We'd Be a Hit Together

by EmpressOfTheFlame

Summary

There was just something about boys who played volleyball that just got you; probably the shorts.

[Reader/Various]
I have fallen in love with another sport anime and there's nothing that can stop me. I'm still struggling between who I love more, Kageyama or Daichi, but that's fine, I'll just take them both~!
You sit on the sidelines of the gym, book in hand as you continue to go over the notes you'd taken in class today. You're vaguely aware of the volleyball practice that's currently going on in front of you, enough so that you won't get pegged in the head by a stray ball. You had sat in the gym every day the team practiced, much to the confusion of one short volleyball club member.

"Who is she?" Hinata asks as they take a break from practice, sipping at his water as Tanaka grins.

"She's beautiful, isn't she? That's (Name), she comes around here a lot to watch us practice... It isn't confirmed but..." Tanaka suddenly leans close to Hinata, "We think she's the captain's girlfriend."

A ball soars through the air and lands dangerously close to Tanaka's face; he backs away with a fearful look as the dangerous aura of his captain helps to keep his mouth shut. It leaves Hinata with more questions but when he's ordered to get back to practice, he jumps into action and heads back to his place so as to not face the wrath of his normally benevolent captain.

You're smiling from the sidelines, having heard their conversation from where you were sitting; you cast a quick glance over to Daichi to see that he's staring at you. It was no wonder that his team thought the two of you were together if he stared at you like that. You playfully wink at him which causes his cheeks to flush, but he smiles as he returns to practice and giving orders to the team on what to do next. It's only a few more hours until they call it quits, just as you're packing your things to leave.

You take longer than normally, purposely dropping your things and slowly organizing your books so that you can be left behind with Daichi. The team files out slowly, and after Daichi convinces Sugawara and Tanaka that he can handle cleaning up the rest of the equipment, they leave him behind. You quietly approach him from behind, gathering a few of the volleyballs scattered around the gym and stuffing them into the bag in his hand.

"Would you like some help, Captain?" You ask playfully, taking the bag from his hands and dragging it around the gym as he walks beside you, collecting the balls you come across. You pull the bag shut as you finish it up, dropping it to the ground in surprise as Daichi suddenly comes up beside you. His hands rest on your hips as he leans forward, pressing a kiss to the back of your neck before he releases you and grabs the sack of balls, throwing them over his shoulder as he stuffs them into the closet with the rest of the equipment.

He approaches you again, leaning down to your height as he shares a warm look with you before he ducks his head down for a kiss. You're quick to pull away, giggling behind your hand as you used your other one to point towards the door. He sighs, rubbing the back of his head goodheartedly as he turns to give a look towards his teammates, who had decided to stick around to see 'the action'. They scurry off without further glares from their captain being needed, deciding that they'd enjoy keeping their heads intact.

"You and Suga have got a handful to deal with this year~" You lean up to press a kiss to the corner of his mouth, amused as he stares at you with a surprised look. Your hand cups the side of his face, your thumb gently stroking the soft skin on his cheek as he leans into your touch. You give him another fond look before pulling your hand away, fixing your backpack strap on your shoulder. "I should be heading home. I've got a ways to walk."

"Let me walk with you."
"And if your team sees and decides to tease us relentlessly because they've been right all along?"

He smiles again, though there's something eerie about this one.

"I've got it under control, don't worry."
"Asahi~" He jumps as you pop up in front of him, your bright smile only meaning trouble for him. "Look at the festival that's coming to town! Would you take me?"

"If you want..." He rubs the back of his head as he recovers from his initial shock, taking the flyer from your hand as he reads it over. He waits patiently after he hands you back the piece of paper, knowing that your intense stare had something more to do with than asking him to take you on a date. He was nervous about your reaction this time around, nervous that this would be the time you leave him for being so weak.

"Have you thought about returning to your team?" The best thing about you was that he never had to wonder; you were upfront with your feelings and showy with your emotions. He knew how you felt and he knew there was no reason for you to ever lie to him. Unfortunately, he found it hard to be the same way. He could show you how much he cared about you but he had dwindling confidence, especially in his volleyball abilities, and it hurt even more because he could see the disappointment on your face every time he told you no.

He tells you the same thing that he does every time, about how he felt about his last match and how he no longer feels the same about volleyball. He knows you can see right through him, that you're fighting back the urge to scold him for taking on all the responsibility, but you don't say anything this time around. You nodded your head, leaning forward to kiss his forehead before you tell him you'll meet him after class. His heart drops as soon as you're gone; looking down at his hands with a frown as his thoughts wander back to that last match.

The school day passes slowly, too slowly for him, and he finds himself significantly cheered up when you meet him outside of class. You hook your arm with his, starting your regular after school rant about something or other as he nods his head and listens. There's a moment while he's watching you on your regular walk home that his heart skips a beat from how beautiful you are, admiring your features as you remain oblivious to his stare. His heart is beating faster than normal, his hands suddenly becoming clammy.

"Are you alright?" You reach up to press the back of your hand to his forehead, which only causes him to get even more embarrassed. He nods his head, taking your hands in his own and pulling them away from his face.

"I'm alright. How about the festival? What time should I come to get you tomorrow?"

"Oh," You're battling whether or not you want to confront the issue, but not wanting to press him any more than you had already today, you choose to once more drop the subject. "I'll get back to you on that, okay? I don't know if practice will be done with by then or not." He visibly cringes and turns away from you but you squeeze his hands.

"I'm sorry." He mutters. "I'm sorry for not being able to meet your expectations."

You stare at him in a stunned silence, thinking for a second about slapping him but you hold yourself back. Nishinoya had managed to get to him enough with his words, and with Asahi's 'heart of glass' you'd learned what subjects to dance around and when they should be danced around. But you had never been one to hold back how you felt, despite your boyfriends gentle personality.
"Asahi." You move so that you're standing in front of him, your grip on his hands tightening. "I love you. I love you no matter what, whether you play volleyball again or not. All I want is for you to be happy."

"I can tell you're not happy." His gaze shifts down and he clenches his fists. "With the way I am... You don't have to lie to me."

"I've never lied to you before in your life! You should know better than to think that I would ever lie to you!" You reach up to grab a hold of his collar, pulling him down to your level. "Don't think you can read me so easily just because I'm open, buddy." He's sweating nervously as he looks away, nodding his head to show that he didn't want to argue any longer. You take advantage of his closeness, leaning close and nuzzling your nose against his. His large hands cup your cheeks, his forehead resting against yours as you both gather your thoughts together.

"Let's get home before it gets too dark outside; don't want you getting scared of your own shadow." He pouts as you give him a chaste kiss before pulling him along the path to get him moving again. "Now, as I was saying..."

He's happy to listen to your voice, your words being encouraging enough to make him rethink his absence from volleyball.
You weren't sure why Kuroo constantly relied on you to keep your eye on Kenma, but it wasn't a job you minded. He had the tendency to wander off but he was surprisingly obedient when he was found and ordered around. Not to mention he was pretty cute; you'd had a crush on him since you'd met him, though his cold personality had thrown you off. Kuroo had said that he wasn't actually that way, though, just incredibly terrible at making new friends.

You had decided to befriend him, much like Kuroo had back when they were younger, and you had found yourself within his good graces.

You wander around the halls, under orders from Kuroo to go find Kenma before the match. You find him hidden away on the stairs that lead out to the schoolyard, finding him tapping away on his phone distractedly. He hardly reacts as you shake his shoulders in an attempt to scare him, only glancing back as you plop yourself beside him.

You squish his cheeks together playfully, smiling at the small pout on his lips; he's trying to appear indifferent but the pink on his cheeks tells you that he's enjoying your touch more than he'll admit. His eyes focus on your lips, something you quickly notice but don't point out. You know he can be a bit fragile when it comes to certain things, and you already pushed his boundaries as it was.

You release him from your grip, plopping down beside him and allowing him to continue playing his game as you glance at your phone. Kuroo had texted you earlier asking you if you had found Kenma yet, but you hadn't bothered replying to him. You generally didn't unless you felt like it, but the few angry unread messages that you saw now showed you that you probably should've. You could deal with him later, though, as the cute boy in front of you was the one who had taken your attention.

"Whatcha playin', Kenma?"

You lean on his shoulder to get a better view of his screen. If he's nervous, he doesn't show any signs, continuing to play on as though you weren't there. You enjoy testing your limits when it came to him, as he had never shown much romantic interest in either males or females, and you silently wondered if he were asexual, aromantic, or both. It wouldn't bother you much, he would still be Kenma Kozume, your video game buddy, but it would make the crush and sexual desire you had for him all the more frustrating.

"It's just to pass the time."

"Mmm." You lean back against the wall as you sit next to him, peering over his shoulder at the game. You're not sure how he can live through his life without passion, especially with how interested he was in people. He feels you staring and grows uncomfortable, fidgeting in his seat before he drops his phone and looks over to you with furrowed brows.

"Is there... something you need?"

"Nah. I figure you want a break from Kuroo for awhile so I won't immediately report your whereabouts to him. Though we should probably get a move on soon; we've got a practice match in a few minutes."

"I see..." He glances down at his phone again, before turning in the opposite direction and shoving it in your face. "Would you like to play?"

You had never seen him place his phone down unless he was in a match, let alone trust another
person to handle it. Your heart flutters at such a simple interaction, and you're more than happy to take the game from him and try to play. It's his turn to lean against your shoulder, watching your steady progress through the repetitive, simple game. He finds himself leaning against your shoulder, the contact with your skin causing an odd feeling to start building in his stomach. It doesn't seem like you notice, however, and he keeps his mouth shut in fear of you shunning him for feelings he can't control.

"Hey, Kenma, do you think we should leave before we make Kuroo too agitated?" He's distracted by your lips, curiosity getting the better of him as he wonders how soft they could be.

The kiss comes out of nowhere after he gets too close, his lips only briefly hovering over yours before he pulls away shyly. You don't say anything, simply smiling as you hand him back his phone and help him stand up so that the two of you can go find Kuroo. The feeling of his lips on your own were nice, a thought that he mirrored though he wasn't showing the giddiness on his face like you were.

"You should do that a lot more often, Kenma ♥ In front of Kuroo next time, too, I want to see the look on his face!"

He just nods his head, clenching his phone and wondering if you'd like to play two player next time around.
Quality Time (Kenma Kozume)

Chapter Notes

Whoops, I wrote for Kenma again. I just finished reading the match with Nekoma and also watched the episodes involving him, I'm so in love it's not even funny~

You sit comfortably on Kenma's bed, legs crossed as he and Kuroo sat on the floor and talked about something or other. You were too busy playing the game that your blonde-haired friend had introduced you to the other day. Your attention was solely focused on beating its interesting levels, despite the simplicity of it, but it annoyed Kuroo that you were slowly becoming more like Kenma by never taking your nose out of your phone.

Kuroo was attempting to get your attention now, failing miserably as you hold a hand up and mutter 'one more level.' If he wasn't sure you'd completely kill him if he touched your phone, he would probably chuck it across the room and shatter it against the wall.

"What level are you on, (Name)~"

"I'm almost done the 65th level!" Kenma sits beside you on his bed, curiously peering over your shoulder as he hadn't managed to get that far in the game. Kuroo lets out a huff of annoyance at being ignored for a game, watching the two of you closely. Ever since the day he had sent you off to find Kenma, and then you returned to him about an hour late for the match, it seemed that things between the two of you had changed. You were much friendlier with each other now, Kenma even chose to start conversations with you now when he would normally wait for you to initiate.

He was suspicious of your relationship, but knew he'd only get denial from you and nothing from Kenma, who hardly gave into his teasing.

"I'm going to get something to drink while you two do... whatever it is you're doing." He stands up and brushes himself off, leaving the door open a smidge as he leaves.

'Finally alone...' You're quick to act, leaning over to press a kiss to Kenma's lips. The boy, not expecting it, turns completely red as he falls back on the bed. You take advantage of the position, moving so that you're now on top of him before attacking his lips with your own again. Kenma's moves are cautious, his hand slightly shaking as he moves to touch your hair. It's soft, like your lips, and he finds himself lost in your touch; he doesn't hear the sound of his bedroom door opening until it's too late.

"W-What?!!" Kuroo stands in the doorway with an open mouth, your yelp causing Kenma to jump, too. You roll off of him, falling onto the floor as you hold your arms in front of you defensively.

"L-Listen!"

"I can't believe Kenma got to kiss you before I did! I always thought I'd be the one..." Kuroo crosses his arms and scowls, though you can tell that he's not being serious. "No wonder you two want to spend all your time alone together."

"Kuroo, that's not-" Kenma hasn't said anything since he had burst in, taking to silence as you tried
to push off your mutual friends relentless teasing. You were alone in defending yourself, though you
didn't feel as though there was much need to considering the fact that your crush on Kenma had been
pretty obvious throughout the first two years you'd known him. "Go away!"

"So you two can kiss some more?" He grins, tilting his head to the side. "I'll leave you two lovebirds
be. Don't want to be a third wheel. Make sure to be safe, Kenma, we don't need little versions of her
walking around!"

"Leave already!" You throw a pillow at him but he dodges, laughing his way from Kenma's room.
Kenma is still highly embarrassed, worrying if Kuroo will spread rumors about you and thus ruin
your relationship with both of them. But his fears are silenced when you lean your head on his
shoulder, letting out a soft sigh of relief. "Man, that guy is really annoying sometimes, you know?"

"Yeah..." Kenma leans into you, head resting on top of yours as silence overcomes you both again.
He had never been comfortable enough with a person before to just sit in silence with them, he had
always discussed or played volleyball when he was with other people. To have someone who could
fill the lonely void in his heart without making him constantly think about what they thought, this
must be what it felt like to be in heaven. He's even more embarrassed by his overly lovey-dovey
thoughts that he now had involving you, but figured if he kept them to himself you wouldn't have
any reason to think differently of him.

"You're so cute, Kenma ♥" You move and wrap your arms around him, the sound of your heartbeat
reaching his ears as he falls onto your chest. You don't take into mind the awkward position, your
heart warming as his arms slowly wrap around your waist.

Most of the time he may look indifferent but you know that he has at least some semblance of
feelings for you, purely by the fact that he shared his games with you and let you into his personal
space. He relaxes in your arms, allowing you to fall back so that you're both curled up together on
his bed, enjoying each other's company.

He doesn't even bother to reach for his phone, wanting to enjoy the time he had with you instead of
just letting it pass by.
"What's he ranting about now?"

You shrugged your shoulder as you crossed your arms, leaning against Daichi as you watched him lecture the first years. He holds the pocky in his hand up high, cheering about something you don't quite understand while Hinata looks on in wonder. Kageyama is blushing slightly while Tsukishima and Yamaguchi look uninterested on the sideline.

"Tanaka." He jumps as he feels your hand on his shoulder, jumping again as Daichi takes the other shoulder. "What are you infecting the minds of our poor first years with?"

"(N-N-Name)-chan!" He bows his head as he blushes. "I'm sorry! If you have to spank me as punishment-"

"Tanaka." Daichi glares but keeps the eerie smile on his face. "How about you run 20 more laps instead?"

"Yes, captain!" Tanaka jumps up at the opportunity to get out of the situation, and begins to run his laps as the first years follow after him, not wanting to anger their captain. You're amused by the whole situation, staring at the pocky which has a little note on it. Reading it, you see that it's 'rules' for the 'Pocky Game'.

"The pocky game, huh?" Daichi laughs as he takes the note off the pocky box, not noticing as you pop one of the delicious pieces into your mouth. "I wonder... Maybe we should play this!" You know he's joking but it's too good for you to pass up; you tap his shoulder and he whips around toward you, mouth dropping as you wiggle the pocky stick at him with your tongue and close your eyes.

"I'm ready." You manage to mumble out, but Daichi has already covered his eyes and was holding his out in front of him in a defensive manner.

"I-I wasn't being serious, (Name), I would never!"

"Does that mean you don't wanna kiss me, Dai-chan?"

"No, that's not it!"

"Oh, so you do wanna kiss her, Captain?" Tanaka snickers as he jogs past, about to finish his 15th lap around the gym. Daichi turns with a dangerous glint in his eyes.

"Make that another 20 laps, Tanaka."
"Don't look so terrified, Asahi."

"I-I'm not."

"You're stuttering does not back up your claim." But you continue to smile good-heartedly, watching as he shakily opens his mouth for you to place the pocky in it. Amused that he's so nervous, despite the fact that the two of you have done quite a few things that were a bit more nerve-wracking than a simple kissing game, but you added it all up to his charm.

He closes his eyes as you lean close, going cautiously slow just to continue seeing his nervousness. It was quite cute the way he was fidgeting around, but you figured you'd tortured him long enough. While his eyes were still shut, you begin to giggle, pulling the pocky from his mouth and placing it back inside the container for you to enjoy it later. You press a quick kiss to his lips now that there's nothing in the way, his confused noises making you laugh even harder.

"You're such an angel, Asahi♥"

"Don't call me things like that, it's embarrassing..." He mutters. "Especially when you're the one who's an angel."
He was excited, and it was showing.

Nishinoya was normally bursting with energy, so it was entirely unusual that he was bouncing around while you were on your date. He seemed to fill up the silence with jokes or stories to keep it from being awkward, something you appreciated. Hearing him talk had always made you happy, not to mention his boundless energy was encouraging enough to you that he truly wanted to be here on a date with you.

Unbeknownst to you, he's actually a ball of nerves, his mind racing with various romantic thoughts that he’d never cared much about before. When was the perfect time to kiss a girl? Was it while she was in the middle of talking, or perhaps during a truly romantic moment in the movie. Should he do it when he walks you home at the door, or should he do it before the movie begins so that there's a chance he’ll get another one at the end of the night?

He just had to go for it.

You turn to him to ask if he wanted to get some snacks before the movie started, but you're only met by a forehead roughly slamming into your own. You're only vaguely aware that Nishinoya's lips are pressed against yours, due to the fact his teeth clash with your own while your noses bump as you try to get better situated. The first kiss between the two of you was awkward, a little painful, but when he pulls away and beams at you, you can't help but think it was oddly fitting of your relationship.

"That was just as perfect as I thought it'd be!" Nishinoya cheers. "Your lips are really nice, (Name)-chan!"

"That was a bit... Well, I guess not all kisses are perfect." You shrug your shoulders. "I think your lips are nice too, though, 'Noya."

"It was perfect for me because it was with you."

"...do you wanna try again? Maybe a bit softer this time?" You giggle into your hand as he stares at you with wide eyes, jaw dropped at the concept of getting another kiss so soon. Your hand pushes up on his jaw so that he closes his mouth, and this time you make the first move, tilting your head and pressing your lips against his in a much less painful kiss. When you pull away, his face is beet red, the excited look on his face making you smile.

"Let's go, (Name)-chan! We've got the whole night ahead of us!" He bursts out the doors of the movie theater, frightening a few patrons that had been standing nearby. You stand up, shocked by his abrupt departure.

"'Noya, the movies gonna start soon come back! Where are you going?!!"
Frisky (Kuroo Tetsurou)

Chapter Notes

I have at least 3 different ideas for Kuroo and all of them are sexual.
Whoops.

You should've known better than to choose a movie you actually wanted to see, since Kuroo's intentions surely didn't lie in allowing you to watch it peacefully.

As the movie started, the room darkening, you were surprised when you feel his arm wrap around your shoulders. It was a seemingly normal things that couples did when they were together, but you and Kuroo were far from being a normal couple. To begin with, your relationship was just something that was assumed; he had never officially asked to be your boyfriend, and you had never cared to imply that you wanted to be his girlfriend. You preferred to just let things happen, with no feelings attached, which tends to lead to most of your interactions being sexual.

Well, it'd be safe to say that all of them were sexual.

You'd never pegged Kuroo as the romantic type to begin with, seeing him only capable of close friendship like he had with Kenma. Romance seemed to be something that flew over his head, or something he didn't really care for. Thankfully he had found you, someone who felt almost the same way, thus making your simple relationship stay simple.

"...This movie is boring."

"You didn't even wait for it to start, Kuroo..." You giggle into your hand as he nudges your face, trying to get access to the sensitive skin on your neck. You tilt your head to the side, keeping an eye on the other few patrons that were in the theater with you. You wouldn't really want to get caught in this situation, but Kuroo had somehow managed to pull out a side of you that you had never realized existed.

The one that liked to take risks.

The one that soaked in all the attention he gave you without a care in the world.

"I think you're much more interesting."

"Why didn't we just go to my house for this?"

"Didn't feel like it. It's more exciting in public, isn't it?" You can't see his face in the darkened room but you're sure he's smirking at you now, moving so that his body was completely facing you. His fingers stroke your knee, slowly moving up your thighs and playing with the edge of your skirt while he made sure your mouth was busy with his own. Your eyes close and you give into his advances, your hand threading through his hair and slightly tugging at the mess he called a hairstyle. He lets out a low grunt of approval, causing you to open your eye to make sure that no one was paying attention to the two frisky teenagers in the back of the theater.

"You are the worst kind of person."
"Doesn't that make me the best?"

Needless to say, you have no idea what happened in the movie, but you did receive confirmation that Kuroo was good with his mouth.
Misunderstanding (Aone Takanobu)

Chapter Notes

With episode 17 of Haikyuu coming out and the manga chapter where it's shown that Hinata and Aone made an unlikely friendship, my Aone feels are at an all time high!!

He was intimidating, that was for sure.

When you first saw him, you were beyond nervous when his piercing gaze found itself on you. You avoided eye contact and shifted past him, feeling his eyes follow you until you were out of sight. For the next week it seemed like you always found yourself around him, and you silently wondered if you had insulted or upset him in some way. You thought about apologizing, though you didn't know what you really did, but figured he wasn't going to do anything to harm you since his teammates seemed to approach him as a good enough guy.

You're sitting in the library, chin in your palm as you lazily flip through your text book. The day seemed to be going slow, despite the weird feeling in your chest that predicted something exciting was going to happen to you today. You squirm in your seat, concentrating on the book with all you had; maybe time would pass faster if you got your work over and done with!

You don't notice someone standing in front of you until you suddenly feel as though you're being watched, freezing as you finally notice the dark shadow that has descended on you. Your gaze slowly rises to meet Aone's, and you gulp, suddenly nervous. Silence continues between the two of you as you weigh your options; he was pretty fast, from what you've seen from his games, so running away probably wouldn't work if he really had a bone to pick with you. You might as well talk to him to see what you had done.

"H-Hello?" You didn't mean to stutter, wanting to put on a brave face, but when Aone's frown increased you couldn't help but avoid his stern gaze.

He reaches out, a flower gripped tightly in his hand as he glances over at your own. It takes you a few seconds to process the fact that he wants you to take it, but when you do he seems relieved. Had he just been trying to hit on you this whole time? You knew he didn't talk much, but he could've at least said something! He had really made you worried that you'd offended him in some way.

"Oh, you just wanted to give me this flower and ask me on a date all this time? Why didn't you just say something!" Your fears fly out the window as you accept the flower, bringing it close to your nose and sniffing. "You made me think you were really mad at me or something!"

He bows his head in apology, but you wave it off.

"It's fine, Aone-san, but maybe work on talking and not just staring?"

"Will..." You tilt your head. "Will you go on a date with me?"

"See! Wasn't that easy? I'd love to go on a date with you~" He holds out his hand, wordlessly asking for your own. You blush as he takes your hand in his, kissing your knuckles before bowing and taking his leave. You watch him go, heart beating faster than normal as you look at the flower he's
handed you, and realize that you would have a date with him sometime in the near future. "I'm really not gonna be able to focus on my work now. Maybe I just need a little break."

You stand up, packing your things together and humming happily as you left the library; Aone gives a small smile as he sees you exit the library, the flower he had given you still clutched tightly in your hand.
First Date (Aone Takanobu)

Chapter Notes

Oh gosh, I've been on a roll with my Aone love. Enjoy~!

"This dessert is super good, Aone, you should give it a try~"

Aone opens his mouth and allows you to feed him, nodding his head in approval at the sweet dessert. He mirrors your expression at how pleased you are with the food, watching your lips as you begin to start another story involving your day. He had seemed focused on them the entire time, only stopping to look you in the eyes when you directly asked him a question about himself.

"Did you... have a good time?" You nodded your head, holding out your hand and smiling as he takes it. He squeezes a little too tight at first, but he notes the wincing on your face and loosens his grip after apologizing profusely.

The date was too short for either of your liking, but after how well it had gone, you were positive there would be more in the future. The next few minutes are spent outside the door to your home, basking in the good mood as you said your goodbyes, and promised for another date soon, on a day he didn't have volleyball practice. His hand cups your cheek as he leans closer, eyes now obviously focused on your lips while his thumb gently strokes your cheek.

"You know... if you wanna kiss me, you're allowed to." His cheeks flush pink and he seems to be mulling it over in his head. He leans down cautiously, allowing you to be the one to close the rest of the distance. You stand there with your lips pressed against his, your heart swelling with giddiness at the feeling. You hummed happily as he pulls away, his face a darker shade of red than before; it was a change from the normal angry expression he wore. "Thanks, Aone, I'll see you again soon."

He nods his head, giving you a warm hug before he departs for his own home and leaves you to be excited about your next date.
Sometimes he couldn't help but stare.

You had an odd natural glow to you, one that he wasn't sure he had noticed initially but was clearly shining through his senses now. He watches silently from the sidelines as you chat with Hinata, entertaining the younger boys frustrations from practice earlier that day with an understanding smile and a few head nods every now and again. He wondered how you had the patience to deal with Hinata's constant hyperactivity.

"Has the King of the Court found himself a Queen?" Tsukishima sneers while Kageyama swiftly turns and glares, the megane boy not fazed by this. Kageyama is ready to start an argument but he's quickly interrupted.

"Kageyama!" Hinata is suddenly waving him over, and you're watching him expectantly."Come over and talk with us!"

"Why would I want to do that?!!" Kageyama doesn't mean to shout but he's still irritated by Tsukishima's words; Hinata reels back from his blatant denial but you don't seem to take his attitude to heart, the smile still plastered on your face. You're well-aware of his bad temper, just from seeing his interactions with Hinata, but you had thought getting him to come over and chat would be easier than this. You see the embarrassment all over his face after his outburst, and he turns away from the rest of his team and fumes.

"Good luck in practice, Kageyama-kun, I hope we have the chance to talk later!" You wave goodbye to him before bidding Hinata goodbye, wishing him luck with practice as well before you leave him be. Kageyama stares at the spot you were just standing, his heart feeling as though an arrow shot through it. His cheeks turn red as Tsukishima snickers at him, but he ignores the teasing and goes back to his place as Hinata starts to focus on practice again.

He wasn't gonna let Tsukishima get to him, next time, he'd talk to you for sure!
"She's not on the market, so stay away from her!"

Tanaka's words had been the reason his interest was sparked.

He watches you carefully as he takes a sip of water, seeing you interact with Tanaka and Nishinoya was more exhausting than the lengthy volleyball practices he attended day in and out. He had never questioned who you were, as you were just another face in the crowd to him, until he had been caught staring at you while you scolded Kageyama for yelling at Hinata. He had been amused at how the King's supposed position and prowess didn't stop you from treating him like any other member of the team, but his amusement was mistaken for romantic interest by his incredibly loud superior.

It was at that point that he was determined to say something to you, no matter how innocent and simple it was, to see the fired up look on his senpai's face.

"(Name)."

He had never bothered to talk to you before, and you weren't sure why he was bothering now, but you always enjoyed a challenge. You had been watching him closely, finding that his general snark towards his teammates was funny, and only slightly annoying. You were almost positive you'd get along with him if given the chance to speak to him, but your interactions with him were next to none.

He started with casual conversation, which he was good at. Tsukishima found that occasionally his comments came off a bit biting, but was surprised when you returned his sarcasm with just as much force. You didn't grow upset at his comments, instead rebuking them or ignoring them completely if it came to that. He found himself naturally drawn to you after awhile, at first doing it to annoy Tanaka and side-eyeing him as he spoke to you, always finding that Tanaka was watching the two of you with gritted teeth.

He was sitting outside his house, headphones around his neck when he realized something that made him angry.

He had been thinking about you outside of school, with nothing to prompt him into doing so. If he thought of you it was normally because he wanted to spite his senpai, but lately, he's felt different when he's talked to you. The other day the thought that you were cute crossed his mind, though he managed to squash it immediately as Tanaka started to cause a scene from Tsukishima staring at you for a prolonged amount of time. You had looked confused but simultaneously amused, and had playfully swatted his arm and told him to get back to practice.

He felt as though his heart stopped when you touched him, stuck on the smile you had given him and your laugh that had reached his ears.

This stupid, spite-filled motive he had used to actually start talking to you couldn't have possibly caused him to gain legitimate feelings for you, right?
You could tell their words were getting to him.

"Asahi!" He, along with the rest of Karasuno's volleyball team, were surprised at your sudden outburst. You grab ahold of his collar, pulling him down to your level and listening as everyone around you froze to see what you were going to do. "You're the most amazing guy I know, okay?! And you're gonna go into this match and you're gonna work with your team and you're gonna WIN! And I'll be cheering for you the whole time even if I lose my voice, so go out there and win for me, alright? You're gonna do great!"

He's stunned in silence by your words, cheeks turning red as the rest of the team looks on. Tanaka and Nishinoya look incredibly jealous, while Daichi and Sugawara look amused on the sidelines. Hinata's eyes are wide, sparkling as he wishes he had a girl to say those things to him, while Kageyama's thoughts continue to center around the volleyball game that they were about to participate in.

"Well, if he has a pretty girl like that cheering him on he can't be THAT bad, right?" You glance over as you hear a voice clearly rise through the silence of your dramatic moment.

"I don't know maybe he paid her to say those things..."

"Shut up!" You glare towards the person in the crowd, who skitters away nervously. The rest of the crowd dissipates after that, with Daichi sweating and apologizing for your volatile reactions. You turn to Asahi again with clenched fists, and seeing the fire back in his eyes, you know that your words have helped him prepare for the match. You release his collar from your grip, putting your hands on your hips proudly as they begin to head towards the doors that head to the court.

"Thank you..." Asahi mumbles, turning to face you with a shy smile. "You're the most amazing person I've ever met; probably more than I deserve, but... I'm gonna prove that I'm Karasuno's Ace!"

"I know, Asahi." You pat his arm encouragingly. "Good luck all of you! I'll be cheering from the stands~"

"Wow." Sugawara comments as you leave earshot, turning to look at Daichi. "They're a very mismatched couple but it's weird..."

"I know what you mean; they fit each other somehow."
He wasn't sure how this started, but he did know he was nervous.

Aone is hovering over you, your arms wrapped around his neck as you place kisses along his shoulder. He loves the feeling of your lips on his skin, but he prefers when they're pressed to his own. He leans his head over and nudes you with his nose, causing you to lift your head up; he takes advantage of this by pressing his lips to yours, remaining careful as he knows his full strength could end up hurting you if he didn't stay cautious.

You didn't seem to care much about that, though, feeling lost in the heated moment as you arch your back against his. He's watching you, his cheeks flushed but he finds himself unbearably hot with how you're writhing beneath him. Your eyes open as he stops moving, wanting to admire the sight of you shirtless before he continued. You don't mind him soaking in the image of your body, though you're embarrassed at how his eyes seem to want to burn the image of you half-naked into them.

"Aone..." You whisper his name, hands cupping his face and bringing him down closer. "I love you."

It was odd, the warmth that spread through his body after you said those three words to him. He had never considered himself boyfriend material, he had never worried about finding a girlfriend, but now that he's heard those words he realizes how much he would have been missing out on had he not acted on his interest in you. Your words were sincere, so sincere it made his heart ache as he just wanted to ravish you; the amount of passion and love he held in his heart could have caused it to explode from his chest if he didn't get it under control.

"...I love you, too." His words are always sincere, and hearing him confirm his love for you made you happier than you could ever explain. You pull him into a tight hug, his hands resting on your lower back as he sits up and pulls you on his lap.

"I just wanna say it a thousand times, you know? I love you, I love you, I love you."

"I... could listen to you say it a thousand times. And I would return each I love you. I love you too, I love you too, I love you too."

It was safe to say that for the two of you, this was one of the happiest moments of your lives.
Attention (Kuroo Tetsurou)

Kuroo hadn't appreciated you ignoring him.

If his hand on your thigh was any tell, he was growing extremely impatient with your lack of attention. You had been playing video games with him for hours, more focused on it than even Kenma was with his own games, but Kuroo had thought that something was actually going to happen when you invited him over to play today.

Something that involved no video games, or clothes, for that matter.

He pouts as you don't respond to his cheeky behavior, even slipping his hand up your skirt with no real intentions but finding his advances to be brushed off. He was too prideful to whine for your attention, but if things didn't change, he was going to burst. He leans over, blowing on your ear playfully before nuzzling at your neck. He was much like a cat, demanding your attention through subtle actions he knew would make you squirm. When he latches onto a sensitive spot on your neck, you freeze, eyes shutting as you let out a breathy moan.

"Keep playing if you want me to continue." He purrs in your ear, playfully licking along your collarbone as he removes the jacket you had on over your tank top. You're flustered, wondering what he's playing at, but decide to continue with what you're doing and ignore him as much as you possibly can. His hand snakes up your shirt much to your surprise, and your eyes flutter shut for a second as he begins to massage your nipple from outside of your bra. You squirm in place, finding your thoughts getting hazy as you try to focus on not failing your mission; Kuroo was remarkably talented not only with his tongue, but his hands as well.

He removes his hands from your shirt only to touch the inside of your thigh, pushing up the thin material of your skirt to reach the promised land. You think about clamping your legs shut and refusing him entrance, but while you're fighting with whether or not you should tease him, his fingers begin to rub against your slit. This, paired with his teeth grazing the skin on your neck, you know you're fighting a losing battle. Pausing your game and throwing the controller to the floor, Kuroo shoots you a sly smirk as you wrap your arms around his neck.

"J-Just..." You moan as he presses his thumb to your clit, rubbing in a slow, circular motion as he waits for you to continue. "Just fuck me already, Kuroo!"

"As you wish~"

Kuroo always got his way.
He looked eerily calm, despite the situation.

Sugawara had had a bad case of the nerves as he waited outside your door, more worried about his first date with you than he should have been. You had been friends for years before, comfortable around each other even as romantic feelings began to bloom. He was basically going on a date with the girl he’d been friends with for over ten years, who he had gotten to know inside and out, why was he so nervous?

"Suga?" He jumps as your voice breaks him from his reverie, eyes quickly soaking in your image before he looks at your face.

"B-Beautiful... I mean, you look beautiful tonight, (Name)."

"Thanks Suga~" Your cheeks turn pink and you smile, leaning forward to kiss his cheek. "You look really nice tonight, too!"

Sugawara's face turns red and he stops himself from covering his blush as he holds your hand, fingers intertwining as you begin the walk to the movie theater. The time is filled with small chit-chat, but mostly a comfortable silence. Sugawara was more than content to be holding your hold, finding your hands to be soft and a perfect fit for his own. He orders the tickets, refusing to let you pay on the first date, and buys you snacks to keep you occupied. Leading you to the seat, you both sit towards the top and away from the general population.

Sugawara places the popcorn between the two of you, balancing it on the arm of the comfortable lounging chairs. You send him a smile as the theater darkens, stomach grumbling as you had been too nervous to eat your dinner before going on your date with Suga. Despite having already been friends with him, you still felt nervous about being thrown into a romantic situation with him. You had certainly wanted the change, and all the perks that came along with being in a romantic relationship, but you weren't entirely positive if he wanted the same thing or if he had just done it out of kindness to spare your feelings.

You'd rather be rejected than have him lead you on.

But with how well you knew Suga, you knew he'd never do that to you.

He would have been as gentle as possible with his rejection.

You're stuck in your own thoughts, wondering about how far the relationship could go when you reach for the popcorn. You don't notice that Sugawara was also reaching for it at the same time until you feel your hand being clenched; feeling your face heat up, you gulp as he leans closer to you to whisper in your ear so as to not disturb the other patrons.
"Well, since we're already holding hands we might as well continue, right?"

You look at the popcorn longingly, which causes Sugawara to chuckle.

"I'll feed you some so it's easier, if you'd like?"

"Ah, you're the best boyfriend ever Suga~"
"Sooo..."

Ukai looks at you exasperated as he enters the store after visiting Karasuno, still excited from observing the match between the Neighborhood Association and Karasuno's current volleyball team. He sees his mother smiling contently, waving to her son before she leaves to allow him to retake his shift until it was closing time. He puts back on his apron and sits behind the counter, feeling uneasy from the look you're giving him.

"Sooo..." You say again, with even more emphasis on the word, leaning over the counter so that you were as close to Ukai's face as possible. He blushes from your actions, taking a step back and scowling as he looks away.

"So what? I just... had to leave in the middle of my shift is all."

"Uh huh. Of course."

"I wasn't doing anything out of the ordinary, so i don't know what I'm getting yelled at for."

"No one's yelling, Ukai, all I wanted to say was... I'm glad you're doing this." He raises an eyebrow at you. "I just mean you clearly care about volleyball a lot, and Karasuno's in need of some help. Help that not only you, but your good name, can provide."

"...thanks." He smiles at you, rubbing the back of his head. He had been expecting a much different response when he came back, especially considering how much you had badgered him when Takeda had first come along. You had always believed that him helping out Karasuno was a good idea, but he hadn't believed that until recently; even now he only planned on sticking it out until the Nekoma match was done and over with. He leans over to give you a kiss, but you hold your finger up and press it to his lips.

"But also..." You smile as you move your finger, pulling away and crossing your arms. "I TOLD YOU SO!"

"A-Ah." He starts to sweat as you smirk, getting a haughty look on your face.

"I told you you were gonna do it! I know you better than you know you, so I suggest you start listening to me more often. Like doing the LAUNDRY every once in awhile would kill you, or you know, cooking dinner maybe? And don't give me that 'I can't cook' spiel because I've heard it all before, buddy! And secondly-"

Ukai just sighs, placing his head in his palm in defeat.

God, why did he choose to date you again?
You're frozen in the doorway, eye peeking through the door as your eyes slide down Kenma's body. He's laying on his back on his bed, volleyball shorts halfway down his legs as his hands cup his hardening length. He's letting out soft moans and mumbles, a few of which you almost swear are your name, but you're not sure. You gulp as you see his eyes squeeze shut, his back arching off the bed as he reveals his length.

"(N-Name)..." Now you're positive that he's thinking about you, face flushing as you squirm and rub your legs together to try and calm down your raging hormones. You push open the door softly, closing it behind you soundlessly and locking it behind you. You didn't need another incident with Kuroo happening like it had last time.

"Kenma." His eyes shoot open and he immediately sits up, grabbing ahold of his blankets to try and cover himself. You know he's scared of what you'll say, and embarrassed that you'd seen him in such a state. His mind is probably racing, unsure of how to handle such an awkward situation. "You're making me jealous, you know! I should be the one making you moan."

In one swift movement, you're across the room and on top of him, taking advantage of his shock and making your move. Your mouth attaches to his neck, attacking the sensitive spots that got you the best reactions. He's pinned beneath you, not that he really wants to move, but he can feel himself grow harder. You can feel his hardness despite your pants being in the way, your hips continuing their pleasurable actions that cause him to let out a loud mewl. You're more than pleased with this reaction from him, enjoying the gentle moans from him more than you should.

"Kenma, I think Kuroo is right~" You give him a sly smile that on Kuroo himself could beat, which makes Kenma shiver. "We should take our relationship to the next level~"

"...whatever you want."

"Just what I like to hear~"
Rejected (Oikawa Tooru)

Chapter Notes

Oops, sorry~ There's a much better (more cutesy) story for Oikawa coming up but for now I couldn't resist!

"(Name)-chan~!" Dread fills your being as you hear Oikawa's voice, turning to face the flirtatious male and nearly choking as he shoves something in your mouth. You panic as you look down, not liking the wide smile on his face. "Let's play a game!"

"Last time I heard that horrible things followed." You muttered as you take the pocky from your mouth, observing it. It doesn't look to be tampered with, and it's your favorite flavor, but if it involves Oikawa, you know it's bad news. You glance up to the good looking boy, blushing as you meet his intense, love-struck gaze.

"It's called the Pocky Game. We both try and eat as much of the pocky as possible and then-"

"Oh yeah, I've seen this before. Can I see the pocky box?"

"Sure!" He happily hands you the box without thinking, just pleased to be thinking that he'd be getting a kiss soon enough. You guys didn't kiss nearly as much as he would've liked. His pleased look turns to one of horror as you devour the snack he'd placed in your mouth, taking another one out of the box and turning tail.

"Looks like I win. Talk to you later, Oikawa~"

He watches you walk away with the rest of his snack, tearing up and sighing in defeat as he goes back to the drawing board.
He never thought you would bother to look at him.

He wasn't one of the amazing first years that Karasuno had been dealt; he was just normal, at best. You were friendly with all the regulars, even Tsukishima who seemed to deal bluntly with all other people. He watches you wistfully from the sidelines, finding you attractive from the very beginning; from how Tanaka and Nishinoya acted around you, he wasn't the only one around who had a crush on you.

You were the upperclassmen that seemed just out of his reach, friendly with a bold personality that he admired. He was shocked as you sat next to him on the sidelines one day during practice, as he was cooling off after a rough round of receives with Ukai. You introduce yourself, and he nearly lets it slip that he knows who you are already.

He tried to be himself when speaking to you, but found his nervous thoughts and racing heart were too distracting. He stuttered far too often, and couldn't complete the sentences or jokes that he started. He was growing more depressed as the time continued and you grew quieter, though you didn't look annoyed with him at all. In fact, your beautiful smile remained on your face the entire time you were sitting next to him on the sidelines.

"So, Yama-chan," He's not too fond of the nickname, but he doesn't say anything. "How are you enjoying volleyball?"

"I like to play but I... hardly get to." He laughs, though there's a hint of sadness behind it. "I'm not very good. I've been trying to improve by practicing my own move but I've never been able to successfully do it... I want to help the team, at least once..."

"That's the spirit!" You playfully smack his shoulder, causing him to fall over and gasp in surprise. "I'll keep cheering you and I'm sure you'll be able to help out the team soon, so don't give up!"

To hear you praising him made his heart swell with happiness, and he was sure Tsukishima would be making fun of how eager your praise had made him. But he didn't care what his dearest friend thought, because you were talking to him and encouraging him, and that's what mattered most in this moment. To put the icing on the cake, you lean over and press your lips against his cheek, his face glowing bright red as you pull away.

"See you later, Yama-chan~!"

"B-Bye..." Still flustered, he touches the area where your lips had just been a few seconds before, relieving the moment every few seconds as he watched you leave.

It looks like he was even more motivated to get this move right now.
Here, have a second Oikawa one because I feel bad about the lack of romance in the first one~

You had just been on a casual date with Oikawa when his jealous side made an appearance.

"Do you want a lick, (Name)-chan?" He holds out his ice cream towards you with a smile, seeming even happier as you leaned forward to take a cautious lick of said cold treat. You smile at how happy he seems to just be spending time with you, nudging his shoulder with yours as you looked back down at your shopping bags to make sure you didn't forget anything in the store.

You glance up, your eyes landing on a guy who was standing with his young daughter. You can't help but appreciate the cute scene in front of you, finding your cheeks flushed pink as you think about your future husband with your own child. The man started off as a blur but was slowly replaced with a figure that resembled Oikawa, until it was an exact copy of the boy sitting next to you currently. You turn red, embarrassed that you're thinking about him in such a way despite the fact you'd only begun dating.

Oikawa sees the situation differently, however. He's glaring at the man with his daughter, annoyed that he's managed to steal your attention away from him so easily. He had taken you out on this date with the intent of not letting anyone steal your time away from him, but it looked like he had been foiled again. It seemed sleazy to invite you directly to his house just to be alone, even though his intentions didn't mainly lie in sexual interaction, but it seemed to be the only way to get you all to himself.

He puts a hand on the back of your head, and you only see the jealous scowl on his face for half a second before his lips are pressed against yours. You're distracted by how warm he is, and find yourself lost in the moment, leaning into his touch. His hand brushes your hair aside and caresses the back of your neck, lips moving in sync with yours for a few seconds before he pulls away. There's a dark look in his eyes that makes you squirm where you're sitting, biting your lip as he pulls away and puts back on his normal cheerful expression.

"Should we go back to my place for more privacy?"

"Absolutely."

What you had in mind for him when you got back to his home was a bit different than what he had planned, but he wasn't one to complain.
Kenma wasn't sure why such a silly thing gave him relief.

He knew the difference between a dream and reality, but it still felt odd to have you be so interested in him. He had gone through his life simply existing, doing certain things to pass time but having no idea about the future. It had been a cause of stress for him that he'd been pushing off over and over, but you were something he couldn't push to the side and tell to wait for him to want to put in effort.

He lingers over you in the early hours of the morning, listening to the sounds of your breathing and watching your chest rise and fall in the sunlight filtering through his room. He reaches his hand forward and brushes the back of his hand to your face, pressing against the soft, warm skin of your cheeks before sliding it down to your hair. You squirm but don't wake up, giving him a longer time to admire you.

What did he plan on doing with you?

With relationships, you either end up marrying the person or they end up leaving your life forever. His heart ached at the thought of having you leave him forever, but he felt unsure about marriage and if he'd ever want one. His aspirations had been to get through school, and to help Nekoma win volleyball matches; there was nothing in particular that he'd put a lot of effort into. But your relationship had drained him of more energy than those two forces combined, and yet there was nothing more that he wanted than for it to continue.

His lips brush against your knuckles as he holds your hand in his, laying it back down on your stomach before taking his place beside you. These moments were fleeting, and there may come a morning soon where you're not in the bed beside him; he should appreciate what he has in front of him now while he could. Nuzzling into your neck, your arms wrap around him out of reflex, pulling him closer and locking him in a grip he was sure he couldn't get out of. But he allows himself to relax, closing his eyes and taking in your scent, appreciating the moment and allowing the happiness he felt to overtake his senses.

Waking up to see your face was the best feeling in the world.
You already knew he was prone to depression, but it didn't mean it didn't get on your nerves. Especially when they occurred in the middle of practice, or a game.

You were glad the rest of the team had grown accustomed to their aces mood swings, as they were talented enough to make up for the slack he'd give while unhappy. He's sitting on the sidelines now, head down with a towel over his head as he tries to gather his thoughts, and plan on how to get his spikes through the defense. You take it upon yourself to give him a good slap of reality and get it together, but the coach orders you to handle it delicately in case your words make him even worse.

"Bokuto..." He glances up for a brief second, forcing a smile before he stares back at his feet. It was such a stark difference from the normal Bokuto that it threw you off a bit, since when he initially left the practice game he had still been his loud self. "Sometimes you know there's not a plan, right?"

"...Eh?" He looks up at you with wide eyes, head tilted to the side. You sigh, taking the towel off his head and wrapping it around his shoulders before sitting next to him.

"Just because your spikes aren't getting through now doesn't mean you can't persevere. The game isn't always fun, but what really makes it worth it is when your spike finally gets through the defense. You're strong, the ace and all that, so doesn't that mean it's your job to help your team win? And you certainly can't do that on the bench! This may just be a practice game but if you do this now, what will it be like during a real game when they need you? Come on, ace, get back in there and use all your strength to get through the wall the other team creates! If there's anyone who can do it, it'd be you!"

"You believe in me, kouhai?!" His eyes are sparkling now, and there's a bit of his normal energy coming back.

"...of course I do, Bokuto." You offer him a warm smile that makes him jump up, suddenly rejuvenated. You don't appreciate the 'kouhai' comment but you figure your argument with him over it can happen after the match is over and he wins. To really put the icing on the cake, you stand on your tip-toes and plant a kiss on his cheek, causing his entire face to turn red from his excitement.

"Coach! I'm ready to go back in!" The coach gives him an incredulous look but sighs and smiles, nodding his head as they plan on sending him in next. You stand off to the side again, arms crossed as you stand beside the coach and watch the rest of the practice game go off without a hitch.

"How'd you do that?"

"What can I say, it's a talent!"
Accident (Hinata Shouyou)

This was his worst case scenario.

He knew he wasn't good at receiving to begin with, but he had wanted to show off since you were coming to watch him practice. Instead of making himself look cool, he made himself look like an idiot, a move Tsukishima said was impossible to keep from you.

Hinata stands horrorstruck on the sidelines as you tend to the nosebleed he'd given you, due to the ball spinning off to the side when he tried to stop it in the same cool way Nishinoya had. He was too frightened to approach you, having nearly screamed himself when he saw the ball make a direct path toward you. You didn't look angry, only a little embarrassed at having gotten pegged in the face; Sugawara was the first to rush to your side to help with the nosebleed, about to escort you to the nurse when Kageyama interrupts.

"That idiot should do it." He scoffs, glaring at the already nervous Hinata. The orange haired boy cringes as you don't even look at him, wincing as you pinch your nose to try and stop the bleeding.

"I-I'll do it!" He keeps his head ducked down as he walks beside you, unsure of what to say. You still don't seem too upset, just in pain, as you walk with the cloth pinching your nose. He helps lead you into the nurse's office, grabbing your hand and helping you sit down as you wait for the nurse to see you.

"I'm sorry, (Name)-chan! I'm not good at receives so far and I've been working on them a lot lately but I didn't know that we were gonna be practicing them when you came to see me and I should've warned you that sometimes balls fly all around and-" He seems to talk in one run-on sentence, not stopping to catch a breath until you raise your hand to signal him to relax.

"Shouyou, it's fine. Although maybe I'll just come to your games; less of a chance I'll get hit in the face there." You giggle as he begins to apologize profusely again, covering your mouth with your hand to stifle your laughter as he looks worse and worse. "I can't wait to see you in a real game, so keep practicing on those receives, alright?"

"R-Right, I will!"

You grin, giving the boy a brief hug before you leave the nurses' station to start heading home.

Hinata bounds off towards the gym again, even more motivated to work on his receives. He didn't want something like that happening again, after all...
"Why did he have to come?"

Iwaizumi glares from his spot beside you on the bench at his close friend, who is currently standing in the middle of a large group of cooing girls. It seemed, despite the fact he had a girlfriend, he could still get easily irritated by Oikawa constantly getting attention wherever they went in public together. Amused at his annoyance, you dip your fingers into his strawberry ice cream, and draw his attention back to you by smearing it across his cheek and flicking his nose.

"O-Oi!" He sputters out in surprise at the coldness touching his cheek, and you laugh, leaning over to kiss his cheek and take of some of the ice cream.

"I know Oikawa is kinda annoying sometimes but I'm here, so just pay attention to me, alright?"

"Right..." His cheeks turn red as he wipes off the rest of the ice cream with a napkin you hand to him, leaning back on the bench and wrapping an arm around your shoulder as you continue to eat your ice cream. He finds it easier to relax now that Oikawa is no longer on his mind, the squealing of overzealous fangirls blocked from his mind as he allows his senses to be completely overtaken by you.

He kisses your cheek and you giggle, the two of you being so enveloped in each other that you don't notice Oikawa's cry for help as he's carried away by the group of fangirls.
It was your first time meeting his family.

"Hey!" Saeko was exactly as you imagined her to be, basically a female version of your boyfriend. She greets you with a warm smile, wrapping an arm around your shoulders and pulling you out of her brother's grip to meet the rest of the family. "I knew my little bro would get a cute girlfriend!"

"T-Thank you!" You're used to the upfront nature of the Tanaka family, but grow nervous as you finally meet his parents. Everything goes better than expected, his family just as friendly and open to you as he had been initially. Dinner went without a hitch, and you found yourself sitting in Tanaka's room with him as everything began to cool down. You still weren't expected home for a few hours, so you made yourself comfortable in his room, his door cracked a bit at his mother's request.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" He seems nervous, which doesn't surprise you as he normally went out of his way to make sure that you were as comfortable as possible in all situations. You poke his side, causing him to jump.

"Of course I did, Ryuu! It's your family after all." He grins, happy with your response, and now more in the mood to get you back. You begin to giggle as his fingers stroke at your side, knocking you onto your back as he pins you beneath him. You end up laughing so hard there's tears in your eyes as he doesn't let up, his grin only growing wider as you beg him to stop; he didn't want to, since hearing your laugh was music to his ears, but he figured it'd be better not to draw too much attention to the two of you in his room.

Your red clearly flustered face could cause a lot of confusion and wrong ideas among his family.

"Ryuu~!" Still lying on your back, you open your arms and beckon him to come closer. Getting the hint, he leans down into your arms and nuzzles your neck, wrapping his arms around you and rolling over so that you're both on your sides. You're comfortable in his arms, planting chaste kisses on his neck as laughs at the ticklish sensation.

"Hey, you two want dessert?" Saeko suddenly bursting into his room causes you both to freeze, Tanaka's head unburying itself from your neck and looking up to his sister with a look of dread. She stands frozen in the doorway, eyes wide with realization before they narrow. "Looks like you served yourself, bro! Close the door next time, alright?" She winks as she slams his door shut, and he lets out a disgruntled noise.

"She's never going to let you live that down, is she?"

"...No."

At least it was safe to say there was never a dull moment in this household.
The Accident (Ukai Keishin)

You had been having a good morning until this happened.

You let out a high-pitched scream of surprise, jumping back as a black creature darts into your path. You tumble back, slamming into the side of your dresser and hitting your head on the edge. The room spins for a second as you feel some blood trickle down your face, but you're more worried about the dangerous monster in your room than anything else. Quickly backing away, your back hits the back of Ukai's leg as he bursts in.

"What happened?!

"S-Spider!" You whimper, pointing towards the bathroom connected to your room. Ukai gives you a look that clearly tells you how stupid he thinks you're being, and walks over to where you'd seen the spider. Once he sees the relatively small size, he lets it crawl onto his hand and lets it crawl out of the open bedroom window. Having taken care of that, he rushes back to your side and touches the spot on your head. "Ow!"

"Yeah, ow." He mutters seriously. "You realize you did more damage to yourself than that spider ever could have done, right?"

"...it was the spiders fault."

"Uh huh." Ukai rubs the back of his head, desperately needing a cigarette. "Let's get you downstairs and take care of that before you bleed out on the new carpet."

"Thanks for taking my lovely carpet into consideration; when I die from a SPIDER ATTACK at least I know you'll take care of it." He rolls his eyes as he lifts you bridal style, letting you lay your head on his shoulder as he takes you to the kitchen to get the first aid kit.

Sometimes he wondered if taking care of spiders was the only reason you kept him around.
"Have you ever counted your freckles, Yama-chan?"

He blushed as you get close to his face, your finger gently prodding at his cheek. You give him a wide grin, pulling away as he looks down at his feet. If there was any chance to ask you out on a date, now was the time. Ever since you'd started to talk to him during volleyball practice a few weeks ago, you had made it a common occurrence to casually chat with him whenever you saw him. It even ended up extending to when you passed by each other in the hall, making him wonder why you didn't mind being seen with a dorky first year.

He was afraid that eventually your conversations would lead to asking about Tsukishima and wanting to get closer to him, as that seemed to be a trend with the females who talked to him first. It had been discouraging to him with him initially getting comfortable with you, as he was scared that at any second you could stomp on his heart but asking about Tsukishima. But any questions regarding his friend were generally kept short and you didn't seem to care more, nor did you stop talking to him immediately after.

You seemed to genuinely enjoy his company.

"W-Well, you could if you wanted..." You shoot him a questioning look. "I-I mean, would you like t-to go on a date with me?"

"Yama-chan..." He can see the surprise clearly written all over your face, and he braces himself for the worst; even if you said no he had to give himself a pat on the back for braving it and asking out an upper classmen. "I would love to go on a date with you!"

"E-Eh?!" You can't ignore the confused look on his face, but it does make you laugh for a few seconds before you can comment.

"Did you ask me out assuming that I'd say no? That's a low blow!" But you don't seem offended, merely amused. Yamaguchi doesn't know how to respond to your teasing, cheeks going from a light pink to a dark red. "I'll see you later then? Text me the details, alright?"

"I-I will." You wave goodbye, Yamaguchi watching you leave as Tanaka and Nishinoya come over to give him a pat on the back.

Now he had even more things to worry about, but for some reason, he felt more content than anything.
NSFW warning! The next few are probably going to much more mature-themed, as I've mainly been writing fluffy stuff up until this point~

Tsukishima enjoyed surprising you.

You shiver as he blows on your back, lips grazing a sensitive spot as his hands rest on your hips. You mumble something to him but find it hard to form a coherent thought, the feelings of his lips against your skin sending shivers up your spine. Your groans fuel him to continue, though he would anyway until he got the reaction he wanted. He leaves red marks that would soon turn darker the following day, smirking as he pulls you flush against him.

"And what came over you?"

"Would you like me to stop?"

"Mmm, definitely not."

Tsukishima expected no less, leaning down to bite your shoulder. You gasp, arching and pressing your ass against his hardening erection. He pays it no mind, focused on marking you up in the most notable places in hopes that his senpai’s would see and throw a fit. He had been hoping to fuel the anger of one particular bald-headed wing spiker in general, but found that as he continued, the more he wanted to hear your moans, to hear your voice say his name in a heated whisper that showed how much you wanted him for his own selfish desires.

"Should we move to the bedroom?" You mutter, "Having your brother walk in on us in the living room would be pretty... awkward."

"Fine."

~*~

"W-What's that all over your neck?!"

Tsukishima only smirks as Tanaka sends him an incredulous look, more than glad that the marks had lasted as long as they had. He had done a good job on you last night, and he was reluctant to admit he was excited that you were coming over again that night.

Perhaps he'd find even more spots to mark you, if not just to satisfy his selfish desire of letting all other men know you were his.
Tease (Oikawa Tooru)

Chapter Notes

NSFW warning~

Oikawa's getting so much attention in the latest episodes, so I feel as though I should probably write a few more things for him~

"T-Tooru..."

Oikawa takes immense pleasure in seeing you bite your lip, your face contorted into one of pleasure as his fingers continue to work against your warmth. He slows his pace, fingers teasingly rubbing the fabric of your wet panties as his mouth presses against yours.

"I love the sound of your voice, (Name)-chan, can I hear it even more?"

"D-Don't ask like that." You arch your back as he rubs against your clit, grinning mischievously as you buck your hips up, your body begging for more friction. "If y-you don't just... Tooru~"

"That's more like it~" Your eyes are closed, legs spread wider as the heat begins to spread through your body. His fingers are more talented than you had realized, able to enter you while simultaneously teasing your clit without letting up speed.

You were going to come undone if he kept this up.

His fingers stop moving without any warning and you let out a whine of annoyance, but the look on his face tells you that he's not quite done with you yet.

"I can't let (Name)-chan come yet..." He looms over you, pinning your hands above your head. "I won't let you come until you scream my name~"

And he remained true to his word.
Energetic (Bokuto Koutaro)

Chapter Notes

I've got three cute, fluff-filled drabbles written for Hinata, Nishinoya, and Kageyama that I refuse to post until I finish posting the smutty drabbles I've thought up, so enjoy~

His energy seemed endless.

"Bokuto~"

His hands grip your waist as your legs wrap around him, your hands reaching up to hold onto his shoulders as his hips remain relentless. You let out tiny gasps and moans, back pressed against the wall as Bokuto licks his lips, focusing on hitting the spots that make you cry out the loudest. His energy was boundless, near impossible for you to keep up with half the time; you would have contests to see who could last longer but with his steadfast determination he almost always won.

Your toes curl as you feel yourself coming closer to the edge, burying your face in Bokuto's neck as you pull him closer. You know he's grinning like an idiot but he won't pull away, staying focused on his task of making you feel good.

Your back arches as you feel yourself clench around him, your cry of pleasure being cut off as Bokuto presses his lips roughly against yours. You run your fingers through his hair, keeping your lips locked with his while he finishes. Coming down from the high you were on, you pant as you flop lazily onto his bed, smirking as he plops down on his stomach beside you. He doesn't move for a few seconds and you're curious if he fell asleep immediately, but when you lean down closer to inspect the situation, his arm quickly wraps around your shoulders to bring you down to his level.

"We could cuddle normally you know..." You mumble, shifting so that you were in a more comfortable position. His eyes remain closed but you can see he's fighting back a smile.

Shaking your head, you lean over to press as a kiss to the corner of his mouth before relaxing against him, another night well spent with him by your side.
Chapter Notes

This one has actually been in the making for awhile, so I'm glad that I finally finished it!~

"K-Keep touching."

Daichi's fingers dig into your thighs as you continue to struggle against his grip, whining as he pulls away from your lips. You're a blushing, squirming mess beneath him, practically begging for more with just your eyes. You rest your forehead on his shoulder, spreading your legs wider from your position under him to give him more access. His fingers start a slightly faster pace, rubbing your clit in an attempt to get you to cry out his name; you refuse to give him what he wants, letting out tiny moans and mewls beneath him but never calling his name.

There was no way he could have that.

He sheds himself of his pants, keeping your hands pinned above your head as he rubs his erection against you. You buck your hips up to meet his but find that he keeps moving away, teasingly kissing your earlobe as he eggs you on to try harder. Your whimpers are only meant by his laughter, as he had no plans on giving in before you gave him what he wanted.

"D-Daichi..."

"Louder." He orders in a husky tone, nibbling at your ear as his hips continued to work against yours.

"Daichi!" He grins as he gets what he wants, silently wondering whether he should torture you for a bit longer, but finds that his lust to feel your body against his was too strong for him to resist you any longer. He releases your hands from his strong grip, watching in amusement as you nearly tear off the rest of your clothes and tackle him to the bed.

"I bet I can get you to scream my name at least 10 more times." He kisses along your shoulders, massaging your hips with his thumbs, smiling against your skin as you huff.

"You know I can't turn down a challenge."

"I was betting on it."
Yamaguchi was nervous.

This was the first time he'd done anything of the sexual nature with another person, not to mention the fact that you had clearly had other partners besides him. You were older, with more experiences, which was to be expected but his lack of confidence caused his self-esteem to lower the more he thought about it. You didn't seem to mind, never voicing the age difference to him or even implying that it bothered you, but he felt as though you were doing it to spare his feelings.

You pout, stroking his cheek and forcing his head to turn towards you.

"Why won't you look at me, Yama-chan?"

Your lips press against his neck, causing him to stiffen and let out a soft sigh. You're amused with his reaction, moving to his lips and wrapping your arms around his shoulders to continue setting the mood. You wanted to encourage him to continue, to try things he'd never done before, but his touch feels reluctant and as though he's being overly cautious. You'd never thought about it much before, but he did seem shy when it came to getting physical, even if it was just a few kisses here and there in public.

Or maybe it was the fact you had more 'experience' than him.

To you, experience with various people didn't matter; he wasn't going to be the same as your last lover in terms of what he liked, and where he liked to be touched. Exploring each other's bodies was always a new experience, there was always a new first time with a new person, and you were excited to explore this with Yamaguchi.

If only he could understand the way you thought.

He gasps, stuttering your name out as your hand drifts down to the obvious bulge in his pants. You tease him, rubbing along his inner thighs and licking your lips at the face he's making. If he kept it up, you wouldn't be able to help yourself if you rushed it, but you calm yourself down, dropping to your knees and spreading his legs to get a better access to his erection. You see he's watching you through half-lidded eyes, clearly anxious to continue on with the next step; it's refreshing to see that he's a nervous as you were instead of the ultra confident, no-fun guys that you were used to.

You unzip his pants, pulling them down so that his boxers were revealed; there was a decently sized bulge waiting to gain your attention, but first you glance up at Yamaguchi to make sure he didn't look too uncomfortable. He nods his head as he meets your eyes, glancing away as you push him back down onto the bed.

"Relax and enjoy yourself~" You mutter before pulling his boxers down. "Oh my~"
It was a good size, not too big or small with a decent thickness; you could do perfectly fine with this. You laugh at your own thoughts, smiling as you lean forward to kiss the tip of his length. He inhales sharply, eyes squeezing shut as you take the tip into your mouth. You moderate your sucks, hoping he's enjoying the warmth of your mouth as your hand takes care of the rest of his length, pumping up and down as he lets out little gasps and moans to let you know you're doing a good job. You can tell that he's sensitive due to it being his first time, and you aren't surprised as he cums a few seconds later into your mouth, letting out a strangled groan and holding onto your hair as the pleasure shoots through his body.

You pull away, wiping your mouth and grabbing the water bottle you kept beside your bed to wash the taste from your mouth. You can see that he still looks embarrassed, but it was his first time; you'd be insulted if he hadn't come as quickly as he did.

"I..." You tilt your head as he suddenly speaks up, looking at you with a new fire in his eyes. "I should do the same to you, right?"

"Well, if you want..." You squeak as he puts his hands on your shoulders, lying on your back with him between your legs. He pushes your skirt up, staring at your panties with a determined look on his face that would've made you laugh had you not been extremely turned on by his change of attitude.

"I want to make you feel good, too!"

Well, it seemed this night was going exactly the way you hoped it would.
Birthday (Nishinoya Yuu)

Chapter Notes

Decided to post this one today since it's my birthday~ Enjoy!

"Happy birthday, Nishinoya~!"

Nishinoya laughs and grins at his friends who have gathered around, blowing out the candles on his cake. He always had a good time when his team was around, especially in a relaxed atmosphere. The party continued on until early evening, when his teammates started to go home as the sun began to set.

"Noya, Noya!" You hum as you let Kageyama and Hinata out, trying to ignore their shouting through the closed door. "Now it's my turn to give you your present?"

His eyes immediately begin to glow and his cheeks turn pink, unable to sit still until you reappear in the doorway with a small present in hand. You had doodled his name on the front of the plain orange wrapping paper, even drawing on the black portions of his volleyball uniform to make the box match it. You're embarrassed that you'd gone that into detail, rubbing the back of your head shyly as he eagerly takes the box from your hands.

He's careful with the wrapping paper at your request, tossing it to you as he nearly rips open the box. His eyes sparkle as they lay on the surely expensive piece of jewelry inside, which resembled an angel with black wings. It was clearly meant to be a good luck charm of some sort.

"Sorry if it's a little girly... But I thought it had a lot of meaning, you know? The black wings, guardian deity, and all that..." You blush as Nishinoya nods his head energetically, his eyes bright as he takes the charm out of the box. He places it in the palm of his hand, observing it for a few more seconds before he clenches his fist and pumps it into the air.

"I'll carry it around everywhere I go!"

"I think that's a little much~" Nishinoya wraps his arms around your waist, nuzzling your neck affectionately.

"I'm so happy (Name)-chan got me such a nice gift~ I need to work hard to show you I deserve it!"

"Noya, you work hard as it is!"

"I'll make you proud!"

"You already do!"

No matter what you said, he didn't listen, and you could only giggle as he darted outside to catch the first year duo to convince them to train with him the rest of the night.
It was his first Valentine's Day with a significant other, and he wasn't sure what to do.

Kageyama first turned to his mother, who gave him the cryptic message that he 'should give something from his heart.' Wanting a more straight-forward answer, he begrudgingly asked the kinder members of his team. Hinata and Nishinoya both exclaimed chocolates at the same time, while Asahi suggested getting a stuffed version of your favorite animal. Sugawara and Daichi both chimed in that all three of the ideas were good, but suggested spending some time with you instead of just throwing a present at you and running back to volleyball practice.

He approaches the door to your home nervously, despite the fact your parents weren't home he felt like he was about to extremely embarrass himself.

"Oh, it's you Tobio~ You should've warned me you were coming over!" The door swings open and you greet him with a bright smile, but your view falls down to the package in his hands. Tilting your head to the side, you take some of the bags from his hands and invite him inside, closing the door behind him. "What's all this stuff for?"

"You... For Valentine's Day." He mumbles under his breath, cheeks turning pink as you eyed the stuff closely.

"You got me all this?" You giggle into your hand. "You know, you could've just gotten me one thing and I'd be happy with it!"

"R-Right..."

"But all of this..." You place the bags carefully on the ground, walking over and leaning up to kiss his cheek. "Is much appreciated! Happy Valentine's Day, Tobio~"

He wraps an arm around your shoulders, allowing himself to relax as he leaned over to give you a quick kiss on the forehead, "Happy Valentine's Day."
It had all started one day when you were sitting on the beach.

Your parents owned a vacation home on the beach that had soon become your permanent residence; you had loved the ocean far too much, even when you were younger, and had looked forward to moving there since. You'd had a friend that you'd see every time you came down, and the two of you would swim together all the time; there was always one rule that he had seemed desperate for you to keep.

'Keep your eyes closed underwater.'

You had never questioned until a few years ago, when he wouldn't swim with you anymore; he seemed more nervous around you, not to mention you hardly saw him out of the water. You'd asked him to do a few things here and there with you, getting ice cream, walking the boardwalk, etc, and although he looked as though he longed to do all of what you suggested, he declined your offers. You had grown quite frustrated over it, but had stopped pushing him to spend more time with you, trying to content yourself with spending time with him by the water.

"Suga, lets swim."

"I'm already swimming." He laughs, giving himself some distance from the dock. "We're all alone out here again."

"Most people are on the other side of the beach. I'm pretty sure it's forbidden for me to be over here, actually, but it's not illegal unless I get caught, so...~" You jump in the water, doing a perfect nosedive and coming up for air with a wide grin on your face. Sugawara shares the same look as you, though he keeps his distance as he normally does. You guys used to play tag a lot when you were younger but he always managed to escape you before you got close; he was way too good at it.

"I think... you're really beautiful, too."
"Don't be silly, Suga. Now, should we get you back to the water?" He nods his head, and you help him to wiggle his way across the sand and back into the water. You take your place at the dock, crossing your legs as you sat on it and waited for Suga to clean the sand off of himself before he reappears on the surface. It's silent for awhile, and you feel as though he's studying you carefully; he must have been worried from day one that you'd think he was a monster and run away screaming, but how could you have disdain for such a beautiful merman?

"You know, I think I'd know how to handle the situation better if you ran away screaming..." He laughs nervously, rubbing the back of his head. "That's what I had been prepared to deal with."

"Sorry, you're talkin' to a girl who's highly fascinated with merman and mermaids alike. I just can't believe that I've actually swam beside you! I swam with a merman~" He chuckles as your eyes glow, relaxing his shoulders as he figures the hardest part of the revelation has passed.

"Well, now that you know... there's actually something I've always wanted to give you. I've been searching for the perfect shells for it for a long time so... just wait here!"

You lay down on the docks, your face a few inches from the water as you waited for Sugawara to return. He had greeted you cheerfully, the same as he normally did, but he had told you to wait here until he came back with a present for you. He dived back into the depths of the ocean and disappeared for what seemed like hours, while you hung your hand over the edge of the dock and traced designs in the water. You grow alarmed when your hand is suddenly submerged, but breathe a sigh of relief as Suga's head pops up out of the water.

He's wearing his warm smile, squeezing your hand.

"Please, close your eyes." You nodded your head, eyes sliding shut as Sugawara handles your wrist delicately. You feel him slip something around your wrist, tempted to open your eyes before he was finished out of curiosity but managed to hold yourself back. He grabs your head, his hands wetting your hair and he pulls you down to place a soft kiss on your forehead. "This is a gift my people often give to those that they... have many strong feelings for. I'm not as good at crafts as most, but I hope you appreciate it."

"Suga..." You hold your wrist up to the sun, the shell bracelet sparkling in the sunlight. "I'll never take it off!"

"I'm glad." He reaches up to grab the hand your new bracelet is on, pressing his lips against your hand. "I'm glad to have met you."

"I'm glad I got to meet you, too, Suga."

You visited him as much as possible, even as your hair turned gray and his scales began to fall off. You'd meet every day without fail, talking about life, talking about your days, and learning more about each other. It was impossible for you to be together normally, but he held no interest in any other mermaid, and you held none in any other human. Even if the relationship was highly unusual, you couldn't tear yourself from Sugawara, feeling firmly connected to him in more than one way.

50 years pass and you're on the same beach, feet slowly carrying you to the end of the dock. You sit down and wait, for what seems like hours, but he never shows his face. Mermaids aged as humans did, albeit slower, but as the hours passed by you realized what must have happened. He had an infallible memory, he never would've missed a meeting with you for any reason, and he would've showed up hours late if that had been the case.

"Sugawara..." You head back to your house, feeling your feet ache as you walk the few miles it took
to get home. You had lived a long life, and never before had you met a person that means as much to you as he did; you grab the empty bottle that you'd been saving for the occasion, writing down a simple 'Goodbye Sugawara, I love you' on a piece of paper before stuffing it inside the bottle and heading back to the beach.

The cold water laps at your feet as your niece, who had since been taking care of you, watches you from the road off in the distance. Your feet feel unsteady, tears gathering in your eyes as you bend over to place the bottle in the ocean, watching as it sails away before giving the sea one last smile.

"I wish we could've gone together, but this... was the best I could do. Goodbye, Suga, I know that I'll be seeing you soon."

You collapse on the sandy shore, the distant sound of your niece shouting being drowned out by the ocean, your last thoughts on being able to swim through the clouds with Sugawara by your side.
Disruption (Hinata Shouyou)

Hinata was so excited he wanted to scream.

Not only was it his first date, but it was his first date with the most amazing, beautiful girl he'd ever met.

The enormous amount of energy buzzing about through his body doesn't leave him as you meet him as his house, making small talk as you both walk to the movie theatre that was nearby. He felt sick to his stomach but held it back, not wanting to leave you alone for a second in fear of another guy hitting on you and taking your attention from him. But the energy gets to a point where he can't hold it back any longer, and he suddenly turns to you in the middle of the movie with a dark blush covering his face.

"PLEASE LET ME HOLD YOUR HAND!" You're just as shocked by his outburst as the people around you, and try to placate the annoyed patrons who were watching the movie only to be rudely interrupted. After they quiet down and refocus on the movie, you turn your attention back to Hinata and reach over to squeeze his hand.

"You can hold my hand as much as you want, Shouyou, just try to keep it down, okay?" He nods his head rapidly, fingers entwining with yours as he looks down at your hands with a large grin on his face.

A large grin that doesn't leave his face the rest of the night.
It was always comforting to have him by your side.

Ukai sits by the edge of the tub, legs crossed as he idly flips through a magazine. You're lying in the tub, sensitive parts covered by the bubbles, with your eyes closed and your hand hanging over the side of the tub. You had had another anxiety attack at work today, due to the pressure your boss was putting on you, and Ukai had to come to retrieve you and take you home. You were embarrassed to be treated like a child, but knew better than to tell Ukai not to worry about you.

He always worried about you.

"Is that enough water?" He asks as he puts out his cigarette, placing the magazine on the floor. You nodded your head, watching as he turns off the bath water and sits back down beside you. You bite your lip, considering crying but know that it'll only worry him more.

"I'm sorry." You whisper, turning your head towards him.

"Nothing to apologize for." He responds gruffly, flipping to another page of his magazine. "You can't control it."

"I wish I could..." You let your eyes slide shut and you slip up to your shoulders in the hot water, allowing it to relax your muscles as Ukai sits close by. You know that despite his calm appearance he's on edge, on high alert in case anything else happens. His mother had given him off to keep a close eye on you, being considered for your well-being almost as much as he was; she had been one of the many people pushing for the two of you to just tie the knot already.

"So about the coaching..." Ukai begins to talk about Karasuno, to distract you from your own self-deprecating thoughts and to stop you from having another panic attack. You listen to his words, amused at the various personalities of the players, and proud that he'd decided to coach them even though he was apprehensive of the idea at first.

"...You know I love you, right?" It seemed to be another random outburst, but whenever you had these attacks, they always caused you to reflect on things. Your relationship with Ukai was the one thing you'd been thinking about since you'd gotten home, and with him rushing away from work to take care of you, you couldn't help but be curious about how far he would go for you. He smiles for a brief second before he looks serious again, leaning over the side of the tub where you head was resting.

He presses his lips against yours once, twice, and a third time before he finds it satisfactory to pull away and sit back where he was.

"I love you, too. Now rest up, if you think I'm leaving you home alone to lounge and do nothing you're wrong!"

"Oi!"

But he meets your glare with a smirk, "I'm gonna introduce you to the team so they can see what a beautiful fiancée I have."
"You're so short, (Name)-chan!"

You glare as Haiba prods at your cheek playfully, swatting his hand away as you try to focus on the game in your hand. You'd learned that ignoring his teasing would make him stop eventually.

"Shouldn't you be practicing receives like Kuroo and Yaku keep ordering you to do?" He lets out a groan and sits down beside you on the gym floor, peering over your shoulder to stare at your phone.

"I've done so much already; it should be fine to take a break."

"Somehow I feel like Yaku will disagree, but that's your funeral, not mine."

"Don't be mean." He mumbles as he slinks down beside you, his head resting on your shoulder as he watches you play your game. It's not long before he gets antsy, prodding at your cheek again and trying to regain your attention. "Let me try! I bet I can beat the level for you!"

"You're gonna fail miserably." You respond, handing him the game so that he'll get off your back. "You can't even play volleyball properly and you've been playing for awhile, how can I trust you'll beat the level of a game you've never played before?"

"Y-You don't have to say it like that!" He whines. "Why can't you believe in me?!"

"...Lev." You both jump at the dangerously low voice breaks his concentration, a 'game over' flashing across the screen. He tosses the game back on your lap and bolts up, sweating nervously as he runs back to the volleyball court to meet Yaku, who's giving him a disapproving look. "We told you to keep receives while we out!"

"I told him that, Yaku-san!"

"D-Don't!"

"Get to it! And now I want you to do 50 successful receives by the time practice ends today instead of just 30."

The look of disdain on his face makes you giggle, and you wave him off as he comes to beg you for help.

"That'll teach you to make fun of short people!"

Maybe he should learn to watch his words more carefully...
"N-Not in public."

Yachi grips at your hand, squirming in her seat at the restaurant as Hinata and Kageyama argue on the other side. You smirk, shrugging your shoulders uncaringly as you continue to play with the hem of her skirt, finding her squirming to be cute and even more of a turn on. You wouldn't dare lean over and do anything else you're thinking of doing, though you're tempted to cut the date short and pull her back to your house so you can both let loose.

But you hadn't been able to hang out with her under normal circumstances lately, and you didn't want all your interactions with her to be sexual. You wanted to give her a nice dinner with your friends, even if they were annoying and arguing most of the time. You wanted to treat her nicely and to keep her happy.

But with how cute she was, sometimes you just couldn't help yourself.

Your hand slides up her leg, playfully rubbing the sensitive skin on her inner thigh. Her cheeks are flushed red by now but Hinata is too busy stuffing his face to notice. Kageyama is similarly distracted, the two having started a contest when the food had first arrived to see who could eat it first. It just helped you out with your perverted intentions, and you'd have to thank them for being the way they are later.

Yachi lets out a squeak of surprise as your fingers stroke the soft material of her panties, her legs trying to clamp together to prevent you from doing anymore. You wiggle your finger, knowing that the slightest amount of friction was enough to get to her. If she really hadn't wanted to do anything like this now, she'd have moved away from you, and as she spreads her legs again you grin. With how wet she was, there was no doubt she was enjoying the attention you were giving to her, even if you were in public.

"How naughty..." You whisper in her ear, your fingers continuing to run along her slit now that she had spread her legs. She grips at your arm, trying to contain her moans but she lets a few whimpers slip through unintentionally. Hinata glances up, tilting his head to the side curiously.

"Are you alright, Yachi-san?" Kageyama's attention is drawn to her, and you scowl as you stop your movements.

"Are you feeling sick, Yachi? Do you need to use the restroom?"

"I... I do." She murmurs, standing up abruptly and holding her skirt down. She darts off towards the bathroom and you stand up right after her.

"I'm gonna make sure she's alright. Don't you dare touch our food!" Hinata and Kageyama nod, going back to their specific meals while you trail after Yachi. You're lucky the restaurant wasn't particularly busy this afternoon, and there was a lack of presence in the bathroom. Yachi is
embarrassedly staring at herself in the mirror, washing her face as the red begins to fade. "Yachi, my
cute angel~"

"(N-Name)-chan." She stutters, her legs unconsciously spreading as you approach. "W-We
shouldn't... not in public...!"

Your lips are pressed hard against hers, your hands on her hips as you pull her against your body. Her
arms wrap around your neck, her legs rubbing together as she anticipates your next movements. The
sloppy kiss ends with Yachi letting out a soft moan as you squeeze her butt, smirking as you
plant a kiss on her neck before directing her to the largest stall.

"In there." She squeezes your hand as you pull her along, turning to quickly lock the stall before
rushing over to her. "Legs spread, close your eyes." She listens without rebelling this time, her eyes
closing as she leans against the wall. You roll up her skirt, grabbing her hands and having her hold it
up for you while you worked. Kissing up her thighs, you see that she really was much wetter than
you'd originally thought. She wouldn't ever admit she got turned on when you groped her in public,
but this was enough proof for you.

Sliding her panties down, you take them off and stuffed them into your jacket pocket before lifting
her one leg over your shoulder. You spread apart the lips of her pussy, sucking on the lips and
listening to her let out soft gasps of pleasure. She gently grips at your hair, her fingers running
through it as you continued to lick and suck, your finger rubbing at her clit as you worked the rest of
her innocence. She was still much more inexperienced than you, but you had a whole world to show
her, and hopefully she enjoyed it.

From the soft moans she was letting out now, you were positive she would enjoy herself.

"(N-Name)-chan..." She sounds out of breath as she gasps out your name, whimpering as she leans
over. The force of her orgasm nearly causes her to fall, her knees suddenly feeling wobbly, but
you're there to catch her. Nuzzling her head affectionately, you kiss her forehead before helping her
stand.

"I'm gonna keep these as a prize, 'kay? You can get them back the next time you come over my
house~" She flushes, nodding her head as you help her clean herself up before you emerge from the
bathroom, her fingers laced with yours as you go back to the table. Kageyama and Hinata have both
finished their meals and look up at the both of you curiously, silently asking why you took so long in
the bathroom. Your glare tells them to mind their own business and they look away to avoid your
look, offering to pay the entire bill for the excursion.

"If it's alright..." You turn to Yachi as you exit the restaurant, raising an eyebrow. "I would like to
come over now." The implications behind her statement makes your heart stop for a second, and you
stop yourself from jumping for joy.

"I knew there was a reason I fell in love with you, Yachi~"
Sweater (Yaku Morisuke)

Sweaters were warm, making them the obvious choice to wear in the cold winter.

"The sweater is cute, Yaku!" He blushes as he looks at them, glancing away. The dark red sweater matched Nekoma's uniform, but the black cat stitched on in the front seemed to be a bit much to him. But he couldn't deny you, especially when you were giving him the puppy dog pout that he had grown weak to. He looks towards the sweater again, sighing as he slips it on over his t-shirt turns to you.

The sweater is much larger than him, the sleeves were too long and he'd have to roll them up if he planned on using his hands, but it was warm.

"See, I told you~!" You lean forward, wrapping your arms around Yaku and nuzzling his shoulder. "Even if you just wear it around me I'll be happy! I made it with my own two hands, you know."

"I appreciate it. Thank you." Yaku leans over to kiss the side of your head, the corners of his lips quirking upwards as you hold onto him tighter. "Do you want to watch the movie now? I've got the blankets and everything ready..."

"Wait a minute." You pulled away from him, surveying the sweater carefully before lifting up the bottom portion. You tested how far it went out, and with a brilliant idea, you ducked your head under and forced your way up the sweater. Your head has a hard time fitting through the small hole but once it's through you're much more comfortable and warm, though Yaku looks as though he may faint at any moment.

"W-What are you doing?!!" He cries out, unsure of what to do.

"You're warm so I wanted to be warm too!"

"We could've just cuddled on the couch, you're so close now-"

"Last night you were talking about how much you loved it when I was close to you..." Your fingers tickle the back of his neck as you reach your one hand up through the head hole, grinning as the blush rises to Yaku's face. "Let's get as close as possible, okay, Yaku♥?"

"W-Whatever you want..."
Shared Warmth (Akaashi Keiji)

Chapter Notes

I think I've almost written for every character at least once, thank goodness. I only have about 2 more characters that I can think of who haven't gotten a story, so if you see a character who has gotten a story, just tell me and I'll see if I can find enough detail to make a decent story with them!

"Take the bed."

"Akaashi..." He places your bag on the bed without complaining, shaking his head to signal he wouldn't accept any complaints. You should have figured he would be like this, considering how chivalrous he normally was towards you. Lying on the bed, you try to think of various ways you could make this up to him, feeling guilty as you watch him create a makeshift bed on the floor.

"You're too nice to me, you know."

"Should I make you sleep on the floor?" He finishes creating his bed, standing up and walking over to where you were standing beside the bed. He leans down to press a chaste kiss to your lips, causing you to smile as he pulls away. His fingers glide against your cheek, stroking the soft skin before he retracts his hand. "The bed is too small for the both of us, so I'll take the floor."

The day passes by without much more incident, the two of you enjoying the time you got to spend together in the lodge without his teammates around. Without Bokuto interrupting you every two seconds, it was refreshing to hear Akaashi talk and open up more to you about his interests. He would normally get distracted when his loud friend was around, but without Bokuto there to pull Akaashi back to practice, you could probe as much as you want and he'd answer your questions albeit shyly.

You return to your room, exhausted from spending the entire day doing various activities with Akaashi that had really drained your energy. Collapsing onto your bed, you watch Akaashi lay on the floor with the thin blanket he'd found in the closet. It was chilly outside, and you could see Akaashi pulling the blankets closer and closer to him. You fall asleep disgruntled, wishing the bed was a little bigger so that Akaashi didn't have to freeze just for you to be comfortable.

You only sleep half the night, waking up around midnight as the cold becomes a bit too much for you. Glancing at Akaashi on the floor, you can tell that he's awake from how he continuously shifts around in his makeshift bed. If he couldn't join you on the bed, then at least you could join him on the floor.

Tossing your pillows at him, you hear him let out a noise of confusion as they hit his head. You pull off the blankets from the bed, curling up on the floor beside a surprised Akaashi. You giggle as you throw the blanket over him, your arm wrapping around his neck as you snuggle closer. He tries to disapprove of your idea but you can tell he's already getting warmer with your blanket and body so nearby. He gives up, turning towards you and wrapping his arms around your waist, his lips pressing against your forehead as he silently thanks you for joining him on the floor.

After that, the two of you slept much easier, your combined warmth being enough to ward off the
cold.
Iwaizumi wasn't good at public displays of affection.

He felt his face growing hot the minute you were nearby, even if your shoulder was just brushing up against his. You occasionally tried to hold his hand, especially when walking through large crowds so that you wouldn't get separated, and sometimes you'd give him a quick kiss on the cheek, but all of it seemed nerve-wracking to him.

He wasn't like Oikawa, soaking up the attention of women with ease, Iwaizumi was the exact opposite. Sighing as he changes into his volleyball uniform, he keeps thinking back to the fight that had just occurred between the two of you. You were offended when he yanked his hand away when you met up with his team outside the area where the volleyball tournament was being held. He had sworn he saw you tear up before you huffed and disappeared into the girls bathroom, while he headed toward the locker room to change.

He felt bad about it but now he regretted, not just because he had made you upset but because Oikawa wasn't letting him live it down.

"Do you need me to teach you how to talk to girls?" He asks playfully, and if he wasn't so depressed in the moment, Iwaizumi would've punched him. He turns to glare at Oikawa but it falters and he continues to ready himself for the match, getting his head in the game and trying to forget about the upset face you'd given him.

The minute the game is over he's thinking about you again, having spotted you in the crowd cheering Aoba Johsai on despite your fight. His eyes had met yours for a brief moment, but you'd looked away almost immediately, going quiet until he had refocused himself on the match. Even now you're waiting outside the arena area, looking troubled as you wait for Iwaizumi to join you.

You walk home together in silence, a distance being created between the two of you. He feels guiltier and guiltier; Oikawa's teasing also setting him on edge. He wasn't made to be a lady-killer, but you had never assumed he was. You knew he was awkward with romantic interactions, but you had tried to coax him into being more confident when it came to you. But it seemed like the progress you'd figured you'd been making had only been an illusion, his rejection making you reluctant to make the first move.

Iwaizumi is finished with the silence, clearly irritated that he couldn't immediately remedy the situation or simply explain to you that there was nothing wrong with you, he was just bad around girls. He makes up his mind to try, even if he feels uncomfortable, if it makes you happy. His hand inches closer to yours, his pinky hooking with yours as he tugs your hand closer to him.

"Iwai-chan?"

"Do you wanna... hold hands?" His cheeks turn red as your eyes widen, and he looks away though he doesn't pull his hand from you.

"I'd love to hold hands, Iwai-chan!" Your fingers interlock with his and you move closer to him, a glow surrounding you as you walk the rest of the way home.

Seeing you smile like that was his favorite thing, and now that he thought about it, if it made you this happy every time you got PDA, maybe he could get used to it after all.
As an artist, you were drawn to beautiful things, and people.

Your eyes dart up to her as she breezes by you in class, but when she turns to meet your stare, your gaze falls immediately. Her beauty made her incredibly intimidating, though you weren't a very sociable person regardless, and thus you had no idea how to tell her you'd like her to pose for you some time. The best you could get was a quick doodle of her every now and again while in class as she vigilantly read her book.

Another day of class ends with you getting nowhere, hardly paying attention to your lessons and wondering what your next drawing should be of. You try to take your mind off of Shimizu but she was your muse, whether she knew it or not. Walking with your head down in the hall, you clench your sketchpad close to your chest and wonder if you should try to draw some scenery to clear your mind and get yourself focused on something.

"(Name)-san." You freeze in place as a hand touches your shoulder, turning to face the perpetrator with wide eyes. "You forgot something on your desk."

Shit.

Turning to face the black-haired beauty, you shakily reach a hand out to take the piece of paper from her hand. Horror shoots through your body as you realize you'd doodled her side-profile on said piece of paper, her pink cheeks enough of a hint to prove that she recognized the doodle as herself.

"I-I'm really sorry, you just have such a striking face I-I-I had to draw you! If you think it's creepy I promise I won't do it again, artists take stuff like that really seriously, b-but I-" By now you're visibly shaking, your face completely red as you feel compelled to cry; you're about ready to run in the opposite direction and drop out of school entirely when Shimizu gives you a small smile, successfully making your heart stop.

"Thank you for compliment." She blushes and looks down before setting a steady gaze on you, recovering from her embarrassment. "Your artwork is very nice."

"It's not hard when the subject is so..." There were a variety of words you could describe her with but being in her presence made you nervous. "I-I think you understand; you probably get this a lot."

"If it's not too much to ask, could I see more of your work?" She points at your sketchpad. "Volleyball practice has been cancelled for me today, and I would like to see some more of your work."

"O-Oh!" You look down at your sketchpad for a second, smiling and holding it out to her. "Of course, I don't mind at all! I mean, I was just about to head outside and try to find something nice to
draw, if you'd want to come with me..."

"I would be glad to."

Was this what it felt like to be in love?
Vacation (Sawamura Daichi)

It was supposed to be a relaxing, a vacation away from volleyball and the stresses of school.

Daichi is pacing in the room you share, his arms behind his back as he tries to not let his thoughts run away with him. He knew better than letting fear grab ahold of him, but when it came to you being missing, he grew more worried. He knew you could handle yourself but what if you had been cornered into a situation and were praying for him to help you out? He was torn between just accepting that you were a little late and waiting it out longer, or taking advantage of his anxiety and finding you before it was dark out.

"I'll just take a walk." He mutters under his breath to reassure himself that he isn't worried, absolutely not; he was just going to get some fresh air and hope he runs into you on the mountain path. Throwing on his coat, he grabs a water bottle before he leaves and locks the door to your shared room in the lodge.

Daichi walks along the path, the cool air helping to cool him down as he takes a deep breath. The sun was just beginning to set but he could still see. He begins to hear his name, and thinking that he's imaging things, he pauses to take another whiff of the fresh air before turning back for the lodge to see if you'd arrived back. When he hears his name called again, he's positive that it's not an illusion, not to mention the fact that the voice sounded exactly like your own...

"Daichi, turn around!" You pout as you limp out from behind a tree, weakly smiling as he rushes towards you. He wipes away any fear he felt and wraps his arms around you, holding you in a tight hug and stroking your hair as you just rest on his shoulder. You mutter something but he doesn't listen, the pure relief he felt overpowering the fact that he felt like he could cry if he didn't want to keep up images. You bring him back to reality by gently tugging on his jacket, your lips brushing against his cheek as you pushed on his chest to get him to back up.

"Are you okay?"

"My ankle is a little... twisted. I tried to walk down a hill to get to these really pretty flowers but I sorta fell. It took me awhile to climb back up; I probably should've just waited for you to come with me."

"Probably." But he doesn't have the energy to be mad, his fingers still playing with your hair in a soothing manner. "It's gonna get cold soon, so we should head back to the lodge. I'll take care of you." He brushes some dirt from your face and laughs at the embarrassed look you give him, but he doesn't give you the chance to protest as he suddenly kneels down on the ground. He sweeps your legs out from under you and starts to carry you bridal style back to the lodge, which was a simultaneously pleasant and embarrassing experience.

He reaches your shared room together, placing you on the bed as he retrieves the first aid kit from the bathroom. He props up your leg and wraps it gently, glancing up every once in awhile as he wraps it to make sure that you're not in too much pain. You cringe a bit as he cleans up cuts from your face, wiping away dirt from the forest floor, but he kisses your forehead as an apology for the pain you were just put through, even if it was partially your fault.

"Daichi I'm sleepy." He grins and lays beside you, spreading out his arm so that you could use it as a makeshift pillow. "Thanks~"

"I'm here to help." He smiles as you lean over to kiss his cheek, turning his head so that he can return
the favor. "Husband material, just like your mom said."

"Mmm, I might have to test that out for real one day."

"I'd be glad to be your husband, although I don't think I'd be able to let you back out. You already scared me today with disappearing and not coming back."

"Psh, maybe my husband should keep a better eye on his wife!"

"Maybe my lovely wife should let me take care of her without feeling embarrassed." He nuzzles the side of your head. "I love you a lot, you know. We're supposed to take care of each other like this."

"...I know. Thank you." You lean your head on his shoulder, the two of you looking at each other for a few brief seconds before you both end up cracking up. "I love you a lot, too, Daichi~!"
"Why does he always come around here?"

You hear your friends whispering to each other while your nose is in your book, glancing up you see exactly what they were talking about. There stood the same guy who hovered by the door almost every day, standing frozen outside like some sort of statue. He had been appearing outside your class the past few weeks, but the minute anyone would head to open the door, he would dash off. You hadn't seen him around either, and his mohawk wasn't something you could easily miss.

You remain on the lookout for him as you walk through the halls, as he had disappeared today like he had done the other days. You were more determined to find out who he was after your friends swore to you that it was always you that he stared at, wondering what he could possibly want with you. You weren't outstandingly popular in any way, and you weren't used to attracting attention to yourself, so what had made this guy so dedicated that he'd come watch you outside of your class at the same time on the dot?

And why hadn't he just talked to you?

You hear a commotion coming from inside the gym and stop short, a flash of red drawing your attention. You remember that the school had an amazing volleyball team, and find yourself momentarily distracted by curiosity. You peek inside, remaining unnoticed due to the quick actions occurring inside. It's when you spot him, the guy who'd been peeking into your classes, running up to the net and spiking the ball as hard as he could, that you muster up the courage to fling the gym door open and enter.

"Is there something you need?" The coach greets you at the door, and the entire room stops moving to stare at you, the intruder who was interrupting their practice.

"I need to talk to him!" You point towards the mohawk guy, watching as his teammates eyes follow your finger to him and his eyes go wide. He looks horrified for a brief moment, looking as though he was about to bolt in the opposite direction when a messy, dark-haired boy grabs onto his shoulder and refuses to let him move.

"Yamamoto, it looks like you have someone who's calling on you. You're not going to deny such a cute girl, right?" Your eyes stay locked on Yamamoto, whose cheeks were now burning red as he nodded his head towards the older guy. "Go on." He receives a pat on the back as he follows you outside the gym, looking as though he may turn tail at any moment.

"You're the one who keeps coming to my class every day, right?" He nervously nods his head, unable to meet your gaze. "Well, if there's something you need to ask me, ask me!"

"I-I-I..." He's twitching weirdly, which makes you worried for his mental health, but he bows his head down and gets on his hands and knees. "I'm sorry!"

"Eh?"

"I think you're one of the most beautiful girls on the planet and I would appreciate if you'd go on a date with me!" His words are spit out so quickly and slurred together that it takes you a few seconds to fully understand what he's asking you; your cheeks turn pink, though they could never match the redness of his cheeks, and you tilt your head to the side.

"You went through all that trouble just to ask me out? I mean, you could've just come in and asked
me, I'm not that unapproachable."

"S-Sorry!"

"Could you, uh, stand up straight, please? I'd like to see your face." He stands stiff as a board in front of you, but his shaking has stopped at least. "If you wanna come by my class, you can, just come inside and talk to me next time, alright? And I'd be more than happy to go on a date with you!"

"Really?!!" His eyes grow wide, his mouth hanging open in disbelief. "You'll go on a date with me??"

"Mhm." You nod your head. "As long as you start working on this whole... communicating thing. We can decide when and where when you come to talk to me after class tomorrow, right?" He nods his head rapidly, his eyes still excitedly shining at the concept of going on a date with you. "I'm glad. I'm sorry for interrupting your practice, have fun."

You wave goodbye to him, aware that he's still frozen in his spot as you round the corner and peer back at him. You giggle into your head, your heart beating excitedly as you make your way to your locker to prepare yourself to head home.

He thought you were the most beautiful girl in the world, huh?

That's a title you could get used to...
You freeze as you hear his all too familiar voice, turning to face the object of your affections with wide eyes. He had done nothing but stare at you the past few hours, not saying a word, which was rather uncharacteristic of him. You had wondered what was on his mind, but were too nervous to ask him what he seemed to be so deep in thought about.

"I want to... live in your socks so I can be with you every step of the way!"

"W-What?" You tilt your head to the side, your cheeks turning pink as you try to decipher what he had just said to you.

"You shouldn't wear makeup, it's messing with perfection!"

"I'm... not wearing makeup right now, Noya..." His stare is growing more intense as he continues to spit out odd lines that only make your head hurt. Glancing away, you shift in your seat uncomfortably, wishing that he'd just go back to acting like his normal, cheerful self. His face looked far too serious right now.

"You-" He sighs. "You're so beautiful you're making me forget the other lines that Ryuu told me to say."

"Ah, that's what you were doing." You sigh in relief. "I'm not used to people hitting on me like that; you're usually much more direct. You could've just asked me out if you wanted, Noya, I would've understood it much better then."

"R-Really?" His eyes being to sparkle as he leans closer to you. "Will you go on a date with me, (Name)-chan?!"

"Only if you promise not to use anymore of those... lines. Okay?"

"I promise!"

Who knew that Tanaka's advice would help him out, even if it didn't in the way he thought it would.
Insecurity (Sugawara Koushi)

Chapter Notes

Gosh with the newest episode coming out I figured it was time for another Suga drabble! He was such a precious baby I couldn't help myself~

It was a habit that you didn't know hurt him.

"Be careful, Tsukki, you don't want to have the big strong Asahi-san spike a ball into your glasses, do you? You'll be significantly less attractive if you don't have them~" Said blonde simply scoffs and ignores your words, not indulging you any further though you don't seem put off by his normal cold behavior.

Sugawara watches you from the corner of his eye, his smile faltering as jealousy wells up in his heart. Daichi slaps him on the shoulder, unaware of his discomfort and encourages him to continue to focus on practice since it'd be over soon. Sugawara, not wanting Daichi to worry and have to focus extra energy on him, nods and jogs back to his place on the gym floor to continue practicing his receives.

He knew he shouldn't think that way about himself but seeing you with another guy always seemed to send him into a dark mood. He didn't want to try and control you, that's the opposite of what he wanted, but he felt pangs of pain in his heart every time he saw you jokingly hit on one of the other members of Karasuno's volleyball club. He tried to focus on practice, but he had always wondered why you picked him. The thoughts had been suppressed for a time, but every once in awhile he couldn't help but let the thoughts get to him.

"You did amazing in practice today, Suga?" You hand him a towel to wipe the sweat off his head and he nods thankfully, rubbing his head while you continued to talk. "I thought that maybe we could go out tomorrow night."

"Yeah, that sounds like it'll be fun." Sugawara nods his head, though he still feels off. You zoned in on his sudden mood change immediately, however, grabbing the towel that was resting on his head and pulling him down towards you.

"Are you feeling upset, Suga? Is something wrong?" The serious expression on your face makes him smile, though he's slightly surprised. You weren't serious very often, but the fact that you could so easily tell when he was distracted by something made his heart flutter. You may flirt with other people on the occasion but you didn't care for them like you cared for him. "Tell me!"

"I'm alright!" Suga gives you a wide grin, leaning down to give you a kiss. You remain in place for a few seconds, eyes closing as you soak in the attention he's giving you and the soft feeling of his lips against yours. Pulling on his bottom lip, your eyes flare dangerously as you use the towel to pull him even closer.

"You know what it does to me when I see you sweaty like this, Suga~"

"Sorry, (Name), but I'm busy tonight. Could you save it for when we go out tomorrow?"
"Hmph, only because it's you." You kiss him a few more times before you release him from your grip, excitedly waving goodbye and promising to call him when you arrived home before you went to bed. He watches you go with a fond smile on his face, the moment that occurred a few minutes before making him wonder why he had even doubted you in the first place. You were much different around him, softer and more affectionate than you were towards other people.

You truly loved him, and that's what mattered.
Being the new kid in school was difficult, especially when you were struggling with the main language.

"Hello, I'm Sawamura Daichi, it's nice to meet you!" He seemed friendly enough, and he wasn't hard to understand when he spoke to you. He was supposed to be the one to show you around your new school, and there were worse people you could've been stuck with, so you were glad to have gotten someone who seemed so friendly.

Daichi shows you around the school, pointing out the layout and pointing out where your homeroom was.

"That's the entire tour! I hope everything's clearer for you now!"

"Ah, yes... Could you perhaps... Go out with me?" Daichi's cheeks flush pink at your suggestion, especially the nonchalant way you had just asked out someone who was basically a stranger. He rubs the back of his head, unsure of how to handle the situation when your mind suddenly processes what you said. "N-N-No! I'm sorry, Japanese isn't my first language! I-I just meant if you could... lead me back to the entrance to go outside!"

"O-Oh." He lets out a sigh of relief before he gets a grin back on his face. "Sure! I wouldn't mind, I still have a few more hours before I have to be at practice."

"Oh, you play a sport?"

"Yeah! I'm Captain of Karasuno's volleyball team." You can tell the great pride he holds in himself and his team by the way he smiles when he mentions them.

"Ah, I see! I never played volleyball but I always found it fun to watch. Perhaps I'll come to some of your games?"

"I'd be glad to escort if you need me to, I know it's probably hard getting used to living in Japan when it's your second language." He blushes as you stare at him, taking a bit longer with processing his words before you smile and nod.

"Thank you, Sawamura-kun, I appreciate the help you've given me! Have fun at practice."

He watches as you pull out a map, glancing around the school ground before heading in the opposite direction of where the bus stop you were looking for was. Daichi begins to sweat nervously, looking back at the school before sighing and jogging after you. He couldn't let you get lost on your first day, it could just discourage you even further if he allowed that to happen. And he was assigned to be your guide, so he couldn't help it if he spent a little more time on you than what was normal.

That was all that it was, right?
Winter had never been your favorite season.

You could appreciate the beauty of the snow, but only for so long before your shivering would distract you. You were feeling especially lazy today, trying to find the energy to get off your couch and finally go see Akaashi. He had texted you a few minutes later, asking if it was alright if he could come over, and you were thankful the only moving that you had to do from that point was answer his text. You told him just to let himself in and wrapped yourself up tighter in your blankets, staring mindlessly at the movie you were watching on television.

"I'm going to guess this is what you've been doing all day." Akaashi mutters as he enters your living room, his hands resting on the back of the couch.

"My day has been so busy it's just a blur to me." You grin as he almost rolls his eyes, leaning down to press a kiss to your temple before he takes off his jacket and proceeds to make himself at home.

You force yourself to sit up so that he has a place to sit, but when he doesn't rejoin you after a few minutes; you stand up to go see what he's doing. "Keiji?"

"I'm in here." He calls out to you from the kitchen. You enter to see him in front of the stove, "I'm making us tea, since you seem so cold."

"You're the perfect househusband~" You hum as you stand behind him, arms wrapping around his waist as you rest your head on his back. "Tell the tea to hurry up so you can warm me up on the couch."

He shakes his head, allowing a tiny smile to appear on his face before the tea is finally done. He pours you both a steaming cup and ushers you back to the couch, sitting down and carefully setting the tea down on the table while you situated yourself. You curl up next to him, throwing your legs across his lap to share your warmth with him as he hands you your cup of tea.

"You know I like being warm and having tea to drink, but it's even better when you're here with me."
After I've finished posting the last few drabbles I'm going to move onto a different theme, aka parent!Haikyuu characters! I have quite a few already lined up to be posted and I'm excited for you guys to read them!

Kageyama had met you one foggy morning when he had gone for a jog on his day off.

He was thinking about volleyball, how to perfect his tossing, and various other strategies he could use to get by the defense and work better with his team when he ran into you. You were on the side tying your shoe, but ducked down low so that he couldn't see you. He stumbles, nearly falling on his face, but he manages to balance himself out. He turns around, about to glare and yell at you for being in the way, when he stops.

He had thought you were just some stupid guy lying around on the street, but it turned out you were a girl, in shorts and a white t-shirt just like he was. Probably just out for a jog, like him. He finds that his thoughts are becoming muddled, his cheeks heating up as he closes his mouth and turns around.

"Are you jogging, too? Do you wanna jog together? 'Cause my normal joggin' buddy is outta commission and I'd feel a lot safer out here with another person."

He wants to say no but can't find the strength to reject you, just nodding his head in agreement before he started to jog again. You're silent the rest of the time, easily keeping up with him and even ending up ahead of him at the end of the line; you wave goodbye to him that morning, and that's the last he thought he'd see of you.

But it turns out that you both had the same jogging schedule now that your friend was out of commission; he'd see you on the bridge he'd run over each morning, stretching and getting ready. You'd follow after him when you spotted him, just continuing on your regular schedule and not bothering him from his. It became a comfortable sort of outing, despite not knowing much about the other.

"So, what are you jogging for?"

"...Volleyball." He glances at you from the corner of his eye as you slow your pace to his. "You?"

"For fun, to keep in shape mostly. It helps me to think a lot, too, but it's much more fun when you're with someone, even if you're not talking."

"A-Ah." He turns away from you, trying to cover the blush on his face.

"So you play volleyball? That's pretty cool! Would you mind telling me when you have a game so I can come watch?" He nods wordlessly, mouth agape as he's unsure of what the proper response is. You seemed to have picked up on his social awkwardness towards females as a whole and wrote out your number on a piece of paper you had slyly slipped into your pocket beforehand, along with the pen. "Text me later so I have your number, see ya later!"

You wave goodbye and jog off ahead as he stands in the same spot for a few moments, still staring at
your number in disbelief.
She really liked when she got to spend time with you.

She hadn't thought about having romantic feelings for anyone let alone a girl she'd just met a few weeks before, but she found that once she stopped denying her feelings, she felt much better. Especially when she discovered that you shared the same feelings as she did. There was much more time spent together which brought pleasure to the both of you.

Yachi was doing her homework as she normally did, but was sitting on your lap like you had urged her to. Her mother was working late that night and she didn't like staying home alone, so she had requested you come over. Her mother, knowing that you were good friends, agreed to have you sleepover despite it being school night; you had asked Yachi if she knew the full extent of your relationship and she had shrugged, saying she thought she explained it clearly and that her mother didn't care.

Not like you could get her pregnant.

You yawn tiredly from under her, your arms wrapped around her waist as your head rests lazily on her shoulder. She turns to the side to give you a soft kiss on the cheek every time you yawn, giggling as your arms around her waist tighten and you pucker your lips up for another kiss. She was nearly done her homework, but no matter how much she pressed you to just lay in her bed and wait for her, you wouldn't leave.

"It's fine, Yachi." You mumble sleepily as you nuzzle her neck. "I'll just wait for you."

She finishes her work, and has to wiggle in your lap to bring your attention to her.

"All done!" She grins as you look excited, releasing her from your grip and letting her stand and stretch.

"Ready for bed?" She nods her head, eyes sliding closed as you lean down to give her a kiss. She wasn't used to the huge amount of affection you offered her, but she wasn't going to complain about it any time soon. Your kisses were still enough to make her heart feel as though it may stop in her chest, your intoxicating smell and the feeling of your lips against hers making her crave even more.

Your fingers playfully squish her cheeks as you pull away, arm wrapping around her shoulders as you tug her along to her room. She changes into her pajamas, glancing back at you as you change into yours and getting a quick peek at your butt, before she turns away with pink cheeks. It wasn't like she hadn't seen you naked before, but there was something about a girls butt in lacy black underwear that made her feel frisky.

She lays down next to you in bed, turning on her side to face you after she turns off the lights. Only a thin line of moonlight streaks into the room, allowing her to just barely see your face.

"I love you, Yachi..." Your arm wraps around her to bring her closer, and in the dark you can't see that her face is dark red. She looks up at you, seeing that your eyes are already closed and your breath is evening out, meaning you were already sleep.

"I love you, too..." She snuggles closer to you, finding her bed to be much more comfortable with you in it.

She wondered if she would be lucky enough to have you in her bed every day when you were both
older.
His bed was too cold without you in it.

Haiba lets out a groan of annoyance at his empty bed, laying on his back and staring at his ceiling for what seemed like hours on end. He stretches, closing his eyes and holding his pillows in his arms but it doesn't feel the same as when you were in them. He looks over towards his phone and grows displeased at the fact you still hadn't texted him back, sighing as he lets it drop to the floor. He was growing more and more restless as the nights continued on, eventually giving up on sleeping entirely until he passed out on his floor with his volleyball still in hand.

"(Name)-chan, come home~" He whines to you over the phone after finally managing to get ahold of you. You sigh from the other end, saddened that you couldn't comfort in any other way than giving him a ten minute phone call.

"I'm sorry, my dad really needed my help over here. I'm only a few hours away and I'll be back soon, Lev. I'll try and call you before you go to bed so I can say goodnight, alright?"

"Yeah, yeah." He mutters unhappily, still miserable without having you with him to hold in person. "...I love you."

"I love you, too." You twirl a strand of your hair, smiling fondly even as he lets out another exasperated groan. "Stop being a big baby."

"Stop not being here." He mutters. "I have to go to practice now, something Kuroo said about needing more practice."

"Hmm, why would the best volleyball player in the world need more practice?"

"That's what I said!"

"Go practice, Lev, we'll talk later."

After he hangs up with you he heads to practice, the only place he isn't actively missing you. He can focus on his spiking, and ignoring the looks that both Yaku and Kuroo gave him as they see he hasn't been practicing on receiving enough. You hang in the back of his mind, however, the inevitable loneliness he was sure to be feeling later just lingering in the back of his mind, waiting to take him over when he was most vulnerable.

An hour after practice is over he's showered and ready for bed, except he knows that he's not going to be able to sleep well. He flops down face first on his bed, his legs hanging off the ends as he waits for your phone call. His phone is lying by his head as he closes his eyes, wondering if he'd ironically miss your call by falling asleep due to the sleep deprivation he'd been suffering from the past week you'd been gone.

When you don't call he can feel a heavy weight settle on his chest, wondering if this is what
heartbreak felt like. Haiba dials up your number with a frustrated face on, unhappy as it goes directly to voicemail. Did your phone die while you were out, or had you turned it off because you knew he'd get impatient with you and call as soon as he could? Haiba can't help but let the sadness get the best of him, a frown marring his features as wonders if smothering himself in his pillow will be enough to make the feelings go away.

He didn't actually want to die, but he'd rather be feeling nothing than the pain he was going through right now.

A knock on his door makes him cringe, as he wasn't in a good mood to deal with people at the moment. He contemplates pretending to be asleep so that whoever's outside won't bother him, but he figures his mom would probably end up just flipping him off the bed either way. Sluggishly making his way to the door, he isn't ready for it to fling open and for you to be revealed on the other side with open arms.

"Surprise!" You exclaim, his mother standing behind you with a warm smile on her face. "Dad let me come home early, had to turn my phone off on the plane so-

He doesn't bother letting you finish your sentence, his arms immediately wrapping around you and burying your face in his chest. You can't help but to giggle at his behavior, as he was acting as though you had been gone for years; your arms wrap around his middle and you rub up his back soothingly as he refuses to let you go. His mother bids you both goodnight, warning him to keep his door slightly open or else you'd never be allowed to sleep over again.

Haiba immediately drags you to his bed, not even giving you a chance to change from your clothes, but you don't mind. You might not have shown it as much as he did, but the time spent away from him was painful for you, too. If you could have chosen to take him with you, you would've, as you were so used to spending all your time with him that not having him around felt wrong.

Your head rests on his chest and the sound of his heartbeat lulls you to sleep, already out cold before he manages to turn off the lights. He grins down at you excitedly, the warmth finally back as he kisses your forehead lovingly and squeezes you closer, his eyes sliding shut as he feels his body relax.

For the first time in a week, he gets to sleep without a problem.
'My entire body hurts.' is the first thought you had that morning.

'I can't feel my legs.' is the second thought that crosses your mind as your body slowly begins to wake up, your body feeling tingly in certain places. You cringe as you move your neck, touching along the delicate skin and nearly whimpering out loud as you touch a fresh bruise. The events of the night before slowly begin to flood back and now you're no longer surprised you're in pain; Kuroo hadn't gone easy on you last night, that's for sure.

You manage to sit up, after a few minutes of cursing under your breath and encouraging yourself to move, and try to stretch your muscles to make you feel better. Yawning, you toss the blankets to the empty side of the bed where Kuroo should be and try to stand. There's a dull throbbing in your warmth and a shakiness in your legs that makes it difficult to reach the bathroom, but when you do, you can't say you're entirely shocked at what you see.

Bruises and bite marks litter your neck, some looking as though they may remain there for weeks, while your hair is a tousled mess and you look as though you'd just come home from the war. You splash water on your face to make yourself appear more alive but find it to be a hopeless endeavor, now nearly half awake and ready to give Kuroo a piece of your mind for leaving you in this condition and then not even having the decency to cuddle with you the next morning.

"Hey, Tetsu." You have a hard time walking down the stairs, but staggering into the kitchen your nose is met with the delicious scent of breakfast. Your eyes sparkle as they land on the plate of eggs and bacon on the table, Kuroo still at the stove with the frilly pink apron your mother used most mornings.

"Good morning, beautiful." He looks you up and down, wearing his irritating smirk as he appreciates the good job he'd done on you last night. Too distracted by the smell of food to care, you make your way over to him and wrap your arms around his waist, muttering something under your breath as you lean against his back. "What was that, beautiful?"

"...I said I'm hungry."

"Well, it is all for you. I figured you'd want something after that... rough night." His smirk doesn't leave his face, and he turns to watch you walk over to the food decorating the table as though you were in a trance. He hadn't meant to go as hard as he had, but Kuroo had a lot of pent up frustration from the few weeks you hadn't had the chance to have sex. He wasn't some asshole who didn't like to spend quality time with his girlfriend doing non-sexual things, but he had an incredibly high sex-drive that you were pretty good at controlling.

"Is this good enough to make up for the bruises?" He places another plate in front of you before sliding into the chair directly across from you. You seem to contemplate his question for a few seconds before shaking your head.

"Nope, sorry. You're not getting out of cuddling this time, Tetsu." But he can tell from your smile that you've forgiven him, even though you weren't entirely angry to begin with.

"No problem, just pull a number and I'll be sure to get to you as soon as I have time."

"Tetsurou~" You whine, kicking his knee under the table. He laughs at you, stealing some food from your plate.
"Alright, alright, let me build my energy up. You took a lot out of me last night."

"Hmm." Your foot slides up his leg, barely able to reach his crotch. He eyes you, eyes narrowing as he watches you continue to eat as though you weren't teasing him. 

"Do you think you could handle another round, princess?"

"I'm a Queen, actually, and you bet your ass I could! A Queen can handle anything that's thrown at her!"

"Well then I say save some of the food for later, I'll have to bring it directly to you though because I'm positive you won't be able to walk afterwards~"
And now, it's finally time to start the parent-themed drabbles! I'll go back to regular themed ones (along with the requests) after I post the parent themed ones (which I'm trying to get everyone in!!) so I hope you guys enjoy!

"Daddy!"

The minute she wails, you know he's going to rush to her rescue.

Sitting on the couch, only a few feet away from where your daughter had just tripped and fallen, you don't bother moving. She hadn't gotten hurt badly; she just wanted attention from her father since he'd just arrived home from work. Asahi rushes into the room, panic and worry clearly written across his face as picks her up off of the floor and checks her for any new bruises or cuts.

"I fell down!" She sniffs.

"And miraculously you seemed to have survived." You retort, sticking out your tongue at your daughter who pouts in your direction. You'd grown used to her tactics to get attention and knew when her cries were genuine or not, but your husband had yet to grow used to it. He rushed to her aide at the tiniest things, panicking over a simple cut.

"That's because Daddy's my hero Mommy, so he saved me!" Her arms wrap around Asahi's neck, and she plants a sloppy, loving kiss on his cheek. He can't fight the smile that rises to his face, turning to give her a light kiss on her cheek in return, causing her to giggle happily. "I love Daddy."

"Daddy loves you too." Asahi smiles as he puts her down on the ground again, watching as she runs upstairs to fetch her backpack to show him the 100 she'd recently gotten on a test.

He lets out an exhausted sigh, sitting beside you on the couch and leaning his head on your shoulder. You place your magazine down and stroke his face lovingly, giving him a chaste kiss on the lips before you go into scolding mode.

"She's never going to learn if you keep rushing to her rescue, you know."

"I-I know." He looks down. "But she called me her hero..." He rubs the back of his head sheepishly as you shake your head.

"You're her hero no matter what, even if you don't respond to every single time she cries. And trust me, she cries about almost everything."

"You're right, I'll try harder..." You smile as he places his forehead against yours, his lips brushing against yours for a few brief seconds before a cry breaks the relaxed atmosphere.

"Daddy! Daddy! I think there's a spider!" Asahi shifts uncomfortably on the couch, glancing towards the stairs and then back at you.

"Go. There better be a body." You pat his shoulder before he jumps up, rushing up the stairs to save
your daughter from the 'spider'.

He would never learn at this rate.
Strength (Tanaka Ryuunosuke)

It was a nightmare.

Tanaka grips your hands as the doctors explain that your baby had been born premature, the lingering fact that your child may not survive the night being enough to tear your heart in two and make you completely forget about the labor pains. The doctor was as gentle as possible, but leaves the two of you alone to allow you the time needed to come to terms with the news. Tanaka remains strong for you despite the despair that he feels in the pit of his stomach, arm wrapped around you as you sob into his shoulder; he feels lost and unable to think properly, especially with you in such a depressed state of mind.

"I'm going to get us food." He whispers to you, pushing your hair out of your face and wiping away stray tears that he sees. "You need to keep up your strength. Just leave it to me!"

"Thank you, Ryuu." You nodded your head, sniffling as you rest against the pillows that he had stacked up to help your back. You wanted nothing more than to sleep and forget about life, but even if your child did happen to pass away tonight, you still had Tanaka to worry about. You knew he was as sad as you were, but he had held back just for you. You wondered if he was using the guise of food to sneak away and be miserable in private, thinking that being alone sounded like a good idea right now. "Take your time."

He eyes you warily before he nods his head, exiting the room and gently closing the door behind him. You'd been married for nearly 5 years and the two of you had been through a lot together. There had been many issues that had been taxing on your marriage, many things that threatened to tear the two of you apart, and this just seemed to be another obstacle. Your baby had to survive, his son had to fight; if his son had his genes he would surely make it through.

He stops abruptly as he passes by the nursery, where he sees a small child hooked up to many different machines. He knows instantly that it's his son and clenches his fist, approaching the large glass window and touching the glass.

"Come on, little man, you won't do this to me and your mom, right? I've still got a ton of things to teach you, you're gonna be an awesome little wing spiker like I was back in high school! But that can't come true if you don't fight now... Please..." He clenches his fists again, holding back the sadness and replacing it instead with pure faith in his son to fight through the tough situation he'd been put in. He stands there longer, silently praying for his son to survive the night, to fight and stabilize his condition so that Tanaka could finally hold him in his arms.

He returns to you with food which you only nibble at, more interested in the well-being of your child. You spend endless hours with Tanaka talking about your son as though he was already in stable condition, as Tanaka refused to let you talk as though you'd given up on your child. You talked about if he'd enjoy his room, what sports he'll be interested in when he's older, and a variety of other things that you were hoping to experience with your child as he grew up through the years.

You fell asleep at some point but Tanaka is still restless, his hand still holding yours as his thumb rubs soothing circles over your knuckles. You mumble something under your breath that he's positive is something along the lines of 'go to sleep' but he knows he won't be able to, choosing to stay up and allow his thoughts of fatherhood to consume him. His parents were right when they said it'd be stressful, but he can't help but think about how satisfying it'd be to finally have his son in his arms where he belonged.
The next few days continue along like this, filled with worry and anxiety while you're trying to recuperate from childbirth. Tanaka is as attentive to you as he normally is, making sure you're comfortable at all times and fetching you anything that you need. You don't want him to worry about you, his own worries being enough to keep him from getting much sleep at night, but the kind of man he was wasn't going to let his wife not being in the most comfortable position while he felt sorry for himself.

The doctor arrives a week after your baby has been born with good news.

"He's incredibly tiny, and still can't be sent home until we're positive he can breathe on his own, but so far the results have been positive. His condition has stabilized, and by tomorrow we'll be able to tell if he can survive without the machines; you'll be able to hold him if you'd like." The doctor leaves you alone again, this time your tears being ones of joy as Tanaka holds you.

"What did I tell you? Of course my son would survive, he's too tough! He didn't wanna make his mom worry anymore either."

"Like two peas in a pod." You wipe away your tears with the back of your hand, leaning on Tanaka and happily kissing his face as he laughs, finally allowing a few tears of relief to escape. "I can't wait to hold him, Ryuu."

He only smiles at you, stroking your hair as he settles himself comfortable beside you on the bed.

"Me either."
Hinata got the hint that something was up when you began to laugh hysterically for no obvious reason one day.

"W-What is it?!" He asks with a dark blush on his face, glancing down as he hears your daughter plop herself right at his feet. Your triplets all look up at their flushed father and give him large, toothless grins that make him smile in return, momentarily distracting him from your snickering.

"I can't believe you haven't noticed yet... Maybe you are as daft as Kageyama says."

"Y-You're my wife, shouldn't you be on my side?!!"

"Sometimes. But don't let me stop you from doing what you're doing." He pouts as he watches you carefully for a few more seconds, before turning back towards the door to the kitchen.

Your triplets stand up as he starts to move again, waddling behind him much like ducklings waddle after their mother as he enters the kitchen. You had been curious about why they did it when they first started a few months ago, even questioning Hinata (who had clearly forgotten the event entirely by now) but had figured out that it was because every time Hinata entered the kitchen to get a snack, he'd feed them a snack too.

They knew they'd get something good if they followed their father into the kitchen.

You follow them, leaning against the doorway and crossing your arms as you watch him begin to make himself a sandwich; he creates one large sandwich and divides it into four pieces, giving each child one and saving the last small one for himself. He begins to make himself another one when he hears you giggling from the doorway and turns to you with a worried expression.

"Why do you keep laughing?!"

"Ah, no reason in particular." Your shortest daughter walks over to you and holds up the sandwich, offering you a bite as you pick her up. You pretend to take one before handing it back to her, standing beside Hinata as he finished up creating his second sandwich. "You're such a good dad, Shouyou."

He blushes again, dividing up his sandwich a second time but offering you a piece this time. You shake your head, leaning forward to give him a kiss before sparing your children the sight of seeing their parents make out in front of them.

"C'mon little ducklings, time to get tucked into bed!" You usher the three of them out of the kitchen, pushing them to brush their teeth before bed while your still confused husband slowly chews on his sandwich.

"Ducklings...?" Hinata mumbles to himself. "When did she start calling them that?"
You couldn't understand why she was so upset.

Sitting on her bed with your arms crossed, you watch as your 10 year old daughter digs through her room to find something she lost. She won't tell you what she lost so you can help her, so the best you can do is sit on her bed and wait, watching her carefully to make sure she didn't get sucked into the huge piles of clothes on her floor to never be seen again. Sugawara joins you after he comes home from work early, since it is your daughter's birthday, and joins you on her bed with the same look of confusion.

"Honey, grandma and grandpa are going to be here soon. Don't you wanna get ready?"

She lets out a tired sigh and collapses in the middle of the room, looking more despaired than she had a few moments before. Tears begin to well up in her eyes and before you and Sugawara can react, she's sobbing hysterically on the ground. You both rush to her side, you rubbing her back while Sugawara tries to calm her down and wipes away her tears.

"Please, tell us what's wrong."

"I... I lost my charm bracelet. It was the first gift I remember you guys giving to me and I... And I lost it!" She flies into hysterics again, burying her face in your chest as you and Suga share a look of understanding.

"Relax, baby, we know where it is. We just took it to get it touched up since we saw how much you loved it, Dad will go get it now, right?" He nods his head, rushing to your room and coming back with a brightly wrapped present. He hands it to your daughter who immediately stops crying, sniffling as she holds the package in her hands.

"O-Oh, you just took it to fix it?" You nodded your head.

"Open it now if you want, so we can show it to grandma and grandpa afterwards." She nods her head, tearing open the package as Sugawara wraps an arm around your waist. Her eyes begin to glow as she pulls out the silvery bracelet, her eyes scanning the three initials on it that stood for each of you. But when she comes to an unknown initial, she tilts her head and looks up at you.

"Mommy, whose initials are these?" Your smile goes wider as her eyes pop open, her tiny body jumping as high into the air as possible as she holds up the bracelet above her head. "TM GONNA BE A BIG SISTER?!"

"Mhm. We'd thought you should be the first to know before anyone else, since you're gonna be the one helping us take care of your little brother or sister."

She wraps her arms around you both, happy to have received another amazing birthday present this year.
Overcome (Bokuto Koutaro)

Chapter Notes

Gosh, I've gotten over 6000 hits and that makes me super happy! I'm almost on the front page of the Haikyuu works (if you filter by hits)--! Thank you guys so much for staying interested, commenting, and viewing my story almost everyday, it means a lot to me!

Your son was always intimidated by large crowds, and your husband was determined to get him over his fear.

"D-Dad..." Haru grips Bokuto's hands tightly, looking up towards his father with wide eyes. He had never gone with you inside the stores when you went out, he'd tend to stay in the car with Bokuto and wait for you to come outside. The most populated place he'd ever been in was a small restaurant on a weekday, and he hardly counted that since the restaurant wasn't as busy as it normally was.

"Don't worry, I'm here so nothing bad will happen!" Bokuto beams down at your son, who gains some confidence from his cheerfulness.

As he approaches the front of the store, he tentatively holds onto Bokuto's hand, sticking close by as he enters the throng of people. Haru is clearly intimidated by the large amount of people in the store, but Bokuto squeezes his hand in encouragement which stops your son from turning tail immediately. Unfortunately, Bokuto gets caught up in the energy of the place, greeting old friends right and left while your son struggles to keep up with him.

It's only after he goes to ask Haru what kind of snack he'd like for after school that he realizes that he's gone. Bokuto almost screams, and then he almost cries, before he immediately reaches over to pull out his cellphone. He dials your number frantically as passerby's look at him, probably wondering if such a crazed looking man should be in public unattended or if they should call the police in fear of their own safety.

"H-Honey..." Bokuto's voice immediately tips you off that something went wrong, and you cross your arms, arching an eyebrow as you wait for the excuse sure to follow. "Y-You see! You know how kids sometimes wander away in stores? Well, it looks like I cured Haru of his fear of people because he just sorta, disappeared? Maybe he made a new friend or maybe he."

"Koutaro." He stops in the middle of his sentence, looking even more forlorn now. "Are you telling me you don't know where Haru is?"

"No, he's in the store! Somewhere... He's just... missing temporarily."

"Oh, I see. Well, I sure hope you find him, because if you don't, you're going to be missing permanently."

"N-no don't worry I'll find him!" You say nothing else to him, hanging up immediately as you rub your temples and hope your son will be able to keep his sanity while being alone until Bokuto finds him. Haru wasn't a foolish kid, not nearly as impulsive as his father, so he was probably in safe hands for now, waiting for your irresponsible husband to pick him up once he gets it together.
Shaking your head, you sit back down at your kitchen table and wait for Bokuto to arrive home, fully prepared to give both husband and son a speech on sticking together in crowds.
"I really like this seafoam green."

"I prefer dark blue."

"It doesn't matter what you prefer, it matters what our child prefers!"

You and Kageyama spend a few seconds glaring at each other, fighting an intense battle with just your eyes that neither of you wins. Sighing and moving on from that particular color palette, you begin to flip through the lighter blues to see if there was a good enough color in there. Kageyama waits patiently behind you, eyes scanning each color and only opening his mouth when he sees a color that he thinks would look good on the nursery's walls.

It takes a full hour for you to finally pick a color that's good enough, Kageyama helping you carry the green paint to the car after finding the proper brushes and asking the employees a few more questions regarding the painting of your nursery. You're excited to finally paint the room for your future child, your hand rubbing circles on your growing tummy as Kageyama tries to hide his amused smile from you.

"It's time to start painting!" You say excitedly the minute you enter the room, placing the paint in the center. The floor was already covered in protective plastic covering to keep the paint from staining the carpet. "Green is such a good color, I'm glad we got it."

"If you're happy, I'm happy." He responds as he begins to open the paint cans, handing you a brush. "Let me handle the higher stuff, I don't want you to climb up the ladders."

"Or what, you're afraid I'll fall on my butt from like 10 feet in the air?"

"Yes." He grumbles, "That's exactly what I'm afraid of."

"Fine, fine, I'll appeal to your major ego," His glare intensifies, "I'll take the bottom and then you'll keep it going at the top so that the paint is all smooth. This has gotta be perfect!"

"It will be."

"Of course it will, because I'm helping you. Now let's go, we don't have all day!"

"I wasn't aware you had any other place to be."

"Oi, are you saying I don't have friends?"

"You said it not me."

"Don't think I won't push you off that ladder."

You spend the next few hours helping Kageyama paint the walls of the nursery, discussing ideas for furniture to put in it and where the ideal placement for said furniture would be. It was a lot more fun than you thought, painting your future child's room with your husband who refused to hire anyone to do it for him. You were glad that he had been so adamant about doing it himself, though, as it was a bonding experience for not just the two of you, but also for you, him, and your child.

Though your baby was still growing in your stomach, you felt as though he or she could perfectly hear how their parents were doing many things for them, even before they were born.
Your back grows sore as hour three passes, and you can no longer hide your pain from Kageyama. He sees you grimace in pain as you reach a bit higher than normal, dropping your paint brush on the ground and letting out a groan of pain. He immediately drops what he's doing, climbing down from the ladder and rubbing your back as he waits for you to straighten yourself out.

"I'm fine!" You lean down to pick up the paint brush again but barely make it up before pain shoots through your back. Kageyama grabs your arm as you try to begin painting, gently tugging at the paint brush in your hand, though you refuse to give in. "No! We need to get a little more done!"

"We've painted a wall and a half, we're done for today. Your back hurts."

"It's fine, I'm fine, now if you'll excuse me..." You pull back on the brush but he's not about to let you continue working alone, and continues to fight with you over the brush. You're too aware of the fact that the paint brush is slipping from your fingers, smirking as Kageyama tugs a bit harder than he had been; you release it immediately, laughing as the green splatters all over his face. He looked ridiculous with a huge green streak going across his cheek, even though he was trying to look angry.

Your laughter is infectious and even causes him to smile, though it's brief before he dips his fingers into the almost empty paint can, flicking his fingers at you and snickering as some speckles get in your hair. Scowling at him, you stick your entire hand into the can, holding up your dyed hand with a mischievous glint in your eye. Before he can dodge, your hand smears green paint from his forehead to his chin, some mixing with his hair and almost getting in his mouth as he tries to shout at you to stop.

Kageyama grabs ahold of your arms, keeping them down at your side as he leans down, your noses brushing against each other. You're smiling, staring at the man you're in love with as he lets your hands go, choosing to place his on your waist instead.

"I would kiss you right now but I don't want to get paint in my mouth~"

"Let's get cleaned up."

He leads you to the door, the two of your turning to the beginning of the nursery before you switch off the light, even more excited to become a family than you had been that morning.
Daichi didn't really know who you were at first.

You were just a good friend of his family that he'd see every once in awhile, and once he'd moved out and started to live on his own he only saw you at family parties. He only knew a few things about you, you were a single mother with a little girl since the father didn't want to take responsibility for a child. You made your own way, and were independent to a fault, refusing to rely on your own family or friends. You made a living for yourself, and were raising a sweet baby girl who was creative beyond her years.

When his mom came with him with a request, he wasn't sure what to think.

"She has nowhere to go, Daichi." His mothers eyes were watering, a look he rarely saw on her.
"She's been fired from her job and the savings she has is all going towards paying off various debts from the loans she had to take out to go to school. She's not going to be able to keep her house and with no income she won't be able to rent an apartment. She refuses to be a burden on any other family, but you... you live alone. Your house is spacious, it has a guest room; I need you to let her stay here."

"Does she want to stay here, mom?" Daichi knew about your personality, the stubborn nature reminding him of his own at certain points. "You know she doesn't like to-

"She'll do whatever she can for Hitomi, even if that means swallowing her own pride. She can help you around the house while she looks for a new job; you know she won't lounge around and freeload."

"I mean..." He rubs the back of his head, still unsure of how the situation would turn out, but he couldn't deny his crying mother or someone in desperate need of a home. "Does she need me to help her move boxes?"

You came to live with him some time in October, thanking him over and over again for helping you out as your daughter watched the two of you curiously. She was only 2 years old, unsure of who he was, but he felt attached to her in more ways than one. When you were out handling your financial situation and getting a better grip on your assets as you tried to piece together your life again, he would spend time with Hitomi, singing along to her favorite TV shows with her, and reading to her in an exaggerated voice whenever she'd bring him one of her books.

You were a beautiful woman.

Even when put under extreme pressure, you remained a strong woman who could hold her own while showing a softer side with your daughter. He would watch you read to her, tuck her in at night and give her a gentle kiss, before you would immediately go to set up interviews and to check job listings so that you could finally get back on your feet. He never saw you cry, or lose hope; you just continued to live and remained focused on your daughter. How any man could leave a woman like you, he could never understand.

"It's been a long night." Daichi watches as you sink into the couch beside him, eyes closed as you rub your temples.

"Longer than most have been so far, but it's just another obstacle for me to overcome." Daichi can't help but smile, chuckling as he turns the TV down to not make your headache worse. "I have to
reschedule an important interview because I have to take Hitomi to her doctor's appointment. There's just... so much happening at this point it's a lot to handle. But I can handle a lot."

"You shouldn't to. I could help you out, take her to the appointment." You glance over at him, shaking your head.

"I can't ask you to do that."

"Well, there's no question then, I'm taking her."

"Daichi."

But he refuses to listen to you. You're about to make more of an argument when you hear the shuffling of small feet, followed by the appearance of your sleepy daughter carrying her favorite blanket. "What's wrong sweetie?"

"You an' daddy are bein' loud mom." She mumbles as she shuffles over, squeezing between the two of you on the couch. Daichi's cheeks turn red as the word 'daddy' repeats over and over again in his head, while you seem to take it in stride, wrapping an arm around your daughter and kissing her head.

"Sorry baby, we didn't mean to be loud."

"Why don't you and daddy sleep in the same bed?" He was again at a loss for words, his blush deepening as you continued to look amused at your daughters questioning.

"Because I love sleeping next to you little baby. Now, let's get you tucked back into bed, we've got to get up early tomorrow morning!" He watches you pick her up and leave the room to tuck her into bed, the ten minutes he gets alone giving him time to think.

Daichi had always wanted a family; a wife, maybe two children, a dog, and a nice home for you all to live in together. He had been working hard on his future since he graduated from high school; he had bought this house with the hard earned money he made from doing small meaningless jobs before he finally managed to snag a solid work schedule. He was at a loss on where to start finding a woman to begin a family with after being so work-oriented for years; it wasn't a surprise to him when he gained a crush on you, the first woman he wasn't related to to spend a substantial amount of time in his life.

"Damn..." He mutters under his breath as he tries to calm himself down, he wasn't one to let emotions get the better of him, but in a situation like this, he felt completely out of control. He wouldn't have asked to fall for a tough single mother, but it's what happened; he just wasn't sure how he'd deal with it.

You join him back on the couch while he's lost in thought, staring at his profile as you wait for him to acknowledge your presence. Daichi seemed deep in thought and you didn't want to interrupt him, just in case it was important, but what your daughter had said was still on your mind as well. He was a handsome, solid man who knew how to work hard but who was capable of relaxing at the same time. There were a lot of things you admired about Daichi, but how well he handled Hitomi was your favorite; he treated her as though he were her own. It wasn't any wonder that she loved him and saw him as her father; he treated her so affectionately it made your heart swell.

"You can stay here as long as you need."

"You're lucky you're cute or I may have gotten offended." You lean against his shoulder, arms crossed as you allow your eyes to slip closed. He moves so that you can lay more comfortably, a fond smile finding its way to his face as he rests his head on yours. He fights the sleepiness as long as
he can, wanting to stay awake and absorb the giddy feelings he's having while you're sleeping on him, but he finds he's far too tired to fight it any longer. His eyes slide closed and he drifts off, the smile remaining on his face the rest of the night.

Maybe his dream of having a family could still come true.
Wooo, I just made the front page if you sort via hits! That's super exciting to me (since I've been keeping track of this for awhile) and I wanna thank you guys again for supporting this story~ I appreciate every single view, kudos, and comment that I receive!

This was a position Aone initially could never see himself in.

In High School he was worried about volleyball, practicing with his teammates and keeping up Dateko's reputation had basically run his life. And he had wanted it to, since that was what he had enjoyed doing when he was younger. He still enjoyed having a casual game with his old teammates if they happened to be around, but he can clearly remember the moment when volleyball stopped being the only thing he was concerned about in life.

"Thanks for the help! What was your name again?" He nods his head, normally silent because he was just a quiet guy naturally, but this silence was caused by his nervousness. You stare up at him curiously, his gaze having lingered on you longer than normal, not to mention he hadn't even answered your question. You were tempted to ask if he was feeling okay, since his cheeks looked a little red, but he turns and disappears before you have a chance to open your mouth.

Things continued like this for the next few months, with his attention being torn between the girl of his dreams and his favorite sport. He struggled, thinking about you at almost every moment of the day. He tried his hardest not to get distracted during games but you continued to plague him, to the point where he nearly ended up "conveniently" in the same areas of you at school. Aone didn't consciously notice he was doing this, following along your schedule to make sure you were alright and having a good day, until you cast your nervous glance on him in the library.

He had then thrust a flower in your face, and stammered out the words that he had been wanting to say since he had first laid eyes on you. You accepted his date request happily, without showing the same shyness towards affection that he did; he had been new to the world of emotions and dating.

Aone had realized from that point on that you would mean the world to him, maybe you'd mean more to him than even volleyball one day.

And now he got to see you, dolled up in a beautiful white gown with the same type of flower he'd first given you weaved in your braided hair. You're giving him a sweet smile, one he would often call the most beautiful smile in the world. Your hand subconsciously glides over your growing stomach as you meet him at the altar, taking his hand in yours as you see him begin to tear up. Every terrible moment, every fight, every obstacle had led up to this moment in time, one of the greatest memories he would ever be able to create with you.

"...You may now kiss the bride." He hears those words and ducks down to your level immediately, pressing his lips tentatively against yours. You're still smiling against his skin, tears forming in your eyes too as he pulls away.

He kneels down again, holding either side of your hips as he leans forward to press his lips against
your clothed baby bump. Loud cheers begin to break out amongst your family but to the two of you, all you can hear is each other, and feel the overflowing warmth of happiness and love wash over your beings. There's an excited tingle in your heart as you think about the future, Aone partaking in the same joy as he gives you a gentle smile, squeezing your hand as the two of you begin to walk back down the aisle to continue on with the festivities.

"We both love you." You murmur into his ear, kissing his cheek quickly before settling yourself comfortably next to him in the limo.

He wraps an arm around your shoulders, pulling you close and leaning down to whisper in your ear, "And I love you both, too."
Yaku was truly a godsend in a time like this.

You're hit with a strong case of morning sickness, not being able to remove yourself from the toilet as you wonder what you did to deserve this torture. Yaku has been doting over you all morning, calling out of work to make sure you stay hydrated and healthy despite your condition. He sits on the bathroom floor with you, rubbing your back and murmuring encouragements in your ear that make you want to kiss him and at the same time punch him, since he didn't have to go through this, just you.

But you didn't feel it was fair to blame that on him, as having a child was a decision that you had both agreed on and felt you were ready for. You were more ready to have a child in your arms than to be struck by intense nausea, sleepiness, and pain in your joints.

"I think I'm done... for now..."

You wipe your mouth, grimacing at how disgusting you felt. Yaku doesn't seem to care, helping you to stand and leading you to the living room where he sets up a comfortable spot to sit. The soft pillows cushion your back as you sit down and you let out a sigh of relief, thankful that you had such a caring husband. He had been reading books about pregnancy for months before you had agreed on having a child, making sure that he knew all about the complications that may occur and the symptoms you'd be going through.

He brushes your hair back, smiling as he kisses your forehead.

"I'm making you some tea to calm your stomach, it should help with your nausea a little bit. Do you need anything else?"

"Well... my feet are sort of sore. It's weird how I'm hardly big but I'm still getting these pains." He chuckles, shaking his head as he stands to fetch your tea before returning to your side. Handing you your tea, he grabs cooling lotion and rubs along your feet, massaging them as you let out noises of pleasure from his touch. He's blushing from embarrassment, but you know he enjoys the appreciation you're showing him, the two of you extremely grateful to have chosen the life partner that you did.

"I can't wait to just have this baby so I can take care of myself again."

"You mean you can't wait for me to take care of you and the baby, right?" He seems amused as you glance away from him, pouting.

"I can take care of the baby! But since you're so keen on doing everything yourself, you can have diaper duty!"

"Of course." He nods his head, but you don't think he's gotten the joke.

"You don't have to do diaper duty, Morisuke."

"Oh, I know. I just find it's easier to agree with you than to argue."

"What?!"

"You should drink your tea or it'll get cold on you." His suggestion annoys you for reasons you're not quite sure but you listen, sipping at the warm tea and glaring at him as he continues to massage
your feet.

You would be sure to get him back for that comment, you just weren't sure how you'd do it yet...
"Don't you think it's bigger than it should be?"

Haiba prods at your stomach with a confused look while you glare at him, debating on whether you should slap him or punch him. Deciding that both would require too much effort on your part, and that you wouldn't want to hear his whining about it for the next hour, you keep your hands by your side though you do have something to say about his comment.

"You're lucky I don't hit you for saying that, if I wasn't pregnant you'd probably be dead." He grins sheepishly and continues to massage your stomach.

"Come on, don't you think it's bigger than normal? Maybe something's wrong!"

"Don't say things like that!" You bite your lip nervously, squirming in your seat as Haiba stands tall. He takes a quick look around the doctor's office, mirroring your anxious look as he sits beside you in the seat. You had come for your check up on the baby, and though you didn't want to admit it, you had noticed that your belly was swelling to a size that was much larger than normal for just one baby. Could there really be something wrong, or were things like this normal?

"It'll be alright!" He takes your hand and squeezes it, beaming at you. "We've gotten through a lot of stuff, so I'm sure we can get through this too!"

"You're like an excitable puppy." You shake your head, but lean over to give him a kiss on the cheek. "I guess it's good at least one of us still has the energy to be optimistic."

A few minutes later your name is called, and you cast a nervous glance towards your husband, who just gives you a thumbs up as he walks with you to the room. You're still squirming, afraid of the possibility of complications that could harm your child or you in the long run. You begin to silently pray that everything is alright when the nurse enters, ready to begin the examination.

"If you look on the screen over here, you'll be able to see your- oh my."

"What is it?!!" You jolt up but the nurse calms you down, gently placing her hands on your shoulders as she asks you to lie back down again. She's not wearing a grave expression on her face, which you hope means that there isn't anything wrong or that can't be fixed.

"It's nothing bad, in fact, it's good news! You're going to be having triplets!" Your mouth hangs open as Haiba tries to get a closer look at the screen, pointing out the three different fetuses that are now growing inside of you. His eyes light up immediately as the nurse points out the three distinct bodies, stepping aside so that he can get a closer look while you're still trying to process the fact that you're going to have three new babies in a matter of months.

"Triplets!" He's already excited.

"Triplets..." You're already exhausted.

"Did you hear that?! Triplets!" His arms wrap around your upper half and he buries his face in your neck, and you swear you can feel tears on your shoulder. Smiling warmly, you caress the back of his head as he lets out his emotions, the nurse smiling and cleaning off your stomach as she confirms that everything is going as it should be.

"If you're happy, I'm happy..." You playfully tug on his hair. "But I hope you know that means triple
the diaper duty!"
The Doting Husband (Nishinoya Yuu)

Chapter Notes

Sorry I haven't uploaded in awhile guys, I just got back to school so I've been dealing with that and by the time I get home I'm too tired (and lazy) to type anything up to post. My updates may be a little spotty from now until the end of the semester but I promise I'll try and keep up with updates and keep you guys entertained~

This was irritating.

You'd always been an independent person, happier to rely on yourself than others, even your own husband. You didn't want to burden Nishinoya with your own troubles so you mostly shouldered it while he still insisted that it was his duty as your husband to make sure you were happy. But as the years grew on you softened, allowing him to help you out if you were truly overwhelmed by a situation.

But it would still frustrate you.

You were heavily pregnant, your belly bulging as it grew closer and closer to the time the baby would arrive. You found it difficult to walk long distances, your back almost immediately crying out in pain if you were standing for too long. Your legs would ache, your shoulders would feel tight, and it was a general uncomfortable experience to exert any physical exercise. That, of course, was only experienced if you could manage to stand up.

You were embarrassed by the fact that it was hard to sit up now with your tummy growing as large as it had, and not to mention it was difficult to do many of your normal activities now. Nishinoya got to be the husband he always dreamed he would, with a wife that allowed him to dote on her and make sure she was as comfortable as possible. He had taken the news of your pregnancy in stride, more than thrilled with the concept of having a child he could teach how to play volleyball.

You wanted to protest to Nishinoya's behavior, to tell him that he also had to worry about himself even though you were the pregnant one. But the wide smile on his face was enough to tell you that he was clearly joyous over finally getting to pamper you, since you had never let him do it before.

Seeing him in his element, full of energy and ready to do whatever it takes to see your angelic smile, you knew you'd chosen the right man to have a child with.
Ukai took the news of having a child much better than he thought he would.

You lean against him, head resting on his shoulder as he flicks through the channels on the TV. He's antsy, having cut back on smoking, especially around you, since he found out you were pregnant. He didn't want either of you to suffer from the effects of second-hand smoke, so if he had to, he'd go outside, but for the most part he tried to keep his smoking to a minimum.

To break the tension in the room, you decide to start a conversation.

"So, do you think the blonde dye from your hair will travel with your DNA and our kid will come out blonde?"

"What- who told you I dyed my hair?!" He then shakes his head. "Kids don't work that way. Did you ever graduate high school?"

"I'm not the one who's still trying to relive my time there vicariously through those young, cute volleyball players."

"Che, hitting on my players isn't going to make you any younger."

"Whoa, that was uncalled for. Maybe I'll date one of them instead, which one do you think could raise a baby the best? Daichi seems pretty reliable but Sugawara seems like a huge sweetheart..."

"Neither of them are 18 yet, and I'd prefer if you didn't talk about going after my team."

"Don't tell me how to live."

"You're the worst kind of person." He grumbles out, wrapping an arm around your shoulder and pulling you close to him. You smile, giggling as he presses a few kisses to your forehead, before tilting your chin up and brushing his lips against yours. "But I guess I'm not walk in the park, either."

"Definitely not!"

"Be quiet!"
Tsukishima had taken over food shopping responsibilities specifically so that this wouldn't occur.

You had complained that he might not know exactly what needed to be stored in the fridge, or something along those lines, so you had ultimately made the decision to tag along. He knows that it was just to stuff things into the basket that you were craving, since he refused to indulge you unless he didn't feel like hearing you whining. That was the only reason you were tagging along now, because he didn't feel like fighting with you over something so menial.

"Oooh, I think we'll need this." He frowns as you stuff the chocolate snacks into the basket, hiding it under the healthier meal options as though he didn't just watch you pick it up and put it in. He manages to stuff a few more of the things on the list in the basket before he spots the gummy snacks, scowling as he turns to give you a stern look.

"You're supposed to be eating things that are healthy, right?" You don't meet his eyes, pouting and holding your hands behind your back innocently as though you were guilty of no crime. He shakes his head, pushing the cart along towards the check-out lane without removing any of the extra items you had added.

You hum happily as you open the snacks in the car, digging in almost immediately as he shakes his head again. Tsukishima tells himself that the reason he let you have your way was so that you wouldn't complain to him to go back and get exactly what you wanted. You would get your way one way or another.

But even he had to admit that seeing you so pleased could bring a genuine smile to his face.
"Raise your hands... and catch them like this."

Kenma was much better with your child than he'd like to admit, always leaving most of the decisions up to you. He trusted in your judgment to handle most situations, just enjoying being informed on what's happening and spending some quality time with your daughter. But he didn't feel as though he would be good enough to take care of your child on his own.

You watch them from the grassy hill, comfortably crossing your legs as you enjoy the breeze. The lingering scent of festival food was still in the air, the summer night air still crackling with energy. Kenma had offered to teach your daughter how to catch fireflies, as a way to end the heated months eventfully.

Kenma leaves your daughter to run in the open field alone, jumping to catch the fireflies that drifted just out of her reach. He sits down beside you, his hand entwining with yours as you shared a look.

"Tired already?" You ask playfully, kissing his cheek as he nods.

"It's tiring to run after the fireflies... it's better when she does it."

"Well, we do indeed have a mini firefly catcher, so I think you can successfully pass the job down."

Kenma smiles fondly as his eyes never leave your daughter, watching her dance across the grass after the floating lights in the sky. She's laughing heartily, the sound like music to yours and Kenma's ears.

Kenma, in the past, had been unsure about having a wife and a child, wondering if he was the kind of person who could make others happy. But he found that the longer he was a father, the more it was worth the pain and tough times the two of you went through to get to where you were. You were a happy family, despite some troubles, and he mentally kicks himself when he thinks of how he almost gave up the family life to wallow alone in his own self-pity.

He was lucky you were around to give him a kick in the pants and a much needed reality check, though after that argument the two of you hadn't talked for a few months.

His grip on your hand tightens, his eyes closing as he leans on your shoulder to enjoy the rest of the evening, his daughters joyful laughter enough to lull him to sleep.
Prank (Oikawa Tooru)

Oikawa was normally so busy with work, you were thankful when he spent his days off with you.

The two of you were sitting in your living room, organizing boxes and putting away the decorations you'd put out for Christmas. He had whined that he had just wanted to relax on his day off, but when you had started to take down decorations alone was when he kicked into action and started to help. He might complain at first but Oikawa wouldn't ever let you do all the work yourself. That wasn't the kind of man he was; he liked to share the duties, even if he was reluctant at first.

Your eyes shift over to the balloons still floating off in the corner, left over from the Christmas party you'd hosted for both of your families. Smiling, you grabbed one and tucked it under your shirt as he carefully took the tinsel of the trees.

"Tooru, I wanted to... save this for when we were alone but we didn't have the chance to yesterday." Keeping the balloon in place, you spin around and see that he's watching you carefully. "I didn't want to say anything until it was just us but... I'm pregnant~!"

The room is silent for a moment, but Oikawa suddenly turns around, his expression unreadable. You wonder if he's about to scold you for joking around about that, but when you see tears gather in the corners of his eyes, you're aware your joke may not have come off as you hoped it would. You lurches forward, arms wrapping around you and squeezing you tight as the balloon falls out from underneath your shirt and floats back up towards the ceiling.

His lips are crushed against yours in an instant, refusing to give you the chance to speak as he continues to place kisses all over your face in a joyous state. Feeling worse by the second, his reaction was definitely not what you had expected.

"T-Tooru, uh, please relax."

"There's no time to relax! We can make a nursery out of the guest bedroom upstairs next door to our own room so we can hear if they cry, and I can tell mom to find any of my old stuff she's kept around, and-"

"Tooru! Listen, please." Rubbing the back of your head sheepishly, your heart aches as his expression falls. "I-I was just joking around, you know? It was a... joke."

"A... joke?" It takes him a few moments to process what you've said, and by the time he does, his face turns completely red. You think he might actually start crying again but he just sits back on the couch, holding his face as he tries to stutter out an apology for getting so excited and pushy. "I-I didn't even think... I'm sorry."

"There's no reason to apologize to me." Sitting beside him, you begin to rub his back comfortingly. "It's nice to know that when I do get pregnant you're more than prepared to be a father."

"It would be nice to have a baby..." He mutters under his breath, still embarrassed from your joke.

"Well, if there was anyone I wanted to have a baby with, it'd be you, Tooru♥"
Personal Hell (Kuroo Tetsurou)

Chapter Notes

Sorry guys, it's been super hard to focus on Haikyuu!! and writing the stories, but I'm still working on them, I promise!

For Kuroo pregnancy was hell.

There was the swollen ankles, the crankiness, the emotions that ran high, and not to mention the cravings that would have him up at the crack of dawn, running off to the store.

"Tetsuuuu." You whine out, groaning as you lie on your side on the couch. "Do we have any pickles left? I need something to dip in my ice cream."

Kuroo cringes at the mention of your snack, pickles and ice cream, that you seemed to have gotten a taste for ever since you got pregnant. He brings you the tasty treat within a few seconds, handing you the pickle jar along with an eating utensil before taking your bowl to refill it. You hum in appreciation of your doting husband, finding that he's able to read you remarkably well now, even if it did take a few months before he finally got used to your mood swings.

"More ice cream, my queen." He hands you the bowl, but not before he leans down to press his lips against your forehead. "I hope your snack is everything you want and more."

"You're everything I want and more." Your arms wrap around his neck, using him as leverage to sit yourself up. He smiles into your hair, taking the spot you had just vacated and holding the ice cream bowl for you as you dipped your pickle inside.

"Maybe we should get a kiss in before you eat that; wouldn't want to get your pickle breath." He teases, leaning down to give you a quick kiss. You mumble something incoherent, squeezing the collar of his jacket and pulling him down for another kiss, and then another, and then a few more. You enjoy the feeling of his soft lips against yours; inhaling his scent as his hand rubs from your inner thigh to your knee.

"Alright, I'm done now!" You push his face away, grabbing the ice cream from his lap and placing it in yours as you dipped the pickle in. He just chuckles, arm wrapping around your shoulders as he leans back on the couch and enjoys the movie the two of you were watching.

Pregnancy was hell, but he knew that in the end, it would be worth it.
Chapter Notes

Sooooo I may or may not have been absent for a really long time

Like a really long time.

But I'm back and better than ever! Hopefully... Most of my time has been taken up by
my imagines blog on tumblr, aphimagines, in case any of you were interested!!
Anyway, let's get back to the stories!

It was another one of those nights.

Gently closing the door behind you, you lean against the wall outside of your dorm, having brought
your book and a pair of headphones to keep you busy. You had a few reports due since it was finals
week, but figured your work was much better when you were under pressure, having wanting to
evacuate the awkward situation you were in as soon as possible.

Your roommate could be rather promiscuous, since the dorms allowed both male and females to be
in it at the same time, not that that would've stopped her. You hadn't cared that she had a lot of sex,
hell you would too if you weren't so damn busy half the time, but when she did it while you were
still there was your issue. You couldn't walk into the room to tell her you were still there, as it was
likely she hadn't noticed since you had an agreement to never get busy with the other around, but
you didn't want to see anything you weren't supposed to.

You fiddle with the pages of the book and sigh unhappily, knowing that there was no way you'd
focus on anything as you wanted nothing more than to sleep. You distinctly hear the sound of
shouting from the room across the hall and eye it warily, sitting upright as it opens and reveals an
extremely irate dark haired boy. He slams the door behind him and flops out front, his laptop in hand
as he mirrors your position.

You smile a bit as you imagine he's in the same predicament as you, or at least his roommate seemed
to have gotten on his nerves in some way.

"Tough living arrangements?" You awkwardly try to break the silence, wondering if he had even
planned on acknowledging your existence. He glances up at you briefly, studying you for a few
seconds before he nods your head.

"Yeah, I'll say." He scoffs, pressing down on the keys of his laptop a bit too hard. His eyes dart
around before he looks up to meet yours. "You, too?"

"...yeah." You glance at the door in disdain, "I wish she'd chosen a better time, I really didn't want to
do anything but sleep."

"I know how you feel. If my roommate isn't with a girl he's blasting music or being a nuisance. I
don't even know why I agreed to bunk with him to begin with..."

"Ah, your roommate is someone you've known, then?"
"We've been friends since childhood; we used to play volleyball together."

"Used to?"

"It's a long story." He responds shortly, purposely avoiding your gaze as you cringe; you must have hit a sore spot.

"Ah, well, I'm really sorry that you had to put up with that. I mean, my roommate's this way a lot too but I've never really minded... They sound like they're made for each other. Maybe we should be roommates instead!" You were only joking but the way his cheeks flushed made you realize that perhaps your words had come out more flirtatiously than you had meant; or maybe you were being flirtatious? "I-I'm sorry I didn't mean to-"

"Don't worry about it. I'm Iwaizumi Hajime, what's your name?"

"Oh!" You introduce yourself, relieved that he had looked over your awkward indiscretion. He nods his head closing his laptop, and rising to his full height. He holds his hand out, offering you to take it; the skin of his hands was rough compared to your relatively soft ones, and you see him blush as he takes in the same details that you had. "So, uh..."

"Do you wanna get something to eat?" He appears annoyed again but not with you, it was more like he was angry that his words hadn't come out smoother. You decide that he was well-meaning enough, clearly dealing with the same sort of situation you were in, and as far as you were concerned, he would be better company than two canoodling college students.

"Anything is better than staying here and waiting for them to be... finished." He nods his head, urging you to follow him; the two of you walk side-by-side down the hall, Iwaizumi stuffing his hand in his shorts to find his car keys.

It was odd that you had never met the two students staying directly across from your own room, but then again it wasn't often that you left since you tended to swamp yourself with classes. Deciding that this free time was for the better, and not entirely minding the company of a cute and somewhat angry boy, you're determined to enjoy yourself since it was the end of the semester and you'd be going home soon for Christmas. Glancing at him, you find yourself smiling again.

"It's always nice to find someone who understands your troubles, isn't it?"

He simply looks at you with wide eyes, the blush seeming to be a permanent part of his features now as he quietly mutters, "Yeah."
This situation was definitely going to be awkward.

You try to keep your eyes off of your ex-boyfriend but find his date too attractive to not make you jealous, only dimly listening to some of the things that your friend is saying to you. When you finally tear your eyes away after he kisses them, you excuse yourself to the bathroom, tousling your hair and trying to get yourself back together. You can't help the broken-hearted feeling you have despite being the one to have broken up with him, knowing you did so for a good reason but feeling lonely either way.

There had to be a way for him to show you that he wasn't getting you.

Walking back into the party after quickly washing your face, you're unsurprised when you see your friend talking to two attractive males. The one didn't look as though he wanted to be there at all, but the other seemed completely in his element, sending your friend flirty looks that had her blushing. Her eyes meet yours and she waves you over; you're half-tempted to make a run for it but decide she did know what was best for you, most of the time.

You smile as you wave and greet the boys as cheerily as possible, despite the fact you were still feeling rather down. You were tempted to leave but only stopped yourself because it would mean that he won, and you couldn't have that.

"Well, hello~" The brunette boy sits himself between you and your friend, leaning back and wrapping an arm around both of your shoulders as his friend watches in annoyance. "I came over because my friend was interested in your friend, but clearly I was drawn here because you and I were meant to meet!"

You're glad the lights in the room are dim or else he would've seen his cheesy pick-up line had successfully made you flustered; you giggle into your head, looking away from his gaze as your friend looks over to the one who was supposedly interested in her.

"I'm going to talk to Iwaizumi, alright? Have fun!" Before you can protest she's already disappeared into the crowd, offering her hand to the angry boy and leaving you to be along with his friend.

"Well, I guess we should get introduced." You lean close and whisper your name in his ear, smiling as his hand moves to rest on the small of your back.

"I'm Oikawa Tooru. It's nice to meet such a beautiful girl~"

"Do you wanna go somewhere quieter?" There was a plan slowly hatching it's way in your mind and you wonder if maybe you're just acting too crazy for your own good, but figure you deserve to enjoy yourself for at least a little while. Oikawa, who was initially taken aback by your advances outmaneuvering his own, nods his head and allows you to pull him upstairs. You have to filter through a few rooms until you finally find one that's empty or not a total mess, sitting down on the
bed as he takes a seat beside you.

You think of your ex with his new conquest and get irritated again, whipping your head towards Oikawa who was watching you with an intense gaze. You're drawn in by the way his lips are parted, taking in the scent of warm vanilla before leaning forward to press your lips against his. He accepts the kiss graciously, soft lips moving in sync with yours as he leads you into his arms, pulling you closer to have better access to the exposed skin of your neck.

He's definitely attractive, a charmer, but you suddenly feel guilty as technically you were just using him for revenge. It wasn't like there were any feelings involved currently, or anything that would hurt him in the long run as it seemed he was just trying to get a quick lay, but you couldn't feel right about the situation. Oikawa easily senses your distress and stops himself, cupping your cheek and making you look him in the eye.

"Are you okay?" The fact that he sounds genuinely concerned makes your heart throb in your chest and you feel tears spring to your eyes, ones you didn't want to fall. You had no regrets about breaking up with your former boyfriend, but you had to admit that it still hurt to see that he moved on so quickly while you were still taking the time to review the relationship and see what went wrong.

"I'm sorry, I just... can't." He seems to contemplate something for a few seconds before his signature carefree smile appears on his face.

"That's fine~" He holds out his hand. "Could I have your phone?"

Still a bit dazed and upset with yourself for not being able to go through with it, you nod your head, reaching into your pocket to pull out your cellphone. You hand it to him, confused about his intentions and watch him carefully. When he hands it back to you about a minute later your cheeks flush at the added contact that he had just sent a text to.

"E-Even though we didn't have sex, you're giving me your number?"

"You seem like you need someone to talk to." He shrugs his shoulders. "Call me anytime~" You give him a half-smile as you looking your phone, nearly giggling as you see the cute emoji he'd typed out next to his name. "This isn't an empty offer, either."

"H-Huh?" His tone took a sudden darker turn, and he was looking at you with a serious face that made him look like he had a completely different personality. The face only lasts a few seconds before his expression softens and he pulls you into a hug, rubbing your back soothingly.

"I mean it. I want to you call me, maybe we can go out on a date." He winks at you, standing up from the bed and offering you his hand. "Let's head back to the party, I'll get you a drink."

The night certainly hadn't gone the way you had expected it to, but while you were looking life one night nearly ten years in the future, you can't help but wonder if perhaps fate was involved in bringing you together with Oikawa Tooru, current fiancé and future husband.
It Happens (Kageyama Tobio)

Chapter Notes

Shout-out to Kageyama, today/yesterday is/was his birthday! December 22nd woo! Anyway, this story is dedicated to my first Haikyuu love (who has been replaced by Bokuto sorry Kags) with his beautiful blue eyes and his awkward demeanor~!

Kageyama had never been the best at being social.

He fiddles with the cup in his hand, standing awkwardly off to the side and leaning against the wall, more focused on carefully swirling the liquid in the cup around instead of socializing. He was sure another factor towards his unpopularity was the fact that he wasn't putting out the friendliest of aura's, as he hadn't exactly wanted to come, but had been blackmailed into being a "wingman" for his Senpai who had quickly left him for the object of his own affections.

He looks down towards his feet next, wondering why people liked parties so much to begin with; he wasn't a fan of the too loud music, or the large amounts of people pressed together into a moderately sized room. He cringes as the song changes, wishing he was playing Volleyball instead of being forced into uncomfortable situations that he didn't know how to act in. He can feel a certain feeling of anxiousness begin to build up in his chest, and afraid to make a scene, looks for the nearest exit.

With his head ducked down he makes his way towards the balcony outside, taking a deep breath of the cold night air and finding his senses returning to him. He had always thought much better when he was alone, and though he had changed much since his years in Kitagawa Daiichi he still found himself needing alone time if he wanted to continue to function. Despite his growing friendships his introversion was still a part of his personality, and even he had to admit that he was beginning to better determine who he was on and off the court.

It takes him a few minutes to realize he's not alone, your yawn breaking the silence.

"S-Sorry, I didn't realize-" He's apologizing before he knows why, and you only look up at him with an innocent look on your face. He notes that you're pretty cute, dressed nicely for the party that was going on inside, and yet you were outside in the cold just like he was.

"You don't have to apologize..." Your smile makes his heart throb, a sensation of excitement that he's only used to feeling when he was on the court. He nods his head, gulping as he suddenly remembers he had next to no interactions with girls in the past. The manager, Shimizu, he had only talked to in passing, and he didn't count his mother. "So what's your name?"

"Kageyama Tobio." He sounds meaner than he intends and in his mind a flash of Hinata telling him how scary he was passes before his eyes.

He hates that he feels so nervous.

"Oh, I know that name! You're from Karasuno right, that genius setter!" The volleyball terms suddenly brings him back down to reality and he feels the uneasiness flow out of his body in one easy movement, choosing to sit down beside you as he feels the conversation would be moving in a steady, less awkward direction. "I've been to a few games, actually. I'm excited that you're going to
the same college as me, it means I have a reason to support a sports team. You're still playing right?"

"Of course!" At that point he's completely comfortable with you as you seem to have a decent knowledge of volleyball, and it's easy for him to talk about the sport he loves dearly. He feels like he goes on for hours as he talks to you about how he'd chosen out his college, how he'd met up with his former senpai (who became his senpai once more), and how the last few matches he'd been through had gone. He would have stopped sooner if you didn't look genuinely interested, but you were nodding your head along and asking him questions about his motivations that made him feel as though there was someone else (besides Hinata) who understood his passion.

"Oh, is that your friend you came with?" After he begins to run out of things to say, you point behind him, and he turns back towards the sliding glass door to see the bald-headed teammate to be staring down at him with an expression he couldn't quite decode.

"It is. I suppose I'll..." See you later? What was he supposed to say in this situation? He'd certainly like to talk to you more but felt it might be a bit premature to ask for your number, and he wasn't the best texter to begin with.

"Could I have your number? Maybe you could personally deliver the news of when your next game is so I can come along and cheer?" Thank God, he thinks, for you being far smarter than him when it came to dealing with people and pushing past the awkwardness. He quickly gives you his number as Tanaka's stare is beginning to make him anxious again, waving goodbye and wishing you goodnight before he enters the party again.

Tanaka, looking exhausted, pulls Kageyama out by his shoulder, heading back towards their dorm when he begins to question what he had been talking to you about with such an excited expression on his face.

"Volleyball, of course." Tanaka's face falls and he smacks his forehead with his palm, letting out an audible sigh.

"Of course! You can't attract the ladies with sports talk, Kageyama, you have to ask about her! Did you ask about her at all?"

"Ah, well..." He frowns as he thinks back to your conversation; it had all been centered on volleyball, and his place as setter, he hadn't thought to ask any specific questions about you aside from your name and what grade you were in. "I... didn't..."

"Man, I feel sorry for you. She was pretty cute, I can't believe you lost her that easy."

"But she gave me her number..." He looks down at his phone. "Isn't that a good sign?"

"It's not a good sign unless she texts you back, but don't worry about it, kid. I failed plenty of times before I finally got a girl to go on a date with me, so don't take it to heart!" Just as Tanaka pats the younger boys shoulder his phone goes off; his senpai freezes in place and stares at him with an incredulous look as he opens the text. "It's her, right?! What did she say?!"

"She said it was nice talking to me and she... she asked if I'd like to go to the cafe with her next week." Kageyama's too busy relishing in the feeling of the frenzy of butterflies in his stomach to notice the look of pure disbelief on Tanaka's face.

"I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!"
"It's alright, Yamaguchi."

His breath hitches as you continue to move your lower body against his, wearing the same smirk on your face that you originally had after he came for you for the first time. His grip on your waist is shaky, as though he's unsure whether his hands should be there or traveling you your chest to unzip your Karasuno jacket. You grin deviously, stripping yourself of the jacket before removing yourself from his lap.

"Gotta make sure no one walks in." You're eerily calm as you lock the door to the club room, eyes glittering dangerously as you turn to face your kouhai while twirling the only key to the door on your finger. "Now the fun can begin, Yama-chan~"

He was positive his body wasn't ready, but there was no one he could stop you now.
Callback to Childhood (Sawamura Daichi)

Expect the unexpected.

That's what your horoscope had read this morning and you had spent far too much time wondering whether you shouldn't be thinking about it too much as if you were expecting something unexpected, wouldn't it then be expected? Where would the cycle stop?

You let out a loud groan as you realized you had forgotten your house key when you had gone to get groceries, fiddling with your bag and almost dropping the bag in your arms. Setting it down you reach under the mat in an attempt to find the spare key only to remember that the last time you went out you'd accidentally forgotten your keys, gotten the spare, and never put it back where it belonged; you should really start working on your memory.

You pray silently that you left the backdoor open and wouldn't have to call a locksmith, opening the gate to your backyard and gently shutting it behind you as you jog to patio. You place your groceries down on the table outside and are about to try the sliding glass doors when you hear raking, turning your head to the side and smiling as you spot your neighbor that you didn't get to talk to much but wished you talked to more.

You raise your hand in greeting, ready to call out his name and greet him when you stop abruptly, watching as he puts down the rake in his hands and looks at the pile of leaves he created proudly. You almost always saw him outside doing some sort of yard work, keeping his house and lawn in tip top shape as though he wanted to win a contest of some sort. It wasn't odd to see him looking proud, though you preferred seeing him work in the summertime since he wore much less clothing around that time of year (And all that yard work had done wonders for his arms).

But instead of grabbing a trash bag to put the piles of leaves inside of you, you watch in awe as your twenty-something year old neighbor gets a running start and dives into the pile of leaves, sending them flying.

You try hard not to give it attention, but when you giggle his head pops up immediately, whipping over to stare at you with wide eyes from the yard over. You're frozen for a few seconds before you gather yourself together, turning away from him and picking up your groceries again, pleased that the door was unlocked to get yourself out the impending awkward situation.

You try to forget the look on his face but found it to be almost childlike the way he enjoyed jumping into the leaves, a feeling you didn't often get to feel since become an adult who lives on their own and that he probably didn't get to feel much either. You figure it's mostly awkward due to the fact you'd seen him in a moment of weakness and that you didn't know each other very well, and figure that he won't bring it up as long as you don't.

When you hear the knocking on your door you unconsciously smile, flattening out your hair and brushing off any dirt from your attire before going towards your door. You catch a glimpse of your key and the back up key sitting on the table next to the door and scowl before looking through the peep hole to see who had decided to grace you with their presence. Seeing your rather flustered neighbor almost caused a whole new barrage of laughter to appear but you hold yourself back, figuring his manly pride had taken enough of a fall from having you spot him.

"Hiya, Daichi." You greet him with a warm smile and he returns it, though he quickly defaults back into looking anxious. You still see a few leaves stuck to his sweater, and reach up to pluck one from his hair, tossing it away casually as his cheeks turn darker
"Listen..." He starts off by sputtering and you both know from that point on it's only going to turn out to be a downward spiral. You lean against your doorframe, nodding and listening to each and every ridiculous reason he had for jumping into the leaves ("I saw a spider on me", "It's actually good for your health to bathe in leaves", and your favorite, "That wasn't me it was my twin brother")

"Daichi, there is nothing convincing you can possibly come up with about why you jumped into that pile of leaves." You pat his shoulder and try to give him a reassuring 'I won't tell anyone don't worry' look. "But don't worry about it, we all relive our childish sides every once in awhile."

He lets out an exasperated sigh but it seems that he's finally come to terms with the situation, rubbing the back of his head sheepishly as he grabs your hand that's still resting on his shoulder. You inhale sharply at how warm his hands feel despite him being outside in the crisp autumn air for an extended amount of time, not to mention how rough they were from the constant handiwork that he did.

God, the list of why he was attractive was beginning to get longer the more exposure you had to him.

"So, if that's all you wanted..."

"Uh, yeah..." Daichi looks away. "I've been meaning to ask you for awhile but just never had the chance but I wanted to know if... If you wanted me to rake your yard and help keep it clean every once in awhile."

"Will jumping into the pile of leaves be part of the service?" He makes a face and you find yourself laughing, but this time you aren't alone, as Daichi figures 'if you can't beat 'em, join 'em!'.

"Only if you want!"

"Well, I think that's very sweet of you to offer, and I think my yard could definitely use it. But don't take it too seriously, like if you have another engagement or you're pressed for time, you don't have to. How much would it cost?"

"Oh, you don't have to pay me. What kind of gentleman would I be if I made my own neighbor pay me to help out?"

"You know, Daichi, if you're trying to butter me up and make sure I won't blackmail you... it's working~"
Needy (Akaashi Keiji)

Chapter Notes

It's been suuuuuuch a long time! I have been keeping up with the manga and the new anime episodes though, so do not fear! It's hard finding the motivation to write but I'm working on it daily. For now, enjoy!

Akaashi was used to dealing with needy people.

"Akaaaaaashi! Hug!" He stares at you with an unreadable expression as you extend your arms into prime hugging position, waiting for him to give into your demands as you know he will, no matter how long he contemplates ignoring. With a sigh and the hint of a smile on his face, he approaches you after setting down his homework, leaning down to wrap his arms around you.

He doesn't predict, however, that you were going to completely pull him on top of you.

His face grows hot as he feels his chest pressing against yours, trying not to meet your eyes as he knows you'll be all too amused at his embarrassment. When it came to close contact, he couldn't stop the anxiety from building in his chest; it wasn't that he didn't like being close to you, but being in such intimate positions could really throw him off, especially when he wasn't aware he was going to be thrown into them.

You can sense his nervousness and cup his cheek, gently urging him to look you directly in the eyes; his body is tense, his arms shaking as he can't help the shivers that run up and down his body. There was always something about you that managed to make him weak, and of course, you would take advantage of that.

"Just come into my arms, Keiji." The way his name sounds on your lips causes his heart to flutter, his fists to clench, for his body to finally give in. He flops on top of you, thankful he wasn't too heavy or else he might be crushing you. Instead you look pleased, arms wrapping tighter around his body as the two of you roll over to make the position more comfortable. There's a moment of silence between the two of you where Akaashi closes his eyes, willing his heart to stay calm like his outside demeanor.

"...You may not enjoy doing your homework, and neither do I, but I want to get mine done."

"Don't be a killjoy Akaashi, we gotta cuddle some more!"

"..." He should say no, return to his work, get it over with. He knew that you would be grumbly but he'd be coming back, so that should be enough to tide you over, right?

But Akaashi just can't drag himself away, unable to leave the warmth of your arms.

"I'll wake up early tomorrow."

"Good idea!" You nod your head, curling up closer to him. "Just don't wake me up!"

'If I have to suffer...' He thinks to himself while kissing your forehead. 'So will you.'
Kenma wasn't always the most talkative and affectionate.

Sometimes, you just had to accept that he showed love in his own way.

"Are we done?" He always managed to have a whiny tone that wasn't obvious to anyone but you; you cast a glance in his direction and pouted, patting his head and promising him it'd be just a few more minutes before the two of you disappeared into your shared room for the rest of the night. He doesn't try to interrupt you again as he doesn't want negative attention from you or the person you're speaking to, though he does wish you would just talk to them when he wasn't around.

But sometimes he just couldn't be patient.

He tugs on your sleeve again, shifting closer to you when the other person gets distracted by one of their own friends walking by; he leans his head onto your shoulder, shyly nuzzling the soft skin of your neck before whispering, "Can we please go back to the room? I just want you... all to myself."

You can feel your face heat up at the implications behind his words and know that he knew exactly what they did to you. You pat your friend's arm and make-up an excuse of feeling ill, waving goodbye and promising to talk soon as you hook arms with Kenma and drag him upstairs to the room.

He might not show you affection constantly, but when he did, it meant more than words could ever explain.
Chapter Notes

Because I know today's episodes broke a lot of your hearts! Here have this to help it heal

Getting yelled at by Yamaguchi was a wake-up call that had been a long time coming.

Tsukishima knew that he was supposed to put in effort in everything he did, but his brother's own past had ruined his future; why should he try if it will all be futile? But Yamaguchi's words, the person who knew him better than anyone, had really shaken him that night.

He's lost in his thoughts, attempting to push away his self-doubts in his attempt to become a better volleyball player. He may not be angered easily, but he was competitive. He wanted Karasuno to win, and his heart had been trapped inside of a locked box ever since their loss to Aoba Johsai. Why try when there were always people out there who were better? Who trained harder?

But the whole point of it wasn't failure.

It was to try.

It was to reach and reach and reach and even if you can't, at least you have a purpose.

So deep in his thoughts, he doesn't even notice when you come across his path, even when you call out his name. You place your hands in front of you to stop him from knocking you over completely, planting them on his chest and looking up at him with an annoyed pout. It's your touch that brings him back to reality, looking down at you and smirking.

"Sorry, you were so short I didn't see you there."

"Wrong!" You exclaim, backing up a step; Tsukishima wants to pull you right back to where you were, but restrains himself, as he found he often had to do around you. "You were thinking about something. So spill it!"

You were supposed to reach for what you wanted, right? You were supposed to try with all your might to achieve a goal that would lead you to happiness?

"Eh?" You're surprised when Tsukishima's hands grab your shoulders, eyebrow raising as his fingers dig lightly into your skin. He leans forward alarmingly fast, so fast that despite wanting to move away out of shock you're frozen in place, forcing Tsukishima to do all the work. Though annoyed that you didn't also lean in, he decides he shouldn't treat his life like a romance novel just yet, keeping the kiss short but sweet.

There's a heavy feeling in the air, fluttering building up in his chest as you don't respond at all; should he turn tail and run now? No. He would just have to confront the consequences and accept that emotions were out of his control and-

"...You know, your lips are a little chapped."
"I'll prepare for next time, then." He responds back sarcastically, without missing a beat. He was definitely comfortable with sarcasm.

"A next time, huh?" You grin up at him, and he looks away.

"Goodnight."

"Don't think you can get away that easily! I want to know what you were thinking about it!"
You stare.

And you stare.

And you stare some more.

Oikawa sweats, unsure if he should take your reaction as something positive or negative. He can hardly focus on the sidewalk in front of him, stuffing his hands in his pockets and waiting for you to be the one to say something.

"You... have glasses?"

"Yeah!" He replies enthusiastically, winking as he does his 'megane' pose that he's been practicing in the mirror for three days in a row. "Do you like them, (Name)-chan?"

"...I do." You respond, grabbing his arm to stop him from walking; being stared at head on was much more embarrassing, and despite often loving the attention, he feels nervous under your stare. "Let me wear 'em."

Before he can respond you've gently removed the glasses from his face (his cheeks turning pink from the soft touch of your fingers stroking against his cheek), placing them upon your own and blinking a few times to get your eyes adjusted. A goofy smile makes its way to your face as you look around, the environment somewhat warped due to the prescriptions not exactly matching; you giggle into your hand, giving his glasses back after a few minutes out of courtesy. Oikawa wouldn't have minded if you wore them much longer, you looked even cuter in his glasses.

"You know, it's a good thing you whipped them out now. I have the perfect Christmas present in mind!"

"What is it?"

"Tooru, that ruins the point of Christmas!" You're quiet for a second. "What's your prescription, though? I'm gonna need it."

"I'll never tell until (Name)-chan tells me what she's getting me~"

"Tooru!"
When a rowdy patient comes into the ER, you weren’t expecting to deal with her hands on.

You were a first year resident, you felt new to the workings of the hospital, and when you were suddenly thrown onto the ER floor, you felt that your night just couldn’t get any worse. You see a slew of patients with horrible injuries, ranging from burns to cuts that needed stitching, but so far, nothing morbid enough to require surgery. You saw through multiple patients in one night, your Attending even commenting that you were being surprisingly efficient for being a newbie.

But she was definitely something else.

“Tanaka Saeko-” But everything after her name was announced was drowned out as you observed your newest patient; she was a pretty blonde, wearing a black t-shirt and jeans (both now torn from her motorcycle accident, which you weren’t shocked to hear, as she seemed the type) with bruises, cuts, and burns covering her body. Still, she sat in the hospital bed with a smirk on her face; almost proud to have gotten some battle scars from what she explains to you was her first ride on a motorcycle.

“I tried to be careful but I just wanted to see how fast that baby could go.” She laughs but immediately cringes, holding her stomach; you gently push her hands away and observe the tender area, swabbing it and apologizing as she cringes again. “I’m full of regrets now but… it was fine while it lasted. You ever ride a motorcycle?”

“I haven’t, and I have to say your injuries don’t exactly make me want to.” You pause. “Sorry, that might have been rude.”

“Nah,” She shakes her head, the only part of her body she could move at this point without increasing her pain. “I like when the nurses have a little bite to them.”

You feel your cheeks darken as her words have… implications… behind them that you weren’t quite prepared to deal with. You continue to do your job, ordering a scan to assure there was no internal bleeding, while stitching up her cuts. You can feel her eyes on you the entire time, never leaving despite your internal praying for her to look elsewhere; she was attractive, sure, but she had an intimidating air surrounding her. And thinking that her staring meant anything more than that she wanted to make sure you properly cared for her was ridiculous.

Ridiculous.

Once the scan is cleared and you give her the go ahead to leave, you notice she’s very slow with getting off the hospital bed. She seems to be thinking deeply about something, briefly checking her phone (her brother had called a few times, and the one time you had picked up for her, you were met with immediate yelling, which she explained was his normal speaking voice) before her attention is focused on you again.
“So, should I call in to… you know, let you guys know I’m good?”

“You don’t have to worry about that, if you have another problem; feel free to come back in. Otherwise, you’re free of this place!” You try to laugh it off but you feel disappointed that you didn’t insert some smooth line that could’ve awarded you with her number. Well, that was probably against patient protocol or something, right?

“Maybe I want to call. Have you check up on me, just to make sure I’m healing properly…” Luckily, Saeko is smoother than you, and also able to sense the mood in the room better. You find yourself sharing her smile, contagious, as you list off the personal number that she can call to update you on her condition.

“I’ll see you later, Saeko, be careful out there!”

She turns back to you with a smirk, “I can’t guarantee anything. Plus, I still have to show you the real wild side of life.”
Here, to help you feed into your love for the bby Akiteru

Ever since Akiteru left, it’d been rough.

You knew the disappointment he’d imbedded within his brother was emotionally devastating to him, and no matter what you had to say to him, you couldn’t work him out of his depression. Not that it was going to be that easy to begin with, but you felt like it was your duty to repeatedly remind him that he was still a good brother to Kei, and that just because he had lied, didn’t mean he couldn’t be redeemed.

When he told you he was leaving for college, you felt your heart crack. It was odd; you weren’t completely devastated, but there did feel like there was a heavy feeling in your chest, as though you were broken but it could be fixed still. But there was only one way to fix it, and you didn’t dare speak up. Asking him to stay while he wanted to get a fresh start would be too emotionally damaging to Akiteru, perhaps even smothering him in misery to the point of no recovery.

You kept your wound a secret from him, smiling as you saw him and told him to remember to call every now and again.

He never did forget to call you, not for a single night. Even when he was exhausted from his classes, or about to go out with his friends, or even when he was on break during volleyball practice, he would keep you up-to-date on his activities. You felt in the loop, his recovery feeling as though it was progressing nicely. He hardly talked about his brother, even when you tried to bring him up, stating that it was too soon or brushing you off with a ‘My family is fine, now tell me more about you!’ You weren’t an idiot, but if Akiteru didn’t want to talk, he wouldn’t.

When he came back a few years later, it was a surprise.

He hadn’t warned you that he’d be popping up suddenly, but his reasons for coming home made you proud.

“I bought these cool sports glasses for Kei!” He excitedly shows them off to you and his mother while you’re both sitting in the den, sharing a warm cup of tea as you wait for his brother to get home. He had just finished his last day of training camp, and was going into another tournament soon; you were happy to hear that volleyball hadn’t been completely ruined for the young boy, but Akiteru had told you it was more complicated than that. You didn’t question him as he looked ashamed again, instead asking him more questions about the gift he had gotten for his beloved younger brother.

But soon, it was late, and you couldn’t stay any longer to see his brother’s reaction.

“Come on, I’ll walk you home.” He shoots you his genuine, warm smile that had always caused the butterflies laying dormant in your stomach to work themselves up in a tizzy, causing you to bow a little lower than normal as you wished his mother farewell.
You walk down the darkened street together, the air between the two of you comfortable, no talking needed. But you wanted to talk, if only to not deepen the crack in your heart further. You wanted to see him more, you wanted to be with him more, you wished more than anything you could get into the same college as he had but… It stayed silent.

Until you reached your door.

“Thanks for walking me home, Akiteru. Keep me safe from all those bad guys out at night.”

“What can I say? I’m a hero!” He laughs but that quickly dies out, as though bad memories were suddenly running through his head. “But I… wanted to thank you for talking to me all the time. Being far away from home is tough and you really helped make it easier for me. I owe you a lot.”

“It’s all because we’re friends, right?” His smile returns to your face and he nods, rubbing the back of his head.

“Well, I should really… head back before Kei just passes out. He’ll be grumpy if I have to wake him up to give him his gift and I’m heading out early in the morning.”

“O-Oh, you’re leaving already?”

“Nah, it’s mostly to see other relatives. I’m on a break for now!”

“Oh, that’s good. Does that mean I’ll see you around more often?” Akiteru tilts his head, sending you sly smile before playfully elbowing your arm.

“Don’t tell me you’ve already fallen for me? I’ve only been home for a day!”

“Oh hush.” You hold out your arms, Akiteru leaning forward to wrap his arms around you and bring you into a tight hug. His chin rests on your shoulder like it used to, the faint smell of cinnamon wafting through the air; he never could go a day without cologne. The hug was too soft and warm to leave; your fingers digging into the material of his jacket before you will yourself to pull away, not wanting to hold him back from going home much longer.

You pause before entering your home, turning to face him with a thoughtful expression.

“But also… what makes you think that it just happened today?”
To Terushima, another practice meant another time to show off.

He stuck his tongue out at you as he’s walking out to the court, showing off his newly pierced tongue with a wink. You were used to his flirting by this point, but the undercut paired with the piercing was making you weak. What did it feel like to make out with a guy that has a tongue ring? Probably amazing.

Through the entire practice match, Terushima continues to act like a huge show-off, flexing his muscles, pulling off ridiculous moves, and trying to showcase what an amazing player he was. You can’t help but laugh at his antics, so overly dramatic and energetic that it was clear he was trying to impress you. You didn’t mind, but it did irritate the other manager, who wanted them to legitimately practice.

When it comes time for a break, you’re unsurprised when he approaches you with a certain swagger in his step, leaning against the wall as you hand him his water bottle and towel to dry off the sweat from a hard practice. He winks at you, wiping his face before tossing the towel over his shoulder and leaning against the wall, striking a ‘cool guy’ pose that looked as though it was directly from a movie.

“I can see it in your eyes, you know. You wanna know what it’s like to make-out with a guy who has a tongue ring!” Terushima leans close to your face, his nose brushing against yours. “Just wanted to let you know I’d be glad to show you.”
So Karasuno finally won! The imagery in the latest chapter was super great tbh I loved it. But now my angels at Fukurodani and Nekoma are gonna have to face off! I want Fukurodani to win but I feel like Nekoma will simply so that them and Karasuno can have the 'battle at the garbage dump' for Nekoma's coach!

Ushijima was a man of so few words and emotions you weren’t surprised when he said nothing to you, even after a loss.

There was just something ever so slightly off; someone who didn’t know him well probably wouldn’t be able to tell. You watch him carefully through the awards ceremony and listen in on his quick talk with Tendou, feeling better when he admits that even he has immature desires when it comes to winning. You wait until he’s on the bus to sit next to him, and even then he doesn’t bother to speak to you. He simply gives you a nod of acknowledgement when you went to sit down, and nothing more.

After arriving at the school, they’re made to deliver on their hundred practice serves, and you watch from afar, wishing they would simply move on and go home. You yawn as the practice is coming to a finish, having noticed the entire time that Ushijima hadn’t talked; he had been scarily accurate and hard-hitting during his serves, perhaps taking out his frustration on the ball, but you still weren’t content with just that. You wait until most of the others have filtered into the locker room before you approach him, clearing your through to get his attention.

“You know, you can lean on me if you need it. You shouldn’t shoulder loss all on your own.” You have a feeling your words aren’t affecting him like you wish they would, but he does seem to at least be thinking about what they could mean.

“Lean… on you?” He mutters under his breath, taking a step closer. “I’m allowed to lean on you?”

“Uh- well yeah, you didn’t take that too literally.” But his head is on your shoulder in an instant, his upper half bowed down as he places some of his weight on you. It comes as such a shock you can’t help but wrap your arms around him in fear of him dropping to the ground like a rock, wondering what you did to get burdened with such a literal guy. But the touch is nice, and the feeling he sends coursing through you is enough to make smile and laugh even after a loss.

He removes his head a few minutes later, the same stoic expression remaining on his face.

“…Thank you.” He nods his head, turning to head towards the lockers where the rest of his team was surely waiting. “I won’t have to lean on you again. I will win next time.”

“I have no doubt.” You watch him leave with a fond smile, positive that this was the first you had ever touched him in an intimate manner. Your fingers are still tingling, and you can still feel the weight of his head on your shoulder as he leaned his tired body against you. You had never seen that side of him before, never thought he’d be capable of indulging his more emotional side by opening up, even if a tiny bit, to you.
But what else could make a person act more human than loss?
Together (Kentarou Kyoutani)

Chapter Notes

Kyoutani is cute and I'm excited to see more of him in the anime! Maybe I'll start writing more maybe not who rly knows!

Although fluffy puppy isn’t exactly the word you’d use to describe Kyoutani, he was always more pleasant and cuddly to be around when he’s tired.

He stretches as he enters his room, having barely interacted with his father as he stepped through the door; all he needed was him to see he was home. He packs an overnight bag with pajama’s and a toothbrush, locking his bedroom door behind him and heading towards his window. This wasn’t the first time he had snuck out to spend the night at your house, and surely it wouldn’t be the last. He hated being home, even if his father left him alone; his mere presence could just increase his bad mood, and it was exhausting being angry all the time.

He knocks on your own window after hoisting himself up to the second floor, ignoring you as you tell him he could’ve just used the door since your parents were both used to him coming over.

“Let’s go to bed.” He suggests, without really giving you a choice as you knew you wouldn’t be able to turn him down. He changes in front of you without any embarrassment, though there was some on your part as his body was incredibly beautiful and it took all you had to contain yourself. You notice a few more bruises than there had been before resting on his lower back and hip, but decide against asking him, as you didn’t want to set him off when he wanted to sleep.

You exit your room and call down a simple ‘goodnight!’ to your parents before turning to your room and grabbing your clothes to get dressed. He watches you questionably as you still won’t change in front of him, but you’re grateful he doesn’t ask, as you didn’t really have an answer. His eyes were just so intense you felt like he could see through your underwear and it just… intimidated you.

You weren’t afraid of him by any means; the only times he’s ever raised his voice is when he got too excited, not to mention he already has problems with volume control. He doesn’t raise his hands to you, and would probably commit seppuku if he ever hurt you in a physical manner. He was a guy who seemed to shine nobility though… not to his teammates, probably. But you got to see a different side of him, and couldn’t help but be endlessly happy that you didn’t play volleyball with him.

He’s laying on your bed, spread out as he normally is with his hands behind his head; he opens an eye briefly to see you entering before he closes them again, not moving to give you any room. Letting out a fond sigh, you flick the light off and quickly move to join him, not wanting any darkness monsters to snatch you away while you weren’t in your protective boyfriend’s arms.

Kyoutani’s arms immediately wrap around you when he feels your head hit his shoulder, leaning over to place a soft kiss on your nose. You’re sure that his volleyball teammates would piss themselves should they ever hear how affectionate he is, especially at night; his lips would cover your face in a myriad of kisses, and other times when you let him, he would shower your body with gentle love as well. He was a bit clingy in your opinion, but it wasn’t something that you minded; he wanted to be around you and to love you like he had never been loved before, and it only seemed right you let him do what makes him happy.
“Goodnight, Kyou.” You hum, grabbing his face to stop his kissing of your skin and instead redirect him to your mouth. “I hope you look forward to seeing this bedhead in the morning.”

“I look forward to seeing you in the morning in general, idiot.”

“Oh, please, don’t start the romance talk now that I’m falling asleep.” You nuzzle his neck, tempted to press a kiss to it but knowing his sensitivity would work against the both of you and sleep wouldn’t happen for another few hours. You will yourself to behave but promise to tease him the next morning, your eyes drifting shut as Kyoutani’s breath began to even out.

There was just something about him being around that made sleeping so much harder; maybe you just wanted to talk to and see him more often. Going to volleyball games only gave you so much exposure to him, and soon he’d be heading to nationals… or that’s what you thought, considering Aoba Johsai’s talent. If only you could stop time and spend the rest of eternity with him, peacefully sleeping and curled up together in a ball of warmth…

That was probably the corniest thought you had in awhile.

You fall asleep within another few seconds, warm and content in the arms of the love of your life, comfortable in knowing he’d call you the same.
Semi’s worry being that Tendou said he looks uncool in casual clothes is just so funny to me leave this Bokuto/Akaashi lovechild alone

“I… genuinely can’t believe you’re worried about this.”

Semi doesn’t respond to your teasing and instead tries on another jacket that doesn’t seem to suit him at all, just because Tendou had no filter and liked to mercilessly tease him. He had never struck you as the person to care much about outside appearance but apparently you were wrong, evidenced by the fact he had tried on about twenty different outfits outside of his comfort zone and definitely not within his taste.

“Let me pick something out.” You scan the aisle of clothing and try to think long and hard about the outfits he wears, finally picking something you knew that he’d like. Handing it to him over the changing stall, you can hear him stop shuffling around for a moment before he peeks his head out at you.

“I like this outfit.” You nod. “That means it isn’t cool.”

“Nah, I don’t think so.” You smile at him, arms crossed as you refuse to let him budge out of the room before he tries on the outfit he would actually like. “I like the outfits you wear just fine, and shouldn’t my opinion matter even more than your classmates?”

“They do.” He mutters from inside the changing room. “I’m trying it on, aren’t I?”

He steps out and admires himself in the long mirror, looking pleased, and more importantly, comfortable in the outfit you picked out for him. You appear behind him in the mirror, wrapping your arms around his waist, and kissing his shoulder blade.

“See, isn’t this much better?”

“So… are you saying that you should be my personal shopper from now on?”

“Well, I am the one that knows you best!”

“You’re right…” He mutters. “You’re always right.”
Goshiki had come into the coffee shop often, often enough that you’d gotten to know him a little bit each and every time as he was the only enthusiastic and awake customer in the morning. You couldn’t help but enjoy your interactions as he thanked you heartily each time you made him his signature drink, before he dashes off to volleyball practice, muttering something or other about the ace.

The one morning, you finally feel like you should make some type of move, something to show that your interest was a bit beyond just a friendly employee-customer relationship. You prepare the drink a few minutes before he enters the café, making sure it’s piping hot and just the way he likes it, but adding a foam heart to the top of it. Feeling pleased with your work, you carefully set the beside it and write his name on the cup, setting it off to the side as you wait for him to enter.

You’re busy when he finally does come, the morning rush having started a mere few seconds later; your eyes meet his and you point to his cup, already prepared and off to the side, feeling a bit giddy. He glances down at his cup and seems surprised for a second, glancing back up at you before he heads off to a table to drink. It was unusual, as he normally left as soon as he received his coffee, but you took it as a good sign.

Continuing to focus through the morning rush, you wonder what he’d have to say to you once he got a chance to speak to you. Would he tell you thank you as usual and rush off? Would he blush and mutter that he felt the same? Would he reject you as kindly as possible and then never show his face around the café again? Every now and again when you glance up you can see him watching you, smiling before his eyes dart off and he can’t look at you again. The mixed signals are rather cute, confusing, but cute.

Once the rush slows to a near halt and another co-worker finally takes over the register, you approach the table Goshiki is sitting at, where he can’t meet eyes with you.

“Hi.” You decide to start slow, greeting him first.

“H-Hello.” He stutters out, taking another nervous sip of his coffee. “How do you do that with the foam?”

“An old trick the boss teaches employees.” You sit down across from him, feeling as though you’re officially opened the channel of communication. “I’m glad you stayed.”

“I’ll be late to practice but I couldn’t leave before… we talked.” He glances over at the clock, and you can see he’s growing antsy now. Boys and their sports.

“Well, I don’t want to keep you so…” You grab his napkin, pulling the pen from your pocket before writing your number on it and pushing it back towards him. “Feel free to text or call me later, Goshiki. I’ll be waiting.”

He turns into a puff of red as he can’t manage to find a cool response to your teasing, but he stands and bows his head.

“Thank you very much for the coffee!” His near scream calls all attention to the two of you, which further embarrasses him and amuses you. “I look forward to seeing you tomorrow!” He suddenly jolts upright with a smile and a dark blush on his face, bowing to apologize to the patrons whose morning he had interrupted before he bolts from the café.
“How cute…” You say to yourself while walking back to your post, “I’m kinda even more excited for work tomorrow.”
Sakusa’s eyes lock onto his target, refusing to break contact even as said target shifts further from his line of sight. He shifts on his feet, his nerves making him feel restless though his mind tells his body it’s not time for him to move yet. He glances at his teammates around him and curses their ability to be so unaware that someone so radiant was in their presence, but he was not, and no longer could, ignore…

A shiver runs through your spine and you can’t help but shake, rubbing your arms as you wonder if a sudden draft blew through the room. Your friend gives you a questioning glance, and you shrug it off; you always seemed to get these chills when you went to major volleyball games. Maybe it was because you were so excited to see how it’d all turn out, even though you never had one solid team that you were routing for? You weren’t sure, but you take a quick glance around the room and jump when you notice a particular member is staring at you.

If you’re right, he’s from Itachiyama Academy, a renowned school that some favor to win the tournament you’re attending. They’re definitely an intimidating bunch but… when you had caught him looking at you, his head whipped to the side so fast you thought he might fall over. He’s stuck in the corner with a dark look on his face now, and you spot him glance your way again before shifting back to his position not facing you.

‘That was… weird? Was he watching me?’ You think to yourself, before your friend points on the concession stand and drags you towards it.

Damn it! He had prided himself on being too smooth to get caught and here he was, getting caught! If only the arena wasn’t so crowded, maybe he could’ve actually walked up and introduced himself to you. He glares at the crowd in disdain, causing a few passersby to walk by even quicker, before Sakusa is forced to admit his defeat.

‘One day…’ He thinks to himself, ‘When she’s alone in a corner, I’ll finally talk to her!’

A teammate glances over at him and smirks, “You just thought something creepy, didn’t you, Sakusa?”
I've actually created a blog on tumblr, called imaginesforsportsanime, where there's a quote list that's now open for requests! So if you guys have any requests, feel free to send in requests there, please!!

It didn’t take much for him to frustrate you.

As fond as you were of the owl ace, he had this knack for saying annoying things that made you think twice about what you were getting into. He had a knack for saying the wrong things at the wrong time, or for completely ruining a romantic moment that you’d worked hard to set up. You can’t blame him, though, because he was only human and his oddities were the reason you’d fallen for him in the first place.

You could still pout about it though.

“You’re cute when you’re angry.”

Your scowl almost breaks into a smile at the clearly flirtatious words that are thrown your way, but you turn your head so he can’t see, not wanting him to think he was off the hook just yet. He, however, knows this move too well, and quickly darts to the other side so he can see your face, wearing a big stupid grin on his that was sure to break your angry facade.

“Okay, okay, it’s not a big deal.” You twirl to face the opposite direction but all this does is create an opening for him to lunge and hug you from behind, lifting you slightly off the ground as he does so. “Hey!”

“Sorry, sorry!” He nuzzles into your neck, “I hate it when you’re mad at me.”

“Yeah, well, for some reason I can’t stay mad at you for long.”
“Can I kiss you right now?”

There it is, that need for you to say surprising things just to get him flustered. You hadn’t ever complained, per se, about the look on his face and how it tended to just be a neutral expression, but he could tell you took it as a challenge. For the most part, he dealt with people like you, who constantly tried to get him to evoke some sort of emotion, and that became a challenge on his on part not to give in to them.

But you were different.

“You can… if you want.” Kuguri takes you up on this challenge, mostly because he doesn’t believe you’ll do it. This was just another ‘shock’, another attempt at-

His thoughts are interrupted by the feeling of soft lips against his, and he freezes in place. You had done it! You had actually kissed him! This time he can’t help the heat rising to his face forming a noticeable blush, and the neutral expression changes to being disgruntled; are you messing with him now? How far would you go to pull emotion out of him? If he didn’t know better, he’d said Daishou was up to something, convincing you to tease him like this.

“I like you, Kuguri, did you think I just hung around you for that ‘please get this over with’ look in your eyes every time I tell a story?”

Well, he supposed that explained it, “…guess not.”

“Can I do it again?”

If you kept this up, a surprised look would be plastered on his face for the rest of eternity.
Anxiety (Kozume Kenma)

Chapter Notes

Shout-out to hitting chapter 90, can't wait to see if I can hit 100!

Sometimes the anxiety just sprung on you, a sneak attack that you had no way of blocking.

You had learned to hide it from the public eye, appearing normal, forcing yourself through the discomfort just so no one would have a cause for concern. Unfortunately for you, Kenma was no fool, and his observant behavior led to him being able to tell exactly when you were full of anxiety. It only took one glance at you for him to recognize your internal panic, and your attempts at trying to cover it while continuing on with the situation.

“...You can hold my hand... if you need to.” He doesn’t look at you as he says it but you know it’s because public displays of attention made him nervous (behind closed doors, he was just fine with it). But he also knew you needed an anchor to reality, to know you weren’t alone and that you were with someone he understood. He was willing to do something that made him uncomfortable just to help you feel a little steadier.

“Thanks, Kenma.” You reach towards him and he carefully laces his fingers with yours, giving a soft, but reassuring squeeze. “You’re the best, you know that?”

He doesn’t respond, but you don’t have to look at him to know he’s blushing.
Kuroo, you think, is a real romantic at heart.

He had always tried to portray this cool guy image, this ‘I’m the confident Captain of Nekoma’ vibe, and you had almost fallen for it, until you’d seen the way his teammates joked around with him. He had seem a little perturbed that they ruined the image he was attempting to convey to you, but when you didn’t stop talking to him in class and continued responding positively to his flirtations, he decided they could all live to see another day.

You can remember the one time he spontaneously showed up at your doorstep with flowers, asking if you were available for a date. On your first date, he had appeared so flustered you’d swear he never kissed someone before (he responds by saying he’d never kissed someone as wonderful as you, which turns you into the blushing mess). He also had a tendency to send cute texts out of the blue, reminding you that he was thinking of you or mentioning something he saw that made him think of you.

“You spoil me, you know?” You let out a noise of approval as Kuroo slides the delectable looking plate of food in front of you, sitting next to you a few minutes later after setting up his own. “I love when you cook for me. Proves you’re real husband material~!”

Kuroo turns away briefly, mostly to hide the pleased look on his face as he thought about how ridiculously cute you were being right now. Sometimes, the love he had for you was so overwhelming, he didn’t know what to do with the energy it gave him. He bumps his shoulder against yours to get your attention, and you turned towards him with a curious look.

“Can I kiss you right now?”

“Our food will get cold.”

“You have a microwave for a reason.”

You couldn’t resist him, and needless to say, your food did get cold.
Oikawa was cute, even if he could be incredibly salty.

He had told you he refused to come with you when you’d gone to the Karasuno vs. Shiratorizawa game, and you had simply replied with a dismissive statement that implied you were still going, with or without him. That’s why you’re not even slightly surprised when he shows up, looking annoyed but otherwise sitting next to you to watch. You’re later joined by Iwaizumi, who you’d texted earlier to see if he was interested in coming, and soon had your own little group to sit and watch the game with.

You can feel the irritation coming off Oikawa in waves as he carefully watched the match, and you really couldn’t imagine how he was feeling; he was watching someone he considered a ‘rival’ (in some sense of the word) face off against his other rival, one who he genuinely seemed to dislike… You almost felt guilty for luring him here (you knew he wouldn’t make you watch a volleyball game alone) but knew that, in the end, his curiosity at how the match would go would get the best of him.

“There, was that so bad?” You ask as you walk out the front doors of the building, “I wanted to watch the award ceremony though.”

“No!” He continued to usher you and Iwaizumi until you were a decent distance away from the building. You could tell he was still deep in thought about the whole situation, and after Iwaizumi parts ways, it’s hard to pull him out of it. He had told you he’d walk you home, but you were expecting a little more conversation than this.

“So, are you afraid of Kageyama?” You knew provoking him would be more than enough to bring him out of his thoughts and he nearly hisses at you when you say his name.

“Of course not.” He pouts. “Don’t mention other men when you’re with me!”

“Oh, please. Don’t act like you’re the jealous type.” You squeak in surprise as Oikawa responds with action, pushing you against the side of your house (which you’d thankfully reached in one piece) and pinning you there. His forehead presses against yours as he demands your full attention, and you knew better than to tease him once he got jealous.

“What do I have to be jealous of? I’m clearly better!” You smile in amusement at him, relaxing your body against his, feeling his grip on you loosen.

“Oh, much better.” Your cupped his cheek, “Now, can you shut up and kiss me already? I’ve had enough volleyball for the night.”

He responds with an eager smirk, “Gladly.”
“Can I kiss you right now?”

He considers saying no, just to see how you’d react; he had no interest in actually rejecting your advances, you’d weaseled your way so deep into his heart at this point there’d be no hope for him to escape now. But it didn’t mean he’d let you easily have your way, no, he couldn’t let you see exactly how much you made him feel when you were together.

You can tell from the look on his face that he’s thinking something devious, probably considering if he should tease you or not, and you take the opportunity while the gears in his head are turning to plant a loving kiss on his lips. You feel him begin to pull up, out of your reach, more teasing, but you’re quick to wrap your arms around his neck and keep him anchored closer to you. He doesn’t fight this movement, smirking into the kiss which you quickly wipe away by biting his bottom lip.

“…Don’t get feisty.” You knew he hated it when you got a little too rough, but he knew you hated when he used his height against you. He would learn not to play games with you, the hard way if need be.

“You don’t rebel against my love, Tsukki!”
Learning (Terushima Yuuji)

He needed to take a lesson in maturity.

Those were the words you had to say to him, and he had taken them to heart, even if he’d initially blown you off. It was hard to change yourself, he thought, and if you didn’t love him as he was, what good were you? But he knows that’s not the case, he knows that, in the end, you loving him so much is exactly why you’d said such harsh things to him.

He realized his actions clearly hurt your feelings, but he wasn’t exactly sure how to go about it. He’s positive if he just apologized now you’d scowl at him, or glare, or tell him he wasn’t being serious or actually realizing what it was he did. It tugged at his heart because he cared about you, because he wanted to apologize in a way that mattered. One that showed you he was serious about you, even if he didn’t take many other things seriously at all.

“I’m sorry for any pain I caused you.” He had never apologized for his unruly behavior before, but you seem rather pleased to hear this from him. It might’ve taken him a month, but it meant he’d at least gone through some type of change, right? “Geez, you must really regret agreeing to be mine, huh?”

“I’ve made a lot of mistakes, Teru, but you’re not one of them.”

He brightens up at this admission, opening his arms and pulling you into a tight hug that you happily return. You’re sure there’ll be more bumps down the road, but in the end, he’d proven to you that he would try to do better, be better.

He would do anything he could for you.

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