing a brown button-down under his pullover which was seen under the edges of the material just so. Yamaguchi seemed to like Tsukkishima's long legs. Honestly, Tsukkishima couldn't see any appeal on his legs except for them looking freakishly long, they weren't bulky but he wasn't sporting chicken legs as he used to on his highschool days either, thanks to the leg days he didn't skip over one and a half year now. Either way, he took it on himself to buy a new pair of jeans, skinny jeans to be exact, to showcase his legs. Just to see Yamaguchi's face if they come across again, not like he wanted to impress the boy.

"Well, they say the third day is the charm." Tsukkishima mused as he closed his door and stepped outside of his apartment.

"I swear I'm fucking sick of calculating how many times John can get heads after he flips the coin 6 times or 10 times or infinite times. How can 'John' get a head for flipping a coin while I'm stuck here calculating the number of times he gets a blowjob."

"Well, you can always ask nicely."

"Ew."

"That's not the right attitude, young mister."

Tsukkishima didn't want to be a part of that conversation. He didn't even want to say hi to Bokuto and Kuroo. He really didn't even want to come across them let alone interacting with them. Yet the cafe was small and Tsukkishima was, regrettably, tall.

"Oya?" Kuro asked when his eyes cathed onto Tsukkishima trying to leave the cafe without a second glance. But it was too late, they already locked eyes and Bokuto was already opening his mouth.

"Oya, oya." Bokuto approved, his eyes glinting. "Look who seems to be a new regular of Starbucks."

"Yes, Kei, any particular reason you are so fond of this particular cafe particularly?"

Tsukkishima resisted rolling his eyes at the jocks nonexistent vocabulary. It wasn't like Kuroo was
stupid, he was majoring in Chemistry, he was far away from it. He was just... yeah, Tsukkishima was going to settle with stupid.
"Your vocabulary is amazing the masses as usual I see." Tsukkishima bite the bait that was thrown to him and settled on a chair he grabbed from an empty nearby table.
"No, pretty sure it's your hair that's amazing the masses. I'm flattered that you've chosen to follow my footsteps grasshopper, come and let me show you my ways." Kuroo opened his arms to both of his sides ominously. Tsukkishima wanted to throw up on his hair.
"Ew Kuroo, your hair looks like someone, a bird to be exact, shat on your head and then tried to build a nest in it."
"Not exactly the words I would use but yeah." Tsukkishima agreed.
"Like your hair is better, it looks like someone started to mow the yarn that is your head, went all the way from back to the front and just said 'Fuck it, we will never be able to make a decent shit out of this anyway, let's not waste any more electricity on it.'"
Bokuto actually looked offended after Kuroo's words so Tsukkishima decided it would be better to shut up for a moment until both of the gorillas calmed down. Fortunately, Akashi decided to transport next to them out of thin air. He dropped down to Bokuto's leg and casually sipped on Kuroo's drink.
"Akashi, he is mean to me."
"Akashi, he is mean to me."
They both cried despicably loud.
"Hello Tsukkishima, fancy seeing you here. Any particular reason for your presence here?" Akashi asked Tsukkishima as he ignored both of the gorillas, before taking a long sip from his drink.

Bokuto threw another mean look at Kuroo as the other weird haired boy done the same. Kuroo broke the tension with a roll of his eyes and murmured a sorry which Bokuto followed after. If Tsukkishima didn't know the reason for their quick made up he would be impressed, but he knew they just wanted to Tuskkishima some more as he was still sitting on the God damn uncomfortable chair of the torture chamber that is called Starbucks.

"We asked the same thing,"

"He still didn't answer."

"So?" Akashi asked again. Tsukkishima felt small under his scrutinizing gaze yet didn't give up. At least not until he heard a familiar voice. Unintentionally Tsukkishima whipped his gaze where he could hear Yamaguchi's voice was coming from. Before he could notice his mistake he locked eyes with the smoky eyed boy who should be a popsicle by now with the clothes he chooses to wear on a 3-degree day. How on earth did he wear just a short sleeved Guns N Roses shirt and actually could stand still without shivering?

Tsukkishima felt a shiver forming upon his neck. He wasn't exactly sure if it was sympathy towards Yamaguchi's bare arms or the feeling of three pairs of eyes settling on him.

Tsukkishima pretended to look around a little bit more as if that would fool anyone. He still wanted to try.

"So," Kuroo started.

"You have hots for Hinata's friend."

Dammit.

Tsukkishima put his hand on his face and just tried to gather his thoughts. He shook his head as he
pressed on his squeezed eyes with the pads of his fingers.

"Look," Was what he could manage to get out from his mouth before he was interrupted with a familiar voice.

"Bokuto-senpai! Kuroo-senpai! Akashi-senpai!"

Goddammit.

"Hinata! My favorite kouhai!" Bokuto rose up from his place and messed up the orange heads already messed up tufts of broom hair. That seemed to make the smaller boy happy for some reason. Tsukkishima remembered how Yamaguchi's hair felt between his open fingers. His gaze was once more drawn up to the green haired boy who was looking at the others on the table.

"Hi, everywhere seems to be full, do you mind if we seat together?" Yamaguchi asked politely. Tsukkishima diverted his gaze to Kuroo and tried to muster the best murder eyes he could give. Kuroo smirked at him before answering.

"Our pleasure."

God fucking dammit.

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And that's how Tsukkishima found himself. Yamaguchi sat on his left side as Hinata pulled a chair to his right and left for the bathroom while the other trio interrogated Yamaguchi.

"So, Yamaguchi was it?" Kuroo asked with a smile that would look friendly to anyone else but Tsukkishima who knew it was all a scheme. That sneaky bastard. He was so going to make Tsukkishima pay for all the stuff he's done in the past. Not answering phones, not returning to messages, not showing up at the parties, not listening to them. Oh God, Tsukkishima knew this was the perfect revenge plan for Kuroo yet couldn't but wait for Yamaguchi's responses with eagerness.

"Yeah, I was actually at the party that you guys threw a few weeks ago. I was a skeleton, I don't know if that would ring a bell but, yeah." Yamaguchi laughed shyly, covering up his face with the big filter coffee he was holding on his hands.

"I don't remember most of that night honestly, except for the important sexy stuff of course." Bokuto quipped. It was Akashi's time to hide behind his large drink as Kuroo let out a hearty laugh.

"To be honest me either. But we can meet now, right Yamaguchi?"

Tsukkishima resist the urge to get up and leave the table. What on earth that stupid was doing? Was he trying to flirt? With the vulnerable, shy, plainly oblivious, silly boy?

"Oh I drank a lot too but I remember you actually. Bokuto-san, aren't you the one who had sex with his boyfriend on the toilets with strawberry flavored condoms?"

Akashi's sip seemed to be stuck on his throat as he tried to splutter it out before choking,
meanwhile Bokuto looked bewildered about the fact a boy he barely knew knows his preference in flavored condoms.

"And Kuroo-san." Yamaguchi's eyes were settled on Kuroo like a man on a mission. He aimed to destroy, Tsukkishima could feel it.

"I'm sure you remember my friend? Kenma?"

"Oh, YEAH, now that you mention I do remember your friend and you of course.

Tsukkishima looked at Kuroo quizzically. He seemed to be red, actually, he seemed to be sweating. Now that he paid attention he seemed to be diverting his eyes too. Tsukkishima tilted his head to the side and looked at Yamaguchi who was now happily taking a sip from his coffee. When the cup freed his lips Tsukkishima saw a satisfied smirk was sitting on that delicious mouth.

"You surprise me through and through Yamaguchi Tadashi." Tsukkishima murmured in a voice he knew Yamaguchi could hear.

Yamaguchi tilted his head to the side animatedly and opened his eyes wide.

"Why? What did I do?" He asked in an oblivious voice. If it wasn't for the scheming glint in his eyes it could have fooled Tsukkishima. But the boy waited for Tsukkishima's answer. What was he going to do, out him or play the game? It was a challenge. Tsukkishima didn't like backing out of games. Especially when they made his pulse drum on his neck.

"Nothing that I don't enjoy." Was Tsukkishima's answer in the end.

"Glad to amuse you."

"Oh, you have no idea."

Yamaguchi did divert his eyes after that.

"The line for the toilet was so long, you wouldn't even believe! What are you guys talking about?" Hinata asked as he plopped down to his chair.

Tsukkishima looked around the table. Akashi seemed to be mad while Bokuto tried to soothe him, Kuroo didn't even seem to hear Hinata while Yamaguchi simply sipped from his cup.

"When was the first match again, Hinata?"

"Ours is 5 weeks away but the matches begin in 4 weeks. By the way, are you guys going to make a trip to the first match that is between Wasada and Nagoya? I want to go but if we can go as a team it might be more fun!"

"Yeah, we can actually. Have you talked with Daichi?" Kuroo asked, his focus seemed to be still blurry but at least they were on the same page.

"My offer for coffee is still on the table." Tsukkishima murmured to Yamaguchi.

"I'm drinking one at the moment," Tadashi answered holding up his cup.

Tsukkishima was taken aback. And he thought for a second maybe-

"I also have a shift to go actually. Maybe you, I mean we can go together and I can treat you with free pizza?" Yamaguchi asked right after, his words tumbling out of his pretty mouth.
Tsukkishima held the pretty boy's eyes on his for a second before talking.

"Well, it was nice talking to you but I gotta go." He said addressing the whole table.

"You just arri-"

"I gotta go too," Yamaguchi said as he got up and (thank God) created a jacket out of thin air again.

"OK then, talk to you later, Kei." Kuroo said.

Both Akashi and Bokuto said their goodbyes as Tsukkishima and Yamaguchi left the cafe. When Tsukkishima turned left to keep walking to the metro station he noticed Yamaguchi's radiating heat was no longer next to him. He turned back and saw Yamaguchi was standing next to a bike. Not a fancy one, the first thing struck to the eye was the fact it was old actually. Some of its green paint was washed off and it was obviously a cheap motorbike on its best day.

But it did damn wonders to Yamaguchi's thighs when he sat on it.

Tsukkishima's brain had a short circuit for a moment that is probably longer than a moment.

"Oh, fuck me."

Chapter End Notes

Probably not the best chapter name but oh well ＼_(ツ)_／

Not exactly a slow burn but I don't think them jumping on each other would be realistic so here ya go, in the next chapter they will actually start to talk and get to know each other, hopefully I mean that's the plan for it right now XD
"Have you ever ridden a motorcycle?"

Tsukkishima had vivid images infront of his eyes about riding, Yamaguchi’s legs were either side of his hip, he wasn't heavy but a nice comfortable weight on his lower stomach. Tsukkishima couldn't even think about how he would feel inside of Yamaguchi as he rode his -

"I came here with my motorcycle but if you are scared of it we can take the metro too." Yamaguchi looked at him with concerned eyes from where he sat. Which was a fricking motorcycle that looked like death and not even in the good way. It looked dangerous not for the right reasons like big or monstrous or anything, it looked dangerous because Tsukkishima was sure it wasn't designed for two people and it was most probably in pain from carrying one persons weight on it.

"Have you actually tried to ride that with two people before?" Tsukkishima questioned suspiciously. He was all for the motorcycle adventure, he just didn't want to die because of it.

"We came here with Hinata, so," Yamaguchi shrugged but he also seemed to realize the height and obvious weight difference between "I'm a real boy!" Hinata and Gulliver Tsukkishima judging from the small smug smile that slowly appeared on his lips.

"Yeah,ok, I get your point," Yamaguchi continued as he got off the crawling death and when Yamaguchi opened his legs enough to jump to the other side of the motorcycle Tsukkishima's dick twitched in his pants. There was no denying, Tsukkishima was attracted to this boy from stupid hair to stupid toe.

"What gave it away Sherlock?" Tsukkishima still asked, trying to ignore his hormones. He was a grown men who jerked off the other day, he could do this.

"It's all in the details, Watson. You just gotta look from the right angle." Yamaguchi continued their act and pushed pass Tsukkishima to walk from the side walk. Tsukkishima's lip curled up as he followed Yamaguchi.

"Since when almost half meter is a small detail?"

"Well, since I had astigmatism?"

Tsukkisima chuckled as Yamaguchi's cheeked started to sport a small blush with a big smile to accompany it.

"You could have done better."

"Oh well, didn't fueled my coffee tank enough yet, counting on you to do that." Yamaguchi tilted his head to his right and looked at Tsukkishima behind from his eyelashes. Tsukkishima didn't exactly notice it before but he had long eyelashes.

Well, time to edit his daily Yamaguchi Tadashi info sheet. God, he was really smitten, it wasn't even funny.

"I did give you my word, didn't I."
"Well, I don't know you that much to believe your word, do I? Maybe you just want to lure me into your lair to kill me, make a lamp out of my skin?"

"Oh, yeah. You saw right through me. Which detail was that hidden in, Sherlock?"

They both showed their student cards to the machine as they took the way to the underground metro.

"How many stations?" Yamaguchi asked as he fiddled with the zip of his jacket.

"It takes around 20 minutes."

"Okay then, I'm definitely taking out my coat. Don't you get hot in the metro too?"

Truth to be told, it was the only time Tsukkishima's bones ever felt the heat in winter. Still, he decided to humor Yamaguchi.

"Sometimes, but not on winter. Don't you get cold outside? I only ever see you with the same jacket for the past few weeks, don't you think it's the time to actually bring out your winter coat now?"

"This *is* my winter coat." Yamaguchi raised up the thin piece of never-in-the-fucking-earth-could-be-named-winter-coat jacket.

Before Tsukkishima could open his mouth Yamaguchi continued.

"And, there is that little detail, you just confessed you've been watching me for the past few weeks mister. Is it too late to leave now?"

Tsukkishima kept his natural face, which was cold and hard enough, when he answered.

"Oh, no. My plan. I've been busted."

The metro arrived and both of the young men stepped aside to other sides of the door as they let the people from the train get out. Yamaguchi looked at Tsukksihima and Tsukkishima looked at him, they weren't phased by the crowd that separated them. When they were no one to get out Tsukksihima took one step to the train and tilted his head to the side, mimicking Yamaguchi's behaviour a few minutes ago.

"I suppose you are not coming now that my evil plan is outed."

Yamaguchi raised one of his eyebrows in a slow motion, the scheming smirk was back on the field too.

"I suppose I can give you a chance to prove me wrong."

"Oh?" Tsukkishima asked raising both of his eyebrows and stepping inside fully. Yamaguchi followed his steps from the other side of the door and the doors closed down. "I suppose I have 20 minutes to introduce myself."

Yamaguchi took one more step towards Tsukkishima. They were standing too close to be assumed normal and Tsukkishima was not one to encourage or actually do any PDA. Yet when he remembered the words leaving that sinful mouth on Halloween he couldn't help but gulp. Expectantly, may I add. What did he expect, even Tsukkishima didn't know. It was surprise for him whenever it came down to guessing Yamaguchi.
"Then I suppose you should start now." Yamaguchi murmured when his face was most close to Tsukkishima. When Tsukkishima blinked, the doe eyes and freckles were gone. Tsukkishima looked behind him and saw Yamaguchi settling down on the empty seat. Tsukkishima took out his bag and settled down himself, not before removing his coat of course. Tsukkishima side eyed Yamaguchi who was looking to the station map right above the door.

"Well, I think the utmost important thing you should know about me is my lamp collection..."

Yamaguchi snorted with laughter yet didn't move from his place. Tsukkishima was half expecting him to get up and leave on the next station. Tsukkishima searched his brain to tell something about him that is genuinely interesting. Yamaguchi already knew he is in the football team, and what he's studying. Was there anything else that was interesting about him? That would sound appealing to a boy like Yamaguchi?

I'm not a psycho but I jerked off to your image for a couple, triple or more like a handful of times really. Pun intended.

I'm an asshole who makes fun of people but can't even find a single fact about myself to tell you about?

"How about I ask the questions and you answer them so I can be sure you are not a serial killer?"

"So it's okay if I'm not the serial type? Just a regular killer?" Tsukkishima answered without batting an eye on it. Yamaguchi seemed to like that joke too. What was wrong with this boy that he found Tsukkishima's usually offensive jokes funny? Maybe he should be the one who was supposed to get tested to be sure he did not have any missing screws in his head.

"Do you live with your family? I don't think I'm ready to handle dad jokes yet, my fuel is almost empty to pretend to laugh at those and it would be weird."

Tsukkishima's heart skipped a beat at first for the thought of his family meeting with Yamaguchi and then skipped another for disappointment, for what he was disappointed about, he had no idea.

He decided to push the limits for real this time with the sudden anger boiling inside of his gut.

"Could have been weird indeed, especially since I didn't come out to them yet."

Yamaguchi's eyebrows raised up and he, most possibly instinctively, held onto his bag tighter.

"And fortunately for you, I don't live with them. I have my own flat." Tsukkishima continued before Yamaguchi could say anything. He didn't want to ruin this more than it was already ruined.

"Is there a game at the moment? I should let you know that I don't know anything about American football if that's the case."

Tsukkishima saw through that question.

"Interesting. You want me to teach you."

Yamaguchi shrugged and smiled in a way he must know that it's cute. Tsukkishima could bet his jacket that it was the smile he gives to his mom when he wants more pancakes.

"No, there aren't any games at the moment." Tsukkishima side eyed Yamaguchi to come face to face with his thinking face. He could see the wheels turning in his head and his eyes were glassy and focused on the floor, no sign of panicking but pure result orientation.
"But I'm sure we can find some re-runs of yesterday's game. We get off here."

Tsukishima put on his jacket again and got up from his seat to walk to the door, Yamaguchi on his heels.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for keeping up with this fic if you are still reading ℓ(︻_︼)