# the king, his prince, and the sun

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## the king, his prince, and the sun

by **Sage (the_ruined_earth_sagelord)**

### Summary

Oikawa and Iwaizumi find a little ball of sunshine. They fall pretty hard.

### Notes

Day, i hate you, but i love you, so here you go you meme loving little shit <3
Oikawa knew he was in trouble the second he saw that shining ball of light.

"Ahhh, Iwa-chan," he complained, squinting against the bright sunlight. "I'm still tired."

Iwaizumi shouldered his bag, glaring at Oikawa. "That's what you get for staying up late last night watching your alien movies," he growled. "You knew we had a practice match today, Shittykawa."

Oikawa pouted. "Iwa-chan, you're so mean."

"Didn't you sleep on the bus, moron?"

Oikawa hesitated. He glanced at the handheld game on the seat next to him. "Well..."

Iwaizumi slapped a hand to his forehead, groaning. "You're utterly useless," he grumbled. "Some captain you are. How will you be able to deliver up any service aces like this? Your receiving will be off, then your tosses will suffer, and then-"

Oikawa stood, quick and smooth, panther-like, and moved in close to Iwaizumi. Very close. He put a long finger to the other boy's lips, holding his mouth shut. "Shh, Iwa-chan," he purred. "You worry too much."

Iwaizumi swatted Oikawa's hand away. "I worry exactly enough," he muttered. He tried to be angry, but the second his hand had brushed Oikawa's, their fingers instantly sought each other out, linking, resting in the other's grasp. Everyone else had moved off the bus, and they were alone, and they were warm.

"Mm, well, thanks for worrying about me, Iwa-chan," Oikawa mumbled, nuzzling his face into Iwaizumi's neck and shoulder.

Iwaizumi sighed and reached up to run his fingers through Oikawa's silky hair. "You little shit," he murmured, hugging Oikawa close. "Make sure you don't screw us all up just because you're a little sleepy."

"Mean!"

***

They won. Of course.

Aoba Johsai stretched out in the locker room after, changing and decompressing. They had a little while before their next practice match. Some of them wanted to take a break, and they walked around the building outside, enjoying the sweet summer air. A few took showers, cooling off from their match. It had been quick, but intense. The air in the changing room was still heavy with talk about it.

"Didn't Karasuno seem a little weird today?"
"Yeah, definitely. Did you see their libero? Jumping like that?"

"That long haired guy trying to jump serve-"

"That synchronized attack...or whatever that was supposed to be..."

Oikawa listened to the conversation drift around him, but he didn't really feel like adding anything. Karasuno had definitely been different. They'd stumbled, looking like total fools on the court. But when Oikawa had watched them from his side of the net, he hadn't seen looks of desperation, not like the last time they'd battled, in the spring tournament.

No, Oikawa had seen a mob of hungry crows. Their eyes had shimmered with that strange glow of evolution.

And they hadn't been afraid.

Oikawa grinned, and he laughed softly to himself, out loud, ignoring the curious looks some of the underclassmen in the room shot him. So, that's why Tobio-chan had come to him, eh? Was "the king of the court" going to evolve with the rest of his peasants on Karasuno? Did that mean the little orange shrimp would be changing too? Oikawa's grin darkened, and the rest of the boys still in the locker room edged away from him, hurrying out, trying to get away from the strange aura coming from their captain.

Oikawa leaned back against the wall, resting his head on the cool tile. Well, if Karasuno was going to evolve that much, there'd have to be some changes on the Aoba Johsai team as well. Those crows couldn't be allowed to catch up.

"Oi."

Oikawa opened one eye. Iwaizumi stood over him. He slumped down on the bench next to Oikawa with a sigh.

"We barely won today, Oikawa," Iwaizumi said. "You realize that, right?"

"Mm." Oikawa closed his eye again.

"Karasuno was definitely off, and everyone else'll probably say we crushed them, but you and I know better. You saw what I saw, Oikawa. They're changing. Pretty soon, they'll catch up."

"Mm, yeah," Oikawa said. "Totally."

Iwaizumi scowled. "You could at least pretend to worry."

Oikawa sat forward abruptly, looking directly at Iwaizumi. "I'm not worried though, Iwa-chan," he said smugly. "So what if the little crows are learning to fly. Let them. They'll still have to get past us. And we won't let them. They won't get to Shiratorizawa." His eyes burned. "Not before we do."

Iwaizumi raised an eyebrow, but he decided to settle for Oikawa's words meaning the captain was fired up as ever. He sighed. "Just make sure you don't stay up late again. We suffered this morning because of that! We can't cover for your lousy ass all the time."

"Iwa-channn," Oikawa pouted. "Stop being so mean!" He glanced around at the empty locker room. "And besides..." He swung himself up and onto Iwaizumi's lap, straddling the other boy's waist with his legs. He leaned in close, back arching as he dipped his head to brush his lips against Iwaizumi's ear. He whispered into it, his mouth cocked in a coy smile. "I'm pretty sure you don't
think I have a lousy ass, do you, Hajime?

Iwaizumi's face flushed, and he sputtered, stumbling for words. He brought his hands up to try pushing Oikawa away, but he just ended up fiddling with Oikawa's collar, barely resisting the temptation to send his hands under the captain's shirt and explore parts of Oikawa's body that he very much wanted to discover. Again.

"S-shut up, Shittykawa," Iwaizumi mumbled, blushing everywhere.

Oikawa chuckled, pressing his lips to Iwaizumi's forehead. "Do you even know how cute you are, Iwa-chan?"

"Yes."

Oikawa swatted Iwaizumi's shoulder, grinning. "Cocky, much?"

"What's wrong? Remind you of someone?"

"Mean, Iwa-chan!"

Iwaizumi hummed, his body thrumming underneath Oikawa's legs. Oikawa shuddered, and he leaned down towards the other boy's mouth, needing Iwaizumi's warmth, his strength, his everything.

They kissed, slow and gentle, their lips soft against each other. Oikawa pulled away and smiled, feeling so light, so heavy. His body was fuzzy, about to float away, but every part of him was tethered down. His hips tied to Iwaizumi's hands wrapped around them, his legs anchored to the body he straddled, his arms bound to the neck they were flung around.

"Hey."

Iwaizumi shifted, nuzzling his face into Oikawa's chest. "Hey."

"You know, Iwa-chan?"

"Mm?"

"I kinda like you."

Iwaizumi snorted. "I should hope so by now, dumbass. It's only been, what, eight months?"

Oikawa hummed happily into Iwaizumi's neck, nuzzling it with small kisses.

At that moment, the two of them heard someone rounding the corner, singing tunelessly to themselves. Oikawa leaned away from Iwaizumi so the other boy could sit up, and together they watched as Karasuno's middle blocker skipped into the locker room. Arms swinging, a flash of orange and bright smiles. Then a small gasp, and a pause. Tiny hands curled into fists. Legs tensed. Oikawa stared at him, his eyes boring into the smaller boy's amber ones.

"Chibi-chan," he said after a moment.

"AH! NO!" The boy stamped his foot, blushing angrily. "Oi-Oikawa-san! I'm Hi-Hinata Shyou! From Karasuno!"

"Hee-heenata?" Oikawa teased.
Hinata's face flushed. Oikawa was too intimidating to talk to without stuttering. "Hi-na-ta," he said carefully. He twisted the fabric at the bottom his black jacket, fidgeting with his hands. He gaped—without subtlety—at Oikawa very clearly sitting on top of Iwaizumi. "Um, Oikawa-san, Iwaizumi-san...where are the bathrooms in here?"

Oikawa looked down at Iwaizumi, who glanced back up at him. Oikawa sighed, then begrudgingly slid off Iwaizumi's lap. "Walk with me?"

Iwaizumi stood, automatically taking the hand Oikawa had extended to him. "Yeah, sure."

Hinata hopped around them as they led him to the lavatories. Like a bird, he sprang from one spot to the next, leaping lightly, landing soft. He poked his head between them, his fluffy hair tickling their arms, as he peppered them with questions about the match.

"Grand King! How do you do those pwahh! serves?! And Iwaizumi-san! Your blocks are so strong! I'm a middle-blocker—I wish my arms could block like yours!"

Iwaizumi and Oikawa looked at each other, arching their eyebrows. "Er, Shrimpy," Oikawa said. "Where's Tobio-chan? Don't you usually hover around him?"

Hinata huffed. "Not always! He had this awful expression earlier anyways, and he kept muttering about messing up his toss during our match and—" Something flashed in his eyes, and he leaped out in front of the other two, spinning to face them, hands on hips, legs splayed wide. "We're going to defeat you," he declared. His expression was serious, his mouth set in a hard line. "I'm going to become really strong, and then Karasuno will definitely beat you guys!"

Oikawa laughed, doubling over. He slapped his knees. "Chibi-chan, you're so cute!" Then he straightened, his face darkening into a sly, threatening smirk. "But if you seriously think you'll beat us, you've got a lot to learn."

Hinata nodded, eyes lighting up. "Yeah!" he agreed. "We do! So we're gonna train super hard!"

Oikawa paused. "Eh? Um..."

Iwaizumi glanced at Oikawa, then down at Hinata. He sighed. "Moron," he muttered. Louder, he said to Oikawa, "Were you hoping to scare the small fry with that?"

Oikawa hesitated. He looked down at Hinata’s determined expression, his clenched fists, his tensed stance. "Well, actually...yes." He frowned.

Iwaizumi sighed again. "I told you, Asskawa, they're different now. Shrimp-kun here is too fired up. So's the rest of them. Karasuno isn't afraid of you anymore."

Oikawa scowled. He made a scary face at Hinata and raised his hands like claws in front of his face. "We're going to destroy you, Chibi-chan!!"

Hinata stared at him. His soft hair rustled in the breeze blowing in through the open gymnasium door. The daylight streaming through the windows shimmered in his eyes. They were flat, gazing through Oikawa, at something the older captain couldn’t hope to see. He simply stared straight through Oikawa’s being.

Oikawa backed away from Hinata. He felt a little out of breath suddenly, and that worried him. Why was this kid, his enemy who wasn’t even worth worrying about in a match, getting him so worked up?
“Looks like you’re right, Iwa-chan,” Oikawa murmured. “The little crow isn’t afraid to get its wings clipped.”

Hinata paled. “Huh? Eh!? No, no! I mean—what I meant was, since we’re all at training camp together—not that you have to, it’s just that you’re our rivals—and we want to get better!—so, um, well…”

Oikawa tilted his head. “What are you babbling about, Shrimpy-chan?”

“Can we do free practice together?!?” Hinata blurted out, his face red and his body coiled, like he half expected them to fight him.

Iwaizumi and Oikawa stared in disbelief at Hinata. “Wha…”

“Well, it’s a training camp, and we’re all here together, trying to get better…” Hinata shuffled his feet, twisting his fingers together nervously. “Like last week! I practiced with Nekoma’s setter, Kenma! And…and tomorrow! Tomorrow, Fukurodani’s spiker is going to show me some techniques! So, well, you’re the Grand King, I thought—maybe—you could…show me…some stuff…” His voice got very small at the end, and he looked down at his shoes nervously.

Oikawa gazed down at Hinata’s bowed head. Iwaizumi glanced at his captain, trying to guess what he might do. Oikawa’s face was solemn, his brows furrowed in concentration.

Then he stuck out his tongue. “Hehh, no! Stuuupid!” He cackled.

Iwaizumi jabbed Oikawa in the ribs, shutting him up and making him splutter and cough. He bowed to Hinata. “Sorry for him,” he said. “Yes, we’d be happy to. It’s a training camp, after all.”

Oikawa turned to Iwaizumi, a look of betrayal in his eyes. “Iwa-chan,” he blubbered. “How could you! Betrayed by my own boyfr—”

Iwaizumi smacked the back of Oikawa’s head. “Shut up, Trashykawa,” he growled. “Kageyama is our rival, not Shrimpy-kun here. What’s wrong with helping him out a little? You scared he might surpass you?”

Oikawa made a disgusted face. “Iwa-chan, now you’re just being mean.” He turned to Hinata. “Fine, Chibi-chan. We can start whenever you want. Tomorrow if you have some free time after working with Koutarou-san, come find Hajime and me. We’ll…well, we’ll do something. You’re gonna have to keep up though.”

“Gwooaahhhhh!!” Hinata’s eyes shone, and he bounced up and down. “Thank you, Grand King-san! And Iwaizumi-san!” He bolted to the door. “I’ll go get some sleep right away, so I’ll be rested for tomorrow!”

“Wait, you little shrimp!” Oikawa called after him. “What about the bathroom?”

But Hinata was already gone. Iwaizumi clicked his tongue. “Geeze, Oikawa, for someone so smart, you’re a real idiot sometimes.”

Oikawa glared at him. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Iwaizumi put a hand on Oikawa’s shoulder, staring him directly in the eyes. “He never had to go to the bathroom, stupid.” Then he turned and left for the door.

Oikawa stood there for a few seconds, his brain processing, trying to catch up with the whirlwind
of orange fire that had blown through, the sudden revelation.

“What! He tricked us?!”

***

A crow stood before a high, high wall.

“Oi, Chibi-chan,” Oikawa called. “This one’s coming right at your feet, so bend your body lower on your receive.”

“Ossu!”

The serve went up. Oikawa breathed, leapt after it, his hand coming down like a viper. He smacked it with all his power, blasting it right over the edge of the net, angled directly for the floor at the base of Hinata’s feet.

“Step up to it, Hinata!” Iwaizumi shouted. “Cut off its trajectory!”

Hinata jumped forward, arms ready to receive. He bent low, reached for it…

…and it went careening out of bounds off his arms, nearly knocking him over with its power.

“Oww!” Hinata cried, shaking his arms out. “Damn it! I still can’t receive that!”

Iwaizumi jogged over to Hinata, taking his arms to inspect them. “Not many people can stop Oikawa’s service ace,” he said, squinting at the red abrasions on Hinata’s forearm. “Your libero, that little loudmouth, was able to in our match back in the spring. Your libero, that little loudmouth, was able to in our match back in the spring. But it takes a lot of receiving practice to be able to even withstand its power. You looked pretty good stepping up to it like that, but your arms are still too weak to hold the receive against an attack that strong.”

Hinata pulled his arms away, scowling. “I know that,” he complained, squirming. “That’s why I need to keep practicing! Make my arms stronger, Iwa-kun!”

Iwaizumi frowned. “‘Iwa-kun?’”

“Oho? What’s going on, Shrimpy-chan?” Oikawa lifted the net and stepped under it, crossing to their side. “Did you finally figure out you can’t beat my jump serve?” He smirked.

Hinata bristled. “I will!” he barked. “I’ll find a way to withstand it!”

“You know, Hinata-kun,” Iwaizumi said. “You don’t need to worry about stopping service aces like this shitty kid’s.”

“Iwa-chan!”

“You should focus on building up your regular receives instead,” Iwaizumi continued, fending off Oikawa’s light slaps to the back of his head and arms. “Build a solid foundation for receiving. That will help your team much more than focusing on trying to stop a specific attack.”

Hinata frowned. “But…” He turned to Oikawa. “But I want to stop the Grand King.”
Oikawa paused, his hands caught in Iwaizumi’s after he’d tried getting under his shirt to tickled him. He glanced down at Hinata. “You won’t,” he said bluntly. “I’m a third year. I’m almost done, so there’s a chance we won’t even meet in a match anymore. Plus…” His eyes darkened, and an aura of malignant intent swirled around his body like the cape of a true, supreme king. “We’re going to be the ones to take on Shiratorizawa. Aoba Johsai will be the ones to take them down, not some crows from the dumpster.”

“Hey, Oikawa,” Iwaizumi warned, but Hinata had grown quiet, and he stepped forward, his eyes strange and blank. Empty amber slates staring into Oikawa’s startled eyes.

“We’re going to win,” Hinata said, and for a terrible moment, Oikawa actually believed that. It was so clearly defined in Hinata’s empty eyes, his very presence. “We’re going to win every match, and we’ll crush you guys. I am going to defeat that Ushiwaka. I’ll fly from that dumpster and take the top right from you, Grand King!”

He was panting, eyes wild, shoulders hunched, body tensed. He stared up at Oikawa, daring him to challenge what he’d said. But Oikawa couldn’t. He was breathless. The intensity of that gaze…

*Is this what Tobio-chan deals with all the time? This pressure, like I’m looking at the sun?*

And then Oikawa realized it. Hinata wasn’t just unafraid anymore. He was looking forward to the next match Aoba Johsai. He wanted to face them.

Something shifted inside Oikawa, and he blinked down at Hinata, as if seeing him for the first time. “You…”

Hinata spun around, marching towards the net. “Toss to me,” he demanded, and he turned to face Oikawa. The winds couldn’t have matched the gust of strength that came from such a demand, the mountains themselves would have been leveled with the steel in Hinata’s eyes. “We’re not done practice yet.”

Iwaizumi looked at Oikawa, but the other boy had his fists clenched, his eyes wide. Oikawa was…unsettled, but Iwaizumi couldn’t tell exactly what his captain was feeling.

“Right. Some tosses.”

Iwaizumi arched an eyebrow. Oikawa was going to keep at it? He sighed inwardly, moving off to set the ball for Oikawa’s toss. He watched Hinata as well, but the smaller boy was turned away from him, staring at the net, waiting.

Iwaizumi set the ball towards Oikawa, who reached, grasped it for a moment, tossed it up.

The ball arced through the air, and they watched Hinata shift, his body already starting to move in tempo with the toss.

Then Oikawa and Iwaizumi froze.

A whip of orange light, cannon fire in every step, then a leap over mountains, like a god stepping across the earth, and he was airborne, the court shaking with his ferocity, his hand coming down like a katana, cutting the air in two, spiking the ball with power that shouldn’t have existed in so small a form, as if something greater and darker lurked within his body.

A small explosion sounded with the smack, and the ball rocketed down to smash comet-like onto the other side of the court.
Hinata landed lightly, his sneakers barely making a noise on the gymnasium floor. He turned to gaze at Oikawa and Iwaizumi.

“One more.”

Oikawa felt his chest clutch tight, and he turned to Iwaizumi. The other boy looked just as dumbfounded, just as amazed. They shared a look, and Oikawa knew in an instant that Iwaizumi was feeling what he was.

This crow, this savage bird, was a predator waiting for them to show their weakness. And they just had, by underestimating him yet again. Kageyama may have been called the “king of the court,” and so what if Hinata called Oikawa the “Grand King”? Both Oikawa and Iwaizumi knew those titles were nothing. They were hollow next to this monster, this tyrant crow.

Oikawa and Iwaizumi continued setting for Hinata, and occasionally Iwaizumi would switch in to hit some tosses too. But the tide of the practice had changed. Only one person controlled what was going on anymore. And he shone as he flew from toss to toss, hitting spike after spike.

Oikawa couldn’t help it. Later, he would say it was the intensity of the practice. Or that he got caught up in the emotions of trying to match his alleged opponent’s ambition. Whatever excuse he might give in the future, in that moment there, with Iwaizumi at his side, the king could feel his chilled nerves grow warm, his cool exterior melt in the heat of the blazing sun he tossed to. He watched Hinata fly, spread wings of red fire and soar to the summit every single time. This wasn’t mere fascination. Oikawa could feel something spreading inside his gut, his chest, his limbs, every part of his being. It was addictive, like pure sunlight was being injected into his veins. He wanted more of it, he wanted to keep tossing to it, praising its ferociousness. But mostly, he wanted to touch it, to hold it in his hands and say it was his, to grasp at the feathers of this star and hold it close.

As they finally called it quits for the night, and Oikawa watched Hinata run off towards the Karasuno dorms, he knew one thing, and one thing only.

He was absolutely, undeniably, head-over-heels confused.

He probably had to talk to Iwaizumi about a few aspects of their relationship.

Including what to do when he still loved Iwaizumi, but found himself developing something resembling emotions towards this raging ball of sun.

Chapter End Notes

i decided to build to the smut like the sINNER i am, so i'm stopping it here. i will continue it once winter break starts, although if enough people like it and pester me about it, i may try to update it quicker lmao
Oikawa and Iwaizumi discover they both have some inklings of feelings they may have for a certain small crow

a.k.a. the boys go on a date because Oikawa couldn't keep his mouth shut

for the restaurant scene i looked it up and apparently doggy bags have been creeping into the Japanese dining scene in the last few years, even though it wasn’t always customary to use them. for the purposes of this story, let’s just say they are, cuz hinata is too smoll to finish the huge proportions restaurants always serve lmao

Oikawa slumped to the ground, groaning when his tailbone banged against the hardwood floor. He rubbed the back of his neck, slinging his towel over his shoulders. His water bottle was half empty, barely any help. He sighed. Stretched his arms. Took deep breaths.

Practice had been rough. Aoba Johsai was improving, their attacks getting stronger and timed better, but there was still an imbalance between some of the players. That was from personal grudges, rivalries, shit that needed to stay off the court but was dragged into practices and games nonetheless. Coach had talked to the kids about it. Iwaizumi had as well. Even Oikawa had put on his best serious face and lectured the team. Captain’s duties.

Every team had rough patches. Some drama now and again. Oikawa wasn’t really worried about it.

What he was worried about was the team in the next gym over. The looming aura that terrified all the scaredy-cat first years walking by. Inside that gym, a monster was being born.

Oikawa’s fingers tightened on the towel around his neck.

Those damn crows…

Something warm brushed the top of Oikawa’s head, and he looked up.

Iwaizumi stood over him, holding a fresh, full water bottle. He offered it to Oikawa. “Drink, Shittykawa,” Iwaizumi growled. “Stop pushing yourself so hard if you’re not gonna hydrate, idiot.”

Oikawa nodded, mumbling an apology, and he took the bottle.

Iwaizumi watched him drink, his brows furrowed thoughtfully. “You’re thinking about Karasuno again, aren’t you?”
Oikawa choked on the water, and he pulled the bottle away, coughing and spluttering. He wiped his mouth, glancing up at Iwaizumi. “What! No, of course not. Why would I be worried about those miserable, lowly, shit-eating—”

“I said ‘thinking’ about them. Not ‘worried,’ moron.”

Oikawa went silent, frowning. “Well, I’m not worried. So there!”

Iwaizumi sighed. He put his back to the wall Oikawa was leaning against and slid down to sit next to him. He put his arm around Oikawa’s neck, despite the captain’s grumbled protests.

“Come here,” Iwaizumi muttered, trying to pull Oikawa close. “Hey, quit hitting me—come here.”

“Gross, Iwa-chan,” Oikawa complained. “Stop trying to be mushy, it doesn’t suit you!”

Iwaizumi blushed. “Shut up, Asskawa, I can be mushy. Now stop fighting me and get on my lap.”

Oikawa shut up immediately.

Iwaizumi guided Oikawa onto his legs, crossed underneath Oikawa to give the captain a place to sit. Oikawa leaned back against Iwaizumi’s chest, his head resting in the curve of the vice-captain’s neck, Iwaizumi’s large arms wrapped tight around Oikawa’s body, hugging him close. Oikawa closed his eyes, relishing in how warm Iwaizumi was.

“They’re getting stronger,” Iwaizumi murmured, and Oikawa tensed. “But that’s okay,” Iwaizumi continued. “We’ll just get stronger too. Like what happened with you dad, right? You survived that. You’ll survive Karasuno, too. We’ll beat them. And Shiratorizawa. We’ll get to the top, Tooru. You and me. We will.”

Oikawa huddled in closer to the warmth of Iwaizumi’s body. “I’m lucky no one else gets to see this side of you,” he whispered. “You big marshmallow.”

Iwaizumi smiled into Oikawa’s hair. He pressed a kiss to the top of Oikawa’s head. “Oh yeah, Shittykawa? Why’s that?”

Oikawa turned, leaning up to kiss Iwaizumi on the lips, his body warm and bubbling under Iwaizumi’s arms. He pulled away from the kiss and stared into Iwaizumi’s eyes, cupping the other boy’s face with his hands. “Because I’m a selfish bastard and I want this part of you all to myself.”

Iwaizumi smirked. “You’re an idiot,” he chuckled.

Oikawa laughed too. “Mean,” he chirped, and he kissed his boyfriend again.

***

Karasuno’s middle blocker was giving them problems.

He was too fast. Oikawa’s team was used to the speed of his attacks, but apparently he and Kageyama had come up with a brand new form of their freak quick. One the shrimp could control. One that proved very, very dangerous to Aoba Johsai’s chances of winning the practice match.

Oikawa took a deep breath, spinning the ball in his hands. He closed his eyes, let out the air in his
lungs, inhaled, flung the air out again. He was in control. He wouldn’t lose control. He was fine. He was—

“Oikawa-san, nice serve!”

His eyes snapped open. He threw the ball up, stepped forward, jumped, his palm flying down like a hammer on the last nail of Karasuno’s coffin. Connected. The *fwoom!* of the service spike as it screeched towards the net, slammed into the other team’s libero, and went up.

Oikawa scowled. *Nice receive, Lightning Shrimp,* he thought bitterly. Karasuno’s libero was good, that was for sure.

Oikawa moved into position. The receive had gone up, there was the set, and then the spiker would follow—

Oikawa froze.

Hinata was flying through the air, thunderclouds behind him, the skies splitting open as his arm snaked up, palm flattening for the strike. Oikawa stared up at him, flying, *he was soaring.* It seemed like his whole team, both sides of the net, the entire gymnasium, was watching this bird of prey tear through the air, time hanging still. Hinata’s eyes were empty, cold.

He swung his arm and there was nothing there.

Aoba Johsai’s blockers had gone up, and now they were falling back down to the ground, cursing as Karasuno’s ace sprang up behind Hinata, his arm a cannon, set up and loaded by Kageyama’s toss, Hinata’s deception.

The spike slammed onto the court, right next to Oikawa’s foot. He didn’t even flinch, didn’t even realize the play had finished. He only stared through the net, glaring at Kageyama, at the ace, at all of Karasuno.

At him.

Hinata turned, his head cocked slightly, and he caught Oikawa’s eyes. Their gazes locked for a moment.

Then Hinata turned away.

“Oikawa!”

Oikawa flinched. He blinked, snapping back to reality. “Huh?”

“Pay attention,” Iwaizumi snarled. “What happened? That spike went right past you! Why didn’t you try to stop it?”

Oikawa glanced around. The rest of the team was standing around them, panting, staring at their captain, waiting. Oikawa watched Hinata leave the net and join his team’s huddle.

“*Iwa-chan,*” he murmured. “I…”

“Just snap out of it and wake up out there,” Iwaizumi growled. “Everyone else, let’s go. Back to your positions; it’s their serve now so let’s get it back. We’ve only got a few points to go. And you—” He pointed at Oikawa. “Whatever’s bothering you, either figure it out or sit down and cool off. We need you focused, captain.”
Oikawa swallowed. His throat was tight. Leave it to Iwaizumi to pick up his mess. Even if that meant telling him off in the middle of a match.

“Right,” Oikawa muttered. He took a deep breath, relaxed his shoulders, threw back his head. His team around him set their feet, widened their stances, opened their arms in defensive positions, ready to receive. The serve was coming. They would be ready.

“Everyone,” Oikawa said, and his team hesitated, their bodies leaning to the net, ready to spring forward and attack, but held back by their captain’s voice.

“Sorry I’m being a moron right now,” Oikawa said to them. He scowled at the other side of the court. “I won’t let it affect me in the match anymore. So please, let’s finish this. I’m counting on—”

“We’re counting on you, captain,” the other boys all chorused, giving Oikawa huge grins and thumbs-up signs all around.

Oikawa’s chest tightened, and his heart swelled. He swallowed thickly. Bowed his head. “Thank you, everyone,” he whispered.

The serve went up. Aoba Johsai stood as firm as a tree in the face of lightning, and the ball came down like thunder.

***

“That was way too close. Again, Oikawa.”

Oikawa wordlessly slipped off his kneepads, ignoring Iwaizumi’s rambling commentary about the game, and how close Karasuno had been to catching up, and how they’d even pushed Aoba Johsai to a third set. He was going on and on. Oikawa couldn’t really hear him. He was too focused on his kneepads.

“See you later, Oikawa-san, Iwaizumi-san!”

Iwaizumi waved at the other teammates as they filed out of the locker room. He folded his hands in his lap, staring at his knuckles. Oikawa stepped into the wash room to take out his contacts, but out of the corner of his eye he could still see Iwaizumi, pulling his jersey over his head, exposing his tanned body as he got changed.

Oikawa put his glasses on and sneaked up behind Iwaizumi, wrapping his arms around his boyfriend’s waist. Iwaizumi’s skin was warm under Oikawa’s cool arms, and he ran his fingers along Iwaizumi’s sides, the tips of his fingers tingling at the contact. He leaned his forehead into the back of Iwaizumi’s neck, sighing. “I’m sorry about…out there.”

Iwaizumi hesitated, but he started humming softly when Oikawa’s fingers laced together over his stomach and Oikawa’s arms pulled them closer together. “You’re an idiot,” Iwaizumi sighed. “And I’m still mad at you, but, uh, you know, don’t stop. Feels nice.”

Oikawa smiled into Iwaizumi’s hair as he leaned up and placed a kiss on the back of the vice-captain’s head. “Later, you sex-animal,” he scolded in silky voice.

“Oi, that’s not what I—”

“Mm-hm, sure, Iwa-chan.”
“Come here, you little…”

Oikawa giggled and pulled away. “Hajime, no! That tickles!”

“Too bad, Shittykawa,” Iwaizumi teased, and he grabbed Oikawa’s cheeks, cupping the other boy’s entire face in his hands. He pulled the squealing captain close and kissed him right on the nose, pushing Oikawa’s glasses up into his messy hair.

Oikawa pulled back, face flushed, eyes sparkling, hair a disaster. He grinned at Iwaizumi, and the other boy smirked back.

“Feeling better now?” Iwaizumi said. He kissed Oikawa on the neck, wrapping his large arms around Oikawa’s slim frame.

Oikawa nestled into the warm embrace, feeling like he could sleep in Iwaizumi’s arms as they cradled him. “Yes,” he mumbled into Iwaizumi’s bare chest.

“Mm. Good.”

Oikawa closed his eyes, resting his cheek against Iwaizumi’s collarbone. He could stay like this forever. Maybe he’d been wrong. Maybe he hadn’t felt anything before, when that mini-sun had eclipsed the court and left him in awe of its brilliance. That’s right. He had everything he wanted right here. He felt loved. He felt safe.

And yet…

He’d felt something on that court.

“Hajime…”

Iwaizumi looked down at him. “Hm? What is it, Tooru?”

A pause. Silence.

Whenever he says my name I get so weak.

“Nothing, Iwa-chan. Don’t worry about it.”

“Alright.”

“I love you, Hajime.”

“Yeah, you’re alright too.”

Oikawa slapped Iwaizumi on the back of the head. “Put a shirt on, moron.”

***

Oikawa and Iwaizumi walked out of the locker room together, their hands clasped loosely together. They whispered to each other, smiles plastered on their faces like goofy masks. Oikawa giggled at something Iwaizumi said, and he threw back his head, laughing loud and happily.

The sun was setting outside, and the last practice matches of the day were finishing up. Karasuno was just coming in from their “refreshing” sprints up the hill. They panted, bent at the knees, their
mood dark and heavy.

Except for one.

Hinata bounced up and down, tackling Kageyama, high-fiving that bald spiker kid, and pumping his fists in the air with the lightning-haired shrimp. He was everywhere, a ray of sun among the dark crows. A pure light in the shadows.

Their captain, Daichi, caught sight of Oikawa and Iwaizumi and nodded respectfully to them. Iwaizumi nodded back, nudging Oikawa in the ribs to make him do it too. They continued on through the gym.

“Oh! Oikawa-san! Iwa-kun!”

Iwaizumi frowned. “There’s that ‘Iwa-kun’ again,” he grumbled, but he turned anyway to the voice.

Hinata bounced up to them, all bubbles of light and golden smiles. Oikawa pretended not to notice him.

“Iwa-kun, Oikawa-san, can we do some more free practice? Tonight? Or tomorrow!”

Iwaizumi shrugged. “Sure, Shrimpy-kun, I don’t mind.”

Oikawa froze.

Hinata leaped up, whooping excitedly, his legs almost smacking Iwaizumi in the face. “Thank you, Iwa-kun! I’ll go get my stuff!”

“Wait!”

Iwaizumi and Hinata turned to Oikawa. “What’s wrong, Oikawa?” Iwaizumi said. Hinata hovered worriedly by Iwaizumi’s shoulder.

Oikawa glared at Hinata. He adjusted his glasses. “We’re having a date tonight, remember, Iwa-chan?” he said, honey dripping from his voice like poison.

Iwaizumi frowned. “I don’t think—”

“Ah! I’m sorry!” Hinata bowed. “I didn’t mean to interrupt your plans! We can do it tomorrow!”

Oikawa smiled, but it didn’t reach his eyes. “Sure, Chibi-chan. Tomorrow.”

Iwaizumi watched Oikawa, his eyes narrowed. “I have an idea,” he said.

Oikawa hesitated.

Iwaizumi turned to Hinata. “Hinata, why don’t you come with us? That way we can talk volleyball without all the stress of this place. We’ll answer any questions you have. It’s not going to be a romantic date or anything. We were just going out on the town. You know, have some fun.” He looked at Oikawa. “Weren’t we, Tooru?”

Oikawa’s breath caught in his chest. *What was Iwaizumi doing?* He cleared his throat. Licked his lips. “Er, yes, right, Iwa-chan. Just some fun.”

He glared at Iwaizumi, but Iwaizumi just returned the look, his eyes flat, saying *we’ll talk about*
this later with one glance.

Oikawa could feel himself deflate, pierced by that look.

“Fine, Chibi-chan, go get changed,” Oikawa sighed. “We’ll meet outside in ten minutes. Iwaizumi knows his way around here, so he’ll be taking us somewhere fun.”

“Oh, will I?” Iwaizumi muttered as Hinata jumped up and down, thanking them again and again. He sprang away, racing out of the gym.

Iwaizumi turned on Oikawa immediately. “What the hell was that?” he growled. “What’s with you, Oikawa?”

Oikawa scowled. “Me? What’s with you! Inviting him to come with us?”

Iwaizumi frowned. “Why are you being so bitter to that kid. Is it just because he’s Karasuno?”

Oikawa shrank into himself, crossing his arms and glaring at the floor. “It’s nothing, Iwaizumi.”

Iwaizumi hesitated, startled. “You never call me that,” he said in a low voice.

Oikawa turned away. “I said it’s nothing. I’m fine. That little shrimp, he just…gets to me. I don’t know.”

“Tooru,” Iwaizumi started, but Oikawa waved a hand dismissively.

“Don’t worry about it, Iwa-chan,” he said in a sing-song voice. He slipped his hands into his pockets. “Well, now that we’re going on a date with our opponent, I guess we should think of something to do.” He glanced over his shoulder at Iwaizumi. “Any thoughts?”

Iwaizumi sighed, letting out all his breath through his nose, trying to calm down before he throttled his boyfriend. “Yeah, dumbass,” he said. “I’ve got some ideas.”

***

A dinner and movie. How original.

Except the movie was the new Star Wars and dinner was at a very high class place, so Oikawa wasn’t complaining in the slightest. He was just happy he’d finally get to see the new gay space pilots he’d heard so much about on the internet. And one was an ex-Stormtrooper! Sounded like the perfect flick to watch with his Iwa-chan.

Only…

“Uwaaohh! Star Wars!” Hinata chirped, bouncing in his seat. Iwaizumi had his car at the training camp—thank all the gods he had a lax mother—and Hinata had no trouble taking up the entire back seat with his boundless energy and nonstop talking. He’d already mentioned three times that he’d never seen any of the other movies (a personal offense as far as Oikawa was concerned), had asked Iwaizumi twice where they were eating, noted each teal car they passed because it reminded him “of your Aoba Johsai volleyball jerseys!” and had happily read aloud every single billboard that loomed overhead as they entered the city, singing out the markdown prices for eggs and milk at the supermarket.

Oikawa squeezed the bridge of nose, and he felt Iwaizumi’s elbow nudge his. He looked over at
his boyfriend.

“This was your idea,” Iwaizumi mouthed.

Oikawa frowned. “I didn’t invite him, you did,” he mouthed back.

Iwaizumi rolled his eyes.

Dinner was first on the agenda, and Iwaizumi had picked an excellent restaurant. Classy, but still not too expensive, and it had an excellent view of the Tokyo skyline. The city glowed at night, its gleaming buildings and sparkling towers like stars scooped out of the dark sky above and scattered across the land. The restaurant was packed with a charged energy of movement and life and happiness, the beauty of the night city leaking into the restaurant through its cracks and windows and customers.

When the three of them got their table, they didn’t feel that energy at all.

It was awkward at first. No one said anything until they were saved by the waiter who came to set them up with drinks and take their orders. Then Iwaizumi made polite conversation and asked Hinata about his practice sets and training regimen. Hinata answered enthusiastically. Asked Iwaizumi what he could do to improve his receives. Small talk.

Oikawa didn’t pay attention.

He stirred the straw in his soda absentmindedly, refusing to look across the table at him. What was he doing here, with him and Iwaizumi? He didn’t belong here, did he? He wasn’t supposed to be here. He was their—

Their what? Enemy? Rival? Hated opponent that they would eliminate and surpass? So what. They could be friends outside of volleyball, couldn’t they?

Oikawa sipped his soda. Absolutely not.

Sensing a lull in the conversation, Oikawa glanced up. Iwaizumi was rubbing his neck stiffly, looking anywhere but Hinata. Hinata swung his feet under the table like a kid, his hands fidgeting with the sleeves of his garishly bright blue shirt. Good. Iwaizumi deserved to suffer in awkwardness. Only fair since he invited Hinata in the first—

“So, um, how long have you two been, you know, together?”

Oikawa choked on his soda. Iwaizumi blinked. He thumped Oikawa on the back a few times, then leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table. “Well, it’s been a little over eight months now. Right, Tooru?”

Oikawa wiped his mouth with his napkin, glaring at the fizzy soda. “Yeah, eight months last week, actually.”

Hinata nodded. He licked his lips, a nervous habit Oikawa had noticed him doing out on the court. “When did you…” Hinata began, but the waiter reappeared with their food, and whatever he’d been about to say was swept away by a heaping portion that looked way to big for the small-fry to handle. But he set his mouth in a determined grin, grabbed his utensils, and set at the food.

Iwaizumi hadn’t been wrong about this place. Everything was delicious.

Hinata dug in heartily, and though he fought valiantly, the odds and genetics were against him,
and he proved incapable of finishing the enormous amount of food they’d brought out for him. He gave up finally, throwing down his utensils and leaning back with a contented sigh, asking the waiter when he returned to bring him a box to take home his leftovers.

Iwaizumi and Oikawa managed to finish and decided to order a desert. They had time before the movie after all. Hinata perked up at the mention of desert, and decided that, maybe, he wasn’t too full. Iwaizumi and Oikawa only shook their heads, exasperated.

“Order whatever you want, Chibi-chan,” Oikawa relented after Hinata threatened to get down in his knees and beg in the middle of the restaurant.

“Yes! Thank you, Oikawa-san!” Hinata beamed. He stared at the menu, tongue stuck out between his lips.

Oikawa watched him. Hinata’s amber eyes shimmered in the dancing lights of the restaurant. They were like pools of starlight, fields of golden wheat. They hovered in front of Oikawa, trapping him in their liquid sunlight, the next spike already envisioned, the skies ripping open in front of their gaze…

Oikawa blinked. He shook himself up, clearing his throat. Iwaizumi glanced at him, a question on his face. Oikawa shook his head, shrugging. It’s nothing, don’t worry.

Hinata looked up from the menu. He put it down slowly, looking up at Iwaizumi and Oikawa. “Um, Iwaizumi-san…Oikawa-san…”

Oikawa shifted in his seat. “What, Shrimpy-chan?”

Hinata’s hands fidgeted with the napkin on his lap, his eyes wandering over the menu, refusing to meet Oikawa’s or Iwaizumi’s. “I was going to ask earlier but…well, anyway…When, um… When did you two, you know…know?”

Oikawa and Iwaizumi shared a look. “Know what?” Iwaizumi said.

“That you, um, liked guys…”

The restaurant was loud suddenly, and too big. Everything was enormous here, and a small bird ruffled its feathers, crying out for someone to save it, its wings bruised and battered. But no one was there, the faceless crowds upon crowds of people celebrating birthdays and dining out with their families—no one saw the tiny bird.

And everything clicked.

Something in Oikawa’s chest tightened, and every ill thought he’d had towards the middle blocker of his opponents’ team sank to his feet, melted out through his toes to drip to the floor below, sighing away between the cracks in the floorboards. His eyes softened, and he looked down at the younger boy as if for the first time, seeing someone completely new.

An arm reached down through the furious crowds, and plucked the bird from its hiding place, gentle fingers curling over broken wings.

“Since the beginning of high school,” Iwaizumi said first. Oikawa looked at him. Of course Iwaizumi would answer first. He knew, just like Oikawa did. Iwaizumi’s expression was gentle, kind. He brought nothing into his words but honesty. Hinata nodded, his face flushed and nervous. He looked at Oikawa.
A second arm reached around the first, supporting the bird now with the other. It brought up the small creature, and it showed the soaring bird to everyone in the crowd who’d refused to see it. The feathers were stars, its song was sunshine. The two hands held up the beautiful creature, and nothing hurt. There was light.

“I knew for a long time,” Oikawa said, and he took Iwaizumi’s hand, stared into his boyfriend’s eyes, felt the great storm beneath Iwaizumi’s skin, the calm in his face that masked the hurricane. He shuddered, his hand tingling where it touched Iwaizumi’s.

Hinata stared at them—their love for each other—his eyes shining, a look of so much joy on his face that Oikawa thought the small boy might burst into fireworks. Oikawa’s heart squeezed. He knew that face. That nervous face he wore around his relatives, his father. That joy he practically oozed when he was with Iwaizumi. He knew that mask well.

Oikawa turned to Hinata, leaned forward. “How long have you known, Hinata?”

Hinata instinctively recoiled, his face reddening. He picked up the menu again, nervously placing it between him and the other two boys. He put it down, picked it back up. He shifted in his seat, his feet swinging crazily beneath the table.

“Just a couple months ago,” he said shyly. He looked anywhere but at Iwaizumi or Oikawa. “I started wondering, um, what it would be like to…to…” His face was as red as his hair now, and Oikawa and Iwaizumi glanced at each other, and they each knew what the other was thinking.

_God help us this is so cute…_

Iwaizumi reached out and touched Hinata’s hand. The younger boy started, but he allowed the contact. “Normally it’d be weird telling people you barely know all of this, wouldn’t it, Hinata-kun?” Iwaizumi said gently. “I think training camp helped, since it gave us all some time to work together and get to know one another. Summer is…it’s a special time. You learn a lot about yourself when you’re given time to, well, _be_ yourself. I think it’s great you’ve figured this out, Hinata.” He smiled, and Oikawa felt something tug his heart. That smile…

Hinata sniffed, smiling weakly up at Iwaizumi. “Thanks, Iwa-kun,” he said.

Oikawa cleared his throat, and they looked at him. “We, uh, we can be here for you…Hinata.” He coughed again. “We, er… I know how tough it can be, dealing with…” He waved his hand around. “This.”

Iwaizumi shifted his seat closer to Oikawa, taking his boyfriend’s hand. “We’ve both dealt with a lot of shit, even with our families,” Iwaizumi said. “So, I think what my stupid boyfriend is trying to say is, we’re here if you ever want to talk about this. Or ask questions.”

Oikawa nudged Iwaizumi’s side with his elbow lightly. “Mean,” he said softly, but he was smiling, and Iwaizumi smirked as well.

Hinata bowed his head to the two older boys, his eyes misting over, his lips trembling. “Thank you,” he whispered. “Thank you so much. Both of you. Thank you. Thank you, thank you, thank you…”

Dinner ended, and they went to the movies, but Oikawa and Iwaizumi barely noticed what was happening on the screen because a door had opened between the three boys, and Hinata bounced around them higher than ever, his smiles wider than any they’d seen before, his spirit shining golden and brilliant. They laughed and grinned and felt the night move through them, the stars falling from
The sky to land in their eyes. Oikawa howled at the moon when they left the theater because he hadn’t paid any attention to the movie (which was his own fault for giggling too much with Iwaizumi and Hinata as they cracked jokes about the film and the people around them) and Iwaizumi and Hinata laughed and howled with him. They ran through the city at night, their blood wild and free, their hearts swelling until they might burst.

The world was still in that moment. Everything was right.

***

“Iwa-chan.”

“Mmff…”

“Iwa-channn.”

“Hm? Tooru, what time is it?”

“I think something’s wrong with me.”

“Tell me something I don’t know. Dammit, Shittykawa, it’s 3am!”

“Hajime…”

Silence.

“Something’s really bothering you, huh?”

“I think… I think I…like someone…”

“Oh, come on, Asskawa, did you seriously wake me up for some mushy romantic line—”

“No, like, someone besides you, Hajime.”

Silence.

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

“You mean… You mean you don’t love me any—”

“Shut up, how could you ever, ever say something so stupid? Of course I still love you. I love you so much, which is why this is so weird for me to be saying, but I have, like, these other feelings too. For someone else…”

Iwaizumi rolled over on his mat. Oikawa was staring at him, eyes wide, pulse throbbing in his temple. The rest of the team was asleep in the dorm, their soft breaths of sleep like a rhythm in the dead of the night. Iwaizumi stared deep into Oikawa’s eyes, and for a second he was afraid he might get lost in them. But he found his way to the surface again, and Oikawa was waiting, and Iwaizumi spoke.

“Yeah, I think I know what you mean. In fact… I think I’ve been feeling the same thing. This summer training camp… It’s given me a chance to get to know a lot of people better…and a certain
someone, and, uh, yeah. All of a sudden I’m thinking about him a lot. No more than I ever think about you, obviously. But, like, it’s there. Something.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

Silence.

“We’re fucked, aren’t we, Iwa-chan?”

“You’re damn right we are. We’ll talk about it tomorrow. Get some sleep.”

“Okay… Night, Hajime.”

Iwaizumi sighed. “Goodnight, Tooru.”

Chapter End Notes

*sniffs the air* can you smell it? the smut…it's getting close...

thank you to everyone for your support and kind words so far! it's really hard to write as much as i'd like to what with work and (currently) getting ready for my trip to London! i'll update this as soon as i can, hopefully this time a little sooner lol. it'll probably be one more chapter of all three of them figuring out that they're lusting after each other and then BAM we're gonna see that rating change to Teen and it'll be time for some bangity bang (°_°)
the beat of his heart

Chapter Summary

Kenma is Hinata's Most Important Person, and Hinata starts wondering what love is, and if maybe he can feel it for more than one person. Hinata-centric chapter

Chapter Notes

IM SO SORRY

I feel awful, I haven't updated this in so long and I've WANTED to but /school/ and life and ugh.

So. Here's the deal. I'm giving you this really quick update, just to let you know that Hinata is still thinking about his two new hubbies-to-be, Iwa-chan and Asskawa *cough* I mean Oikawa. This is a very quick, Hinata-centric scene, so we don't see Iwa or Oikawa until next chapter. Sorry about that, but whatcha gonna do amiright?

Also, Kenma is a very important character to me, and in this he's very close to Hinata, and since we're already dealing with three-ways and polyamory, might as well throw in some light kenhina right? ;)))

(no, Sage, this is just an excuse to make another shitty dick joke)

(rip me)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hinata stretched his arms over his head, yawning loudly, until a pillow flew at his face, muffling him. He spluttered, grabbed it, and chucked it back at Kenma, laughing. The Nekoma setter caught it with both hands, and he stuck out his tongue at Hinata.

“Leave me alone, Kenmaaa,” Hinata whined. “I’m tired; that’s no way to treat me!”

“You’re only tired because you willingly trained with Bokuto-san again, Shoyo,” Kenma said, smiling softly. He picked up his game and turned it on.

Hinata pulled his practice shirt off, tossing it the ground with his dirty socks. “Yeah, but it’s fun training with him! I’m learning a lot!” He picked out a shirt to sleep in and tugged it over his head.

Kenma glanced up over his game, watching Hinata change. His body was bruised a little around
his hips from when he’d run into a wall two days ago. His back was scraped up from falling down the hill while trying to keep up with Kageyama in the punishment sprints. And his neck was—

   Kenma’s eyes widened. His mouth curved into a small grin.

   “Or maybe you’re tired from something else, Shouyou.”

   Hinata turned, his head stuck in his shirt. His eyes peeked through the hole, and he frowned. “Mmf?”

   Kenma pointed to Hinata’s neck, giggling softly.

   Hinata reached up and felt his neck, pressing his fingers to his skin all around his throat. “Mmff? Phmmf?!” He pulled his head through the hole with a gasp. “What? What’s wrong!”

   Kenma couldn’t stop giggling though, and he just waved at Hinata to come closer to him. Hinata yanked the shirt over himself, grumbling, and he came to sit in front of Kenma. The other boy lifted his phone up, and Hinata stared at the screen’s reflection with growing horror.

   “Oh god, that dick!”

   Kenma covered his mouth, his eyes gleaming. “I’ll bet.”

   Hinata groaned. “No! I don’t mean—well, okay, yes, there was a dick involved, but like—argh, that idiot! I told him not to leave any marks!”

   Still chuckling softly, Kenma shuffled over to sit behind Hinata, curling around him. Hinata shifted so he was sitting in Kenma lap, still grumbling and muttering to himself about that dumbass and I’m going to kill him.

   Kenma nuzzled his face into Hinata’s hair, amazed as always by how soft it was. “So did you and Kageyama-kun finally do it?” His eyes gleamed, like a cat playing with a mouse that knew it was already caught.

   Hinata squirmed in Kenma’s lap, and Kenma watched the back of Hinata’s neck blush. His entire body always seemed to flush when he was embarrassed. A small voice chirped. “Maybe.”

   Kenma smiled, his eyes flashing. “About time, Shouyou. You know he’s got a crush on you.”

   Hinata sighed. “I don’t know. I still don’t get that. And I don’t think I could…be with him anyway. I don’t know how he’d react to this.”

   Kenma tilted his head. “To what?”

   Hinata gestured to himself, cradled in Kenma’s arms in the middle of the Nekoma dorm. “Us? I barely get us. I like it,” he added hurriedly, squeezing Kenma’s arm affectionately. “But Kageyama probably wouldn’t get it or be able to work around it.”

   Kenma shrugged, his shoulders barely lifting. “You know I’m not bothered by who you do anything with, Shouyou.” His voice was a small mumble. “You’re, ah… You don’t need to—”

   Hinata leaned back into Kenma’s chest and kissed him on the cheek, light and chaste. “I know. You’re my most important person, too, Kenma.”

   Now Kenma was the one blushing, and he buried his head in Hinata’s hair. Hinata laughed, feeling his chest grow warm. He closed his eyes and leaned into Kenma, feeling his friend’s arms
wrap tight and protective around him. The beat of Kenma's heart was a steady rhythm under Hinata's head, fluttering like a bird's. They stayed like that for a while, quiet and warm and safe.


“How do you know when you love someone, Kenma?”

Kenma flushed. He glanced at the wall, staring at it hard. Shoyou's always so blunt. He sighed.

“Well, when I’m with Tetsurou is the only time I feel like I want to…you know.”

“Do the hanky panky,” Hinata said solemnly, nodding.

Kenma swatted his head. “Shut up, Shoyou.” Hinata beamed. “I mean, yeah, that. But it’s more than just that. I only want to…do anything…when it’s with him, but I like just being around him too, and I feel still and calm all the time when he’s with me. But I also feel like I want to move a lot, more than usual.”

Hinata smirked. “You barely move anyway, kitty cat,” he snarked.

Kenma bopped Hinata’s head again. “I mean that I feel restless. In a good way. Like being with him is just a bundle of energy.”

Hinata stared at his hands. Kenma’s were wrapped around them, rubbing his thin fingers delicately. “Do you love him more than me?” he asked quietly.

Kenma sat up, his eyes narrowed. “You know I don’t like it when you ask that, Hinata.”

Hinata dips his head. “I’m sorry,” he said immediately. “I’m sorry, Kenma.”

Kenma let out a breath of exasperation through his nose. “Hm. Better be,” he muttered into Hinata’s hair.

“I just don’t get it,” Hinata said, his voice small. “Love. You really love us both?”

Kenma sighed. He nuzzled his face into Hinata’s neck. “You like calling Kageyama a dumbass, but you’re really an idiot,” he said.

“Hey!”

“Joking, Shoyou. Of course I love you both. You’re the most important person to me, Shoyou. You make me feel…all sorts of things.” Kenma could tell he wasn’t being clear. He always stumbled over his words when he tried to explain how important people were to him. “Kuroo is just… He’s there for me in different ways than you are. And you’re there for me in different ways from him. You both make me really happy. I don’t know a better way to explain it.”

Hinata turned around, shifting so he was still in Kenma’s lap, but facing him now. “So love for you isn’t limited to one person?”

Kenma looked down, blushing. His hair fell over his eyes. “No,” he replied. “I love you both so much, Shoyou. And I know you don’t feel it the same way I do, but… I’m really happy you consider me your most important person.” He curled into himself shyly.

Hinata reached out, taking Kenma’s face in his hands. He pushed the golden bangs away, revealing the other boy’s blushing face. Hinata smiled at him then, and Kenma momentarily forgot to breathe—he was so full of warmth in that moment, he thought the embers of his soul might spill from
him if he dared to open his mouth and take even one breath.

Hinata leaned in and placed a gentle kiss on Kenma’s lips.

“You are incredibly important to me, Kenma,” Hinata whispered. “Sometimes I wish I wasn’t like this. I wish I knew how to feel affection and love for you the same way you do to me. I wish, I wish, I wish…”

“And you know you never have to,” Kenma whispered back. “You being you is the greatest part about Hinata Shouyou. I would love you no matter what you feel or what you do or where you go, as long as you are you.”

Hinata pulled Kenma forward until their foreheads touched. They both closed their eyes, feeling the other’s breath on their faces, their hands on each other’s cheeks, their noses brushing. They smiled at each other, and even though their eyes were closed, they could feel the other’s smile.

Hinata placed another light kiss on Kenma’s forehead, and Kenma nuzzled Hinata’s neck, and then they pulled away, flushed faces and wide eyes, grinning shyly at each other. Hinata turned around again, settling back into Kenma’s lap, humming happily. Kenma wrapped his arms around Hinata’s body, holding his game in front so they could both watch him play, though Hinata had his eyes closed and was more interested in leaning on Kenma’s shoulder as a pillow.

The room grew quiet. Only the small beeps of the game bounced around the walls. Outside, a bird sang into the darkening evening sky, before alighting from its tree and soaring into the air, taking flight to somewhere far away.

Hinata’s feet rubbed against Kenma’s legs, and he shifted. Kenma paused his game.

“You said love isn’t limited to one person for you.”

Kenma couldn’t help the smile on his face when he heard Hinata’s voice, small and fragile. “Mm,” he hummed. “Yeah. It’s not like that for everyone, you know. Most people—I guess—they feel really strong bonds with just one other person. But I love both of you.”

“Really strong bonds,” Hinata repeated, his voice a whisper. “So, do you think even I could have really strong bonds with someone? Or…more than just one person?”

Kenma planted his chin on Hinata’s head. “I’ve told you before, Shouyou. You’re not ‘broken.’ Don’t listen to your mom and dad. They’re stupid. Listen to yourself. If you feel really strongly about someone, it might be romantic. And it might not be. You don’t have to force yourself to feel something you don’t understand. No one understands it, definitely not your hetero, suburban mother.”

“Hey,” Hinata warned, but it was weak, and he was trying not to laugh.

Kenma smiled. He reached up and stroked Hinata’s hair. “If you start feeling something for someone, something you think might be romantic…I’ll always be here to help you figure it out, Shouyou,” he mumbled, blushing behind his ears.

Hinata smiled, nestling closer into Kenma’s chest. “Thank you, Kenma. Thank you.”

Kenma smiled, his eyes misting over with emotions he couldn’t begin to describe. He ran his lips over Hinata’s hair, a whisper through orange light.

“Of course, Shouyou.”
Hinata watched the dark sky outside the Karasuno team’s dorm window. The moon was low and fat, a brilliant red set behind the skeletons of black trees on the skyline. It was quiet. The room was purpled in swarthy shadows, soft and cool.

Kuroo and the rest of Kenma’s teammates had returned to the Nekoma dorm, so Hinata had kissed Kenma goodbye—right on the nose—and skipped out. He’d grabbed Kuroo’s butt on the way out, crying, “Tag in!” and making the Nekoma team roar with laughter and Kuroo howl with embarrassment. Kenma had smiled behind his game.

Hinata’s eyes softened, and the red glow of the moon washed over him, and he smiled into the dark night with the memory. It was memories like that which made Hinata happy. Like when he played volleyball with Kageyama. Or ate meat buns with his senpais. Or trained with kids from the other schools, like Iwaizumi and Oikawa—

Hinata’s smile slipped. He curled into himself under his blanket.

Really strong bonds... for more than person...

He had some thinking to do.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for being patient as I try to keep going with this. Consistently updating chaptered fics is always so hard for me because of school and life and personal shit that makes it hard to ever feel like my writing is worth it so :)))))))) hooray

legendarysagehalfblood.tumblr.com come scream to me about all our volleyball boys and see the occasional blurb or two
yes, Hinata Shoyou.

Chapter Summary

Things happen, Oikawa jerks off, Kuroo is a sex guru.

Chapter Notes

WOW.

I have no excuse. Thank you all for being so patient. This just got away from me. I've been chipping away at this chapter for the longest time, but I've been so overloaded with work at school/my job. Ugh. Someday I'm gonna find a way to just get paid writing fanfics for you guys, that'll be a lot more fun.

Anyway, Oikawa gets off in this, so be warned. I finally get to change that rating to Explicit ;) mwahaha

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There was way too much of Oikawa’s meat in Iwaizumi’s mouth, and Iwaizumi knew he would definitely choke if he kept trying to fit it all in. He pulled away, gasping, his face flushed. “Asskawa, you idiot, don’t shove it all in like that!”

Oikawa frowned, and pulled his kebab away from Iwaizumi’s face. “But I thought it’d be fun to feed each other, Iwa-chan,” he whined.

Iwaizumi glared down at the stick of meat and roasted vegetables in Oikawa’s hand, and the practically empty stick in his own. Oikawa hadn’t had a problem swiping everything off in one gulp, smirking at Iwaizumi with a teasing waggle of his eyebrows. Impressed as Iwaizumi may have been—as well as feeling a little hot under the collar—he still wasn’t going to lose to Oikawa.

Except apparently he just had.

Oikawa leaned in and nuzzled a kiss into Iwaizumi’s neck. “It’s okay, Iwa-chan,” he said, his voice low and husky. “I know you never have that problem when we—”

Iwaizumi shoved Oikawa’s face away from him. “Idiot!” he growled. But he couldn’t help the flush creeping up his neck again, or the satisfied grin on his face.

They were having a picnic.
Just for clarification.

There were no dirty activities going on—no sir, not here.

Practice matches had ended for the day, and the coaches were treating all the teams to a surprise picnic, complete with hamburgers, watermelon, and of course, the dangerous meat kebabs. All the teams got to mingle in a friendly environment, any rivalry from inside the gyms vanishing at the sight of cooked meat and cold soda out in the low sun. It was a good day—warm and full of emotions that couldn’t quite be reached on the court alone. There was an air of family here, where all the teams had gathered and battled, and could now eat together as one.

Oikawa leaned into Iwaizumi’s shoulder, and Iwaizumi stroked his hair and pressed kisses to the top of his head.

It was definitely a good day.

Bzzt-bzzt-bzzt.

Oikawa sat up and pulled his phone from his pocket, his face suddenly darkening as he opened the text. Iwaizumi watched him, his brows arched curiously.

Oikawa stared at the screen for a long time, and Iwaizumi wondered if he should say something, but Oikawa only clicked his phone off and tucked it away, crossing his arms over his knees and curling into himself. He stared out at the field, glaring at the other teams as they laughed and hollered and ate and celebrated.

Iwaizumi touched Oikawa’s leg gently. “Hey. What is it?”

Oikawa shrugged. “Nothing.”

Iwaizumi nuded his knee. “Oikawa,” he warned. “You need to tell me when something’s wrong. Don’t shut me out.”

Oikawa glanced at him, and Iwaizumi felt his heart squeeze for a moment. There was so much hurt in Oikawa’s eyes.

“That was my mom,” Oikawa said, and Iwaizumi’s stomach dropped.

“Oh.” He cleared his throat. “And?”

Oikawa said nothing.

Iwaizumi looked away, watching the other teams. The Karasuno captain, Sawamura Daichi, and his boyfriend—that silver-haired setter, Sugawara Koushi—were huddled together, watching over their team as the crows from Miyagi jumped around in the field and threw old kebab sticks at one another. Even Kageyama was joining in, although he seemed a little stiff. He chucked a stick straight at the tall blocker with glasses and nearly took his eye out. It was only because of his glasses that he was spared. Iwaizumi saw Sawamura shake his head, and Sugawara called to the boys to be careful, but neither of them made any actual effort to get up. They only laughed and scolded teasingly from afar.

Oikawa shifted, and instantly Iwaizumi’s attention was on him.

“My dad came home last night.”
Iwaizumi blinked. “Oh…”

Oikawa let out a shaky breath. “It’s okay. I think. He wasn’t yelling at my mom. Actually, he
didn’t say a thing. Didn’t even ask where I was, or say anything about me at all.” He laughed
shakily. “Looks like he doesn’t even care about me.”

“Tooru,” Iwaizumi started, but Oikawa held up a hand.

“I’m fine, Hajime,” he said. “If things get bad I can just go stay with my sister. Takeru will be
happy to see his favorite Uncle Tooru.”

Oikawa was smiling as he spoke, but Iwaizumi knew that smile, recognized how fake it was. He
wrapped his arm around Oikawa’s neck, pulling him close. He stroked Oikawa’s head gently while
Oikawa shook under his arms. “I’m here, Tooru,” he murmured into his boyfriend’s ear. “Don’t
forget that. You’ll be okay. You’ll get through this.”

He felt Oikawa’s fingers curl around the hem of his shirt. “Why is everything so fucked up,
Hajime?” Oikawa whispered into Iwaizumi’s chest.

“Because the universe hates us, you dad is a jackass, and I’m as fucked as you are. Nothing new,
Tooru.” Iwaizumi looked down at the beautiful face leaning against him. He stroked the brown hair,
moving forward to kiss Oikawa’s forehead. “But we’re okay.”

Oikawa looked up, and Iwaizumi’s heart broke. Oikawa’s eyes were red-rimmed and watery
behind his glasses, his cheeks blotchy and wet. Iwaizumi pushed Oikawa’s glasses up his nose, and
gently wiped the tears from his lashes, kissing his cheeks and nose and eyelids and forehead.

“We’re okay,” Iwaizumi whispered again.

***

That night, Oikawa dreamed of fire.

It was bright and burning and it consumed everything. The world was lit by flames licking at the
scorched earth, charred husks of trees crumbling at their flickering edges. Tongues of fire as red as
blood tore across the sky, turning the pink clouds of sunset to blackened curtains of smog. Above it
all, glittering like a great eye lording over its creatures, the sun hung over everything—a white disc of
cold fire so far away it had to scream to be felt. It screamed and hollered across space, and the world
felt its heat, and the air burned with the intensity of the sun’s brilliance. Its raw power. Its enormity.

Oikawa’s eyes snapped open, and he gasped awake.

The room was cool and quiet. The soft breaths of his teammates in the dorm around Oikawa told
him it was still late, probably the middle of the night.

And he was hard.

He was confused at first. If that had been some kind of sex dream, it was the weirdest one his
subconscious had ever put together for him. And that was counting the wet dream where he got
abducted by aliens and their king turned out to be Ushijima, who’d brought him to Shiratorizawa and
sucked him off on the principal’s desk. That was a dream he’d definitely take to his grave.

Oikawa rubbed his eyes, yawning, and he glanced sleepily up at the clock on the wall. Its tiny
green numbers told him it was still only 4am. None of the teams needed to be up for another two
hours, when breakfast would be served before the last day of the camp. Oikawa yawned again,
stretching his arms over his head. Waking up super early was annoying.

Also, his boner wasn’t going away, and that was annoying, too.

Oikawa sighed, glanced at Iwaizumi sprawled out and snoring next to him, and figured it would
be even more annoying if he woke Iwaizumi just for this. He stood quietly. Might as well try to get
the blood flowing to other places with a quick walk. Yawning and stretching, he awkwardly
stumbled past his sleeping teammates and out into the hall.

He padded quietly along the dark hallway, listening for any signs of aliens so he could jump out
and be the first to greet them. He hummed tunelessly to himself, a soft murmur in his chest so he
wouldn’t wake anyone else in the dorms. His body was reluctantly waking up, and the blood was
definitely flowing through him now, but he was still hard. He groaned, and realized he’d
subconsciously found his way to the bathrooms.

Oikawa hesitated. Should he just take care of it right now? It’d be easier.

He sighed, and he pushed the bathroom door open.

He hurried over to a stall, a sudden blush creeping up his face. Some groggy, still-asleep part of
him had thought this was a good idea, but the part of him that was gradually waking realized how
public this place was. If he was already awake, who was to say someone else might not wake up and
have to use the bathroom? He’d get caught, then he’d be reduced to a sick joke, a warning for all first
years, Don’t jack off in the bathrooms during training camp, not like that Moron Oikawa!

Oikawa shook his head, frowning at himself. God, he aways overthought shit when he was tired.

The stall door closed behind him before he even realized he’d entered it. Oikawa looked around
at the small space, the little porcelain toilet, the clean walls. He sighed one last time. Might as well
get it over with.

He reached into his sweatpants and felt himself, and it was like his body had been waiting for his
touch. He groaned almost immediately with satisfaction. He clapped his other hand over his mouth,
his eyes wide, darting around.

No one else was here. He was okay, he was okay.

Grinning stupidly, Oikawa rubbed himself through his underwear, closing his eyes and letting
himself just feel his fingers. He shuffled around and sat down on the toilet seat cover, leaning back a
bit. His hand worked lower, rubbing circles into his thighs and all around his crotch, then returning to
its main focus.

Oikawa tilted his head back and let out a small moan.

At the same moment, images of Iwaizumi flashed through his head—

—his broad, strong back; the way his skin stretched across his muscles when he jumped for a
spike; sunlight when it fell in his eyes and he made that really cute squinty face; his gorgeous smile;
his thick arms when he held Oikawa close to him—

Oikawa’s breaths came hot and fast, his hand slipped inside his boxers at last, and a long, hard
warmth filled his fingers.
“Fuck.”

The empty bathroom echoed in silence, but Oikawa wasn’t paying attention.

“Hajime…”

—the way Iwaizumi would pick up Oikawa like he weighed nothing and spin him around until they were both dizzy and laughing; the curve of his waist under Oikawa’s hands; the feel of their foreheads touching—

“Ah…unn…”

Oikawa’s hand gripped harder, stroking mercilessly around himself. He could feel his arm getting sore, and he relished in it, how his body was waking just to the thought of Iwaizumi.

—Iwaizumi standing over him, naked and beautiful, his body slick with sweat, his breaths panting; Iwaizumi grabbing Oikawa’s ass, kneading it under his fingers, murmuring quietly as he prepared Oikawa; Iwaizumi lubing himself up, stroking his own thick cock, placing it against Oikawa’s entrance, rubbing soothing circles in Oikawa’s back—

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” Oikawa panted. He desperately tugged down his sweatpants all the way. This was more intense than he’d anticipated, and a wave of alarm crept through him. How messy was he going to get? Where should he aim? He yanked his shirt over his head, his abs clenching as he kept stroking. He’d just aim for his stomach and wipe it off after—

—Iwaizumi placing hot, hard kisses all over Oikawa’s body—

“Hajime.” Oikawa keened softly.

—the way Iwaizumi’s back muscles bunched up when he swam in the ocean—

“Shit…Ha-ji-me…”

—Iwaizumi and Oikawa together, naked and flushed, the fiery-haired Karasuno shrimp sucking them both off—

Oikawa’s eyes snapped open. His hand kept pumping.

—Iwaizumi kissing Hinata’s neck, his large, rough hands gentle on the smaller body—

A deep warmth roared in Oikawa’s groins.

—Iwaizumi kissing Hinata’s collarbone, his chest, his stomach, the fine trail of hair that led to his crotch—

Something uncurled inside Oikawa’s gut, and he closed his eyes, his mouth hanging open, his breath escaping him.

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Something uncurled inside Oikawa’s gut, and he closed his eyes, his mouth hanging open, his breath escaping him.
throat waiting to be filled—

“Hajime… Hinata…”

Oikawa’s hand pumped hard, hard, his stomach clenched, his body roared, his hips bucked, and he came unraveled. A bright warmth exploded over his hand and onto his abs. His chest heaved, and he felt hot and sweaty, exposed and ashamed. He looked down at himself in shock, as if he couldn’t believe the mess on his body was his own.

He sat still for a few moments, his breathing slowly returning to normal, the fire in his belly and groins slowly cooling. He kept staring at his hand, guilty thoughts racing through his mind.

Finally, he shifted himself upright and grabbed some toilet paper, working mechanically.

“Well,” he whispered to himself. “Shit.”

***

“You what?”

Oikawa slumped his shoulders. “I know, I know… I’m sorry, Iwa-chan.”

Iwaizumi stared at the courts. Aoba Johsai’s practice match was over, and he and Oikawa were watching the other teams while their own teammates went to stretch and prep for their next match. They were going up against Fukurodani, and they needed to be ready.

Somewhere across the courts, a Karasuno spiker scored a point, and the gym filled with their cheers, the loudest of any team. Iwaizumi looked up and watched them jump and holler. Their score was only 18-16, barely a lead, but their screams were those of champions. Maybe they were. They took every victory as a blessing and every obstacle as a new challenge to defeat.

“Am I supposed to be jealous of your brain now?” Iwaizumi asked, sounding amused. He leaned back against the wall and gave Oikawa a sidelong glance. “I mean, it’s conjuring up all these sexy fantasies. Yikes, I hope I can compete.”

“Shut up,” Oikawa said, shoving Iwaizumi’s shoulder, but he smiled. Iwaizumi was good at making him feel better.

Iwaizumi smiled back. He turned back to the courts, and found one specific spiker moving amongst the others, his jersey like black wings extended behind him as he soared, his hair a burst of fire amidst the dark flock that surrounded him.

“So,” Iwaizumi said. “Hinata Shoyou, huh?”

Oikawa followed Iwaizumi’s eyes and saw Hinata zipping around, chirping and shouting and laughing and shining like a thousand suns—like the sun from Oikawa’s dream—like a star. Oikawa opened his mouth to answer Iwaizumi, about to say something into the space between them, about to confess what he’d felt boiling under skin all week, when he saw the expression on Iwaizumi’s face, the frozen awe in his open mouth, the wide-eyed wonder. Oikawa whipped his eyes back to the Karasuno court, and he saw.

Hinata was running for a spike.
It seemed that everyone in the gym was frozen, watching. Oikawa felt himself outside his body, observing the moment with a hyper-awareness. He saw the Nekoma setter, Kenma. He saw Bokuto and Akaashi from Fukurodani. He saw the coaches and managers. He saw his own teammates just coming back into the gym, their mouths frowning, their eyes widening. Everyone was watching. Everyone was waiting. Everyone knew what was coming, and as if by some unspoken current that ran through the nerve center of their bodies, they’d all attuned themselves to this moment, to when Hinata approached the net, and the setter’s toss went up, and he was alone before the wall.

And then he was up.

Oikawa sucked air through his teeth in a hiss. Every time. Every damn time he saw Hinata jump, he forgot again what it meant to breathe.

The gym hung suspended in time as Hinata hung suspended in the air, his jersey billowing like wings, his eyes like laser pinpricks of light that shone through the deepest dark. The ball came up before him and his hand snapped back, then came down like the lightning, like the cannon, like the executioner’s axe. An almighty boom rattled the air, and it could only come from Hinata’s hand, for he was the only one who spiked that hard, who spiked like he might never hit it again, so he hit it until it broke, not the ball, not his hand, but the sound of it, the crash of skin on rubber, and then…the explosion. The destructive, awesome force of it, like a waterfall pummeling down on your head, like a meteor shower that riddles the desert sand with extraterrestrial stone, like the sword a god strikes deep in the belly of a beast, it came down.

The ball smacked the court on the other side, and Hinata landed light as a breath, and Karasuno erupted into raucous cheering, and the other team stared back through the net, stunned.

Oikawa turned to Iwaizumi. They were silent, both caught in the holy arc of the moment.

“Yes,” Oikawa said, his voice reverent, low, humbled. “Hinata Shoyou.”

***

“You want to have a threesome with the Karasuno shrimp because you got a vision from the gods?” Kuroo snorted. “You’re kidding me, right?”

Oikawa whirled on him. “Tetsu-chan, it had to be the gods! You saw that spike today. The whole gym did! It’s divine intervention! It’s a sign!”

“It’s a wet dream,” Kenma said without looking up from his game, and Kuroo burst out laughing. Oikawa frowned at him, but he only crossed his arms and grumbled under his breath.

“Listen, Hinata is actually pretty easy to get in bed with,” Kuroo said. Kenma reached over and smacked the back of his head, again without looking up, and Kuroo yelped. “Oi! I’m not saying that’s a bad thing! I’m saying Hinata is really open to trying things, with lots of people. He’s safe though, and he never does anything with anyone he doesn’t want to.”

Kenma finally looked up, and he met Oikawa’s eyes with a steady, analyzing gaze, but directed his question at Kuroo. “Since when do you know so much about him?”

Kuroo grinned. “He’s your q-p-p, and you’re mine. Don’t you think I’d talk to him and learn some things about him?”

Kenma glanced at Kuroo. “Didn’t think you cared.”
“I care about a lot of things!”

“No, you don’t.”

“I do!”

“You don’t.”

“I do.”

“…You don’t.”

“Guys,” Oikawa interrupted. “Can we focus on my problem maybe?”

Kenma turned to Oikawa. “Look, just be direct with him. Just tell him that you and Iwaizumi-san are into him and want to have some fun, or whatever it is you people do when you have sex.”

Kuroo scoffed. “As if you’ve never had sex with me before.”


Oikawa sighed as Kuroo wailed and cried into Kenma’s shoulder. Kenma rolled his eyes at Oikawa and nodded at him. Oikawa waved, and he turned to leave the gym. But then he saw Iwaizumi coming out of one of the bathrooms, and he changed direction, jogging over to him. Iwaizumi’s face brightened, and he hooked his arm around Oikawa’s shoulders when he got to him. “Hey, you,” Iwaizumi said. “What’s up? How’d it go getting advice from the sex-guru Kuroo?”

Oikawa rolled his eyes. “I don’t think he’s ever done it with anyone besides that setter, Kozume. Hardly a guru.”

Iwaizumi shrugged. “I’ve never done it with anyone besides you. That’s not a bad thing.”

Oikawa turned to look at him as they walked across the courts towards the gym door. “Yeah, but, like, you’re good at it. So.”

Iwaizumi laughed at that, right as they passed some underclassmen from another team, and the other kids gaped at him—Aoba Johsai’s scary ace with a smile on his face. Oikawa grinned. “Turns out,” he said when they reached the door. “Shrimpy-chan has a q-p-p, and it’s that Kozume.”

Iwaizumi frowned. “Oh. Does that mean he’ll be jealous? Should we not try anything?”

Oikawa glanced over his shoulder back into the gym. Kuroo was trying to kiss Kenma’s cheek, but Kenma kept slapping his hands away and wriggling under him like a wet fish. Like a cat that doesn’t want to be touched, Oikawa though drily. He heard Kuroo whining, and then Kenma’s voice drift across the gym: “Gross.”

Kuroo wailed.

Oikawa grinned up at Iwaizumi. “I think we’re fine,” he said. “All we gotta do is come up with a battle strategy. ‘Oikawa And Iwa-chan Seduce The Shrimp’!”

Iwaizumi laughed again, and he kissed Oikawa on the head. “Maybe we—and by we, I mean you—can start by not calling him ‘Shrimp’ anymore.”
“Good plan. ‘Seduce Chibi-chan’ it is then!”

“Never mind, dumbass.”

“Iwa-chaaan, we were having a moment!”

The door to the gym slid shut behind them, and they walked off arm-in-arm, scheming and laughing.

Chapter End Notes

*SCREAMS*

I can't believe Kuroo is a S-E-X guru, who would take his advice??

Oikawa. Cuz they're both idiots.

Thank you again for your patience. I think one more to go (cuz apparently even though I suck at keeping a stable timeline, I just want to keep adding more to this :) *cries*) and then that'll be it!

Hang in there, babes.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!