Yours to Keep

by dudeandduchess

Summary

It's been years and Daichi’s half sister is back to the countryside after being expelled from her school. There, she meets Sugawara—who still harbors unrequited feelings for his childhood friend—and they hit it off as friends. She's never been interested in having a serious relationship, and he wants to get over his one-sided love, so they agree on being friends with benefits.

They thought nothing could go wrong—a clean cut when they got tired of the other—but they couldn't have been more wrong.
Aaahhhh, hello, hello. This is my new WIP. I'm so excited for this because I finally thought of a plot that didn't have an already-established relationship. Though, does being Daichi's half sister count as that?
Ah, oh well.
I hope you guys enjoy this. <3
Also, I'll add more tags as we go.

Snitches get stitches, Sawamura. Remember that.

She knew she could have taken them on— that she could have knocked all of them out and emerged victorious in their distasteful show of power, but she couldn’t… wouldn’t. She didn’t want to let them win by giving in to her fight instinct; yet, in the end, they still won.

They had the school officials throw her out like she hadn’t put their name on the goddamn map; like she hadn’t worked so hard to bring glory not only to herself, but to that gods-forsaken school as well. She had given them everything they wanted from her, and they repaid her by letting a few paltry rumors, which were started by people that she had no intention of ever coming into contact with, spread to bring her down.

She was simply at the wrong place, at the wrong time; it wasn’t even her who had told the police about the things she had seen transpire that night. She couldn’t care less about their stupid drug deals, yet she was still pinned with all the blame— fucking delinquents didn’t even know that they had a snitch within their midst.

That was the ‘big, bad city’, as they all say— and she was the unfortunate one to have been chewed up and spit out by the trepid system.

(Y/n) had no other option but to let it all go, though; her life would go on, just not in Tokyo anymore, but back to Miyagi— the place that she had called home ever since her mother died.

“Okaa-san, I’m going out now.” (Y/n) called aloud as she stood by the front door. “I left Yua in the backyard.”

Sawamura Chie poked her head around the corner that led to the kitchen and smiled at her daughter; (Y/n) wasn’t completely hers, but the result from her husband’s brief affair— yet, she still loved the girl as her own and wholeheartedly took her in. Chie’s reasoning was that it wasn’t (Y/n)’s fault that she came from another woman in the first place; besides, she needed a mother to guide her. “Okay, I’ll let her in later. Do you have enough money for the bus?”

Smiling back at the only woman that she’d come to know as her mother, (Y/n) answered, “Yes. I better get going now so I can surprise nii-chan.”

“Don’t nettle your brother too much, you know how he gets,” Chie winked at her daughter, and both of them laughed at that. It wasn’t a secret how scary Daichi could get when he was in a bad mood—
even at home.

“I won’t. I’ll be back later, okaa-san.” With that, (Y/n) sent Chie a wave before exiting the house—stumbling a bit with the geta on her feet. She didn’t really like wearing dresses, let alone kimonos or yukata, but to see the shock on her brother’s face she was willing to endure wearing it. She loved pulling his strings, and made a hobby of it whenever she went home during winter breaks—since she used to live with their father in Tokyo before she got expelled from school.

She had never commented about her parents’ weird marriage, but it didn’t mean that she never thought about it. It was just weird to her that her surrogate mother still stayed with her father even though he had an affair—hell, she was the evidence of his discrepancy—and that she had accepted her into her small family.

Not once had Chie ever made her feel like she didn’t belong or that she was the bastard child that she truly was, yet there was still a part of her that knew she could never truly belong so, even though she loved Chie like a real mother, she moved to Tokyo with her father when he got promoted at his job five years ago. She told them that it would broaden her horizons because there would be more schools in Tokyo that were open to accepting a female Muay Thai fighter to represent them.

And so, she had spent the past five years of her life—since middle school—being trained under some of the best coaches in Japan, and even flying out to Thailand to attend month-long training camps. It was a violent sport that tended to raise eyebrows whenever she mentioned it—even to her own family who was against it at first when she told them she wanted to try it out at a nearby gym when she was ten.

They still didn’t agree with her choice to continue pursuing the sport, yet they never failed to support her.

A small smile tugged at her lips when she passed by the old boxing gym that was a few blocks away from her house, and mentally made plans to drop by later so that she could arrange for someone to train her—since she doubted that there was someone at Karasuno that was willing to be her coach.

She had so many things to do to get acclimated into her old life, yet so little time to do them all. It really was troublesome to have been expelled.

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A very uncomfortable bus ride later—not only because she wanted to pull the yukata off of her body, but also because everyone kept sending her weird looks on the bus. She knew that it was inappropriate to sit with her legs parted but, in her defense, she was wearing shorts as well as a t-shirt beneath her yukata. Besides, she didn’t care what they thought—she wasn’t going to make herself uncomfortable by forcing her legs closed and sitting upright for ten minutes.

“Oh, all this effort for the shock value,” she muttered under her breath as she got off at the stop for Karasuno. She had to memorize this path to school, because she was going to be using it incessantly by Monday.

The trail in front of her made her shake her head. It wasn’t the uphill trek itself that she found distasteful, but the fact that she had to do it with the geta. Half of her brain was telling her to just take the sandals off, but the other half couldn’t be bothered to get her feet dirty—so she sucked it up and
started her uphill battle.

Various students looked at her as she practically power-walked up the sidewalk, yet she paid them no mind. They didn’t know her, she didn’t know them, so their opinions didn’t matter.

Once she made it to the school gates, though, she was ready to whip off the sandals and chuck it at the next person to give her a funny look. Did these people not regularly see girls wearing *yukata* during festivals? Jeez.

Feeling eyes on the back of her head, her gaze snapped towards the direction that it was coming from, and she narrowed her eyes at a gangly-looking boy— probably a first year. “What’cha looking at, ha?”

Almost immediately, the boy shook his head and dashed away in fear— which made her click her tongue in irritation as she smoothed down her clothes as best as she could. She also took the time to readjust the matching bag holding her phone, that was dangling from her right wrist, before making her way towards where Daichi had shown her the second gym was.

It had been almost two years since he gave her a tour of his high school, but it still looked the same. Thankfully.

Not even ten minutes later, she found where the second gym was and heard people inside— shoes squeaking against the hardwood floors, faint yells of ’nice kill’ and ’left’ reaching her ears. Plastering the sweetest smile she could muster on to her face, she held her head high and walked towards the metal sliding doors.

A few people looked at her before doing a double take. Instantaneously, the gym had become so silent that one could hear a pin drop to the floor. All eyes were on her as she looked for her brother. Once she found him, the sweet smile on her face morphed into a triumphant grin because he looked like she had sprouted seven more heads while she was away.

To say that Daichi was shocked to see his sister was an understatement— but to see her *wearing a pink yukata and looking all graceful and extremely feminine* threw him further into a loop. “(Y/n)? What… exactly?” He muttered under his breath as he stared at his normally crass sister.

“Ossu.” She raised her left hand in a semi-wave, which had Daichi face-palming. She was so carefree to the point that she didn’t care about decorum anymore. “I came here for Daichi *nii-chan*.”

All eyes zeroed in on him and he chuckled as he lowered his hand from his face. “You didn’t even tell me that you were coming here today.”

(Y/n) shrugged as she grinned at her brother, who was making his way towards her. When he reached her, he slung an arm around her shoulder and pressed a kiss to the side of her head. She shook her head at the familiar show of affection before swatting his chest with the back of her hand. Daichi flinched at the force of it, but didn’t get mad because he knew that his sister was stronger than most girls— most guys even. “What fun would that be, right? Aren’t you going to introduce me to your team?”

“All eyes, this is my sister (Y/n). She’ll be starting school here on Monday-”

She rolled her eyes at Daichi’s too formal introduction before cutting him off— which made everyone’s eyes widen as they anticipated their captain’s notorious wrath. “Sawamura (Y/n), third year from Tokyo. I’m his half-sister. So, hello, I’m the basta-”
Everyone in the gym seemed to take a collective breath when Daichi removed his arm from around the raven-haired girl next to him, in lieu of pinching her ear— which made her howl with pain. “(Y/n).”

“Fine, I was just trying to be funny.” She pouted before turning back to their audience. “I’ll be in your care.”

The captain could tell that everyone had so many questions— it was all so obvious with the way their eyes studied his sister a little too intently— so he clapped his hands together to get their attention, before telling them to resume training. Reluctantly, everyone followed his order, while he turned back to (Y/n).

“Not even a text, (Y/n)? Seriously? What if you got lost?” He fuzzed over her, making her reach a hand out and pat his shoulder reassuringly. “What if you got mugged?”

“I think you’re forgetting something, nii-chan.” She grinned. “I can mug the mugger.”

“Not funny. Get in here and sit down by the stage.”

(Y/n) pouted once more but heeded her brother’s order; taking off the sandals on her feet and following her brother towards the stage. “Can you help me untie my obi?”

“What?!”

“I’m wearing clothes underneath, nii-chan. Relax.” She waved his initial reaction off, and turned around so that he could do as she had asked. With a shake of his head, Daichi undid his sister’s obi and folded it neatly before handing it to her. She accepted it gratefully before facing her brother again. “I’ll just be here until it’s time to go, so go and train with your team— I’m sure they’re dying to ask questions.”

“Alright, if you need anything, just call me over.” After receiving a nod from (Y/n), Daichi jogged back towards his team mates and joined in the foray once more.

Without a care in the world, (Y/n) slipped the yukata off her shoulders and ignored all the curious eyes that were trained on her, before hoisting herself up on the raised platform and folding the garment neatly. She took the bag tied around her wrist and set it down on top of her other things, then focused on watching her brother’s team play.

She didn’t know much about volleyball, but she could see that they were good— especially their first year duo. Maybe this was the year that Daichi’s dream to take the team to nationals would come into fruition; she was excited for him.

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Throughout their practice, (Y/n) had kept receiving curious glances from everyone on the team, and she would return those with a smile and a wave— but all of them would hurriedly avert their gaze from her like skittish little creatures. It was funny in an adorable way.

She felt eyes on her again, and she followed her gut feeling to where she assumed the source was. Lo and behold, someone was looking at her again— this time, it was the grey-haired fellow that had been giving pep talks left and right to everyone on the team. Instead of smiling and waving, she
playfully made a silly face at him—which had him bursting out into laughter.

Seeming to take that as an invitation to go over to her, he crossed the short distance between them and stood a few feet away from her. “Sorry, I guess you’re getting tired of all the stares. Everyone’s just so curious about Daichi’s sister.”

“It’s no problem. I get that everyone wants to know who I am—why wouldn’t they? I’m me,” she joked, before hopping down from her seat so that she stood before him. “That was a joke, in case you start thinking that I’m conceited.”

“You’re funny,” the grey-haired boy chuckled, then put a hand on his hip as he adopted a more casual stance. “I’m Sugawara Kōshi. Nice to meet you.”

“Sawamura (Y/n), but you can just call me (Y/n), since having two Sawamura-sans will be confusing.” She held a hand out and Sugawara accepted it with a firm grip. He noticed that her hand was soft but still had a few rough spots—and he wanted to ask her about it, but didn’t want to be rude.

Until she answered it by herself after seeing the curiosity flickering on his face. “I do Muay Thai, that’s why my hand’s like this.” She pulled her right hand away and raised it up before wiggling her fingers.

“Really? How long have you been doing the sport?” Sugawara asked, clearly impressed at meeting someone who did a sport that wasn’t exactly for everyone.

“A few years now, I started when I was ten—nii-chan was so against it at first, it’s funny when I remember his face when I told him that I wanted to train for it.” (Y/n) chuckled at the memory and placed her hands in her shorts’ pockets. She was about to say more, but her brother had called his team mates for a huddle—which had Sugawara looking over to where everyone was gathering.

“I better go. Let’s talk more later,” he bid with a smile before jogging towards his team.

She had to admit that he was cute with that hair, those hazel brown eyes, and that beauty mark beneath his left eye…but he really wasn’t her type.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo... how was it?? Good, bad? I know it's been an overused plot, but there's just something about it that makes me want to write about it and then turn it around with angst.

Comments are very nice and will be very much appreciated. <3
“Oh dear, it’s cold,” (Y/n) rubbed her arms frantically as she stepped out into the cold night air. She was tempted to ask her brother to give her back her *yukata* from his bag, but resisted the urge to do so because she knew that it wouldn’t do anything with how light it was.

Daichi was about to take his jacket off so that he could give it to his sister when she frantically waved her hands in protest. “No, thank you. You already sweated into that jacket and just… I love you, *nii-chan*, but no.”

“I don’t have my sweatshirt with me, so you’ll have to endure it— or freeze, whichever works for you.” The older of the Sawamura siblings answered smugly, and was about to unzip his jacket once more when Sugawara cut it.

“Here, I didn’t get to wear it today— so it doesn’t have any sweat on it,” the setter chuckled, pulling his cream sweatshirt from his bag and handing it over to (Y/n). She hesitated for a second before grabbing the thick shirt and slipping it over her head when a particularly strong gust of wind chilled her to the bone. It was a bit long on her, but it fit perfectly since she had almost the same body type as Sugawara— had she worn her brother’s jacket, it would have been like she was wearing an oversized sack.

“Thanks, Sugawara-*kun,*” (Y/n) thanked sincerely as she stood behind her brother, who was locking the doors to the gym. “As thanks, I’ll treat you to steamed pork buns.”

“Get three for me,” Daichi said with a laugh as he joined the pair.

“Fine, fine.” (Y/n) grumbled and started walking in between her brother and Sugawara. The rest of the team had already gone home, which was a bummer because she didn’t even get to talk to them. She would give them some time to get used to her presence before she subjected them to her company.

“*Ne,* Daichi, if you two don’t mind me asking, why didn’t I ever meet (Y/n)-chan? She lived in Tokyo and all but…” he trailed off, looking back and forth between the siblings who simultaneously turned their heads to look at him— they had the same black hair and eye color, but other than those two traits, nothing else was similar. “Didn’t you ever come home?”

(Y/n) rubbed her chin in thought, before turning to her brother, then back to Suga. “I think it’s because I only came home for winter break. For all the other breaks, I was usually in Thailand for a training camp.”

“I tried to get her to hang out with us more than once, but she always wanted to spend the day with Yua,” Daichi chuckled, lifting a hand up and using it to ruffle his sister’s hair— which earned a loud cry of protest from her.

“Yua’s your dog, right? The small one that likes socks?” The setter confirmed, and both siblings nodded enthusiastically.

“You can’t blame me for wanting to catch up with Yua; I’m gone for the rest of the year except those two weeks— leave me be, *nii-chan.*”

The older of the siblings just shook his head and rolled his eyes. “Maybe this year you’ll actually hang out with people instead of just Yua. I always go with Suga and Asahi to the hot springs in winter— just to let you know months beforehand, so that you won’t give me the excuse that I should...”
have told you earlier.”

“That’s so petty, Daichi,” Suga teased his captain.

“He’s always been so petty. Always.” (Y/n) answered with a roll of her eyes before stopping beside her brother when he stood idly in front of a little store. She looked the store up and down before putting the pieces together. “I’ll get the meat buns. Wait for me out here— don’t even think of leaving me.”

Uncharacteristically (at least to Suga), Daichi rolled his eyes before waving his sister off. “I wouldn’t dream of it.”

With that, the younger Sawamura sibling entered the store and closed the door behind her— but not without subtly sending her older brother the finger, which had said older brother chuckling at how immature his sister could get.

“You seemed surprised when (Y/n)-chan turned up at the gym today. Didn’t she tell you that she was coming home at all?” Suga began, genuinely curious as to how his captain’s brother-sister dynamic worked. It wasn’t that he was trying to be nosy, but he was just trying to figure out what kind of person (Y/n) was; she had the ability to draw you in without really putting any effort into it— it was her bright personality that really shone through and made him want to know more about her; merely as friends, though, because he didn’t doubt that Daichi would bury him alive if he ever touched his precious sister.

“Eh, I knew that she was coming home today, but I expected her to stay at home so that she could rest. It’s been a rough few weeks for her, so…” The captain trailed off, briefly pursing his lips in contempt before levelling out his expression into a happy one. “We’re all going to be in for quite a year, though— because she’s going to be in the same class as us.”

Suga found it weird that he was happy about the fact that he was going to see (y/n) every day, but chalked it up to the excitement of meeting a new friend. He already had feelings for someone else, so it couldn’t be because he had a little crush on her. No way— he was merely curious about her. “Are you both the same age?”

“I’m a few months older since she was born on White Day.” Daichi answered with a chuckle, then proceeded to explain what he found so amusing. “She had a really tough time when we were younger, because all of her friends would give her gifts— most of them were boys— and she didn’t know which ones were confessing to her and which ones were just being friendly.”

“Ah, it’s you three— you’re on the volleyball team as well, right? Eh, hey, come on, I don’t bite. Talk to me.” (Y/n)’s voice made both Daichi and Suga look up as the door opened to reveal aforementioned girl stepping out with Kageyama, Hinata, and Tanaka trailing after her with their gazes averted from her.

“Stop terrorizing them, (Y/n),” Daichi chided gently, shaking his head when his sister dug out pork buns from the bag that she held and proceeded to unceremoniously give each boy the snack— which forced them to accept it.

“I think you may be right. It is going to be quite a year,” Suga remarked with a laugh as he observed the way that his kouhais faces turned red when (Y/n) hovered close to them.

Seeming to give up on making the younger lot talk to her, the raven-haired girl skipped down the steps and regrouped with her previous companions— holding out the bag that was half full with warm pork buns, before she smiled directly at Sugawara. “Let’s eat.”
He had to take a few seconds to regroup his thoughts, because her smile was just that disarming. That didn’t mean that he had a crush on her, though—not at all.

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“Where’s okaa-san?” Daichi asked groggily as he walked into the kitchen—rubbing the sleep out of his eyes and trying to look for his mother.

“She’s gone for the day, remember? She had to take care of something at the shop,” (Y/n) answered matter-of-factly as she set a bowl of oyakodon and another bowl with miso soup on the table. “Eat, nii-chan, I’m just finishing up your bento. I made a lot, so you can share with Sugawara-kun and whoever you eat with during lunch.”

“Ah, thanks, (Y/n). Aren’t you going to eat breakfast, though?”

The younger of the two shook her head. “I’ll eat later. I don’t feel like eating when I cook the food.”

Her brother nodded in understanding, then sat down at the table and muttered a quiet ‘itadakimasu’, before proceeding to dig in. “Are you going anywhere today?”

“I might go to the gym later and sign up to train there. I’m not planning on doing anything mischievous today, so don’t worry,” (Y/n) grinned, then almost jumped out of her skin when she felt Yua’s cold and wet nose rub against her ankle. “Aiya, Yua. You try’na give me a heart attack or something?”

“She probably wants some of what you’re making.” Daichi plied, then tapped his thigh so that the tiny dog would walk over to him. When Yua was sitting at his feet, he picked up a small chunk of chicken from his bowl and fed it to her with his fingers. She happily munched on the chicken and waited for more—which had Daichi alternating between feeding himself and handing her small bits of chicken.

“You spoil her too much,” (Y/n) whined as she wrapped two layers of bento boxes in a light pink furoshiki.

Daichi rolled his eyes at that. “And you don’t? You take her to a dog spa, for goodness sake.”

“Because she’s a queen. Don’t be a hater, nii-chan.”

“I’m not hating; I’m just saying.”

“Sounds like hating to me. Sugawara-kun would be shocked at how you’re hating on a precious dog.” (Y/n) teased, even going as far as to place a hand above her lips in a mocking way to show disbelief.

Her brother quirked an eyebrow at the mention of his friend’s name. He wasn’t particularly fond of the idea of any of his friends dating his sister, nor was he against it, but he preferred it if (Y/n) didn’t break any hearts at Karasuno. He knew her tendency to play around with guys because she didn’t believe in having steady relationships—not since she had dated that one guy years ago that really did a number on her.

Still, she was old enough to decide on things for herself; all he could do was be there for her to
provide a listening ear and probably a shoulder to cry on when the time came.

“Why are you giving me that look? I’m only saying his name because he was the only one in your team that actually had the guts to talk to me,” she flamboyantly waved her hands around, then plopped down on the seat beside her brother. “Besides, you know I don’t do the whole relationship thing. It’s too much effort.”

“I didn’t even say anything.”

That had (Y/n) reeling back and tugging at her hair in frustration. One look from her brother and she cracked like an egg. Most people feared her because of her intimidating demeanor, but a mere quirk of an eyebrow from her brother had her spilling— it was pathetic, really. “Whatever. Just put the bowls in the sink when you’re done. Come, Yua, let’s go.”

With that, she pushed away from the table and stomped out of the room— with her tiny shih tzu trailing after her. “

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It wasn’t until hours later that (Y/n) found herself standing outside the gym that had started her passion for Muay Thai all those years ago. Upon closer inspection, the seemingly-crowded gym was devoid of any human presence— it only looked full because of all the equipment and the boxing ring at the very middle of the area.

She entered the doorway, and purposely rang the bell that was attached to the red door that was propped open with a wooden chair. It was stuffy inside the gym, but she felt like she was coming home after such a long time away; some things still looked the same, like where the weights were, where the speed bags were hung up, and where the double-ended leather bags were set up— while other things like the punching bags and the wall-mounted heavy bags were switched around.

“Long time no see, kid.” Her head swiveled to the side, where the familiar voice came from, and she grinned once her eyes connected with her old coach’s. “I heard you gave those city slickers a run for their money.”

“They didn’t have a good foundation, Takahashi-sensei.” She walked over to where the taller man stood— his hair was still dyed blond like it had always been, and his eyes were still blue as the sky; yet, he looked older than his 30 years. “I know it’s been years, but I was wondering if you were in the market for any returning students?”

“You don’t even have to ask, kid. Come back this afternoon and we can pick up where you left off.”
A 5k run, 2 sets of agility and sprinting drills, 4 rounds for each of the bags, and 2 sets of shadow boxing drills later, (Y/n) found herself getting thoroughly beat up in her last round on the pads with Takahashi-sensei. There was a bruise slowly starting to bloom on her right shoulder from when she missed a block and her coach had managed to hit her; it wasn’t anything new, so she paid no mind to it, even though she knew that she was going to have a rough couple of days with it.

No words were said between herself and her mentor, only the quick placement of pads to where he wanted her to hit, and the loud smacks of either her skin or her gloves hitting the firm pads echoed in the room—her breath was starting to get heavy, and her punches were getting weaker, but she shook it off as she landed a rather hard knee-jab on the belt around her sensei.

The buzzer signaling the end of her eighth round rang, and she hit her gloved hands down against her sensei's waiting pads, before throwing them back up in a pseudo-high five. “You have one minute before we start muscle conditioning.”

“Ugh, I really hate this part,” (Y/n) whined halfheartedly as she stepped out of the ring and waited for Takahashi to undo the Velcro on her gloves before she took them off and tossed them to the ground.

“Tough. You have to do it” The older man laughed as he walked over to one of the benches and sat down. “But your punches and kicks have gotten stronger—so I’ll have mercy on you today. You’re only going to do two sets of three conditioning exercises, and then we’ll stretch and call it a day.”

After what felt like an eternity later, (Y/n) emerged from the locker room with clothes identical to the ones that she had worn to the gym: a grey sports bra and a pair of black nylon shorts, topped off with a white, drop armhole muscle shirt. The regular combination such of clothes had initially made her feel insecure what with all the stares she garnered, until she had just stopped caring about what others thought altogether—her body always felt like a furnace after she trained, and that was her solution to cooling herself off.

Everyone could just suck it. (Y/n) chuckled at the thought as she adjusted her duffle bag on her shoulder and made her way out of the gym, but not before raising a hand up in a casual wave and smiling at her coach. “Thank you for today, sensei. Ja ne.”

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“Tadaima.” (Y/n) called aloud as she closed the front door behind her. She dropped her bag on the floor and stepped out of her flip flops, before fanning herself with her damp shirt. The cool air in the house felt so good on her heated skin, and she whipped off her shirt to further cool herself down.

She used the shirt to wipe some of her sweat away, then slung it over her left shoulder so that she could pick her bag up and take it to the laundry room so she could let her things dry.

“Nii-chan?” The raven-haired girl called out again, peering into the kitchen to see if her brother was
home—to no avail—so she padded further into the house and poked her head into the living room. “Oh, hey, Sugawara-kun.”

The grey-haired setter looked up from what he was writing down, and pulled the earbuds from his ears as he looked her up and down from his place on the floor. “(Y- Y- Y/n)?” His face was so red that it looked like a tomato, which had the aforementioned girl giggling.

“Are you doing homework?” She asked casually, placing her bag against the wall before she stepped further into the room and hovered a few feet away from Suga. “Ah, I guess I should borrow notes so I can start copying them. Can I borrow yours? Nii-chan’s handwriting isn’t exactly the neatest out there, and I’d rather not spend an hour just trying to read one sentence.”

“Yeah, sure,” Suga answered, so flustered with her state of dress—or undress, whichever was more appropriate. One word he could use to describe her body was fit; because it was just that—she wasn’t overly muscled nor skinny, in fact, she leaned more towards a healthily toned body rather than one with overly developed muscles for someone in her sport. She was very attractive, to say the least.

However, what held his attention the most was the giant bruise on her right shoulder, as well as the smaller bruises dotted along her body—they were few, but they contrasted starkly against her skin, which gave the impression that they were worse than they looked. “Thanks, Sugawara-kun. You should stay for dinner; I might order some pizza or Chinese food—whichever you guys want.”

“Uh, okay, yeah… thanks, (Y/n)-chan.” The setter stammered out, his eyes never leaving the purple mark on the girl’s shoulder. It looked really painful, yet she was still standing there and waving her hands so animatedly as if it was no big deal. “Are you alright, though? That looks really painful.”

(Y/n)’s eyebrows raised in confusion before she looked down at where Sugawara was staring—then surprised him by laughing and waving it off. “It’s fine, I just missed a counter-attack and Takahashi-sensei hit my shoulder. I’ve had worse.”

To further prove her point, she made a show of rotating her shoulder—only to freeze when she felt a nerve get pinched. Immediately, her left hand flew up to her shoulder and pressed her fingertips to the throbbing area. Before she could stop him, Suga was already on his feet and was reaching out to touch her shoulder—he pushed her fingers aside and started applying sweet pressure to her shoulder muscles, which made her melt like butter beneath his hand.

He seemed to realize what he had done and was about to pull his hand away when (Y/n) encircled his wrist with her right hand—effectively holding his hand where it was. “No, please, keep going. It feels nice.” Her words made him want to dunk his head in cold water, but he tamped down the urge and took a deep breath to center himself—he was merely going to massage her shoulder like she was one of his team mates. Nothing more, nothing less.

When he didn’t show any signs of pulling away, (Y/n) lifted his hand up and used that as an opportunity to twirl around as if they were dancing, so that her back was facing him. She laughed at her clumsy footing, and stood with her feet apart as she placed his hand back on her shoulder.

Slowly—hesitantly—Suga started kneading her tight muscles with light pressure, until his thumb came across a particularly tight knot. He pressed harder against the knot and a moan escaped (Y/n)’s lips.

It was as if he was doused with hot water and ice water at the same time, and he jerked his hand back as he clenched the same hand that held her in a fist. His face felt like it was on fire again, so he looked down at his feet to hide it from (Y/n) even though she wasn’t looking at him. Something was
seriously wrong with him because he couldn’t be having such inappropriate thoughts about his friend’s sister.

“Sugawara-kun, are y-”

She couldn’t continue her question because Daichi had entered the room with a small stack of books in his hands. It was obvious to him that something had transpired between the two and, even though his brotherly instinct was telling him to find out what exactly occurred, he ignored the awkward vibes coming from Suga and focused on his sister—who seemed oblivious to the setter’s feelings.

“What are you wearing? Go get dressed, (Y/n).” He scolded his sister, who only made a face at him before making her way towards her bag.

“Thanks for the massage, Sugawara-kun,” she threw over her shoulder, grinning all the while. “Ah, before I forget, what do you guys want for dinner? Pizza or Chinese? Maybe I can whip something up?”

“Go.” Daichi pointed at the door, an irritated expression crossing his face that had (Y/n) reeling back and following her brother’s orders without any further protest. When his sister was out of the living room, he turned to Sugawara and shot him a sheepish smile. “Sorry about her. She tends to forget that not everyone is used to seeing her walking around in her training clothes.”

Idly, Suga shook his head and forced a small smile onto his lips—even as his brain tried to comprehend what exactly had just happened. “It’s really no problem, Daichi.”

But it really was, because he was finding himself to be more and more attracted to her.

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“Yua, come here,” (Y/n) called out enthusiastically as she finger-brushed her damp hair while walking down to the kitchen. She felt so much better after a quick soak in cold water, like her muscles seized up before melting under her skin—much like how Sugawara’s fingers felt when they kneaded her shoulder.

A wry smile tugged at the corners of her lips as she pushed the thought out of her mind. She didn’t do gushing or petty schoolgirl crushes—not anymore. They were pointless, and very insignificant anyway, compared to a healthy (strictly) physical relationship; there were no needless frills and unneeded emotions required to make it work, which she found was better suited for her.

She was simply admiring his nimble fingers—nothing more. Maybe he was going to pursue a career under sports medicine, who knew; he really seemed like the nurturing type, so that career path was perfect for him.

Halfway down the stairs, she stopped and looked around for her dog—only to find that Yua was standing by the stair landing with her tail wagging happily behind her. A cross between a laugh and a snort escaped (Y/n)’s lips as she jogged back up the stairs and scooped her dog up in her arms, tucking Yua’s tiny body into the crook of her arm like a ball before traipsing down the stairs once more.

“What do you want to eat for dinner, Yua? Are you in the mood for pizza, because I am.” (Y/n) cooed to her dog, as she used her left hand to scratch behind the dog’s ears. “Maybe we can have
both pizza and a bowl of katsudon? I’m so hungry, really, I could eat a whole cow.”

Once in the kitchen, she set Yua down on the floor and the dog laid down on the cool floor—belly up and all four paws up in the air. “Ah, you’re going to sleep again? So lazy, Yua.”

(Y/n) reached out for the wireless phone on the counter and carried it all the way to the living room, where she proceeded to plop down on the armchair adjacent to Sugawara—lifting her legs up and letting them drape across one of the arm rests as she got comfortable. She looked down at the pair working on their homework, playfully giving him a wink when she saw that Suga had looked up at her.

He only averted his gaze and resumed working on whatever it was that he was doing.

“I already ordered pizza— the meat lovers option, right?” Daichi piped up, his eyes not leaving what he was writing down as he regarded his sister.

“Ooh, thanks, nii-chan,” she beamed and let the phone rest on her stomach. “I was also thinking of making some katsudon. I know you’re also going to want some of that, but what about you, Sugawara-kun?”

Seemingly shaken from his reverie, Suga looked up and laughed sheepishly at Daichi’s sister. “Eh, I don’t think I can eat both pizza and a rice meal.”

“But you’re not obligated to eat the pizza if you don’t want to—nii-chan can finish a whole pizza by himself anyway,” she teased her brother, who only shook his head in response. “Or you can eat both if you want. We won’t judge. Besides, loads of people have told me that I make amazing katsudon.”

“Well…” Suga trailed off, seeming to think about it for a few seconds before nodding his assent. “Okay. Now I’m curious.”

Chapter End Notes

How are you guys liking this so far?
Please tell me what you think. <3
Before (Y/n) could realize it, it was already Monday and she was excited to actually meet new friends this year. She doubted that it would be that easy to make friends with people who have been together for years, but she had to try— because she would be damned if she always tagged along with her brother and his friends.

“You know you don’t have to wear the whole uniform every day, right?” Daichi commented as he walked beside his sibling up the road leading to Karasuno.

She turned to him and grinned. “I know, but I want to make a good first impression.”

“Why do I think that your complete uniform won’t matter when you open your mouth later?” He muttered under his breath and balked when (Y/n) brought her fist down on his arm. Instantaneously, he rubbed at the sore spot as he laughed at her— she really was so easy to rile up.

“Urusai, nii-chan! The least you could do is be supportive.”

“I am. But I’m just saying that you tend to be on the more… abrasive side, so everyone will probably be intimidated at first.”

“I know that, too.” She sighed in defeat. “But I can’t pretend to be quiet and gentle— that would be so underhanded. Say, do you have any bullies in your class?”

Daichi shook his head. “None that I know of. I don’t really keep up with any gossip.”

“You’re such a stick in the mud, nii-chan. I’ll try and keep you in the loop, okay?”

With a loud laugh, Daichi wrapped an arm around his sister’s shoulders and ruffled her hair— which earned him a loud and mildly violent protest as they continued the trek up to school.

Once they had changed into their hallway slippers and made their way up to their homeroom, Daichi offered his chair to his sister while he sat down on the table— ignoring the curious glances that his classmates were giving him because he didn’t want to keep repeating his explanation on who (Y/n) was.

“Oh, hi, Sugawara-kun,” (Y/n) greeted enthusiastically as she jumped from her seat and walked over to where the grey-haired setter was just entering.

Suga smiled back at her, silently admiring the way that her neatly pressed uniform clung to her body — compared to his own that was a bit rumpled and left open at the collar. Her hair was also tied up in a high ponytail, with her bangs framing her face nicely; she looked really pretty, if he was being honest with himself.

“Hey, (Y/n)-chan. How was your weekend?”

She shrugged, then flicked her right hand—which elicited a quiet popping sound. “Tiring, but that’s training for you. What about you? Nii-chan told me that you guys had a game with Aoba Jōsai…”

“I really didn’t get to—” Suga began sheepishly but was cut off when someone announced that their adviser was coming, so everyone scrambled back to their proper seats while Daichi approached him and (Y/n).
“Come on, let’s wait for sensei outside, (Y/n).” Daichi tugged his sister along, but not after clapping his friend on the shoulder as he passed by.

With that, (Y/n) sent an apologetic smile at the setter as she exited the room with her brother; only for them to come face to face with their female homeroom teacher. “Good morning, sensei. This is my sister as well as the new transfer student— Sawamura (Y/n).”

“Oh, thank you, Sawamura-kun. My, my, it’s going to be a bit confusing with two Sawamuras in one class…” She giggled, then grinned at the two students before her. “I’m Takahashi Akane, I’ll be your adviser for this year. It’s very nice to finally meet you, Sawamura…. Uh…”

“You can call me (Y/n), sensei,” (Y/n) answered amicably. “But… Takahashi… are you related to Takahashi Ryōichi? The guy who runs the gym a few minutes away?”

“Ah, he’s my husband.” Akari-sensei answered as a fond smile crossed her lips. “How do you know him?”

“He’s my sensei. Ah, this is confusing for me, too— to have two Takahashi-senseis…” Both women looked at each other before bursting out in collective giggles. Daichi was so perturbed by that development between his sister and their teacher that he had quietly excused himself and made his way back into the room; it was obvious that (Y/n) didn’t need his help, anyway.

After agreeing to address each other by their given names, both women entered the classroom and stood up front— with Akari opening the morning with a brief spiel about a transfer student joining them.

“Thank you, sensei,” (Y/n) bowed politely to her teacher before addressing her classmates; even letting her eyes roam around in search for any interesting guys, but only found herself passing glances at Sugawara more than once. “Hey, my name’s Sawamura (Y/n), but you can call me (Y/n). I’m the other Sawamura’s sister, so there’s that. I moved back from Tokyo a few days ago, and I hope we can all be good friends. My hobbies include spending time with my dog and training for my sport, which is Muay Thai— and before anyone can ask, I have never been a yankii— though I’ve always wanted to try being one.”

Her last sentence had Daichi burying his face in both his hands, which had her mentally cackling at his embarrassment. There was nothing in this world that was more amusing than to see her brother squirming.

“So, no questions? No questions. Okay. I’ll be in your care.” She made a peace sign and held it up to her face, which made a few students smile.

With that introduction, (Y/n) made her way over to Daichi’s table and grabbed her bag from where she had left it on the floor earlier, before walking towards the only empty seat in the room that was right behind Suga’s table. It was right next to the windows, which she appreciated immensely— it only meant that she could let her mind wander on particularly boring days.

Once she sat down, the girl sitting next to her waved at her, and the girl in front of her turned back and waved at her as well. She returned their greetings with a grin and a subtle nod, before she listened to Akari-sensei explain the upcoming school activities; however, she didn’t miss the thumbs up that Sugawara was sending her over his shoulder.

She whispered a quiet ‘thanks’ before listening once more to their teacher.
Everyone seemed to want to be friends with (Y/n), to Daichi and Suga’s surprise. The boys and girls had different PE groups, but they were still in the same gym for volleyball, so they could see how most of the girls were flocking towards her and being very nice to her.

“She seems to be popular with everyone,” Suga commented with a smile as he grabbed a ball from the floor and put it back in the ball cart. They were helping their teacher manage the class since both of them were on the volleyball team.

“That’s (Y/n) for you. She’s really friendly when she wants to be, and just intimidating most of the time.”

“Kind of like you, Daichi.” The setter answered with a laugh, and Daichi shrugged.

“We’re siblings, I wouldn’t expect anything else from her.”

Suga didn’t have to ask how fond Daichi exactly was of his sister—it was obvious with the way he acted when it came to her: as if she was the person that mattered to him above everyone else. Not to mention the mixed fond and proud expression on his face as he looked at her from across the court.

The girls on her team were cheering for her as she made her way a little past the end line so she could serve. Her heart was pounding so hard in her chest, not because she thought that she was going to mess the serve up, but because she knew that she was going to mess it up—and what was worse was that her brother and Sugawara were watching her from where they stood. She didn’t mind fucking up without actual players watching, but this was a whole new tier with their eyes on her.

She bounced the ball once and took a deep breath as she waited for one of her classmates to blow the whistle. Once the shrill sound reached her ears, she tossed the ball up in the air and hit it with her hand, like she’d seen her brother do countless times before.

Most of her team mates screamed and scrambled away from the ball as it sailed past the net and hit the upstairs railing with such a strong force that it ricocheted of the metal before bouncing towards where Sugawara and her brother were standing. She buried her face in her hands and slowly shook her head as shame ate at her.

“Well, at least she has a powerful serve?” Daichi chuckled as he picked up the ball and threw it back to the girls.

Suga joined in with a quiet laugh of his own before cupping his hands around his mouth and yelling, “Don’t mind, (Y/n)-chan.”

Aforementioned girl only lifted her face from her hands and gave him a weak thumbs-up as she walked back into the court. “Sorry, everyone.”

“It’s alright, (Y/n)-san. That was the strongest serve we’ve seen all day.” Mamiko, one of her new friends in class, tried to cheer her up—and, one by one, the other girls all joined in with enthusiastic ‘it’s cool’s, and other encouraging words that made her smile.

Her serve may have been so catastrophic, but her receives were her redeemable trait. She had solid receives that impressed even her brother, and he had half a mind to recruit her to the girls’ team, but he knew that she wouldn’t just say no, but hell no. She preferred to do competitive things by herself, because—as she had told him years ago—she had no one to blame but herself if she lost.
An hour later—way after (Y/n) had gotten wiped down and dressed back into her regular uniform with the rest of the girls, she walked out of the girls’ changing room and subtly fanned herself with the collar of her shirt. Her body just felt too hot, which she resented greatly—because a huge part of her was begging her to lose the sweater, so she stood by one of the open windows and let the wind cool her down.

“Oh, hey, (Y/n)-chan.”

(Y/n) immediately snapped her attention to Sugawara, who was standing a few feet away from her, also back in his school uniform and still with a warm smile on his lips. She couldn’t help but return his smile—it felt rude not to do so. “Hey, Sugawara-kun. Thanks for the encouraging words earlier.”

The warm smile morphed into a sincere grin as he brought his hand down on her shoulder, which almost sent her flying forward had she not been trained to resist such blows. Suga seemed to realize what he had done and bowed his head in apology. “Ah! I’m so sorry! It’s a force of habit.”

Try as she might to hold it in, a snicker made its way past her lips before she started laughing. He was just too nice; it was adorable. She waved his apology off and put a hand on his shoulder. “Don’t worry about it. I’m used to it.”

The setter looked up at her then, and stood upright once more when he was reassured enough that she wasn’t mad at him for hitting her too roughly. His gaze gravitated towards the warm hand on his left shoulder, and stayed there for a few seconds before looking back at her. Maybe it was just him, but it suddenly felt so warm even with the wind coming in through the open window.

He found himself gazing into her eyes before drifting down to her mouth—as if something was pulling him to look there. Her pink tongue darted out to lick her bottom lip before briefly biting down on it, and the action had him swallowing hard at the action. It was taking everything in him not to give in to his curious urge to find out if her lips would feel as soft as they looked, and his struggle must have been evident on his face, because her eyebrows furrowed together in confusion as she regarded him.

“Are you alright, Sugawara-kun?” That soft tone of hers added to the list of things that were close to doing him in.

No. His mind screamed, but he forced himself to nod and smile at her. “Yeah, it’s just a bit hot out.”

“I know, right? I’m glad that it’s not just me who feels it,” she giggled and let her hand drift down his chest so that she could pinch the open collar of his gakuran between her thumb and index finger. His heart was racing so hard in his chest that he was afraid that she would feel it even through his uniform; if she did, she didn’t comment on it and didn’t give any indication that she felt it—which he was thankful for. “Especially when you guys have to wear something so hot.”

It felt like an eternity before she pulled her hand away and rubbed the material of her blazer between her fingers as well.

Does she not know what she’s doing to me?! His mind screamed once more, but he tamped the words down because he knew that validating what he felt would only make him feel them more intensely—at least, in denial, he could live in blissful ignorance no matter how fake it was.
“Osu,” (Y/n) greeted aloud as she opened the sliding door to the gym. She took her shoes off by the stairs and confidently walked towards the circle where all the players were stretching. There were two new faces there, but she didn’t comment on it— there would be time to ask her brother about them later.

Once she was a few feet from the circle, she took her Bluetooth earbuds off and cut off TENDOUJI’s Peace Bomb midway into the chorus— pocketing the tiny things so that she wouldn’t misplace them. Everyone was staring at her while holding their arm stretch, and she smiled and waved at all of them— which had them shyly nodding at her in response; at least that was a better response than averting their gazes.

She dug into her gym bag and pulled out Sugawara’s cream-colored sweater that he’d lent her when she’d first dropped by the gym. She made her way through the gap between who she knew to be Hinata and Kageyama, and passed her brother who was in the middle of the circle so that she could give the sweater back to its rightful owner. “Thanks again, Sugawara-kun. Sorry it took so long to return it.”

With that, she made her out of the circle and bowed her head lightly. “Sorry for the intrusion. I’ll be going now.” She was about to turn around and walk off when she heard her brother’s stern tone calling for her to wait, then instructed his team to continue with stretching as he ran over to where he’d neatly folded up his jacket. He quickly crossed the space between them and handed the jacket to her.

“You’re going to give people a heart attack if they see you wearing your training clothes at this time of the day.” He pointed out with a knowing expression on his face. “This isn’t Tokyo, (Y/n).”

“Ah, fine.” Reluctantly, she accepted the jacket before glancing back at the people stretching in the circle. Her eyes darted back to her brother who had followed her gaze earlier, and was now grinning.

“You can join us for stretches, if you want.”

As much as she liked playing her sport alone, she didn’t like doing everything by herself; she still craved the company of others because it simply got too quiet without people to be around. Almost instantaneously, she dropped her bag to the floor and draped her brother’s volleyball club jacket over it before jogging back towards the circle.

“I’m sure all of you remember my sister. She’ll be joining us for stretches today,” Daichi announced as he took his place back in the middle of the circle and led everyone once more. Hinata scooted over to his right to make some space for her, while the guy that she remembered was named Tanaka practically jumped three feet away to make way— she really appreciated their kindness, so she smiled warmly at them and nodded in thanks.

Enthusiastically, she followed her brother’s actions, even counting down with everyone else when it was their turn. And soon enough, everyone was partnering up for the sitting stretches. She fully expected Daichi to partner up with her, but she blinked in confusion when he went over to an older-looking guy with a man-bun. It made sense for him to partner up with someone close to his body type, but did he have to leave her partnerless?
She was about to give up on finding a partner and do it herself when, from the corner of her eye, she saw Sugawara approaching her. He was like a white knight that was sent from the heavens to rescue her— and she chuckled at the thought before regarding him. “Hey again, stranger. Long time no see.”

The grey-haired setter smiled as he stopped in front of her. “You want to partner up?”

“Please.” (Y/n) answered chirpily as she motioned to the floor. “You want to go first or…”

“No, ladies first,” Suga answered, and the raven-haired girl sat down on the floor in a seated straddle position. He knew that it was a bad idea to be touching her when she elicited so much inappropriate thoughts from him, but he didn’t want her to be left out—not when he could do something about it; and maybe a small—so small that it was microscopic—part of him wanted to take any chance that he could get to be close to her.

Gingerly, he set the sweater she’d returned a few feet away from them, then stood behind her—letting his thumbs rest between her shoulder blades as he gently pushed her down even more when she reached out to her right foot with both hands.

Both of them counted to ten and moved on to the left foot. He was so amazed at how easily she moved—her breath didn’t even get caught in her throat nor did it end up short, it was always regulated and even; which was already a feat in itself. Usually, when he helped his other team mates, they would already be out of breath by the time they counted to seven.

She sat back up and he readjusted his hands on her shoulders, then applied more pressure to her when she leaned forward and stretched so far that her forehead was close to touching the floor. His eyes widened at the extent of her flexibility, and awkwardly cleared his throat when an extremely inappropriate thought of her testing out her flexibility in bed with him ran through his mind.

He wasn’t the kind of guy to constantly have sexual thoughts in his mind, but he was still a guy—and all guys had those thoughts from time to time. It just so happened that he had been having such thoughts more often since he met (Y/n).

His face immediately grew hot and he ducked down to keep any of his team mates—especially Daichi—from seeing him in such a flustered state. Quietly, he counted to ten with her and sighed when it was over. He stepped away from her and focused on getting his heart rate to slow down as he plopped down on the floor and spread his legs much in the same way as she did.

Suga almost jumped out of his skin when he felt her hands on his shoulders—gently kneading his muscles to ease the tenseness that she felt in his shoulders. She leaned closer to him and was pleasantly surprised when she smelled subtle hints of sandalwood and mint coming from him—it was a very different scent from what her other male friends wore, but a good kind of different. It made her want to bask in it all day, if he allowed her to.

(Y/n) knew that Sugawara was so far from her usual type, but there was just something about him that was slowly starting to pique her interest. Maybe it was because of the fact that he was different? Or maybe it was something else, but the one thing she was sure of was that he would never be up for her kind of relationship: unattached and purely physical.

While Suga was mid-stretch, (Y/n) applied more pressure to his shoulders and slowly slid her thumbs up the back of his neck—which had his breath catching in his throat, and was made so glaringly obvious by the fact that he had choked when he counted eight under his breath. A barely decipherable smirk tugged at her lips and she eased the pressure on him as he sat upright.
“Relax, Sugawara-kun,” she whispered closely to his ear— so close that her lips brushed the shell of it— and he only nodded in response. She knew that it was wrong to play with him like she was, but she couldn’t resist teasing him— his reactions were just so cute; especially that time two days ago when she had licked her lips in front of him.

People often made the mistake of dismissing her as no threat because she was so carefree and had the tendency to be boyish at times, but they couldn’t be more wrong. One of her past flings had even deemed her as a wolf in sheep’s clothing because he never expected her to be so devious. The memory never failed to bring a smile to her face.

She helped the setter beneath her hands stretch to his left— letting him breathe this time around as she kept her hands steadily on his shoulders— then moved on to apply pressure once more when he reached out in front of him. This time, she glided her thumbs up the back of his neck again, and gently scratched his shoulders with her nails— which had him faltering a little bit while holding the stretch.

A quiet giggle left (Y/n)’s lips and she helped him sit upright when he reached the count of ten. To deal the final blow— in a sense— she let her hands trail down to the area just below his collar bones, before patting gently. “You’re done.”

Surprisingly they were one of the first few to be done, so she helped Sugawara up from the floor and grinned at him. “Thanks for helping me stretch, Sugawara-kun.”

“It’s no problem, (Y/n)-chan,” he answered quietly, a faint trace of red still on his cheeks— from a blush or from stretching, she didn’t know— but she had to admit that he looked cute. “So… are you going to your Muay Thai gym now?”

“Mm. Running, to be more specific. I have to run 5k on weekends, and 3k on school days, so it’s convenient that it’s around that distance from Karasuno to there.” She answered brightly, then muttered a quiet ‘oh, shit’ before dashing to her bag and pulling out two rolls of what looked to be teal bandages to the untrained eye.

She made her way back to Sugawara and offered him one of the rolls of hand wraps to hold. He looked closely at it and chuckled when he noticed that the pattern on it was of white skulls. It so undeniably fit her personality that he couldn’t help his reaction.

“Something funny?” She asked with a quirked eyebrow as she made quick work of wrapping her right hand. She did it so quickly that he couldn’t even follow how many times she had looped the cloth around her knuckles and slipped it through the spaces between her fingers.

Suga shook his head and held up the other hand wrap. “That was cool. Can you teach me?”

“That **was** cool!” Both (Y/n) and Suga jumped in surprise when Hinata yelled so close to them.

“Yeah, sure, I’ll show you guys how to do it— though I don’t know how you’re going to use it, but… oh well,” The raven-haired girl beckoned her two spectators closer and was surprised when a couple more people flocked around her— including her brother.

After clearing her throat, she unraveled the other hand wrap that she had taken from Sugawara and slipped the little loop of cloth at the end around her thumb. “So, you slip this thing around your thumb and wrap your wrist three times— you can do as many as you’re comfortable with, but most people only do three.”

She slowly wrapped the patterned cloth thrice around her wrist and flexed her wrist to adjust the
tightness. Then, she wrapped her knuckles seven times. “When you’re wrapping your knuckles, your fingers should be stretched out so that it won’t pinch you when you punch something.”

Everyone’s attention was so focused on her that it was starting to get unsettling—because they were barely even blinking. She got that putting on hand wraps was fascinating to watch, as she had also been wrapped under its strange charm when she first started, so she chalked their reactions up to that. “Then you pass it through the gaps in your fingers and you wrap your knuckles again… and then you go back to the wrist.”

She looked up at her audience once more and had to do a double take at the clock when she saw what time it was. She was already twenty minutes behind her scheduled run, and she just knew that the male Takahashi-sensei was going to show her no mercy when she sparred with him later on.

“Oh jeez, I’m already late.” She groaned before backtracking and waving at the volleyball team—letting her eyes linger just a second more at Sugawara before sending him a wink, which earned him quite a few curious looks from his juniors. “Thanks for today, Sugawara-kun. Thanks, everyone. Gambatte!”

Hurriedly, (Y/n) ran over to her bag and slipped her brother’s jacket on her body before he could say anything about it, then slung her bag across her body before she made her way to the doors, but had to stop in her tracks when she almost ran over a girl with glasses. “Ah, sorry!” She moved out of the doorway and urged the girl to enter, then exited when she was out of the way.

“Sorry again. I’ll see you at home, nii-chan!” (Y/n) called while slipping her running shoes on, then sprinted off before Daichi could reply.

Tanaka was the first to break the silence with a teasing remark. “What was that about, Suga-san?”

The grey-haired setter honestly had no idea what exactly had transpired, so he just shook his head and told his kōhai to mind his own business.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhh thank you so much for all the Kudos and the bookmarks. I see that they’re some of the same people who have read my Kuroo fic. UwU I have a little gift for all you Kuroo lovers out there. He’s been my muse as of late and all I can think about it another story of him, so I’m halfway through a oneshot about him. It’s going to be different from Retrouvailles since it’s going to be a Future!AU, but I hope everyone will like it as much as I loved writing it. It’ll be called Tainted Love, so there’s that. Again, thank you guys sooo much. <3
How did you come up with that? Do it again, please.” (Y/n) asked aloud as she peered over Sugawara’s shoulder while he solved another math problem. The subject hadn’t always been her forte, as she was more inclined to language problems and essays— at least with those, she could bluff her way to a good answer, but with math… it was too straightforward; if you didn’t know the answer, there was no explaining why you didn’t know it or what you thought about the problem.

And so, Suga patiently explained the process to her, until she started nodding her head in understanding. From (Y/n)’s other side, Daichi sent the pair another covert glance before turning back to his own worksheet. He wasn’t dumb, he knew what his sister was doing to Suga, but he didn’t want to step in until it was absolutely necessary to do so. Both of them were old enough to know what they were doing—and both of them were also very responsible and level-headed individuals— so he trusted that they wouldn’t do anything reckless.

Then again, this was his sister that was involved, so he knew that he would have to intervene at some point. For now, he would see how things played out between those two.

Suga felt eyes boring intently into him, which made him look up and lock gazes with Daichi. His captain’s expression was set into a grim one that had his blood running cold in his veins— it was that scary. So, as subtly as he could, he leaned away from (Y/n) so that her face wasn’t hovering so close to his that he could feel her warm breath on his cheek.

“So that’s how you solve that. Hn.” (Y/n) muttered under her breath and pulled away from Suga. She would have leaned closer when she sensed him inch away from her, but she didn’t want to risk making him so uncomfortable to the point that he would distance himself from her, so she held back on teasing him. “Nii-chan, can I look at your math worksheet?”

Daichi looked up from what he was doing and merely raised an eyebrow at his sister. “No. Because I know, for a fact, that you’re just going to copy my answers.”

“I wasn’t,” the raven-haired girl cried indignantly. “You’re no fun, nii-chan.”

From the corner where Yua had taken refuge at, all three of them heard the dog pawing gently at the floor, and both (Y/n) and her brother traded narrowed glances with each other— willing the other to cave first. “It’s your turn to take her out.” They simultaneously told the other.

Yua yipped softly and continued pawing at the floor, which had (Y/n) glancing back at her dog. “Fine. I’ll do it.” She got up from her spot on the floor and casually just stepped over Sugawara’s lap — which had the setter’s eyes widening in surprise. He didn’t have any female friends to hang out with, so he didn’t know if this was normal behavior when girls were comfortable around their guy friends, but his gut was telling him that it was just (Y/n) who was like that.

Hell, he could tell that she acted differently with him because she tended to keep the other boys in their class at arms’ length— but not him; she always gravitated towards him, instead of away from him.

“You want to join us, Sugawara-kun?” She threw over her shoulder with a playful tone.

The setter was so tempted to say yes, but hesitated since he remembered how Daichi had looked at
him not even ten minutes ago. He wanted to spend more time with (Y/n) for the mere sake of being around her— as well as to satisfy his burning curiosity about her. Only the gods knew why he was allowing himself to be so close to her when he already had feelings for another girl— yet he was also attracted to (Y/n); maybe it was plain lust, or maybe it was something else, all he was sure of was that he couldn’t help but be pulled into her universe.

(Y/n) had to admit that she was a tad disappointed when Sugawara didn’t answer her invitation, yet she forced herself to shrug it off as she picked Yua up and exited the living room to go out to the backyard.

Suga watched the raven-haired girl walk out of the room without sparing him another glance. He looked over at Daichi who was looking at him with an unreadable expression on his face; so, in an act of self-preservation— and the want to sate his insistent need to be around her— he got up and called out, “Wait, (Y/n).”

He didn’t even dare to look back and see what his friend looked like; he was sure that it couldn’t be anything good because, hell, if he had a sister he wouldn’t want his friends going after her like he was doing right now to Daichi’s sister.

From behind her, (Y/n) heard the muffled padding of feet against the hardwood floor, yet she didn’t turn around to see who it was— because she knew that it wasn’t her brother following her. A small smile crossed her lips as she opened the door that led to the backyard and stepped out into the night. She set Yua down on the ground and she padded off to her regular spot to do her business.

Slowly, she walked down to the top of the stairs leading down into the narrow garden, and sat down— using her arms to support her as she leaned back and looked up at the stars. Yua always took so long to do her business, so she had almost half an hour to kill before they could go back inside.

The sight of the stars brought a bittersweet memory to her mind, and she smiled wryly as she remembered the face of the man who had simultaneously built her and destroyed her. She was young and naïve when she first met him, and she thought she could fix him… now she realized how deluded she really was back then.

Sugawara quietly stepped up behind (Y/n) and cleared his throat to get her attention— though he didn’t need to do that because she was so very aware of his presence. “It’s getting warmer.” He wanted to hit himself at how awkward he sounded— but settled for biting his bottom lip and screwing his eyes shut as he regrouped his thoughts.

“Mm. You want to sit down? We’re going to be here a while if you’re planning on staying with Yua and I.” She patted the empty space to her right, and Suga gingerly accepted her offer. His chest felt so tight that it was getting hard for him to breathe properly, and he briefly wondered why he was feeling the way he was at that moment, only to arrive at the conclusion that this (Y/n) wasn’t something that everyone saw. And, damn it, he was feeling really special about it.
“Ne, Sugawara-kun, do you have a girlfriend? Or maybe someone that you like?” She asked straightforwardly, looking away from the sky so that she could turn her head to gauge his reaction. She had been wanting to know the answer to that ever since that day at the gym when he had helped her with stretches. It felt like eons ago, yet it had only been three days since that time.

Suga was a bit floored by her frankness, but quickly gathered his wits and answered honestly, “No, I don’t have a girlfriend, but I do have someone that I like.”

Maybe it was just his eyes playing tricks on him, but he swore that he saw a brief frown cross her lips at his answer. He looked intently at her lips and tucked the image away to the back of his mind where he could ponder it later— because right now, she was asking him more questions that he could barely understand.

“What’s she like?” That was the only question that he could catch, and he had half a mind to ask her to repeat her earlier questions, but he didn’t want to make it seem that he was intentionally not listening to her, so he just answered.

“She’s… we’ve been friends since we were kids, but she only came by during the summer. She lives in Tokyo, like you did— and she’s the nicest girl ever; quiet at times, but really sweet and caring. The thing is... she loves someone else.”

His description of the girl he liked made a muscle in (Y/n)’s jaw twitch. He sounded much like she used to before… that guy; so completely in love with the idea of love that it was sickening. Yet, it wasn’t how he delivered it that ticked her off; it was the fact that he— no, it wasn’t her business on who he liked, unrequited or not, so she would butt out of it.

“What’s wrong?” Suga asked softly, worry coloring his tone as he reached out and was about to place a hand on her shoulder when he pulled his hand back and curled it up to a fist at his side. “You just became so quiet.”

“Nothing, just remembering something.” (Y/n) shrugged it off nonchalantly, even though her brain was running amok with her own bitter memories of a past that she would give everything to forget— all the pain, the longing, and everything else that came in between all because of one person; she would trade the world if it meant that she wouldn’t remember his name or how his lips tasted like cigarettes when they kissed.

Suga nodded wordlessly and let the suddenly tense silence stretch out between them, until he mustered up the courage to ask one of the questions that had been plaguing him since he met her. “Say, (Y/n)-chan— you don’t have to answer if you don’t want to— but why did you move back here when you were already out there in the city? There are more opportunities for you out there and all…”

He was afraid that he had asked a particularly touchy question, because her brows furrowed together as she scowled, before her face straightened out into a neutral expression that was so similar to Daichi’s that it could instill the fear of the gods upon anyone. Still, she answered, “I was simply at the wrong place, at the wrong time.”

“That sounds ominous.” Sugawara commented with a slightly awkward laugh— because he knew that he had asked the wrong question. She wasn’t mad, but he could feel the negative energy radiating from (Y/n) and, frankly, it made him guilty for making her feel bad. For all his empathy and foresight with people, he sure was hopeless when it came to her.

“It’s not as bad as it sounds, Suga-kun. Ne, can I call you that?” Her tone had taken a complete 180 — from melancholy and husky, to a bit high-pitched and peppy; it made him frown, but he kept his
mouth shut about it. No matter how much he wanted to tell her that her way of coping wasn’t ideal, it wasn’t his place because he was only one of her many friends and nothing more.

However, he nodded and muttered a quiet, ‘sure’ as she got up and stretched her arms above her head— making her shirt ride up a little bit and exposing a sliver of her waist so close to his face. Instantaneously, a blush colored his cheeks and he inched away from her— afraid that he would reach out and touch her if he remained too close.

“Yua!” (Y/n) called aloud to the seemingly-empty garden, then whistled— which had one of the bushes rattling as the dog came crawling out from under it. She was covered in branches and dead leaves that had her looking like one of the bushes herself, and her owner could only laugh as she met her dog halfway and scooped her up. “Look at you, Yua. You need a bath.”

The wide-eyed look on Yua’s face would have been funny for Suga had she not looked so scared at the sound of having a bath. He got up from his seat and watched the raven-haired girl intently as she picked out the leaves and other debris from her dog’s white fur.

“Come on, Suga-kun, let’s go back inside before nii-chan gets to thinking that we’ve been doing unholy things out here—like fucking and whatnot.” (Y/n) said with a laugh as she went back up the stairs and stood in front of the setter.

His face heated up with a blush at her unabashed words, while she reached out and patted his chest in a way that would have seemed friendly, had she not let said hand drift down to just a few centimeters from his belt buckle in a teasing manner. Her touch left a trail of heat in its wake and it took everything in him not to give in to his urge to pull her in and kiss her— he was too much of a gentleman to force a kiss upon someone.

(Y/n) was about to walk back inside the house, when Suga called her name. She turned to look at him over her shoulder and let out a quiet hum to let him know that he had her attention.

“About my question earlier… I’m sorry if it upset you.”

“Don’t worry about it, Suga-kun. It’s all in the past now.” She gave him a wink, which sent his blood heating up in his veins; and it both amazed him and worried him at how good she was at changing her emotions, as if she had a switch for them.

Chapter End Notes

Ahh! Thank you so much for the kudos and the comment! They really make me happy. Like, really, really.

Also, I'll add tags as we go along, so if you guys notice a triggering topic that I forgot to tag, please don't hesitate to tell me. <3
“Eh!? What do you mean you’re not going to be here for Golden Week? But... I was planning on going with you and okaa-san to an onsen. Or maybe go to Bangkok with tou-san.” (Y/n) pouted at her brother as he scribbled down more things down on his worksheet. He set his pen down and turned to sit sideways in his chair before looking at his sister, who had just barged into his room without any preamble.

“I have to go to a training camp with everyone else,” Daichi answered drolly, then raised his eyebrows at his sister to further show her how amused her plans for Golden Week made him. “And besides, aren’t you telling me a bit too late? Golden week is two days from now, so where would you find somewhere cheap to arrange a vacation for us?”

“But we don’t need somewhere cheap-” The words were out of (Y/n)’s mouth before she could stop herself, and she slapped a hand over her mouth as Daichi narrowed his eyes at her. She had successfully managed to singlehandedly dig a figurative grave for herself.

The older of the siblings continuously pinned his sister under his gaze, and she noticeably gulped before clapping her hands in front of her and bowing. She muttered out a garbled version of an apology before shaking her head and going down into a dogeza— which had Daichi snuffing out a laugh. He knew that his sister tended to lean towards the extreme, but this was just too much. He wondered what she did that had her reacting in such a manner, so he straightened his features out before asking, “Why won’t we need to think about the cost, (Y/n)?”

She visibly shuddered at his cold tone, and he bit down on his bottom lip to keep himself from smiling. She loved to rile him up while he, in turn, loved to make her squirm. He knew that it wasn’t very nice or mature of him to do so, but teasing her was just too fun of an opportunity to pass up. “Because while I was in Thailand, I earned money through underground fights.”

Earlier, he was just pretending to be mad, but now… he could feel the anger and worry mixing up within him. He accepted the fact that she played a dangerous sport and supported her through it, but doing underground fights in a foreign country was just something else entirely. Daichi knew that she was old enough to make her own decisions, but that never meant that she always decided to do good ones.

A thick, uncomfortable silence hung between the siblings and (Y/n) looked up from her spot on the floor— only to sit up on her haunches and place her hands onto the on of her thighs as she bowed her head. “Please speak. You’re so scary when you’re mad and quiet.”

“I don’t even know where to start, (Y/n). Did your coach know about it? Did you do it in Tokyo? Do you do it everytime you go to Thailand? Why did you do it?” Daichi’s voice was loud at first, until it gradually grew more and more quiet until it was just above a whisper. (Y/n)’s shoulders sagged as she let out a heavy breath, yet she never lifted her gaze to look up at her brother; so, Daichi got out of his chair and sat down in front of her so that they could be on equal ground.

“My old coach was the one who got me into it two years ago— the money was good so I continued doing it whenever he took the team to Thailand for training camps. I never did it here, because people tend to play dirty here— bringing knives and ice picks in the ring.” She took another deep breath and mustered up the courage to look at her brother— once she lifted her gaze however, she
wanted to hug him because she didn’t see any disappointment in his eyes.

He was worried for her and angry at her poor life decision, but he wasn’t disappointed at her— and that meant so much coming from him. The worst feeling in the world, even worse than heartbreak, was knowing that she had disappointed her brother; as he was the only one whose opinion about her she cared about— not even her parents’ combined disappointment could upset her as much as Daichi’s did.

“And the reason why you did it?”

(Y/n) shrugged and managed to muster up a hesitant smile. “Because it was fun?”

Her eyes immediately screwed themselves shut when Daichi reached out towards her and flicked her forehead rather strongly. “Baka. You’re not allowed to go anywhere outside the town during Golden Week as punishment.”

Daichi wanted to tell his sister that he was glad that she got expelled from her school in the city, because it meant that she was far away from that scum of a coach that she had there, but he kept the thought to himself because he knew that it would only open up her still-fresh wounds from what happened. But really, he was happy that she was here and he could keep an eye on her— he just had to go to her coach Takahashi and find out if he had the same intentions of siccing his sister into any underground fights.

“For my mental and emotional wellbeing, (Y/n), please never do that again.” Daichi asked gently, as he put a hand on (Y/n)’s head and gently ruffled her hair. “You’re old enough and I trust you to make good decisions— okaa-san and otou-san trust you to make good decisions.”

The trick with getting through to his sister was to be gentle with her and to say it softly so that she could understand how it made them feel, not to yell at her and berate her like her former teachers and friends did way back then. Yelling only resulted in her reciprocating much in the same manner, and did nothing but anger her and make her distance herself. He didn’t want that to happen, not when he was just getting his sister back again.

While Daichi was lost in his own thoughts, (Y/n) launched herself at him and tackled him in a hug— which would have made them fall over had he not used his hands to catch them before she knocked him down. “Ne, you’re getting heavier, (Y/n),” he teased with a grin as he brought his arms up and wrapped them around her middle.

“I need to get heavier if I want to fight in the Welterweight division.”

“A new weight class for you?” She could hear the worry in her brother’s voice, but grinned as she ruffled his hair— a way of showing him that she was fine as she pulled away from him.

(Y/n) couldn’t even continue with her answer as their mother called them downstairs for dinner. Both of them got up from their spots on the floor and silently made their way down to the kitchen. Once there, though, she turned to her brother and grinned. “Don’t worry, nii-chan, it’s only one weight class that I’m going up to. Everyone does it all the time.”

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Two days later saw (Y/n) out doing a 15k bout of roadwork as a warmup for her training session.
Contrary to her previous Monday-Wednesday-Friday-Saturday schedule, she had agreed to train during the entirety of Golden Week because she was, for lack of better word, being punished.

She was bummed that her brother had resorted to keeping her from going out of town but, at the same time, she was thankful that that was her only punishment. Most people would blow things out of proportion and make a bigger deal of what had happened, but not her brother—he was very level-headed and rational, which made him a very ideal captain. If she were to be honest, she would shamelessly admit to not wanting anyone else as her sibling—even in her next life.

The sound of a barrage of shoes hitting the pavement shook the raven-haired girl from her musings, and she stopped by the side of the road to catch her breath as well as to see where the noise was coming from; she was willing to bet her underground earnings that it was the Karasuno volleyball club doing some roadwork of their own. As far as she knew, they were the only ones who were doing a training camp during Golden Week.

“Hinata and Kageyama really went far!”

“Those idiots.”

“I told them not to piss Daichi-san off.”

“I’ll look for them later; they couldn’t have gone that far.”

“No, it’s my turn to look for them, Suga-san.”

“Don’t even bother, Noya-san, they’ll find their way back.”

“Hey, isn’t that (Y/n)-san?” At the mention of her name, she turned to look behind her and saw the entire Karasuno boys’ volleyball team, minus Hinata and Kageyama. She raised a hand up in greeting while the other one anchored itself to her bare hip.

Her brother’s eyes closed in frustration before he jogged ahead of the others and stood in front of her — fully shielding her body from the rest of the boys’ gazes. By the way he was acting, it was like she was naked instead of wearing a sports bra and a pair of matching grey running shorts with her running shoes. So, she stepped around her brother and slung her right arm around his shoulder at the same time—the other hand still on her hip.

“Ossu!” She greeted with a grin. “How’s the roadwork going?”

The boys’ eyes almost bugged out of their heads at the sight of her, and she laughed at their reactions — especially Suga’s adorable blush as he averted his gaze from her chest in lieu of gazing at her face.

“Eh, it’s going great, but we managed to lose Hinata and Kageyama already.” Asahi answered softly, laughing sheepishly as he scratched the back of his neck.

“I’ll be sure to send them your way if I come across them,” (Y/n) stated chirpily, then turned to the other new face in the club aside from Asahi. “I believe we haven’t met properly. I’m Sawamura (Y/n). It’s nice to meet both of you.”

She was about to go forward and offer a handshake to them, but Daichi stepped in front of her again. “Tanaka, if you don’t stop ogling my sister, I’ll add another 10k to your route.”

At the warning, Tanaka averted his gaze from (Y/n), which had all the other members snickering under their breaths. The raven-haired girl rolled her eyes and patted her brother’s shoulder twice. “I
swear, nii-chan, if you could make me wear a hazmat suit for training, you’d do it.”

“I just don’t like it when guys,” Daichi narrowed his eyes at his team before turning back to her. “Look at you like you’re a piece of meat.”

“I am a piece of meat, just so you know. Meat, bones, insides, you know?” The younger of the siblings teased, which made her brother roll his eyes at her childish retort. “People can look, but they can’t touch me—I’d break every bone in their body if they tried.”

“Right, you do kickboxing, right?” Nishinoya piped up with wonder lighting up his expression, and (y/n) turned to him with a smile.

“Kickboxing is a bit different, what I do is Muay Thai, but yeah.” She answered, then turned to her brother. “How much more do you guys have for roadwork?”

Daichi thought about his answer and shrugged. “Maybe around 8k more?”

“Perfect, then. The route from here to the gym is around 3k, then the gym to school is 5k—so more or less 8k. If you guys want, you can stop by and try it out?”

“We have our own training, (Y/n).” Her brother answered hesitantly, then turned to look at his team mates who were all looking back at him for his decision.

“It’s fine, maybe next time then?” She offered with a grin. “I know you’re just too chicken to hit anything.”

“What did you say?”

Acting coyly, (Y/n) shrugged once more. “Nothing, nii-chan.”

“Until what time are you going to be at your gym?” Sugawara piped up quietly, and (Y/n)’s gaze immediately darted over to him as a hint of a smile played at her lips.

“I’ll be there until…9 tonight. I’ll be doing longer training hours since there’s no classes, so…”

To her utter delight, the grey-haired setter nodded and shot her a smile so disarming that it had her dumbfounded for a few seconds. “I’ll see you then.”

Chapter End Notes

How was it? I know there wasn’t enough of Suga, but there will be so much more in the next one.
I’m just trying to show more of the Reader's relationship with Daichi (like how much he trusts and loves her and whatnot), because it will be vital later on in the story. Hearts will wrench, emotions will run wild, tears will flow... all that good stuff. (◡‿◡✿)
Thank you so much for all the comments (all of which are from thepineandthestar); they make me so happy when I read them. <3
And thank you as well for all the kudos and even the bookmarks. xx
Suga instantly regretted his bold move with proclaiming to drop by (Y/n)’s gym the instant that she left— not only because of the weird look that Daichi had sent him, but also because his team mates wouldn’t shut up about it. He was going because he was curious of how (Y/n)’s sport worked… and maybe because he hadn’t seen her in two days and he wanted to be around her more.

Ever since their one-on-one in her backyard, he couldn’t get her out of his mind; he would even dream about her warm fingers trailing all over his skin and teasing him to the point that he would lose control in the dream and take the lead. He knew that he shouldn’t be thinking such things about his friend’s sister, but he just couldn’t help it— she was too tempting, and so much of a tease that his thoughts always gravitated towards more… intimate things with her.

Never had he ever felt such lust for someone— not even for Hanami, the girl that he had one-sided feelings for. He was a bit overwhelmed with his own feelings, but there was no stopping them— he knew that it was futile to try and contain them, so he was just going to surrender to them and see where things went. It was useless to wait for Hanami to return his feelings, anyway— they hadn’t even talked for two years aside from the seasonal happy birthday and merry Christmas texts.

“Oi, oi, hurry up with clean up, Suga-san still has a date to get to,” Tanaka razzed his senpai once more, and the grey-haired setter reared his hand back and karate chopped his kouhai’s side, which made him yelp and cower away from the irate Suga.

“It’s not a date. We’re friends, nothing else.” The words left a bitter taste in Suga’s mouth, but he ignored it as he picked up some of the balls littering the floor and tossed them into the ball rack.

“You mean (Y/n)-san’s not your girlfriend?” Nishinoya joined in with teasing his senpai, and scurried a few feet away from Suga before he got hit by the ball that was meant to hit his shoulder.

The vice-captain whisper-yelled. “Urusai! Do you want Daichi to kill both you and me?”

As if he had a sixth sense for when people were talking about him, Daichi looked over at Nishinoya and Sugawara— making both of them shudder and turn away from their captain’s intimidating gaze.

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The thumping, heavy hip hop music was enough to make Sugawara stop in his tracks just outside the open red doors of the gym. It was devoid of any other presence aside from two people in the ring, and he took a deep breath to settle his nerves before he entered the building.

Once inside, the music was louder than before, but he could still hear the sound of leather pounding against leather over the lyrics blaring from the speakers. He gingerly walked over towards the boxing ring at the very middle of the property, and was so awestruck when he saw (Y/n) so focused on her raining down punches, kicks, and elbow jabs at the blond man in front of her.

Sweat was dripping down her face, and some strands of her hair— that was in a high ponytail— was
sticking to the back of her neck, but she looked very... riveting. He felt his body getting hot just at the sight of her, and he had to tamp down his wayward thoughts to keep himself from having a tent in his pants— that would be mortifying.

Her clothes really weren’t helping his cause any; she still wore her running clothes from earlier and it was, unfortunately, still as short and revealing as it was when he’d first seen it.

“Give me 25.” The blond man spoke flatly as he raised the rectangular mitts strapped to his hands. (Y/n) immediately rained down 25 consecutive punches to the mitts before landing one more to the mitts the moment the man lowered the pads to his chest. “You have five minutes to rest and talk to your boyfriend over there.”

With that, (Y/n) turned her attention over to Sugawara and practically skipped out of the boxing ring to stand in front of him. “You actually came. Did nii-chan come with you?”

“Sadly, no, because he didn’t want to leave everyone unsupervised on the first night.”

“Ah, that’s understandable.”

A short bout of silence hung between the pair before Suga cleared his throat. “So, uh, you’re here until nine, right?”

“I can leave earlier if that’s what you’re implying,” (Y/n) answered in a teasing manner, lifting her right hand up and knocking her gloved hand gently against the setter’s chest.

Almost immediately, Suga’s face burned with a blush and he averted his gaze from her— because he was embarrassed that she could read his intention so well; too well. Was he really that transparent?

“Just wait here, I’ll ask Takahashi-sensei if this can be my last round on the mitts for tonight.” With that, (Y/n) walked away from him and traipsed over to the blond man at the other side of the room; it was the first time that he noticed that she was barefoot and, at the risk of sounding weird, he found her feet to be very cute.

She was doing so many things to him and she wasn’t even trying. He wondered just how screwed he would be if she really put in the effort to seduce him; he would be seriously fucked by then— literally and figuratively, he thought.

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When she was out of the girls’ locker room, she was freshly showered and wearing a pair of shorts and a thin tank top that accentuated her figure very well. She was still barefoot, until she dug through her duffel bag and tossed a pair of flip flops on the floor— then proceeded to slip them on.

“Come on, Suga-kun,” (Y/n) walked towards him with a bright smile on her face, and she proceeded to loop her right arm with his left one before she practically dragged him out of the gym. “Domo, sensei. See you tomorrow.”

“Are you sure that your coach was fine with you going early? If it were Ukai-san, he would have your ass.” Suga muttered sheepishly as he tried to keep up with the raven-haired girl’s strides; he didn’t even have the time to feel flustered with how close she was and how amazing she smelled.

Grinning, (Y/n) looked up at the stars before turning to the boy beside her. “Takahashi-sensei is strict, but he understands that sometimes people need time to relax. So, where do you want to hang
out? We can hang out in my room…” She sent him a wink with that suggestion, and he had to think about what happened to Hachiko the dog just to keep himself in check.

“Um, ah, how about a park?” Yes, somewhere neutral and very open was the most ideal place to stay with her— because it only gave him less chances of pouncing on her like some kind of Neanderthal.

“But the nearest park is half an hour away from here. If you’re uncomfortable of being in my room, we can stay in the living room.” The raven-haired girl answered softly, then wracked her brain for any good spots to hang out near her house— only to come up with none.

Suga was hesitant to accept her offer of staying at her house, because he could just tell that staying in a confined area with her would lead to no good with how he was feeling. Still, he didn’t want to walk half an hour to the park and then walk back to the training camp, so he found himself nodding. “Okay, your living room it is.”

“Don’t worry, it’s just going to be us there. Okaa-san went to Tokyo to visit tou-san.”

Had he been another person, the sound of no parental supervision in a house with (Y/n) sounded like heaven; but to him, it sounded like torture. Maybe he was a masochist, but he rather liked the idea of it. Even he was confusing himself with both wanting to be alone with her, and not wanting to be alone with her— it was starting to give him a headache.

Once they were in the house, (Y/n) left Suga in the living room with the TV on as she got some snacks for both of them. She didn’t know what he liked to drink, so she just got a bottle of water as well as a can of soda. They could just share if they wanted the same thing.

“Where’s Yua? Usually I can hear her barking from upstairs,” Suga asked once (Y/n) was back in the room with him. She laid the armful of snacks and drinks on the table in front of them before she plopped down beside him on the couch.

“Okaa-san took her to Tokyo as well— that’s why she brought the car with her, because Yua isn’t really good with other people except those that she sees frequently.”

The setter chuckled at that, remembering the first time that he had seen the dog. “Yeah, she practically attacked me when I first went here with Daichi.”

“Yeah, sorry about that,” (Y/n) grinned sheepishly and took the can of soda from the middle of the snack pile. “Soda?”

“No thanks, I think I’ll just have the water— soda after a workout isn’t healthy, you know.”

“Oh shush, I’m trying to put on some weight, so all this sugar is going to be put to good use.”

“Really? What for?” The setter asked, genuinely curious to know the answer— because he really didn’t know anything about her line of sport. “Why do you even move weight classes?”

(Y/n) cracked the lid open and took a swig of the grape soda, swallowing the fizzy drink before answering, “Well, it can be for different reasons. But my reason is that… well, I’m tired of seeing the same faces in the ring. It’s always the same people that I have to contend with, so moving up a weight class means that I’ll be against new people.”

“Doesn’t that scare you, though? Not knowing what to expect?” Suga looked directly at her, his eyebrows furrowed in such an adorable manner that it took everything in her not to reach out and touch the little crease between his brows. She didn’t want to freak him out with how forward she
could be— hell, she had already pushed it earlier with looping arms with him.

“It is scary, but it’s more fun for me. Variety is the spice of life, after all.”

A relaxed silence hung between them then, and (Y/n) set her drink down on the table before she inched closer to Sugawara.

The first time that it had happened was nothing more than a discrepancy for Sugawara— a simple lapse in judgement while watching a re-run of some game show. (Y/n) and Suga had simply gotten too close and their gazes lingered for too long— and before they knew it, their lips were already pressed together in a needy kiss.

Both of them immediately pulled away from the other and stayed quiet as what had just occurred sank in.

Sugawara awkwardly scratched the back of his neck in an effort to get his body moving, while (Y/n) fidgeted with the hem of her shorts— twisting the cloth around between her fingers until she couldn’t take the thick silence between them anymore. It wasn’t like her to be so flustered over something so simple, so she tamped the unfamiliar feeling down before getting up on her feet and moving so that she was straddling the boy beside her.

(Y/n) had to admit that his kiss left her wanting more and, never one to deny herself what she wanted, she cupped his face in her hands and captured his lips with hers. He cried a garbled sound of protest against her lips, until he eventually melted in her hands— his body seemed to lose all the tension and his eyes drifted closed as he enjoyed the feeling of (Y/n) moving her lips against his and occasionally nibbling on his bottom lip.

His hands seemed to have generated minds of their own, because they automatically drifted up her thighs so that they could rest on her hips. She moved her own hands then, slowly drifting down to his shoulders before going back up to delve into his hair— she tugged gently on the short locks, which elicited such an unexpected (and utterly embarrassing) moan from him.

Smirking against his lips, (Y/n) broke away and started trailing light kisses across his right cheek— trailing down his jaw, until she reached his neck and bit down on the pale, sensitive skin. Suga threw his head back and slapped a hand over his mouth to muffle his moan. At the sound, she became more relentless as she started latching on to different parts of his neck and lightly sucking on his skin— soft enough not to leave any marks, but just hard enough to feel good.

It wasn’t until she licked a stripe up the side of his neck that he realized what he was doing and whom he was doing it with. “Stop, (Y/n).” He stated softly as he put his hands on her shoulders to put some space between them. “I…”

With a click of her tongue, Daichi’s younger sister climbed off of Suga’s lap and sat down in her previous spot to his right. “It’s because I’m your friend’s sister, right?”

The silence from the grey-haired setter was enough to confirm her suspicions, and she shook her head. On one hand, she didn’t want to ruin their friendship, but on the other… that kiss had awakened something inside her that made her want to wreck Sugawara— she wanted to see his face twisted in ecstasy while she rode him to his climax, and so many more things that were so inappropriate that they should never see the light of day.

She was already interested in him before, but that kiss just served to further push her want for him to another level.
“I think I should go,” Suga muttered quietly as he hastily sat up and brushed himself off. He didn’t even give (Y/n) a chance to reply because he just stood up and walked out of the living room—the only telltale sign that he had left was the closing of the front door behind him.

“You fucked up, Sawamura.” She whispered to herself, running a hand over her face before leaning back against the couch.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhh, hey, so how was it? More Suga, eh?? UwU
Anyways, there won't be an update tomorrow, since I have to fix a few things before Christmas. So yeah...
See you guys on Saturday! <3
I'm so stupid. Suga thought to himself as his shoe-clad feet hit the pavement continuously. It hadn’t even been a full twenty-four hours since he had his first kiss and he was still majorly freaked out by it.

Not only did he willingly submit himself to (Y/n), he also tucked tail and ran at the first opportunity. If that wasn’t reason enough to think that he was stupid, then he didn’t know what else to think. Suga was so afraid that Daichi would know what he had done with (Y/n) after he came back to the training camp building but, thankfully, the captain was already asleep when he got back.

His mind kept going back to that moment last night, how (Y/n)’s lips had felt so good against his, and how her body pressed so close to his almost made him lose his mind. The fact that he had finally given his first kiss away was still so surreal to him; it was laughably pathetic.

“Oh, hey, (Y/n)-chan!” Nishinoya yelled enthusiastically from the front of the group, which made Suga snap to attention and stare at (Y/n) before looking away from her to hide the blush on his cheeks. A small part of him wanted to make his way to her and pull her aside so they could talk about last night, but a bigger part told him that that would be a bad idea— so he inched away from her supposed path and drifted closer to the side of the road.

“Ossu! Hi, nii-chan! Sorry, I can’t talk right now, I have some making up to do today,” she called out with a sheepish smile, zooming past the volleyball team and waving at them all the while. Once she was a few feet away, though, she glanced over her shoulder to see if Sugawara would even look up at her.

She had to admit that his blatant disregard for her grated on her ego and, no matter how much she wanted to confront him about it and propose a compromise with him, she knew that he wasn’t like the other guys that she had ‘gone out’ with; if her past relationships could even be considered ‘going out’.

However, her heart skipped in her chest when she saw the grey-haired setter look up from the ground and lock gazes with her as she jogged away. A blush colored his cheeks, and she had to bite back a smile at his reaction to her— it had been such a long time since she’d encountered a guy who blushed as much as he did, it was refreshing… in a weird way.

Baka, (Y/n). She immediately chastised herself for even thinking something so sappy— yet, she couldn’t deny the fact that he was a breath of fresh air compared to all the toxic people that she’d met in Tokyo; people who were just like her.

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“Ah, I didn’t know that Karasuno had these kinds of facilities,” (Y/n) muttered under her breath as she made her way up the stairs leading to the front doors. The gigantic gym loomed before her in all its glory, yet it still paled in comparison to the state of the art gyms that she had used to frequent back in Tokyo.
She pulled the hood of her jacket lower over her head and checked her surroundings before entering the building. She had told her coach that she would be doing a 30k bout of roadwork for the day, and he let her go easily enough.

Doing the roadwork wasn’t a lie— it was that she was going to be stopping by at Karasuno’s Sougou Ball Park Gymnasium to watch her brother’s game. And also so she could catch a glimpse of Suga.

It had been three days since their kiss and the fact that he made it a point to ignore her whenever she bumped into them when they were out for their jog bothered her so much. She had tried to give him some time to approach her on his own, but no such thing had happened— so she was going to take whatever chance she could get to hash things out between them.

What she wanted, she didn’t exactly know— but all she was sure of was that she wanted him, and bad.

“Hinata, nice serve!” Daichi’s voice reached her out in the hallway, and she entered a set of double doors before closing them quietly behind her.

(Y/n) quickly traipsed over to the last row of seats before sinking down into the seat at the very middle of the line. She threw her hood down and leaned forward to get a better look at Karasuno’s volleyball team— and almost immediately, her eyes zeroed in on Sugawara who was standing in the sidelines.

Is he not playing? The question ran through her mind as she tamped down the irritation that she felt. One of the reasons why she didn’t like playing team sports was the ease that the coaches had in replacing old players with newer and better ones— especially those that she had seen firsthand in the city; some of them were truly ruthless.

But he didn’t seem to be outwardly angry about being confined to the sidelines, which amazed (Y/n) — because, had it been her, she wouldn’t have taken that while lying down; she would have fought tooth and nail to get back the spot that was rightfully hers. Maybe it was her bad temper speaking, but that was how she worked.

Silently, she watched the game play out between the two teams— even getting too carried away at times and gripping the seat in front of her tightly to keep herself from screaming profanities at the other team.

It was during the second set of the game that (Y/n) finally got up from her seat and cheered her brother on. He had just managed to pull off an amazing spike that left their opponents shaking their heads, so she threw her arms up in the air and whooped loudly— effectively gathering everyone’s attention.

“Whoo! That’s my nii-chan! Hit that ball like how you hit those books! Whoo~!”

Daichi buried his face in his hands as a blush stole up his neck and settled on his cheeks, and he shook his head as he ignored his team’s quiet snickers. They respected him and all, but ever since they met (Y/n), they treated her like she was a goddess because she was the only person— aside from Suga— who could razz him and still live to tell the tale.

Suga’s eyes immediately darted up to the bleachers where (Y/n) was at, and he couldn’t help but smile at her crazy antics. He had been trying to avoid her, but only because he didn’t know what he was going to say— that he had a crush on her and that he wanted to worship her body with his tongue? Highly inappropriate, and so uncharacteristic of him, yet that was how he felt towards her.
She had managed to singlehandedly rattle his foundation, and he didn’t know how he was going to bounce back from it. In the days that he avoided her, she was all that was in his mind— not Hanami, not schoolwork, not entrance exams… just (Y/n) and her soft lips against his.

The scene replayed constantly in his mind and it was close to driving him crazy.

“(Y/n)-san is so cool.” Nishinoya commented with a laugh, earning a few nods of agreement from his team mates— except for Tsukishima and Daichi.

“Noya-san, if I didn’t know any better, I’d say that you had a crush on (Y/n)-san.” Tanaka teased, sidling up to the libero and slapping his back a little too enthusiastically.

“N-no! I just think she’s cool!” Noya cried out defensively, holding his hands up to his chest in mock surrender as he avoided his captain’s shrewd stare.

Tanaka guffawed at his friend’s garbled answer then, and slapped the libero’s back once more before running back to his spot. “Okay, let’s do this!”

From where he stood, Suga straightened out the frown on his face before focusing on the rally once more. He knew that him and (Y/n) weren’t in any sort of relationship other than friends— even though he felt that there was an undercurrent of more between them— yet it still irked him that he was feeling so possessive over her. He wanted to go over to Nishinoya and tell him off from acting on his little crush— which was so unlike him— but he couldn’t do that; he wouldn’t do that, because he didn’t have the right to do so.

Up in the bleachers, (Y/n)’s eyes constantly drifted away from the game to look at Sugawara on the sidelines. He was so focused on watching his team mates play that he didn’t even notice her lingering stares.

She could tell that he was inexperienced in bed— based on that time that they had kissed and she had taken the reigns, so she knew that he would have trepidations about entering her sort of relationship. Something told her that he wouldn’t even be crazy enough to agree with her proposition; he was so straight-laced and gentlemanly, after all. Maybe he was even waiting for that girl to love him back.

The thought put a bitter taste in her mouth, and she swallowed past it as she refocused on the man himself. He wasn’t her type, but she couldn’t lie now and say that she wasn’t attracted to him— because she most definitely was; if she weren’t, then she wouldn’t even bother going through such lengths to talk to him. Hell, she’d never even put a boy above her training regimen before, so this was akin to a whole new ball game for her.

(Y/n) was so engrossed in her own thoughts that she didn’t even have the chance to defend herself as a rolled-up newspaper whacked her over the head. The sound had everyone in the court looking up at her as she sprung up to her feet and rubbed her sore head with both hands.

“Eh, sensei!? How did you know I was here?” She asked indignantly, still rubbing her head as Ryuichi smacked her hands with his newspaper.

“I could tell something was up when you extended your run to 30k, so I followed you. Baka!” Ryuichi pointed to the nearest set of doors and (Y/n) reluctantly climbed over the seats, so that she was in the same aisle as her coach.

“Yabai, yabai!” The raven-haired girl screeched indignantly as Ryuichi kept lightly knocking his rolled-up newspaper against the top of her head. He herded his student towards the central aisle and shooed her up the stairs— which made her turn to him with a pout.
“But sensei! The game’s not done yet!”

“You don’t even play volleyball, (Y/n).” The blond man answered with a scoff, then raised his paper once more and knocked it gently against (Y/n)’s right shoulder. “If you can tell me what you’re going to get from lying, then I’m going to let you watch the rest of the game.”

“I didn’t lie. I’m just taking a quick rest!” All eyes were on her as she fended off her coach’s light hits—some people even chuckling at her misfortune of getting caught—and she huffed before she stomped up the stairs. “Nothing.”

“Then why did you think that it was a good idea to trick your sensei, eh?”

“I didn’t-”

“I’m adding more conditioning exercises to your routine!”

“But, sensei!” (Y/n) whined, turning back to the court and motioning to all the people who were looking up at her. “We already disturbed their training; the least we can do is watch.”

“No. Go, (Y/n)! Before I add more to your training load.”

“Eh!? Not fair, sensei!” Ryuichi only pinned her with a glare that was as intimidating as her brother’s, and her shoulders immediately hunched in defeat before she exited the area.

The blond man turned to his and his student’s audience and bowed deeply. “I apologize for my student. She just wanted to see your game today. Gambatte!” With that, he jogged up to the doors and followed (Y/n) outside, sighing heavily at how much of a handful that little student of his had grown into. She was bad back then, but she was so much worse now.

“Hey, wasn’t that Sawamura (Y/n)? From Akenomyōsei Kōkō?” The libero from the other team mused softly to his team mates, all five who were with him on the court looked over at him then back up at the bleachers—all of them jumping when the referee blew the whistle to re-start the game that the girl from earlier had interrupted.

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“No, I swear that was her too, Yaku-san!” Yamamoto Taketora, Nekoma’s wing spiker and ace, clapped his hands together as he conversed with his senpai after their last game for the day. “You weren’t seeing things.”

“Hm. So, she really did get kicked out of school. That answers the question of where she went off to.” Yaku Morisuke, Nekoma’s libero, answered with a nod. “She was cheering Sawamura-san on earlier as well… ah, Sugawara-san,” he called Karasuno’s vice captain and jogged over with Yamamoto following behind.

“Yes, Yaku-san?” The grey-haired setter asked with a warm smile.

Yaku returned the smile before clearing his throat. He was so curious to know if that really was the infamous girl who had singlehandedly thrown away her bright future to sell drugs to her co-athletes. Everyone wanted to know; not just him. She was still quite the hot topic with high schoolers in the city—very few people didn’t know about her because she was always in the news for bagging local
and international Muay Thai competitions left and right. “If you don’t mind me asking… that girl from earlier…”

“Daichi’s sister? Yeah, what about her?” Suga had a feeling that he wasn’t going to like whatever Yaku was going to tell him, but he was so curious about her that he wanted to know whatever it was. Then again, he didn’t want to betray her trust— in a way— because he would be talking about her behind her back; so, he waited for whatever his new acquaintance wanted and he would judge from there.

“Is her name Sawamura (Y/n), by any chance?”

Suga’s heart faltered in his chest, but he found himself nodding. He was so close to knowing all about her— and his gut was telling him that it was going to be about why she had left the city. “Yes.”

Did he really want to know? Hell yes.

“Oh, so it really was her. She’s still a hot topic in Tokyo because she-”

But was it really worth it? No, it wasn’t.

He held his hand up to stop Yaku mid-sentence, and smiled brightly at both him and Yamamoto. “Gomen, Yaku-san, but whatever (Y/n) did or didn’t do… well, I don’t want to get involved with all the gossip. I hope you understand.”

“No, eh, sorry about that. It’s just… you know… people want to know what really happened.” Yaku apologized softly and bowed his head a little. “Are you and her… you know?”

At the implication, Suga shook his head and looked around to see if Daichi had overheard anything. “No, no, we’re just friends.”

The words left a bad taste on his tongue, yet he still smiled through it and continued talking to his newfound friend. He had to talk to (Y/n) and fix whatever it was that he had messed up in the first place— he just wished that the gods would give him more strength to resist the urge to kiss her again.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhh I know I said I couldn't update, but I just hammered this one out after I got home early from my errand. So yeah. Here you guys go.
Thank you so, so much for the comments and the kudos and just... ahh! Thank you! <3 Comments make me so, so happy and motivate me to update faster. So thank you! xx Also, I'm also currently working on a oneshot for Daishō, so there's that. I'm also excited to finish that one. UwU
Morning classes the following day were as dull as ever for (Y/n). College had never really been part of her plan when she was younger, but when she entered high school, she got to thinking that she didn’t want to do Muay Thai forever. Everyone around her told her to pursue it until she was rich enough to retire, but they were all wrong— she wouldn’t get rich from doing fight after fight; all she would get was multiple injuries and hefty bills to pay in the long run.

And so, she got to thinking about what her backup plan was for when she got tired of doing the sport— and she chose to pursue a degree in medicine when it was time for university. It was days like this that she had a love-hate relationship with, because it allowed her time to think about why she had started doing her sport in the first place.

It was merely for fun at first, until she got her first taste of victory and developed an almost unhealthy hunger for it. She always told people that she just loved the sport so much and found it hard to stop, when asked why she still did it despite not having plans to see it through as a career; that was only half true, because the other— and more accurate— reason was that she didn’t know what to do with her life if she quit.

She liked to think of herself as mediocre-at-best at everything else that she did, while Muay Thai was the sole thing that she was truly good at; and she didn’t want to let that one thing go. If she did, she wouldn’t have anything left— she would be stuck in a place where she was only ‘okay’ and never ‘one of the best’; and she didn’t want that for herself.

“Ne, (Y/n)-san, are you ready to go down to the gym? Midori-san and the other girls already went ahead.” Akane, one of her friends in class, chirped behind her as she looked from her cubby hole to her brunette friend. “Are you excited for table tennis?”

(Y/n) shrugged, then grinned sheepishly at the girl beside her. “Well, not really, because I’m not really as talented in sports like my brother.”

They walked out of the girls’ changing room and into the hallway— slowly making their way to the stairs so that they could go down to the gym.

“Don’t say that, (Y/n)-san! I’ve seen one of your matches on TV— you’re amazing!”

The comment sent a genuine feeling of happiness through (Y/n), and she playfully bumped shoulders with Akane. “Aw, you’re making me blush, Akane-chan. Thank you, but really, I’m only saying the truth. Remember what happened at the volleyball game?”

Her friend was about to say something, but was cut off when their PE teacher— Saito Souichi— approached them all out of breath. “Sawamura-chan, can I ask you a favor?”

The aforementioned girl briefly wondered why she was the one that their teacher had immediately gone up to, and had to mentally roll her eyes because she remembered that her brother was something of a saint here at Karasuno— the teachers trusted him because he was so smart and so responsible; ergo, the teachers automatically thought that she was the same as well— and the fact that they were in the same college-prep class didn’t help her case at all.

Still, she nodded at her teacher and listened to his instructions. “Here’s the key to the storage room in
the first gym, take one of the boys to help you get the table tennis rackets for your class. I would do it myself, but the principal needs to talk to me right now. So, I’m counting on you.”

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And that was how she had managed to rope Suga in to help her. Not only was it a sure-fire way to get him to herself, it was also a foolproof tactic to talk to him about what happened so many days ago. They really hadn’t had the time to talk even though she was sitting right behind him, what with all the girls talking to her and asking her how her (non-existent) vacation had gone.

“You’ve been ignoring me, Suga-kun,” (Y/n) whispered softly as soon as they were outside the second gym and well away from so many ears.

“Oh, eh…” Suga stammered sheepishly, grimacing all the while as he tried to think of what to say to her that didn’t consist of just monosyllabic sounds. He was so against going with her when she’d asked but, in the end, he had pushed past his hesitations and accepted her plea for help. It was better to get their talk out of the way instead of letting him sit on it for a few more days— he was so close to snapping because she was still all that he could think about.

“We have to talk about what happened sooner rather than later.” She was telling him nothing that he didn’t already know, and he took a deep breath to settle his nerves before he spoke.

She was right, no matter how he looked at it. “I’m sorry for kissing you.”

“I’m not.”

Her answer left him reeling, and a thick silence hung between them as they continued walking to the first gym. Suga didn’t know what to say to that. What did someone say to that? He was so stumped that he didn’t even notice the frown on (Y/n)’s lips before it straightened out into a neutral line.

(Y/n) walked a few paces ahead of him and slid the door to the gym open, not bothering to take her shoes off as she walked over to the storage room. She pulled a key out of her shorts’ right pocket and unlocked the metal door, before motioning into the dim space.

Suga’s heart was pounding so hard in his chest that he was finding it hard to breathe, yet he pushed past that feeling and entered the small area that was only barely lit by the small window placed at the top half of one wall. (Y/n) followed him and slammed the door behind her— which had the hair at the back of his neck rising— with fear or anticipation, he didn’t know.

“I’m not sorry, Suga-kun. In fact, I want to kiss you again. I want to…” She closed her eyes and balled her hands up into fists in an effort to keep herself from pouncing on him. With him so close in such a small space, she could smell his minty scent, and it was so alluring that it was taking everything in her to keep herself from just kissing him.

If he didn’t know what to say before, he sure as hell didn’t know what to say now. He gulped audibly as he gazed at her— her eyes were still closed and she still stood a few feet away from him. There was another beat of silence between them, until she opened her eyes and pinned him with those brown eyes that seemed so much darker with lust swimming in them.

“I know that you have someone else that you like, and that’s fine with me— I’m not looking for
feelings, I just want a good time,” She admitted unabashedly, and his face heated up with a blush as he stared back at her. He was frozen in place, but even if he could move, he was sure that he wouldn’t be anywhere else. “So why not have fun with me while you’re waiting? No one has to know.”

She tacked her monologue off with a sultry smile that had a tent slowly forming in his shorts, and his breath caught in his throat when she delivered the final blow that had his resistance crumbling into dust. “I’ll be your dirty little secret.”

(Y/n) beckoned him towards her with a crook of her finger, and his body— to his utter surprise— moved on its own and stood so close to her that their chests were only mere inches apart. She placed her hands on his chest and slowly glided them up to his shoulders, resting them there as she leaned up a little to press her lips to his. She tasted sweet, like strawberries, and he had half a mind to ask her if she had been sneaking candies during classes, but held himself back so as to not ruin the mood.

Her hands squeezed his shoulders before drifting up to his hair and pulling him further down into her. She gently tugged at the locks, and he gasped in surprise, which she took as her opportunity to slip her tongue into his mouth. His movements were awkward at best, so she pulled away and smiled teasingly up at him. “Just relax, Suga-kun. Follow my lead and do what feels right.”

Suga nodded idly, and gingerly placed his hands on either side of her waist before diving back in and claiming her lips with his. He was a little better now— less tense— as she played around with his tongue. (Y/n) smirked against his lips and playfully sucked on his tongue, which caused him to moan quietly against her mouth— so she did it again, but with his bottom lip.

The raven-haired girl broke away from the setter’s lips and started trailing kisses down his jaw, before settling on his neck— like she had done a few days ago. She nipped at the skin and laved at the areas with her tongue; causing Suga to let out pleased gasps from his parted lips— until she untangled her right hand from his hair and used that to pull his shirt collar enough to expose part of his shoulder.

She bit down on the recently-exposed skin and sucked on it with fervor, making sure that she was going to leave a mark on his pale skin so that he would remember her everytime he saw the bruise until it faded.

“(Y/n)-chan,” Suga moaned softly; effectively sending a burst of heat between the aforementioned girl’s thighs. She got such a high from knowing that she was the reason why this man was experiencing so much pleasure— and she hadn’t even gone to the best bits yet.

Her left hand drifted down Sugawara’s torso before stopping at the hem of his shirt, toying with it for a bit before proceeding further down to cup his erection over his shorts. A breathless moan escaped the setter’s lips then, and Suga’s head drooped forward to rest on (Y/n)’s left shoulder. The latter unlatched her mouth from the new hickey that she had been making, and began pressing butterfly kisses to the side of the grey-haired male’s neck.

She rubbed his erection through his shorts, then proceeded to slip her hand beneath all the barriers so that she could encircle her fingers around his cock. She pumped him up and down, which made him moan breathlessly against her shoulder— until she used her right hand to guide Suga’s head upright so that she could kneel down in front of him.

This was hardly the time or the place for a blowjob, but she couldn’t let him go back out there with a tent in his shorts— not only would that give their classmates an idea of what they were doing, but she was sure that it would also make Daichi flip out.
And so, she pulled Suga’s shorts and boxers down— enough to expose his rigid cock to her curious eyes— only to be pleasantly surprised at how he looked down there. She had seen quite a handful of other dicks in her life, but his took the cake for the one that she wouldn’t mind sucking off every night. It was a very weird thought, but that was the only thing that ran through her mind to describe him without using the word ‘pretty’.

(Y/n) gave a tentative lick to the tip of Suga’s cock, and the setter reached out to grip the side of her head to anchor himself. His body felt so warm and that fact was only made more obvious by the fact that rivulets of sweat were rolling down the side of his face as well as down his back. The same thing could be said for (Y/n), because her face was damp with sweat while her arms and legs shone with a light sheen of it.

She pumped Suga’s cock a few more times before taking half of it in her mouth, bobbing her head up and down on it while making sure to pay special attention to the vein beneath the head. Her right hand pulled the setter’s shorts further down so that she could play with his balls— and with the way that his grip on her hair tightened as well as the way that his expression twisted with so much pleasure, she could confidently say that he enjoyed it.

Using her hand to rub the part that she couldn’t fit into her mouth, (Y/n) bobbed her head a few more times until she felt Suga’s cock reach the back of her throat. She relaxed her throat muscles and resumed sucking him off once more— until he called her name through garbled moans, which made her look up at him with his dick still in her mouth.

“I’m going to—” He couldn’t continue his sentence because the raven-haired girl picked up the pace and started humming quietly to further stimulate him.

It didn’t take long until Suga reached his climax and spilled his cum in (Y/n)’s mouth— which she received with a smile before swallowing every last bit of the thick liquid. She then proceeded to tuck the setter back into his boxers and shorts before rising up to her feet and pressing a light kiss against his lips. His face was as red as a tomato, which had her giggling as she walked over to where the table tennis rackets were.

She was so wet that she could feel it soaking her panties, but she would have to wait because they were already running late for class.

“Wait, (Y/n)-chan, what about you?” Suga was just too sweet for his own good; it was adorable.

“Don’t worry.” (Y/n) turned to look at him over her shoulder and winked. “We have all night tonight for that, Suga-kun.”

Chapter End Notes

AHHHH THEY ANNOUNCED SEASON 4 FOR HAIKYUU. I can’t. I’m so happy. (^o^)ayooy

Also... there might not be a chapter tomorrow. It depends, because I have last-minute things to do, so yeah...

I hope you guys liked this chapter as much as I loved writing it. <3

AGAIN, HAIKYUU SEASON 4!!!!!!! Omg.
Happy Holidays, everyone!
It's already the 24th where I am, so it's ALMOST Christmas.
I'm so excited.<3

Unfortunately for both Suga and (Y/n), ‘tonight’ didn’t happen.

Not only were they both kept busy with their own training schedules, it was as if the universe was keeping them apart; whether it was extended practice because their own respective qualifier games were coming up, or maybe because they had separate group projects to do, but it was getting on (Y/n)’s last nerve. She just wanted a good time, damn it.

She was prepared to just whip her clothes off in the middle of class and take Suga then and there, but the fact that her brother was only a few feet away made her take heed of her urges. Still, that didn’t change the fact that the setter was unknowingly driving her hormones wild after their little tryst in the storage room.

He would always blush whenever they made direct eye contact, and that never failed to make her smile and tease him in subtle ways— maybe retaliate with a subtle wink, or a wiggle of her eyebrows, and sometimes even by blowing him a kiss. Some people had raised their eyebrows at the exchanges between them, but chalked it up as nothing more than her being closer to Suga than the rest because he was friends with her brother as well.

That still wasn’t enough to tide her over, though; so, when she got the chance to corner him during lunch break, she took the chance and seized it with both hands. She had seen him exit the building with the intention to go to the second gym— as per his usual routine during lunch— but this time, Hinata wasn’t with him.

And so, she excused herself from her friends— telling them that she needed to tell Suga something— before chasing after the grey-haired setter.

(Y/n) followed him down the hall, trying to match his pace without attracting too much attention from the lower years, until he turned the corner that she knew was secluded enough for what she had in mind. With one more look around her to see if people were paying her any attention (and seeing that all of them were engrossed in their own conversations), she picked up the pace and turned the corner as well, jogging the last few meters towards Suga before grabbing him by the arm and pushing his back against one of the walls.

“Eh? (Y/n)⁈” He stammered out, eyes wide and mouth hanging open in surprise.

“Come here.” The raven-haired girl whispered softly before pulling tangling her fingers in his hair and pulling him down to press her lips against his. She wasted no time at all, licking Suga’s bottom lip and snaking her tongue into his mouth to tangle with his— he tasted like Apollo chocolates, which (Y/n) extremely liked.
She pulled away from the kiss and smiled up at him. “Do you have any more chocolate?”

The setter blinked twice in confusion before shyly wiping the right corner of his mouth with his thumb. Gingerly, he fished out the small box of strawberry-flavored chocolate from his pocket and handed it over to (Y/n)’s waiting hand.

She popped three pieces of the triangular chocolate pieces in her mouth and let it melt on her tongue before she pecked Suga’s lips. “Now I taste like chocolate as well.”

With that, she tucked the box of chocolates in her blazer’s pocket, then cupped his face in her hands before pressing her lips to his once more. Almost immediately, Suga melted into the kiss and pliantly opened his mouth for her— feeling a shudder run through him when her chocolate-coated tongue touched his again.

His heart was beating so hard in his chest that he felt that he was about to faint, but he pushed past the feeling and focused entirely on how good (Y/n)’s mouth felt against his. He was so inept with the art of making out that it was laughable, but he followed (Y/n)’s prior advice and let his instincts lead him— of course, he knew that his skill wasn’t anything to write home about, but he felt that he was getting better— judging by the fact that she just moaned into the kiss.

His hands, however, were a different story. He didn’t know where to place them, so they just hung awkwardly at his sides, until (Y/n) pressed her body flush against his and ran her hands up his shoulders then down his arms— settling on his wrists, which she tugged towards her body so that his hands rested firmly against her behind.

Suga’s closed eyes snapped open and he tried to pull both his lips and hands away from (Y/n), but she wasn’t having any of that; she merely pressed deeper against Suga’s lips and kept his hands where they were by slapping her own hands over them. The setter gave in and sighed against her lips, knowing that fighting her would only result in the same ending.

They didn’t know how long they were standing there, pressed tightly against each other, but both of them jumped apart when they heard a quiet yelp from the end of the corridor. Suga immediately straightened himself out— making sure to face away from Hinata as he tried to get his erection to settle down— while (Y/n) merely brushed her hair back and smiled at the shell-shocked first year.

“Gomen, Hinata-kun,” (Y/n) cooed softly— as if she was talking to a skittish rabbit— while she walked towards the first year. “We’re sorry that you had to see that, but can we ask you to keep it a secret? Suga-kun will train with you outside of regular practice whenever you want— for a whole week. And I’ll buy you meat buns for a week to make it up to you.”

“Ah, eh… ano… e… to. (Y/n)-senpai…” Hinata stuttered quietly, eyes wide as the aforementioned girl reached into her pocket and pulled out the box of chocolates that she had gotten from Suga. She held it up towards Hinata and gave it a shake.

“Do you want some chocolate?”

Hinata couldn’t even move, so (Y/n) reached out and grabbed his hand before pouring a couple of pieces of the sweet treat in his palm.

“Thank you, Hinata-kun. I’ll see you later.” With that, the raven-haired girl grinned at the first year before turning on her heel and dashing towards Suga— wrapping her arms around his left one as she dragged him off through the closed set of doors. “Ah, I have to borrow Suga-kun for a couple of minutes. He’ll be with you soon.”
“What was that?” Sugawara asked frantically when him and (Y/n) rounded the corner where the vending machines were. He didn’t even bother to unlatch himself from her arms, but just slapped a hand to his forehead as he muttered unintelligible comments under his breath.

“I’m just thankful that it wasn’t nii-chan.” The raven-haired girl sighed and leaned back against one of the vending machines. She unwrapped herself from Suga’s arm and let her arms fall limply at her sides while she gazed at the setter’s profile. He looked so mortified and flustered all at once— and it took everything in her to keep herself from giggling at his expression.

Suga wanted the ground to open up and swallow him whole but, unfortunately, the chances of that happening was one in a million— so he had no choice but to dwell in his embarrassment at being caught making out at school… by a kouhai no less. “If it were Daichi, I don’t think I would be alive right now.”

(Y/n) laughed at that, and nodded in agreement. “You and I both.”

“Listen, (Y/n)-chan, we can’t—”

She held up a hand to cut Suga off, then spoke when he stopped. “Do you want to or not?”

That statement put a wedge in Suga’s thoughts. Did he really want to continue whatever was happening between them?

Hell yes. But… “We have to have rules. I don’t…” he sighed heavily and ran a shaky hand through his hair before putting both of his hands in his pockets. “I don’t know how this works, to be honest with you.”

“I figured as much.” Her answer wasn’t mocking or teasing, it was just a plain observation delivered with a small smile. “It’s simple, really. We make out and we fuck, but we can’t tell anyone because that will only complicate things when we get each other out of our systems— not to mention my brother will bury us alive if he finds out that I’m sleeping with his friend. We can flirt with other people, but we can’t have sex with them— if any one of us wants another person, then our arrangement is done. Clean break.”

Suga knew that he should be scared of how easily she said those things but, oddly enough, he found them hot coming from her lips. He didn’t want his first relationship to be a friends-with-benefits situation, but it was better than waiting around for Hanami; frankly, he was tired of waiting. He deserved to have some fun, right? (Y/n) was the best solution for that— and she was being given to him on a silver platter, so to speak. “You seem to have everything thought out.”

“I don’t do relationships; they’re too messy. I just need the perks from it— sex and a nice body to cuddle with whenever I want.” She smirked and winked at him. He felt a blush color his cheeks, but he didn’t look away from her— he couldn’t, because he finally noticed how beautiful she looked with her kiss-swollen lips and slightly rumpled uniform. The sight of her was making him hard all over again. “If either one of us gets tired of the other early on, we go on with life as friends— nothing more and nothing less.”

She really was so ruthless, yet he found it so fitting to her multifaceted personality; she was so complex that she usually left his mind reeling, but that was one of the things that made her so
intriguing.

“I didn’t think that you would have it in you to say yes.”

He knew that he should have said no— he really didn’t have the courage to continue with something so unfamiliar with him— but he still found himself opening his mouth and saying those words that sealed his fate. “Yeah, I didn’t know that I had it in me as well.”

Chapter End Notes

Seriously, I want to thank you guys for reading this fic. It makes me so happy to know that you guys like it and whatnot. I especially want to thank thepineandthestar, KZOMBI3, and that one person who left a comment as ‘guest’ for motivating me to keep sharing what I wrote. And, of course, all of you guys as well. Words can’t describe how grateful I am. <3
Happy Holidays, everyone! Merry Christmas (if you also celebrate Christmas like me!).

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Suga didn’t know why exactly he had agreed in the first place. Pressure, maybe? As a means to get over his one-sided feelings? Or maybe- he couldn’t even think about it. He wouldn’t think about it in case thinking about it made it real.

His own childish thoughts made him shake his head, as he got up from his seat and grabbed his bag so that he could get moving to the club room. He really didn’t feel like going to volleyball practice today, which was a first, all because thoughts of (Y/n) and their arrangement clogged his mind up. He couldn’t even focus on today’s lesson, which was another first for him. It appeared that today was filled with so many firsts for him.

(Y/n), however, seemed to be over the moon with the recent development that their ‘relationship’ had taken. Everyone could tell because she was in such a good mood for the remainder of the day— even going as far as to voluntarily recite during the last three classes that they had that afternoon. She was very smart, which didn’t really surprise anyone because she had also managed to get into an advanced college-prep class, but she usually tended to stay quiet during discussions.

She was so cool even after being seen by Hinata, while Suga was stuck worrying about whether his teammate would let the proverbial cat out of the bag later during practice. That was one of the reasons why he didn’t want to be there: because he wanted to be as far from Daichi as possible when the bomb dropped. Daichi would surely do something worse than throw him out of the gym; he shuddered just thinking about what would become of him if (or when) that happened.

Hell, even Daichi was surprised at how good his sister’s mood was. “What has you in such a great mood? It must really be something since it has you reciting during class.”

“What? Can I not be the cat that got the cream? Or the monkey that ate the banana? I prefer to be the monkey.” She answered with a laugh, miming holding up a banana to her mouth before opening her mouth and clicking her tongue once.

Suga’s face instantaneously turned red with a blush, and he turned away from the brother-sister duo to keep Daichi from seeing his expression and putting two and two together. He almost cursed (Y/n) for being so flamboyant and shameless with her actions; just the sight of her miming giving a blowjob with that ‘monkey that ate the banana’ proverb was enough to throw his mind back to that time in the storage room— and now, instead of just his face feeling hot, his whole body was aflame with both embarrassment and need.

“I’m not saying that you can’t; I’m just saying that it’s weird to see you so active in class.”

“Can we just let it go? The important thing is that I’m happy, isn’t it?” (Y/n) grinned at her brother, looping arms with him and dragging him to the door.

Daichi wanted to know what exactly had made his sister so giddy, but he didn’t want to press her
even more than he already was, so he just let it go with a sigh. “I guess so, but let’s wait for Suga. Suga!”

The setter felt a chill go through him at the sound of Daichi’s voice, and (Y/n) had to stifle a laugh at his skittish reaction. He was acting so much like Hinata when the first year saw them earlier; it was adorable. “Y- yeah, Daichi?”

“Come on, let’s get going.” Daichi grinned at his friend, while said friend returned it with a forced smile of his own— but walked over to the Sawamura siblings, nonetheless. “Oi, (Y/n), don’t you have to get going to your gym as well? It’s Wednesday, isn’t it?”

(Y/n) grinned and tightened her hold on her brother. “Takahashi-sensei gave me today off because he had to go to the city to fix my registration.”

“Shouldn’t you be the one doing that?” The older Sawamura asked, adopting a confused look on his face as he let his sister lead him down to the club room. Suga followed behind them quietly, totally unsure of how to act because of the things that had unfolded earlier in the day. He was just thankful that (Y/n) was taking all of Daichi’s attention, because they would be found out the moment that Daichi asked him why he was acting so weird all of a sudden.

“I should, but I had school, so it had to be him.”

“Be sure to thank him when you see him next.”

“Hai,” she chimed happily, drawing out the last vowel as she leaned her head against her brother’s shoulder. Sometimes she loved almost being as tall as her brother. “Ne, nii-chan, where were you during lunch? Were you perhaps talking to Michimiya-san?”

A light blush dusted the captain’s cheeks, which had his sister laughing as she teasingly poked his side. “I knew it! She so has a crush on you! Why don’t you ask her out?”

“Eh!? Michimiya? No, you’re wrong.” Daichi protested, which only made (Y/n) start poking him more incessantly— until she turned to look at Suga, who had been so quiet behind them. “Am I right, Suga-kun? Michimiya-san has a thing for nii-chan?”

“Don’t answer that, Suga!” Daichi yelped as he raised a hand up and flicked his sister on the forehead— which had her pulling away from him with an affronted look on her face, before holding both hands out and pushing Daichi sideways.

The older of the siblings used his weight to hold him in place, and his sister groaned as she struggled to push him— until she just gave up pushing him in lieu of jumping on to his back and clinging on to him like a koala does to a tree. “You’re scaring him into submission, nii-chan! Answer it, Suga-kun!”

Suga didn’t know whom to follow, so he just stayed quiet as he watched the duo hash it out between themselves— with Daichi trying to pry (Y/n)’s arms from his neck, and (Y/n) clinging tighter to him in retaliation.

“Get down! Stop flashing everyone!” Daichi scolded, trying to be stern but failing because he found his current situation to be funny.

“I’m not! I’m wearing shorts!” (Y/n) cried out with a laugh. “Surrender or die!”

“To you? Never!”
It was so unusual to see Daichi acting so childish, so it garnered a couple of peoples’ attention while they were on their way to the club room— and once they were standing at the bottom of the building, Tanaka—who was on his way inside the volleyball club room— did a double take and told everyone that their captain was in a fight; which, of course, had everyone scrambling out on to the balcony to see said ‘fight’.

Suga merely waved at everyone with an uneasy smile on his face as he waited for the events to unfold in front of him. He wanted to stop them, but he didn’t know how his words were going to be received, so he just stayed put while Daichi and (Y/n) continued play-fighting.

The raven-haired girl unlatched her arms from around her brother’s neck and covered his eyes with her hands— using her legs around his waist to support her— until Daichi tripped over his own two feet and sent them tipping backwards; with (Y/n) taking the brunt of the fall.

Silence reigned over the two as they laid there on the ground, and everyone’s immediate thought was to help them— until the siblings started laughing loudly. Daichi rolled to the side and got up to his feet before helping his sister up. He dusted her dirty uniform off before pulling her into a headlock and ruffling her hair.

Everyone released a collective sigh at the sight of the siblings acting like nothing had happened. It was still weird to see their captain acting as such, but it was kind of refreshing to see him so happy at being beat up by his sister.

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“You’re bleeding,” Suga commented worriedly when he saw (Y/n) wiping the blood off of the scratch on her right elbow with her hand. She didn’t want to walk home alone, so she opted to wait inside the gym for Daichi to finish with practice.

“It’s just a scratch; I’ve had way worse— like that one time that someone punched me in the face and my eyebrow just…” she mimed a popping motion with a laugh, and Suga shuddered at the visual that she provided. He looked back at his team mates, whom were all in the midst of their floor stretches, and he beckoned her to follow him.

“Ooh, did you finish early just so you could get me alone, Suga-kun?” She teased quietly, hopping off the stage and following after the grey-haired setter.

Suga blushed at her words, but didn’t answer as he flagged Daichi down. The captain immediately ran over to where they stood and looked at them both. “What’s wrong?”

“She has a scratch on her elbow. The infirmary’s already closed, so I’ll take her to the club room to clean and bandage it.” The setter answered softly, and Daichi’s eyebrows furrowed in worry before he nodded. He wanted to be the one to do it, since it was most likely his fault in the first place, but he couldn’t just leave the team unsupervised since coach Ukai was running a bit late.

“Okay, go ahead.”

With that, Suga beckoned (Y/n) to follow him once more and he led her up to their club room on the second floor. He opened the door for her and welcomed her into the small space. There was a metal shelf pressed to one of the walls, a two-door locker at one corner, and a chair and table beneath the sole window in the room.
“It’s… quaint.” (Y/n) commented with a smile as she took her shoes off and stepped on to the tatami floor. “So, where do you want to do this?”

The double entendre didn’t fly over Suga’s head, and another blush warmed his cheeks as he took down the first aid kit from the shelf. “I… uh… anywhere’s fine.”

(Y/n) chose to sit down on the table, curling her right arm up towards her face so she could see how bad the scratch really was. Suga approached her and awkwardly cleared his throat as he tried to figure out where to stand that wouldn’t be awkward for either of them. In the end, (Y/n) reached out and grabbed him by his shirt before tugging him to stand between her legs.

He was about to step away from her, but she merely tugged at his shirt once more to keep him where he was. She smiled coyly up at him and licked her bottom lip—which made Suga gulp. “Everyone’s busy downstairs, so I doubt that they’ll come looking for us anytime soon.”

“W-we can’t do it here.” Suga stammered out, pressing his hands to his face in an effort to hide his burning cheeks from (Y/n).

(Y/n), however, wasn’t having that—so she reached up to wrap her hands around Suga’s wrists and tugged his hands down before trailing her hands back up to his shoulders to pull him down to her lips. “Doesn’t mean that we can’t do other things.”

With that, she claimed his lips with hers and let her hands roam all over his torso—relishing in the feel of supple flesh beneath her hands instead of the hard muscles that she was used to feeling with her previous trysts.

Slowly, without breaking their kiss, (Y/n) got up from her seat on the table and reversed their roles—pushing Suga to sit down in her place before making quick work of her shorts and panties, then moving up to straddle the setter. “Like what you see?”

Suga was speechless, he could only look down where (Y/n)’s skirt was flipped up and pressed against the tent in his shorts. She tugged his shorts and boxers down over his erection—setting it free from its confines before instructing him to lean back. He followed her blindly and leaned back against the window, while she rose up and started rubbing her clit against the underside of his dick.

It was so overwhelming—yet so good—that he couldn’t even protest. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and pressed her face close to his, moaning quietly against his ear that it made him impossibly harder than before. (Y/n) trailed butterfly kisses along his jaw, then claimed his lips once more—taking advantage of his pliant mouth and slipping her tongue inside his mouth to tangle with his own.

Grinding wasn’t really high up on (Y/n)’s list of orgasm-inducing moves, but she figured that she would, at least, do it with Suga to teach him something new—in case he didn’t know about it, which she guessed he didn’t. She broke away from the kiss to look down at him, feeling her body heat up even more at the sight of his euphoric expression. His cheeks were aflame, his eyes were screwed shut, and his mouth slightly hung open as quiet mewls left him—it was just too cute, so she decided to give in and suck him off.

(Y/n) got up from her perch on his lap—which had the setter opening his eyes and looking at her with a confused expression—before she sank down before him and took his erection in her right hand, while her left hand found its way down to her cunt so she could play with herself.

She leaned forward and took Suga’s cock in her mouth, running her tongue over the slit at the head of his dick before sinking down further until he hit the back of her throat. While she bobbed her head...
up and down on him, she used her middle finger to rub her clit in circles— desperate to reach the precipice of her orgasm before anyone on the volleyball team got it in their head to go to the club room.

Suga cried out a garbled moan when she hollowed her cheeks out and proceeded to sink down on him to the hilt, and (Y/n) looked up at him— making direct eye contact— before resuming the motion of slipping his cock in and out of her mouth.

It didn’t take long for the setter to get comfortable enough to move his hands to (Y/n)’s head, lightly pushing her down and making her stay a bit longer at the hilt of his cock with every thrust. (Y/n) was actually, for lack of better word, proud of him for loosening up— even if it was a small action. It was still progress. “I’m- ah- close.”

At that, she bobbed her head faster and used her right hand to fondle his balls, which had Suga pressing the back of his hand to his mouth as he gasped and moaned with his release. (Y/n) felt his warm cum on her tongue and let him finish before swallowing around the head of his cock. She pulled him out of her mouth with a slight pop before she focused on her own orgasm.

Suga was transfixed on the raven-haired girl before him; she sat back on her haunches with her fingers rubbing frantically at her clit, and he kind of felt bad that he was the one who kept receiving pleasure from her, so he quickly tucked himself back into his shorts then sank down on the floor even as his self-consciousness told him to leave her be.

“A- ano… let me help you, (Y/n)-chan.” He whispered shyly, but (Y/n) heard him and stopped her ministrations to sink back against the floor— parting her legs even more so Suga had space between her legs.

Hesitantly, he leaned down and made himself comfortable between her legs. He quickly thought back to the very few videos that he had watched before, and idly ran the tip of his index and middle finger up and down her wet slit.

“Don’t be shy, Suga-kun,” (Y/n) coaxed softly; her words being tacked off by a gasp when he leaned forward and ran his tongue up the trail where his fingers had previously been. “There, suck on my clit- oh gods- and then slip a- ah- finger in me.”

The setter followed her instructions fervently, making her moan aloud more than once as he pumped his middle finger in and out of her. She was about to tell him to add another finger when he did it himself— letting his tongue play with her clit much in the same way that she would play with the vein beneath the head of his cock. She was so close to her own orgasm, until he lightly nipped at her clit with his teeth— and that action unexpectedly had her release coursing through her.

Her body stiffened a bit before becoming lax again, and she let out a breathless chuckle as she laid back against the floor. “Oh my gods. That was so good, Suga-kun. Was that your first time eating someone out?”

“I- well- yes. I haven’t- I’m a-” Suga stuttered out, his face redder than before as he sat upright. “… virgin.”

“Well, you won’t be by the end of the month.”
Sorry I got so carried away with writing about Daichi and the MC's brother-sister dynamic. I just get so carried away when I write about them (and I've always wanted to have an older brother... so yeah.)

Anyways, thank you so much for all the kudos and the comments. I really appreciate them! <3
“Really, nii-chan? You guys are dropping by my gym tomorrow?” (Y/n) asked enthusiastically as she entered the kitchen and sat down beside her brother at the dining table. “Ah, okaa-san, I’m finally going to see nii-chan punch something!”

Chie laughed at her daughter’s excitement as she set down a bowl of rice on the table. “Don’t get your hopes up too much, (Y/n)-chan.”

“We’re not going there to learn Muay Thai; we’re going there because it’s the nearest gym to the school that has weights and other equipment— besides, your coach gave us a special discount because his wife works at Karasuno… and because you’re my sister,” Daichi answered with a slightly apologetic smile, then picked up his chopsticks.

Chie sat down across her children and rearranged the plates of food— bringing the vegetables closer to (Y/n) since she preferred to eat them, while pushing the plate of shogayaki closer to Daichi.

“You’re no fun, nii-chan,” (Y/n) pouted as she picked her own chopsticks up and muttered a synchronized ‘itadakimasu’ with her brother before they dug in. “Uwah, okaa-san, what did you do with the vegetables? They taste amazing!”

“I sautéed them in butter and added a bit of red curry paste to them.” Chie smiled warmly at (Y/n). “I’m glad that you liked it; I made it specifically for you.”

“Thank you, okaa-san. You’re the best.” (Y/n) thanked her surrogate mother, feeling her heart swell up with so much emotion that she had to hold herself back from shedding a tear or two. There were times when she had trouble believing how such a wonderful woman came to accept her as her own child, despite the fact that she was the product of her husband’s past indiscretion— and this was one of those times.

“Don’t cry in front of your food, (Y/n),” Daichi scolded jokingly, reaching out to pat his sister’s shoulder as she hastily rubbed the back of her hand against her closed eyes.

“Urusai, nii-chan! I’m not crying. I just had something in my eyes.”

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“Suge, (Y/n)-san!” Nishinoya exclaimed as he watched (Y/n) on the mitts with her coach.

Hinata hung around the ring as well, with an expression of wonder on his face as he watched the raven-haired girl land consecutive punches and kicks on the mitts. He still felt skittish around (Y/n) and Suga after what he had seen, but was slowly moving past it with every passing day. “Sugoi!”

“Oi, Hinata, I dare you to go up there!” Tanaka chortled as he razzed his kouhai. In truth, he was the one who really wanted to give it a try.

Suga stood close to Daichi at one corner of the ring, waiting for (Y/n) and her coach to get done so they could receive their instructions, since coach Ukai wasn’t with them because of something that came up at the shop.
Like the first time he had seen her train, he was still mesmerized by the fluid way she moved; and he could tell that everyone was as well—even Asahi was transfixed with something that would usually make him squeamish. Hell, even Tsukishima was watching with a bit of admiration in his eyes—while Yamaguchi had his mouth slightly ajar as he watched his captain’s sister in her element.

Jab. Push. And… (Y/n) thought to herself as her body moved in accordance with her sensei’s own moves. She launched herself upwards in the air and landed a strong kick to the pads before going back to her fighting stance. Her move was met with quiet words of awe, and she felt herself smiling as she delivered more punches and kicks to her sensei.

The bell signaling the last thirty seconds of the round rang through the speakers, and Ryuichi raised the pads up to his right hip. “Give me fifteen.”

With a quiet groan, (Y/n) unleashed fifteen roundhouse kicks to the pads—each one eliciting a louder bang than the last, until the bell signaling the end of the round buzzed and both the coach and his student did their own version of a high-five; knocking their gloves and pads against each other in an opposite up and down motion, then finishing off with a jab from (Y/n).

“Water,” (Y/n) proclaimed hoarsely as she exited the ring, and her brother immediately got the pink sports bottle that he knew to be hers before holding it out to her. She grabbed the bottle with her gloved hands and started drinking from the built-in straw. When she was done drinking, she let out a loud breath and grinned. “I feel like I’m gonna die.”

“Yeah, no, one more round on the pads for you,” Ryuichi stated with a mocking grin as he set the pads down inside the ring and stepped out of it so he could greet the very same person who’d had the gall to ask him if he had any intentions of bringing (Y/n) into underground fight rings. “That was a weak round.”

“That was weak?” Tanaka asked quietly, or as quietly as he could with his bewildered tone. (Y/n) had to stifle a laugh at that. “She could have kicked me to the moon with that.”

“I highly doubt it, but if you’d like to try then I’m willing,” (Y/n) joked over her shoulder, walking away from her brother and her coach to stand next to Suga who was a few feet away. Tanaka balked, and then frantically shook his head as Nishinoya and Asahi laughed at him.

“You shouldn’t tease him like that, you know—I think they’re slightly afraid of you now,” Suga greeted with a small smile on his face, and that ever-present blush on his cheeks whenever (Y/n) was around. He just couldn’t help it; it wasn’t like he could tell his blood where to go.

“It was too tempting to pass up, Suga-kun,” She answered coyly, then shot him a wink before adding under her breath, “Like you.”

That had Suga pursing his lips and averting his gaze from (Y/n)—which had the latter giggling as she lightly punched his chest. She was about to say another teasing remark when her brother clapped his hands together to get everyone’s attention. “Alright, everyone, gather around. This is Takahashi-sensei and he’s going to be our coach for today.”

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“Ne, sensei, can I bring up a few people on the ring and teach them?” (Y/n) asked Ryuichi excitedly as she finished the last one of her cooldown exercises.
“You mean goof off?” Ryuichi quirked his eyebrows as a smirk tugged at his lips. “Just be careful. The extra gloves and hand wraps are in that cabinet.”

(Y/n) almost hugged her coach with how happy she was; but she held herself back and instead thanked him before rushing over to the cabinet he had pointed to. She immediately gathered up three pairs of gloves and hand wraps before bringing them to the side of the ring where a few people were cooling down.

“Do you guys want to do the thing I was doing earlier? I’ll be more than happy to teach you!” The raven-haired girl exclaimed with a wide grin, letting her eyes roam over the four people on the bench who she knew to be Hinata, Kageyama, Tanaka, and Tsukishima. Hinata and Tanaka immediately raised their hands and (Y/n) skipped over to them. “Don’t you two want to try it? It’s fun, I promise.”

“No thanks,” Tsukishima answered flatly and shook his head, while Kageyama merely pursed his lips and violently shook his head.

“Okay, okay, I get it.” (Y/n) laughed and walked back to where Hinata and Tanaka were standing. They looked so excited to learn—which was very infectious. “So, we need to wrap your hands first, then I’ll teach you a quick rundown of the basics.”

True to her words, (Y/n) patiently taught both Tanaka and Hinata how to wrap their hands—tossing the extra set of gloves and wraps to the side—before showing them some of the basics: the punches, and some of the kicks, one knee-strike move, the horizontal elbow strike and, of course, the superman punch. She wanted to teach them more, but they didn’t exactly have all the time in the world, so she only chose the easy moves.

Both Hinata and Tanaka were good students—though Hinata made had a hard time following her instructions unless she showed him how to do it but, other than that, he was okay.

“What? But I can’t punch you, (Y/n)-san!” Tanaka cried out vehemently as (Y/n) slipped the long pads on to her arms. Everyone looked over to where the raven-haired girl had entered the ring and was bouncing around on the balls of her feet.

“Then all of what I taught you would be for nothing if you didn’t try it out.” She grinned. “Come on, Tanaka-kun. Or are you too chicken?”

“I- I’m not!” The second year stuttered out, then pushed Hinata forward. “You go first, Hinata! I just need a breather.”

“N- nani!?” Hinata yelped as his eyes darted back and forth between his two senpais. (Y/n) chuckled under her breath and beckoned Hinata into the ring.

“Come on, Hinata-kun! Don’t be shy. Get up here.”

Hesitantly, Hinata climbed under the ropes and into the ring—awkwardly swinging his gloved hands at his sides as he stood in front of his captain’s sister. “(Y/n)-san… ano… I don’t know what to do.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll be telling you what to do. I didn’t know how this worked when I first started as well—Takahashi-sensei had to be really patient with me.” She held her right arm up and smiled at the orange-haired ray of sunshine. “Jab.”

Hinata took a deep breath and pulled his right hand back before letting it fly. His punch barely made a sound—which had (Y/n) biting her bottom lip to keep herself from chuckling at Hinata. She then lowered her right hand and raised the left one. “Cross.”
The ball of sunshine landed another weak punch on the pad, yet (Y/n) moved on to raise the pad higher. “Superman punch.” She took two steps back and Hinata propelled himself forward before bringing his gloved hand down— and completely missing his target.

(Y/n) stumbled back as she felt the blood flowing out of her nose. She took the pads off of her arms and used her hand wraps to wipe the red liquid away— to no avail, as it was only replaced with more blood.

“Uwah! (Y/n)-san! Gomen nasai! I didn’t mean to!” Hinata cried frantically, which garnered everyone’s attention and had Daichi and Suga both rushing into the ring when they saw the amount of blood that was pouring from her nose. “Ah! Captain! Gomen nasai!”

“Don’t sweat it, Hinata-kun,” (Y/n) waved his apology off with a smile, as she used the heel of her palm as a sort of stopper for her nose. “I can still breathe through it, so I know that it’s not broken.”

Daichi put his hands on his sister’s shoulder and turned her to face him. The look on his face made the smile on (Y/n)’s face falter for a second, before she amped it up to a grin to show him that she was fine. She also removed her hand from her nose to let him see if the bleeding had stopped. “How do you feel? Do you want to go to the hospital? Do you feel faint or dizzy? How many of me are you seeing?”

“I feel fine, nii-chan,” (Y/n) tried to reassure her brother, then turned to Sugawara for help. “I’m honestly alright, Suga-kun.”

“I highly doubt that; you’re still bleeding,” Suga answered with a frown—hands clenched into fists at his sides to keep himself from reaching out and touching her—then turned to look at Ryuichi when he saw the blond come into the ring from the corner of his eyes.

“Here’s some ice for that,” Ryuichi said coolly as he pressed the gel ice pack to (Y/n)’s nose, which she held in place with her right hand. “Go get showered and go home— but ask someone to take you, just in case. But you’ll be fine, it wasn’t that strong of a hit.”

“See, I’m going to be fine.” (Y/n) pushed her brother’s hands off of her with her free hand before thanking her coach. “This happens all the time.”

“Does it really?” Daichi asked, turning to the blond man standing with them.

Ryuichi nodded with a sardonic smile. “More often than I’d like to admit— usually to me.”

At that answer, the older Sawamura sighed in resignation before turning to his friend. “Suga, can you take (Y/n) home? I’ll finish up here first then send everyone home.”
After getting showered and dressed into a fresh set of clothes, (Y/n) went over to Hinata to comfort him once more, before she made her way to leave the gym with the ice pack still pressed to her the bruise— that was slowly starting to bloom on the bridge of her nose.

“Don’t come back tomorrow! Get some rest and elevate your head when you sleep!” Ryuichi called out with a wave as his troublesome student said goodbye to him and everyone else in the premises. Everyone else waved goodbye to her, all of them— save for Tsukishima— giving her a small smile.

“Hai, sensei!” (Y/n) called cheerfully before walking out with the grey-haired setter beside her.

Once they were far away enough from the gym, (Y/n) sidled closer to Suga and wrapped herself around his left arm— while still holding the ice pack up to her nose. She was so grateful to him because he insisted on carrying her bag for her, along with his own bag; he was so cute and gentlemanly that it was making it hard for (Y/n) to keep herself from smiling. “I knew that I wanted to get you alone, but I didn’t think that I had to get punched in the face for that to happen.”

Suga didn’t find her statement funny at all, and a worried frown tugged at his lips as he turned his head to look at her. “Not funny.”

“Well, someone’s touchy tonight,” (Y/n) teased. “I’d rather have you touching me.”

Suga was so tempted to accept her offer, but one look at the bruise on her face had his worry for her overriding all the lust that was bubbling up within him. He remained silent for the remainder of the walk to her house— silently thankful that it wasn’t that far from the gym, because he didn’t know if he could hold himself back if (Y/n) pounced on him again.

When they arrived at the Sawamura residence, however, all the lights were off— which meant that no one was inside. (Y/n) unlatched herself from the grey-haired setter and sighed. “Eh, I think okaa-san’s still at the store.”

(Y/n) opened the gate and stepped into the property, letting Suga follow her before closing the gate behind him. She went up to the front door and entered the four-digit passcode for the lock; twisting the doorknob and pushing the door open when the lock whirred open.

Immediately, Yua bounded up to the raven-haired girl and jumped up and down to get her attention. The whole house was dark, save for the automatic nightlight that was plugged in near the front door for cases like this: wherein all of them were out in the morning and were supposed to come home late. (Y/n) crouched down and scooped the dog up in her arms, forgoing the ice pack so she could praise Yua.

“No, it’s not okay to do that, Yua! You’re supposed to sit quietly!” The raven-haired girl cooed as she let the tiny dog lean up against her shoulder to nuzzle her right cheek. With a giggle, (Y/n) reached out with her left arm and flipped the switch for the lights with her wrist, since she was still holding the ice pack.

“Look, Yua, it’s Suga-kun. Say hi.”

She set Yua down on the floor and the adorable little creature bounded up to the grey-haired setter. The serious expression on Suga’s face instantly morphed into a mildly relaxed one, as a small smile tugged at the corners of his lips; no one really could resist a dog’s charm, except for people who
were afraid of dogs.

(Y/n) wasn’t going to lie, she still wanted to spend more time with the setter and try out a couple of new things with him, but she could tell from his body language that he wouldn’t be up for fooling around with her in her current condition. It wasn’t as if it was a life-threatening issue, but she still needed to be careful with it so that she didn’t make it any worse.

Suga crouched down and started scratching behind Yua’s ears, until Yua rolled over onto her back and exposed her belly— clearly asking for a belly rub, which the setter more than happily complied to. He was so transfixed on the dog that he didn’t see the devious smile on (Y/n)’s lips before it transformed into an innocent one.

“Ne, Suga-kun…” The raven-haired girl began softly, and Suga looked up at her from his stoop by the door. She tilted her head to the side and pouted her lips a little to make herself seem cute and innocent, which she could tell that the setter ate up like a bee to a flower.

"Hook, line, and…"

“Can you stay with me? Just until okaa-san or nii-chan get home.”

It was so evident on his face that he was struggling so hard to find a good answer for her simple request, until he just gave in to what he really wanted to do— (Y/n) could tell that much based on his expressions alone. He was too easy to read. “Okay.”

Sinker.

“Great. Let’s go up to my room, then.” (Y/n) chirped enthusiastically and pressed the ice pack to her nose once more. She didn’t even give the setter a chance to answer before she walked down the hallway, clicking her tongue twice to get Yua to follow her, then started flipping light switches along the way.

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Suga didn’t know what to do except close the door behind him and follow (Y/n) up the stairs to her room. Once he was standing at the doorway that led to her private space, he felt his heart thundering in his chest— for what reason, he didn’t exactly know since there were a lot of things to be nervous about in such a confined space that had a bed.

“What’re you doing? Come in here, Suga-kun,” (Y/n) sat down on her bed and set Yua down on the floor, where she proceeded to crawl under the study table that was pressed to the wall at the foot of (Y/n)’s bed. “Just set our bags down anywhere.”

He followed her words without protest, even closing the door behind him before he made his way further into the room. The raven-haired girl watched the setter intently before carelessly dropping her half-melted gel ice pack into the trash bin beside her bed.

“Sit down, I won’t bite— unless you want me to,” (Y/n) teased with a wink, which had Suga reaching up to his shoulder and gently touching the hickey that she had left on his skin a few days ago. She didn’t fail to catch his response to her words, which elicited a giggle to escape from her lips as she reached out and tugged at the hem of Suga’s shirt until he sat down across from her.
Taking no chance to let Suga regret his decision to follow her to her room, (Y/n) moved from her perch to straddle the setter’s lap and wrap her arms around his neck— leaving him no room to escape from her. She leaned forward and pressed a light kiss against his lips, being careful not to bump her nose against his— only to yelp when their noses inadvertently bumped into each other when she pressed harder against his lips to deepen their kiss.

(Y/n) pulled away from Suga and winced as she touched the tip of her nose gently; it was more sore than she thought. “A blowjob’s out of the question now. Do you just want to have sex now?”

A blush crawled up the grey-haired male’s neck before it settled on his cheeks. His throat suddenly felt so thick, and he struggled to swallow before he cleared his throat. He was so tempted to say yes, but his mind kept wandering to Daichi— not in that way— but because Suga knew that his friend would be home soon because his sister was injured.

But… he did have an idea of what they could do to pass the time.

After what happened in the club room, he realized that he liked eating (Y/n) out; just the sight of her cumming around his fingers while his mouth was on her brought him so much pleasure, and he didn’t doubt that if she gave him a handjob-

His thoughts were cut off when (Y/n) pushed him down on the bed and flipped herself around, before inching herself up so that her crotch was right above Suga’s face. When before, his heart was pounding because he was nervous— now it was pounding because he was nervous and excited.

With a lascivious grin, (Y/n) palmed Suga’s cock through his shorts and gently stimulated him— until there was a small tent forming beneath her face. She pushed the setter’s shorts down to his knees and took his cock in her hands, stroking him with her right hand before sucking on the tip.

A groan escaped the grey-haired male’s lips as he tried to get his hands to move; (Y/n)’s mouth on his dick felt so wonderful that it was clouding up his mind so much to the point that he couldn’t even form a coherent thought— until he was pulled out of his pleasure-induced stupor when (Y/n) brought her clothed pussy flush against his mouth. His eyes widened in surprise, and he blushed madly as he put his hands on the backs of her thighs to lift her up a little bit.

“What are you waiting for, Suga-kun? An invitation?” She snapped— only half teasing, while the other half was impatient. “Put a pillow under your head to make it easier for you.”

Suga obeyed her instructions, grabbing a pillow from the pile to his left and quickly slipping it beneath his head before hooking his fingers at the elastic of (Y/n)’s shorts and underwear and pulling them down. He was faced with a dilemma when he realized that he couldn’t take them off without making her sit up, but she had sensed his hesitation and made quick work of her shorts and panties— rolling off of him to take them off before climbing back on top of him.

(Y/n) put Suga’s cock back in her mouth and bobbed her head up and down his length, being careful not to hit her nose with her hands as she gripped the base of his dick with her right hand, while fondling his balls with the left one. She was about to stop and look back at what Suga was doing that was taking him so long, when she felt his hands bringing her cunt down to his mouth by her hips.

A shiver ran through her entire body when he kept running his tongue up and down her slit— giving her clit teasing flicks when he passed the small bundle of nerves— until her knees almost gave in when he slipped his tongue inside her. He moved his hands from her hips down to her pussy, holding her folds apart as his tongue fucked her. She had to take his dick out of her mouth so she could cry out in ecstasy.
She didn’t know how he even learned about that (maybe from watching porn), but she was thankful to whatever force had given Suga the knowledge that he possessed about sex, because it meant that she didn’t have to start from scratch with him.

“Yes, Suga-kun, keep fucking me with your tongue,” (Y/n) mewled softly before she resumed sucking him off. She moaned around his cock, which Suga must have liked because his hips jerked roughly upwards— which made his cock choke (Y/n), as her throat wasn’t prepared for his girth.

The raven-haired girl was coughing when she pulled away from Suga once more, and the setter bit his bottom lip sheepishly before he apologized. “Sorry, (Y/n)-chan.”

“I won’t let you cum if you do that again,” she warned with a gruff tone before pumping her hand up and down Suga’s erection. He responded with a nod that was tacked off with a moan— which escalated into a garbled cry of pleasure when (Y/n) deep-throated him.

“I- I won’t, I’m sorry,” the grey-haired male uttered weakly— his eyes tightly screwed shut and his mouth slightly ajar as breathless mewls escaped his lips.

“If you make me cum, then I’ll make you cum, Kōshi~. You want to cum, don’t you?”

“Y-yes.” He was so embarrassed to have been verbalizing his desires, but it was as if all of his shame had been swept away by the wind— it made him both awed and scared at how (Y/n) played him so expertly. He didn’t doubt that he was acting the way he was because of her; he’d already known that she was a force to be reckoned with, but he didn’t know just how intense she could be.

“Then do it.”

No more words were said after that, and Suga put in so much effort to please (Y/n). He thought back to a few days ago and tried to remember what had made his lover reach her orgasm— until it came back to him after he had slipped two fingers inside her. He thrusted his fingers in and out of her wet cunt, face so hot with a blush as the sound of his fingers slipping in and out of her— as well as the occasional popping sounds from when (Y/n) teased the head of his cock by sucking it inside her mouth— rang in his ears.

He took a deep breath before letting his tongue run up and down her slit, then added a third finger into the foray— which had her moaning around him. Her walls were already clenching down hard on him, which he remembered meant that she was close. Suga increased the pace that his fingers were thrusting, and with a quick nip at her clit with his teeth, she came with a loud cry.

(Y/n) felt as if all the breath had left her lungs, but she still pushed on— continuously receiving Suga’s cock down to the hilt while her hands massaged his balls. He was letting out such adorable sounds that made the raven-haired girl hot for him all over again, and when he let out a curse followed by her name, it took everything in her not to sit up and slip his cock inside her dripping cunt.

She hollowed her cheeks out and pulled him out of her mouth until just the head was inside, then she proceeded to jerk him off with her hand— teasing his slit with the tip of her tongue until he came inside her mouth. As always, she swallowed everything that he gave her and wiped the corners of her mouth with the pad of her thumb to clean some stray bits up.

Both of them were breathless and trying to get their bearings when they heard Daichi’s voice calling out from downstairs. “Tadaima! (Y/n)? Okaa-san?”

In a flash, (Y/n) scrambled off of Suga and threw her blanket over her lower half— haphazardly
kicking her discarded shorts and panties down to the other side of her bed so that it was well away from anyone’s sight.

Meanwhile, Suga stood up and tugged his shorts and boxer briefs up to make himself decent—his dick, however, wasn’t cooperating so he sat down by the head of the bed and grabbed one of the pillows to put across his lap. He finally noticed the cum on his fingers and knuckles, and traded a panicked look with (Y/n) before grabbing the hem of his shirt and using the inside of it to wipe his hand clean.

Just in time, too, because Daichi knocked twice on his sister’s bedroom door before swinging it open. At the sound of the door opening, Yua crawled out from under (Y/n)’s study table and greeted her other owner.

If Suga was panicked before, now he was mortified, because he just realized that he had sex with (Y/n) while her dog was in the room with them. He felt sorry for Yua because she most probably had to see and hear all of that.

Daichi leaned down to pick the dog up, giving her head a scratch before turning to his sister. “Are you feeling better?”

“Uh, yeah, much better, nii-chan.” The younger of the siblings smiled. “Suga-kun was really great company.”

Yeah. Daichi thought to himself with a mental shake of his head. I bet he was.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much, everyone! I hope you guys like the update. Btw, has anyone heard of Kumori bakery in Japan? Ahh, if you guys ever get the chance to visit a store, I highly recommend the melon pan, or maybe the coffee pan (if you guys love coffee as much as I do).

<3
“(Y/n)-san! What happened to you!” Akane practically screeched first thing that Monday morning when the aforementioned girl rounded the stairs to get to her classroom. She had woken up much later than Daichi since he also had morning practice, so she had to run to school because she also missed the bus, and getting her mother to drop her off was also out of the question because she had to go to her store to fix a few more things.

She always thought that owning and running a fairly big grocery store was easy work, but it really wasn’t. Chie had to be there a few days a week to oversee some things and sign papers that only she had the authority to do so. (Y/n) wanted to help out at home by doing more chores, but Chie wouldn’t let her, reasoning with her that she already had enough on her plate with her training and her schoolwork, with the added pressure of college entrance exams coming up.

Sheepishly, (Y/n) scratched the back of her neck and grimaced. “It’s a long story, but I was teaching a guy at the gym and he missed… so he accidentally punched me in the face instead. It’s just a bruise, though.”

“But your face!” Akane chimed frantically, as if it was the end of the world for her— when she wasn’t even the one who had to walk around with an ugly-ass bruise across the bridge of her nose and a small patch of skin beneath her left eye.

“It’s going to heal; soon, hopefully, because I only have two more weeks until my first match.” The raven-haired girl waved her hand flippantly, smiling all the while to not offend her friend with the gesture.

Akane only frowned at her before answering, “Do you want me to put some concealer on it? I think we’re the same shade.”

(Y/n) didn’t want to offend the girl in front of her because, if she were to be completely honest, she didn’t trust Akane’s make-up skills; she didn’t trust anyone but herself to do her make-up, period. She wasn’t being snotty or picky about it, it was just that she already knew what she liked and what worked for her— besides, she thought of it like she did with her sport: she wanted to do it by herself because she would have no one to blame but herself if she fucked up.

“Sensei’s coming!” Their class rep announced just as the bell rang, which signaled the start of morning classes. (Y/n) smiled at Akane one last time before she scurried over to her desk through the back of the classroom— hanging her bag onto the hook on the side of her table before plopping down on her seat.

She leaned forward in her seat so that she was closer to Suga, then greeted softly. “Good morning, Suga-kun.”

The grey-haired setter almost jumped up off his chair in surprise, then turned a bit in his chair so he could look back at his non-girlfriend. What happened last Friday played back in his mind and he felt his whole body get uncomfortably warm at the images; he couldn’t even look her in the eyes, so he settled for staring at her neck— which only served to make him feel hotter because her skin looked so soft and tempting that he wanted to suck on it and leave hickeys in his wake. “G-good morning, (Y/n)-chan.”
Completely satisfied that she had brought that adorable blush to his cheeks once more, (Y/n) sat back in her seat just as Akari-sensei walked into the room.

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“Ne, Suga-kun,” (Y/n) called the setter’s attention as quietly as she could so as not to disturb her classmates who were using their snack break to study. She tapped his shoulder from behind, which made him turn sideways in his chair so that he could look at her.

She tried to keep the mirth from her tone, and almost failed as she imagined his possible reaction to what she was about to do. “Can you help me open this? I think it’s stuck.”

Gingerly, she grabbed her opaque, baby pink, plastic pencil case and handed it over to him. Suga blinked in confusion at the item she was handing him, but still accepted it—putting his thumbs on either side of the clasp and pressing down on the plastic material before popping it open. He was about to tell her that nothing was wrong with it, when he saw the contents of her case.

**Condoms. Lots of them.**

His eyes widened as he snapped the container closed and gaped at her—all while he felt like his whole body was blushing. He couldn’t even form a coherent thought, let alone a sentence as he gaped at her.

(Y/n) only responded with a playful wink and a saucy air kiss directed at him. “I got those for you so we can play whenever we want.”

“Want what?” Daichi asked through a mouthful of melon bread as he approached his sister’s and Suga’s tables. The raven-haired girl pasted an innocent grin on her face as she held her hand—palm up—before wiggling her fingers; while Suga hurriedly slipped the case inside his bag as discreetly as he could.

The older Sawamura looked down at the bread in his right hand before ripping a piece off and holding it up to (Y/n)’s lips. She happily ate the piece of sweet bun and swallowed it before talking, “Want some ramen. Okaa-san’s not going to be home until late, and I’ll be at the gym late as well, so I was thinking of getting some ramen for dinner.”

“I’ll be home late, too, so we might as well go together. I’ll pick you up at your gym,” Daichi agreed; seemingly completely buying into his sister’s lie. “You want to go with us, Suga?”

Suga turned to look at Daichi and nodded a little too quickly, which had (Y/n)’s brother quirking an eyebrow at his odd behavior; yet Daichi let it go because he felt his sister’s hands wrapping around his right wrist.

He looked down at her and had to laugh when he saw that she was pulling his hand up to her mouth so she could eat his melon bread. She finished the remaining bread in two bites, which was impressive and unearthly at the same time. Sometimes she acted too cute for her own good—he wanted to pinch her cheeks like he used to when they were kids, but he couldn’t quite do that because she would punch the living daylights out of him if he agitated the bruises on her face.

Hinata was so scared of him after Suga took (Y/n) home, but he wasn’t really mad at his kouhai; he obviously didn’t mean to punch his captain’s sister square in the nose, but Daichi couldn’t help but
scowl all the while he was away from his injured sister— so he had to talk to Hinata later to set things straight between them.

All of a sudden, a loud guffaw escaped Daichi’s lips and he slapped his free hand over his mouth in an effort to silence himself— which did him little to no good because he couldn’t stop laughing. “I just realized who you look like with your hair down like that; it’s Woo from Ultraman.”

(Y/n)’s mouth fell open as she glared at her brother; thinking of a good comeback, but coming up with none as a blush colored her cheeks. Since she had woken up late and didn’t have time to tie her hair up nor blow dry her hair to straighten it out with a hair iron, she had run out of the house and let her hair air dry while running to school. The end result was her black hair drying out in small, somewhat unruly curls.

Without her trademark ponytail keeping her hair back, the natural state of her hair was more evident than ever.

“Urusai, nii-chan!” She hissed with a small pout. From the corner of her eyes, she saw Suga smile and— as much as she wanted to deny it— her blush reddened even more.

Daichi’s laughter quieted down into a chuckle, then he put a hand on his sister’s head and rubbed it affectionately. “Still the most beautiful girl in Nagannu Island.”

Suga thought that that line from Daichi was so sweet, until (Y/n) let go of her brother’s wrist and curled her hands into fists before punching his right thigh. He had heard about Nagannu Island before— and he knew that it was an extremely nice island— so he didn’t get why (Y/n) reacted so harshly to his captain’s comment.

The aforementioned girl could see the confusion in Suga’s eyes, so she cleared things up for him. “One time, we went on a family vacation to Nagannu, and it ended up with us being booked on the same tour as a bunch of old ladies— and nii-chan just kept teasing me about being the most beautiful girl in Nagannu. It’s so stupid.” The last part was aimed at Daichi, which the captain answered by grinning as he kept rubbing the sore spot on his thigh.

“You’re the most beautiful girl in Miyagi, Hanami-chan.” The memory came unbidden to Suga’s mind as a seven year-old him bashfully complimented the girl that he liked. She was so pretty with her long, blonde hair and those riveting grey eyes of hers that even seeing her through his memories made his chest tighten with a twinge of pain.

“Suga-kun,” (Y/n)’s voice shook him from his reverie, which made him turn to look at her once more. When before she looked so sharp and cold with her hair pulled back in a ponytail, now she looked so much softer… and partnered with that smile that she was aiming at him— he couldn’t even begin to describe what he felt; admiration, perhaps? Or maybe something that was just a little bit more than that? He couldn’t really tell.

***

“I have to do a speech at the pep rally next week and I don’t know what I’m going to say,” Daichi complained quietly as he frowned over a bowl of shōyu ramen. They were sitting at their usual seats at the small ramen bar near their house, opting to really go out for dinner since their mother was out.

If her brother was sulking even if he had his favorite ramen in front of him, he really must have been
bothered by it. She always knew her brother to be confident at public speaking and encouraging people, but there were these rare moments when he would second-guess himself and he would turn to her for advice. When she was in Tokyo, he would call her even at two in the morning because he was nervous for a big test, an upcoming match, or if he was having those recurring hesitant thoughts about his career choice to become a lawyer.

(Y/n) set her chopsticks down and swiveled sideways in her seat so that she was fully facing her brother, then she reached out and wrapped her arms around him before pressing her cheek against the side of his arm— since he was still facing his lukewarm bowl of ramen. “Just tell them that you plan on annihilating your competition. I’m a thousand-percent sure that you guys can do it.”

“But what if—”

She cut him off before he could even say the negative thoughts in his mind. This was the side of her brother that he never let anyone else, other than his sister, see: the tiny part of him that was vulnerable and doubtful of himself. “You’ve never let me down, nii-chan, so I know that your team feels the same way.”

“Thanks, (Y/n)— for always listening to me.”

“Of course. I’ve always got your back, even if you can be like such an old man at times.”

The older of the two had to chuckle at that as he lifted his right hand across his body so that he could pat the top of (Y/n)’s head. “Only because I have to look out for you. You wear very little clothing as it is, and I don’t want men leering at you.”

“I can handle myself.”

“But you’re still my little sister. Can you stay that way for a bit longer?”

“You’re so dumb,” (Y/n) muttered thickly as she pushed her tears back. Crying at a ramen bar at nine in the evening in their neighborhood would serve nothing but raise more gossip about her— and her reputation was already tarnished as it was. “I’ll always be your little sister, baka.”

“Even if you have a boyfriend?”

“Highly unlikely, but yes.”

“He’s out there somewhere; you just haven’t met him yet.” Daichi teased, which made his sister laugh and playfully punch his shoulder while her arms were still wrapped around him.

Chapter End Notes

For those who have read my Kuroo fic, the object of Suga’s unrequited love sounds so familiar; and she is that girl, but I gave her a name. Ahaha. But I have to change the timeline up a bit, soooo yeah. It'll be a bit different from Retrouvailles. UwU

Thank you so much for reading! I hope you guys enjoyed. <3
All the Way

Chapter Notes

Ahhh, it's Daichi's birthday today. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You looked so serious up there, Kōshi,” (Y/n) whispered against Sugawara’s ear, then gently bit down on his ear lobe before tugging at it. “Just looking at you made me so damn horny.”

She trailed kisses down the side of his neck while running her right hand up to his face so that she could cup his right cheek. “And to think that you made me cum all over your fingers before you went up there… it makes me want to fuck you senseless right now.”

Suga’s cock was so hard in her left hand as she pumped it up and down. His head was leaned back against the concrete wall of the second gym— where she had dragged him off to when she saw him making his way towards the club room building. It was a good thing that no one really went behind the gym, because he didn’t know how he would face everyone knowing that he got caught (again) getting frisky with (Y/n).

The raven-haired girl sank down to her knees in front of him and quickly got him off with her mouth and hands, letting him watch as his thick cum landed on her tongue and lips before she swallowed all of it. He was a moaning mess all the while, even going as far as to bite down on his hand to keep his pleasured sounds silent— and when she rose back up and tucked him back into his pants, he was still struggling to catch his breath.

“If you’re not doing anything tonight, why don’t you come over?” (Y/n) propositioned with a coy smile as she pressed her body flush against Suga’s, before capturing his parted lips in a tongue-filled kiss. He was, admittedly, getting better at kissing; since not a day went by that she didn’t pull him into a secluded space so they could make out— which almost always resulted in doing other things.

The setter couldn’t even look at the table inside the club room the same way. He would always find himself blushing whenever he laid eyes on the simple space-filler; which, thankfully, he always managed to hide from his team mates.

“But… won’t Daichi be there?” Suga asked breathlessly when (Y/n) pulled away from his lips. She reached up and wiped the corners of his lips with the pad of her index finger, since some of her lip gloss had rubbed off there.

“That’s why I’m going to sneak you into the house.”

***

His heart was hammering so hard in his chest as he stood outside the Sawamura residence with his phone in hand— waiting for (Y/n) to reply to his text that he was waiting for her. He knew exactly
what coming here implied and, while he was also nervous as hell to finally be losing his virginity, he was looking forward to finally feeling (Y/n)’s cunt wrapping around his cock instead of his fingers.

Just the thought of it made him so embarrassed that he had half a mind to start running in the direction to his house, but he forced himself to stay rooted to the spot. He wanted this; he wanted her, and nothing was going to stop him from getting it—not even himself.

When his phone buzzed in his hand, he looked down at it and read his lover’s reply:

*I’ll be down in two minutes. Just waiting for nii-chan to get in the bathroom.*

That was another factor that was making him hesitate: Daichi. He was going to be fucking his friend and captain’s sister—hell, he had already agreed to have a friends-with-benefits relationship with her—and it was making him feel so guilty. Was it the noble thing to do? No. But did he still want to do it? Hell yes.

And so, he stood there and waited across the street from (Y/n)’s house, checking the time on his phone every other second to keep his mind busy so that it wouldn’t focus on the condoms that were burning a hole in his back pocket; not just one, but three. It was very presumptuous of him, but it was better to be prepared than to regret it in the end.

When the front door opened, Suga perked up from his spot as he saw (Y/n) step out into the night with a black night robe wrapped tightly around her; it almost looked like a short *kimono* with its tasteful floral designs and long sleeves. She looked so enticing.

She quickly padded over to the gate and opened it for him—wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him down so she could press his lips to hers in a feverish kiss by way of greeting him. “Hey there.”

Suga hesitantly bit down on his bottom lip as he looked down at the girl before him; her eyes were bright and her cheeks were a little flushed, which made her seem much softer than she really was. The bruise on her face was gone as well, which had him quirking an eyebrow as he asked her, “Your bruises…?”

“I covered them up with concealer,” she answered with a shrug before pulling away from him in lieu of grabbing his right hand to tug him towards the front door. He quickly closed the gate behind them and followed after her as quietly as he could.

Once inside the house, she locked the door behind him and quietly told him to bring his shoes upstairs with them, and he wordlessly conformed to her request. Her hand never left his as she led the way up the familiar path to her bedroom and, dare he admit it, it felt so warm and comforting that the previous hesitations that were eating at his conscience slowly got pushed to the back of his mind.

His eyes roamed over her figure appreciatively as she kept tugging him along behind her, lingering on the seductive way that the hem of her satin robe sashayed from side to side and brushed against the smooth skin of the backs of her thighs with every step she took. He could feel himself getting hard from the mere sight of her and, this time, he didn’t try to tamp his lustful feelings down; instead, he welcomed them with open arms.

“(Y/n)-chan?” Chie called from down the stairs, which made both (Y/n) and Suga jump in surprise before the raven-haired girl practically shoved the setter inside her room and swung the door closed.
“Yes, okaa-san?” She called out from her spot in front of her door.

“What do you want for dinner tomorrow?”

“Gyudon maybe? Only if you have the time to make it, okaa-san.”

“I’ll be home tomorrow, so I can make it.”

(Y/n) had to crack a smile at her mother’s enthusiastic tone. “Okay, thank you, okaa-san! Good night!”

With a chirpy call of good night from her mother, she let out a sigh of relief before she opened the door to her room and quickly slipped inside before locking the door behind her. She fully expected to see Suga standing shyly inside her room, but the sight of him sitting down on the edge of her bed with his hands resting—flat against the mattress— on either side of him was what greeted her instead.

His expression was apprehensive at first, before he closed his eyes and took a deep breath to settle his nerves. When he opened his eyes, he looked so serious that (Y/n) was instantly reminded of the same expression that had made her so hot during the pep rally earlier. She padded over to where he was, gently placing her hands on his shoulders to support her as she moved to straddle his lap.

She didn’t even care that the cool air that circulated around the room from her air-conditioning unit chilled her bare nether regions beneath her robe.

“Yua’s not in here, is she?” Suga asked quietly, with a hint of embarrassment in his voice.

(Y/n) shook her head and silently admired his features before answering, “No. She wanted to stay with okaa-san tonight. I think she knew what was going to happen tonight.”

Suga already felt so nervous with his heart pounding so hard in his chest that he could feel the palpitations in his ears, but his nerves were further ruffled as a blush colored his cheeks at his lover’s words.

“You look so cute when you blush; it always reminds me of the way you look when you cum,” aforementioned lover teased with a playful peck to his lips. “I can’t wait to see that expression when you finally cum inside me.”

With one more kiss to his lips, (Y/n) removed her hands from his shoulders and moved them to the knot that held her robe together. Slowly, she undid the knot and slipped the smooth fabric off of her body in one fluid motion— finally exposing her nakedness to Suga.

His hazel eyes darkened with lust as his eyes drank her in— from her pert breasts, to her toned torso, and down to her bare cunt; she looked every part of the devil’s advocate that she was, and he loved it.

“Come on, Kōshi,” (Y/n) breathed out along with a quiet moan as she slipped a hand down to her wet slit and started toying with her clit. “I want you to touch me.”

He didn’t know why, but she always referred to him by his first name whenever they got intimate and—gods help him— he found that so hot. It was so pathetic of him to find almost everything she did hot or attractive, but he did; and try as he might to keep himself from being seduced into basking in her intricately crafted personality, he could feel himself getting lulled deeper into its depths— deeper into her.
Slowly, almost in an awkward manner, Suga lifted his shaky hands up from either side of him and rested them on her bare hips— running them up and down her sides before bringing her down flush against his lap. His eyes involuntarily screwed shut as he gritted his teeth to keep himself from moaning at the sweet friction that she provided when she started rocking herself gently against his pants.

With deft hands, (Y/n) slipped Suga’s shirt up over his head before carelessly tossing it over her shoulder. She ran her palms over his smooth, creamy skin— over his shoulders, down his torso, and back up to the area just beneath his collar bones— before she dug her nails into his skin and raked them down, which left angry red lines in their wake.

Suga’s expression scrunched up into a pained one before his features relaxed as (Y/n) soothed the marks by laving her tongue over them. She licked a stripe up to the side of the setter’s neck, then latched on to the crook where his neck met his shoulders— sucking harshly on the skin before biting down on it with her teeth. The grey-haired setter could do nothing but throw his head back as a moan left his parted lips.

“Shh, Kōshi, not so loud,” (Y/n) admonished a bit playfully before she took his chin between her thumb and forefinger so that she could bring their lips together in a needy kiss. She pushed at his chest to make him lay down on the bed, and he did so without protest; all while licking her bottom lip, then slipped his tongue inside her mouth when she parted her lips.

(Y/n) couldn’t help but smile into the kiss; she was proud of him for taking initiative— for once.

The raven-haired girl made quick work of his belt, unbuckling it before moving on to unbutton and unzip his pants. She was about to pull his erection out from the confines of his boxer briefs when Suga pulled away from her lips. “I want…” he took a deep breath to try and calm his racing heart, then continued, “I want to…”

It was like his face was being engulfed by flames with how hot it was. His mind was racing with so many thoughts, while his body was screaming at him to get on with things— he felt so overwhelmed and it showed on his face, so (Y/n) took pity on him. “Relax, let me handle things. I’ll take good care of you, Kōshi.”

Her words were warm and endearing— which starkly contrasted with her attitude towards her old trysts. She knew that she shouldn’t be accommodating his feelings too much because that only blurred the lines between them, but she couldn’t just treat him like one of her old flames; he wasn’t like them— he required a more tender approach not only because this was his first time, but also because (Y/n) wanted to make him feel good.

When before, all she thought about was her own pleasure, because she didn’t have a much deeper relationship with her fuck buddies than just being sexual outlets for each other— with Suga it was different… because she thought of him as one of her friends. Hell, she hadn’t ever snuck anyone into her home to fuck them before— except for Suga. Not only did she find him aesthetically appealing, but she also found that she appreciated his sharp mind and, more notably, she admired his kind and gentle heart.

It almost made her feel guilty about tainting him with her dirty mind, but she couldn’t stop herself from wanting him even if she tried. But, she knew deep down that things between them weren’t going to last very long because, sooner or later, both of them were going to get each other out of their systems and they would both have to move on with life as friends.

She hated to admit it, but the sound of that didn’t sit well with her.
“I want to eat you out, (Y/n).” Suga’s voice was almost inaudible as he whispered his request. (Y/n) could only blink in confusion and surprise as his words sank in; and, slowly, a grin tugged at the corners of her lips. She sat upright and was about to get off of him so that she could face his cock, when the setter tightened his grip on her hips. “No, not like that.”

Even more warmth pooled between (Y/n)’s thighs as her cunt got wetter than it already was. Her lover’s request was unexpected, but it certainly wasn’t unwelcome— and so, she went up on her knees and moved up his body until Suga’s head was snug between her thighs. His hands settled themselves at her thighs, and she lowered her pussy down against his mouth.

A quiet mewl was ripped from her throat when she felt Suga’s tongue lick up her wet slit— paying special attention to her clit before moving back down to her entrance. He licked around the hole, then slipped his tongue inside her warmth before thrusting it in and out of her— which prompted her to grab onto his hair because her thighs were starting to quiver from the pleasure that he was making her feel.

Suga reached down with his right hand and pressed the pad of his thumb against (Y/n)’s clit, rubbing it in circles and flicking it back and forth in the way he knew drove her crazy. He could tell that it worked, because her grip on his hair tightened even more as she bowed her head; which allowed him to see the expression on her face.

Her eyes were screwed shut and her eyebrows were furrowed, while her bottom lip was trapped between her teeth as she tried to keep her moans down to a bare minimum. He felt a surge of pride wash through him at the sight of her— because it was him that was making her feel so good that her normally-smiling face was twisted into such an erotic expression.

Eventually, he replaced his thumb with his tongue, while his left hand moved up to her opening so that he could slip two fingers inside her— he pumped them in and out of her at a rapid pace before curling them in a ‘come hither’ motion that stimulated his lover’s g-spot.

(Y/n)’s body jerked above Suga at the action, and she slapped her left hand over her mouth to muffle the pleasured gasps escaping her parted lips as she came around his fingers. She knew that Suga was a really fast learner, but she didn’t know that he would be able to find out her weaknesses and use them against her this quickly.

Her breathing had grown heavier and her chest heaved up and down as she tried to get some more air into her lungs. Still, even though her muscles felt like jelly, she slipped down Suga’s body until her core was pressing against the tent in his underwear. “Condom?”

The setter reached into his back pocket and pulled out the three packets that he had slipped in there before he left his house. (Y/n) took the pink packets from his hand and dropped two of them on the bed, while she held on to one. She reached down and slipped his erection free from its confines before prompting him to kick his pants and underwear off of his body.

His throat felt so thick that it was getting hard to swallow, while a chill ran through his entire body with how nervous he was. (Y/n) saw the hesitation in his eyes and leaned down to press a soft kiss to his lips. “Relax, Kōshi.”

Suga closed his eyes and nodded his assent, while the raven-haired girl above him pressed one more kiss to his lips before rising up once more. She moved a bit further down so that she was straddling his thighs instead of his hips, and reached out with her right hand to give his cock a few pumps.

With practiced ease, (Y/n) ripped the foil packet open and rolled the condom onto her lover’s erection. She crumpled the packet up and tossed it into the waste basket that was tucked away
beneath her bedside table. “Ready?”

The grey-haired male could only nod and watch in fascination as (Y/n) placed her right hand on his torso for support, before lifting her hips up and holding her labia apart with the index and middle finger on her left hand. His heart was pounding so hard in his chest that he was afraid it was going to jump out eventually and grace them with its presence, but he pushed past his overwhelming feelings and focused on the sight in front of him.

(Y/n) aligned the tip of Suga’s cock to her opening and slowly slipped it inside her. She gritted her teeth to keep herself from moaning as she sank down on him— letting his dick stretch her walls as she rocked her hips back and forth to tease him. She looked up at her lover’s face and felt herself involuntarily clench around him, which made him let out a loud moan.

In any other setting, (Y/n) would have relished in the lewd sounds that came from Suga’s mouth but, with her family in the house with them, she had to keep him as quiet as possible. And so, she leaned forward and laid her body flush against his, before claiming his lips once more.

She started moving against him then, moving her hips up and down on him and occasionally rolling her hips to change up her rhythm. Her nipples were brushing in such a pleasurable way against his chest that she faltered with her motions more than once, which Suga took as her getting tired, so he put his hands on her waist to still her movements, before he proceeded to thrust in and out of her.

The sound of skin slapping against skin as well as the wet sounds of Suga’s cock pumping into (Y/n)’s wet cunt filled the room, with the occasional muffled sigh or moan from either of the two— which made (Y/n) thankful for the thick walls that made her room as close to being sound proof as possible.

“I- I’m going to cum,” Suga muttered breathlessly after he unlatched his lips from (Y/n)’s. He opened his eyes to look at her and was transfixed at how she seemed to glow. Her cheeks were flushed and her hair was starting to stick to her sweaty face, but she still looked so beautiful. He couldn’t even look away.

“Go ahead, cum in me, Kōshi,” (Y/n) answered softly, staring intently at her lover’s face and meeting his thrusts with more vigor than before when she felt his movements become more erratic. With a few more thrusts, Suga buried himself inside her to the hilt and stayed there as he felt his orgasm wash over him— making his body tremble with how intensely he had ejaculated.

(Y/n) was so close as well, so she sat upright and frantically rubbed at her clit with her right hand while her left hand toyed with her breasts for extra stimulation. Suga was still a little hard inside her, so she bounced up and down on his cock until that all-too-familiar feeling of her walls pulsing made her even more desperate to reach her release.

Suga could only watch in awe as the raven-haired girl above him stilled in her movements before throwing her head back with a gasp. She clenched down hard on his semi-erect cock and let herself go.

He knew that there would be so many more of nights like this in his future but, gods help him, he couldn’t think of being with anyone else other than (Y/n).

Chapter End Notes
Hello, hello! Happy new year, everyone!
It's already the 31st for me, so this will be my last update for the year (even tho my
publication date says the 30th).
I want to thank everyone for the support, especially to thepineandthestar who
constantly inspires me to update as fast as I can— and everyone else who has left me a
comment, or a kudos, or a bookmark. Thank you guys so much! <3
Aaand, as is my usual tradition, I'm going to start the countdown for my birthday now.
So, 12 more days until I get older. UwU
A shrill ringing roused (Y/n) from her peaceful slumber— prompting her to pull herself away from Suga’s warm (and blissfully naked) body to look for the source of the noise. With half-open eyes, she ambled off the bed and waded around the room in search for the phone; most likely Suga’s phone because her phone was always set to vibrate.

After digging through the pile of clothes on the floor, she finally found his phone and half-mindedly accepted the call before trudging back towards the bed to give it to him. She cleared her throat and spoke groggily, “Moshi moshi.”

“Eh? A girl?!” Tanaka’s familiar voice practically screamed through the receiver, which had (Y/n)’s eyes widening as she shook her lover awake.

Suga immediately sat upright and blinked himself into consciousness, while (Y/n) shoved the phone into his hands— mouthing that it was Tanaka on the phone. The setter sleepily thanked her, then raised the phone up to his ear. “Ne, Tanaka-kun?”

“Suga-san, where are you? You’re late for morning practice.” It was like he was doused with cold water when Tanaka’s words sank in. He quickly threw the blanket off of him— uncaring about his nakedness— as he picked his clothes up from the floor and slipped them on as fast as he could with the phone propped up to his ear with his shoulder. “Everyone’s been looking for you.”

“I’ll be there in twenty minutes. Sorry!” He didn’t wait for his kouhai to answer, he just dropped the call and ran a frustrated hand over his face. He couldn’t believe that he didn’t wake up when his alarm rang at 5 in the morning; he must have been more tired from all of the sex than he thought. They had gone through all three condoms last night, and they would have gone for a fourth round had they not run out of condoms; it was crazy how he came to realize just how big his appetite for sex really was— rather, it was his appetite for (Y/n) that spurred him on.

“Twenty minutes? How are you going to get home to change in that time?” (Y/n) asked softly as she padded over to her closet and put a pair of shorts and a t-shirt on— no underwear. Suga felt himself getting hard once more, and he wanted to slap himself for reacting so easily to (Y/n).

He didn’t know how he was going to manage, so he groaned in frustration while running his hands through his hair. “I totally forgot that I don’t have my things with me.”

“Well, I can drive you home, if you want.”

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(Y/n) started the car and turned the a/c on before buckling herself into the driver’s seat. From beside her, Suga gave her an unsure look before following her motions and also snapping his seatbelt on. “Are you sure that you know how to drive?”

The raven-haired girl rolled her eyes and dropped the electronic keys inside the cup holder at the
center console. She readjusted the rearview mirror and pressed a button on the remote attached to the visor to open the gates behind them, then answered, “Of course. I do have a license since tou-san told me to get one.”

She pulled out of the garage in one smooth motion, and stopped just outside the gates before pressing the button to close them.

“Won’t your mother be mad that you used her car without telling her?”

(Y/n) shook her head. “It’s fine. We’re just lucky that she wasn’t home, because I don’t know how I’m going to explain how you spent the night without anyone knowing.”

A blush colored Suga’s cheeks as snippets of their activities last night played in his mind—reminding him of the way that she felt around his cock, and how she breathed out his name like a broken prayer whenever he hit that spot inside of her that made her eyes almost roll back into her head.

“So, where to?”

“A- ano… make a left here, and then another left at the intersection…” He prattled off the address to his house and she nodded.

“Oh, you live near the bakery that sells good kare pan.”

“Yeah, I live about a block away. How do you know about that?”

“Nii-chan used to take me there when we were younger,” (Y/n) answered with a smile.

She followed his directions to his house, maneuvering through the narrow streets with ease that came with years of experience with driving. Suga was starting to relax in his seat when he turned to look at her with wide eyes. “Aren’t you also only seventeen? The minimum age for a license is eighteen!”

Sheepishly, (Y/n) smiled. “I have a provisional license.”

Suga didn’t know what to say— so he was stuck opening and closing his mouth in horror. She could get into so much trouble if they got caught; hell, she could go to jail for what she was doing now. He gripped his seatbelt tightly and swallowed thickly.

“Relax, Suga-kun. I may not have a Class 1 license, but I’ve been driving for years— mainly with my old friends,” she tried to reassure him, but that only served to make him worry even more—because the image of a much younger (Y/n) behind the wheel of a car popped into his mind, followed by all kinds of debauchery that teenagers did, like drinking, smoking, and other things.

It made him even more curious to know about her life back in Tokyo; how many friends she had, what they were like, what she did without them… basically everything that he could find out. He wanted to ask her, but he kept his mouth shut because he didn’t want to put a damper on their relationship after all that happened last night— so, he would just wait until she voluntarily told him about it… or until he had a good opportunity to ask her.

(Y/n) looked outside the windshield and tried to read the names on the mailboxes outside the houses that they passed. “Which house is yours?”

“That one, with the tsubaki tree,” the setter pointed out quietly, then waited in silence as she pulled up in front of his house and put the car in park before turning to her to thank her. However, he was surprised when she unbuckled her seatbelt and leaned over the console to press her lips to his in a
chaste kiss.

She pulled away before he could return the kiss and smiled at him. “I’ll see you later, Suga-kun.”

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Luckily for (Y/n), she made it home without getting in trouble; so she hopped in the shower and began to get ready for school after feeding Yua.

The same couldn’t be said for Suga when he got to Karasuno, though. All of his teammates looked at him as if he had generated another limb overnight, which both unsettled and irritated him at the same time. He had never been late for morning practice before, so he understood their surprise… but did they really have to stare?

“Sugawara-san, your neck,” Nishinoya boldly pointed out, even going so far as to point his finger at his senpai’s neck.

Immediately, Suga’s left hand flew up to the side of his neck that (Y/n) had kept sucking and biting last night. His cheeks warmed up with a blush as he looked down at his feet in embarrassment. He had totally forgotten about the love bites on his skin.

“Oh, Suga-san got busy last night~ a girl even answered his phone,” Tanaka piped up with a teasing grin; then he frowned. “I’m so jealous! How come you already have a girlfriend!? Who is she, Suga-san?”

The grey-haired setter’s heart started racing in his chest as his mind tried to think of a good answer to that question. He didn’t want them to think that he was just casually sleeping around— even though that was what he was doing with (Y/n)— but he didn’t want to tell them that he was in a relationship as well. He was at a loss for words… until Daichi spoke up and became his saving grace.

“Let’s get started while Suga starts with his stretches,” their captain spoke sternly with an unreadable look aimed at the aforementioned setter. Suga didn’t want to read too much into it, since he already had so many things on his mind, so he pushed it to the outskirts of his mind and went to one side of the gym to begin stretching.

Still, it didn’t take long until he was thinking about that look that Daichi gave him once more. He felt a sense of dread eating at his conscience because something told him that his friend knew more than he let on.

His lower back and hips were so sore that it made morning practice more difficult than it usually was, but he shrugged off the feeling weighing him down, in case someone noticed and pointed it out again. He was already self-conscious enough as it was, but with the added hickeys on his neck, he just wanted to crawl under his sheets and sleep until they faded away— it took so much effort not to slap his hand over the purple bruises on his neck whenever he felt someone’s eyes on them.

Things got much worse after practice, though. All of them were in the club room, as always, to change before classes started— and when he slipped his shirt over his head, he heard the telltale shocked cries of his kouhais and frowned when he saw that all of his team mates were looking at him with bewildered expressions on their faces; hell, even Tsukishima was surprised and it took a lot to get the tall first year to react.
“What is it?” Suga asked with a mildly frustrated tone.

“Did you get in a fight with a cat, Sugawara-san?” Hinata asked innocently, expression thoroughly confused.

The grey-haired setter shook his head and answered, “Cat? No. What-” He looked down at his body and hurriedly turned towards the metal shelf so that he could hide the angry, red scratches all over his torso.

“Eh? There’s more on your back, Suga,” Asahi pointed out, which had Suga blushing madly as he hurriedly grabbed his button-down shirt and slipped it on to cover himself— holding the front closed with his hands because that was the quickest way to hide the marks all over his chest and abdomen. He pursed his lips and kept his head down as a mix of embarrassment and arousal filled him to the brim — how he could be aroused at such a time was beyond him, but he couldn’t help but want (Y/n) even more than he did last night.

Initially, he had shied away when he saw people with love bites on the streets and thought that they had to have more control over themselves, but now… he didn’t know how to feel when he was one of those people. He always thought that he would have much more control over himself and wouldn’t let anyone mark him like that, yet with (Y/n) he found that there was a very small part of him that liked giving everyone a glimpse of what she had done to his body.

Everyone was so quiet as they stared at their grey-haired senpai, and almost all of them jumped in shock when there was a knock on the door. Yamaguchi was the first one to move to the door and swung it open, only to reveal the cause of Suga’s predicament.

“Ossu!” (Y/n) greeted with a small smile and a wave. She looked so well put-together that it made Suga wonder if last night really did happen; her hair was in its usual high ponytail and her bangs framed her face nicely, there weren’t any dark circles under her eyes that suggested that she had stayed up until 2 AM fucking Suga into oblivion— she just looked-

Suga looked at her more intently at her and had to purse his lips to keep himself from smiling giddily. It was faint, but her cheeks were flushed— and it wasn’t glaringly obvious at first, but she had a certain glow about her; a post-sex glow, if his term was correct.

“Suga-kun,” the raven-haired girl beckoned him over and he found his feet instantly moving towards her. She fished around in her bag for a bit before she pulled out a wallet— his wallet. He didn’t even know that he had lost it because he was too preoccupied with the task of getting to school as fast as possible. “I found it on my way here. You should be more careful with your things.” Her mouth said those words, but her eyes were saying something else entirely: You left it in my room this morning.

Gingerly, he took it from her and bashfully muttered a ‘thank you’ to her. She merely answered with a smile as her gaze raked over his body. “Nice scratches— is she feisty in bed?”

His body tensed up at her words, while his team mates snickered behind him. He couldn’t even say anything because he was too befuddled— he was annoyed with her for teasing him like that, but he was also so hot for her at the same time; it was starting to confuse him.

“I have some concealer for those hickeys if your gakuran won’t cover them— but I think the collar’s going to hide them.” (Y/n) grinned saucily and winked at him. “You must’ve had quite the night, ne?”

With that, she waved goodbye to him and everyone else in the club room, about to turn and walk away when she called her brother, “Nii-chan, if you get done early later, can we go to the grocery
Daichi adjusted his *gakuran* and walked past some of his team mates so that he could see his sister clearly. Her smile was brighter than usual, which he liked seeing on her, but that didn’t change the fact that he wasn’t liking where the direction of her relationship with Suga was going.

Of course he knew; he wasn’t stupid or disillusioned with his sister’s dating habits. He wasn’t particularly thrilled about it, but he trusted her enough to leave her be; he would only intervene when he thought things were getting out of hand. “Yeah, sure, I was in the mood for some *sukiyaki*.”

Chapter End Notes

Hello, hello! Happy new year, everyone! <3
To say that (Y/n) was nervous was the understatement of the century. Not only was she not going to represent a school— but a gym—but she was also going to be playing for a new prefecture if she won the tournament; but she was getting ahead of herself. It was a single-elimination tournament, so one mistake could mean having to wait for the next tournament— before she could advance to the National Tournament— that was going to determine who was going to represent Japan in the upcoming IFMA World Championship in Bangkok next year.

“Nervous, kid?” Takahashi Ryuichi— (Y/n)’s coach and the very person who had gotten her interested in the sport in the first place— asked from behind her, her braided white and pink Mong-Kol in hand. She bowed her head and Ryuichi placed the sacred headband on her head. “Go knock her off her feet. I mean that literally and figuratively. You’re in the A-Class now, so you can use all legal techniques; unlike when you were ten and in the C-class.”

A quiet laugh escaped the raven-haired girl’s lips and she shook her head at her coach’s laid back demeanor. She had to admit that she missed the older man, because her previous coach in Tokyo was nothing more than an old geezer who liked to yell at everyone and punish those who made mistakes. She got the tough love aspect of his training, but it was just too much— and that was coming from her of all people.

“Don’t be nervous.” Ryuichi clapped his student’s shoulders before he pulled down the ropes for her. (Y/n) went into the ring and held out her fist to her sensei, which he promptly bumped with his own fist. “Win this and then you can go watch your boyfriend’s game.”

“Suga’s not my boyfriend,” (Y/n) answered with a roll of her eyes. “Besides, I’m going to see my brother.”

The blond man only smirked and shrugged, then hopped off the corner of the ring as the music for the Wai Kru started. Back in Tokyo, (Y/n) hadn’t done the homage as sincerely as she used to— mostly because her coach had never earned her full respect— but now was different. She bowed deeply and silently thanked her sensei for teaching her everything he knew— she also thanked her brother, her parents, her newfound friends and, of course, she thanked Suga.

When her homage came to a close, (Y/n) went back to her corner of the ring so that she could don the protective headgear and gloves that Ryuichi was holding for her. There was only silence between them as he fastened them to her, and she grinned at him before he stuck the gum shield in her mouth.

With one fist bump to her opponent, the referee began the match and, immediately, the girl’s fist went flying towards her face. She mentally cursed herself for not blocking quickly enough as the sting radiated from her left cheek bone down to her jawline.

Almost instantaneously, she stepped back and shielded her face with her gloved hands— waiting for the perfect time to strike back as her opponent threw reckless kicks and punches her way. She blocked all of them successfully, and parried one punch before swinging her leg up and hitting her side with all the force she could muster.

Two more rounds went by like that, with her letting her opponent throw useless blows at her and her retaliating with ones that counted— until she found her chance and grabbed it with both hands;
raining down four consecutive punches to her opponent’s abdomen, and an elbow swing to said opponent’s face, then a kick the right side of her waist. The blows sent (Y/n)’s opponent straggling back, until her back hit one of the posts and her body crashed down on to the floor.

All the people in the gym cheered when (Y/n)’s opponent went down— while she went to the neutral corner and waited as the referee counted down; by the time that he had counted to eight, the other girl was still on the floor. (Y/n)’s heart started to race with excitement, and she stared intently at the referee as he counted up to ten.

The referee gave the sign that her opponent had succumbed to a knock-out, which had the crowd cheering loudly around them. She pressed her lips together to keep herself from celebrating too early as the verdict was announced.

She had been expecting it, but even as they confirmed her victory, she couldn’t help but smile and cheer along with everyone else. She was back, and it felt so good to win.

Before celebrating, though, she rushed over to the where the other girl was being helped up by her second, and she got down and bowed deeply in thanks for the game. (Y/n) could only grin as she raised her hands up and welcomed the crowd’s roars. She was going to rise up and show that gods-forsaken school what they had lost when they expelled her.

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She didn’t even bother to undo her hand wraps after Ryuichi had helped her take off her protective gear; she only put a jacket on and zipped it up before slipping her shoes on and taking off with her duffle bag. “Sorry to leave so suddenly, sensei, but I want to make it to nii-chan’s first game.”

Ryuichi chuckled and waved her apology off. “You only want to see that non-boyfriend of yours, but yes, go. I’ll handle everything for now. Remember to take an ice bath when you get home.”

“I will.” The raven-haired girl bid as she ran out the door. “Domo arigatou!”

With that, (Y/n) raced out of the gym and whipped her phone out so she could call an Uber to pick her up— as it would be quicker compared to taking the bus with everyone else that was going to the city gymnasium.

Not even five minutes later, her driver had arrived and she practically threw herself in the back seat before closing the door. “Ah, gomen, oji-san, but I really need to see my brother’s first game.”

The driver smiled back at her then reminded her to buckle up before he pulled out into the road. The drive was silent but quick, and (Y/n) found herself blacking out in a nap for most of the trip— only to be waken up when they were about a minute away from her drop-off point.

Once the car had stopped by the main entrance, the younger Sawamura sibling thanked her driver and hopped out of the car— gently closing the door behind her before she sprinted inside the gym; totally uncaring of all the stares that she was gathering from all the people.

“Hey, you, where’s the way up to the bleachers?” She asked a guy that was loitering out in the hallway— he was wearing a volleyball club uniform, so it only made sense that he could point it out to her.
The boy’s eyes widened and he pointed a shaky finger up the stairs. “Up there, and then through any of the double doors on the second floor.”

“Ah, okay, thanks.” (Y/n) didn’t even give him another glance as she ran up the stairs and passed through the first set of double doors that she saw; only to groan when she saw that she had to make her way to the other end of the gym to be at the court where Karasuno was playing. And so, she sprinted back out the door and ran to the very last set of double doors that she saw— entering the area unceremoniously and almost tripping over her feet as she made her way down to the very first row.

People were looking at her as she stood there— most probably because of the bright pink hand wraps she was wearing— and she all gave them a once-over before rolling her eyes and turning her full attention to the game. It was still the first set, and Karasuno was leading 22 to 12— which brought a grin to (Y/n)’s lips.

“Go, Hinata-kun!” She cheered enthusiastically, then waved as all of the boys on the team looked up at her. Based on their expressions alone, she could tell that they were happy to see her there— and even happier to have someone cheering them on.

Once the referee blew the whistle, though, everyone’s attention was brought back to the game at hand; so, she averted her gaze from the team to look for Sugawara. It didn’t take her long to find him, though, since he was standing in the sidelines— like he was when she saw their practice game. A frown marred her lips at the sight, only to morph into a small smile when Suga’s gaze connected with hers.

She shot him a wink as well as blew him a kiss before stepping back and plopping down on one of the empty seats. She crossed her arms over her chest and absentmindedly watched the game unfold in front of her— her mind lingering on Suga and how they hadn’t had the time to have sex again. She understood that both of them had too much going on at the moment, but it wasn’t as if her libido stopped working to make way for her priorities; in fact, it had gotten worse.

Everytime she saw Suga, her skin felt like it was tingling with the need to be touched by him— her body was constantly working against her, especially with him so close to her during class. She was just glad that it wasn’t just her who was sexually frustrated; he was being a little too obvious with the way he subconsciously bit his bottom lip when she was around, as well as the not-so-covert manner that he would let his gaze linger on her a little longer than was normal.

(Y/n) knew that it was going to be busier than her old games because she was starting from the bottom in Miyagi; she wasn’t given byes and wasn’t rewarded the luxury of skipping the first round of a competition because she was the reigning champion for the Super Lightweight class like in Tokyo. So, she had expected this— her craving for him and his body and having no time to sate her lust— but not to this degree.

The raven-haired girl was shaken from her thoughts when her phone chimed with her text tone; it was only during game days that she set her phone out of vibrate, because she would often get texts or calls from organizers telling her if her match was moved and whatnot. She unzipped her bag and fished for her phone through all the clutter in it, then immediately read the text that Ryuichi had sent her.

“You have 2 bouts tomorrow if you win the next one, kid.”

“Eh? Mendouksai!” she groaned in exasperation and threw her head back as she held the phone above her face. With a click of her tongue, she locked her phone and tossed it back inside her bag; if there was one thing that she missed about playing in Tokyo, it was that she was given byes to skip
this kind of weeding process.

But she wasn’t there now, and this was a whole new setting, so she had to work her way up and prove to these people that she really was worthy of her title.

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(Y/n) didn’t even know that she had fallen asleep on the uncomfortable chair until she felt someone trip over her feet. Her eyes instantly snapped open and her hands instinctively raised themselves up in her punching stance to defend herself if needed. She looked up and saw two boys wearing white track suits with aqua accents— and she narrowed her eyes at both of them. “You wanna fight?”

“Eh? No, sleepy-chan. I’m sorry for waking you up.” The one with the chocolate-colored hair smiled amicably at her, and it took quite a bit of effort from her to not let her lip curl up in distaste. Suga was sweet, but this person was saccharine sweet; he put her defensive instincts on edge.

She looked around the two boys in front of her and frowned when she saw that the court that her brother was on was already cleared out; no one even thought to wake her-

“Oh, (Y/n)!” Daichi’s familiar voice called from somewhere behind her, and she turned around to see her brother by the double doors that led to the hallway.

Without regard towards the boy who had roused her from her sleep as well as his friend, she picked her bag up by the strap and ran up to her sibling. “Uwah! Nii-chan, I thought you left me behind.”

He merely smiled down at her and put a hand on her head as she prattled on about being so tired and always falling asleep after a match, before regarding Oikawa and Iwaizumi with a curt nod. The pair from Seijō nodded back at him and went off on their way. “How was your game?”

“Oh, I won by knockout.” (Y/n) grinned and wrapped her arm around her brother’s waist. He was a little sweaty— which she normally would have commented about— but she was in more or less the same state, so she didn’t say anything. “What about your game?”

Daichi looked down at his sister with a look of disbelief on his face before he laughed. “I forgot that you were asleep for most of it. We won, and we have another game at 1:30.”

“That’s awesome, nii-chan! I knew you guys could do it!” She thumped his chest with her right hand a little too roughly, which had him involuntarily releasing a whoosh of breath from his mouth. “I’m going to stick around, then, since I won’t be able to watch tomorrow.”

“Why? How many matches do you have?”

“Two if I win the first one in the morning.”

The older of the two removed his hand from his sister’s shoulder and put it on top of her head once more, then ruffled her hair affectionately. “Tell me what time your second match will be and I’ll try to be there if I can.”

“We’re not even sure if there will be a second match for me.” (Y/n) pointed out with a knowing expression on her face.
“Of course there will be; you’re Sawamura (Y/n)!” A few people turned their heads to look at them, no doubt finding her name familiar, which she promptly ignored as they rounded a corner and stopped by the East entrance for the courts. Most of the members of the volleyball team were there, and she unlatched herself from Daichi to congratulate them on their win.

They simultaneously thanked her, and she grinned when Suga slowly made his way towards her.

“Hey, Suga-kun,” (Y/n) greeted softly.

A bashful smile graced Suga’s lips as he spoke, “So, pink, huh?”

“Oh,” the raven-haired girl made a face then she started removing her hand wraps, before stuffing them inside her bag. “Well, since you’re dying to know how my game went… it went great, I won, and I have two matches tomorrow.”

The grey-haired setter chuckled at her blatant sarcasm and was about to congratulate her when she wrapped herself around his right arm and proceeded to drag him off with a loud “Can you show me where the bathrooms are, Suga-kun?”

None of their kouhai, nor Asahi, paid them any attention since they figured that (Y/n) and Suga had just grown naturally close; except for Daichi who gave their retreating forms a long look before letting out a heavy sigh.

Once they were well away from the team, (Y/n) looked around to see if there were any stragglers like Tanaka or Nishinoya— whom she hadn’t seen with everyone else— before cupping Suga’s cheek with her right hand and turning his face towards her, before pressing her lips to his in a chaste kiss. “Oh, I definitely missed that.”

Suga was speechless at (Y/n)’s blatant admission, and he felt his cheeks warming up because of it. With her, he couldn’t help but be reduced to a speechless, blushing mess; it was starting to get pathetic. After all that’s happened between them, he should have been more immune to her charms, but that really wasn’t the case.

“Ne, Kōshi,” She called softly. “Do you have a condom with you?”

His eyes widened as he rapidly shook his head. “N-no. I- but… here? We can’t.”

(Y/n) pursed her lips in mild contempt, then sighed when she saw the decorative clock hanging on the wall. “I was thinking that we could do it raw, but we only have half an hour left before your next game.”

A half hour was more than enough time for them to finish, at least, one round of sex, but she knew that he wouldn’t have enough time to rest and get his energy back if they did; so, she pushed her selfish desires to the back burner and made do with resting her head against his shoulder— since it was the closest that she could be to him without garnering too much attention.

And oddly enough, she found that being close to him like that was enough to sate her want for him... in the meantime.

Chapter End Notes
Oya oya! How's everyone doing?
I really don't know what to say. Omg. I'm still so tired from celebrating the new year.
Ahaha.
Welp, see you guys tomorrow. <3
Important

Chapter Notes

Ah, just a little fact about this fic is that the plot was formulated last May 2017 at Taylor Swift's Reputation stadium tour in Santa Clara (where I used to live, and used to work at the Michael Mina restaurant at Levi's Stadium).
If you listen to the Reputation album, you'll pick up parts of the plot in every song. <3 Seeing the Rep Tour movie on Netflix just brought up that fact and I wanted to share it. UwU

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Tadaima!” (Y/n) called out enthusiastically as she closed the front door behind her.

Nothing but silence reached her ears in reply, and she walked further into the house to see if anyone was home; only to see a note taped to the fridge. She plucked it off the cool, metal door and gave it a once-over:

(Y/n) / Daichi,

I have to go to the store to sign some order forms. I have Yua with me.

Dinner is in the oven. Unagi for (Y/n) and gyoza for Daichi.

Hope you had fun at your matches today.

I love you two.

Okaa-san. <3

A fond smile crossed (Y/n)'s lips before she placed the note back on the fridge door, holding it in place with a magnet that she had picked up for her mother in Thailand when she first went there. Almost seven years had passed since she first visited the country with Takahashi-sensei for a Muay Thai training camp, but she still remembered that month so clearly— it was easily one of the best summers of her life.

(Y/n) just wished that she had stayed in Miyagi instead of moving to Tokyo— because the city had done nothing but taint her soul and distort her morals. Her decision to move had been a long time
coming, though; it wasn’t done hastily or without any deeper meaning behind it. She had told everyone that she was moving because it was going to open up new doors for her, but the heavier reason was that—in her young mind—she felt like an outsider with Chie.

That wasn’t how someone was supposed to think about their relationship with the person who had wholeheartedly accepted a bastard child like her into their family, but that was how she felt deep down. She loved Chie like a real mother, but she couldn’t fully shake the fact that she wasn’t her real daughter—that she was nothing more than the child of her husband’s dead mistress. It hurt to think about the truth, yet there was no changing it.

If there was one characteristic that the city had ingrained in her that she was thankful for, it was the ability to cope; it could be towards people, situations, or feelings—she adapted to whatever scenario was thrown at her and she moved on with her life, but that didn’t mean that her mind didn’t linger on the possible ‘what if’s, though.

She was just really good at pretending that nothing bothered her.

Before her brain could wander any farther than that, she cut her darker thoughts off at the outskirts of her mind, then fished her phone from the side pocket on her gym bag so she could distract herself by mindlessly scrolling through her social media accounts.

The raven-haired girl hitched her bag higher on her shoulder, and was about to make her way up to her room to get a change of clothes to wear after she showered, when she saw a bunch of notifications about some of her old school friends tagging her in different posts. Genuinely curious of what they wanted her to see, she pressed one of the notifications—which opened up a new window and loaded an article.

The headline had her scowling the moment that she saw it.

**JAPAN’S SAWAMURA (Y/N) IS A NO-SHOW AT 20XX MUAYTHAI CHAMPIONSHIPS**

She read through the article and sighed in relief when they didn’t cite the exact reason why she wasn’t present at this year’s championship. If the press knew that she had been expelled from her school due to (false) accusations, she would be allowed to sue them for breach of contract. *Akenomyōsei* wasn’t just a school for athletes; it was the school for top tier athletes in Tokyo. Getting in wasn’t easy, and they didn’t make getting out any easier.

It wasn’t as exclusive or strict as *Horikoshi Gakuen*, but it was close. They required students and parents to sign a confidentiality agreement when they enrolled, to protect not only the school’s reputation, but also all of the students’ reputations; mostly, it was for the athletes—like she used to be—who were studying there. So many things happened behind that school’s walls that the public didn’t have any knowledge of, all because of that agreement.

But, of course, there were the occasional loose-lipped first years that mess up and accidentally tell their non-*Akenomyōsei* friends of juicy gossip, which starts a never-ending string of rumors. Once confirmed that they were the source, they’re expelled and blacklisted from the school as well as all of its sister schools—and the bottom-line was that they were still tied to conform to the confidentiality agreement, unless they wanted to face legal charges.
There were so many clauses tied to that agreement, but the simplest way of understanding it was that her family members were the only people whom she could tell about things that concerned her, and never about things that could damage another student’s reputation.

The article cited some speculations like an injury that caused her to be MIA, or maybe a family matter that warranted her to bow out— and the funniest one yet— getting pregnant and failing the medical examination.

She went through article after article, only reading similar information worded differently; until she came across one that had a statement from Akinomyōsei’s principal that explained her absence.

‘It is a very regrettable and significant loss for the institution, but Sawamura (Y/n) is no longer affiliated with Akinomyōsei Gakuen. That will be all.’

“Those sly motherfuckers,” (Y/n) muttered gruffly as she swallowed past the thickness in her throat. Tears pricked the backs of her eyes, but she pushed them back. She wouldn’t cry over something like this— she didn’t even cry when they told her that she was being expelled; hell, the last time she remembered crying was when-“Tadaima,” Daichi’s voice echoed inside the house and, almost immediately, the part of her that constantly wanted to run to her brother —to ask him to take care of things— when things got rough reared its head; and she would have run to him, had she not sensed the sadness in his tone based on that one word alone.

Pushing her own feelings to the backburner, (Y/n) stepped out into the hallway and pocketed her phone. “Okaeri, nii-chan.”

The sight of her brother in such a state was enough to make her chest tighten with sadness; his eyes were red-rimmed and a bit puffy from crying, there were dried tear tracks on his cheeks, and his lips were pursed so tightly that she knew he was only doing that to keep himself from crying. She didn’t even have to ask what had happened— she already knew— and she opened her arms for him to step into.

Her mind instantly flew to Suga. With his kind heart and soft emotions, he couldn’t have been taking their team’s loss all that well either; she couldn’t help but worry about him— what he was doing to cope, and who was comforting him at that moment.

(Y/n) wanted that person to be her, but she also wanted to be there for her brother; so she stayed right where she was.

Her brother engulfed her tightly in his arms, burying his face into the crook of her neck as sobs wracked his body. (Y/n) hugged him back just as tightly and gently rubbed his back in soothing circular motions, all while whispering encouraging words to him.

She knew that losing was a natural part of life— sometimes you won, sometimes you didn’t— but she wanted to look for the team that had beaten Karasuno and pummel all of them into the ground; all because her brother was crying on her shoulder like he had never cried before— he was reduced to a blubbering, sobbing mess and it ripped her heart into pieces to see him like that. Now she knew what he felt like when she had cried her heart out to him after her entire world felt like it had tilted on its axis.
(Y/n) was already under her sheets when she couldn’t take it anymore. The nagging voice in her brain that was telling her to call Suga to check on him—at the least—finally wore her resistance down, which had her grabbing her phone from her nightstand before pulling up his contact information. Her thumb hovered over the call icon for a minute, then she quickly pressed it before she could change her mind.

He picked up after the third ring.

“Moshi moshi,” Suga’s voice was a bit hoarse, which only confirmed (Y/n)’s suspicion that he had been crying like Daichi was. She even had to force him to take a shower before tucking him into his bed—like he used to do with her on the few occasions that she cried.

“Hey,” she answered quietly, suddenly at a total loss of what to say; because, really, what did people say in situations like the one she was in? Sorry you lost? That was too blunt. You’ll get them next time? She didn’t even know if there would be a next time. You did your best, but your best wasn’t good enough? Those were—loosely—the lyrics of a song, not to mention stupidly insensitive. So, she decided to go with the question that was burning on the tip of her tongue. “How are you feeling?”

The mere sound of (Y/n)’s voice was enough to soothe Suga’s aching heart; to think that she called to check up on him made him feel so... he couldn’t even describe it—happy, giddy, excited? Important? “Like the whole world is caving in on me.”

“I’m sorry. I know how that feels; and I also know that nothing that anyone says makes it feel better.”

The words were out of the setter’s mouth before he could stop them. “Just hearing you talk is making me feel better.”

A blush crawled up the raven-haired girl’s cheeks and she cupped her left hand over her left cheek to hide it from the world—as if that really helped. She pursed her lips for a brief moment as she contemplated whether to say what she wanted to say, instead of what she needed to say to draw the line clearly between them. In the end, she chose to indulge herself—it was only harmless flirting, nothing more. “That oddly makes me happy. I... was thinking about you earlier, you know— if anyone else was.”

“No. It’s just you.” Suga’s words seemed so simple on the surface, but it was really loaded with meaning that (Y/n) missed.

They were so perfectly wrong for each other—both of them knew that fact—yet they couldn’t resist each other’s pull. What they had was bound to end in catastrophic flames, but who could have known just how badly it would affect both (Y/n) and Suga?

Chapter End Notes

Now, I’m not sure if they make students sign those kinds of agreements in Japan, but at my college and also at my culinary school (yes, I did do both so I have two degrees) they made students sign those because they’re somewhat "exclusive" schools, meaning that not everyone got to study there because of hefty fees and a long list of personal
requirements; and most of the students (and chefs/professors) come from distinguished families (think celebrities, politicians, prominent business figures), so they wanted to keep school gossip from getting out to the public and being blown out of proportion.

And I'll leave it at that because I'm not sure if I can say anymore without violating the agreement. So, this is just a loophole—no names mentioned and whatnot.

Also, this is a really big hint. Like, *HINT, HINT*. UwU
When Daichi woke up to his alarm the following day, his head felt like it had been hit a few times with a couple of his sister’s power punches, while his eyes stung so bad that he had to blink rapidly to ease the pain. If he didn’t know any better, he’d have thought that (Y/n) beat him up while he was asleep.

He sat upright in his bed and stretched his arms above his head in an attempt to wake his tired muscles up. Once he was satisfied, the raven-haired captain got up from his bed and got ready for the day—even though he just wanted to go back under his sheets and sleep until the heavy feeling in his chest went away.

His thoughts were another issue, though. No matter how badly he wanted to stop thinking about the things that had made him cry yesterday: the loss to Seijō, that game being the last that he played in high school, and the option of quitting the team so that his underclassmen could restructure the team to their needs. He pushed those recurring thoughts to the back of his mind and focused on getting ready for school.

As per his routine (usually when his mother left before him), he took Yua outside and let her do her business while he went into the kitchen to eat the food that was left out for him. On that day, however, there was a light pink, plastic folder beside his breakfast.

There was a note on top of the folder with his ‘nii-chan’ written in all caps. Now curious as to what the folder contained, Daichi picked it up and opened it up—to reveal letters that were neatly arranged into three pocket organizers; each pocket had a tab on the side which was labeled with his sister’s neat handwriting, namely: coach letter, parent’s letter, tournament organizer letter.

His sleep-addled mind was confused for a few seconds until he remembered that (Y/n) wasn’t going to be at school today because she had the semifinals for her tournament today—and finals later in the afternoon when (not if, because he knew what his sister was capable of) she won her semifinals bout; she had told him about it so excitedly during dinner after the game with Datekōgyō.

He quickly rifled through the letters and had to crack a smile because he was so proud of his sister. It wasn’t that he was underestimating her organizational abilities, but organization had never really been her strong suit when they were younger, so he didn’t expect her to have covered all her bases so thoroughly. There were around fifteen copies of each of the letters (one for each of their senseis, and a few to spare), and all of them were signed and dated accordingly.

All the letters went on about her absence and asking the teachers to excuse it because she had a tournament to attend; one from her coach detailing the basic necessary information like what time the matches were going to start and such, one from their mother stating that she had full knowledge of the tournament and that she approved of her daughter’s participation in it, and one from the event organizers stating that (Y/n) was, in fact, a legitimate participant of the tournament.

Karasuno wasn’t that strict with handling excused absences—a fact that he knew well, because he had to submit a handful of excuse letters for games as well—so she didn’t have to go through this much effort, but he reckoned that that was what she had gotten used to doing at Akenomyōsei (as she had been there ever since middle school); and knowing just how her old school worked, he didn’t judge her for it.
In fact, he admired her for thriving in such an environment for so long, until she was unfairly dismissed.

He was mad when he first found out about it, but she eased his anger with a few nonchalant words about how she was getting tired of being there anyway, and other offhanded comments that made it seem like she was fine with having her throne yanked away from under her. No matter how much she smiled and told him that she was going to show all those at *Akenomyōsei* just what they had lost, he knew that she was hurt deep down.

The ‘protective older brother instincts’ that were ingrained in him ever since she came into his life wanted to hover over her and coddle her, but his ‘rational older brother instincts’ told him to wait for her to come to him when she was ready to talk about things; so he followed the latter option and was still waiting— that didn’t mean that he wasn’t worried about her mental and emotional health, though.

Daichi often felt like a useless brother when it came to (Y/n); he always told himself to wait for her to talk to him when she was ready, or to act when it was absolutely necessary to do so, but there was a voice inside him that kept telling him that those were mere excuses— because he was afraid that he would do or say something that would cause her to pull away from him, and that was the last thing that he wanted to happen.

He could never tell her outright (since he was sure that she would punch him and call him a sentimental dork) but not only was she his only sister, but she was also the most important person in his life.

It sounded so creepy, like he was in love with her or something along the lines, but that really wasn’t the case; (Y/n) was important to him because they had always been each other’s constants, and she had gone with him through *everything* that happened in their lives— never judging him and always telling him what he needed to hear, no matter how painful it was.

And so, with a sigh, he pulled his phone out and sent her a text— even though he was sure that she wasn’t going to have the time to reply to that until later.

> *Should I quit the volleyball team? Pass it on to the second years and first years so they have the time to rebuild the team for Spring Nationals?***

It wasn’t until after her semifinals match that (Y/n) saw her brother’s text. She checked the time and clicked her tongue when she saw that it was already half past eleven; a solid five hours after the text had been sent. She didn’t even want to think about how badly Daichi must have been pacing inside his mind while waiting for her reply, so she quickly typed in her reply.

> *Don’t be stupid, nii-chan. ‘Do you really want to quit’ is the question.*

> *Well, do you? I’m sure the answer is no, so there you have it.*

> *I’ll help you study for entrance exams if necessary. >:D*

> *Also, I’m headed to finals later. (凸■益■)凸*
By the time that she realized that she had used an emoticon that was flipping people off—instead of having its thumbs up like she initially thought— she bit her tongue to keep herself from laughing. She was sure that her brother wasn’t going to appreciate that one bit.

“That’s her, isn’t it? Sawamura (Y/n)?” (Y/n) heard hushed voices from behind her. Her expression immediately morphed into an irritated one, and she turned to blatantly look at whoever was talking about her—seeing two girls and pinning them under her gaze, before she shook her head and walked away.

There was nothing more that she wanted than to tell those two girls to fuck off, but she held herself back. She couldn’t afford to pick a fight now, because she would be dismissed for unruly behavior if she got caught.

“Hey, kid,” her coach called out coolly, then clapped her on the shoulder—a little too heavily than he normally did— as he moved closer to her. “You knew that this was going to happen, so you just have to ignore all the gossip. There’s only one more hour until your finals match starts, so you only have to put up with it until then.”

Ryuichi knew everything that he had to know about (Y/n), not only because she was his student, but also because she was a somewhat significant name in the Muay Thai community. Even though she was—legally— not allowed to tell him about what exactly had went down back in Tokyo, she had told him anyway because she knew that her coach would never sell her out to make a quick buck.

“Keep quiet now, and then you’ll be having the last laugh when you’re up on the World Championship stage with that shiny gold medal around your neck.” The blond smirked at that, then stepped away from his student to study the determined expression on her face.

***

The moment that the referee raised her hand up in the air almost made her want to cry— almost. She didn’t know how close of a fight it was, but there was a brief moment that she thought that she was going to lose— until she felt her opponent’s punches getting weaker and more frantic. (Y/n) wanted to grin smugly at the cameras taking her picture, but she settled a smile instead; it wouldn’t do her any good if people saw her as arrogant.

As soon as she stepped off the stage, she was approached by reporters— from local tabloids to national publications— but Ryuichi steered her away from all of them, which she was truly grateful for, since she had already planned to give an exclusive interview to the one person that she knew could help her defend her battered reputation.

“Nakahara-san is waiting for you outside,” Ryuichi stated quietly with a quirk of his eyebrow when he saw his raven-haired student looking at her phone with a genuine smile on her face. “Your boyfriend text you or what?”

(Y/n) rolled her eyes good-naturedly and stowed her phone back inside her bag. “No, sensei, that was my brother telling me that he was staying on the volleyball team.”

“I swear, if I didn’t know you, I’d think that you had a brother complex,” her coach answered with a laugh that had her scrunching her face up and shaking her head in disgust.

“Before you start spouting more things about brothers and having complexes for them, I’ll go get
showered and changed.” With that, (Y/n) sauntered off to the girls’ changing room and quickly freshened herself up; she wanted to look presentable for her interview since it was going to be aired on a national news program that night.

After she had gotten her personal grooming out of the way, she silently made her way out of the building and looked around for her coach’s very noticeable blond hair; it often acted like a homing beacon for her, especially when she was younger and often got lost during tournaments—it was particularly helpful when he took her to Thailand for training camps.

(Y/n) spotted him well away from the throng of people exiting the building, and smiled when she saw that he was already talking to the very person that she wanted to see: Nakahara Fujiko from News Watch 9—one of the country’s leading evening news programs. As much as (Y/n) didn’t want to use the connections that came with her past awards, she was in a bit of a bind with her current reputation, and this was the first step to showing everyone at Akenomyōsei that she wasn’t going to take a few hits without retaliating with stronger ones.

***

Even though (Y/n) felt so tired after having two (very important) matches, she still asked Ryuichi to drop her off at Karasuno because she had forgotten her English notes at her desk and forgot to ask her brother to take them home for her; and since it was almost seven in the evening, she was sure that he was already well on his way home—or maybe even already there. She wouldn’t have bothered to get them on any other day, but they had an exam tomorrow and she couldn’t even remember a lick of the subject matter, so she had no choice but to get it just so she could study.

She trudged up the stairs to the third floor then quickly got her notes, and only after stuffing the notebook in her bag did she remember that Daichi was also in the same class as her, and he could have lent her his notes instead—it would have taken more effort to read because of his penmanship, but that would have been a better alternative to having to walk home when her body felt like it was beat up… because it had been.

“Baka, Sawamura.” Her entire body felt so sluggish that she was slouching as she walked to the front entrance—only to find that the gate was already locked. A heavy sigh left her lips as she trudged towards the rear entrance by the second gym, since that was the last gate that was closed.

The sounds of her brother’s voice giving out instructions as well as the slightly annoying squeak of athletic shoes against wood reached her ears, which made her perk up a little bit. Genuinely curious as to why they were still at school, (Y/n) hitched her bag higher on her shoulder then hightailed it to the open sliding door. She poked her head inside the gym and looked around to see Karasuno’s boys’ volleyball club members present—even Ukai-san was there along with Shimizu-san.

All movement seemed to stop in the gym when the occupants spotted her lingering by the doors, and the raven-haired girl grinned as she waved—letting her gaze linger on Suga as he smiled at her. “Ossu.”

Daichi excused himself from Ukai-san and immediately jogged over to his sister. He greeted her with a wide grin as well as a one-armed hug before speaking, “What happened?”

“What do you think?” The younger Sawamura answered with a blank expression on her face. Her brother’s expression faltered a bit as he waited for her to confirm his suspicion—and she did after a
brief silence. “I got a shiny medal… and I’m going to regionals in August.”

“I knew you could do it!” Daichi exclaimed brightly, laughing as he wrapped his arms tightly around his sister. “I’m treating everyone to pork buns later, so wait for us to get done. Just sit down and take a nap.”

(Y/n) really wasn’t in the mood to eat since she was so tired, but she couldn’t resist her brother’s suggestion of taking a nap. She slipped her shoes off at the door and bowed in another greeting, before making her way to one corner of the gym and plopping down on the cold floor. Daichi stood a few paces in front of her, sporting a fond smile on his lips. “You know me too well, nii-chan. Oyasumi.”

With that, the captain turned back to his team’s coach and excused his sister’s presence, which Ukai just waved off with a nod.

Suga’s gaze kept gravitating towards (Y/n)’s sleeping form even as Takeda-sensei explained what was going to happen with the summer training camp in Tokyo. All hell eventually broke loose when their teacher revealed that those who failed to get a passing grade—in any of their subjects—couldn’t participate because they had to do supplementary lessons on the same week.

The grey-haired setter had already zipped up his jacket and picked his water bottle up when he stopped by the doors to wait for his teammates (but it was mostly because of (Y/n). Daichi had already walked over to her and woken her up from her nap, since it was time to go. He looked over at the sibling duo, and smiled when he saw that his raven-haired non-girlfriend struggled to get up—which prompted Daichi to hold her hands and pull her up with an exaggerated grunt of pain.

(Y/n) rolled her eyes at her brother’s childish antics and walked over to the doors—right to where Suga was. She couldn’t help but smile at him as her eyes appreciatively raked over his body, then she shot him a sly wink. “Hi.”

A blush colored Suga’s cheeks as he pursed his lips to keep himself from smiling like a dork. His heart was beating so fast in his chest with her so close to him—and he briefly recalled how she had called him last night to check up on him. “Hey. How was your game?”

“Well… it was fun, until I got punched in the gut,” she answered with a quiet laugh, and then moved to put her shoes back on. The raven-haired girl bent down at the waist and tugged on the back of her shoe to fix it. Suga, instinctively, gravitated closer towards her when she tipped forward as if she lost her balance.

(Y/n) held her hand out to catch herself when she stumbled forward after pulling her shoe on a little too aggressively—fully expecting for her hand to land on the wooden floor, but when she felt cloth beneath her palms, she hesitantly raised her gaze and stared at where her hand was.

It wasn’t something that she hadn’t touched—or sucked and fucked—before, so she found herself holding back a smile as she looked up at Suga’s face. He looked as red as a tomato while he stared at her with a mix of horror and surprise on his face. “Sorry…” (Y/n) muttered saucily, then added in a much more playful tone. “…that I’m not sorry?”

Suga immediately grabbed her wrist and yanked her hand away from his dick, before casting a frantic glance around him to check if anyone had seen; thankfully, everyone was still occupied with doing their assigned closing tasks to notice what had happened. He hurriedly stepped out of the gym, and gently pulled on (Y/n)’s wrist to make her follow him a few paces away from the door.

He didn’t know why he did what he just did, but now he was stuck staring at (Y/n) with nothing to
say; all he wanted was to be close to her, and that was it. He felt like his brain had gone on an abrupt vacation because, no matter how hard he tried to think of something to tell her, he came up with nothing.

Until (Y/n) sensed her lover’s plight and smiled, before leaning forward and brushing her lips against his in the faintest of kisses. Truth be told, she had missed him and his warm presence. “So… are you doing anything tomorrow?”

The setter merely shook his head in a stupefied reply; he looked so adorable that the girl in front of him couldn’t even get mad at his sudden lack of words. “N-no. Do you…” Suga took a deep breath and tried to calm his nerves down. He wanted nothing more than a repeat of that night with (Y/n), but he couldn’t seem to find his words.

A quiet chuckle passed the girl’s lips before she nodded in understanding. “I’d love to come over and study at your house.”

“Eh?” That wasn’t what he had meant at all, but she looked so pretty with that mirthful expression on her face that he didn’t even bother to correct her. He was thinking something along the lines of going to the ice cream shop a few blocks away, but he guessed that a study date at his house was fine as well.

DATE!? His mind screamed at him, and he mentally face-palmed. It wasn’t a date because they weren’t even together in the first place.

Chapter End Notes

Hi, hi! So... I hope you guys liked the chapter... although it was a bit lacking, in my opinion.
There might not be an update tomorrow, because I don’t have another chapter typed up. I can rush the update, but I don’t think that it'll be substantial enough for what I have in mind.
Soo... I’ll take tomorrow off so I can catch up on writing. <3
Truth

Chapter Notes

Thank you guys so much for all the comments and the kudos! I was, honestly, so surprised when I saw that the kudos went up over the weekend. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Come on, (Y/n)-chan, just one more picture,” Sawamura Chie urged enthusiastically, as she kept taking more pictures of her daughter with her phone. The raven-haired girl was, honestly, fed up of smiling for pictures with her brand new medal around her neck, yet she still indulged the woman who had loved her and raised her like her own child.

Yua bounded into the living room at full speed, almost knocking into the coffee table because her paws skidded over the wooden floor. Daichi followed not too long after the little dog and stifled a laugh when his sister sent him a comically exasperated look, before perking up and picking Yua up off the floor. (Y/n) slipped the medal off of her neck and slipped it around the Shih Tzu’s neck—being careful to let the medal itself rest on the dog’s stomach as she cradled her into a sitting position.

Daichi couldn’t help but outright laugh at his sister’s antics, shaking his head as he watched their mother take more pictures with a bright smile on her face. Their mother was a naturally cheerful person but, as of late, he hadn’t seen her smile so genuinely like she was doing at that moment. He was glad that there wasn’t any morning practice today as well, because he got to see this.

“Okaa-san, please, no more pictures,” (Y/n) pleaded with a sheepish laugh, and Chie sighed before slipping her phone into her apron’s pocket. She watched as her son walked over to his sister before putting his right hand on top of her head—a proud grin displayed on his face—before slinging his left arm around her shoulders to pull her close. “Eh, nii-chan, don’t crush Yua!”

Both of Chie’s children were laughing as said dog wriggled in the raven-haired girl’s arms, and she couldn’t resist but snap one last picture of something so wholesome. She looked at the picture in her gallery and instantly posted it to her social media account; wanting to show off how wonderful her kids were.

All three of them looked up when they heard their surname mentioned aloud, and their gazes snapped to the TV that was tuned to the morning news—like it always was. A picture of (Y/n) was displayed on the screen and she could only watch intently as they rolled her interview from yesterday afternoon.

It was still weird for the youngest Sawamura to see herself on TV—on another national news program, no less—even after years of doing many interviews. For someone who liked her privacy, (Y/n) avoided giving them as much as possible, but her circumstances were different now; she still wanted to keep her identity as private as possible, but her want to beat her former school at their own game outweighed her preference.

“How do you feel about winning Miyagi’s prefectural tournament and getting to advance to regionals?” Fujiko Nakashima asked the version of her that was smiling on the TV screen, the medal standing out against her black sweatshirt.
(Y/n)’s on-screen persona grinned brightly and looked straight at the camera— which had the actual girl quirking an eyebrow as she shot the TV a catty, disbelieving expression. “I feel amazing! Everyone was so good, and the energy was so intense since day one. I’m very excited for regionals, and I’m also looking forward to seeing some old friends over there.”

She didn’t know where she had gotten the bullshit that she was spouting, but she liked it— it sounded very enthusiastic and humble, which completely masked the menacing undertone to her words.

*Maybe I should become an actress?* She bit her tongue to keep herself from laughing aloud at the thought, then turned to Yua so she could take her medal back and set her down on the floor— where she scurried off to her regular corner. She set the heavy medal down on the coffee table, and focused on the interview once more.

“Since you’ve received countless medals and awards for Muay Thai, including the title in the Super Lightweight division at last year’s Muay Thai World Championships, how does it make you feel to not be there at this moment with your old team? And what do you think about all the speculations about your absence?”

“I…” The (Y/n) in the interview hesitated for a brief moment, then let out such a believable shaky breath (that it would have made even *Hara Setsuko* proud). “I regret not being there to defend my title, but some circumstances have happened which brought me back home, so I think that there are other plans in store for me; all we can do right now is wait and see where things lead. And as for the speculations… I think some of them are downright hilarious. I just hope that my brother doesn’t read the one that even had a list that served as ‘evidence’ to prove that I was pregnant.”

“What?” Daichi hissed from beside his sister, turning his head to snap his gaze over to her. The raven-haired girl beside him just chuckled and shrugged.

“Everyone wants to know where you’re studying now and what your plans are for the future, would you enlighten everyone about those two things?” Fujiko’s disembodied voice rang in the room.

“I’m studying at Karasuno Kōkō right now, and I’m loving it there. And for my plans… well, I do plan on going to another training camp in Bangkok during summer break— as is my usual routine—but other than that…”

“These are my last questions for you: How do you keep yourself motivated after experiencing setbacks? And how do you manage to do it while still looking so amazing?” That last question really wasn’t part of the list of safe questions that she had sent to the reporter beforehand, and she wanted to roll her eyes when the older woman asked that— but she plastered a smile on her face and pretended to think on it as demurely as she could; even when she was panicking and screaming on the inside, because she had no idea what to say to that question.

Daichi had to laugh as he watched (Y/n) flounder on-screen; most people probably thought that she was merely trying to piece ideas together, but he knew that she was close to wringing her brain for an answer to the question. He didn’t doubt that his sister would have screeched like a banshee if she could have at that moment.

“Well… it’s not myself that keeps me motivated, but it’s the people around me. My parents, my friends, *that one friend of mine.*” The on-screen (Y/n) winked at the camera, which had Daichi pursing his lips in mild contempt, while Chie giggled like a little schoolgirl.

“And my *nii-chan,* of course. Don’t get me wrong; everyone keeps me motivated with their words and their support, but *nii-chan* is the one person that knows how to fix everything for me. He’s the
captain of the school’s boys’ volleyball team, so he knows what I go through— and he’s always there for me as both a captain and as my brother. Now, about that last one…” (Y/n) smiled warmly at the camera, then answered:

“It just comes naturally to me— I’m kidding! Well, I guess the main factor is to stop caring too much about what others think about you. You can take their opinions into consideration but, at the end of the day, you should always do you. Once you stop caring about other peoples’ standards for beauty, you’ll just wake up one day, look at yourself in the mirror and finally realize that you’ve been gorgeous all along.”

Chie cupped her hands over her mouth as she turned to (Y/n) with a very proud look on her face. Just the sight of that expression made the younger girl’s chest tighten with happiness, and she grinned at her mother who practically skipped over and engulfed her in a tight hug. “My baby! I am so proud of you! Ah, I need to find that segment online and share it with your tou-san; he’s going to cry because our baby’s all grown up now. Oh, I love you so much, my little girl.”

(Y/n) bit down roughly on her bottom lip as she returned her mother’s hug tightly. Chie didn’t have a penchant for using pet names, or other terms of endearment, so to be called her baby and her little girl— not some other woman’s, but hers and her husband’s baby— made (Y/n) emotional. Those simple words may not have meant a lot to other people but, for her, it meant the world.

“Ah, don’t suffocate her too much, okaa-san,” Daichi joked as he made his way over to where his mother and sister were, before wrapping his arms around their shoulders. Both women included him in the hug, which had him smiling fondly down at them. He felt his sister’s hand curl up into a fist as she clung on to the back of his gakuran, which he responded to by putting a hand to the side of her head and pressing her forehead to his cheek. “I don’t want to break this up, but we’ll be late if we don’t leave now. We’ll see you later, okaa-san.”

They really weren’t running behind— they still had more than enough time to walk to Karasuno—but Daichi knew that (Y/n) was close to bawling her eyes out, which she didn’t like doing in front of anybody else. So he steered his sister out of the room, and grabbed their bags from where they had left it in the hallway, before stopping by the front door.

(Y/n)’s grip on her brother’s gakuran tightened even more as the first tear rolled down her cheek. She closed her eyes and finally let all the tears that she’d been holding back finally fall; while a sense of calm washed over her entire being. A quiet sob escaped her lips, which prompted the younger Sawamura to lift her left hand up and use the back of it to silence her sobs.

Daichi lightly scratched his fingers against the side of his sister’s head, being careful not to mess her ponytail up as he tried to comfort her. He had an inkling that her heart was still burdened with thoughts of how she came to be, as well as with her understandable conflict about her sense of belonging in their family, but he didn’t know that it still hurt her this much. He would have done anything to take her pain away and ease her thoughts, but the sad fact was that she was the only one who was capable of helping herself.

Unbeknownst to them, their mother had seen the entire exchange and had her back pressed against the wall with tears streaming down her face— hands pressed tightly to her mouth— as sobs wracked her body.

‘No matter what you do, she will never be your real daughter. Do you think she will even want to look at you when she finds out the truth? When she finds out that you took her away from me— her real mother?’
“Are you sure that I look fine, nii-chan?” (Y/n) asked her brother with a sniffle, looking up at him as they stood a few paces away from the school gate.

Daichi gave her a soft smile, before lifting his right hand up and using the sleeve of his gakuran to wipe her nose. “Yeah, like the most beautiful girl in Nagannu should be.”

“Baka nii-chan,” the raven-haired girl muttered with a light shove at said brother’s chest, before she walked ahead of him so they could enter the school.

Once the siblings had changed into her hallway slippers and made their way up to their classroom on the third floor, (Y/n) was greeted by the frantic squeals of her female friends. They bounded up to her and crowded around her— each one congratulating her and gushing about seeing her interview on the evening news as well as the morning news, until Akane brought up one of the things that she had said during the interview.

“(Y/n)-chan, so… who’s that one friend of yours?” Akane asked with a teasing grin, nudging the raven-haired girl’s arm with her own, which made all the other girls lean closer to hear (Y/n)’s response. As much as she loved hearing gossip, she didn’t like being the one being the center of all the talks. She wanted to wring Akane’s skinny little neck for, figuratively, throwing her under the bus.

She grinned at all the girls, and shook her head. “I…”

Daichi’s ears were practically perked up as he waited for his sister to confirm what he already knew (and he lingered by the small group that surrounded her, even though he still had to place her bag at her table), but he saw just how uncomfortable she was about telling them that it was the sweet and kindhearted Sugawara whom she was… well, he didn’t even want to think about what they did behind closed doors— especially the closed door to her room.

He couldn’t even sleep peacefully that night because, even though the walls were thick and the sounds were muffled, he could still hear them going at it at one in the morning. He had half a mind to knock on his sister’s door and tell her to do it when he wasn’t home, but he just threw a pillow over his head and pressed his face roughly into it.

“So we know him? Is it Sugawara-kun?” Mamiko suggested with a giggle that had (Y/n)’s eyes widening, before she schooled her expression back into the cheerful one that she sported earlier.

And… speak of the devil and he shall appear. Suga walked into the classroom with a yawn, slowly trudging towards his table when he felt so many eyes on him— which had him looking up to search for the source. He didn’t have to look for long, because the group of seven girls at the very back of the classroom was blatantly staring at him, and in the middle of that group was (Y/n).

A blush instantly colored his cheeks— and deepened even more when he heard some of the girls giggle— so he covered the lower half of his face with his right hand, then scurried off to his seat; avoiding eye contact with anyone as his heart raced in his chest.

(Y/n) couldn’t help but feel bad for Suga, because she was the reason that he was garnering clearly unwanted attention from her friends. So, even though her brain was screaming at her not to do it, she
still found herself opening her mouth and saying, “No, Suga-kun is just a friend. He’s too good for me, besides… he already has someone that he likes.”

Her heart felt like it had just sunk down to the bottom of her stomach, and she wanted to take the words back, but she couldn’t. The smile on her face faltered a little, yet she tried her best to hold it in place for her friends to see; what all of them didn’t see, though, was Suga pursing his lips and looking out the window to hide the dejected look that was on his face.

He had known that getting too attached to her was the most stupid thing that he could have done, but his heart went and did that anyway.

Chapter End Notes

More of the plot has been revealed. DUN DUN DUN~
There will be more of Suga in the next chapter, sorry about that. UwU
I was trying to get more of the plot moving, so we can move on to... well... bigger and better things. ;)}
Suga wasn’t going to lie— he was still feeling so disgruntled after he had heard (Y/n) tell her friends that they were just friends, and that he already had someone else that he liked. He really shouldn’t have been bothered by the truth as much as he was, but he couldn’t help it; his heart felt like it had just gotten thoroughly beat up no matter how much he told himself that (Y/n) was only being honest.

He had half a mind to cancel their plans to study tonight at his place, but his need to see her— and possibly sleep with her again— outweighed that petty decision. So, he was waiting for her right outside her house, since he had to go to practice while she had the next two days free from her own training.

“Hai, nii-chan! Bye!” (Y/n) called out behind her as she exited the house in an ensemble that had him licking his suddenly dry lips. Her clothes were simple but complemented her body so well that he couldn’t take his eyes off of her— with her red, striped long-sleeved shirt showing off a sliver of her toned stomach, those tastefully frayed denim shorts, and the thing that held his attention the most: those black thigh high socks that she paired off with white sneakers.

The setter had to blink twice as she made her way over to him; he couldn’t believe how cute and sexy she looked at the same time— it made him almost forget what had made him upset earlier. Almost.

She looked like such a vision to him that it took a minute for him to realize that her hair was down and in its natural semi-curly state. He felt his chest tighten for a completely different reason than dejection— and he had to subtly pinch his thigh to make sure that he wasn’t dreaming as she gently cupped his cheeks in her hands and pressed their lips together in a kiss that got heavier by the second.

His hands anchored themselves on either side of her waist as he eagerly responded to her kisses— then let his thumbs caress the soft skin of her midriff.

Unbeknownst to them, Daichi had seen the entire exchange from the window in the living room, and was trying his best not to go out there and break them apart. The captain trusted his sister implicitly and he never meddled with her ‘relationships’ because he never saw the need to do so— and she had lived in Tokyo back then, so he never really saw how those flings fawned over her— but seeing her at that moment… getting touched so intimately by a guy (even if said guy was his friend) made his protective instincts flare up even more intensely than usual.

And when he saw the backpack slung on his sister’s shoulder, instead of the schoolbag that she was supposed to be bringing for her study session at her friend’s house, he wanted nothing more than to drag her back inside the house and keep watch on her so that she couldn’t sneak out to stay the night at Suga’s house.

What gave him pause, however, was the fact that—for once— she was going to be staying with a guy that he knew and trusted. Compared to the handful of guys before Suga, his friend was the best and safest choice; so, he took a deep breath and plopped down on the couch as he rubbed his temples with his fingertips. His head always started to hurt when he found out about (Y/n)’s flings (he could always tell when she was seeing someone new, and she eventually told him about them), but it was hurting more so than usual this time.
(Y/n) reluctantly pulled away from Suga, smiling at him as the pads of her thumbs stroked his cheeks tenderly. She wasn’t really affectionate with the guys before him, so this was new for her— yet, she found that she liked being close to him and absolutely loved touching him for the sake of it; there was just something about Suga that made her act so… soft.

She knew that the line between them was starting to get hazy, and she was starting to cross into uncharted (and unwanted) territory— so she knew that she had to stop… for both their sakes.

She knew that, but that didn’t mean that it made it any easier to do so.

Her hands were about to retract away from Suga, when the setter returned her smile from earlier; and just like that, they stayed where they were— only drifting down to his shoulders and eventually resting against his chest. “I think my heart just stopped.”

A blush bloomed on the raven-haired girl’s cheeks as she tried (and failed) to suppress her smile. She moved her right hand to the spot right over his heart and breathed out a quiet chuckle when she felt the faint, rapid beating beneath her palm. Her heart wasn’t faring any better than his; she could attest to that much. “It’s working just fine to me.”

“That’s good to know,” Suga whispered just as softly as she did, and found himself slowly gravitating closer to her until his lips brushed against hers in the faintest of kisses. It was the first time that he’d initiated a kiss and— damn it— he felt so good about that. “Let me carry your bag for you.”

“It’s fine, it’s not that heavy.” Were the words that came from (Y/n)’s lips, while her mind screamed something different: *Please stop being so cute and gentlemanly! You’re not making this easy at all.*

“Okay then,” Suga answered with a curt nod—looking a bit dejected— before he asked, “Are you ready to go?”

It was the wrong thing to do when she was trying to re-draw the line between them, but she found herself slipping the bag off her shoulder and holding it out to him. She didn’t like the fact that she was the one who had put such an expression on his face— no matter how brief it was. “On second thought… will you please help me carry this?”

A grin lit up the grey-haired setter’s face, and he accepted her bag before slipping one strap onto his left shoulder.

With that, both of them started the walk to his house— walking close enough for their hands to brush against each other’s with every step they took; until (Y/n) felt Suga’s hand brush against hers once more. That time, however, his touch lingered— before he slipped his hand into hers and laced their fingers together.

She looked at his profile from the corner of her eye, and had subtly to reach up to her chest to rub the spot where her heart was— because it was beating so hard that it was starting to ring in her ears.

Had Suga been one of the guys before him, she would have immediately pulled away— but he couldn’t have been farther from the likes of them even if he tried; he was the kind of guy that (Y/n) tried to avoid, because guys like him were the dangerous ones.
Suga wasn’t extremely handsome, nor did he have a physique like the ones that underwear models sported; yet he was the only one that (Y/n) was wary of— because he was the kind of person that could make any woman fall head over heels in love with him, in view of the fact that not only did he have the most genuinely kind heart that (Y/n) had ever encountered, but he also possessed so many captivating facets to his personality that kept pulling her in.

His hand felt so comfortably warm holding her own that there was a tiny part of her that didn’t want to let go—even when they were already in front of his house. Thankfully, Suga didn’t even give any indication that he was letting her go anytime soon—and he welcomed her into the front lawn that was tastefully landscaped with stepping-stones and other small flowering plants.

What had (Y/n)’s full attention, though, was the huge tsubaki tree to their left. It complemented the contemporary style that the house had; yet it stood out more than the two-storey home because of the pretty flowers adorning the tree early into the summer. She hadn’t even taken the time to notice the flowers when she dropped Suga off a few days ago. “Don’t tsubaki flowers bloom in spring?”

The setter smiled and shrugged. “This one always blooms late, so it lasts until the start of summer.”

“Well, I haven’t seen something pretty in a while, so this was a welcome surprise,” the raven-haired girl answered with a grin—her eyes never leaving the flowers that were illuminated by the lights that hung from some of the branches of the tree.

A really cheesy pickup line was burning on the tip of Suga’s tongue, but he held it back because he didn’t want to embarrass himself when he was positive that his family was going to do it for him in a few minutes; that was why he wanted to stay where they were for a little while more, because he wanted more time with (Y/n) to himself.

“Tsubaki are pretty and all, but my favorite flower has to be ajisai,” (Y/n) admitted softly, moving her gaze away from the red tsubaki flowers and focusing on Suga. He looked back at her with a fond expression on his face that served to make her trip over her own thoughts—jumbling them up into indecipherable fragments which made (Y/n) drop whatever she was going to say, since she couldn’t even remember what it was about.

“Maybe when-” He was cut off from whatever he was going to say by a female voice calling his name sternly. His body instantly tensed up, and he sighed as he looked up at the source of the voice—(Y/n) followed his gaze and sported a tight smile on her face at the sight of an older lady (with a facial mask) peering down at them from a window on the second floor. “Ah, nee-san, hi.”

He has an older sister!? (Y/n) practically screamed inside her head as she started panicking. She expected to meet his parents, but she wasn’t prepared to meet a sister. If there was anything that she knew about older sisters, it was that they did not like her hanging around their younger siblings—even though their siblings were nothing more than a partner to a school project to her.

She had asked her old friends about why that could have been, and all of them said the same thing: her personality was too strong and flirtatious, which came across as a red flag for older sisters—since most sisters wanted someone that was very feminine and soft for their brothers.

Hell, she could understand that because she wanted a nice girl—who didn’t like to get into trouble—for her brother, because he seriously needed a break from all the stress that she put him through.

“Well, what are you waiting for? Your girlfriend’s going to catch a cold if you stay out there all night,” the woman hollered—her long, grey hair swaying with her as she stepped away from the window and closed it behind her.
Once inside the house, (Y/n) took her shoes off and squeezed Suga’s hand to get his attention. He looked back at her and muttered a quiet ‘hm?’ to indicate that he was listening.

“I didn’t know that you had a sister,” the raven-haired girl mumbled under her breath as she leaned closer to her lover. “Older?”

Suga nodded, while (Y/n) took her bottom lip between her teeth as she decided if she should pretend to be a demure and wholesome girl to avoid an awkward encounter— and she was about to finalize her decision when her lover spoke up, “Just be yourself, I’m sure that you two will get along.”

It was either Suga had suddenly gained superior mindreading abilities or it was evident on her face— she chose to believe the former; mind reading was more plausible because he couldn’t have read her that easily. Could he!?

“Kō-chan,” Suga’s sister called as she appeared at the bottom of the stairs just a few feet away. She sauntered towards the young couple and placed her hands on her waist as she blatantly appraised (Y/n).

“Hey, nee-san, this is Sawamura (Y/n) … my uhh… friend.” The word left a bad taste on his tongue, and it reminded him of the hard truth about their relationship. Still, he didn’t let go of her hand even if a small part of him wanted to put some distance between them. “(Y/n)-chan, this is Tsubaki nee-san.”

She smiled at the woman in front of her. Tsubaki was a bit shorter than her, but she had an intimidating presence— even if she was wearing a fluffy, white bathrobe and had a facial mask coating her face. She looked a bit different from her younger brother with her blue eyes; heck, their only common feature was their grey hair. “It’s very nice to meet you, Tsubaki-san.”

With any other person, she wouldn’t have cared how their family perceived her— but this was different; how exactly, she didn’t know, but it felt different. She cared what about how Suga’s family would perceive her, and she didn’t want them to see her as some floozy that was corrupting him (even if that was the truth) because she-

Her own thoughts gave her pause as she said the words back in her mind: I want his family to like me.

(Y/n) was starting to confuse herself with the constant push and pull of her thoughts— she kept saying one thing and doing the complete opposite of it; and she wanted to do so many things to regain control of this situation that they were in, but she ended up getting blinded by her own selfish wants that she ends up driving them closer and closer to an inevitable train wreck.

The raven-haired girl was snapped out of her thoughts when she smelled a very familiar smell that she had to think really hard about, so she could put a finger on it. “Kedma! The mud mask— that’s why it looked familiar.”

Suga was thoroughly confused about his non-girlfriend’s outburst, and he quirked an eyebrow at her before looking at his sister when she chuckled. Now he was even more confused— was it some secret passcode between girls? Or did they know the setter from Nekoma? Though, how Kozume
Kenma could have been brought up right now was beyond him.

“You also use it?” Tsubaki asked, now appearing much more approachable than she was a few seconds ago. “It’s rare to talk to other people who use *Kedma* as well.”

“I did— until I ran out of the sauna mask and the mud mask. I still have the facial peel and the lifting serum at home, but I don’t want to use them until I get new masks, so I haven’t treated my skin for about two months now.”

The grey-haired male watched the exchange between the two women, getting even more stumped as he got to know another facet of (Y/n)’s personality. He didn’t think that she would even be interested in skin care products because she just didn’t give off that vibe but, here she was, proving him wrong about his assumption once more.

The older one of the Sugawara siblings placed a hand on her chest as she cooed, “Oh, you poor thing. Come here, let’s take care of your skin. Honestly, Kō-chan, you should have brought (Y/n)-chan home to meet us sooner.”

He couldn’t get a word in edgewise, because his sister grabbed (Y/n) by the wrist and proceeded to pull her to the living room. She sat (Y/n) down on the sofa and patted her cheek affectionately— like an older sister would for her younger sister. “Papa and mama are still out, so you’ll get to meet them later. Wait here, I’ll get the things and we’ll make it a spa night.”

With a high-pitched giggle, Tsubaki practically skipped out of the living room and went up the stairs — leaving Suga and (Y/n) together. The setter sat down beside his lover and chuckled as he stared at her. She looked so excited even though she was trying to conceal it; he knew that whatever plans that they had included just the two of them just went down the drain.

As much as he wanted to get (Y/n) to himself, he couldn’t deprive her of what she wanted— and he also didn’t have it in him to make his sister (who had always wanted a younger sister to do girl things with) sad by refusing to let her hang out with (Y/n).

From beside him, he felt (Y/n) move in her seat— and then she was suddenly in front of him with her hands on either side of his face. She looked so breath-taking as she beamed at him. “Thank you, Kōshi!”

Suga didn’t know what she was thanking him for, but he had no qualms about whatever it was if she was that happy. He was about to answer her when she claimed his lips with hers in a kiss; tilting her head slightly to the right so she could deepen it, while his left hand reached out and settled itself on her thigh— letting his fingertips drift across the sliver of exposed skin between the hem of her shorts and the top of her thigh-high socks.

(Y/n) slipped her tongue into Suga’s mouth and slowly played with his warm tongue, accidentally letting out a breathless gasp against his lips when the fingers on his left hand drifted upwards— and snaked beneath the hem of her shorts— before giving her right butt cheek a squeeze. She absolutely loved the fact that he was starting to get more confident with her; she found that hot, in a toe-curling-orgasm kind of way.

“Ooh, save that for the bedroom,” Tsubaki teased in a sing-song voice, which had (Y/n) and Suga jumping apart as they watched her enter the room with a white box in hand. “I remember when I was young and very much in-love like you two. *Ah*, but never mind that— I’m just happy that Kō-chan finally has a girlfriend; and to have someone as pretty as you… did he get you with his prowess in the bedroom?”
“Nee-san! We’re not-” Suga went to protest as he tried to tamp down his embarrassment, but was silenced by his sister.

The older girl made a shooing motion at her brother to make him scoot over and— once he was at the other end of the sofa— she sat down on the recently vacated space and patted (Y/n)’s right thigh in a friendly manner. “So, (Y/n)-chan, tell me about yourself. What kind of music do you like? Do you play volleyball like Kōshi? Where are you planning on going to university?”

And that was how their supposed time alone (that was also supposed to be spent inside Suga’s room) was made into a spa night with Suga’s older sister. Both girls had so much fun with each other and promised to do that again in the near future and, while Suga was happy that (Y/n) had managed to charm his sister so much that Tsubaki had practically welcomed her into the family, he couldn’t help but feel a sense of dread tugging at the bottom of his stomach.

He wondered just how badly it was going to hurt once (Y/n) had had enough of him, and he didn’t like the answer one bit.

Chapter End Notes

Hey hey! I don't want to give too much away, but there's more of the plot playing out in this one. >:D
Aaaaand... I just love Kedma products. They're a bit on the pricey side, but they are so worth every penny. UwU My skin looks so much nicer, and my face feels so soft and firm when I go to the Kedma clinic for facials.
I just love their products so much. Omg. <3
I hope you guys liked this one. I'll see y'all tomorrow if I finish writing the next chapter.
xx
June seemed to fly by for (Y/n) and Suga; their days were spent exchanging longing looks when people weren’t looking (and (Y/n) pulling Suga into secluded hallways for some fun), while the nights that they weren’t together were spent talking to each other in hushed tones— trading anecdotes from when they were younger, discussing something that they didn’t understand in class, complaining about their training regimens, or just talking about anything and everything under the sun.

When (Y/n) did manage to sneak Suga into her room, they made use of most of their time together having sex; and that also went for the rare occasions that Daichi allowed her to spend the night at a ‘friend’s’ house.

She simply couldn’t get enough of the grey-haired setter, no matter how hard she tried to control herself. Not only was Suga a great conversationalist (she always liked hearing his opinions on different things, because he always had some noteworthy things to say), but he had also gotten better in bed.

He had a knack for picking up on even the smallest of reactions— not to mention that he was also great at committing things to memory— so he used all her weaknesses against her. When he was feeling extremely confident about his skills, he could have her cumming around either his fingers or his cock within five minutes.

If (Y/n) were to be honest, her relationship with Suga didn’t even compare to the ones that she had before him. She didn’t just get a body to warm her up on some nights, but she also got a sharp mind and a kind heart to converse with whenever she wanted; and… sometimes, she would look into Suga’s eyes and let her thoughts have free rein for a brief moment.

She immediately shot the thoughts down at first until—over time— she went on to accept it as a guilty pleasure, and nothing more than that. After all, a little fantasizing never hurt anyone.

They could never be more than what they were now; she didn’t want to risk her getting her heart broken like that again.

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(Y/n)’s mind was frantic with so many second thoughts about herself as she stared at her reflection in the mirror. She had wanted to look a bit more feminine, but she didn’t want to seem like she had gotten dolled up for a certain grey-haired male in her life, so she worried her bottom lip between her teeth as her brows furrowed in frustration.
It wasn’t even a date; it was just simply an outing between two friends… that were sleeping together, but the latter was merely semantics. So, she didn’t know if wearing that flowy, knee-length, olive green skirt (that she had found in the back of her closet) with a fitted white sweater, a navy blue trench coat, black tights, and black ankle boots were the way to go.

As much as she wanted to ask Daichi for his advice, she couldn’t approach him for this particular problem because of two reasons: a.) He was going to ask why she was getting so worked up about her outfit when she was only going with Suga, and b.) She loved her brother— she really did— but she had to admit that he didn’t know a lick about fashion.

Heck, she was the one who had picked out (and sometimes bought) most of the clothes in his closet. Back when she lived in Tokyo, she would always get things for him whenever there were sales, but she would make sure that everything she got went well with each other so that Daichi didn’t call her up at 6 in the morning, asking her which things went together.

Her phone started ringing from her vanity table, and she huffed out a breath of resignation before walking away from the full-length mirror to pick it up. A small smile tugged at the corners of her lips when she saw that it was Suga. “Hey.”

“Hi, I’m outside, and you don’t have to bring an umbrella; I already have one for us,” Suga answered softly— excitement coloring his tone. “Oh, and can you ask Daichi one more time if he wants to go with us?”

(Y/n) grinned. “Yeah, I was planning on doing just that. I’ll see you in a few minutes.”

With that, the raven-haired girl dropped the call and tucked her phone into her trench coat’s pocket— patting down the other pocket to check for the red, Gucci French flap wallet that she had splurged on during her last trip to Thailand. It was the one thing that she had spent her underground fight earnings on that was for herself, while most of it was used to buy her family souvenirs and a few designer goods.

They were curious at first, but she told them that she’d saved up a lot from the stipend that she got from her last international tournament, which wasn’t a total lie. But now, her brother knew where she got most of the money from— all because she cracked under his silence.

A quiet chuckle left her lips as she closed the door to her room— ankle boots in hand— before she made her way to her brother’s room. She knocked on the door and opened it without even waiting for him to answer. “Nii-chan, are you sure that you don’t want to go with Suga-kun and I today?”

Daichi looked up from the book he was reading and shook his head, even though there was nothing more that he wanted than to go with them so he could keep Suga’s hands off of his sister. “No, I still have to finish the English homework due on Tuesday. Don’t have too much fun without me, though. And be back before ten.”

But still, even though it was against his will, Daichi forced himself to stay at home— because he knew that those two wanted to be alone. He wasn’t exactly fond of their relationship, but he had never seen his sister so happy; so he sucked it up and left them alone for the most part. (Y/n) could handle herself pretty well, but the moment that he senses her happiness start to fade, he was going to step in and intervene.

“Hai, nii-chan,” (Y/n) answered as she gave him a mock salute. “I’ll bring back some zunda for you, or maybe something else from Asaichi if we have the time to go there.”

“You don’t have to— just enjoy visiting the ajisai temple,” her brother answered good-naturedly,
waving his hand in an offhanded manner that made (Y/n) roll her eyes. “Just stay close to Suga at all times, okay?”

“Nii-chan,” she answered in a droll tone, tilting her head to the right as she shot him an unamused look. “I think you’re forgetting that I’ve been travelling by myself for quite some time now.”

“I haven’t forgotten. I just know that you tend to be a bit extreme when you’re in a new place— yeah, remember that time when you called me from Bangkok because someone stole your wallet?”

(Y/n)’s eyes widened and her head rose up to its normal position, as she pursed her lips in a sheepish manner. “Point taken. I’ll be going now… before you judge me any further.”

“What was that?” Daichi asked, narrowing his eyes slightly at his sister.

“Nothing. Love you, bye,” she practically squeaked out before she slammed the door behind her and padded down to the kitchen— almost tripping over Yua in the process. “Gomen, Yua! Okaa-san, I’ll be going now. Suga-kun’s waiting for me outside.”

Chie turned around to face her daughter, giving her a bright smile. “You know what the passcode is, so just text me or Daichi if you’re going to be home late— or if you’re going to stay in the city for the night.”

Stay in the city? Most mothers would threaten to disown their daughters if they spent the night in another town— but here was her mother giving her the green light to stay in Sendai with a guy.

She must have looked confused, because Chie giggled before turning stern— and it scared her how she looked so much like Daichi when he was mad. Now she knew where her brother had gotten that trait. “Stay close to him at all times so that you don’t lose anything.”

(Y/n) mentally groaned. Were they ever going to let her live that one incident down? That was her first time in a foreign country, for heaven’s sake. Yet, she nodded quietly in agreement to her mother’s words.

“And don’t forget to use condoms.” It was said in such a chirpy tone that it almost gave (Y/n) whiplash, as a blush heated up her cheeks. How Chie could switch back and forth from different personas, she would never know; and she didn’t want to find out.

“We… um… I’m going now.” She didn’t even wait for her mother’s answer; she just hightailed it out of the kitchen as she fanned her burning face with her left hand.

Once at the front door, she slipped her boots on and looked up at the overcast sky. She hoped that it rained later when they got to the temple, because there was nothing more that she adored than going ajisai viewing beneath the cover of rain.

Suga immediately perked up when he saw (Y/n) stepping out of the house— secretly crossing his fingers in the hopes that Daichi refused the invitation to go with them. He knew that that was such a shitty wish, but he wanted today to be just him and (Y/n); no annoying older sisters, protective older brothers, or attention hogging dogs— just them spending the day together on a non-date.

He wasn’t sure at first if he was overdressed with his beige v-neck shirt, and cream-colored, knit cardigan, that he finished off with black pants and black sneakers— but he sure was glad that he had asked his sister to pick his outfit for him.

“Hey,” (Y/n) greeted sweetly as she bounded up to the grey-haired setter and cupped his right cheek in her hand, before pressing their lips together in greeting. “Sorry it took so long. Nii-chan was being
difficult.”

With a chuckle, Suga placed his free hand over the hand on his cheek and leaned into the raven-haired girl’s touch—revelling in the warmth that she provided both his cheek and his heart. “Which just means that he was right about something again; care to tell me?”

“I’ll think about it.” (Y/n) smiled as she stroked her lover’s cheek with the pad of her thumb. “Let’s go?”

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Since there weren’t any trains going to Sendai, (Y/n) and Suga had to take the bus going there; getting off at the Sendaishi stop after almost two hours of sitting down.

The rain had started to fall in a light drizzle, which brought a grin to the raven-haired girl’s face. She loved the rain—not only because it made her feel so at peace, but also because it brought back many happy memories from her childhood; playing in the rain with her brother, running home from school with Daichi’s gakuran as an umbrella because they had forgotten to bring their umbrellas, jumping in puddles with her mother and, as of late, drinking tea by herself while talking to Suga over the phone.

She and the setter walked down the road—hugging Suga’s arm close to her body as he held the clear umbrella above them, and pressing light kisses against his jaw and neck every so often.

“Thank you for taking me here,” (Y/n) whispered softly as she leaned over and pressed a kiss to the corner of his lips. For someone who was very new to giving affection, she sure did it a lot with Suga; there was just something about him that compelled her to shower him with so much tenderness that it wasn’t funny.

A grin lifted the setter’s lips, and he turned his head to press his lips to his lover’s forehead. (Y/n)’s cheeks grew warm at the action, and she looked down at her feet to keep him from seeing what he had done to her. “Of course. There’s nowhere else I’d rather be…”

...than with you. Forever, if you won’t mind. Suga continued in his head, making his grin falter for a second. He was so hopeless.

Silence fell over them then, very warm and comfortable as they walked with the umbrella shielding them from the light drizzle. (Y/n) burrowed closer to Suga’s warmth, and discreetly cast a glance at him from the corner of her eye—only to have their eyes meet, since he was also furtively looking at her.

Both of them looked away from each other, just as a giggle passed the raven-haired girl’s lips; which prompted the setter to suppress his own chuckle. “I know I look pretty, Kōshi— you didn’t have to stare, though.”

Suga shook his head as he grinned. “You looked first.”

“No,” (Y/n) scoffed, and lightly hit his arm. “You were; that’s why I looked.”

“Liar; you were checking me out.”

Acting affronted by his accusation, the raven-haired girl let go of her lover’s arm, then stopped
walking as she placed her hands on her hips. “Excuse me,” she stated in a playfully haughty manner. “I believe you were the one doing such a thing.”

Suga stopped walking as well, backtracking a little so that he could shield the girl from the rain with the umbrella. He couldn’t help but quirk an eyebrow at her antics; he absolutely loved this playful side of her, especially when it was aimed at him— because it gave him chances to make her flustered.

A beat of silence followed, until, “What if I was? What’s wrong with admiring someone beautiful?”

He wanted to pat himself on the back for that remark— as (Y/n) merely blinked in a dumbfounded manner while she stared at him with a blush coloring her cheeks. Her heart was doing that thing again where it felt like it was pounding in her ears, and try as she might to form a sentence, she simply couldn’t— heck, she couldn’t even form a coherent thought; all that was in her mind was Suga and how wonderful he was.

She was so happy that she had gotten to meet him, but also sad at the same time… because she knew that she couldn’t allow herself to fall in love with him; as if she wasn’t close to the point where she was crossing the bounds between admiration and truly having feelings for him.

Without preamble, Suga grabbed her by the wrist and tugged her flush against his body— then cupped her cheek with his left hand, since his right one still held the umbrella above them.

I am so in love with you. A frown tugged at Suga’s lips as he looked into (Y/n)’s brown eyes. “What’s so wrong with that?”

He didn’t give her a chance to answer, because he claimed her lips with his in a demanding kiss— letting out all the frustration he felt in a way that she wouldn’t notice. His heart was hurting so bad, because he also knew that they weren’t going to last— that even though he had fallen in love with her, she could never return those feelings. He saw it in her eyes every time they had sex; she lusted after him, maybe even liked him well enough, but she didn’t love him.

It was stupid of him to get attached; now, it was just downright reckless of him to fall head over heels in love with her and her flaws without expecting anything in return— after barely three months together. He’d thought that it was love with Hanami, but he couldn’t have been more wrong. With his childhood friend, his heart had hurt as well— but with (Y/n)… he felt like his soul was being ripped from his body whenever he remembered her words: just friends.

Part of him wanted to end things— cut his losses while there was still hope to salvage his heart after (Y/n)— but a bigger part of him wanted to keep her close to him no matter what, for as long as he could; even if it meant that he was nothing more than a friend-with-benefits.

(Y/n) pulled away from Suga, gasping for air before wrapping her arms around his neck and delving back in to get more of her fill of him. While Suga, in turn, threw all caution to the wind and put both his hands on either side of her waist— not even caring that he had just let go of the umbrella or that they were starting to get wet.

All that mattered was her; now, and possibly for the rest of his life.
Hey, hey, hey!
This chapter was inspired by "Happy & Sad" by Kacey Musgraves.
Initially, I didn't know who she was— until I went to the "Sign of the Times" concert in San Jose last year. I loved that song, along with Space Cowboy (which reminded me of Oikawa).
Also, I think that chapters will be a bit slow for the next few weeks? Maybe like every other day— because I'm overseeing my mom's new business while studying for my IELTS exam at the same time. So yeah. <3
Hello! First off, this was a pretty self-indulgent chapter. So I apologize if it seems... ya know. If it makes you guys go "what the hell is she doing?" But still, I hope you guys like it.

Then why don’t you teach them, nii-chan? If they really need it that much?” (Y/n) asked with a knowing expression on her face, raising her eyebrows at the same time to further emphasize her words.

“We have our own exams to worry about, besides, I’m sure that they can do it— they got into high school in the first place,” Daichi answered with a heavy sigh, plopping down beside his sister on the couch and grabbing a handful of popcorn from the bowl in her lap. “If you really want to help them, why don’t you do it?”

The raven-haired girl laughed at that— not just any laugh, but a really loud belly-laugh that she finished off by lightly tapping her chest. “Oh, my lungs. Do you want me to get locked up for assault? Either physical or verbal— take your pick.”

“But you taught Hinata how to punch; your stupid self even got punched in the face.”

The younger Sawamura rolled her eyes, but discreetly licked her lips as the memory of first kissing Suga flashed through her mind. “That was highly uncalled for.”

“That was highly uncalled for,” Daichi, childishly, mocked in a high-pitched tone— which had his sister curling her right hand into a fist and punching him in the arm.

“You face was highly uncalled for.”

“You have a similar face!”

“Heck no!” (Y/n) exaggeratedly curled her lip in disgust as she inched away from her brother. “Ew.”

“I’ll show you ‘ew.’” At that, Daichi grabbed a handful of popcorn in his hand and threw it at his sister’s face; making popcorn fly everywhere— one even went in (Y/n)’s mouth, which she promptly ate.

“I’m telling okaa-san! Okaa-san! Nii-chan made a mess in the living room!” (Y/n) yelled as she scrambled off of the couch and practically threw the bowl onto the coffee table, since Daichi made a grab for her; practically throwing his full body weight into his lunge. Fortunately, she got away in time, which caused her brother to lay sprawled across the popcorn-covered couch.

A snicker left her lips, and she tried to suppress it at first, only to give up and outright laugh at Daichi’s predicament. “Okaa-san!”

“Urusai! (Y/n)!” The older of the two yelled, truly terrified of how his mother was going to react.
when she saw what he had done. Having his sister around really tended to bring out his childish
tendencies; and he still wasn’t sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing.

Aforementioned girl smirked at her brother, who had gotten up from the couch— inching closer to
the door and sliding it open, before cupping a hand to one side of her mouth. “Oka- ah!”

She was roughly cut off by a pillow hitting her roughly in the face; and she was about to scream for
their mother once more when Daichi’s arms wrapped tightly around her— locking her arms at her
sides— as he lifted her up and slid the shoji door closed with his foot. She still struggled to break free
from his grip, until she calmed down. “Oi, oi, don’t tell her. Do you want her to kill both of us?”

Silence answered Daichi, and before he knew it, he was already on the floor with (Y/n)’s fist aimed
to punch his face from above— then it approached his face at an alarming speed, which had him
screwing his eyes shut and regretting even restraining a damn Muay Thai champion. It wasn’t the
proudest moment of his life.

He expected a hard punch to the nose but, when it didn’t come, he cracked one eye open— only to
flinch and cry out when his sister flicked his forehead roughly. “Baka, nii-chan!”

And that was when they heard rapid padding of footsteps across the floor, before the shoji was
thrown open by none other than their mother… with Suga behind her. The reason for the popcorn
was that they were going to have a movie night— only…

“What…” Chie asked with a dark tone, and (Y/n) grabbed her brother by the shoulders before
pushing him to sit up— and using him as a human shield. Their mother could really be scary when
she was pushed. “Happened?”

(Y/n) gave her brother a light shove, while said brother turned to look at her and hit her knee with his
hand— both of them muttering quiet words of ‘you do it’ and ‘no, you do it’ back and forth.

Yua chose that time to come bounding into the room, with her tail wagging happily as she padded
over to where Daichi and (Y/n) were on the floor. The siblings exchanged a brief look and nodded at
each other, before turning to their mother. Simultaneously, they answered, “Yua did it.”

“Aiya, these two,” Chie grumbled through gritted teeth. “If this room isn’t spotless by tomorrow
morning, I’m going to cut your allowances by half.”

“What! But, okaa-san!” (Y/n) protested, only to have her mother give her the look— the one that
mothers usually gave their errant children to scare them into submission; that one. So she shut her
mouth and slumped her shoulders in response.

Chie turned to Suga with a warm smile on her face, which the setter returned with a shaky smile of
his own. “Enjoy your movie night, Sugawara-kun. Oyasuminasai.”

“Eh… o-oyasuminasai.” Suga stammered out with a slight bow as the matriarch of the house smiled
at him one more time, before walking away— with Yua following obediently behind her.

“I think Yua just glared at you, nii-chan.” (Y/n) poked Daichi’s shoulder, which made him groan
and run a hand down his face.
After almost half an hour of cleaning up, (Y/n) plopped down on one end of the sofa— internally cheering when Suga claimed the seat beside her— and stretched her hands above her head. Daichi sat down on the free space beside Suga after turning the lights off; he knew that he was probably baiting those two to do something inappropriate, but he didn’t like watching movies with the lights on— and neither did his sister.

“So, what are we going to watch?” Suga asked, looking at the siblings on either side of him.

“I know!” (Y/n) exclaimed, grinning widely as she snatched the remote from the table before Daichi could beat her to it.

“No. You’re not picking; the movies you like are so…” The older Sawamura visibly shuddered.

“I don’t even know what’s so wrong with a bunch of cannibals protecting their land from intruders,” the raven-haired girl answered with a coy smile.

“That was not the story at all!” Her brother answered adamantly, shaking his head to get rid of the image that popped up there. “They ate those people.”

“Hence the term: cannibals.”

“No. We’re not watching anything with cannibals, or zombies, or the insane murderers— basically anything with a lot of blood.”

Suga looked back and forth between the two, finding their exchange funny; and they went on for another five minutes— just arguing about what movie to watch— until they settled on a movie about two people handcuffed together at a music festival, for something light and fun to watch.

(Y/n) had seen the movie before, so she knew what was going to happen— but Suga seemed so focused on it that he couldn’t even take his eyes off the screen, while Daichi was unsuccessfully fighting off sleep. With one last furtive glance at her brother, (Y/n) adjusted herself in her seat and slowly drew her legs up to drape them over Suga’s right leg.

The setter’s gaze snapped to her— looking panicked— which she answered by placing her index finger on top of her lips.

Suga wasn’t going to lie, he wanted nothing more than to cuddle with (Y/n)— but with Daichi there, he was sure that he was going to get pummeled into dust before that happened. So even as his heart pounded so hard in his chest in nervousness, he placed his right hand on top of his lover’s thighs and started stroking it— moving his hand to her inner thigh and letting it rest there.

Feeling the need to reciprocate, (Y/n) touched the tip of her big toe to Suga’s left leg, then slowly dragged it up and down his calf. His hand gripped her thigh tightly as he gritted his teeth to keep himself from making any sound.

It was so wrong to have been feeling each other up with Daichi in the room, but both of them had to admit that it added to the thrill of it.

The setter looked over at his lover, trying to make out what she was mouthing at him, until she lost patience with him and pulled his hand flush against her crotch. He wanted to ask her if she was crazy, but held himself back because they were going to be found out if he did.

Heat crawled up the back of his neck and settled on his cheeks, as he slowly ran his middle finger up and down (Y/n)’s clothed slit. He felt so dirty for enjoying something so inappropriate, when he
would have shied away from doing such a thing a few months ago— but now, ever since (Y/n)…

Aforementioned girl took her bottom lip roughly between her teeth as she parted her legs a little bit for Suga; and he took that as an opportunity to slip his fingers beneath her shorts and panties—letting his middle finger circle (Y/n)’s clit until she reached out and dug her nails into his bicep. It was a clear indication for him to stop, but he kept on going— adding another finger and flicking it back and forth— until her whole body tensed up before becoming lax once more.

Suga was so hard in his pants that moving was a difficult feat for him, but he still managed a small smile as he took his fingers out from under his lover’s shorts, and slyly brought them up to his mouth before sucking them clean. It took everything in (Y/n) to hold herself back from pouncing on the grey-haired male; and, for the first time since they had started their ‘relationship’, it dawned on her…

She had created a monster; a sexy monster, but a monster nonetheless.

It took a few minutes for Suga to completely realize what he had done, and red tinted his cheeks as he cast a discreet sideways glance over at Daichi. He almost stood up and outwardly praised the gods because his friend and captain had dozed off— and his head was lolled to the side as his mouth hung open.

(Y/n) slid her legs off Suga’s lap and leaned forward to check on her brother. When she saw that he was sound asleep, she grabbed at her chance with both hands— she took hold of her lover’s left hand and got up from the couch, tugging him up with her before practically dragging him out into the hallway.

Once she had closed the shoji behind them, she immediately pounced— melding her lips with Suga’s while palming his erection over his pants; and, together, they blindly made their way up to her room. They took care not to make too much noise, which was a feat in itself because they were fumbling all over the place— reaching out to hold on to walls, letting out pleasured gasps and moans, and even stumbling over flat surfaces.

How they got to her room and got naked without alerting everyone in the house was something she deemed was a thought for tomorrow— right now, she was too busy getting on the bed on all fours, while Suga knelt behind her with his cock in hand.

“Condom,” the setter grunted under his breath, getting up from the bed and picking his pants up from the floor to get his wallet. He opened his wallet and wanted to slap himself.

He forgot to refill it with condoms after their trip to Sendai a week ago.

“Kōshi? What is it?” (Y/n) asked, her impatience bleeding into her tone, as she looked back at her grey-haired lover.

“No condoms.”

“Fuck,” she cursed; then quickly ran the dates through her head and nodded to herself. “We can… do it without the condom. Today’s a safe day for me.”

She had never had sex without a condom before; never wanted to take the risk, and was never desperate enough to have sex with anyone if they didn’t have protection on them. Suga was going to be her first, and she found that she quite liked that sentiment.

“Don’t you have any condoms lying around?” He asked quietly, still standing there with his wallet in hand.
“I already put everything I had in that case I gave you. Just… please, Kōshi, fuck me already.”

“I…” He was really hesitant about the idea— because what if he got her pregnant? What then? What would happen to her athletic career? He wouldn’t be the one losing almost everything that he worked hard for; it was her, and he cared so damn much.

“I’ll take the morning-after pill, if it helps,” she offered in a desperate attempt to get him to bring her to the precipice of her orgasm already. Then, (Y/n) reached down with her right hand and slipped two fingers inside her cunt, before using those same fingers to play with her clit. “Just please fuck me, Kōshi. I need to feel your cock inside me.”

Sugawara’s lips tightened into a flat line, as he was torn between what he wanted to do and the right thing to do. In the end, his lust won.

So, he got back on the bed and pumped his cock a few times— letting out a deep sigh as he lined himself up at her entrance. (Y/n) pushed her hips back against him and moaned quietly when the head of his dick slipped inside her. She felt so tight, hot, and wet around him that he had to stop and hold on tightly to her hips as he got used to the sensation— then he continued, gently thrusting until he was all the way in, down to the hilt.

(Y/n), however, wasn’t as composed as Suga; she was absolutely breathless as she kept moaning and mewling quietly. She had heard from some of her friends that doing it bareback was so much more pleasurable for them, but she didn’t believe them at first— and now she was eating her words while practically writhing in pleasure.

Suga started thrusting then, slowly building up a rhythm that discombobulated the girl beneath him— which was made obvious by the way she was trying to form sentences and failing immensely. He leaned over her and trailed his hands up her sides; cupping her breasts in his hands and toying with her nipples— eliciting a particularly loud cry of pleasure from her that had her throwing her head back.

“Shh, not… so… loud,” he grunted out with every thrust, then latched on to the back of her shoulder to start leaving love bites across her skin. The love bites were a new development that he was starting to like; he never left them on any visible areas, but he was so tempted to do just that— maybe one of these days he would… if he had enough courage to face the consequences.

It didn’t take long until Suga felt (Y/n)’s cunt tightening even more around his erection— a telltale sign that she was about to cum— before she reached down once more and started toying with her clt for that one last push she needed to cum. “Ah, fuck, Kōshi. Oh gods, cum in me. I want you to fill me up with your cum.”

With a breathless moan, the setter slammed his hips against his lover’s and stayed flush against her skin as his release coursed through him— spurting out from his cock and coating her walls with his thick cum. It felt so amazing that he had to take almost a minute to get his bearings.

He pulled out of her slowly, watching in fascination as his cum started trickling out of her pussy. He wanted to do that again— but first, some rest.

(Y/n) let herself collapse on the bed in a heap, still trying to catch her breath as she rolled onto her back. Suga laid down beside her and managed a small smile. “That felt amazing.”

“I know. One more?” The raven-haired girl answered with a slight laugh.

“Yeah, I just need a nap.” He answered softly.
His lover nodded idly, leaning over and pressing a tender kiss to his lips as she snuggled into his body; prompting him to wrap an arm around her shoulders so that he could hold her closer. If he had a choice, he would never let her go.

But, sadly, he didn’t.

Chapter End Notes

Hey hey hey! So, there won't be an update tomorrow and on Sunday because it's my birthday on the 12th, and my mom's birthday on the 13th. So yeah, I'm trying to spend as much time as I can with my mom since I was away for quite a while—and will be, soon.

So yeah... I hope you guys understand. <3
I feel so old, turning 24 and all. My joints may all crack when I get out of bed, but my heart is still as sprightly as it was when I was 18; maybe even more so. UwU
He Loves Me

Chapter Notes

Hello, guys! Sorry about the late updates. The reason why will be in the end notes.

“(Y/n), when did Suga-” Daichi was stunned speechless at the sight that greeted him in his sister’s room. Right there, on her bed, were the two people that he had been looking for the moment that he woke up in the living room. A blush crawled its way up to his cheeks and he immediately closed the door.

He knew that they were sleeping together; had been letting them have fun for the most part, but Daichi still felt anger course through him at the sight of his friend’s arms wrapped tightly around his younger sister. Both of them were naked beneath the sheets, which he did not need to see to know what they had been up to all night.

Part of him wanted to wake Suga up and warn him to stop playing with (Y/n) like that but, unfortunately, he knew that it was most likely the other way around; with his sister being the one playing around with Suga.

“Oh, Daichi, ohayō,” Chie greeted her son with a warm smile— last night’s mishap with the popcorn already forgotten. “I see that you finally know about them.”

“I’ve known about them for a while now, okaa-san,” Daichi grumbled with a frown. “They’re not exactly quiet.”

The older woman giggled at that, then answered, “Aren’t they just cute? It would be good for (Y/n) to finally move on from that Itsuki boy.”

A dark expression fell over Daichi’s face as he resisted the urge to hunt down that bastard once more. He was a good-for-nothing scumbag that didn’t deserve all that he had now— which the older one of the Sawamura siblings didn’t hesitate to tell the person himself. It wasn’t normal for the mature and level-headed captain to have outbursts like that, but Itsuki had it coming; he was practically asking for it. Going to Tokyo at the last minute had been a hassle at that time, but it was so worth it.

“Don’t you agree, Daichi?” Chie’s voice shook her son from his reverie, and she had to reiterate her earlier sentiment when she saw the confusion on his face. “Sugawara-kun is exactly what (Y/n) needs. Yes, we love her— and you two are practically two peas in a pod— but don’t you agree that she needs a different kind of love other than the familial kind?”

His mother really was scary if provoked, and he was just glad that he was her son and not someone else. Because if he were someone else, she would have said it to him straight: get the hell away from them.

As much as he didn’t want to admit it, he was letting himself get too affected by their relationship. He could get mad at Suga all he wanted, but that still didn’t change the fact that he was still in a ‘relationship’ with (Y/n), and possibly harbors feelings for her; and he could keep them from
spending time together, but they would still find the time to be together— well away from him and his watchful gaze.

“Would you rather have her keep bending the truth, or would you rather have her be completely honest with you?” His mother asked with a small, knowing smile on her face.

“She doesn’t even want anyone to know, okaa-san.”

“Because your sister is your sister; you know that she doesn’t want to disappoint you of all people.”

“It’s a casual… relationship; that’s why she doesn’t want anyone to know. And, no matter what she does, she won’t disappoint me— make me angry, yes, but never disappoint me.”

“Does she know that?” Chie delivered the final blow with a quirk of her eyebrow, which had Daichi shaking his head and reaffirming his opinion that his mother truly was a formidable woman. “Now, come on, let’s have breakfast first so that it won’t be awkward when they wake up.”

Daichi followed his mother down to the kitchen, but had to ask, “How do you know all these things?”

His mother giggled. “You two are my children, and I raised both of you, so I’m supposed to know these things.”

***

Suga didn’t know how long he had been gazing at (Y/n)’s sleeping face since he woke up, yet he still stayed there beside her, with his head propped up by his left hand; just taking her soft features to memory— because he wasn’t sure if he was ever going to have a chance to see her like this again.

His heart was calm, for once, and a smile tugged at the corners of his lips at the thought. Back then, just the mere sight of her was enough to send his heart racing, but now was different… his heart still got a good workout at times, but it was relaxed for a majority of the time they spent together. It didn’t mean that his feelings for her had lessened, but it was the opposite— his feelings had grown along with his sense of comfort with her, so it wasn’t like he was constantly choking when she was near.

“I love you,” he whispered the words softly— so softly that they were barely even perceptible to his own ears. Had she been awake, he never would have had the courage to tell her, because he knew that she would run for it the first moment that she heard him tell her those three words.

She might not have heard him say it, but knowing that he had said it to her was enough for Suga. Loving her like this was enough… even if it hurt.

After what felt like an eternity later, (Y/n) finally opened her eyes and sleepily looked up at the grey-haired male beside her. “Aren’t you glad that I forced you to come? In more ways than one.”

“That mouth of yours,” Suga chuckled as he leaned down and pressed a kiss to her forehead. “Always with the innuendos.”

“Take it or leave it,” the raven-haired girl offered playfully, wrapping her arms around Suga and nuzzling her cheek against his chest.
The setter laughed, running his fingers through his lover’s hair and detangling her curls. “I’m taking it.”

“Wise choice.”

“And if I didn’t take it?”

“You still don’t have a choice.”

“I wasn’t aware that I didn’t have a choice on my state of freedom.”

“We’re on a need-to-know basis right now; and right now, you need to know that I want you to fuck me right now.”

Suffice to say, it was one of the better mornings in both of their young lives.

***

When (Y/n) had managed to sneak Suga out of the house without being seen by her brother, she wanted to pat herself on the back— and she almost did so, until aforementioned brother appeared in front of her as soon as she closed the front door behind her.

“Was that Suga?” Daichi asked calmly, telling himself to keep his cool and not get mad— because getting mad and snapping at her would do nothing but make her mad as well.

“I… no. I was… uh… looking for Yua,” the younger Sawamura answered sheepishly, rubbing the back of her neck as she answered.

She could tell by the expression on her brother’s face that he didn’t buy it; not at all. “Yua’s in the living room, sleeping in her corner.”

“Oh, that’s where she was— I’m just going to go and get her so we can go out for a walk.”

“Listen, (Y/n)… we need to talk.”

“Really? What about?” Her heart was beating so hard in her chest; not like the flustered kind of crazy beating, but the nervous kind that made her hands and feet cold.

“I know about you and Suga, (Y/n). I’ve known for… a while now,” Daichi answered calmly, trying to act nonchalant about it even though he was starting to feel himself getting irritated. “And…”

(Y/n) was, uncharacteristically, quiet. Her heart felt like it had stopped beating already, and her chest was so tight that it was getting hard to breathe. She looked up at her brother’s face— looking for any indication of his disappointment in her, but found none.

Daichi saw what his sister was doing and stepped forward to place his hands on her shoulders. “I am not disappointed in you. I will never be disappointed in you. I might get angry or irritated, but that’s it; I will always be proud of you, and proud to have you as my sister, no matter what. Okay? I just want you to be honest with me.”

The younger girl looked up at her brother, feeling her throat thickening up as tears pricked the backs of her eyes. Slowly, she nodded her head, until Daichi pulled her into him and cradled the back of
her head in his right hand.

“I want to end things with Suga.”

The captain’s eyes widened as his whole body froze. “I didn’t ask you to do that.”

(Y/n)’s lips tightened into a tight line as she wrapped her arms around her brother, gripping his shirt in her hands tightly to keep herself from crying. Thankfully, it worked, because she was able to regain her steady breathing before she answered, “I heard him tell me that he loves me, and I… I’ve already let things go so much farther than they should have. I was so selfish— that’s why.”

“He’s going to be so hurt, (Y/n).”

“I know that, but I didn’t mean to make him love me.” A shaky breath left her lips as she clung tighter to Daichi. “I really didn’t mean for things to go this far. Please tell me what to do, nii-chan.”

“Why don’t you try giving him a chance? Don’t you think that it’s time for you to finally move on from… Itsuki?”

Just hearing that name sent a pang of hurt through (Y/n)’s heart, gripping her heart tightly and slowly squeezing until she couldn’t feel anything anymore. She had thought that she was long past these feelings, but now that she was confronted with them once more, she began to realize that she had never been over them in the first place.

It was true that she remembered him at times, and she felt nothing but a longing kind of sadness for him, but now that everything was laid out in front of her again— her memories haphazardly ripped from the dark recesses her mind and blatantly displayed at the forefront of things— she slowly felt anger and pain engulf her body.

A brief thought of using Suga as her rebound crossed her mind, but she immediately shot it down before it could take root anywhere. She wouldn’t do to him what Itsuki had done to her; she wouldn’t use him and his genuine feelings like that.

She didn’t want to put her heart at risk like that again— because she knew that she would come to love Suga more than any other person in the world; and giving someone that much of a hold on her didn’t bode well for her fragile heart.

“I can’t. I just can’t.”

“Suga would never hurt you like that; I know him.”

“But he also had someone else that he liked before me; who’s to say that she won’t accept his feelings someday? What if he said those words because he just thinks that he loves me? I don’t know if I can pick myself back up if I get left behind again, nii-chan.”

“Then I’ll help you pick yourself up; I’ll always have your back, no matter what. Listen to me: love isn’t easy; it wouldn’t be worth risking everything for, if it were. And, (Y/n)… you deserve to love again, but this time you’re going to get someone who will stay no matter how bad the situation is. So, think about it before you let that person go.”

(Y/n) was silent, closing her eyes and resting her cheek flush against her brother’s shoulder. She knew that he was right, but that didn’t make things that easy. Still, she would think about it.

Chapter End Notes
So, hey hey hey! I know it's been like two days since I last updated? I am so sorry about that.

As I've mentioned before, my birthday was on the 12th, and my mom's birthday is today (the 13th) so we did some nice celebrating. And, on top of all the birthdays, we're opening up a new business and she's asked me to oversee things since it's a restaurant (and I do work in the food industry) so yeah, things have been hectic.

Please be patient as I try to find the time to write the story during my down time. I hope you all understand.

Thank you so much for the support! <3
Hey Hey Hey!
Ah, I am so sorry about not getting to update as often as i used to.
I've just been really busy, so I've been making this on and off for the past three days.
Also, this chapter was inspired by "Ghost of You" by 5SOS. UwU
Suga, there was still a part of her that wanted to cling on to him and keep him close for as long as he would allow her to.

And that was the heaviest issue that was weighing on her mind: her own feelings for Sugawara.

The intensity of her own feelings were what scared her the most, because she had only felt for someone as strongly as she felt for Suga once before.

Fujimoto Itsuki had been her first (and only) love— at least she thought that it was love. She was thirteen and was steadily making a name for herself within Tokyo’s athletic community when they first met. They had dated for three years after that, before (Y/n) found out that she had been nothing more than a person to pass the time with while he waited for his first girlfriend to come back from studying overseas.

Her entire world had crumbled around her when she found out about them after going through Itsuki’s messages. There weren’t even any clues that gave her a forewarning of what was going to happen; she had never even suspected him of being capable of doing that to her, because they were almost always together. They were practically attached at the hip, and it didn’t help that they were both studying at Akenomyōsei.

She had given him everything that she could, but what she got in return was a mere shrug and a cool ‘It was nice hanging out with you, but I think you should go home’— that said with his arm wrapped around the girl who had effortlessly taken her away from him. Then again, Itsuki was never hers to begin with.

Two years had passed since then, but the scars that he had left— from all the deceptive ‘I love you’s and the fake emotions he showed her— were only barely starting to heal.

Suga and Itsuki were two different people— she knew that— but her heart was still as fragile as it was when she was sixteen. It wasn’t ready to love someone again.

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Something was wrong. Suga could tell that much.

He wanted to ask (Y/n) if something had happened after he left on Sunday morning, but she had been unusually quiet ever since she came in with Daichi that morning before class. It could have been because she didn’t want to talk to anyone about why she had KT Tape on her wrists, knees and — from what Suga could see peeking from the tops of her socks— her shins; but that still didn’t explain why he felt that she was trying to put off paying him any attention.

Usually, she would be smiling and be very touchy-feely with him, but today seemed to be an exception. (Y/n) merely took her seat behind him and buried her face in her English textbook. Clearly, she didn’t want to be bothered.

The setter turned around in his chair and let his gaze linger on the raven-haired girl, waiting for her to look up. And when she did, it was like he was punched in the gut— because she was still as beautiful as when he had last seen her; maybe even more so.

He opened his mouth to speak, only to have her cut him off. “Kōshi, let’s eat lunch up at the roof. We have to talk... about us.”
As much as (Y/n) hated to leave her sentence hanging, she didn’t really have a choice because Takahashi-sensei had entered the room and began their homeroom period; which left her no room to explain herself.

Suga’s heart felt like it had just dropped off the face of the Earth with those words. It wasn’t even beating fast or palpitating in his ears, it just… wasn’t there. Maybe it was because his body felt like it was frozen solid, or it could have been the fact that he was numb; either way, he felt like shit.

The hours seemed to crawl by at a snail’s pace for both (Y/n) and Suga; the former dreading lunchtime, while the latter nervously anticipated it— even though he felt like he was going to pass out. When the bell rang, though, both of them silently took their own bentos out before walking out of the classroom together; neither of them noticing Daichi’s worried gaze that was trained on his sister.

A tense air hung around the pair as they made their way up the deserted stairways— neither of them wanting to be the first one to break the wall that had seemed to separate them, until Suga couldn’t take it anymore. He stopped dead in his tracks and took a deep breath to muster up the courage to call (Y/n) out. “(Y/n). Wait.”

(Y/n) froze halfway up the last flight of stairs, and then turned to look back at Suga who was at the midway landing.

“Just tell me. We’re alone now,” the grey-haired male stated softly; his voice taking on a pleading tone that made (Y/n) feel even worse than she already felt. “Please.”

She didn’t know what exactly she was going to say, or how she was going to say it, because even she wasn’t sure what she wanted. Her indecision was starting to suffocate her. She wanted Suga, yet she didn’t want to love him. How did people even go about that?

‘I want you to stay, but I can’t give you anything more than this.’ That was utterly stupid, not to mention selfish. So she thought of more things to tell him that were much more acceptable than that, only to blurt out the last sentence that came to her mind— the most honest and confusing sentence that she had ever uttered to someone. “I want to end things between us, but I still want you.”

Suga’s brows furrowed in frustration as tears welled up in his eyes. He set his bento on the floor as he slowly made his way up the steps. Before long, he was only a step below (Y/n) and was looking up at her with confusion and hurt clear in his eyes. His voice cracked. “W-What?”

“Yesterday…” (Y/n) began with a sigh, swallowing past the lump in her throat as she pushed herself to continue. “I heard you tell me that you… loved me.”

Stupid. So damn stupid. Suga berated himself, gritting his teeth as he resisted the urge to scream. Had he kept his mouth shut, this wouldn’t be happening in the first place. Slowly, his anger started bubbling within him— pulling his mind into a darker place that had him scowling.

“It’s so selfish of me to say this, but I want you to stay with me, Kōshi.” Her bottom lip was quivering with barely restrained emotions. She pressed her lips into a thin line and licked them nervously, before she continued. “You’ve become very important to me, but I can’t- I don’t- my feelings-”

Somehow, despite the inarticulate ramblings that passed from (Y/n)’s trembling lips, Suga managed to piece her words together. He had known all along that his feelings were going to be unrequited, and he’d thought that he had made peace with that fact— but he was wrong; it was like something was squeezing his heart so painfully in his chest as he tried to breathe. Tears sprung up to his eyes,
and he desperately tried to blink them back, to no avail.

Once the first tear rolled down his cheek, the others followed— until he was roughly biting down on his bottom lip to keep himself from sobbing. He was so mad and so hurt, yet he didn’t know what else to do except cry.

He was so angry with both (Y/n) and himself; mad at himself because he was stupid enough to blurt his feelings out instead of just keeping them to himself, and mad at (Y/n) because not only was she giving him a constant push and pull, but she also wasn’t taking his own feelings into consideration; it was like his feelings didn’t matter to her as long as they got to fuck. It wasn’t him that mattered to her, it was his body that she wanted to keep, and that was a slap in the face when he had all-but-offered his heart on a silver platter.

(Y/n) felt like the absolute lowest form of scum on the face of the Earth. She had been nothing but honest, but she had singlehandedly managed to break Suga’s heart. Gingerly, she set her bento on the floor beside her feet, and then rose up— stretching her right hand out to cup the setter’s cheek, like she always did.

She would be lying if she said that seeing Suga like that didn’t make her heart twinge with pain, but she knew that telling him the truth was better than giving him a false sense of hope just to keep him. “I’m sorry, Kōs-”

“Don’t call me that!” Suga hissed vehemently, wrapping his right hand around her wrist and tugging her palm off of his cheek. His eyes narrowed into a glare as he looked up at her. Her apology had only served to make him even angrier. “Not anymore.”

“I understand if you hate me now,” (Y/n) whispered softly, her eyes glazing over with unshed tears. “I just wanted you to stay with me.”

Suga’s tears had stopped falling, which left the fresh tear tracks to start drying on his cheeks. “Until when? Until you got me out of your system?”

It wasn’t like him to be vindictive, but (Y/n) had brought out the worst in him with her words, and he wanted to get back at her— even if it also hurt him. He was sick of being the only one who suffered, but if she still wanted him… then he would give her what she wanted.

“Then let’s get me out of your system.” The setter adjusted his grip on her wrist, and then tugged her up the remaining set of steps to get to the final landing. She ambled after him on shaky legs, almost tripping over herself when he tugged her flush against his body and buried his left hand in her hair, before pressing their lips together in a demanding kiss.

The raven-haired girl practically melted against Suga as his tongue played with hers, exploring her mouth with ease as he pressed her back against the wall. He was being so rough with her, but that all got pushed to the back of her mind when his hands anchored themselves on either side of her waist.

Abruptly, Suga pulled away from (Y/n)’s lips to latch on to her neck— sucking and biting at her skin without caring that it was going to be visible to everyone. His hands trailed up her sides, eventually cupping her breasts and squeezing roughly, which tore a moan from the girl’s lips. He unbuttoned her blouse with deft fingers, trailing his mouth down to her chest while leaving hickeys in its wake.

A part of him kept telling him that it was so wrong to do this on school grounds, but the irrational— and angry— part of him couldn’t care less. He let (Y/n)’s breathless moans of pleasure drown out his own internal musings, while he lost himself in her body; playing with her until she came all over his fingers.
Suga had pulled the crotch of her panties to the side as he lined his cock up at her entrance; thrusting the head of his erection shallowly into her heat as he watched her features twist with pleasure. Her legs tightened around his waist, which prompted him to slam his full length into her— eliciting a gasp from her parted lips.

“Kōshi,” (Y/n) mewled breathlessly as Suga kept thrusting his cock in and out of her. “Oh, Kōshi, it feels so good. Fuck.”

His name falling from her lips like a litany was enough to make his heart wrench in pain; he wanted to shut her up but, at the same time, he wanted to keep hearing her say his name with that blissed out expression on her face; it made it easier to pretend that somewhere deep down, she loved him as well.

It didn’t take long for (Y/n) to feel that telltale tugging sensation at the pit of her stomach, and with Suga’s fingers skillfully rubbing at her clit, she came with abandon— almost crying aloud and letting the whole school know just who was making her feel so good, if it weren’t for her lover’s hand roughly covering her mouth.

Suga buried himself to the hilt in her heat, filling her up with his thick cum before he pulled out of her. He untangled her legs from his waist; setting her feet down on the floor before stepping away and zipping his pants back up.

“I’ll be going first, Sawamura-san,” The grey-haired male bid quietly— almost flatly— as he straightened his shirt out, looking at anywhere but at her; because he knew that senselessly torturing himself with the sight of her was only going to make his resolve crumble into dust.

(Y/n) felt like she was slapped in the face, but she could only watch as Suga walked away from her as if they hadn’t just shared such an intense moment together. She recalled how he had avoided her gaze as he said those parting words, and that was when the tears that she had been holding back earlier started to fall.

Chapter End Notes

So... what did you guys think of this chapter?
Personally, vindictive!Suga is a headcanon of mine. I just feel like if he's pushed that far, he can and will snap, y'know?
You guys can be honest with me; I won't get offended or anything.
If anything, I'd be happy to get you guys' insight on this. Was Suga too OOC? Was this too much? Was my coffee-addled, 4 AM brain fart not in congruence with the rest of the story?
I'd love to hear from you guys. Really. <3
As much as (Y/n) tried to get herself into the mindset where she was in the proper condition to train, she couldn’t do it. Her mind always drifted back to Suga and their relationship. She didn’t know where they stood now— hell, she didn’t even know where she stood with him.

Even though he sat in front of her in class, he had made it a point to not turn to look back at her or acknowledge her presence in any way— which stung. Still, she understood where he was coming from.

Had she been the one in his shoes… she wouldn’t have been taking it so quietly.

Of course, Daichi knew that something unpleasant had occurred between them— that much was obvious from all the intent stares that he kept pinning on (Y/n) from across the room. And when the bell rang— signalling the end of classes— the younger of the Sawamura siblings quickly bid goodbye to her brother and bolted out of the school grounds.

(Y/n) had agreed to be honest with her brother, but she didn’t think that she had it in her to put even more strain on his friendship with Sugawara. Not only would that be detrimental to their team dynamic, but it would also spell nothing but trouble between Karasuno’s captain and the vice captain.

She couldn’t tell Daichi that Suga had fucked her and left her at the topmost stair landing at school. Not even she would be able to stop him from being the protective older brother that he was.

And so, to keep him from worrying too much about her, she sent him a quick text right after she texted Ryuichi-sensei that her muscles were still sore from overexerting herself yesterday.

It was a bold-faced lie, but she would cling to any reasoning as long as it granted her some reprieve.

I’m going to the shop for some groceries.

Getting their weekly grocery supplies was the last thing on her list of pressing matters, but (Y/n) was the one who was tasked to do it since Daichi did it last week. With an almost lethargic gait, partnered with hunched shoulders, the raven-haired girl got on the bus that stopped by her mother’s shop.

It was a short five-minute ride to get there, but it felt like an eternity with how heavy her whole body felt— especially her heart.

Usually, walking through the busy market-district had (Y/n) feeling lively and enthusiastic, but today seemed to be the exception. She couldn’t find it in herself to peer into the glass stands that housed an armada of mouth-watering food items, because all her mind did was play that moment with Suga.
over and over—like it was on a broken loop.

Her mind kept going back to the grey-haired setter no matter what she did.

But she had to keep him out of her thoughts if she wanted to function with, at least, some semblance of normalcy.

So far, it wasn’t working; that much was obvious.

With a heavy sigh, (Y/n) ducked into her mother’s grocery store to get out of the busy sidewalk. The place was devoid of any sign of human presence—which was understandable, since it was only five in the evening; the late-night grocers usually started coming in at around seven.

However, she couldn’t help but quirk an eyebrow at the empty check-out counters at the front of the store. Momo—one of her mother’s full-time employees—was always there to keep an eye on the place when things weren’t busy (while the others restocked shelves and organized misplaced items), so she wondered what brought her sudden disappearance on.

A loud crash from the back of the store had (Y/n) running to see what had happened; and the scene that greeted her made her blood run cold yet so hot in her veins—feeling white hot anger consume her entire being at the sight of her mother on the floor, cradling her left cheek in her hands.

(Y/n)’s eyes flitted from Chie to the woman looming over her—with said woman looking impeccable in her designer clothes. The woman’s clothes may have been flawless, but the same couldn’t be said to describe her physical attributes; (Y/n) didn’t want to judge, but the only description that she could come up with was that the woman looked like a bitch. Her features were too sharp and too cold, and partnered with the waves of voluminous, black hair going down past her shoulders, it was safe to say that she looked very far from a warm and welcoming person.

“Okaa-san!” (Y/n) called as she rushed down to her mother’s side, kneeling on the floor and gently pulling Chie’s hands away from her face to see the extent of the damage there. Thankfully, it wasn’t too bad; the handprint shaped mark would probably develop small bruises in some spots, but it wouldn’t be too drastic. “Let me get rid of this bitch first, then we’ll put some ice on that.”

Still, that didn’t save the lowlife woman from the raven-haired girl’s anger. (Y/n) turned to glare up at the woman before rising to her feet—sidestepping around Chie so that she could shield her.

Before (Y/n) could process what was happening, the woman was wrapping her arms around her in a hug—which had her defensive instincts kicking in as she pushed the aforementioned woman away, adopting a slight fighting stance so that she would be ready in case anything like that happened again.

“Is this really how you’ve raised her, Chie?” The other woman asked haughtily, shaking her head as if she was really disappointed with how the young girl was acting. “And is that really how a child is supposed to greet their mother?”

Mother!? Tending to your mother when a bitch hit her isn’t an appropriate greeting? What exactly is this woman smoking? Confusion flooded throughout the girl’s system—making her furrow her brows and twist her lips as she tried to make sense of the bullshit that the stranger was saying—only to be further thrown into a loop when Chie cried, “She was never yours!”

“Because you took her away from me!” The woman shrieked in anger—moving towards Chie and (Y/n)—only to be stopped when the latter narrowed her eyes into an intimidating glare.

There was nothing more that the youngest member of the Sawamura family wanted than to find out
what the hell was going on, and a small part of her was tempted to ask this strange woman in front of her, but something inside her was screaming at her to stay away from the unknown lady. “Look, lady, I don’t know and don’t care who you are, but you can’t just come in here and assault my mother. So I’m giving you ten seconds before I restrain you and call the authorities on you.”

“Your mother?” The woman scoffed, and it took quite some effort on (Y/n)’s part to keep herself from bitch slapping the irritating expression on her face. “Child, how long have you been living a lie?”

“And what have you been smoking?” (Y/n) curled her upper lip at the woman, before sighing exasperatedly; dropping her stance, but still staying attuned to the woman’s actions. “You really should stop taking drugs; they make ya crazy, ya know?”

“Just leave us alone, Fumiko,” Chie snapped, her voice quiet but still menacing as she gripped her daughter’s right hand and used that to help her pull herself up on her feet.

The name sounded very familiar to (Y/n), and she wracked her brain to remember where she had heard the name before; her biological mother’s name was Takenoue Fumiko. So this woman was either an asylum escapee, or just under the influence of some really strong stuff, because she couldn’t be the same Fumiko that was (Y/n)’s supposed birth mother.

“I’ve left you alone for seventeen years; now I want my daughter back,” Fumiko— the crazy lady— hissed. “I want (Y/n) back.”

She really couldn’t be (Y/n)’s birth mother, because Takenoue Fumiko had died seventeen years ago in a car accident.

The raven-haired girl shook her head, her features becoming tight with disbelief and disgust at what the stranger in front of her was saying. Still, the woman beckoned her to come closer, trying for a smile but failing because of all the Botox procedures done on her face. She just looked like she was stretching her lips into a flat, somewhat upturned smirk. “Come here, (Y/n). I think it’s time that you got to know your mother.”

Instead of stepping forward, (Y/n) inched away from the creepy woman and looked back at Chie. She wanted to ask who this person really was, but she couldn’t even move her lips to form any words— she was dumbstruck and speechless, and she had no clue how she was going to react. Part of her wanted to drag the woman out of the store by her hair and toss her out on the street, but another part of her wanted to know if she was for real.

And it was at that moment that she regretted ever laughing at the dilemma that on-screen princesses always faced when the antagonist confronted them— offering them something very tempting in order to trap them. Of course, they almost always fell for it, but she wasn’t a two-dimensional princess that existed in the misogynistic 17th century; she was a headstrong 21st century girl that kicked asses on a seasonal basis.

Turning her gaze back at the woman called Fumiko, (Y/n) forced her mouth to form the words on the tip of her tongue. It took quite some effort because her mind was reeling with so many jumbled thoughts, but she eventually succeeded. “Get out, lady. My mother’s right here. And don’t fucking come back because I will not hesitate to slap you so hard that no amount of surgery will fix your face. Oh, and if you ever lay a hand on my mother again, you don’t even want to know what I’m going to do.”

The blatant curl of Fumiko’s upper lip didn’t frighten (Y/n) in the slightest, instead, it pushed her to be more forward with expressing her dislike for the woman; as if she couldn’t already be more
forward with her words from earlier. She rolled her eyes and scoffed under her breath, clearly dismissing Fumiko’s presence— before she turned back to Chie and placed a gentle hand on her back. “Let’s go put some ice on your cheek, okaa-san.”

With that, the raven-haired girl guided her mother away from the scene— not once turning back to look at Fumiko.

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Chie half expected Fumiko to follow them all the way to the back office because, if memory served her right, that woman wasn’t one to give up easily on something that she wanted; that was how her affair with Sawamura Daiki had started, anyway.

The mother-daughter pair were quiet as (Y/n) sat across from Chie, while pressing a cold compress to the older woman’s cheek, being careful not to add to much pressure on the handprint-shaped mark; unlike how Ryuichi would apply unnecessary force to her bruises when he iced them down. Her coach did that solely to rile her up and give her a hard time about being dumb enough to get hit, but this was very far from Muay Thai training— not to mention the fact that she didn’t doubt that Chie wouldn’t hesitate to lecture her into the next century if she did just that.

Her thoughts may have been bordering on humorous territory, but her lips refused to tilt up at the corners in semblance of a smile— not only because someone just assaulted her mother, but also because she couldn’t shake the dreadful feeling that was starting to claw at her emotions.

No matter how much (Y/n) tried to quell the voices lingering on the outskirts of her mind— teasing her with theories about the woman’s identity that seemed so plausible— they wouldn’t shut up, and she was stuck replaying Fumiko’s words over and over in her mind.

A small part of her wanted to ask Chie about the woman, but the bigger and more rational side of her told her to keep her mouth shut so that she didn’t disturb the status quo. She was content with her life as it was; there was no need to add more drama into it, what with all the issues that she was barely getting through— besides, she already had her relationship with Suga to worry about.

She didn’t need any added negativity, because she was going to implode sooner rather than later.

(Y/n) was pulled from her thoughts rather abruptly when she saw a tear roll down her mother’s cheek— only to be absorbed by the cold compress that she was pressing against the older woman’s skin. She thought that she had pressed too hard and hurt Chie, but she couldn’t have been farther from the truth. “Okaa-san? I’m sorry, I’ll try to be gentle. That’s the price for having a fighter’s grip.”

She tried to inject humor into the last sentence by forcing a grin on her lips, only to have it feel fake— even to herself; so she settled for a subdued smile that was more of a grimace than anything else.

Chie’s gaze darted up to hers, staying focused on nothing but her as the Sawamura matriarch reached up with her left hand and gently encircled her fingers around her daughter’s wrist. “Please, (Y/n), ask me if you want to know the truth about Fumiko. Don’t hold it back just because you don’t want to hurt me or anyone else. Ple-”

With a gentle shake of her head, (Y/n) answered softly— honestly, “Okaa-san, as far as I’m concerned, you’ve been my mother for as long as I’ve been alive. You took me in, clothed me, fed
me, provided for me, raised me, and loved me as if I were your own daughter; some woman who’s claiming to be my deceased birth mother can’t change the fact that you are the only one that I will ever love and accept for that role.”

Sure, there were still times when (Y/n) second-guessed her sense of belonging in her family because of Chie, but her words were her most honest and heartfelt feelings towards the woman who had cared for her all these years.

“Oh, my little girl.” The older woman couldn’t say anything more— so moved by her daughter’s words that she couldn’t find any way to verbalize her own thoughts. More tears rolled down her cheeks as a smile tugged at the corners of her lips, then used her grip on (Y/n)’s right wrist to tug her forward—effectively bringing her closer for a hug.

The way that the raven-haired girl teetered on the edge of her seat may have been a little uncomfortable, but she didn’t mind at all as she basked in the warmth of her mother’s hug. She didn’t even mind that the cold compress was pressed against her arm so that she wouldn’t get her mother’s shirt wet.

Slowly, she wrapped her arms around Chie’s waifish frame, and rested her chin against the woman’s shoulder—pressing her lips together into a tight line in an effort to keep herself from crying. Holding her emotions back proved to be quite a difficult task for (Y/n), though, especially when Chie adjusted her hold on her so that her right arm was basically looped around her daughter’s neck—her right hand gently cradling the right side of the girl’s head—while her left hand pressed itself against the middle of (Y/n)’s back.

“I don’t want you to hate me, (Y/n),” the older woman whispered softly, clutching said girl tighter in her arms.

“I could never hate you, okaa-san. How could you even say that?”

“Because I haven’t been honest with you.”

(Y/n)’s eyebrows furrowed in confusion, and the thickness in her throat seceded into something bearable—irritating, but bearable. She pulled away from Chie and placed her hands on the woman’s shoulders—stabilizing her as her mother kept on crying while holding on to her forearms. “Haven’t been honest? You’re making it sound like you forced her to give me to you.”

“Only because she was going to run away with you.”

“What-?” The raven-haired girl frowned in confusion, feeling her chest tighten uncomfortably as she waited for Chie to answer.

And when she did, she felt sick to her stomach. “I’m sure you’re familiar with IVF babies…”

Chapter End Notes

AHHHH. It has seriously been so long since I last updated! I even forgot where I stopped writing. I am so very sorry! Life has caught up to me and it’s cashing in all the missed moments with my friends and family—since I was on strict bed-rest for three months after my surgery (to remove a ginormous cyst as well as my right ovary and fallopian tube) which
was also the time that I just got back from Cali after a year. So everyone just wanted to
catch up when they heard that I was out and about again.
Aaaaand my mom's business has been booming, but her staff needs so much to work on
— so I basically run PR, HR, damage control, and play executive chef on the days that
I'm not reviewing for my IELTS exam. It's always been a personal goal of mine to get a
9.0 on that, so I've been studying really hard with the help of my tutor.
And to top it all off, tax season is upon us and I just found out that my old employer
messed up and now I (and like a lot of people at work) owe the IRS a small amount of
money. Which shouldn't be the case because I wasn't the one who messed up.
So yeah, it's been pretty busy and I do apologize for not getting to update! I'm just
always so tired when I get home that I always fall asleep as soon as my head hits the
pillow.
Thank you for being patient with me! <3
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When (Y/n) opened her eyes, it was to a pounding headache and a dull throbbing at the back of her head. She winced at the bright light that shone directly into her eyes, only then taking in the hushed yet frantic voices around her and the silent beeping of a heart monitor in the background.

She frowned and squinted her eyes even further, swatting a gloved hand aside as it reached out in an attempt to get her to open her left eye. Her mouth moved at her grumble of protest, she was sure of it because she felt it, but what reached her ears was a garbled sound that barely resembled a sentence—which made her frown deepen into a scowl.

What the hell is happening?

“Can you tell me how many fingers I’m holding up?” The bleary voice echoed in her ears, drowning out the other sounds around her.

(Y/n) blinked rapidly, trying to get her eyes to focus on the blue blur in front of her face. Finally, her eyes adjusted to the light and she muttered, “Three.”

“Do you know what day it is today?”

“Tuesday.” She tried to sit up, but the hand gently pushed her back down before a doctor stepped into her peripheral vision. He looked too young to be a doctor (from what she could see above the blue mask he had on), but he could have been older than his appearance for all she cared—she just wanted to know what was going on. “No offense, sensei, but what exactly am I doing here?”

The doctor pulled down his mask and she had to make an effort to gather her thoughts because, for a moment, she saw Suga’s face. Her heart raced wildly in her chest, all while a pang of hurt reverberated in her conscious, as she zeroed in on the beauty mark right by his left eye.

His beauty mark may have been in the same place, but everything else was wrong—from his green eyes and the slight upward tilt of his smile; he was very attractive, (Y/n) could attest to that much—and had this been any other time before she moved back to Miyagi, she would have already been all over this guy—but the fact remained: He. Wasn’t. Suga.

“I’ll tell you if you answer one last question for me: Can you tell me your name and date of birth?” His smile widened— all radiant and very charismatic— but (Y/n)’s face still remained impassive even as another wave of pain radiated from the base of her skull when she nodded— or tried to.

“Sawamura (Y/n), born on March 14,” (Y/n) answered with a bit of a slur to her tone, which went seamlessly with the heaviness in her eyes that were causing her eyelids to droop unceremoniously. Her lips thinned out into a semi-scowl as she tried to push the groggy feeling out of her system, to no avail.

Still, the doctor’s lips quirked up in the barest fraction of an inch as he nodded his assent. He seemed satisfied with her answer, so he answered her earlier question—as he had promised. “You fainted earlier and hit your head. You have a concussion, so we will be keeping you overnight to monitor you. However… your right wrist is a cause of concern. May I ask what happened for it to be on the verge of a serious injury? Is everything alright at home?”
The implication wasn’t lost on (Y/n). Yes, she had moments when she was slow on the upkeep, but this was not one of those moments. She forced her eyes to stay open as she answered, “Everything’s alright at home, sensei. I’m a Muay Thai athlete, which should explain most of my superficial injuries.”

“I would hardly call the condition of your wrist ‘superficial’, which is why I’m advising you to take a week off of your training regimen to let it recuperate. Putting more strain on it is just begging to make it worse.” The doctor stated softly, motioning towards her right wrist that was wrapped tightly with KT tape.

Part of her wanted to tell the doctor that she couldn’t afford to skip anymore days from training because she had to be ready for her month-long training camp in September, but she still found herself biting down on her tongue to keep the protest to herself. She merely hummed her fake assent, which seemed to placate the man, so he sent her a warm smile.

“You can stop forcing yourself to stay awake now; you can sleep, but someone will wake you up in a few hours to check on you. You’ll be transferred up to your room in a few minutes.”

With that, (Y/n) breathed a quiet sigh of relief as she released the mental hold that she had on her conscious. Slowly, her eyelids drooped and she allowed the motion— succumbing to the darkness that was flickering at the outskirts of her mind. The sounds around her started to fade— from the faint sound of a heart monitor not too far away, to the haphazard footsteps of the hospital staff as someone barked orders at them. If she were to put in a guess, she would wager on being in an emergency room.

But that was irrelevant now, as the doctor pulled up the side rails of the bed she was in and beckoned two nurses over to help him wheel the bed out of the room.

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Daichi roughly bit down on his bottom lip to contain his sobs as he looked down at his sister. She always looked so fit and healthy that he never paid much attention to how much strain she was putting on herself with her training— but the sight of her now, lying motionless as her brain rested itself, was more than enough to serve as a wakeup call for him.

This thing that she had going with Suga had to stop, because it was painfully obvious that it was going to do more harm than good right now. The older of the Sawamura siblings wouldn’t have had this opinion a month ago, but now… things were different; circumstances have changed between Suga and (Y/n) and, even though he didn’t know what exactly had happened, he just knew that he had to get his sister away from his… friend.

He hesitated at the term, but didn’t dwell too much on it because he would just taint his own relationship with Suga if he allowed his brotherly instincts to consume him; the team didn’t need that right now— and he was too mature to be that petty.

Aside from (Y/n)’s condition, the other reason for his tears was the news that his mother had told him while they were waiting for the doctor to fetch them from the waiting room earlier.

He was never one to hold any ill feelings, especially towards his own mother, but her admission of (Y/n) being the result of an IVF procedure was enough to illicit such a reaction from him. He had
known all along just how left-out his sister felt around their mother, all because she was led to believe that she was the daughter of some other woman that their father had had an affair with. She was put through so much grief all because their mother didn’t have the proper sense to have been honest with them from the start.

Yes, the affair was true, and that was how Chie had come to know Fumiko and convinced her to carry a baby for her since she would be putting her own life at risk if she were to have another child. It wasn’t easy, but after some time and quite a bit of money, Fumiko agreed.

“Why did you keep it from her? You could have saved her from feeling so much sadness if you’d been honest right from the start, okaa-san?” Daichi asked thickly, more tears rolling down his cheeks as he cast a hard look at his mother.

Chie wiped her own tears away and clasped her hands tightly in her lap. “Because I didn’t want anyone to know about (Y/n). It was 1998 back then and everyone was clamouring to study IVF babies; I didn’t want to make (Y/n) go through that— all the testing and all the endless questions. I wanted her to live a normal life, even if it meant lying to her and making her believe that another woman was her mother.”

Daichi’s look softened as his mother’s words sank in; she had done it to protect his sister, but she still could have come clean when she was old enough to understand the situation— instead of making it so bad that she started finding self-deprecating jokes of being a bastard child to be a sort-of escape.

“And what of Takenoue Fumiko?”

“She was going to kidnap (Y/n) and sell her to foreign scientists to be their test subject.” Chie’s voice hardened into steel, and her tone dropped as she gritted her teeth in barely-restrained anger. “She was going to sell my daughter like an animal.”

Anger coursed through Daichi at the revelation, and he had to slowly count to ten in his head to keep himself grounded as he asked, “But why is she back now? Why is she even allowed to be near (Y/n)? What does she want?”

“She…” Chie trailed off quietly, her tears ceasing as she wracked her brain for any useful information that Fumiko had said in the weeks that she had kept coming back to the store. Unfortunately, Chie couldn’t recall anything useful— except for the fact that the other woman kept repeating how much she wanted to see ‘her daughter’. “She just kept saying that she wanted to see (Y/n).”

“Does otou-san know about this?”

Chie nodded. “He’s known ever since the day that Fumiko started showing up at the store.”

“Why-” Daichi growled through gritted teeth, clearly losing his patience with his mother for a moment before he remembered whom he was speaking to and calmed himself down. No matter how angry he was, he could never disrespect his mother like that; he loved her too much. “Why didn’t you tell us? Me!? I could have-”

“I was trying to handle it by myself because I didn’t want to put you and your sister under more stress; her move back here was already stressful enough for all of us, even more so for her because she had to get used to living in the country again— all while fielding off reporters and gossip-mongers. Besides, you two were so happy about having more time for each other that I didn’t want to put a damper on that.” The woman snapped, her tone taking on a sharper lilt as she continued avoiding her son’s gaze.
Silence ensued between Daichi and his mother— so thick and uncomfortable that it made the hair at the back of his neck prickle.

After what seemed like eternity, Chie looked up and gazed sadly at her son’s brown eyes— shocking the young man because it was the first time that he saw the resemblance between the two most important women in his life. He felt like he was looking at an older and colder version of his sister; it was very eerie.

“But I’d failed as your mother. I’m so sorry, Daichi.”

He was speechless for a while, but he managed to shake his head in protest when he’d gotten his bearings together. “You made some mistakes, but you didn’t fail, okaa-san.”

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No one dared to question Daichi the next morning when he came in to class with dark circles beneath bleary eyes. He looked like he hadn’t slept in a week but, in truth, he had managed to sleep for an hour before his alarm rang. He tried to go on with his usual morning routine, but not even Yua’s excessive energy was enough to make him want to crack a smile.

Daichi had half a mind to skip school for the first time in a long time— only because he knew that (Y/n) would need to be constantly assisted and watched in case something happened. It was highly unlikely, but it was still a possibility, which had him worried sick even as he sat down at his table.

He stared blankly in front of him, well aware of all the murmurs of his sister’s whereabouts making rounds with the people in the room, but he paid them no mind— especially when his gaze landed on the grey-haired setter that just entered the room and discreetly searched for (Y/n) among the crowd. Daichi wasn’t a petty person, but he wanted to scoff at Suga’s action and tell him to stay away from his sister.

When before, he wanted to merely warn Suga to stay away from (Y/n), now he wanted to make it crystal clear that Suga could not come near his sister, not not or ever again— even if he had to use force to keep him away.

The memory of (Y/n) quietly sobbing in her sleep while begging Suga not to leave her played in Daichi’s mind, and he clenched his hands in an effort to calm himself down. The gods were seemingly putting him under a test, though, because the cause of his sister’s grief walked over towards him— albeit hesitantly.

“Good morning, Daichi,” Suga greeted softly, offering his captain a small— strained— smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes.

The raven-haired captain merely nodded his own greeting, not caring for any niceties when all he wanted to do was stand up and land a jab on his teammate’s cheek— hell, he felt that he was already going above and beyond with niceties as it was.

Something was wrong, Suga could tell, and there was a part of him that wanted to ask Daichi why he looked like hell had descended upon his home, but he held himself back as he reluctantly asked the question that was burning on the forefront of his mind. He had told (Y/n) that he was done— or
at least implied that he was— but the truth was that he wasn’t done with her; he feared that he never would be if he kept crawling back to her.

His outburst yesterday was extremely cathartic, but he realized too late what he had done— he had singlehandedly destroyed whatever he and (Y/n) had built between them in the months that they’d known each other. He was still angry and hurt, but his love for (Y/n) outweighed those two feelings in him.

Suga still wanted her but, at the same time, he wanted nothing to do with her. He was starting to think like (Y/n), and it was getting frustrating.

The self-ire must have been evident on Suga’s face, because Daichi narrowed his eyes at the setter—which prompted the latter to speak up.

“Is (Y/n)… san,” he tacked the honorific to her name at the last minute, then continued, “Where is she?”

Daichi clenched and unclenched his right hand minutely, resisting the urge to take a swing at his teammate’s face— resorting to get his feelings across with his words rather than with his fists.

“Anything that concerns my sister is none of your business, Sugawara. So you can just fuck off.”

So much for not straining their friendship.

Chapter End Notes

Hello, everyone!
Thank you for being very patient with me!
I know there’s not much interaction between the MC and Suga, but there will be soon. I just need to do this buildup; and I do have to admit that I’m having so much fun writing this because I am loving where my version of Daichi is taking things. >:D
I have no idea when I can update next, but hopefully it won’t take me another week. :<
Thank you for all the kudos and all the comments! They make me so happy whenever I see them. <3
River of Tears

Chapter Notes

Hello! I do apologize if it took so long to update.
Life is catching up with me, as it had been before. :<
This chapter was written with River of Tears by Alessia Cara playing the background.
UwU

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To say that she was embarrassed about fainting was the understatement of the century for (Y/n); she wanted to stay beneath the pile of blankets that Chie had covered her with in the hours that she was out cold. She had to admit that the news— now that she had remembered what brought this outcome on— was a lot to take in, but to have actually fainted?

She had faced tougher adversaries, but a few simple words were enough to effortlessly knock her out. It was laughable… yet it really wasn’t, especially when her eyes took in her mother’s tired form that was curled up against the side of her bed— arms folded beneath her head and used as a makeshift pillow. Sitting hunched over like that couldn’t have been comfortable, and with the way that she had heard her mother quietly grumbling about her back was enough to make her frown.

“Okaa-san,” (Y/n) called softly, pausing for a moment as she felt her chest tighten at the term that she had been using with the woman all her life. She had found the term befitting but a mere placeholder, but now… now it was real. It was a little weird to be feeling that way over something so mundane compared to everything else, but (Y/n) was nothing if not sentimental; so, she called her mother again— a small smile tugging at the corners of her lips. “Okaa-san, wake up.”

Chie stirred, sitting upright with a sharp inhale and immediately zeroing in on her daughter. “What’s wrong? Does anything hurt? Should I call the doctor?”

The raven-haired girl shook her head, wincing when the bump at the base of her skull rubbed against the pillow she was laying on. “I’m fine, okaa-san. Your back is going to hurt if you keep on sleeping like that, though.”

The older woman didn’t know what she was expecting— coldness that was bordering on hatred, maybe? Or maybe just plain disregard for her presence, but this was certainly not it; it certainly wasn’t unwanted.

A look of surprise was very evident on Chie’s face, which (Y/n) didn’t have to dwell on to know the cause of. As much as her mother liked to see the silver-lining in everything, she always seemed to forget to adapt the same outlook when situations concerned her; in a way, she always expected the worst while secretly hoping for the best possible outcome.

“I know we still have a lotto talk about, but you should know that I don’t hate you; I am upset, but I can never hate you, okaa-san,” the raven-haired girl admitted softly, licking her dry lips before sliding her right hand over to where Chie’s left hand rested, then gently curling her hand around her mother’s fingers. “There must have been a reason for you to have kept things from me, and I’m ready to hear them out later— without fainting this time.”
Unbidden, tears streamed down the older woman’s cheeks, as Daichi’s words from yesterday evening rang in her mind.

*You made some mistakes, but you didn’t fail, okaa-san.*

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Once the nurses had given her the go-ahead to go home, (Y/n) didn’t waste any time after she had changed into the clothes that her mother had brought for her in the time that she was out cold. A hospital aide had come to her room with a wheelchair, but she politely refused and insisted that she could walk herself out of the building— she didn’t receive any kind of surgery and her body wasn’t impaired in any way (aside from the huge egg-shaped bump on the back of her head) so she deemed the wheelchair unnecessary.

The mother-daughter pair ambled over to the basement parking, where they buckled themselves in their silver sedan and went on their way home— both of them reserving their words for the talk that they had agreed to have once they were within the privacy of their own home.

Lush green countryside views passed (Y/n) by, keeping her occupied as she tried to think of how everyone at school was taking her sudden absence. It wasn’t the first time that she was absent, but it was the first time that she had been unprepared for such a notch on her attendance record. She was sure that her brother had asked for a medical certificate from the hospital to excuse her— which eased her mind with regard to her teachers— but she wasn’t sure if Daichi would have enough patience and craftiness to explain the situation to her friends without letting them be privy to one of their family’s issues.

She didn’t even want to think about what Daichi would tell Suga; hell, she didn’t want to think of Suga, but it was already too late for that.

A pang of hurt clutched at her heart and made her chest tighten uncomfortably as (Y/n)’s mind brought forth all the painfully sweet memories that she had of him— until the very moment that he unofficially severed their arrangement. Warm pinpricks stung the backs of her eyes as tears blurred her vision, and she roughly bit down on her bottom lip to keep herself from crying.

It didn’t take a genius to figure out that she had fucked up— big time— and singlehandedly ruined what possibly was the most wholesome relationship that she had ever had, with the most amazing boy who cared so much for her and expected nothing but her affection and faithfulness in return. He had never asked her for her heart— yet she had still tucked tail and ran the opposite direction when she was confronted by those words.

She had managed to hurt both herself and Suga in one fell swoop; all because she was only taking her own feelings into consideration— she was being extremely selfish.

Her effort was all for naught, because her lower lip started trembling when she took a deep breath in an effort to ease some of the pressure that she felt on her chest. She couldn’t hold her tears back after that and they started coming down in torrents— with her sobbing uncontrollably as she pressed both of her hands tightly to her mouth in an effort to silence herself.

She had fucked up, all because she couldn’t handle the thought of opening herself up to the possibility of getting hurt again. Yet, here she was, in the very situation that she was trying to avoid
in the first place— heartbroken and in tears.

Chie was alarmed with her daughter’s sudden onslaught of tears— frantically looking from the road to her daughter and back again, until she pressed the button to activate the hazard lights before she pulled over to the outer shoulder of the road. She unbuckled her seatbelt and gently rubbed (Y/n)’s back in soothing circles.

(Y/n) didn’t know where all her tears were coming from but, try as she might to hold them back, they just kept streaming down her face. Her heart felt like it was going to burst with how tight her chest was constricting around it. She was in way over her head with all that was going on around her and, even though she thought that she could just shrug it off and potentially sweep it under a proverbial rug, everything that was happening right now was just too much— her past was definitely catching up to her, and all of the emotions that she had managed to repress back then were making themselves known now.

Her breakdown had been a long time coming, and her situation with Suga had been the tipping point— akin to a pot of milk reaching its boiling point and spilling over the sides, only to make a mess that was going to take quite some effort to clean up. It was going to take a bit of time and effort to clean her mess up, but it wasn’t an impossible task— not when she had her mother and her brother to help her.

The Sawamura matriarch felt her own eyes start to prickle with tears, and she pursed her lips into a thin line so that she could try to hold them back— for her daughter’s sake, she had to put on a tough front. She unbuckled herself from her seat and unfastened (Y/n)’s seatbelt as well, carefully pulling her daughter into her arms as both of them could release some of their pent-up emotions.

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Both mother and daughter were in a similar state once they entered their home— red-rimmed eyes, puffy cheeks, and dried tear tracks down their faces— but the heaviness that they felt didn’t stop them from greeting Yua with small smiles and cuddles, before (Y/n) was whisked up to her bedroom.

“I’ll make something for us to eat and bring it up here,” Chie began softly, tucking a stray strand of her daughter’s hair behind her ear. “And then we can talk…”

“Okaa-san, I’m not really that hungry,” (Y/n) answered with a gentle but firm tone, looking directly into her mother’s equally-puffy eyes and silently begging her to just get things done with then and there.

Thankfully for (Y/n), Chie caught the underlying meaning in her words and nodded— ushering her towards her bed and sitting down. The (h/c) haired girl set Yua down on top of the grey duvet and the small dog immediately seized the opportunity to burrow herself into the mountain of pillows at the top of the bed.

Another small smile tugged at (Y/n)’s lips as she watched her little demon of a pet get comfortable; even though she felt like her entire world was just pulled out from under her feet, she was still happy that Yua remained a constant source of comfort for her. The gods only knew how much the shih tzu had to put up with, with all her tears and snivelling— and constricting hugs— when she was going through her healing phase after Itsuki.
“I was pregnant with your brother when I found out that your father was having an affair,” Chie started talking after a brief bout of silence, which prompted (Y/n) to look up and focus entirely on her. “He always wanted to have a big family, so I understood why he went looking for another woman; I couldn’t give him what he wanted.”

(Y/n) didn’t know what hurt more—to hear the monotone retelling of the story, which meant that her mother had accepted what had happened long ago, or the invariably-pained look in her eyes that screamed the remnants of the internal pain that she must have been feeling. She wanted to tell her mother that she’d changed her mind—that she didn’t need to know anymore—but she pushed on with her story with a more solid resolve.

“I was hurt and felt so alone that I let it eat at me for weeks, until I finally plucked up the courage to confront Fumiko,” the older Sawamura took a deep breath to calm her jittery nerves, all while absentmindedly scratched at the rough fabric of her jeans. It was like she was reliving her story instead of just telling it. “She really was quite a piece of work, but I could see the similarities between us.”

“You’re nothing like tha- you’re nothing like her, okaa-san,” (Y/n) defended her mother, only to amend her words when she realized that she was going to call the woman a bitch.

Chie reached out and patted her daughter’s knee gently, before retracting her hand to set it back on her lap. “Maybe now, but we had quite similar features back then. She already had a son from another man, and she was in-between jobs when she met your father… so your father paid her to be his whore. She was only doing it for the money, so it was easy to bribe her to be your surrogate mother.”

Tears sprung up into the (h/c) haired girl’s eyes, and her eyebrows furrowed as she tried to make sense of where her mother’s story was going—yet she remained quiet and waited to hear the rest of it.

“I never would have sunk so low to have you if it weren’t for the fact that I was scheduled to have a hysterectomy as soon as Daichi was born—I had endometriosis at the time, so I was desperate to have another baby before the doctors removed my uterus.” Chie’s voice cracked a bit, but a small smile tugged at the corners of her lips as she looked up at (Y/n). “And two months later, the doctors at the IVF clinic gave us the amazing news. You were a fighter and were going to be due in March.

“When you were born though, we let Fumiko and her son, Hiroshi, live with us for a year—until she tried to run away with you…to sell you to those greedy scientists. So we sent her off with a warning that we wouldn’t hesitate to let her rot in jail if she ever came near you again. She never showed her face again—until two months ago.”

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The air in the bathroom was close to suffocating as the steam from the bath that (Y/n) had drawn up filled the enclosed space. The (h/c) haired girl, however, wasn’t relaxing in the tub like she had initially planned—she was on the floor, curled up in a fetal position as she let her mind linger on all the things that she had learned today.

Her tears had long since dried up, and she was left staring numbly at the plain white tiles that lined the wall across from her. It probably wasn’t the most ideal place to be lying at, nor was it the most
productive activity to be doing after knocking her head a bit too hard the day before, but she couldn’t find the will to pull herself up and wash herself clean of everything.

She heard heavy footfalls outside the bathroom, before three quick raps on the door cut through the dense silence that ensconced her mind. “I’m decent,” (Y/n) muttered quietly, in a flat tone, as she lethargically pulled herself up in a sitting position.

It was obviously Daichi who had knocked on the door, but she was not expecting to see her brother with a huge-ass bruise on his face. He didn’t seem to pay it any mind though, as he stepped into the bathroom and sat down beside (Y/n)— back resting against the side of the tub.

“You know that lying down here of all places is disgusting, right?” Daichi began softly, casting a glance at his sister as he scooted closer to her.

Aforementioned sister couldn’t take her wide-eyed gaze off of her brother’s purple jaw, wanting to poke it but holding herself back because that wouldn’t be wise at the moment. He seemed calm and collected on the outside, but she knew that there was something that was brewing up inside him—a storm, per se; it was obvious in the way that his eyes were a bit glassy with unshed tears and how his expression was set into a grim one from the moment that he entered the bathroom.

“I know,” (Y/n) answered airily, not bothering to put on any fronts of being fine with the recent turn of events as she slid closer to Daichi and rested her head on his shoulder. The latter, in turn, wrapped an arm around his sister’s shoulders and gently rested his hand against the back of her head—wordlessly feeling for the egg-shaped bump that he knew had been there yesterday; it was smaller now, thankfully. “Okaa-san told me everything. I… honestly don’t know how to feel.”

Daichi only nodded, knowing exactly what his sister meant with her words; he was pretty much in the same boat—with the situation with her, and his own situation with Suga. “I…” he hesitated for a moment, but decided to be honest with her, instead. “…got in a fight with Suga.”

(Y/n) was surprised, that much was obvious with the way her body stiffened up—but what Daichi didn’t see was how badly her guilt had started to gnaw at her emotions like a deadly disease; he didn’t see it, but he just knew. “It’s not your fault; I threw the first punch during practice and he just retaliated.I brought this upon myself, (Y/n)— I was the one who decided to end my friendship with Sugawara.”

In a small voice, the younger Sawamura answered, “…because of me.”

She could shrug off the toxic thought before, yet now she couldn’t quite shake off the fact that no matter where she went, she always managed to fuck things up.

“No,” Daichi countered gently, turning his head to the side so that he could press a kiss to (Y/n)’s temple. “Because he hurt you.”

Chapter End Notes

There’s clearance on some things, but there are like a whole lot of things that have raised eyebrows. I know that, please, give me some time to gradually get to explain them UwU I also know that Daichi’s anger seems so misplaced, but that will also be given justice in due time.
Thank you so much for still reading this, if you guys still do. <3
Mind Over Matter

Chapter Notes

Hello! Omg! Finally, I finished a chapter. I’ve been wanting to write for the longest time and just got done now. Thank you for being patient! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chie didn’t raise her children to be liars but, as the saying went, necessity really was the mother of invention; in this case, (Y/n) and Daichi found it necessary to fabricate a cover story for the former’s absence yesterday. There was no way in high heaven or hell that they were going to tell people that (Y/n) had fainted because she couldn’t take the shock of finding out that she was the end result of IVF; it was too long-winded and complicated to warrant a one-time telling of the story, so they decided to lie about it.

Everyone ate up their story of (Y/n) fainting because she had overworked herself during training and had collapsed while she was in the bathroom— hitting her head on the edge of the tub in the process. It was a highly likely occurrence, and that would have explained why the raven-haired girl’s body was swathed with KT tape the day before, so no one really questioned it.

Suga, however, couldn’t shake the feeling that something much bigger was going on— and it was killing him not to be able to even look at (Y/n) for too long, because the one time that he let his gaze linger too long, he was met with Daichi’s intimidating glare. He was ashamed of what he had done to Daichi yesterday; the very person whom he treated as one of his closest friends and had respected as his team’s captain.

He had all but gone and thrown their relationship in the trash because he had been mad, frustrated, and a whole myriad of emotions that pushed him to just sock his captain in the face when said captain had told him to pull his head out of his ass— for lack of better term.

The setter could only imagine how badly (Y/n) now thought of him after what he had done to her brother. He was already on her shit list, and he almost didn’t want to know how much farther he had risen in the list.

There was nothing more that the grey-haired male wanted than to walk over to where (Y/n) was being coddled by her friends, so that he could wrap his arms around her and tell her how stupid he had been. Begging on his knees wasn’t even beneath him now; he would do it in the blink of an eye if it meant that she would at least listen to him.

The probability of that happening was way down in the negatives, though; Godzilla would first rise from the sea and wreak havoc in Tokyo before Daichi let Suga go near his sister again.

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Daichi had been watching (Y/n) like a hawk all day. He was never too far away from her, and was
always casting covert glares at Suga whenever he saw his former friend shooting longing looks at (Y/n). Everyone didn’t notice these subtle exchanges between the boys, but they did notice Daichi’s overly protective stance, so everyone chalked it up to him being the doting brother to (Y/n) that they knew him to be.

“Nii-chan,” (Y/n) muttered quietly as she exited the classroom before her brother; turning around and catching a glimpse of Suga over Daichi’s shoulder before the owner of said shoulder moved to block her view. Her heart still felt like it was aching with every look that she got of him, because it was like she didn’t exist. He didn’t even spare her a glance, nor did he ask how she had been, and that hurt. A lot.

Had it been anyone else, she wouldn’t have even batted an eyelid, but this was Suga— and he wasn’t just anybody to (Y/n). If only she had the courage to tell him that, though…

The older of the two raised an eyebrow at his sister, before gently herding her away from Sugawara with an arm around her shoulders. He wasn’t dumb, he knew that she had been looking at his former friend; however, he was going to pretend that he hadn’t seen the longing look in her gaze. Daichi never really was the kind of brother to meddle in his sister’s relationships but, by the gods, he wouldn’t let another guy hurt her again. Not if he could help it.

“Come on, I’ll walk you home.” Daichi ushered (Y/n) forward, only to be pulled back when she dug her heels into the floor. She was frowning at him. “What’s wrong? Does your head hurt? I can carry y-”

“You said that you were the one to throw the first punch,” the younger Sawamura enunciated slowly. She had wanted to tell him that observation ever since this morning, but held herself back. “But I didn’t see a bruise on Kō- Sugawara-san’s face.”

Thick silence hung between them. Daichi knew that he had been caught in his lie; he never really was the best liar. He didn’t even take that into consideration when he lied about starting the fight with Suga. The reason why he why he had lied was to keep (Y/n) from thinking ill of the grey-haired setter, but it was never his intention to make him come out as a big, fat liar.

Daichi chalked it up to not wanting (Y/n) to retaliate. It totally was not because of the fact that he didn’t want his sister to hate his friend— well, former friend, rather. He wanted Suga far away from (Y/n), but he didn’t want to break his teammate’s soul.

To be despised by someone that he loved… he couldn’t even imagine himself in Suga’s shoes if that happened. And he didn’t even want to think about how toxic (Y/n)’s thoughts would be— she would be consumed by her own thoughts and all of the effort they put in to build her back up again would be for nothing.

Slowly, his expression fell into a guilty one. “I’m sorry.”

With any other person, he would have hesitated before apologizing for a well-intentioned deed but, with (Y/n) he had no qualms with swallowing his pride and admitting that what he did was wrong. He loved his sister too much. One could even say that she’s his greatest weakness.

Pissed didn’t even begin to describe the rumbling deep within the raven-haired girl. She was mad, not because Daichi had lied to her (albeit very badly), but because he was willing to take the fall for Suga. He was willing to make himself look like the bad guy. For what? To spare her feelings?

“Nii-chan,” she began softly, eyes crinkling at the corners as a pained expression marred her features. “Please-”
(Y/n) paused. Please what? She didn’t even know what she was pleading for. She didn’t want to ask Daichi to mind his own business, because she knew that he was doing it for her— in some roundabout way. But she was starting to feel him hovering over her, like she was going to break down any second, and it wasn’t exactly boosting her confidence in herself.

However, she couldn’t blame him for acting the way he was. Her last breakup wasn’t exactly a walk in the park for her, and with the added stress of everything else going on around her now… she understood where Daichi was coming from. She was stressed as hell, but a little faith in her would have been nice.

And so… “Just… trust me. I’m not that girl anymore, but I still need you to have faith in me. You’re starting to hover, and it’s- I’m… it’s too much.”

Daichi remained quiet, letting her words sink in. He nodded after a few silent minutes; nothing but the rustle of the leaves reaching the empty hallway. “I just wanted to protect you.”

Slowly, a bitter smile tugged at the corners of (Y/n)’s lips— and she gingerly wrapped her arms around the taller male’s waist. Daichi let out a gruff sigh as he locked his own arms around (Y/n)’s shoulders. His hug was tighter than usual, but it wasn’t unwanted— because it provided so much warmth and comfort to the girl’s aching soul. “Me… and Suga. Whether you want to admit it or not, he’s still your friend. You care about him… almost as much as I do.”

The last sentence made Daichi frown. It wasn’t the fact that his sister cared for someone that bothered him but, rather, the way that her voice took on such a sad and longing note that he hadn’t heard from her before.

“None of this would have happened if I hadn’t fooled around with him in the first place.” The admission left a bitter taste in the girl’s mouth, but she swallowed past that and continued, “I would say that I’ll try to fix things between you two, but I hurt him so much. He loves me, and I all but threw his feelings back in his face.”

A part of Daichi wanted to be mad at his sister— lecture her and swear up and down that she never should have attempted anything with Suga back then— but the more rational part of him, paired with his deeply-ingrained brotherly instincts, tamped down the urge to be angry and made him cradle the back of her head in his right hand. It was a comforting gesture that he would always do when his sister was upset. And it always worked to calm him down as well. “This is such a mess…”

(Y/n) flinched at her brother’s blunt words, but said nothing as she felt the telltale signs of impending tears in the backs of her eyes.

“But we’ll fix it. I’ve always got your back.”

She couldn’t hold her tears from falling, and the black-haired girl looked up at her brother as tears streamed down her cheeks. She expected anger this time around, but this turnabout made her heart swell with so much emotion in her chest. “Thank you, nii-chan.”

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After much convincing from Daichi, (Y/n) had decided to stay for the duration of their club activities, all because Daichi didn’t have enough time to walk her home and walk back to school. Leaving her to go home by herself was out of the question for the young captain, because he was worried that his
sister would go and do something brash like go out for a jog when the doctors advised her to stay off training for two more days, at the least.

To say that things were awkward between Daichi, (Y/n), and Suga was the understatement of the century. Normally cheery and bright, Suga was the complete opposite at that moment. He made so many mistakes that his team mates shook off without any protest. The team thought that yesterday was a mere misunderstanding, but now everyone knew that (Y/n) was involved somehow.

(Y/n) was trying to occupy herself with the English homework that had been assigned to them, and had her nose buried in the textbook as she read the short excerpt from The Little Prince that she was supposed to give a reaction paper on, when a volleyball came bouncing over to her. The ball slowed down to a roll until it bumped into her knee.

She looked up from her textbook and felt her heart start to beat wildly in her chest at the sight of Suga hesitantly standing a few feet away from her seat on the floor. It was as if all her thoughts had evaporated when their eyes locked, and she could only bite down on her bottom lip to keep her emotions at bay. Seeing his face was way different from seeing the back of his head all day— it hurt so much more.

Wordlessly, the grey-haired setter walked closer to her and was about to get the ball resting against her knee, when she closed her textbook and gingerly grasped the volleyball. Sugawara had already reached out at that point and immediately retracted his hands away from the ball when his fingers brushed against (Y/n)’s. His chest was so tight that it was getting hard to breathe, but he had to power through it.

He wanted nothing more than to take her in his arms and press kisses to every inch of skin that he could reach, but shot the idea down when the scene of her telling him that she couldn’t return his feelings played in his mind. He could have accepted the fact that she just didn’t like him like that, but to know that she still wanted him as a fuck buddy made him snap. She obviously wanted more, but she was a coward… and he was done torturing his heart.

Now, if only said heart could stop beating so fast, that would have been nice.

Taking a deep breath, Suga grasped the ball in his hands and tried to take it, but (Y/n) held tight— which made him look up into her eyes. Big mistake, because it made him realize just how close their faces were, and how much he missed kissing those lips of hers. Subconsciously, his tongue swiped over his bottom lip before his teeth bit down on the inside of his bottom lip.

“Kōshi…” The sound of his name rolling off her tongue made his whole body feel warm. She said it with so much… affection that it made it hard to ignore in the first place.

His brain was screaming at him to lean forward and kiss her but, lucky for him, his body was not in tune with his desires, so he held himself back and gently pried the ball away from (Y/n)’s hands.

“Thank you.” I still love you. He flinched at the unsaid words that flitted through his head.

It took quite some effort to straighten himself out and walk away from her, but Suga managed to do so— only to meet Daichi’s intent stare. Contrary to his glares from earlier, the look that his captain was sporting was assessing; as if he was studying a rally. He shrugged it off and walked over to the end line, where he went up to serve.

Inevitably, his mind drifted back to (Y/n), which made him frown as he tossed the ball in the air. He still loved her, yes, that much was true— but he wasn’t masochist enough to stay in a ‘relationship’ that he wasn’t even sure would happen. He knew he should try and stop his feelings, but that was easier said than done.
His right hand met the ball with a satisfying smack, and it went flying over the net— sailing over Daichi who was in the middle of the opposing court, and landing way out of bounds. He could only close his eyes and reign his frustration in before he snapped again. Gods forbid that his team would know just how unhinged he felt all because of Sawamura (Y/n).

Chapter End Notes

Okayyy, sooo... thank you so much for still reading this! To be completely honest, I was spurred on by the comments that I recently got that I was just like— yes, I want to write because I want to finish this story.
I’m still thinking on who I should make my next story about (it’s a contest between Shirabu, Semi, and Ushijima bc Shiratorizawa boys deserve much more love) but I don’t think that will be for a while because I also have that Atsumu oneshot in the works.
I am so sorry if the plot seems so vague now, but everything will tie together soon. I hope I can do my plot bunny justice.
Again, thank you so much for still reading this! Thank you soooo much! <3
With every glance that (Y/n) got of Suga, her heart ached even more. Her chest felt like it was close to bursting, and she would have thought that something was horribly wrong with her, had it not been for the fact that the pain only made itself known whenever Suga was around—or whenever the grey-haired male passed through her mind. It was laughable, if she were to be honest.

No matter how hard she tried to establish a routine that took up most of her time—only reserving time for her to sleep and do her necessary ministrations—she always found herself diverting from said routine. She would often catch herself lingering after class, promising to stay for just five minutes, just so she could wait and see if she could confront Suga if given the opportunity to do so.

Unfortunately, no such opportunity has presented itself. Just her luck.

Daichi had an inkling as to what his sister was trying to do, and he didn’t like it one bit. Not only was it wasting her time, but it was as if she was waiting for nothing. She knew very well that Suga never went back to the classroom once club activities started, yet there she was. She was pining. He wanted to tell her to snap out of it, but he didn’t want her to become defensive and push him away. Dealing with (Y/n) was…complicated, he could admit to that much.

And that was how he found himself approaching Sugawara after club activities. The setter looked at him with an apprehensive gaze, and he had to stifle a chuckle at the thought that he should have borrowed (Y/n)’s head gear in case Suga were to punch him again. The bruise was barely visible after a week, but his jaw still felt like hell.

“Can we talk, Suga?” The raven-haired captain asked amicably—raising his hands up to chest height as a sign that he didn’t want any trouble. A few peoples’ heads turned and stared at them, which made Daichi smirk. His teammates were such gossip mongers.

Sugawara was apprehensive, but he found himself nodding and following his captain over to a more private corner of the gym. He didn’t even have to open his mouth before Daichi was speaking. “How much do you like my sister?”

There was a brief beat of silence between the two. Suga felt like his heart was close to bursting with how hard it hammered in his chest. Was he dying? No, but her certainly felt like it. He took a deep breath to regroup his thoughts, then answered…“It doesn’t matter now.”

“Why not?” Daichi’s eyes narrowed. He knew the reason why, but he wanted to hear it directly from his…friend.

“Because (Y/n) doesn’t want me like that.”

“Did she say that directly?” The raven-haired male pressed firmly, keeping his tone even as he tried to keep his scathing comments to himself. “That she didn’t want you?”

Sugawara hesitated for a bit before he shook his head. “No but, Daichi, she doesn’t want the same things I want—a steady relationship, commitment, her love.”

It was evident that Suga was starting to get frustrated, but Daichi kept pressing his buttons—if only to make up for the fact that he got punched in the face. “(Y/n) might swear up and down that what
you two had wasn’t a relationship, but… think about it. She was very committed to you, Suga, and you had her affections. It was only you that she was with these past few months. It wasn’t quite love, but it certainly was close to it. You two were in a steady relationship, you just didn’t have a name for it.”

A sly smirk made its way onto Daichi’s lips as he looked at his vice-captain. He knew that he was right, no matter how much Suga would refute his answer. That much was evident in the way that the setter sported a dumbfounded yet pensive expression on his face.

“She always waits for you after class, but I doubt that you even noticed that,” the raven-haired captain muttered gruffly. His voice took on a lower baritone as it quieted down as well, then he added, “Today’s your last chance to talk to her.”

Suga was confused. Was (Y/n) going anywhere? She wasn’t due to leave until September, when her month-long training camp in Thailand would start. So, what was Daichi talking about? He was about to ask, but his captain elaborated.

“Because there’s nothing more that I hate than seeing my sister sad, Suga. I can and will tell her to stay away from you, even if she hates me for it.” He was lying through his teeth, but the setter seemed to buy it judging by the way his eyebrows pulled together. A scowl marred Suga’s features. Daichi resisted the urge to smirk.

When Daichi thought of a way to provoke Suga into acting on his feelings— even if only to talk to (Y/n)— he wasn’t completely sure if he could pull it off because, even he had to admit, he was the world’s worst liar. Part of him wanted to text his sister now just to brag about how Suga was buying into his lie, but he tamped the childish urge down. There were important things at stake— namely: his sister’s heart.

The grey-haired setter’s chest felt so tight around his heart that it was making it hard to breathe. No matter how hard he tried to get himself to relax, his body wouldn’t cooperate. He was stuck with that painful feeling in his chest and that dreadful mix of emotions pooling at the bottom of his stomach. On top of his physical turmoil, his mind was also racing a mile a minute with thoughts of (Y/n). He loved her and wanted her more than anything, but he wasn’t willing to risk even more of his heart. This was his last chance to get her back. It was either he threw caution to the wind and dove headfirst into a shitstorm, or he repressed his feelings and got stuck with asking himself all of the ‘what if’s of their relationship for the rest of his life. So yes, he was in quite a dilemma.

He just wanted to go back to that time in the storage room and… and what? Push her away? Tell her he didn’t want it? He wanted it as much as she did— that was the problem. He wanted her so much and he thought that he could keep it strictly physical— until ‘strictly physical’ turned into him trying to keep his feelings to himself. And now here he was: on the verge of losing his wits and screaming in frustration in the middle of the gym.

Suga didn’t even care that his teammates would see another facet of him— a side that rarely showed itself because he normally had the patience of a saint. He was tired, and angry, and hurting… but he was still in love with (Y/n). He was just so… tired.

His hands were shaking— he didn’t even notice that until Suga ran his fingers through his hair while exhaling a shaky breath. He dropped his arms at his sides and pressed the tips of his fingers to his clammy palms; not exactly clenching his hands into fists. “Don’t take her away from me, Daichi. Please.”

Daichi didn’t quite hear the quiet words that were aimed at him, so he narrowed his eyes and tried to make sense of the garble of syllables that he had heard earlier. It still didn’t make any sense, so he
asked Suga to repeat it.

A tense silence hung between them as Suga’s lips tightened into a thin line. He clearly wasn’t happy with repeating himself, that much was obvious. However, Daichi could tell that he was on the verge of tears with the way that his eyes looked glassy, and the way that his entire posture was so stiff. The captain actually felt bad for even doing what he was about to do, but it had to be done. It was for his and (Y/n)’s sake, after all.

“Well, this was a fucking waste of time.” The curse made Daichi’s lips tingle a bit, since he wasn’t used to using such uncouth words. Still, he ignored the feeling and was about to turn away from Suga— moving to dismiss the team when he felt himself get roughly pulled by the front of his shirt.

“I fucking love her! Don’t take her away from me!” Suga yelled angrily. Everyone in the gym turned to look at him and a few people stepped forward to hold him back in case a repeat of the punching incident were to happen. Tears fell from the setter’s eyes as he glared up at Daichi. “I love (Y/n), but it’s not that easy, Daichi! I can’t- What do you want me to do? Do you want me to beg? I’ll beg!”

The hands that were gripping Daichi’s shirt tightly immediately loosened as Suga pushed him away. And then, the last thing that Daichi wanted to happen… did happen. He had planned on being on the receiving end of a few punches, or maybe a verbal tirade of curses, but he didn’t plan a possible rebuttal for Suga getting on his knees, before bowing down into a dogeza stance.

“Please, Daichi. Please.” Sugawara pleaded through tears. He was close to sobbing, but he roughly bit down on his bottom lip to keep himself quiet. Never in his life did he think that he would ever be begging like this for a girl.

But (Y/n) wasn’t just any girl. She was… everything for Suga. If there was any doubt in Daichi’s mind if his friend did love his sister, all of that was quashed now.

“Nii-chan?”

Chapter End Notes

Oh my gosh! Thank you guys so much for all the lovely comments! I just got back from... well... places, and just got to read what you guys sent! Thank you! They make me so, so happy! Really! <3 I was so surprised that I got so many within a week. It’s just so heartwarming. <3

I will try to update soon. I promise. I just need like a day to get my body clock in sync with my regular time and yeah. Thank you for being very patient with me. All of you keep pushing me to actually write. <3

However, I do apologize if some people might not like how I portray Suga. I just feel that he is capable of acting like so? I dunno. But still, thank you for still reading! <3

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