Carpe Diem

by captainhoothoot

Summary

Yesterday is gone.
Tomorrow has not yet come.
We have only today.
Now let us begin.

Just another ordinary day in Karasuno. As far as ‘ordinary’ goes.

As Sugawara gazed on at the sight unraveling before his very eyes, he couldn’t help but quell down the overwhelming sense of helplessness- to no avail, of course. Weaving lean fingers through his hair, he tugged on the grey strands, mortification getting the better out of him. What had he done to deserve this? Why did he have to put up with this- this whole load of baloney? Gods. The poor man felt dampness pooling in his eyes before the urge to just opt for a transfer form- away from this madhouse, came to light. Salvation!

AKA: Sugawara wants out of this madhouse called Karasuno. Kageyama and Hinata are idiots. Tsukishima is a snarky brat. Yamaguchi is a devil residing in an angel. Asahi is... Asahi. Nishinoya and Tanaka are impossible. Ennoshita- upcoming Team Mom. Daichi...
Someone Sugawara could be very gay for.

AKA: Save Sugawara Koushi 2k18

Notes

I chanced upon some Haikyuu fan art done by @rhymewithrachel on Instagram, choked on milk (Kageyama would be so disappointed) and I knew I had to write something about it. I just had to.

This story revolves around Karasuno and multiple pairings! I wrote this in an hour- an attempt to write crack in a different style.

Do let me know what you guys think of it! Thank you for taking the time to read this!

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*Now let us begin.*

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As Sugawara gazed on at the sight unraveling before his very eyes, he couldn’t help but quell down the overwhelming sense of helplessness- to no avail, of course. Weaving lean fingers through his hair, he tugged on the grey strands, mortification getting the better out of him. What had he done to deserve this? Why did he have to put up with this- this whole load of baloney? Gods. The poor man felt dampness pooling in his eyes before the urge to just opt for a transfer form- away from this madhouse, came to light. Salvation!

It started from a fine day. A fine day indeed, initially. But Sugawara, an intellect, knew better. Good days never came to last in this madhouse. Not when you had people like Tanaka, Nishinoya and- for the love of God, why was he stuck here; the list went on! The struggles of a- what did these uncivilized people here call him? Team mom. *Right.* The struggles of a team mom. The setter fought back a tear.

There were no good days in Karasuno. None. Better days if he was lucky. Not that Lady Luck ever seemed to be on his side for that matter. This resulted in bad days. Bad days become an established
occurrence in Karasuno. ‘A social norm’, Sugawara remembered telling Yaku miserably. Yaku, merely placed a hand on his shoulder. The look in his eyes then, reflected pity, but more so, understanding. Sugawara, a man of sheer strength, finally allowed himself to crumble and shed a tear. A single tear, for the uncivilized, deserved no more than a tear from him. No more.

It could’ve been a better day, on this fine occasion. A practice match among themselves. No biggie. Now if it weren’t for the two most troublesome children in the household holding an actual conversation intellects held, in the midst of warm up- Correction. If it weren’t for the two most troublesome children in the household attempting to hold a conversation intellects held, in the midst of warm up. A civil talk- an attempt. Sugawara thought the world had come to an end. Watching Daichi from the corner of his eyes, he knew the latter had the same thoughts.

Kageyama and Hinata, the formidable duo who were always- always, getting on each other’s nerves, hurling insults and whatnot to one another. Had pigs started falling from the sky? How the hell were the two of them making a conversation intellects had?

“Suga. Fuck me if I’m making this up in the head,” Daichi murmured silently, shifting his gaze from the duo, back to Sugawara who gaped at him dumbly.

Did Sawamura Daichi just asked him fuck him? Gods. Pigs were falling from the sky without a doubt. Adverting his gaze away, Sugawara looked back the duo, shoving the giddy happiness down his throat. Could Daichi possibly like him? Clearing his throat, he mumbled under his breath quietly. Not as silently as he had hoped, unfortunately.

“I’d rather you fuck me, Daichi. “

Someone choked and spluttered. It was Daichi and-

Heads began to turn. Sugawara panicked. Asahi was the first to yelp in response to the captain’s fall, crumbling onto his knees with a cry- ‘Daichi!’. Nishinoya, seeing his knight in shining armor shatter before his eyes, screamed, sprinting forward towards Asahi with a battle cry. Tanaka’s yell echoed throughout the gym. Tsukishima, the snarky brat, snickered in mock disdain and Yamaguchi- the devil behind an angelic nature, followed suit.

Sugawara stifled a broken cry. Why was he still in this madhouse? Standing to his feet, he was all prepared to leave and get away from this mess when-

“IT’S LIKE WHATEVER… CINCO DE MAYO-”

Sugawara sucked in a breath. Halted in his steps. The whole world seemed to revolve around him. Daichi gripped his wrist desperately. Held onto him with the last bit of strength he could muster. Sugawara’s vision blurred.
“Daichi-“

The captain shook his head, pointing weakly to a bottle of water. Sugawara grabbed it and prayed that either Kageyama or Hinata would shut up. Not now. Please. Not when the captain was still down. As Sugawara gazed on at the sight unraveling before his very eyes, he couldn’t help but quell down the overwhelming sense of helplessness when Daichi, of all possible intellectuals, choked on his water.

An idiot. Why was he surrounded by idiots? Hold up- was Daichi someone who just like to choke?

A distressed scream.

‘Not today gay thoughts. There was no way Daichi would ever choke on his-‘

Weaving lean fingers through his hair, Sugawara tugged on the grey strands, mortification getting the better out of him. What had he done to deserve this? Why did he have to put up with this- this whole load of baloney? Why couldn’t he shut up and- Gods. Was he gay for Daichi?

The poor man felt dampness pool in his eyes before the urge to just opt for a transfer form- away from this madhouse, came to light.

“Kageyama, what do you think?”

Kageyama stared at Hinata quizzically, “About?”

“Ah. Kageyama, you didn’t hear what I said earlier? You won’t know this then! Cinco de mayo. That means seize the day, right?”

Horror. Sugawara wanted to die. He was appalled. Shocked. Stupefied. Where was the transfer form? (Daichi turned blue.)

“Please get Daichi some help!” Sugawara cried aloud, kneeling to cradle his captain.

Nishinoya rose. Slapping Daichi on the back, Daichi coughed, lying weakly in Sugawara’s arms. Staring down at the dying man in his embrace, Sugawara started to cry, imploring every living God to have mercy.

“Daichi- please don’t leave me. I- I love you.”

Daichi, being a good man he was, smiled faintly, “I won’t, Koushi. I..I love you too.”
Sugawara sobbed harder, (Asahi sobbed the hardest) praying that Kageyama would not refute. Not when Daichi, the captain he was possibly gay for and had just confessed to, had just recovered.

The little shit did.

Kageyama blinked. Arms akimbo, he huffed, glaring at Hinata.

“What the hell, Hinata. You’re stupid.”

Hinata raised an eyebrow, scrunching his nose in disdain, “I am not stupid, ‘Yama!”

“It’s Cirque Du Soleil.”

Hinata blinked.

The gym fell silent.

“Oh. You’re right.” Hinata scratched his head.

Sugawara gazed at the look of disbelief following death, on Daichi’s face. It mirrored the stupefied expression he wore. At least the captain seemed to understand his predicament of being stuck in this madhouse. Maybe they could leave together. Get transfer forms. Elope.

“Sugawara, will you go on a date with me if I didn’t hear that wrongly? Cirque.. Cirque Du Soleil? Let me take you on a date before we… You know?” Daichi croaked.

Sugawara inhaled sharply, “Y-Yeah. Let’s go on a date and never come back.”

It was Tsukishima who broke the silence with his laughter.

“It’s Carpe Diem you imbeciles! Cirque Du Soleil? Cinco de mayo? PFFT.”
Snorts followed. Ennoshita’s resigned groan reached Sugawara. Oh. There stood a beacon of hope! Salvation! There stood a civilized being he could relate to. Perhaps he could pass the title of ‘Team Mom’ to this trustworthy being- he seemed to be set apart from the others. That was what Sugawara thought, until he saw Tanaka nudge the former, with a gentle look in his eyes. Ennoshita sighed but relented. Tanaka interwined their hands together. Were they-

“Seize the day. Carpe Diem. Tsukishima learnt Latin!” Yamaguchi chirped.

“Shut up, Yamaguchi.” Tsukishima grumbled, a faint blush tinting his cheeks.

“Sorry, Tsuki.”

Yamaguchi apologized with a glint in his eye. Tsukishima groaned. Sugawara gasped. Were they-

“How had he-

Sure. Sugawara had known about Asahi and Nishinoya. The others though-

“How had he-

Sure. Sugawara had known about Asahi and Nishinoya. The others though-

“How had he-

Sugawara supposed that there was no need for him to care so much anymore. Not when he had a
relationship of his own to deal with.

Yesterday is gone.

Tomorrow has not yet come.

We have only today.

Now let us begin.

On an ordinary day like this, as far as how ‘ordinary’ goes in Karasuno, Sugawara Koushi found love, in the madhouse.

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