Akaashi Keiji is going through a difficult period in his life. Between his busy life as a college student and being abused by the man that had taken him in, he had little time to spend on his hobbies or people he cared for. Somehow, that attracted a lot of people towards the raven haired teen.
Taking a few steps back, he calculated the distance between the two rooftops. The distance was just a tad bit more than he was used to. However, he was no cowards, and he was rather confident in his parkour skills. He took a deep breath and looked straight forward, only having eyes for his destination. Then, his feet started moving, gaining speed really quick.

The teenage male reached the end of the first rooftop. He planted his foot on the ground as close to the edge as he could and pushed himself off with his left foot, the other stretched out towards the other rooftop. When his left foot landed on the rooftop, he let himself fall forwards and made a head roll to lessen the impact.

Akaashi was currently sitting on his ass, catching his breath and waiting for his heartbeat to slow down. He still felt the adrenaline rush through his body. He crawled over to the edge of the building and looked straight down. The raven haired boy was about five stories high. A smile found its way onto his face. Never before had he tried such a far jump, and certainly not at this height.

The boy headed towards the fire stairs and made his way down. As much as he loved trying to not break his neck while doing parkour, felt like, after that jump, he should call it a day. He reached the bottom of the stairs and quickly walked along with the stream of people that were rushing from their previous destination to their next.

It was rather busy on the streets considering most people got off work around this time. Many adults rushing to the store to do some quick grocery shopping before heading home to their families. There were also plenty of teenagers, just like Akaashi, that had kept hanging around after school and were up to god knows what. Teenagers do what teenagers do.

Akaashi made sure to not make eye contact with anyone. The last thing he wished to do was unintentionally get on someone’s bad side by ‘making contact for just a little bit too long’. Sadly, that would not be the first time something like that got him in trouble.

Soon, he reached the tram station and leaned under the rain shelter. He looked around a little bit to entertain himself. He noticed a one or two students that went to his college, the rest were most likely just working adults. He saw his tram pull up and pushed himself off the shelter, walking over to the tram.

The tram had been completely full when they had left the station were Akaashi got on, but now, almost nobody was on anymore. He had found himself a spot next to a window and he leaned his head against it, staring at the outside world that was now in a warm, orange light as the sun was starting to set.

Finally, Akaashi reached his stop and he got off. Now came the most unpleasant part of the travel home: the walk between the tram station and his house. He had to pass through a lot of tiny streets that looked rather ominous. They were usually badly lit and that made it even worse in the winter, when it got dark early.

As he walked through one of said streets, Akaashi jumped as he was startled by an unexpected noise. A sigh of relief left the teen’s mouth as he concluded it had been nothing but a black cat jumping off of one of the metal trashcans.

He made his way out of the tiny streets and got back onto the main road that lead to the place he called home. The only thing left for him to deal with were the drunken men and women in the pubs
that were located on said road. Nothing he couldn’t handle, unless he would run into one particular person. He shook his head, trying to dispel his thoughts.

He reached the small line of pubs and decided to go back to his tactic of staring at the ground and ignoring every single person around him. There were two men catcalling at him. He had no problem ignoring that, it happened more often. After all, he had been told many times that he was rather pretty. Even other boys had agreed to that.

Finally, he reached the small house he called home. It was a two story building, a bit on the old side. Akaashi pulled his keys out of his pockets, searched the correct key and put it in the keyhole. As he did so, some of the blue paint of the door fell off. He turned his key and entered. He didn’t feel the need to call out that he had arrived, in case he was home.

A head with short dirty-blond hair appeared from out of the kitchen. “Ah, is our little owl done spreading its wings?” Konoha teased. Akaashi rolled his eyes. The other man knew fully well that Akaashi needed his little parkour adventures after school.

Konoha was a year older than Akaashi and currently in his last year of college. He had taken quite a liking to commenting on everything the raven haired teen did or said. It had been like so ever since he had moved in here.

You see, this wasn’t a normal house. No, this was a refuge place for youngsters without a place to go that were too old for an orphanage. Akaashi himself shared a room with Konoha and another third year college student named Komi Haruki. They luckily got along rather well.

Then, there was one room, being shared by Haiba Lev. He had been brought here by his sister until she could afford to look after him. He was only in his first year of college and as it was now, his sister, Alisa, was unable to pay for his care. However, the half-Russian didn’t blame her for anything.

Lev shared his room with a rowdy guy named Yamamoto Taketora and his sister Akane. Akaashi often wondered how hard it was for Akane to be the only girl in the house. She, however, seemed rather happy as long as she could stay with her brother.

The third room was reserved for the owners of the house. Sugawara Koushi and his husband, Otani Kantaro. Akaashi won’t lie, he absolutely despised Kantaro, and he had more than enough reason to. He would always be very open about his opinion that Suga deserved better. It was honestly a mystery to him as to how they had even gotten together in the first place.

Akaashi moved towards the kitchen, having grown quite hungry after his evening parkour adventure. He also smelled like sweat, he would definitely need a shower. His stomach had won the war however, so he settled on food first. “I left some of mine for you. I am certain you’re too hungry to cook for yourself.” Konoha said. He always looked after Akaashi, and at this moment, the raven haired boy couldn’t be more grateful.

Sugawara entered the kitchen as soon as the sound of the microwave alarmed Akaashi that his food was ready to consume. The teen greeted the man that had taken such good care of him and took out his dinner before settling at the large dinner table, quickly downing the meal. Sugawara couldn’t help but chuckle at the appetite of this boy. “Easy there, you’re going to get a stomach ache.”

Sugawara sat down in front of Akaashi, setting down his cup of coffee. The teen didn’t mind the company at all. “If you’re so hungry all the time, you should take a snack with you before you go do your neck breaking stunts.”
Akaashi was surprised to see that Sugawara was aware of what he was up to after school every day. After all, he had done his best to hide his hobby from him, knowing that it will worry him greatly. As if the man could read his minds, he said “Yeah, I don’t like that you chose to do something that dangerous, but I won’t keep you from doing it. It seems like you really enjoy it.” Akaashi couldn’t help but smile at that.

However, the happiness didn’t last long as the door swung open violently. Konoha immediately rushed up the stairs and into the room where Komi was studying. Akaashi and Suga, however, had not been so lucky and unable to escape in time.

The door closed just as violently as it had opened and two pairs of frightened eyes landed on a very, very drunk Kantaro. It was said to say, but this was a sight they saw all too regularly, and the main reason Akaashi despised the human that Sugawara had decided to marry. He still had a half full bottle of vodka in one of his hands.

Rage was clearly visible on the man’s face and he decided to concentrate that anger on the man he married. Panic overtook Akaashi as he heard Suga whimper next to him. He already knew what was coming and bracing himself. Kantaro took strong strides towards the gray haired man.

Akaashi couldn’t bear the idea of Suga’s face being covered in bruises again. The old ones had finally started to fade. Instead, he opted he would take the pain this time and stepped in between the two adults. Kantaro’s face turned sour. “Out of my way, kid. I need to talk to my husband.” Akaashi refused to move.

“I SAID MOVE!” he yelled in Akaashi’s face, whose face crunched up a bit at the smell of alcohol coming from the man’s breath. The teen, however, still refused to move. “Akaashi please…” Sugawara whimpered while he was shaking.

Kantaro was growing really angry with the kid in front of him right now, his rage that was directed to his husband all but forgotten, and now focused on Akaashi. He raised his hand and it landed harshly on the teen’s cheek. It hurt. A lot. But Akaashi refused to let that show. He didn’t want to give him the satisfaction.

Sugawara sobbed at the sight, covering his mouth and trying to keep the tears from spilling. The one thing he hated more than being on the receiving end of his husband’s abuse, was to see one of the youngsters he cared so much for be on the receiving end.

Kantaro was relentless in his beatings, his hand kept coming down on the teen’s soft skin, just as hard as the last one. Akaashi kept fighting against showing any pain on his face, and it frustrated the man to no end. He raised the bottle of vodka that he had been holding onto and smacked it on the teen’s head, who effectively blacked out after that.

Yamamoto felt a tear roll down his cheek when he heard glass shatter. He had been holding Akane’s ears, as he always did when Kantaro came home drunk. He didn’t want her to hear the abuse going on downstairs. However, he was sure the sound of the glass had been too loud to be deafened by his hands. He was relieved Lev was visiting his sister, because he had no idea how he would be able to console both his sister and the tall lanky gray haired man.

Konoha clutched his bedsheets firmly in his hands. He was mad. Mad at Kantaro for being such an asshole. But mostly, mad at himself for running away and leaving the other two to their fate. He should have been more brave and stayed to help them. When the sound of the glass breaking sounded, a wave of panic washed over him. What the hell had happened?!

Komi always put his music louder when it came to Kantaro coming home drunk. He chose to try and
ignore the sound as much as he could. However, not even the loudest music settings would be able
to hide the noise of the shattering glass. He shared a look of panic with Konoha.

Kantaro was finally satisfied with what he had inflicted. His gaze turned to his crying husband.
“Make sure to clean that up,” he ordered before stumbling on to the stairs, going to the bedroom he
shared with Suga, and went to sleep off his drunk.

Suga immediately crawled closer to Akaashi when he heard the door close. Tears were still rolling
down his cheeks. “I’m so sorry.” he whispered as his fingers rubbed over the teen’s cheeks. “I’m so
sorry. I’m sorry Akaashi, I’m sorry.”

“What happened here?” Konoha asked upon entering the kitchen. He had left the room as soon as he
was sure Kantaro wouldn’t leave his anymore. The dirty-blond audibly gasped when his eyes landed
on Akaashi. He had bleeding cuts all over his face and arms and he was covered in dark bruises.

The raven haired teen opened his eyes and his hand immediately shot to his head, since he had a
terrible headache. In fact, he had pain all over his torso as well. A groan left his lips. His cuts were
burning because of the alcohol that had dripped into them.

“Shh, stop moving.” Suga said. Konoha walked close to Akaashi and helped him sit up. He
inspected the raven haired male’s wounds. They definitely needed to be looked at.

“Can you stand?” he asked Akaashi. “I think so.” he pushed himself off the ground and got up with
the help of Konoha and Sugawara. Konoha turned to his caretaker, who looked like an emotional
wreck. “You go take a shower Suga. I’ll take a look at Akaashi’s wounds and then I’ll help him with
his.” Suga nodded and headed towards the bathroom.

Konoha pulled the alcohol drenched shirt off Akaashi and he gasped as he saw the dark bruises were
spread all over the boy’s upper body. “I’m sorry Akaashi.” Konoha said as he started cleaning the
wounds, making the other flinch every now and then. “What for? You didn’t do anything.”

But that was exactly the point. He hadn’t done anything. He should have helped them. He should
have done something. Akaashi knew what Konoha was thinking. “Don’t blame yourself Konoha.
Everyone would run if they could.” That somehow didn’t make him feel any better.

Sugawara returned from the bathroom. There were no longer any traces of him crying other than his
reddened eyes. “We will need more disinfectant, it’s almost gone.” Konoha said as he helped
Akaashi walk to the bathroom. Suga nodded and promised he would go get some the next day when
he went grocery shopping.

Konoha and Akaashi entered the bathroom and Konoha let him rest on the toilet for a second while
he prepared the shower, making sure to lay down towels and a pair of fresh clothes for the raven
haired boy. “I-I can do it myself from here, Konoha-san. Thank you for your help.” However, the
dirty-blond didn’t believe for a second that Akaashi would be capable of carrying himself.

“Akaashi. I know this is embarrassing and all, but you are definitely not able to take care of yourself.
So suck up your stupid pride and let me help you.” Konoha said in such a tone that told Akaashi this
was not open for debate.

Konoha helped Akaashi undress, and he undressed himself as well and helped the raven haired boy
into the shower, making him sit down. He washed Akaashi himself, knowing that the teen felt too
much pain moving at all.

After washing his hair, Konoha discovered Akaashi had a gaping wound on his head that definitely
needed to be looked at. After the shower, he dried both himself and the injured teen before helping him into his sleeping clothes and bringing him to their room, ordering him to sit on is bed. Konoha left the room again, without even saying anything to Komi, who was personally too scared to ask anything about what had happened.

When he came downstairs, the dirty-blond saw Sugawara asleep on the couch. He was sure the man was emotionally exhausted and he really didn’t blame him for not wanting to sleep next to his awful husband. Konoha wished he would divorce Kantaro already, but he knew fully well that was impossible.

Kantaro owned the building they all lived in, as well as the fact that he was the one earning the money, since Suga had been fired about three months ago. Oh boy did he remember that night. He was sure he had never seen so much blue on Sugawara’s face. And he dearly hoped he would never have to see it ever again either.

Konoha grabbed the medical supplies and headed back up the stairs, into their room. He was glad to see that Komi had decided to leave the boy alone and keep concentrated on his studies. Konoha tended to Akaashi’s head wound and wrapped it in bandages. However, his medical knowledge was limited and he was sure his friend would benefit from visiting a doctor, which was definitely the last thing they wanted to happen. Kantaro will throw a fit.

Konoha slightly pushed Akaashi down by his shoulders. “You rest now, okay? I’ll inform your teachers you can’t come to class tomorrow because you’re ill. Those wounds and bruises would be hard to explain away. I’ll talk to Suga about seeing a doctor because your head wound looks severe. Also, no parkour until all your wounds have healed. I know you are going to hate my guts for that, but I really do have your best interests in mind. Now sleep.”

Akaashi usually would have debated the no parkour rule, but even he could see that doing that would be the worst of ideas. That didn’t mean he wouldn’t hate not being able to do it though. As instructed by Konoha, he closed his eyes and let himself fall into the oblivious bliss that was sleep.
Konoha had indeed done as he had promised and asked Suga to take Akaashi to see a doctor. The gray haired male understood the concern coming from him, after all, he was really close to Akaashi, and deeply cared for his well-being. That is the main reason why it pained him so much to tell the dirty-blond that they couldn’t do that.

A doctor would ask questions. Dangerous questions. Besides, there is no way he could approach Kantaro with a doctor’s bill for Akaashi after what had transpired the past night. Konoha was frustrated by that response and had left to school that day, rather mad. He did keep his promise to Akaashi and made an excuse to the his teachers as why he couldn’t get there today.

He’d told them he had gotten in an accident while doing his parkour, which most of the teachers were aware of since he did it on the schoolgrounds as well. It was believable enough and it would be easy enough to explain the injuries on Akaashi like that when he did come back.

After Konoha had left, Sugawara made sure the others left in time for school as well and then made some breakfast for Akaashi, which he brought up to the room he was currently sleeping in. He was actually glad that the raven haired teen had been able to sleep through his roommates’ morning routines.

He put the bowl of rice with egg and bacon on the bedside table and sat down on the bed, next to Akaashi’s sleeping form. He smiled sadly. He looked so peaceful asleep, he really didn’t want to wake him up and bring him back to the pain his wounds would bring him. However, he had to. If Kantaro came home at noon to find Akaashi sleeping, they would be in trouble.

Suga softly shook the teen, who woke up and blinked a few times to get used to the light. The pain hit him all at once and he hissed. “I am going to the pharmacy today. I am going to need you to come along with me, else we might be in bigger trouble.” Akaashi nodded, understanding what Suga meant.

Akaashi sat up straight and Sugawara handed him his breakfast. “Eat up and get dressed. Take your time with it. We’ll leave as soon as you’re done, alright?” Akaashi nodded again and thanked Suga for the food. The adult left the room and went to clean up the kitchen.

After a while, Akaashi came down the stairs, holding on tightly to the railing as to ensure he wouldn’t fall. His walking was still quite unsteady. Sugawara was relieved to see that he was able to walk on his own again. After all, he wasn’t sure the raven haired teen would survive it if he had to take another shower with Konoha. He knew exactly how embarrassed he had been.

“You ready to go?” Suga questioned, with a nod as his response. Akaashi had always been one for few words, especially when he wasn’t feeling too great. The two went out the door and got in the car Suga owned, headed to town.

Their first stop was the pharmacy. Suga picked out the disinfectant they always got. It was kind of sad considering how well he knew the positioning of all the medicine in the place. The pharmacist looked at them with a frown. He had a pretty good guess as to why they were in here so often, but he wasn’t going to speak up. He was afraid about the consequences it could give him.

Akaashi looked around the nicely organized racks, lined with medical products. He made sure to hold on to said racks to navigate himself through the building. “If you see anything we need, feel free to pick it up, alright?” Suga told him. The raven haired boy nodded and continued to look around.
His eyes landed on a bottle of painkillers. Considering he would like to go back to school as soon as possible, he decided to take a bottle or two off the shelf and added it to their other items.

Soon, they had gathered everything they needed and they moved to the register. The pharmacist greeted them with a sad smile and ringed them up. He looked at them with pity when he handed them their purchases. Sugawara fakes a smile and lead Akaashi out and back to the car.

After the pharmacy, they went to get some groceries at the supermarket. Sugawara grabbed a cart and let Akaashi hold on while walking since he was still a bit wobbly on his feet. The gray haired man felt bad for dragging the injured boy along to shop, but it was much better than the fate that would befall him if he had stayed at home for Kantaro to find.

As they were walking through the ailes, they were startled when a voice behind them spoke up. “Akaashi, is that you?” The raven haired boy turned around and came face to face with the coach of the volleyball team of his college. Konoha and Komi were part of the team, so Akaashi had come and watched their training from time to time. The coach had often tried to convince him to join as well.

“Akaashi?” Akaashi squeaked out, taken back by the surprise of seeing his coach here. He also panicking since he wasn’t really legally absent from class. The coach walked over to him, a concerned frown on his face. “Konoha wasn’t exaggerating when he said you looked pretty beat up. It was a parkour accident, right?”

Akaashi simply nodded in response, blessing Konoha for coming up with such a good excuse. Sawamura studied the boy and was a bit skeptical to the story, as this seemed a weird kind of bruising for a parkour accident. He decided not to pry on it and just accepted the story as is. The one thing that concerned him, however, was the headwound. The bandages around the boy’s head was bloodied and seemed long overdue for a change.

Sawamura then remembered the fact that Akaashi hadn’t been there alone and turned around to Suga. “I am so sorry for intruding upon you. I was just a bit surprised to see one of my students in such a state.” Sugawara granted him a warm smile, one that was usually reserved for the children he had taken under his care.

“It’s no problem at all. I must agree that seeing him like this isn’t pleasant. I am Sugawara Koushi, Akaashi’s guardian.” Sawamura shook Suga’s hand. “Sawamura Daichi. I coach the volleyball team. Akaashi hangs round the gym a lot.” That was the moment that Akaashi started to feel uncomfortable. He felt like he shouldn’t be present to this conversation, especially because they were talking about him.

“You must coach Konoha and Komi then. They also live under my roof.” Suga said with a smile. Sawamura proceeded to praise Komi and Konoha’s talent in volleyball and about how he wished that Akaashi would consider to play volleyball as well since he looked like he would be a good setter.

Luckily for Akaashi, it didn’t take too long before Sawamura excused himself. Akaashi and Sugawara continued on picking up their groceries. “That coach seemed like a nice man. I bet he’s good with youngsters such as yourself.” Suga said. Akaashi felt awkward discussing the coach, but his guardian was smiling so widely so he didn’t dare to say any objections.

“Yeah, he’s nice.” Akaashi agreed. It was true. “Why didn’t you join the volleyball team? It would be a good outlet, and you would get to spend time with Konoha and Komi.” Suga asked, although he was already pretty certain what the answer would be.
“I prefer parkour.” the teen stated simply. And that was exactly what the gray haired man had predicted he would say. The two of them headed to the register and got ringed up. They paid and then headed back to the car. Akaashi was going to help Suga load the groceries into the car, but the adult wouldn’t allow it and made him sit in the car and wait.

Considering it was already time for Konoha and Komi’s volleyball training to end, they decided they would pick the two up. They pulled up at the college grounds and parked the car. Akaashi, finally able to decently walk, lead Suga to the gym where the practice would be going on.

Konoha smiled a little when he saw the familiar messy black hair enter the gym, although slightly surprised to see Suga joining him. He turned his attention back to the practice game they were currently playing.

After training, he immediately walked over to the two people considered family and greeted them. “How are you feeling.” he asked Akaashi. “I’m fine. It hurts, but it’s manageable.” Konoha nodded, feeling slightly relieved by that.

Sawamura spotted the two familiar faces he had seen in the grocery story before he had come here for the training. He decided to head over to them to say hello. Sugawara’s face lit up as he spotted the dark haired adult headed their way.

“Konoha, you should go shower and get changed.” he said to the dirty-blond, who nodded and somewhat reluctantly left behind his curly haired friend. Sawamura’s eyes once again fell upon the head wound.

“Your bandages need to be changed.” Akaashi’s hand unconsciously went to the bandages and was surprised to see his fingers were now covered in blood. “Allow me to change them.” The coach then walked off to get some medical supplies that were stored in the gym in case some of the players got any injuries during training.

Konoha came back, showered and dressed. Yet, still no Komi to be seen. It was evident that the dirty-blond had hurried to get ready. The coach also returned with the supplies he had went to retrieve and set them down on the bench next to Akaashi.

Sawamura proceeded to remove the bandages from Akaashi’s head. Konoha’s eyes were constantly on the coach’s movements. Konoha was very protective when it came to Akaashi. If it concerned the black haired teen, it concerned him by default as well.

A frown appeared on the adult trying to take care of Akaashi’s wound. “Have you seen a doctor yet?” He directed the question to Suga. The gray haired male looked down in shame and shook his head. “There is no need for a doctor.” Akaashi spoke up. “It’ll be fine. I’ve had worse.” he lied.

Sawamura reluctantly decided to accept the teen’s words as truth and cleaned the wound as well as he could before bandaging it back up. Admittedly, it felt good to have fresh bandages on his head.

“There you go. Make sure you change them every now and then, alright?” Akaashi nodded.

“Thanks for looking after his wound.” Sugawara said, bowing before the other adult in gratitude. Daichi waved his hand, signaling it was really no trouble for him. “Glad to help.” Suga smiled once again. Akaashi and Konoha shared a look.

Komi finally came out of the locker room and joined the others. “Sorry to make you guys wait.” the short boy said. They then all said their goodbyes to the coach and left the gym. Once they all settled in the car, they drove back to the place they called home, hoping that there wouldn’t be a drunken man waiting for them.
Komi helped Sugawara unload the groceries, while Konoha carried the bag of medical supplies, staying close to Akaashi like some kind of guard dog. There was no way in hell he would let Kantaro, or anyone else with bad intentions, near his friend.

Yamamoto was the one to greet them. He had been cooking with Akane and saw them enter the house from the kitchen. He left his sister’s side to go talk to the pair that had just entered. He frowned, just like many people had done by now, upon noticing Akaashi’s bruises and head wound.

“You’ll have to tell me what happened, ok? And please, don’t let Akane see you like this.” They nodded. They understood very well how much he wished to keep his sister away from anything that man did. They themselves wanted nothing more than to protect the young girl as well.

Sugawara and Komi entered the house and greeted Akane and Yamamoto before starting to put away the groceries. Konoha and Akaashi headed to the bathroom to put away the medical supplies. Surely, Akaashi could have done it alone, but his guard dog wouldn’t let him.

As the raven haired teen looked into the bag and saw the two bottles of painkillers, he glanced at Konoha, who seemed to be busy with putting the bandages in the box of medical supplies in an organized way. He pocketed one bottle and put the other bottle with the rest of their medicine.

“We’re done here.” Konoha stated as waved the empty bag, as a way to prove that they truly were done. The pair then headed back to the kitchen and helped Lev set the table. At least, Konoha did. Akaashi was sent upstairs to stay out of Akane’s sight.

A pair of heavy footsteps were coming down the stairs, and they knew who to expect. After all, Akaashi wasn’t this heavy. Kantaro came around the corner, and he seemed sober for the first time in weeks. He put on a smile when his eyes landed on his husband.

Kantaro made his way over to Suga, and he lifted his hand. The gray haired man flinched and prepared for impact, everyone else’s eyes on the two of them, frightened. However, the hand came down on Suga’s head softly and ruffled his hair. Kantaro then placed a kiss on his husband’s forehead.

“Why did you sleep on the couch? I missed you next to me this morning,” he stated simply. Of course. Either he once again decided to ignore the things he had done the previous night, or he had completely forgotten about them due to his drunken state.

“I wasn’t feeling well.” Suga lied. “We got some medicine today as well. Akaashi had an accident, and he looks pretty bad.” Everyone expected Kantaro to be mad about the news that they had gone ahead and bought medical supplies without his approval, but none of that. “I hope he heals fast.” he said.

Sugawara often forgot how kind his husband could be without any alcohol in his system. He let out a small breath. He could be at ease, at least for the night. “Where is Akaashi, actually?” Kantaro asked. “Upstairs.” The man nodded and decided to ignore the situation further.

The group finished cooking dinner and they started serving the food. Konoha called Akaashi downstairs for dinner. Said raven haired boy was wearing a pair of sunglasses and pulled on his hood to cover up the bruises and head wound. When Kantaro inquired upon the reason, he stated that he had some problems dealing with light after his little parkour incident.

The bunch of them all ate dinner together and it was relatively calm, if you can get past Lev and Yamamoto’s loud nature. Lev kept going on about this ‘senpai’ of his that was also a part of the volleyball team of his college.
“Oh right, that reminds me. We’re playing against you lot soon!” Komi exclaimed excitedly. The conversation quickly shifted towards the ball sport entirely. Akaashi didn’t care much for conversation and only spoke when spoken too, keeping his attention focused on his food.

Konoha glared at Lev from time to time, since the half-Russian seemed to plan to talk to Akaashi. He knew the black haired male would prefer to continue on in silence, and the dirty-blond was doing everything in his power to grant him that.

After dinner, Kantaro retreated to his study, to do some work. The man worked as a journalist, which allowed him to work at home often. Hence why he had so much time to go drinking. Akaashi volunteered to do the dishes. Konoha almost immediately volunteered to help him. The rest went up to their respective rooms to do whatever.

While Akaashi washed the dishes, Konoha dried them and put them away. “Suga-san seemed to really like the coach, hmm?” the dirty-blond stated. His friend nodded at that, not really having a comment to add to that. Konoha frowned at that. Sure, Akaashi was the quiet type, but he was usually rather talkative to him.

They finished washing the dishes and Akaashi told Konoha to go ahead and head upstairs. He was going to quickly refresh himself in the bathroom and brush his teeth. The dirty-blond nodded and left his friend alone.

Akaashi went to the bathroom and changed into the shirt he had slept in the previous night and also pulled on the comfortable sweat pants. As he let his jeans drop to the ground, he could hear the noise of pills moving in their bottle. The teen fished out the bottle and stared at it for a while, twirling it around in his hands.

He looked at his bruises and touched the one around his left eye, flinching in pain as he did so. The ache coming from his head was also still rather heavy. He twisted the bottle open and picked two painkillers out of the bottle, not really caring what the recommended amount was. He quickly swallowed them with a glass of water and then hid the rest of the pills in his sweat’s pockets.

Akaashi headed up the stairs and saw that his roommates were currently wrestling each other, most likely because Konoha had insisted on stealing Komi’s book. The raven haired teen took this as an opportunity to hide the pills in his nightstand before he carefully lowered himself on the bed.

The book his roommates were fighting for, landed on Akaashi’s bed, soon followed by Konoha, and then Komi who insisted on laying on Konoha until he would hand over the book. Konoha finally surrendered and offered the book back to the smaller male, who pushed him back, causing the dirty-blond to land on Akaashi, who flinched.

Konoha jumped up in panic. “I’m so sorry!” both he and Komi said. Akaashi shook his head. “I’m fine, I’m fine. We should go to bed though. We all have class tomorrow.” Yes, Akaashi fully intended on going back to class already. After all, he could blame his injuries on a parkour incident.

Luckily, his roommates agreed on the getting to bed part and finally, everything was quiet.
A New Friend

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A few weeks later, Akaashi’s bruises had mostly faded and his head was pretty much healed. Suga had convinced Kantaro to let him see a doctor when the man had been in one of his better moods, and he had agreed. The boy had gotten stitches and was clearly forbidden to practice his parkour.

However, he really felt a lot better, partially thanks to the pills as well. They prevented him from feeling too much pain. He was almost out of them and had made a mental note to stop by the pharmacy to get more, using his pocket money. After all, he didn’t use it for anything else, really. Might as well get him something that actually helped him.

Akaashi was currently on his way home, and it was pretty late as he had stayed behind in the library to study. He preferred to actually stay in the library when an important exam or test was coming up. That way, he wouldn’t be bothered by an energetic Lev running through the house, talking about this senpai of his. Or Komi and Konoha bickering and fighting.

The darkness didn’t make the travel home any more pleasant though. He passed by the pharmacy in the faint hope that it would still be open. But it was closed, of course. He shouldn’t have expected otherwise. He would have to stop by another day to get some new pills. He was sure he could survive a night without.

He reached the skating park that was on the way from his college to the train station. He often used the skatepark as training grounds for his parkour. He stared at the place longingly. After a little bit of debating, he decided that, just for a short while, it couldn’t hurt to have some fun.

He threw his backpack on the ground and took a bit of a run-up before agilely jumping over the lower ramps. After all, it’s been a little while since he last did this, so he should ease into it slowly. He had to admit though, he had a lot of fun doing the jumps.

He cut it short though. He had to make sure he didn’t get home too late, as to not worry Sugawara. He picked his backpack back up and started heading to the entrance of the skatepark. He noticed a figure moving away when his eyes landed in its direction. Having grown curious, Akaashi headed that way. It was a side street of the main street that lead to the station.

When he reached the street, he found a boy, around his age, he guessed, with black curly hair and a mask covering his nose and mouth. His hands were covered in plastic gloves. The boy had a spray can in his hands. It clicked in Akaashi’s mind, that he was a graffiti artist.

The boy’s eyes widened as he saw Akaashi. He had hoped he wouldn’t have been caught staring, and even less that he would be seen doing something illegal. Both teens couldn’t really find the words to speak, so just stared at each other wordless.

Then, Akaashi remembered he really had to get going to catch his train. “I-I… need to go…” he stuttered out before turning around and rushing to the train station. The boy was still standing dumbfounded in the alleyway. He got a spark of inspiration and finally shot back into motion, digging through his bag of paints and getting to work on the wall before him.

A while later, the curly haired male stepped back and admired the wall in front of him, pleased with his work. A rufous-legged owl, wings spread widely and free, with blueish green eyes. As he heard
sirens approach, he quickly dumped the can of paint into his bag and made a run for it.

Akaashi reached the house and entered as quietly as possible. It was much later than he had anticipated, and the last thing he wanted to do was wake up anyone. If he did, there would be only two fates that could befall him. Either a worried as hell Sugawara or Konoha would appear before him and give him an earful. Or worse, a drunk Kantaro would take out the rage of getting woken up out on the raven haired boy.

He made it up the stairs quietly and he quickly changed into his sleeping clothes and crawled under his sheets, not noticing the narrow eyes that were fixated on his back. Akaashi felt the exhaustion of the day catch up to him and fell asleep almost as soon as his head hit the pillow.

The weekend had arrived and Kantaro was going to be gone all weekend to report on some kind of incidents a while away from where they lived. Everyone in the house was kind of relieved to have two days of freedom, without having to worry about a possibly drunk man barging in to put an end to the peace.

Lev was going to visit his sister. Yamamoto and Akane decided to just stay in and enjoy the peace. Akaashi, Konoha and Komi had decided to go out to the city. They had no particular plan nor a place to be, they just walked around and talked about stuff that happened in the past week or some random ideas they had.

Somehow, the small group of teens had wandered upon the skatepark Akaashi had done some practice parkour a few nights back. The wild haired man’s mind immediately went to the curly haired boy he had met that night. Curiously, he let his eyes travel towards the alley. As they walked past said alley, he saw the beautiful piece of artwork on the wall.

The owl had been painted in great detail. It looked so free, wings spread wide. Akaashi recognized that it was a rufous-legged owl, which happened to be one of the teen’s favorite kinds of owls. The thing that had attracted his attention the most though, were the eyes. They were bright and full of emotion.

Akaashi, upon his admiration towards the piece of art, hadn’t noticed that he had stopped walking until Konoha called out to him, making his attention snap back to his two roommates. Quickly, he caught up to them and they continued walking.

As they got closer to the city center, they ran into some other members of the volleyball team Komi and Konoha were on. The group of volleyball players invited Konoha and Komi to go get a drink with them so they could discuss some tactics for the upcoming game. Komi excitedly nodded, having been looking forward to this game for a long while already.

Konoha, on the other hand, was more reluctant to agree. He knew Akaashi wasn’t exactly interested in their talks about volleyball and would just feel like a third wheel if he came along. However, the raven haired teen urged his friend to go and enjoy himself. He had an errand to run anyways. Eventually, the dirty-blond let himself be persuaded by his friends and goes along with them.

Akaashi made his way towards the pharmacy. He had bought some painkillers the day after the whole skatepark affair, but they only had small bottles and was already halfway through, so he decided to buy some more and stock up.

He turned to the counter, so he could greet the pharmacist like he did before. He was surprised to see that there was not the pharmacist, but a boy, around his own age he guessed, with wild black hair
that looked as if the male had just crawled out of his bed. Akaashi greeted him nonetheless before walking through the aisles in search of the familiar pills.

He picked up a few bottles of pills and walked over to the counter. The boy with the wild hair raised an eyebrow at Akaashi as he saw the amount of pill bottles. “Are you sure you need this many?” he questioned. Akaashi nodded. The unfamiliar male decided not to pry any further, although he did find the amount of pills concerning.

“Where’s Mr. Ueno?” Akaashi questioned, referring to the pharmacist that ran this pharmacy. “He is out for business. I am his intern, Kuroo Tetsurou. You’ll be seeing more of me if you stop by here in the following months.” The teen nodded as he watched the boy ring him up. He was not too far off when he deduced that he would be around his age. Seeing that he was an intern, he most likely was still in college.

Finally, Akaashi was able to pay for the pills and said a polite goodbye to Kuroo before leaving the pharmacy. He was, however, unaware of the pair of hazel eyes following him as he did so. The teen had captured the cat-like male’s attention, and it would be hard to get off his radar again.

Even though Akaashi wasn’t really in pain, and it hadn’t really been the prescribed time since the last pill, he decided to open one of the bottles and took one out. He grabbed his water bottle and popped the pill in his mouth, washing it down with a gulp of water. He then decided to check his phone to see if Konoha or Komi had texted him and saw nothing. That meant they were most likely still hanging with their volleyball friends.

Akaashi figured that he could return to the skatepark and start a parkour from there on out. Since it had gone well last time, he decided he could go a bit further with it again. Once he reached the skatepark, he started running and once he reached the fence around the skatepark, he placed his hand on top of it and turned his body back to where he came from.

He continued running, straight towards a wall. He used said wall to do a backflip. Akaashi grinned once he landed back on his feet. It felt so good to be back at it again. He turned around to decide what his next course was going to be when he was met with the eyes of the same curly haired man from last time. He was again wearing his face mask.

Both males jumped at the unexpected eye contact. Both of them just stared at each other in an awkward silence for a little while. “U-uhm, I liked your graffiti painting.” Akaashi finally said to break the silence. The other male blushed at that, shifting his gaze down slightly. He was truly flattered by the words coming from Akaashi. “T-thanks. You inspired me, kind of.”

“M-me?” Akaashi stuttered. The curly haired male nodded, his eyes now meeting Akaashi’s again. There was some kind of shine in his eyes that hadn’t been present before. “I really love seeing parkour. I think it’s amazing and if it’s executed well, it looks beautiful.” the stranger started to explain. “You looked so beautiful while doing it, I felt so inspired by it.”

This time, it was Akaashi’s turn to blush at the compliments. “Uh, thanks I guess.” Another awkward silence fell between the two. Akaashi sighed. “My name is Akaashi Keiji. Nice to meet you, Mr. graffiti artist.” He extended his hand for the other to shake. “Sakusa Kiyoomi.” Even though he did state his name and his tone was just as polite, he didn’t shake the hand offered to him.

Akaashi frowned at the rejection as he pulled his hand back. Of course, this didn’t go unnoticed by Sakusa, who immediately felt guilty. “I-I’m sorry. I don’t mean to be rude. I am just a bit of a germaphobe.” Akaashi let out a relieved breath, glad to know it wasn’t something about him that had put off the other male and made him not want to shake his hand.
The raven haired boy with the unruly hair nodded his head, signaling that he understood and didn’t mind, and offered a kind smile. Before either of them could speak up again, Akaashi’s phone started ringing. He excused himself and answered the call.

“Ah, Akaashi. Komi and I are done here and about to head home. Where do you want to meet up?” It was Konoha. Akaashi’s eyes glanced back over to Sakusa. “I am going to stay out a little longer, Konoha-san. I met… with a friend. I’ll see you tonight.”

Konoha didn’t like the idea of letting his friend out without any supervision. He knew the itch to do parkour was strong with him and that it could be troublesome if the headwound would open again. Then again, he realized, he couldn’t be supervising Akaashi 24/7, as much as the dirty-blond might want to do that.

“Alright. See you tonight. Stay out of trouble, okay?” The two said goodbye to each other and Akaashi pocketed his phone before walking back over to Sakusa. “Do you want to go get a coffee or something?” Sakusa smiled at the offer, although Akaashi couldn’t see that because of the mask. “Sounds good.”

The pair headed over to a small, cozy coffeeshop and they both ordered and took a seat at a table somewhere in a corner. The two of them asked each other questions to get to know the other better. They both soon decided they would really enjoy the friendship they were creating right there.

Akaashi took out a pill bottle and twisted it open, putting a pill in his mouth and swallowing it with his coffee. Sakusa’s eyes looked confused. “I had an operation. Need to take pain killers for the headaches.” Akaashi explained, showing the scars to the man in front of him.

The pair continued to talk to each other for hours and hours on end. At some point they had gotten another coffee and a baked snack to still the hunger that had built up. Eventually, they decided that they had to part, considering how late it was getting.

“Here.” Sakusa said, handing Akaashi a piece of paper. It was the boy’s phone number. Akaashi quickly scribbled his own on to a clean napkin. “Don’t hesitate to text if you wish to talk. I much enjoy speaking with you.” The curly haired male said.

The two quickly said a goodbye to each other and parted after promising each other they would send a message once they arrived home safely.

Akaashi was glad to see it wasn’t all that late when he arrived at home. Sugawara greeted him as he entered. The gray haired male stopped in his tracks as he studied the boy that was living under his roof. Something was different about him. A grin appeared on Suga’s face.

“Say, Akaashi. What’s got you smiling so widely?” The grin was still very much present when the question was asked and the boy who the question was directed to now had red cheeks. “I made a new friend.” Akaashi said. The corners of his lips turned slightly upwards, even though he had been trying to remain with a natural look since Suga had pointed out his smile.

Akaashi always had a lot of trouble making friends, having been told that despite how pretty he was, he seemed rather cold and unapproachable. He only really considered Konoha and Komi to be his friends.

Suga’s face was now graced with a genuine happy smile. He was glad to hear that Akaashi was in fact capable of making contact with other people and actually getting a potential friendship out of those connections.
“That is very good to hear, Akaashi.” The teen nodded and then went up the stairs to his room. Unsurprisingly, his roommates were bickering about something again. They had quickly muttered a greeting to him before going back to whatever discussion they were currently having.

Akaashi sat down behind his desk and started on his homework assignment. He was disrupted when he heard the sound of his phone signal to him that he had received a message. It was from Sakusa to tell him he had safely arrived home. Akaashi was about to facepalm himself for forgetting about it and quickly replied that he also had arrived alive and well.

The two of them kept texting. Konoha had halted the discussion he had been having with Komi to stare at Akaashi in astonishment. Never had he ever seen him smile at his phone that widely and genuinely. It bothered him. It bothered him because the boy had never smiled at him like that. Despite all he had done for Akaashi, what they had gone through together, he had never received such heart stopping smile from Akaashi.

Komi frowned at Konoha. To the smaller male, the dirty-blond was truly an open book. He was really bad at hiding what he was thinking. Not that it wasn’t otherwise obvious how he felt towards Akaashi. He was pretty sure the dirty-blond’s thoughts were on the raven haired boy 24/7. It was so obvious even, that he was surprised Akaashi himself hadn’t noticed yet. Or maybe he had, but decided to act as if he just didn’t know.

Either way. It was none of Komi’s business and he would have to let him sort it out himself. This was something between Akaashi and Konoha. He never quite fit as well with the duo as they did with each other. They had a strong bond, that much was clear.

Komi nudged Konoha, who finally tore his gaze off Akaashi. He murmured a quick apology to the shorter male and then left the room, saying he was going to see if Suga needed any help with the dinner. However, it was most certainly just an excuse to recollect his thoughts without Akaashi being in his presence.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this chapter!
Konoha's Anger

Komi and Konoha’s game was coming up, and the whole house, excluding Kantaro of course, had agreed to go watch. They were playing against Fukurodani Academy, a college well known for being a volleyball powerhouse.

Luckily Yamamoto could drive a car, else it would have been quite cramped in Suga’s. The two volleyball players of the house traveled to the location with their team of course. Lev joined Akane in her brother’s car and Akaashi went with Suga, who dropped Komi and Konoha off at the school first.

“Good luck you two!” Sugawara shouted at them. They smiled and thanked him. “Good luck indeed.” Akaashi said. The two waved as they watched their housemates drive away before heading to the gym to meet up with the rest of the team.

The trio of the other car were waiting for Akaashi and Sugawara to arrive, just outside the building. The pair joined them and they were about to head inside when they heard a group of loud youngsters. Akaashi turned his head to see the opponent team walking towards the entrance and he quickly hissed at the rest of the group to get out of the way for them to pass.

Leading the group, was a muscular man with grey hair, spikes up, and black streaks. His golden eyes just demanded attention. The man was rowdy, loud and overflowing with energy. It was easy to tell that he was in fact the team captain. He was closely followed by the rest of his teammates. Akaashi’s eyes widened as he saw a familiar face amongst the volleyball players.

Said face held an expression of surprise as the eyes landed on Akaashi. “Bo, go on ahead. I’ll be right there.” Kuroo said to the one in front, who nodded and warned him to not waste too much time. Kuroo then made his way over to Akaashi.

“Well, this is the last place I thought I would see you again, Mr. painkiller.” the male with the crazy bedhead said, a teasing grin spreading across his features. Akaashi panicked slightly. Suga had no idea that he had been buying a lot of painkillers lately. Luckily, the gray haired male had not noticed the man that had started talking to him just yet.

“Why would that concern you?” Akaashi said coldly. To be honest, he didn’t even know why Kuroo was talking to him in the first place. The only interaction they had was when Akaashi went to the pharmacy to buy more pills. They were by no means friends. Acquaintances was the best way to describe their relationship.

Kuroo faked a hurt expression. The grin soon returned to his face again. “You wound me. But really though, why are you here. I had no idea you were interested in volleyball.” Akaashi sighed. The man before him was clearly set on continuing to talk to him. “I am here to cheer for my friends. They will be playing against you.” he replied simply.

Kuroo nodded in acknowledgement. “I would much rather have you cheer for me though. I am sure I would be even more motivated if I had someone like you cheer for me.” Akaashi rolled his eyes at him. “It looks like I’ll just have to defeat those friends of yours so next time you have no choice but to cheer for me.”
Akaashi was about to retort and tell Kuroo there would be no next time, when a loud voice silenced most of the conversations going on in the hallway. “KUROO! HURRY YOUR ASS OVER HERE, WE’RE WARMING UP!” It was the captain. Kuroo sighed. “Captain dearest requires my presence. I’ll talk to you later.” he said before jogging over to his team.

“Please don’t.” Akaashi murmured to himself. “Akaashi, let’s go to our seats.” Suga said as he put his hand on his shoulder. The teen nodded and followed his guardian and other housemates to their seats. As he sat down, he noticed Konoha and Komi as they were warming up with their team. How had he not seen them enter the building? He blamed the cat-like male that had insisted on holding a conversation with him for that.

Konoha’s eyes landed on Akaashi, and the latter smiled at him. The dirty-blond of course couldn’t help but smile back. It was Akaashi, after all. He then went back on focusing on the warming up.

The game started not long after. The opposing team entered the court, and Konoha’s eyes immediately landed on the guy that had been hogging Akaashi’s attention. He took no time to start glaring at said guy.

Fukurodani was first to serve. Kuroo was the one to serve. Konoha’s team received easily and got the ball to their setter. However, the setter was rather new to the team and tossed a bit too high, making it hard for Konoha to spike. He got it over just barely.

The setter of the opponent team wasn’t all that great either, but their team captain more than made up for that. As he spiked the ball, the whole audience grew silent for a moment. Never had Akaashi ever seen such a powerful spike.

Needless to say, Fukurodani Academy came out of the game victorious. Konoha and Komi looked pretty beat up over the fact that they lost, but they couldn’t say that they were surprised. “Let’s go cheer them up, alright?” Sugawara said. Everyone nodded in agreement and followed the gray haired man to the team.

“You guys did great!” Akane said cheerfully. The two volleyball players smiled at her sadly. They appreciated her trying to cheer them up. Akaashi offered them a smile while Yamamoto and Lev blabbing about how they would certainly win next time and such.

After a bit of talking, Komi and Konoha went to the changing room to quickly take a shower and change into fresh clothes. The group that had come along to cheer them on were waiting outside. The Fukurodani team came out of their changing room one by one.

While his players were changing, coach Sawamura had stayed behind to talk to Sugawara. The coach had struck up a conversation with the gray haired male every single time he came to pick up Komi and Konoha from practice. The two of them really enjoyed each other’s company.

Akaashi wondered if the coach had some kind of crush on Sugawara. He hadn’t missed the blush on the man’s face that occasionally appeared when he talked to Suga. Sawamura was also rather visibly nervous the first moments when he approached the gray haired man.

The teen wasn’t going to lie. He would much prefer to see Suga with the coach over Kantaro. He didn’t doubt for a second that Sawamura would treat the man so much better. And honestly, Suga deserved better.

Speaking of the devil, the gray haired man said his goodbyes to the coach and headed back over to the youngsters he had left to themselves. Akaashi smiled at him. “You seem to get along well with coach Sawamura.” he said with a slight tease in his voice. Suga chuckled at that. “Daichi is nice.”
Daichi. He had actually called him by the man’s first name.

Kuroo left his changing room together with his captain. The dark haired man was about to walk over to Akaashi, once he spotted him, but Konoha purposefully walked in front of him with fierce strides. This made the male halt in surprise.

Kuroo hadn’t forgotten the looks he had received from the boy that had cut him off during the match. When he saw the dirty-blond stop at Akaashi, he realized why had been receiving those dirty looks. For a moment, the crazy haired male considered the other to be Akaashi’s lover, but he then considered the way Akaashi talked an acted around him, and decided that could not be the case.

“Who’s that guy?” Bokuto asked as he pointed at Akaashi. Of course he had noticed the looks his best friend and teammate had been throwing at the admittedly pretty boy. Now, Bokuto was the one staring instead of Kuroo. “Just a guy I know.” Kuroo said dismissingly. This made the owlish man raise an eyebrow.

“Kuroo, you and I both know that he is not ‘just a guy you know’, considering the way you’ve been looking at and acting around him.” Kuroo sighed. He sometimes hated how perceptive his best friend was. Bokuto chuckled. “I don’t say I understand though. He is very pretty.” The cat-like male hummed in agreement.

Komi and Konoha joined their housemates. Komi was staring at the ground, still feeling really sad about the loss. Yamamoto patted the small male on the back. Akaashi’s eyes wandered to Konoha, who looked mad. The raven haired boy’s gaze softened. He thought the anger came from the loss. After all, he would definitely be the kind of person to act angry about a loss instead of sad.

Akaashi hesitantly wrapped his arms around Konoha, not only startling the dirty-blond, but also the two men that had been staring at him. Konoha hesitated as he rested his hands on Akaashi’s waist. “You’ll definitely win next time. You did great.” Akaashi said. Konoha realized that his friend was trying to cheer him up in the only way he knew how: awkwardly.

No matter how awkward the embrace what, Konoha really appreciated the gesture and was happy to have Akaashi so close to him. In public no less. The boy with the messy hair let go off his friend and the two of them followed behind Suga as he headed towards his car. Komi and Konoha were once again joining Suga’s car. Komi sat in front while Akaashi and Konoha sat in the back.

All the way home, Akaashi tried making small, reassuring gestures towards the boy next to him. These took the form of sympathetic smiles or a small brush over the other’s hand. Konoha was not going to lie, he enjoyed the attention he was receiving from Akaashi, not really caring that it was solely because of the fact that he was mourning the loss. He would gladly lose every game they played if it meant getting the raven haired boy to himself like this.

Instead of heading straight home, the group had decided to stop at a McDonald’s to cheer up the two athletes. They all ordered and found a table that could hold the whole group. They had to admit they really enjoyed their unhealthy meal. By the time they were eating some ice cream as dessert, Komi and Konoha seemed a lot more merry.

The two of them were already cracking jokes and messing around. They even started their usual bickering at some point. Akaashi was relieved to see that his roommates were being happier. He was happy to see them smile again.

He was especially worried about Konoha. He had seemed kind of off the whole day. It struck Akaashi as odd that his friend’s main emotion of the day had seemed anger. It confused the wild haired teen. He thought the dirty-blond would have been excited for the match. Maybe nervous. But
angry, that he did not expect.

Akaashi was pulled out of his thoughts when his phone made the sound of a text message arriving. He pulled the device out of his pocket and he couldn’t help but let a small smile appear on his face as he saw that Sakusa had sent him a message.

He had been talking to the boy quite frequently and they had met up a few times as well, just to hang out. Sakusa had lead Akaashi through many side streets and sites with older buildings where he had left behind pieces of his artwork.

Akaashi had loved each and every single one of his pieces. The amount of detail Sakusa put in his work was truly admirable and to be honest, he had no idea how his new friend did it with just spray cans. It seemed impossible to him.

“Akaashi.” Konoha’s voice made him pull his eyes away from the screen and shift them towards the dirty-blond. “We’re leaving.” Nodding, Akaashi pocketed his phone again and followed his friend outside to the car.

During the drive home, Akaashi was considering talking to Konoha about his behavior. Maybe even inquire about a reason as to why he was so angry. Eventually, he settled on letting it rest, not wanting to anger the boy even further. He was also afraid to hear the answer. Afraid he was the reason why the his friend had been so angry. Afraid that it would have an effect on their friendship. That was the last thing Akaashi wanted to happen.

It was again once of those evenings that Kantaro came home wasted. Ever since the night he had given Akaashi a headwound, the raven haired teen was his preferred target. The few times after it had given the boy bruises he could easily hide and didn’t really interfere much with his daily life, except for the occasional pain when moving the wrong muscle.

Kantaro had completely ignored Sugawara that night, and had immediately gone for Akaashi. His gray haired husband had tried everything in his power to stop the man from hurting the teen. However, Kantro wasn’t interested in listening to the pleas coming from the man he married. It was just that much more satisfying to hurt the younger boy.

Akaashi was, honestly, far from surprised when the first slap landed on his cheek. Kantaro had actually walked up all the way to the room that was shared by Konoha, Komi and Akaashi and slapped the boy there, not caring about the roommates present.

It had made both Konoha and Komi freeze on the spot. The latter immediately started sobbing. He was terrified of Kantaro. He had once been the object of the man’s abuse and he was hoping that he would never have to live through that again. He understood least of all how Akaashi was able to take it all so calmly.

Komi hightailed it out of the room, not caring about the fact that he was leaving the other two to their fate. Nobody would hold it against them either. They all had this kind of unspoken agreement that nobody was ever to blame when they escaped from the ruthless man.

Konoha, however, refused to leave the room. He was unable to, actually. He was completely frozen on the spot, forced to watch his precious friend get beaten over and over again. Kantaro was obviously too wasted to even care about hitting in places that were easy to hide.

After the man had his fun and calmed down, he left the room. It was then, Konoha was able to move
again and he hurried over to Akaashi. He hugged the boy. “I am so sorry.” he said. Akaashi put his arms around his friend. “Don’t apologize, it’s not your fault.”

Konoha knew that. Of course it wasn’t his fault. “I should’ve helped.” Akaashi knew that starting an argument over this wasn’t going to help anyone, so he decided to not argue against the dirty-blond’s words.

Konoha finally let go off Akaashi and started inspect him. It had become a habit. He would inspect the boy’s body for bruises and wounds and see if there was anything that needed any care. He would be lying if he said he didn’t make the inspection more throughout than it should be. Admittedly, he was disgusted at himself for taking advantage of Akaashi in such situation, but he just couldn’t help himself.

Turns out Akaashi had a lot over bruises spread over his torso as well as a blue eye. There was nose dripping out of the boy’s nose. Upon touching the nose, Konoha could conclude that it was broken. The dirty-blond had rushed downstairs to get some ice and told Akaashi to keep it pressed to his nose. He also handed the boy a painkiller.

Little did Konoha know that at this point, one painkiller would do nothing to help Akaashi’s pain. He had become used to larger doses than that. After a while, Akaashi opted to take a shower. He felt dirty after having had contact with the filthy, drunk man. It was as if the man’s behavior would infect the boy, like some sort of disease.

“Call me if you need me, alright?” Konoha said as Akaashi was heading to the bathroom. The boy nodded and left. In the meantime, Konoha decided to look where Komi had been hiding and try to comfort the boy to the best of his ability.

Akaashi let the water run and stripped himself from his clothing. While the water was heating up, the boy took the bottle of painkillers he hid and frowned, noticing they were nearly gone once again. Something he dreaded even more was talking to Kuroo. The other had been not so subtle with his appreciation of Akaashi’s looks.

Akaashi took two pills and swallowed them before getting under the running water. He let his mind wander over all of the events that had landed him here. Why couldn’t he just stand up to Kantaro? Why couldn’t he just stop taking the pills?

The thoughts made the boy tear up. He was fucking up big time, and he was aware of it. Yet, he had no intention to do anything to put a stop to it. He couldn’t. His current way of living had become so habitual to him, that he would just keep rolling with it.

He was glad that the wounds hadn’t been so bad that Konoha had to help him shower again, because he needed the time alone to cry and think about his life in self-pity. He couldn’t help it. It had been exactly what he needed to relieve some of his stress and pain.

After the shower and after getting dressed, he had taken a deep breath and inspected himself in the mirror. The bruises were going to be hard to cover up. Maybe he should consider starting to use make-up to hide them? After he was sure the fact he had cried wasn’t that noticeable, he stepped out of the bathroom.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry for the slow updates!
Hope you like the story so far!
Kuroo Tetsurou

Chapter Notes

I swear I don't want to put best boy Akaashi through so much pain!
I swear it's going to get better for him!

Warning: Contains sexual content!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kuroo Tetsurou is many things, but stupid is certainly not among the list of those things. So, it’s truly no surprise that he’s got Akaashi Keiji completely figured out.

After all, it was easy to make a guess. The pretty boy had bruises and other sorts of wounds on different places every time the cat-like boy saw him. And to be fair, Kuroo saw the boy quite a lot. Akaashi came to the pharmacy nearly weekly.

Not only had the abuse been clear to Kuroo. He was fairly certain the boy had gotten addicted to the pain killers he always came to buy. He honestly wondered how many the boy took a day to have to come by so often.

Currently, Kuroo was once again working at his internship, arranging the many medicine bottles and keeping track of the stock. It was all rather calming, but also dull. It had been a slow day and he started craving some human interactions. You see, he liked to study people’s behaviors. He had gotten quite good at reading people. It was how he figured out the puzzle that is Akaashi Keiji to begin with.

The bell rang, alarming Kuroo that a costumer had entered the pharmacy. He was delighted to see that it was the boy that had been on his mind so often lately. He grinned his usual Cheshire grin at him. He always greeted the curly haired boy like that.

His eyes followed the teen’s movements as he went through the movements of picking up the pain killers and walking to the counter, as he always did. Akaashi put the pill bottles on the counter and waited for Kuroo to ring him up. “Same total as always.” Akaashi nodded and took out his wallet. He frowned when he noticed he didn’t have enough.

“Uhm, I’ll have to put back half of that…” the teen said, clearly embarrassed about the fact that he couldn’t pay. Kuroo nodded and put half to the side. Akaashi paid for the remaining bottles of pain killers and then left the pharmacy as fast as he could, leaving Kuroo to stare at the boy’s back until he was out of sight.

He then sighed and put back the bottles of pills Akaashi hadn’t been able to pay for. He had always wondered where he got the money to pay for the pills since he didn’t imagine any of his guardians would be paying for the addiction. He assumed if they knew, he wouldn’t be getting this addiction to begin with.

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The next week, Kuroo was hardly surprised when the teen didn’t come to the pharmacy to stock up
on pills. He was sure that the boy had run out of money. It saddened him, that he had no chance of seeing Akaashi anymore.

Kuroo should feel bad for not intervening in the boy’s unhealthy habit, but he selfishly didn’t because he enjoyed seeing Akaashi. It made him feel like the other male needed him to some extent. He liked the idea of being a necessary presence in the teen’s life.

It was now Friday night, and he was dismissed from his internship from the week. The student didn’t feel like going home yet, so he decided to stop by the coffee shop on the way to his dorm. He was surprised to see none other than the male occupied his mind at all times since he saw him for the first time.

Kuroo ordered his coffee and then walked over to the table Akaashi was sitting at. Akaashi was currently occupied with frowning at his phone, so he didn’t notice Kuroo sitting down in front of him until the latter spoke up.

“Even when you’re frowning, you’re beautiful. Although I prefer your face without.” Kuroo said, hand resting on his left hand as he stared at Akaashi with a smile. Akaashi finally looked up from his phone and made a displeased face at the man before him. After all, his presence wasn’t exactly wanted, since the boy didn’t like the way the other was always flirting with him.

“What do you want?” Akaashi asked coldly. Kuroo acted as if he was hurt by the coldness in the boy’s tone, but he was quite used to is, since he hadn’t shown him much emotion ever. “You looked lonely, and I wanted some company myself, so… win win, right?”

Akaashi snorted at that statement. How exactly was this a win situation for him? “Why are you sitting here by yourself anyway?” Kuroo asked, not really caring it wasn’t any of his business. “I was waiting for a friend. He just told me he couldn’t come.” Akaashi explained, not really sure why he even told Kuroo, who was still quite a stranger to him, about this.

“Well, good thing I joined you then. I’ll keep you company.” Kuroo said, grinning. Akaashi rolled his eyes. He wasn’t really interested in getting acquainted with the man before him. A sudden wave of nausea overcame the messy haired boy. He immediately reached for the pill bottle in his pocket, but realized it was empty.

He had been feeling sick all day, which was the reason why he had asked Sakusa to meet up. He figured that if he had his friend to distract him, he wouldn’t be so bothered by the fact he had run out of pills. However, that plan fell apart when Sakusa had to call it off due to something getting in between. He didn’t hold it against his friend.

Kuroo, observational as he was, had of course noticed the gesture and knew what Akaashi was craving. Then, something clicked in Kuroo’s mind. The boy, whose attention he craved so much, needed something. And he could provide said boy with that something. The smile on his face grew wider with the realization that this could play out well for him.

Akaashi had stood up from his sport by now. “I’ll be taking my leave now.” he said before walking to the door and leaving the coffee shop. Kuroo stood up as well, following after the boy. He wouldn’t let this chance slip him by. After all, who knew when he would have the chance to see Akaashi agan.

Of course, Akaashi wasn’t stupid. He knew Kuroo was following him. The only thing he couldn’t figure out was the reason as to why the bedhead would feel the need to come after him. It was kind of making him nervous.
Then, Akaashi felt himself being pulled by his arm. Kuroo was dragging him somewhere. “Hey! Let go of me!” Kuroo just chuckled as a response. “Just come with me for a bit. I know what you need, and I can give that to you. So just follow me, alright.”

Akaashi remained silent, but he understood what Kuroo meant, so he nodded and followed him. Kuroo took him through many streets he had never been before. Eventually they ended up at a college dorm. The teen raised an eyebrow at the male who brought him here.

Kuroo lead Akaashi to his own room. This is one of the moments he was glad he didn’t have a roommate. Nobody to ask him any annoying questions. He closed the door behind his guest and took off his jacket. “Make yourself at home.”

Akaashi didn’t move from his spot close to the door. “I don’t have that much time, Kuroo-san. I need to be home in time for dinner.” Kuroo chuckled once again. “You’re lying. You were going to meet up with a friend so you have plenty of time.” Akaashi had nothing to say to that so he reluctantly sat down on Kuroo’s couch.

The owner of the room was walking around, setting some tea in the small kitchen he had before heading to his bedroom to fetch what he came here for in the first place. He took three bottles of pain killers, which should last Akaashi at least some time.

He went back to the kitchen and the tea pot started singing. He took two cups and filled them with tea before putting them on the coffee table next to the couch Akaashi was sitting on. Kuroo then took the pill bottles out of his pocket and handed them to the boy.

Akaashi raised an eyebrow, suspiciously eyeing the goods offered to him. “Take them, I’m giving them to you.” Kuroo said, encouraging the boy to take them. “And what do you want in return. As you probably already know, I don’t have any money. There must be a reason behind this. I have a hard time believing you would simply give these to me without expecting something in return.”

Kuroo laughed as he put his hands in the air defensively. “You got me there.” he stated. “So, what is it that you want?” Kuroo stared at the boy with lust filled eyes, making said boy’s eyes widen in surprise. He hadn’t seen the shift in expression coming.

“You see, Akaashi. I am a lonely man. I’m not dating someone and my studies and internship ask a lot of time. It’s hard to get to know people…” Akaashi swallowed. He already had a feeling where this was going to go, and he didn’t like it one bit.

“I desire you, Akaashi.” Kuroo said, shifting closer to the boy. “Would you help a lonely man out?” This had gone exactly where Akaashi though it would go. He thought about it. That was the worst part of it all, he was actually considering it. He sighed in defeat. “Alright, I accept your deal.”

Kuroo had pushed Akaashi down on the couch. He crawled over the boy, straddling his hips and leaned down to capture the other’s lips in a kiss. Akaashi kissed back, reluctantly. He didn’t really like his current situation, but he had agreed to this, so he just had to roll with it.

Kuroo bit down on Akaashi’s bottom lip, making him gasp. The one year older male slipped his tongue past the boy’s lips and started playing with his’. Kuroo eagerly rubbed his hips against Akaashi’s. Oh how he had looked forward to this. He had been fantasizing about this moment ever since the match he had played where Akaashi had come to watch.

Akaashi tried not to react to the other’s movements too much, it would make him feel helpless if he
did. Groans were escaping Kuroo’s mouth, enjoying the friction between his partner’s crotch and his own. As much as he enjoyed the feeling of rubbing against the shorter male, he had other plans for the night.

He lifted himself off the boy and was satisfied to hear a whiny gasp leave the other’s lips. Kuroo sat back and pulled off his pants. He then motioned Akaashi to come closer, a grin plastered on his face. He was planning on thoroughly enjoying this.

He placed his hands on Akaashi’s cheeks and pulled him into another kiss. During the kiss, he took Akaashi’s hand and lead it towards his half hard member. The other got the message and started stroking Kuroo’s cock.

The male with the terrible bedhead moaned in to the other’s mouth a the contact. He grew fully hard at the touch and pulled away from the kiss. He stopped Akaashi’s movements to rid himself of his underwear, his erect member now on full display.

“As much as I love kissing you, I would like to see what else those lips of yours can do.” Akaashi blinked at Kuroo, as if he had been speaking a different language. “Suck.” Kuroo ordered. Akaashi put his lips around the head of Kuroo’s dick, slowly taking in more of the length.

As his tongue travelled all over the length, Kuroo closed his eyes, fully enjoying the feeling. His hands tangled themselves in Akaashi’s hair, pulling at it occasionally. “Fuck.” he said. He felt so good. It had been a long time since someone other than himself had touched his penis, and it felt better than he had dreamed of. The moans passing his lips were a clear indication of that.

As his mind grew more and more foggy with pleasure, Kuroo started pushing down Akaashi’s head down to make him take in more of him. Loud moans were filling the room. He started to buck his hips upwards, pushing his length deeper into Akaashi’s throat. “Fuck Akaashi. More. I want more.”

Akaashi gagged for a bit, not used having something pushed into his throat like that. Kuroo kept repeatedly pushing himself deep inside Akaashi’s throat. “Ah, Ak-a-ashi.” Kuroo didn’t even think about the fact that he might be too load. He didn’t care if his neighbors would hear. He was enjoying himself thoroughly.

Kuroo felt himself get closer to his climax, so with much regret he pulled Akaashi off his cock. He wasn’t ready to have this be over just yet. He make Akaashi look up to him and pulled him into a kiss. His hands travelled down to the hem of the other’s shirt and pulled it over his head, parting from Akaashi’s lips only to do that.

Kuroo took the time to admire Akaashi’s body. Even though he was skinny and lean, he was rather muscular. Most likely from doing sports. As he looked at the pretty boy, so vulnerable before him, he couldn’t hold himself anymore.

He got up from the couch, grabbed Akaashi’s wrist and dragged him to his bedroom. His hands wrapped around the waistband of Akaashi’s pants and boxers at the same time, pulling them both down. Kuroo licked his lips as he took a second to admire what was in front of him.

He then hungrily pushed Akaashi on to the bed and kissed him. He parted from the boy and put two fingers in his mouth. “Suck. I already know you’re good at that.” Kuroo said teasingly. Akaashi did as he was told and sucked on the two fingers that were being pushed in his mouth.

When Kuroo deemed them to be wet enough, he pulled the fingers away from the boy’s tongue and brought them down, to Akaashi’s asshole. First, he rubbed some circles around the entrance teasingly, making the boy under him whimper.
Slowly, Kuroo started with pushing in one finger and pumping them in and out of the hole. Akaashi arched his back. The feeling was odd, and slightly painful. He groaned at the pain in his behind. The pain had just started to settle a little bit when a second finger joined the first one, bringing the pain back.

Kuroo kept pumping his fingers in and out of the boy under him, who was now no longer able to hold back his moans. It helped settle Kuroo’s conscious a little bit when he saw the pleasure on Akaashi’s face.

His hand travelled to his nightstand, which he opened, taking out a condom. He ripped open the package with his teeth and stopped fingering Akaashi in favor of wrapping the condom around his erect member.

Kuroo’s hands grabbed Akaashi’s legs and pushed them up, spreading them a bit. He aligned his cock with the boy’s entrance and slowly pushed inside. Akaashi let out whimpers. Taking in the girth of Kuroo’s dick was clearly a bit too much for the boy. A few tears rolled down his cheeks as he tried to get used to the pain.

Kuroo kissed away the tears rolling down Akaashi’s cheeks, not yet moving. He didn’t want to hurt the boy, although he wasn’t sure how much longer he could control himself in this situation.

“I’m going to start moving now. I promise the pain will go away.” Kuroo whispered in Akaashi’s ear, before once again pushing his lips onto his partner’s and starting to push in and out of the boy slowly.

Akaashi would lie if he said it didn’t hurt anymore. It did. It hurt a lot. Though, as Kuroo kept thrusting in him, the pain slowly started making place for pleasure. “Oh my god, Akaashi, you feel so good.” Akaashi found himself starting to moan in between the sloppy kisses he was exchanging with Kuroo.

Kuroo took those moans a signal that it was safe to move faster, and so he did. Soon enough, he started to approach his climax. “Ah fuck, Akaashi. I’m gonna cum.” Both boys were moaning uncontrollably at this point. The moans grew loader and more irregular as did Kuroo’s thrusts.

“FUCK!” Kuroo yelled as he came, letting himself collapse on Akaashi. “Shit, that felt good.”

That evening, Akaashi took a longer shower than usual. He scrubbed his skin harshly, as to wash away the sins of that day. While he was doing so, he thought about what had come of him. He had become so desperate for his pills that he resorted to… that….

Akaashi got out of the shower and looked at himself in the mirror. He could only do so in disgust. Disgusted about what he had done. Disgusted about what he had become.

His stomach started to complain, and the food Kuroo had cooked for him after he had… helped… him, came back up. He leaned over the toilet and vomited until all the food he had eaten that day had left his stomach.

At some point, Konoha had entered the bathroom and started patting Akaashi’s back comfortingly. When Akaashi was done emptying his stomach, Konoha helped to clean him up. Akaashi rested his head on Konoha’s shoulder and started crying.

The dirty-blond didn’t ask any questions. He just hugged his friend and rubbed his back comfortably.
Chapter End Notes

So uh... this was my first time writing something sexual, so I hope it didn't completely suck...
Bokuto noticed a change in his best friend, Kuroo. He seemed much happier and energetic lately. Of course, that made Bokuto rather curious as to the reason why. Maybe his internship was going well? He got good grades? Or maybe, just maybe, he got himself a girlfriend?

When that last idea entered Bokuto’s mind, he decided he just had to know. And that couldn’t wait until the practice match that they were having right now had ended. The captain edged closer to the middle blocker, since they were preparing to block a spike. Once they had successfully stopped the spike, Bokuto took the time for the server to prepare to talk to his best friend.

“Bro, you’re so happy lately. You got a girlfriend or something?” he asked in his usual blunt way. This man had no concept of subtlety. Kuroo was startled at the sudden question and took a bit of time to process it. Then his face was graced with one of his glorious grins. “Something like that.” he answered.

“Who is it?” Bokuto asked, but he couldn’t wait for a reply because their setter, Kozume Kenma, called out his captain’s name as he tossed the ball. Bokuto quickly ran up to the ball and jumped up, doing one of his powerful spikes. Of course the other team had been unable to block that. The whistle sounded, signaling the end of the game.

The sweaty men drank some water before heading to the locker room to change. That is where the pair of friends could continue their conversation. ”So, who is it?” Bokuto asked, eager to know the answer. “Who’s what?” Kenma asked, overhearing the loud captain.

“Kuroo’s girlfriend.” The raven haired man sighed. “I do not have a girlfriend, Bo. I said ‘something like that.’ I never said I have a girlfriend.” He opened his locker and started changing into his normal clothes. As he tossed his dirty uniform into his locker, he grabbed his phone. A new message. A smile appeared on his face as he saw it was from Akaashi.

Bokuto tried to look over his best friend’s shoulder as he noticed the smile, which could only mean that he person whose name he has been trying to learn had messaged him. Of course, Kuroo pulled his phone away before he could see anything.

“I have to go now. I’ll see you two later.” Kuroo said, waving at Kenma and Bokuto before leaving the locker room to go wherever.

Bokuto puffed his cheeks in annoyance before getting back to changing. Why wouldn’t Kuroo tell him anything, dammit? He was his best friend, wasn’t he? He threw his locker closed, now in a foul mood, and said goodbye to his teammates as he left.

He thought about going back to his apartment and finally continue watching the movie he had started the previous day, but had falling asleep while watching. Honestly, he didn’t feel like going home yet, so he decided to walk around.

It was late in the evening already, like always with their evening practices, and there was barely any daylight left. The street lanterns were now the main source of light. Usually, Bokuto didn’t like this part of the day. He preferred the world when it was busy and lots of people were out and about. It was too calm for the rowdy man’s taste.

However, today, he didn’t mind at all. He was left to his own thoughts. As he was walking aimlessly through the many streets, his stomach started to talk. He decided it was best to shut it up before it got
to loud and walked towards his favorite ramen place.

He entered and got greeted by the owner, who by now knew the bi-color haired boy rather well. After all, he came here rather often with Kuroo and Kenma. The boy took a seat at the counter. “Where are the other two?” the chef asked with a smile.

“I’m alone today.” Bokuto answered as he skimmed the menu. He knew it by heart but still did it, as some kind of ritual or something. He ordered miso ramen. The chef nodded and got to work. Bokuto pulled out his phone and checked if he had missed anything on his social media.

Soon enough though, his food arrived so he put his food aside. He dug in immediately, seeing as he was incredibly hungry. After he finished his delicious meal, he paid and said his goodbye to the owner and the chef, and headed out.

He headed towards his apartment. Kuroo’s dorm was on the way there and he wondered if he would go and visit, but eventually decided against it since his friend had seemed eager to get away, so he was probably busy. So he just walked past the building.

Not much later, Bokuto stopped in his tracks when he heard whimpering and sobbing come from a side street. He frowned at the noise. It sounded like someone was having a hard time. Bokuto debated on what to do. He wanted to help whoever it was, but then again, he felt like he shouldn’t meddle in other people’s business.

He sighed as he made up his mind, walking into the side street. He knew he would feel better if he didn’t offer help than if he had stuck his nose where he shouldn’t. He stumbled into a person, sitting on the ground against the wall of a building, curled up into themselves.

“E-Excuse me? A-Are you alright?” Bokuto stuttered. He was nervous as to what the reaction of the distraught stranger would be. The person lifted their head to look up at Bokuto, and the tall male’s heart stopped for a moment.

Even in the dim light coming from the street lighting, he could see that the stranger, male, looked absolutely stunning. It made him incredibly angry at whatever the reason was behind those tears streaming down those beautiful pale cheeks.

Bokuto squatted down so he would be eyelevel with the boy, who still hadn’t spoken a word. “What’s wrong?” Bokuto asked. The boy’s face turned into a painful expression as more tears started flooding down his cheeks.

The bi-color haired male didn’t know what to do. He wanted to help the boy, but he couldn’t do that if he didn’t speak to him. On impulse, he pulled the boy into a hug, making Bokuto himself fall back onto his ass as he pulled him onto his lap. The boy didn’t do a thing to protest. He just buried his head in Bokuto’s shoulder, making his dark hair tickle the muscular man’s shoulder, and cried.

Bokuto rocked the boy back and forth, rubbing pattern’s in the other’s back soothingly. Surprisingly enough, this was the best thing Bokuto could have done as it succeeded into calming down the stranger. Eventually, the cries turned to sobs and sobs turned to hiccups.

The boy lifted his head from his shoulder and looked up at him. “I-I’m sorry. I-“ Bokuto put his hand over the boy’s mouth to still him. “Don’t say sorry.” The stranger nodded and Bokuto took his hand away. He stared at the boy’s face as he wiped away the tears that were staining his pale cheeks.

“Where do you live? I could walk you home.” Bokuto said, not realizing how weird that can be coming from a stranger. However, the boy didn’t seem to mind and told him the district where he
lived in. Bokut frowned at that. “There are no trams running there anymore.”

The boy sighed. He seemed to become stressed again. “Hey, you could stay the night with me. I-I mean, I wouldn’t want you to sleep on the street since you can’t home and I know it can be scary out here at night and…” Bokuto was rambling, but he stopped when he heard the stranger chuckle.

Bokuto decided that the boy definitely looked more gorgeous when he was smiling. He wanted to do absolutely everything he could to keep him smiling. “Thank you for the offer, uhm…” “Bokuto. Bokuto Koutarou.”

“Thank you for the offer, Bokuto-san. If it is not too much of an inconvenience for you, I would like to take you up on it.” Bokuto smiled at that. He was very happy with that reply and nodded in response. The boy then finally got up, blushing at the realization of their position.

“My name is Akaashi Keiji, by the way. I am very sorry for everything.” the boy said as he bowed for Bokuto. The taller male got up as well and tapped Akaashi’s head, signaling him that he had to stop bowing. “Don’t apologize. Now, let’s go. I am sure you’re getting pretty cold by now.” Akaashi nodded and followed Bokuto to his home.

Akaashi knew Konoha would throw a fit or two if he knew he was walking home with a total stranger right now. But somehow, he felt like he could trust Bokuto. He felt safe with the taller, muscular man. He was glad he had found him and cared enough to try and comfort him as well as offer him a spot to sleep.

Finally, Bokuto and Akaashi reached Bokuto’s apartment. The bi-color haired male pulled out his keys and unlocked the door, swinging it open and letting his guest walk in first. Bokuto stepped inside and took off his shoes and jacket after he closed the door. Akaashi followed his example.

“Sit down, I’ll make us some tea. Have you eaten anything yet?” Akaashi nodded in response. He had eaten at Kuroo’s place, just like every time he visits the sly man. Bokuto headed to his kitchen to make some tea, but frowned as he saw there was no tea left.

“I’m out of tea. Want some hot cocoa instead?” Bokuto asked. Akaashi smiled weakly at him. “Sure, sounds good to me.” Once again, the host went into his kitchen and started preparing some hot cocoa. He put some marshmallows in them and finished it off with whipped cream and a straw. He carefully carried them to the living room and put the two steaming cups down on the coffee table.

“You didn’t have to put so much effort into it.” Akaashi stated as he took his cup and took a sip. “I know. I just like doing this.” Bokuto sat down next to Akaashi on the couch and turned on the tv. He flipped through the channels until he found something worth watching. He found some action movie playing. “You want to watch this?” he asked. “Sure, Bokuto-san.”

Bokuto couldn’t lie, his heart started beating faster when Akaashi said his name like that. The two of them watched the movie and ended up falling asleep on the couch. Somehow, Akaashi ended up leaning on Bokuto’s shoulder.

Akaashi woke up to the sound of his phone ringing. He reached for his phone, eyes still half closed. “Hello?” he said, voice cracking. “AKAASHI?! Where the hell are you?! Why didn’t you come home last night?!” Akaashi’s eyes widened, now immediately awake as he realized where he was.

Bokuto had woken up due to the yelling coming from the phone and was looking at his guest worriedly. “Suga… I am fine, don’t worry. I… I stayed at a friend’s place because I missed my train.
I’m sorry I didn’t call.” A sigh could be heard from the other side of the line. “As long as you’re safe… Are you coming home tonight? Konoha is really worried about you, you know.” “Yeah, I’ll make sure to come home tonight. Sorry for worrying you, Suga.” They said their goodbyes and ended the call.

Bokuto threw the raven haired boy a confused look. “My guardian. He was worried about me not coming home tonight. I forgot to inform him.” he explained, making the other nod.

Bokuto got up from the couch. “Let me make us some breakfast.” he stated. Akaashi got up as well. “Allow me to help.” Akaashi said, but the other wouldn’t have it. “No, I can do it alone. I enjoy cooking so I really don’t mind.”

Akaashi followed him to the kitchen nonetheless and eventually ended up sitting at the kitchen table as he watched Bokuto. He was making pancakes as well as baking some eggs and bacon, of course accompanied by toast.

Once it was all done, Bokuto plated the food and put it on the kitchen table, asking his guest if he wanted anything to drink before he sat down himself. The pair ate breakfast and held some small conversation while doing so.

They talked about the people whom Akaashi lived with, leaving out Kantaro out of the whole story of course. In return, Bokuto talked about his friends as well. Akaashi did his best to act neutral as the man in front of him talked about Kuroo, and seemed to succeed at that as well. He was truly grateful that Bokuto hadn’t pried on the reason as to why Akaashi had been crying the previous night.

After breakfast, Akaashi helped Bokuto clear the table and clean the dishes and kitchen. After that, Akaashi thanked Bokuto for his hospitality about a million times. They exchanged numbers and the raven haired male promised his host that he would repay him somehow someday.

Bokuto was nice enough to walk the boy to the tram station and waited with him until the tram arrived. “Thank you again Bokuto-san. I really appreciate everything you have done to me.” Akaashi said while bowing and then got on the tram. Bokuto waved the boy off.

On his walk back to his apartment, Bokuto called Kuroo. “Hello?” it sounded on the other side of the line. “Bro, you won’t believe. I met the most gorgeous guy yesterday.”

As expected, Konoha was absolutely livid with Akaashi when he told him he had stayed with someone he had only met yesterday. Akaashi tried to explain how trustworthy Bokuto actually was and how he was sure he had no ill intentions, leaving out the crying in an alleyways part. The dirty-blond had skipped his volleyball practice because he had been too worried about his friend to actually be useful.

Konoha wouldn’t have it. “That’s it, Akaashi. I am done with your impulsive behavior. I am coming with you when you go out.” Akaashi frowned. Sure, he understood that Konoha was worried about him, he would be too in his stead, but he really didn’t want to be babysat.

“Konoha-san. I know what I’m doing. I promise I will be fine.” Konoha sighed at his friend. He was sure the raven haired male had no idea how much he meant to him. He had no idea how worried he had been.

Konoha sat down on Akaashi’s bed, next to the owner of said bed. He turned to face Akaashi, who did the same towards him. Another sigh escaped the dirty-blond’s mouth. “I care about you, Keiji.
You’re really important to me.” Akaashi stared at him seriously. “You are really important to me too, Konoha-san. You know that.”

Yes, but you have no idea just how important I mean. Konoha thought. Why can’t you just call me Akinori already? Can’t you see I love you?! His own thoughts were bothering him. He wish he could just say to Akaashi how he felt, but he couldn’t.

Konoha found himself staring at Akaashi again. He did that often, just zoning out and admiring the boy’s features. “Konoha-san?” The dirty-blond snapped back to reality. He got up from the bed. “I am going to shower. But, Akaashi? Could you promise me to at least let me know where you are next time? I was really worried you know?” Akaashi nodded and Konoha left the room to go to the bathroom.

Konoha entered the bathroom and let the shower run before he stripped out of his clothes. He made sure to prepare his towels and fresh clothes before getting under the water. He washed his body and then his hair. As he was rubbing the shampoo in his hair, his mind wandered.

“Stupid Keiji… why can’t he realize what he is doing to me.” Konoha muttered to himself. Keiji. His mind kept going back to the boy with the wild, black locks.

His hand went down his body, towards his hardening member. He needed to relieve himself. He did so while thinking about all the thing he would like to do to the boy that plagued his mind day in day out.

- Sugawara arrived at the college property to pick up Komi from practice. He used to wait in the car until the boys came to him. But ever since he had started talking to coach Sawamura, he always went inside to the gym to talk to the man even more.

Sawamura noticed the gray haired male walk in to the gym and offered him a smile. The smile that was being returned to him made his heart melt. He scolded himself, telling himself that he shouldn’t be thinking about a married man like this.

It was time to end the practice, so Sawamura blew his whistle and told them to go change. When all the young adults had left the gym, he walked over to Sugawara and greeted him. As per usual, the two engaged into some small talk.

Then, the coach turned more serious. "Sugawara-san. Can I talk to you about something important? It’s concerning Konoha.” “Of course.” He replied.

“How about I meet you in my office tomorrow noon then? We’ll have more time that way.” Sugawara nodded, agreeing with that idea. He was somewhat looking forward to having some alone time with the handsome coach. He was shamefully aware of the fact that he was attracted to the man. Especially considering he was in fact a married man.

Komi came out of the locker room and walked back into the gym, about to tell Suga he was ready to go. However, when he saw Suga laugh at something their coach had said, he reconsidered. He went back to the locker room to talk with his teammates, at least until most of them had left. That way Suga had more time with their coach.

Sure, he thought it was kind of odd and awkward that the two talked a lot, but he could also see how genuinely happy Suga was when talking to the other man. Happier than he had ever seen him be with Kantaro.
Akaashi Keiji was truly grateful for the two human beings named Bokuto Koutarou and Sakusa Kiyoomi, as they were the ones currently preserving his sanity.

He hung out with the two of them, separately of course. Sakusa was a great conversation partner. He always knew what he was talking about and was very interesting to listen to. Akaashi found himself rather enjoying talking with the curly haired male.

Bokuto, however, was the one really keeping the teen stable. The bi-color haired man was very energetic and talked a lot. Like, A LOT. He always kept Akaashi busy, which made sure the raven haired boy couldn’t really think about all his problems. He was truly grateful for Bokuto’s presence and friendship.

Of course, Konoha was always supportive of Akaashi and helped him without asking too many questions. But, he was afraid that the dirty-blond would catch on to what was going on with Akaashi at the moment, and that could have some troublesome outcomes.

The last thing Akaashi wanted was Konoha finding out about his little… arrangement… with Kuroo. He was afraid that his friend would tell Sugawara. Afraid that they would look at him in disgust, decide he was a bad influence and throw him out. The thought of such thing happening made the young male want to cry.

However, it was no use thinking about what would happen if they found out. He just had to make sure they never found out, right? Then there would be no problem, right?

“Hey, Akaashi.” Bokuto said, butchering his new friend’s name. “Yes, Bokuto-san?” The other male stopped, walking and looked at Akaashi with a contemplating look. “Would you mind showing me your parkour? You mentioned you do that in your spare time and I think that is really cool. I never saw you do it though and I really want to see you do something you enjoy.”

The bigger man was flustered as he asked the question. He felt like it was such an odd request. However, Akaashi didn’t seem to think so as he offered his friend a smile and nodded. “Gladly.” he said. Bokuto’s face lit up and he smiled brightly. ”Really?! Awesome!”

Akaashi thought about what he could show his owlish friend. After all, he kind of felt the need to impress the man. He wanted Bokuto to be amazed by his skills. He wanted him to think that he was cool. That was odd for Akaashi. He never felt the need to impress someone.

Soon enough, he got an idea of what he wanted to show his friend so he grabbed the other’s wrist and dragged him along, not noticing the blush that had crept onto the cheeks of the bi-color haired male. That was certainly caused by the unexpected contact.

Akaashi knew exactly where he was going. He didn’t need to think twice about the road he was taking. After all, he had gone this way so many times before. However, he had never taken anyone along on his journey there.

It used to be the place he ran off to when he felt the need to be alone. Never had he ever shown this spot to anyone else. However, he realized, he didn’t mind showing it to Bokuto. He hadn’t gone there in a while, since he had become rather busy balancing his social life and schoolwork.
The pair entered an old industry terrain. Nobody came here anymore. Old buildings abandoned and long forgotten. Bokuto looked around and he was very surprised that none of these buildings had been taken down yet. It surprised him even more that none of them had collapsed on their own.

Bokuto wondered why Akaashi had taken him here specifically. He figured it was an important place for the raven haired boy. It also seemed to be a good place to show off his parkour skills due to the many obstacles. The bi-color haired male was very excited to see the other in action. After all, Akaashi’s muscles hadn’t gone unnoticed.

Sure, the slender male didn’t have a huge muscle mass like Bokuto himself did, but he was well trained and fit. There was no denying that Akaashi was an attractive male with an attractive body.

Akaashi scanned the place, mapping out what he will do as well as looking for a place where Bokuto could watch without obscuring the view too much. “Bokuto-san. You could go sit under that three over there. I think that might give you the best view.” the teen was pointing at a single tree, located a bit higher than most of the terrain, but not too far away.

Bokuto nodded and walked up the hill towards the tree. It was a lonely tree, most likely the only one on the whole terrain. He sat down and let his eyes follow his friend, watching closely to see what he was about to do.

Akaashi found a good spot to begin. He took a deep breath, trying to calm his nerves down. Why was he nervous? He had done stuff like this all the time. Then again, he never really did it before someone else. Especially not on anyone’s request. He had always declined when Konoha asked to see his parkour skills in action.

Akaashi released the breath and started running, making some momentum for the stunts he wanted to perform. He ran over a metal plate that was raised upwards on top of some pipes. He kicked off just as the pile of pipes started to fall. He made a forwards salto and landed on a roof of one of the lower buildings. Was he glad the building was still stable enough to hold his weight.

He ran forward and grabbed a railing, that was going around the building’s roof, and jumped over it, launching himself towards the other building. This building was taller than the other one. He grabbed onto a window sill before he could fall. He quickly pulled himself up until he was standing on top of it.

Bokuto held his breath as he watched Akaashi jump off the window sill to grab onto a rain pipe. He was sure the smaller male was going to fall. However, he did not. The agile boy used the rain pipe to climb to the top of the tall building.

Once Akaashi reached the roof, he turned to Bokuto. He smiled, although he was sure the other male was too far away to make out his facial features clear enough to see that he did so, and waved. Bokuto waved back, although it was purely automatically. His mind was too amazed by the teen.

Akaashi started running again and leapt from roof to roof, making sure to make use of as many obstacles as he could so he could show off his abilities. He soon reached the end of the final roof and looked down. There were railings on the ground and he decided that would be where he would be aiming himself at.

He jumped down, making Bokuto gasp. Had Akaashi gone crazy? The teen landed with his two feet stable on the railings. He jumped of the railings and jogged over to Bokuto.

The bi-color haired male was absolutely amazed by the sight of the sweaty, slightly out of breath Akaashi. “You’re so cool, Akaashi!” he exclaimed, excitement clearly present in his voice. He was
being his usual genuine self.

The younger one smiled. “Thank you, Bokuto-san.” His cheeks were red, but he couldn’t tell for sure if it was because he was hot from the exercise, or if it had anything to do with a certain someone that was complimenting him.

Sugawara arrived at the school. He had told Kantaro that he had to go to a job interview. He should have been feeling bad to lying to his husband. Especially considering he had lied to meet up with another man. However, he couldn’t exactly tell the man why and where he was going.

The gray haired male checked his appearance in the car mirror before deciding he looked like absolute crap. He had a bad night’s rest as his husband had come home drunk once again. He had thrown a tantrum, but luckily nobody had gotten hurt this time. He wondered how he would have coped if Akaashi had gotten hurt once again.

Not that he wanted anyone else to get hurt instead. He genuinely wished that they would no longer have to go through this suffering anymore. He sighed and stepped out of his car, locking the vehicle, and making his way to the main building.

Coach Sawamura had explained him exactly where his office was. Luckily, it wasn’t that hard to find and he soon found himself standing in front of a door reading ‘Mr. Sawamura’ on the door.

He knocked softly and heard a “Come in.” coming from the other side of the door. Suga’s heart skipped a beat when he heard the familiar voice. He really liked the coach’s voice. It was rather soothing to listen to.

He entered the office and greeted the coach, who happily returned a greeting, a gentle smile constantly plastered on his face. “Please, take a seat.” Sawamura said, pointing to the chair in front of his desk. He spoke up again as Suga did so. “Want some coffee? No offense but you look like you could use some.”

Sugawara chuckled a little. “I am well aware. But yeah, I would like some, thank you.” Sawamura nodded and poured two cups of coffee and handed one of them to the gray haired male, who accepted the brew gratefully.

The coach sighed as he leaned against his desk, facing his guest. “Alright, let’s get to business, shall we?” Suga nodded.

“Konoha seems rather distracted lately. I asked around and his other teachers seems to have noticed as well. Not only that, he seems to be neglecting his friends as well. When I talked to the boy about it, he insisted nothing was wrong. I was wondering if you had noticed anything? It is starting to affect his grades and performance in the game.”

Suga sighed. He knew a conversation was going to come. Of course he was well aware of the reason behind Konoha’s behavior. Ever since Kantaro had been focusing his attention on Akaashi, the dirty-blond boy hadn’t been the same.

He knew the boy blamed himself for every single wound his precious friend got. He felt guilty for not stepping in. Not helping. Not doing more for the unruly haired boy. Suga told him time and time again that he shouldn’t be blaming himself. None of it was his fault at all. If it was anyone’s fault, Suga would have to say it was his own for staying with the man abusing his family.

The gray haired male tried to think of an excuse to tell the coach. Something that would ease the
other man’s mind without revealing what was actually going on in their household.

The thing was, Suga didn’t want to lie. He didn’t want to use a stupid excuse. He had no desire to cover for his asshole husband. Besides, the man was in desperate need to tell someone, anyone, about his situation. He needed to get it off his chest.

And thus he spilled. He spilled it all. Pour ed his heart on the handsome man that coached two of the youngsters he housed under his roof. He even cried. He showed his vulnerable side.

All coach Sawamura could do was listen in shock to the tales the man was telling. Bit by bit, he felt anger boil up in him. How could someone treat a wonderful person like Sugawara in such a cruel way? Or any of the youngsters that resided in their house?

He immediately thought about the bruised Akaashi he had seen when he had met Suga for the first time, in the supermarket. No wonder Konoha had been so out of it. Daichi was honestly surprised that Komi seemed to be keeping it together. Hell, he was amazed that all of those young men had been able to keep themselves together so well all this time.

Sugawara was now barely able to string any sentences together anymore. He was crying. All those built up feelings were finally leaving him. Sawamura frowned and stepped closer to Suga, eventually pulling him into a hug.

“I’m so sorry. You deserve so much better than this, Sugawara-san.” Suga sobbed into the man’s chest. Sawamura’s heart ached. That was the moment he resolved to help Sugawara out. There was no way he would let the wonderful man in his arms get hurt any longer. He also felt the need to help the young ones out. They all deserved to be protected and happy.

Akaashi and Bokuto had just left the terrain. Bokuto was still beaming about how cool he thought Akaashi was. The younger boy thanked the boy every time.

As they were walking, the conversation shifted from parkour to volleyball. Bokuto talked about his college team. He was a wing spiker and the captain. He was proud to say that he was one of the best aces in Japan.

Akaashi recalled watching the match he had seen him play against Konoha’s team. He had to admit that the bi-color haired male had left quite the impression on him.

Bokuto kept excitedly talking as they were walking towards the tram station. This time, Akaashi had to make sure he didn’t miss his last one again. Not only was he afraid of the consequences that might follow if he didn’t show up this night, he didn’t want to inconvenience his friend either.

Akaashi’s phone beeped, indicating he had a message. He pulled it out of his back pocket and unlocked the screen.

Kuroo: New supply. Come over tonight.

Akaashi groaned a bit. Of course, that stupid asshole had the worst timing. He wanted to decline. He wanted to tell Kuroo that he wouldn’t be playing his stupid game anymore. The thing was, he still needed Kuroo. He needed the pills.

Not only that, he was scared of what would happen, were he to cut off the deal. Not only would he lose his supply of pills that he needed so much. There was also a chance that Kuroo would leak what kind of acts Akaashi had performed to Suga, or maybe Konoha, or anyone else really. That could
absolutely not happen.

“What’s wrong?” Bokuto asked. Akaashi quickly locked his phone and pocketed it again. “Nothing.” He lied. The pair finally arrived at the tram station and they separated. “I’ll text you later! See you Akaashi!” Bokuto yelled as he waved and walked away.

Akaashi smiled and waved back. He kept his eyes on Bokuto and waited till he was fully out of sight. Once he was, Akaashi started walking and took the all too familiar road to Kuroo’s dorm.

Once he arrived, at his destination, he sent the black haired pain of his existence a text message. Not much later, the door opened and he was lead inside. He was greeted by the cat-like man’s grin. “Glad you could make it.” Akaashi rolled his eyes.

“You know the drill.” Kuroo said as he took the teen to his bedroom.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the slow and short updates.
School is busy for me at the moment.
Hope you enjoyed!
Lev entered the locker room of his college’s volleyball team. He found two of the oldest players in the team already changing into their uniform. After all, Kuroo and Bokuto were always first there. “Hello Bokuto-san. Kuroo-san.” The two other males greeted the lanky boy back.

Lev then started changing in to his uniform. Slowly, the rest of the members started flooding in the changing room. Each time, the half-Russian giant looked up and greeted his teammates, as he always did. When their libero, Morisuke Yaku, entered though, the younger boy’s face lit up completely and he greeted him with more energy than he did with anyone else.

Everyone noticed the rise of excitement in Lev. Nobody cared. They all knew he was somehow really close to the small and temperamental libero. The libero himself seemed to be the only one not noticing how different Lev actually acted towards him.

“Yaku-san! Hello!” Lev yelled while waving his arms around, barely able to contain the happiness he felt at seeing the smaller boy. Yaku sighed at his tall friend’s rowdiness. He closed his eyes and shook his head a little bit before he looked up at Lev and smiled.

The small male thought Lev’s excitement was adorable. He was innocent and pure and Yaku found that to be rather rare. The way his friend was looking at him right now made him want to pet the other’s head. He decided against that of course, that would be weird to do. Not that he would actually be able to reach if he decided to do it anyways.

Yaku walked over to his own locker, located between Bokuto and Lev, and started changing into his uniform. Lev, who was already changed, couldn’t keep himself from watching the smaller male. He made a mental note to stay behind for training so he could shower alone. He had learned from previous experiences that showering while his senpai was there as well was a BIG mistake.

Soon, the whole team was dressed and they walked over to the gym. Their coach started with making them run a few laps around the court, followed by receiving drills before they were split in two teams to start practice.

Bokuto placed Lev and Yaku on the same team, knowing that the half-Russian would be displeased if not. And when he was displeased, he would come uncooperative and an uncooperative Lev was even worse than an uncooperative Bokuto. Yes, the captain was in fact aware that he had these ‘emo episodes’, but that didn’t mean he could really stop them from happening.

The practice went rather smoothly and Lev finally seemed to be decently syncing up with their setter, Kozume Kenma. It was about time too, because the tall man usually missed his spikes.

After practice, Lev indeed stayed behind to practice some more. After all, everyone knew he had to work on his receives. Sadly, the plan didn’t play out as the tall gray haired boy had hoped. You see, Yaku had offered to stay behind to help him practice. There was no lie he could think off to save him now.
He had been completely unable to tell his senpai that he didn’t need his help, because when the moment he had taken one look at Yaku’s face, full of determination to help his underclassman, he had already lost.

Bokuto got out of the shared showers humming. He walked back into the locker room, a towel wrapped around his waist while he was drying his hair with another one. Kuroo came not too long after.

“Damn Bo. Why so happy?” Kuroo asked chuckling as he walked over to his locker to put on some clean clothing. Bokuto grinned at his best friend. “I’m meeting up with the pretty guy I told you about. We’re going to an amusement park next week with some friend of his.” While he explained the reason behind his good mood, he put on his underwear and clean shirt.

“Oh, you must be sad that you won’t have his attention all to yourself.” Kuroo teased, pulling his underwear and jogging on. He reached for his shirt and sweater. “It’s not like that, bro. I am just happy to spend some time with him. He is fun to be around.”

Kuroo finished dressing faster than his friend and reached for his phone. He got a message and was pleased to see that it was from Akaashi. He had been planning to send him one himself, but it seemed like that was no longer necessary.

_Akaashi: I ran out. When can you provide more?_

_Kuroo: Just stocked up. Come over tonight?_

_Akaashi: I’ll be there._

Grinning, the cat-like man closed his locker, grabbed his sport bag and headed for the door. “Bro, I get that you’re hurrying back for your girlfriend and all. But seriously, not even a goodbye?” Bokuto was pouting. Kuroo chuckled and said a quick goodbye before hurrying out.

_Akaashi frowned at his phone. Why was he still going through with all of this? Did he really need those pills that badly? The answer to that last question was yes. If he didn’t, he hadn’t started with this arrangement to begin with._

He sighed and pocketed his phone, turning his attention back to his companion. He had met up with Sakusa that day. He hadn’t seen the curly haired male in a while and decided it was time to actually do something with friend again. Let him know he hadn’t forgotten about him just yet.

Admittedly, he was grateful Sakusa had agreed to go to the amusement park with him and Bokuto in a week or so. It was not that he minded being alone with Bokuto. Far from it, actually, but the rowdy male was very excitable, and he was sure that would be even worse in an environment like an amusement park. He had asked Kiyoomi along to keep himself sane.

Sakusa stepped back from the piece of art he had been working on and pulled his mask down as he looked at Akaashi. He offered his friend a smile and then looked back at his work. This time, it wasn’t some wall in the city that Sakusa was vandalizing. No, the pair were in the artist’s atelier.

Kiyoomi had asked Akaashi over to show off his work. In all honestly, he hoped to impress his friend. And it had worked. Akaashi had looked around the atelier full of wonder and given him many compliments on his talent.
Akaashi walked over to his friend, having kept a bit of a distance for the fumes of the cans of paint. He leaned his head over the other’s shoulder and looked at the artwork. Being so busy with looking at the piece in front of him, he had no idea how hard his friend was blushing due to their closeness. After all, Sakusa wasn’t really used to being close to anyone. He never liked it. However, with Akaashi, he didn’t really mind.

“You’re so talented, Sakusa-san. I wish I could create art like you.” Akaashi said, genuinely impressed. “I could teach you, if you want.” the artist said, turning to his friend. The other blinked as he had not expected that offer. “Sure. Sounds like it could be fun.”

“It’s getting late. Let’s clean up the gym and get ready to leave.” Yaku said as he wiped some sweat from his face with his shirt. Lev nodded. He had no more reasons to prolong the moment he was so scared of. He hoped it would end better than it had done last time. If things went south, he could always change the temperature of the water…

The pair took the net down and quickly put away the balls they had used before heading into the locker room. They took their shower supplies and headed into the shared shower.

Lev purposefully took a shower a bit farther from Yaku and kept his back towards the smaller male. It helped. A lot. Lev thanked all the gods when Yaku walked out of the shower. The short man was never one for long showers to begin with, and the half-Russian was truly grateful for that.

The moment Yaku had left the shower room, the tall man had released a breath he hadn’t known he had been holding. Finally, he trusted himself to start washing himself.

When Lev entered the locker room, Yaku was already half dressed. “Damn, you take long showers.” Yaku commented. Lev chuckled and stuck his tongue out. “Maybe you’re the one that takes ridiculously short showers, Yaku-san.”

Yaku huffed. “I shower as long as is needed. No longer, no less. Saves some water too.” Lev chuckled again and started to get dressed.

Once they were both ready to go, they left the locker room. Yaku locked up, he had gotten the keys from Kenma, and they both started walking to their dorms as they often did after practice.

“Good night, Yaku-san!” Lev said as they reached their dorms and had to part to go to their own room. “Night Lev.” The two of them both went and went into their room. Lev let out a relieved sigh as he entered his room and let himself fall on his bed.

Akaashi arrived home, after coming back from Kuroo. He had managed to catch the last tram home and he was glad to see there was no worried Sugawara or Konoha waiting for him.

He went straight to the bathroom and let the shower run. He was already unable to stop the tears from falling. It had become some sort of ritual, every time he came home from Kuroo’s. He felt so disgusting. He was disgusted by his own actions and he had slowly started to grow to hate himself.

He kept thinking about how he couldn’t blame Kuroo for anything. He had just given Akaashi a proposal, and he had agreed to it. He had nobody but himself to blame about how he felt and how much he hated the situation.

Kuroo had told the teen that he could end their arrangement whenever he wanted. But he knew that
Akaashi wouldn’t be the one to put an end to this. He depended too much on the other male. He couldn’t afford to put an end to this.

Akaashi had considered getting help. Professional help even. But for that to happen, he had to tell Sugawara about all of this. By extension, that meant Konoha would know as well. He couldn’t bear the thought of his close friend being disgusted at him as much as the was disgusted at himself.

Kantaro would have to find out as well, and he was very aware how bad that would end. As he slipped out of his clothes and got under the hot, running water, he could see the many bruises and wounds that were still healing from the last time the man had come home drunk.

They still hurt, but by now Akaashi had grown so used to the pain that it barely hindered the boy anymore. The raven haired male started washing himself, rubbing his skin so hard that it started to look red. He wouldn’t feel clean if he didn’t rub so hard.

After he had washed himself, Akaashi stayed under the stream of water for a while longer. Crying. He had to let all of the emotions inside him out.

He had honestly no idea how long he had spent under the water, crying, hating himself and self-pitying the person he had become. Oh how much he hated himself. He wondered how anyone could enjoy his presence.

Bokuto for example. Bokuto was such a happy go lucky person. Always excited and energetic. Why would he acquaint himself with someone so boring and depressing as Akaashi?

And Sakusa. What did he find so interesting about Akaashi? There was nothing special about him. He didn’t feel like he deserved the attention of someone so talented and smart.

Lastly, Konoha. Konoha Akinori was a godsent in Akaashi’s eyes. He was truly his best friend. Never had he ever met someone that he has cared about as much as him. He didn’t deserve someone like Konoha. The dirty-blond had no idea how disgusting of a human being Akaashi actually was.

The young man stopped the shower and got out. He dried himself and got dressed in his sleepwear before grabbing his bag and starting to dig through it. It didn’t take a lot of time to find the bottles of pills he had gotten that night.

Akaashi sat down on the closed toilet and twirled a bottle around in his hand, his mind racing. He wondered how many of these it would take for the dose to be lethal.

He was tempted to try it out. After all, wouldn’t everyone be better off when they don’t need to worry about him. It would make it so much easier for everyone.

He also thought it would finally put himself out of his own misery. It seemed like a win-win situation.

After some slight hesitation, he twisted open the bottle of pills and poured some in his hand, not even bothering to count how many there were. He threw them in his mouth and quickly downed them with some water.

Kuroo sighed as he started folding the boxes that had held the pills he had gotten for Akaashi. He gathered them all into a stack and carried them outside to throw them with the rest of paper and cardboard.
When he re-entered his room he started to get rid of the traces of what had transpired earlier that evening. While he was doing so, he thought about what he was doing.

He knew Akaashi had problems. He knew it was bad for the teen to take so many pills. He was very addicted and it would be just a matter of time before the younger male would start grabbing for heavier drugs.

He knew he should be stopping the other male. Discouraging his behavior. But he did none of that. He only took advantage of the situation to satisfy his own needs.

“What the hell am I doing?” Kuroo said aloud to himself. He had to stop this. He had to help Akaashi. He had to make the other stop doing all of this.

He truly wanted to help the boy. For some reason unknown to Kuroo himself, he really cared for Akaashi. He wanted to see the curly haired male happy.

That was the moment Kuroo decided that he would put an end to this arrangement. He would stop providing the other with pills and help him with his addiction. Maybe, after all of this got sorted out, they could be friends. And maybe, just maybe, they could be more than that.

Kuroo realized that he would much rather have Akaashi do these thing with him because he liked him. Because he genuinely want to be with him, and not because he wanted something from the male with the terrible bed hair.

Kuroo picked up his phone and messaged Akaashi, requesting to meet up and talk. After that, he took a shower. Once he had cleaned himself, he settled himself on his couch and took out his laptop, starting to do some research about stopping with drugs, helping people who are addicted, etc.

He was serious about helping Akaashi.
Konoha yawned as he woke up. It was a nice Sunday morning. The light coming from outside through the curtains was most likely the reason of his sleep being interrupted. His eyes, just like every morning, traveled towards Akaashi’s bed. He hated to admit it, but he loved watching the other male sleep. He always looked so peaceful, and just… beautiful.

However, this morning he was not greeted by a beautiful sleeping Akaashi. He was nowhere to be found in the room. He wondered if Akaashi had woken up already, however rarely that happens on a Sunday morning. Especially if he came home later the night before.

Konoha threw off his blanket and sat up straight, rubbing his eyes. He lazily swung his legs over his bed ant got up. Komi was still snoring in his bed, so Konoha made sure to leave the room as silently as possible. He continued to go down the stairs stealthily.

Nobody was up yet. He yawned once again and headed to the kitchen. He opened the fridge and got out the carton of milk. It was almost empty so he didn’t bother to get a glass and just drank straight from the carton.

He quickly prepared him some breakfast and ate before heading towards the bathroom to brush his teeth. He was surprised to see that there was light coming from under the bathroom door. He was convinced nobody had been up yet and he hadn’t heard anyone come down the stairs either.

Slowly, the dirty-blonde push open the door. His eyes widened when he saw an unconscious Akaashi, sitting on the toilet. The boy looked extremely pale and his arms were hanging by his side. A bottle of pills, nearly empty, laying near the tips of his fingers.

“AKAASHI!” Konoha yelled, not caring if he woke someone up. That was the least of his concerns at this moment. He rushed over to his friend and quickly placed his ear on the younger one’s chest. He heard the boy’s heart beating ever so slightly. He was still alive!

At this point, Sugawara had rushed down the stairs, having been woken up by the yelling earlier. The adult was followed closely by Taketora, Lev and Komi. Suga pushed in front of everyone. He had no idea what had caused Konoha to yell so loudly and he had to know.

The gray haired man stopped in his tracks when he saw the dirty-blonde, sitting on the floor on his knees, crying uncontrollably and rocking Akaashi’s limp body back and forth.

Komi, who somehow kept a level head in this situation, grabbed his phone and called an ambulance. “What happened?” Suga asked, trying to keep calm, although he was unable to. Konoha didn’t say anything. He kept crying, handing over the bottle of pills he hand fount to his guardian. Suga’s eyes widened.
Nobody knew what to do. They just helplessly looked at the Konoha and Akaashi. Luckily, it didn’t take long for the ambulance to arrive. They had to pry Konoha off Akaashi. The dirty-blonde really didn’t want to let go of his friend.

Lev and Taketora were holding Konoha back. If they didn’t, they were sure their housemate would rush over to the raven haired boy and hug him tightly again. “Akaashi…” he whimpered. Suga walked over to the crying boy, tears in his own eyes, and embraced him.

Konoha cried loudly on Suga’s shoulder. Sugawara tried his best to calm the dirty-blonde down, but as expected, it wasn’t so easy. And really, who could blame him? It was his closest friend after all. Besides, Suga wasn’t blind to the youngster’s feelings towards the other.

It was then a very angry looking Kantaro walked down the stairs. He was hungover and clearly not pleased with all the commotion that had been going on downstairs. “What the hell is all this noise for?!?” Suga glared at his husband with his teary eyes. Oh how much he blamed the man for the reason of Akaashi’s condition at the moment.

Nobody bothered to answer the man of the house. They knew he wouldn’t care anyway. “What is going on?!” Kantaro repeated. Komi got fed up with the man. Couldn’t he see the state Konoha and Suga were in? “Akaashi is being brought to a hospital. He’s on the verge of death. Tried to commit suicide.” he snapped.

That was it. That was the word nobody had dared to speak, since it would make all of this all the more worse. Suicide. How had none of them noticed that Akaashi was suffering so much. Enough to want to take his own life?

“Tsk.” Kantaro wasn’t pleased about the tone Komi spoke to him. “What a coward.” That riled everyone up. How disrespectful could one person get? All of them were about to jump at the man and pick a fight, but they decided against it. There was no use in picking a fight right now. What they had to do was get to the hospital and be there for Akaashi if… no, when he wakes up.

Taketora offered to drive, since Suga didn’t seem in a state to do so. Lev offered to watch the little Yamamoto. They all agreed to keep this secret for her for now. Komi got in at the front while Konoha and Suga took the back seats.

The two in the back kept embracing each other while they continued their cries. Komi picked up his phone and made a call. He would call him, knowing that he would most likely be able to help the two devastated people on the backseat.

- Kuroo Tetsurou frowned at his phone. The message he had sent to Akaashi had gone unanswered. It seemed that it hadn’t been read yet either. That was strange, to say the least. Normally, Akaashi would be rather fast to answer any message Kuroo sent. He wondered what was wrong. He shrugged it off, thinking the other was still asleep. After all, he knew Akaashi liked to sleep in.

- Sakusa was busy in his atelier. After Akaashi had visited his atelier, he had become incredibly inspired and had made a lot of portraits of his friend. He was a beautiful subject and he felt like the whole world had to see the beauty that was Akaashi Keiji. Not that anyone would ever get to see these though.
Bokuto frowned at his phone. This had been the fifth time he had tried to call Akaashi and the other still hadn’t answered. He wanted to ask his friend if he could come watch their match next weekend. He was kind of worried. Why wasn’t Akaashi picking up?

The group arrived at the hospital. Taketora went to the front desk to inform about Akaashi. Suga had wanted to do it himself, but the young man with the weird hairstyle had stopped him and said that he would handle it, knowing that if he let the adult in charge of that, the other would be too emotional to be patient.

Komi glanced at the entrance of the hospital every now and then, waiting for the person that could hopefully help him comfort the two crying people in front of him. So far they hadn’t stopped their crying at all.

Finally, the worried face of Sawamura Daichi came into view. Komi silently waved at the male. His coach rushed over there once he noticed the two crying man. He was almost afraid to ask. “What happened?”

Sugawara lifted his head and looked at Sawamura through teary eyes. Without thinking, the gray haired male threw himself at the muscular man and cried. Daichi wrapped his arms around the smaller male. Komi explained the situation quickly as he embraced Konoha in an attempt to comfort the other.

Taketora came back to the group. He found it odd that the coach of two of his roommates was there with them, and even more odd that he was embracing their guardian. However, it didn’t matter at the moment. He told them the room where Akaashi was laying. He had confirmation the boy was still alive.

They all headed to the room and met with the doctor. “He is alive, although in a coma. We had to empty his stomach from all the pills he had taken. It was far beyond the recommended dose. He very nearly escaped death. We don’t know when he will wake up.” the doctor explained. Suga wanted to ask something, but his voice didn’t want to co-operate. Luckily, Daichi knew exactly what the man in his embrace had wanted to ask. “Can we go see him?” The doctor nodded and let the group inside the room.

Konoha rushed over to his friend’s side and took a hold of his hand. Oh, it was so painful to see him like this, all wired up to different kinds of monitors and such.

Komi and Taketora looked at their housemate with saddened eyes. They might not have been as close to Akaashi as Konoha, but they still liked the boy and they were quite surprised by this turn of events. They had never pegged Akaashi to be one to attempt to take his own life.

Konoha let go of Akaashi’s hand and stumbled back until his knees hit a chair and he sat down. He stared at his own hands, deep in thought. How had it come to this? What had caused Akaashi to want to end his life? Why would he leave him behind like this, without a warning? Without a reason?

“Don’t you dare leave me behind in this world, you asshole.” Konoha murmured. Suga would have talked on the boy’s language, but he knew the dirty-blonde needed this. The gray haired adult was holding Daichi’s hand, who was rubbing comforting circles over the other’s hand.
Bokuto was having a mood. He hated being ignored. But he hated it even more when Akaashi was the one he was being ignored by.

He wondered what he had done to piss off Akaashi? How had he fucked up so badly that his friend didn’t even want to talk to him anymore. He felt saddened by the idea that Akaashi might never want to talk to him anymore, even though he had no idea what he had done wrong.

Not being able to take his own restlessness, Bokuto took his phone out of his pocket and called his best bro. He was sure to have some advice for him. He always did. Nobody but him knew Bokuto well enough to be able to tell what could have possibly upset his newest friend.

“Kuroo Tetsurou.” Bokuto took a breath and immediately started dumping his problem onto his best friend, without even as much as a hello. This didn’t bother Kuroo thought, he was used to the way Bokuto did things.

“So I really don’t know what I did wrong. Akaashi won’t talk to me and I really don’t want to screw up our friendship.” Bokuto finished his explanation. Kuroo’s breath hitched for a bit. “Bo. This Akaashi? Does he happened to have a resting bitch face and black, messy hair?”

Bokuto blinked. How did Kuroo know? Was he able to read his thoughts or something? “Uh yeah?” Kuroo hummed. “I know him as well. He hasn’t been replying to any of my texts or calls either.”

Bokuto breathed in relief. It was most likely the reason why he was being ignored wasn’t because he had done something wrong, seeing as Kuroo didn’t get any reactions either. His worry of Akaashi hating him was now replaced by the worry that something had happened to the younger male.

“Do you happen to know where Akaashi lives?” Bokuto asked. Kuroo nodded, before realizing his bro couldn’t actually see him. “Yeah, meet me at the tram station. We can go visit him together.” The pair said their goodbyes and ended their call.

Bokuto put on his jacket and shoes before leaving the door. He couldn’t help but wonder how Kuroo knew who Akaashi was. Then, he remembered that volleyball game a few months ago. How had he not realized that he had seen Akaashi before?

He decided to let the situation rest for now and made his way over to the tram station. His best bro was already waiting for him. They quickly greeted each other. “Our tram will be arriving in 5 minutes.” Kuroo said. The bicolor haired man nodded. “How do you know where he lives anyway?”

Kuroo shrugged. “He’d forgotten something at my place once, so I brought it over.” Kuroo was lying. He couldn’t exactly tell his friend that he had been bringing pills over to the younger male. He didn’t even want to know how much Bokuto would hate him if he knew what he had been doing with Akaashi.

The tram arrived and the pair got on. They passed the time with talking about volleyball or other things they had been meaning to tell the other. Soon, they arrived at their stop and Kuroo pulled Bokuto out of the tram and started walking.

Finally, the pair reached the house that Kuroo claimed to be where Akaashi lived. Kuroo rang the bell, and the door opened, revealing a less than pleased face of an adult man. “What do you want?” he asked rather rudely.

Bokuto frowned. “We’re here for Akaashi Keiji.” Kuroo explained. The man huffed. “That coward? Why would you want anything to do with him? Well, sorry to break it to you, but that asshole is not
here. He is in the hospital after he tried to kill himself.”

Their mouths dropped. Tried to kill himself? “What hospital?” Bokuto asked, starting to panic. The man sighed. He had clearly had enough of this conversation. “The closest one. Now, if you wouldn’t bother me about something so unimportant as this, that would be great.” The door closed in their faces.

Kuroo was filled with rage. He was about ready to stomp the door down and tell this man exactly how wonderful Akaashi actually was and how wrong he was.

Bokuto put a hand on his friend’s shoulder. “Let’s go…” he said, sounding really upset. Kuroo took a deep breath and nodded.

Sugawara was looking at Akaashi with saddened eyes, wondering where he had gone wrong as a guardian. Sawamura was holding the gray haired man’s hand and rubbed his thumb all over it. He had promised to stay with him.

Konoha hadn’t left Akaashi’s side yet. Komi had tried to make him go eat something, but the dirty-blond had outright refused. He wasn’t letting go of Akaashi’s hand, much less leaving the boy’s side.

Konoha had been incredibly rude towards everyone that spoke to him. They all tried to tolerate it, knowing that he was in a bad place right now. Though, they did wish that Konoha would realize that he wasn’t the only one affected with this whole situation. They all cared for Akaashi and wished for him to wake up.

There was a knock on the door, making all heads finally lift up and turn to the door. Two young men were standing in the doorframe and Konoha recognized them. “Is this Akaashi Keiji’s room?” Kuroo asked. Sugawara nodded and looked at the two in surprise.

“May we come in?” Bokuto asked, trying his best to be polite. Sugawara nodded again, not seeing a problem with the two visiting Akaashi. They clearly knew him and were probably friends of him.

Bokuto’s breath hitched when he saw Akaashi and Kuroo froze on the spot. The latter swallowed deeply. “D-Does anyone know why?” he asked, voice shaking. Everyone shook their head sadly. “How?” Kuroo asked again. He felt like he was intruding too much, but he just had to know.

Since everyone had too much trouble talking about it, Sawamura decided to speak up about it. “He overdosed. Took nearly a whole bottle of pain killers at once.”

Guilt immediately overcame Kuroo. This was his fault. If he hadn’t supplied Akaashi with those pills, this would never have happened. It was his fault. He would never be able to face Akaashi again, if he would ever get the opportunity to again. If the younger boy would ever wake up again.

He glanced at Bokuto and his heart sunk even more. The broken look on his face was heartbreaking. How would he even be able to face Bokuto?

Kuroo walked over to the side opposite to where Konoha was sitting. He grabbed Akaashi’s free hand and rubbed a thumb over it, whispering an inaudible “I’m so sorry.”
For another fanfic I would like to start I want to hear from you: Bokuto x Akaashi or Kuroo x Akaashi?
That evening, Sugawara got home late. He had had a lot of trouble dragging Konoha out of the hospital. Luckily, they had managed to do it with the help of Sawamura and Taketora. Taketora had taken Komi home and dropped off Kuroo and Bokuto at the tram station. The latter two had stayed in for a long while as well.

Sawamura had offered to drop off Sugawara and Konoha so Taketora didn’t have to go back and forth once more. The gray haired adult was admittedly grateful for the extra time he had with the other male.

The car ride was silent. But not an awkward silent. The silence was comfortable and peaceful. Konoha stared out of the window the whole ride. He might be physically present in the car, but his mind was still with Akaashi. He was hoping so much that his friend would wake up soon.

They arrived at the house and Suga needed to take a deep breath before he could get out of the car. He didn’t really want to go inside. That house didn’t feel like home anymore. It hadn’t for a long while, and after having been with Sawamura, the feeling of not belonging there had only become worse.

Sawamura took notice of the anxiety that was rising in the man beside him and he quickly grabbed his hand and rubbed his thumb comfortingly over it. Konoha got out of the car and walked over to the front door, not really wanting to be there with the two adults any longer.

“I promise we will do something about your situation, Sugawara-san. I want you and those kids to be safe. Just hold on a little longer, I will come with a solution soon, I promise.” Sawamura said. And boy did he mean it. He had been making calls to some friends of him ever since Suga had told him about his situation. He knew some lawyers and officers that might be able to help solve this without anyone getting hurt.

Suga took another deep breath and got out of the car. He said a quick goodbye to the handsome man and closed the car door before heading inside.

Inside, a very angry husband was waiting for the gray haired adult. The moment Sugawara saw Kantaro’s face, he knew what was coming. His husband stomped over to him and pushed him against the door. All the youngsters in the house were immediately alarmed by the act.

Taketora quickly took his sister upstairs, ignoring her questions and complaints. Komi swiftly followed up the stairs, not wanting to be anywhere near what was going on.
Konoha couldn’t bring himself to move. He always ran when Akaashi was the victim, and look where that had gotten the other male. He wasn’t leaving. He’d be here for Suga in any way he could. Lev also stayed for the same reasons as Konoha. He did not wish to lose anyone of the people he considered family.

“That’s what you’re doing huh? Saying you’re going to the hospital to look after that good for nothing child and then go out with another man. I see through you, always playing the ‘oh so good husband’, but you’re actually an unfaithful slut.” Kantaro spat.

The fuming male’s hand raised and it quickly and harshly landed on his defenseless husband’s cheek. The motion got repeated and the two younger men flinched with every hit.

“We should do something.” Konoha just barely managed to whisper out. He was tired of just standing by. Lev swallowed and nodded. He was more than prepared to help.

Kantaro’s hand raised again, but before he could land it, he was stopped by a hand, coming from the half-Russian. The abusive man’s attention turned from his husband to the one getting in his way. He glared up at the taller male.

“You ungrateful little shit.” he spat, balling his other hand into a fist. He was ready to punch Lev, but Konoha stopped it. They were in this together after all. This sent Kantaro’s anger into overdrive.

“You two shits won’t get away with this.”

Suga was in shock. He could barely believe they had actually made the bold move of going up against Kantaro. Konoha turned his gaze to the gray haired adult, making sure his grip on Kantaro didn’t lessen. “Call the police, Suga. It’s time to put an end to this.”

It took some time for Sugawara to process what Konoha had actually said. Once he processed it though, he nodded and with tears in his eyes, he stumbled over to the phone and shakily dialed the police’s number.

His voice was extremely shaky and broken when he explained the situation quickly. The police ensured that they were on their way and then Suga put down the phone.

Kantaro was trying to shake off the two younger men that were trying to hold him back. Luckily, both were athletes and they were able to hold their own against the aggressive strength.

When the police finally reached the house, they immediately arrested Kantaro, seeing the state Sugawara was in.

The police then took statements from all the remaining residents. They gave Sugawara a lecture when they found out how long this abuse had been going on, but ensured him that he will no longer have to be afraid of the man. They would make sure that Kantaro would not be able to hurt any of them any longer.

One of the officers came down the stairs, just having wrapped up taking the statements from Komi. “Alright, one resident left. Akaashi Keiji, where can we find him?” the officer asked. Everyone grew eerily quiet.

“He… uhm… he’s in the hospital. He’s in a coma.” Sugawara explained. The officer nodded understandingly.

“Well then, it seems like we’re done here. If there are any problems, don’t hesitate to call us, okay?” the officer directed this statement mostly to Sugawara. After that, they left, taking Kantaro along with them.
The moment the police cars were out of sight, Sugawara broke out in tears. He cried his eyes out. All those built up emotions. All the youngsters that lived in the house embraced the man, some even letting out some tears as well. It was an emotional moment, although a good one.

This was the first time in a very long time they all could feel safe in the house. It was a relief that was much needed given the current situation.

When Sugawara finally calmed down, he sent everyone to bed. After all, it had been a long day. Nobody complained either. They all welcomed their beds with open arms.

When everyone was off to bed, Sugawara decided to call Daichi. The other male picked up relatively fast. “Hello? You’re speaking with Sawamura Daichi.”

Suga couldn’t help but smile at the sound of the voice that he found ever so soothing. “Hello Daichi-san. It’s me.”

“Ah, Sugawara-san. Everything okay?” Daichi asked, kind of worried since it was already quite late. He immediately thought something must have happened at home or to Akaashi.

“Kantaro is arrested for domestic abuse.” Sugawara said. “Really?” Sugawara hummed affirmatively and explained everything that had happened.

“Well, I am glad that he won’t be able to hurt you any longer. Are you okay though? I mean, if you need any help with those kids, let me know alright? I want to help. I know you don’t have a job either so...”

Sugawara interrupted the too good to be true man. “Thank you, Daichi-san, but I cannot possibly ask anything of you. I am grateful though. I am doing fine. It’s going to be odd to be alone now, but I’ll get used to it soon enough.”

Daichi sighed. “You’re not alone though. You have those wonderful young ones around you. And just like I said, I’ll be helping you from now on, if you want it or not.”

A huge smile grew on Sugawara’s face. Oh how happy he was hearing all this. His heart was beating rapidly. “Thank you. Truly. Thank you.”
Waking Up

Chapter Notes

Eyyy an update!
It's still quite short but I felt like this was a good point to end the chapter!
I got a job! So I'll try to write more, in combination with all my drawing (and commissions) as well as working on my cosplays!
I hope you still enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Akaashi had been in a coma for 2 weeks now. A lot has changed ever since. For example, Sugawara had officially filed a divorce and got a restraining order against Kantaro. That asshole wouldn’t be ruining his life, or any of his housemates, anymore.

Daichi had come by often to help Sugawara out in any way he could. The gray haired man had been so grateful for the other man’s presence. He also loved how well he got along with the youngsters he housed. There was literally nothing Daichi could do to make Suga swoon less.

Of course, the group frequently visited the hospital. Especially Konoha. Oh how desperately he wanted to look in Akaashi’s eyes again. How much he wanted to talk to the boy, tell him how much he is loved. And, of course, ask a lot of questions, such as why he had done this to himself.

Bokuto and Kuroo had gone to the hospital a few times as well, however less frequent. Kuroo went to ensure Akaashi was still alive. After all, he would basically have killed the boy the moment he died. Bokuto went because he just wanted to look at Akaashi. He had loved the friendship he had built up with the other and wanted to go back to having fun with him.

Sakusa, in the meantime, was having a bit of a breakdown. He had no clue why Akaashi wasn’t replying to his messages and calls. He desperately wanted to hear something, anything, from his friend. He had also hit an art block after he felt ignored for a few days.

When Kuroo and Bokuto entered the hospital room that was becoming a bit too familiar to them for their liking, they were surprised to see Sugawara and Konoha. Usually, they never ran into anyone when they visited.

They politely greeted the two, who greeted them back, and then took a seat near the bed. Bokuto couldn’t sit still. He was too energetic of a person.

“Has the doctor said anything new?” Kuroo asked, his eyes constantly flickering to Bokuto’s moving leg. He wasn’t sure if it was because of the annoyance the movement brought to his peripheral vision, or if it was because he was nervous.

Suga shook his head. “Nothing has changed.” Kuroo nodded and shifted his gaze to Akaashi. Konoha was sitting on his usual spot: on a chair next to the bed, holding and rubbing the boy’s hand.

All Kuroo could think while looking at the curly haired male, was ‘Please wake up. Your friends
Akaashi felt like he was rudely ripped out of his peace. He vaguely heard noise, but couldn’t make out what it was. He wanted to rub his eyes before opening them up, but he found himself unable to do so. In fact, he was unable to move at all.

This started to freak out Akaashi. His breath quickened in his panic and his eyes shot open. He could barely see anything. It was all really blurry. He could make out vague shapes in the blurry mess.

He tried to reach out his hands, but he couldn’t move. His body wouldn’t cooperate with him.

He heard something that resembled a voice, but he couldn’t make out what it was saying, nor who the voice would belong to.

Sugawara was staring at Akaashi and Konoha with saddened eyes. He felt sorry for the dirty-blond. The boy had not been his self ever since Akaashi had fallen into a coma.

As he stared at the unconscious boy, he spotted a difference in the pace of breathing. The breaths had gotten quicker and more desperate. Then, Akaashi’s eyes shot open, filled with panic.

Everyone had seemed to have noticed as they all jumped up in surprise, looking at the green eyes that had been closed for so long. Suga had to admit he had almost forgotten how beautiful the color of Akaashi’s eyes was.

However, now was not the time to be thinking about pretty eyes. “Can we get a doctor in here please!”

A doctor rushed into the room and hurried over to Akaashi. He helped the youngster sit up and tried to talk to him. Akaashi didn’t react to the many words spoken to him, but it seemed like he was finally calming down.

When his breathing evened out after a while, the doctor let the boy rest against the bed and then sat down. “Can you understand me?” the doctor asked. Akaashi nodded, finally starting to be able to move a little bit.

“Alright, your vision will be a bit foggy for a while. That is normal and no need for panic. Do you understand?” Akaashi nodded again.

The doctor turned to the many people gathered in the room. “I will have to do some tests on him, and then he needs rest. I will need to ask all of you to leave.”

Kuroo dragged Bokuto out of the room. The owlish man was crying from happiness and rather reluctant to leave the now awake Akaashi. “Come on, Bo. Move. I want to stay too. We can come back later.” Kuroo kept shooing the boy out.

Konoha was none easier. He wasn’t just reluctant to leave. Oh no. He outright refused. “No, you cannot take him away from me now.” he said through his teary eyes. Suga had to get a nurse to help him persuade the boy to leave the room.

With a promise of coming back in the morning, as soon as visiting hours started, Konoha finally let himself be dragged out of the room.
That evening, Sugawara happily informed everyone that Akaashi had woken up. Everyone was glad to hear so and made it a point to go visit the boy soon.

“It’s best not to go all at once. I think Akaashi will be rather overwhelmed if you do so.” Daichi said as he put dinner on the table. They all, of course, had to agree with that. And they all knew that Konoha would not be stopped and thus did not argue when he claimed a spot for the first visit. Heck, none of the would argue if he claimed a spot for every visit.

The next morning, Konoha walked through the doors of the hospital as soon as he had been allowed to. He made a beeline for the hospital room Akaashi had been in all this time.

When the dirty-blond walked in the room, Akaashi’s head turned into his general direction. His vision had cleared a bit but he couldn’t see completely straight.

Akaashi tried to speak, but his voice was still not exactly what it was supposed to be. Thus, the other youngster was greeted with a hoarse, barely audible “Konoha-san?”

“Akaashi! Yes! It’s me!” He might have been a bit too excited about all of this, but he had really missed his closest friend. He hurried over to the boy with messy hair and embraced him. Slowly, Akaashi put his arms around his friend as well.

“I missed you.” Konoha said, barely above a whisper. Akaashi wanted to say he had missed Konoha too, but he just barely remembered why he had been gone.

Sugawara now entered the room as well, followed by Komi and Lev. Konoha finally let go of his friend to give everyone the chance to get some attention from the boy.

Lev excitedly ran over to Akaashi and give him quick hug. “So good to see you again.” The tall man then let go of Akaashi and gave space for Komi who also quickly embraced him.

A bit more than an hour later, the group of five had spent some time catching Akaashi up to what he has missed in the time he was out. They all avoided bringing up the topic of how he had gotten there in the first place. Talking about that would have to happen another time.

Of course, Akaashi himself didn’t say much since it was still hard on his voice and it hurt a little bit. Lev and Komi left the room to get everyone some drinks, and the two remaining visitors were joined by none other than Kuroo Tetsurou and Bokuto Koutarou.

“Akaashi!” Bokuto yelled loudly as he rushed over to the younger boy. “B-Bokuto-san.” Bokuto was firing too many questions at the boy that was caught in his arms. Kuroo put a hand on his best friend’s shoulder and it successfully shut the loud boy up.

“Let him breathe, Bokuto.” The bi-color haired man pouted, but stepped away from Akaashi a bit.

Akaashi’s smile, which had appeared on his face when Bokuto was talking with as much energy as he always did, fell immediately when he laid eyes on Kuroo.

“Out.” Akaashi said, his voice clearer than he had been able to up until now.

Everyone in the room was startled. Nobody was able to react.
Akaashi lifted his left arm up and pointed at Kuroo. “I want him out.” he stated. Kuroo swallowed and looked at Akaashi, a bit shocked.

Once again, everyone stood on their spot kind of frozen. Everyone, except Konoha. The dirty blond walked over to Kuroo and formed a barrier between said man and his best friend. “You heard him. Out.” Konoha said, glaring at the rooster head in front of him.

Kuroo was about to protest, but the look in Konoha’s eyes told that he wouldn’t have it. At all. Kuroo had to leave or he would blow a fuse.

And thus, Kuroo left, closely followed by a confused Bokuto. Sugawara and Konoha were looking at the door, until they heard a sob coming from Akaashi.

They both rushed over to the boy and started trying to calm him down to the best of their ability. When Akaashi finally calmed down, settled into Konoha’s arm, Suga opened his mouth. “What was that all about?

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Bokuto and Kuroo walked out of the hall and into the elevator. “What happened between you and Akaashi?” the owlish one of the two asked.

Kuroo sighed. He knew Bokuto wasn’t just going to let it go, because it had to do with Akaashi. Only, he knew he couldn’t tell his best friend what had happened.

Chapter End Notes

Alright so I have two ideas for a story.
Long running: Gamer AU KuroAka or BokuAka
Drag queen AU KuroAka or BokuAka

Lemme know what you would like to see first: Chapter one of the gamer AU or the drag queen AU one shot.

I would also like to hear which ship for which story!

Thanks! <3
Spilling the Tea

Bokuto had let Kuroo get away with not giving an immediate answer in the hospital. He even let him get away with it while on the subway. However, when they reached Kuroo’s place, where he would be staying over that night, he wouldn’t let his best friend dodge the question any longer.

Kuroo had gone to the kitchen to make some tea. When he was about to walk out and find something else to do, anything, to avoid answering the question, Bokuto blocked his way.

“So, spill the tea.” Kuroo sighed. He really had no way of avoiding this. He would have had to come clean to his bro anyways. It was better to just get it over with.

He wasn’t exactly dying to tell. He was rather ashamed of his actions. Who knew how Bokuto would react to this.

“Alright. No beating around the bush anymore.” Kuroo said, letting out another sigh. He and Bokuto settled on the couch, with some tea, and then, Kuroo spilled the beans.

In the hospital, Akaashi had just finished telling the whole story to Sugawara, Konoha, Komi and Lev, the latter two having just come back from getting drinks. Needless to say, the raven haired male had some trouble saying it. After all, who likes to admit that they were addicted to pills? Who likes to admit they sold their body for said pills?

Sugawara was trying to hold back his tears as he looked at Akaashi in shock. The boy in the center of attention at the moment was keeping his eyes fixed on his fingers as he fidgeted with them. Lev and Komi were speechless. Both of them were conflicted as to what to think of the whole situation.

Konoha was livid. Of course, not to Akaashi. He didn’t blame the boy for anything. Oh no, this was all to be pinned down on two assholes. Kantaro and Kuroo. The dirty blond felt like strangling them both. If it wasn’t illegal, he would have done it too.

The male had to leave the room and let some anger out by yelling. Of course he did so outside, as to not to disturb anyone. He decided he would have a long talk with the cat-like male that hurt his best friend (and crush) to the point of suicide.

Bokuto was shocked to say the least. Never had he ever expected to hear something like this being committed by his best bro. He tried hard to deny that this was real, but he knew it was all true by the sorrowed look on Kuroo’s face.

Of course, he believed Kuroo really felt sorry for what he did. But that didn’t excuse it. Akaashi almost died. Not to mention the emotional trauma the younger boy went through and will continue to have to deal with.

No wonder he had found Akaashi in the state he had when he first met him. He wanted to put his arms around him all over again. Comfort him. Tell him everything will be okay. He would do so as many times as needed and more.

“So, not only did you encourage Akaashi in his drug abuse. You took advantage of him too?!?” Bokuto uttered after a long, painful silence that had been shared between the two.
Kuroo swallowed and nodded. He focused his eyes on the ground. Bokuto’s hands balled into fists. He wanted to punch his best friend so bad. However, he kept calm and took a deep breath before he spoke again.

“Have I ever told you how I met Akaashi?” Kuroo shook his head. “I found him in an alley not too far from here. He was sitting on the ground, crying. He was a mess. If I hadn’t found him, who knows how long he would have been there.” Bokuto started.

“I tried to comfort him. He cried onto my shoulder for hours probably. All that before I took him to my apartment and tried to make him feel safe. He never told me what had happened to him. However, after hearing all this it’s no wonder he broke down.”

Kuroo swallowed again. Hearing these words were difficult for him. After all, it was never his intention to hurt Akaashi. Then again, what had he expected? How could this not have ended badly for the younger male?

“Kuroo…” The raven haired male looked up to his friend, tears building up in the corner of his eyes. “Why….” Bokuto breathed. “WHY DIDN’T YOU HELP HIM?! WHY DIDN’T YOU TRY TO MAKE HIM STOP THE PILLS!!”

Kuroo flinched at the loud voice of Bokuto. Sure, the other male’s voice was always loud. However, this loud was far more unpleasant.

“YOU DIDN’T OFFER HIM THE HELP HE NEEDED.” Kuroo knew that. He knew that Akaashi needed help. He still hates himself for not offering the help the younger one needed. No, deserved.

“NO, YOU DECIDED TO MAKE IT WORSE BY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF HIM!” Why did Bokuto insist on torturing him? He knew he fucked up real bad. But he didn’t want to keep hearing it.

“So tell me Kuroo. WHY?” Kuroo snapped. He was done being yelled at. He was ready to justify himself. Well, ‘justify’.

“BECAUSE I LOVE HIM AND I WANTED HIM TO BE MINE!” This stopped Bokuto’s repeated spouting of ‘WHY?’. It took some time for the bi-color haired man to process this. “You say you love him, but you started this ‘arrangement’ before you even knew him all that well. Besides, why would you do this to him if you ‘loved’ him?”

Bokuto still sounded mad, which was understandable. But at least, he wasn’t yelling anymore. They could hold somewhat of a normal conversation.

“In the beginning, I was merely intrigued by Akaashi. I wanted to know more about him. At some point, I felt an unexplainable desire to be with him. You should know what I am talking about, you’re feeling it too.” Bokuto swallowed but didn’t reply. Kuroo wasn’t wrong though.

“Somewhere along the way I actually developed strong feelings for him.” Kuroo admitted. Once again, Bokuto could relate to that statement.

That evening, the group of five said their goodbyes to Akaashi and left. The boy had put on a painful smile. Komi and Lev, who were less close with the raven, were fooled by it. Of course, a fake smile couldn’t fool the likes of Konoha and Sugawara.
On their way home, Daichi had texted Suga to inform him that he would be coming over that evening, as he had been doing regularly.

When they arrived home, Konoha went to his room immediately and slammed the door shut. Everyone else wanted to ask what was going on and whether they should talk to him, but Suga spoke up before any questions could be asked.

“Despite Akaashi being awake and alive, today wasn’t a good day. For none of us.” Suga then signaled Taketora to follow him for a bit so he could also inform him what had happened to Akaashi. After all, he had a right to know as well.

Not much later, Sawamura arrived and they all had dinner together. After dinner, Suga sent everyone to their rooms. The two adults did the dishes together. While they were doing so, the gray haired male informed the other about what Akaashi had told them.

Once Suga was talking, he broke into tears. “I am such a bad guardian. I should have noticed that Akaashi was struggling with something more than just my husband’s abuse!”

Daichi dropped what he was doing and embraced the other. “Don’t blame yourself.” he said softly in Suga’s ear. “It’s not your fault. You had a lot on your mind. Besides, Akaashi is good at hiding anything that is bothering him. He never showed much emotion.”

Daichi kept soothing Suga as much as he could and put the man to bed early, telling him to get some rest because he knew the other was emotionally exhausted.

Daichi then finished up the dishes by himself and crashed on the couch.

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Bokuto had stormed out of Kuroo’s place, telling the other that he didn’t want to see him for a while. He would never be able to forgive the other. But he was still his best friend and he would probably talk to him again at some point. However, now, he couldn’t look nor talk to him.

He was both angry and sad. Angry at Kuroo for what he did and sad to know that Akaashi suffered so much.

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Akaashi was tossing and turning in his hospital bed. He couldn’t seem to catch any sleep. This was probably because his mind was so busy. He was thinking about where he was now. The actions he had done to get here, and whether he regretted it or not.

He thought he would have preferred to have died. That way, he wouldn’t need to deal with all this pain any longer.

However, he was grateful he was still alive at the same time. None of the people he cared about were disgusted by him, as he had initially assumed would be the case. Konoha had made sure to make this clear to him all day long.

He was glad he got to see Konoha again. There would never be anyone he trusted as much as he trusted his best friend. He was thankful for a friend like the dirty blond.

But the oddest thing keeping the boy awake, was one of the reasons that had caused him to want to put an end to his life. He was thinking about none other than Kuroo Tetsurou.
Yes, odd right? Thinking of the person that took advantage of you and caused you a lot of emotional harm would seem to be something you would like to think about as little as possible.

However, he couldn’t find himself able to keep the male out of his head. He wanted to talk to him, despite having sent him out so rudely and abruptly earlier.

What was wrong with him?

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