**that simple kind of love you can't deny**

by karasunotsubasa

Summary

Hinata transfers to Seijou and... well... things happen.
"Are you nervous?" Kageyama asked, and the way he sounded made Shouyou want to run away faster than when he moved when spiking their oddball quick.

He swallowed harshly and looking away, even though they were talking on the phone, replied:

"Is it that obvious?"

Kageyama only snorted and Shouyou frowned. If they were speaking face to face, another argument would no doubt start in seconds. But in the silence that followed, Shouyou found his nerves resurfacing again – palms sweaty, stomach knotted tight, throat dry and raw – and he couldn't find the strength to be angry at Kageyama. He curled on his bed, one hand massaging his abdomen to chase away the dull ache that started pulsing around his navel.

"They're a good team," he heard Kageyama and focused on their conversation, slightly relieved to find the pain fading.

"I know, I know," he rushed to say. "I really respect them, and they have so many skilled players, and there's the Grand King, of course, but--" he stopped to take a breath, "--but that's not it."

Shouyou bit his lower lip, a wave of nausea making him sit up and grimace.

"What is it then?" Kageyama's voice was calm, inquiring, somewhat... trying to be helpful?

He took a deep breath, and another, swallowed the nerves and said:

"It's just..." He pulled his knees to his chin. "Do I join right away? Or should I wait till next year? Wouldn't that be cheating, if I just started playing with them so soon? I know everyone in the club said it was okay and that they were looking forward to playing against me, but--"

"Dumbass." Kageyama's anger surprised Shouyou into forgetting all about the ache in his stomach. "We wouldn't say that if it wasn't true, so just go and join the damn team. Can you even live without volleyball?"

No. No, he couldn't. Volleyball was everything to Shouyou. If it wasn't, he wouldn't have come to Karasuno in the first place. He wouldn't have met Kageyama. He wouldn't have spiked that odd toss that only he could match in speed. They wouldn't have become friends.

Shouyou smiled a little.
"Next time we stand on the same court it'll be as enemies again," he said. That unforgettable match from middle school flashed before his eyes. He lost back then, painfully, embarrassingly. But... "This time," His eyes sparkled. "I'll be the one to win!"

"Like hell you will!" Kageyama fired back, but Shouyou only grinned.

It wasn't the end. It was just the beginning.

His first day was going more or less great, Shouyou had to admit. His classmates were nice and welcoming, even more so when they learned he played volleyball. It seemed like the whole school followed the progress of the volleyball team, and nothing made Shouyou happier than spending his time talking about the sport he loved. Of course, he'd much rather be playing, but he guessed that as far as the first days at new schools went, this was actually a pretty good start.

Surprisingly, he had no problems with finding the Grand King either. He only had to mention Seijou's captain's name to one of the girls in his class and suddenly he had the full bio of said captain recited to him by heart. It was weird, and as Shouyou sneaked away on one of the breaks to find his way to the 3rd year's floor, he couldn't help but miss Karasuno.

In comparison, Aobajousai was huge. Not only in size, but also in the number of students who filled the halls to brims. Before Shouyou got to the stairs leading to the higher levels of the school, he thought he'd be squashed at least thrice. Thankfully, the way up was clear with only a few students passing him on their way down, so Shouyou jumped up a few steps at the time. He arrived at the 3rd year hallway and suddenly realized that he'd actually have to talk to Oikawa.

Without hiding behind Tanaka-senpai's back.

Shouyou swallowed hard. His nerves were back again and he wiped his sweaty palms on the chequered uniform pants. He'll be fine, it's not like the Grand King would do anything to harm him. Plus, they had no reason to fight anymore, they were on the same side now. Shouyou took a calming breath and stepped from around the corner--

--only to squeak loudly and jump away before he would have collided with someone's chest.

"Ah, and what do we have here~?"

That melodic voice Shouyou would recognize everywhere, so when he turned to face the person he almost bumped into, he wasn't really surprised to see Oikawa standing there and smiling down at him from all of that impressive 184cm.

"Umm..." Shouyou straightened and tried to smile, but his face was too tense with nerves. "Hi."

"Hi to yourself as well." The brunet in front of him didn't stop smiling and Shouyou felt his skin creep in alarm. "What might Karasuno's first year be doing at Seijou? Wearing our uniform, at that? I wonder..."

Oikawa took a step towards Shouyou, who automatically backed up. The smile on the other's face sharpened and Shouyou really, really, really wanted to run away then and there.

"I transferred," he replied, looking everywhere but at Oikawa. "A-and I was actually looking for
"Were you really?" The other's voice sounded a little surprised, but so pleased, Shouyou involuntarily took another step back. "What for?"

He chanced a glance up, gathering all his courage.

"Volleyball," he answered. "I want to join the team. You're the captain, right?"

Oikawa's smile softened a little, and mesmerized, Shouyou watched him reach out until one of Oikawa's big hands landed on his head, ruffling Shouyou's hair playfully.

"Yes, I am," Seijou's captain said. "Well, come on then, Chibi-chan. Let's get you a club form."

Shouyou stood in place, watching Oikawa pass him by. He absently touched his head where the other's large, warm hand was only moments ago. Maybe this place wouldn't be so bad. He grinned to himself.

And then frowned.

"Hey, don't call me that!" He ran after Oikawa, catching up to him on the top of the stairs. "It's Hinata. Hinata Shouyou!"

Oikawa, who was already at the bottom, looked up at him. "Then who am I, Chibi-chan?"

"Huh?" Shouyou blinked in confusion. "You're the Grand King, aren't you?"

The other's lips quirked in a sharp smile. "Then you're Chibi-chan."

Shouyou opened his mouth and then closed it without a word, pouting. He sulkily came down to Oikawa's height, stopping a few steps up to be on the same eye level.

"Fine," he said, looking straight at Oikawa, the weird coldness that sometimes tickled at his skin when he was serious breathed against his neck. "Oikawa-senpai."

He could see the way Oikawa's eyes widened, surprise gleaming on the surface unrestrained. Briefly, Shouyou thought that maybe he shouldn't have said that, maybe it was inappropriate, maybe it was too early... But then Oikawa smiled in a way that Shouyou had never seen before on his face: warm and happy, and suddenly Shouyou knew why Seijou's captain was so popular with girls.

He looked beautiful. Fluffy hair, gentle eyes, and a smile that warmed your heart. Shouyou could feel the beginnings of a blush, the blood rushing to his cheeks, down his neck and up to his ears.

"How about we get you that form now, Hina-chan?" Oikawa winked.

Shouyou's whole neck, face, and even ears were red by then, and he looked away from the smiling Oikawa.

It was only the first day, but Shouyou already knew: this place will be really bad for his health.

Chapter End Notes

I have about 10 parts of this fic planned, but only 2 written, and I'm currently going
through a massive writer's block so I can't even imagine when I'll update this thing orz I hope y'all are patient with me ;u;
Chapter Notes

ayyyy guess who's back with this thing~
I just want to warn you that this fic will not be following the plot day by day and it's not gonna be slow build, there's gonna be lots of time skipping so get ready for it ^u^)b
also, lots of pov skipping bc I have this planned as 1 chap in hina's pov and one in oiks' pov and back to hina's in next chap, so pls be aware of that and don't get confused!
enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Oikawa-senpai."

Tooru turned to the voice, wiping the sweat that was running down his face with his no less sweaty arm. He grimaced a little in distaste, lifting the bottom of his shirt to wipe it again. Better. Only then did he turn to look at the first year standing in front of him.

Hinata Shouyou, the transfer student from Karasuno. It's been two weeks already since the little ball of energy joined the team, and yet, somehow, Tooru still couldn't get used to having him around.

It wasn't the noise – Kindaichi could double it on bad days and make as much ruckus on good. Nor was it the bright smiles – there was a good reason why everyone on the team (with no exceptions, Tooru himself included) had a little bit of a crush on Iwaizumi, after all. Nor was it the surprising speed and high jumps – Kyoutani could match them perfectly if he bothered to try.

If Tooru had to put a finger on it, he'd say it was... the uniform. White and green certainly looked good on Hinata, but it felt off. These weren't Hinata's colours. He should be wearing black and orange, on the other side of the net, across from Tooru.

But there he was, in the same gym, after practice was already over, looking at Tooru with no reservation in his wide amber eyes.

"Oikawa-senpai," Hinata repeated and Tooru forced himself to listen, no matter how strange being called like that sounded to his ears. "You're practicing a new set, right?" Hinata waited, seemingly for confirmation, so Tooru nodded in agreement. "Then maybe... I mean... Um..." Hinata's cheeks reddened slightly and his eyes fled to the side. "Do you want someone to spike it?"

Tooru blinked. And again. The silence stretched between them, making the first year fidget in place, nervously wrenching his hands. Tooru smirked to himself. He could use someone's input, and since Iwa-chan had already said no...

"Sure," Tooru straightened up. "You're so eager to spike my balls, Hina-chan, it's cute."

A little surprised 'o' appeared on Hinata's lips. "Of course I am, you're an incredible setter, senpai," came a short, honest reply that made something in Tooru's chest flip in joy warm as the sun.

He knew that. Of course he knew that. He was an incredible setter.

So why on earth did his stomach suddenly feel like a cage full of butterflies? Why was he so damn
happy? Hinata didn't even say anything special. Tooru was used to getting compliments like that – meaningless words, coated in a sugar, only meant to tickle his ego. But Hinata's face was sincere and somehow Tooru had found himself believing in the honesty of his words.

He smiled a little.

"Compliments will get you nowhere with me, Hina-chan," he teased, contradictory to his feelings.

"I wasn't trying to–" Hinata quickly began to explain, all flustered and wildly gesticulating hands.

"Get ready then~"

Tooru threw the ball up in the air without delay, cutting Hinata off. His knees bent as he prepared to jump, took off into the air, and when the ball was coming down, at the perfect height, and the right – but not yet perfect – angle his fingers brushed the ball. Not a full set, merely a tap, but the ball obediently flew towards the edge of the net.

And then Hinata was there, a blur of white and green and orange, and when he shot up into the air, high, so high he could be flying, Tooru couldn't help a little feeling of loss. But it wasn't pure loss, it was also something else. Something akin to satisfaction... or maybe relief?

Because right before his eyes was Hinata Shouyou – no longer a crow from Karasuno, but now a dove from Seijou. His black wings were no longer, replaced by the white and green of Seijou's uniform, and Tooru watched him soar for his – their – team.

Hinata smacked the ball down, hard and quick, the echo resounding through the empty gym.

"So, how was it?" Tooru asked when Hinata landed back down. "The toss?"

They never really practiced together, only enough to utilize Hinata's speed in a match, so Tooru never got any real opportunity to get back enough feedback to alter his tosses. Another point was that Hinata never, not even once, complained about any ball sent his way, even if Tooru himself noticed the toss was off. Maybe this silent attitude was something Hinata grew into at Karasuno, but at Seijou, Tooru promised himself, he'll make sure to listen to his opinion and make it matter. That was how he played, after all.

He waited for Hinata's verdict, watching how the other stared at his red hand. And then Hinata's bright, wide eyes turned to Tooru, full of admiration and awe.

"It was amazing!" Hinata's face split into a grin. "It went all pwaahhh and gwaahhhh! It really felt great!"

Tooru felt the beginnings of a smile play around his lips, but something unsettling nudged him at the back of his head.

"Better than Tobio-chan's?" he asked, unsure of why exactly he was asking, but he had to know.

He may have boasted that Tobio was still a thousand years too early to best him, yet truth be told, Tooru didn't feel that much better than him. He worked his ass off to stay just a step above, to continue improving, he slaved long time after hours to keep being on the top, but... With every match, every time he saw Tobio in action, the cold hand of dread closed around his heart whispering tauntingly, "He's coming to get you." And Tooru didn't want to let Tobio catch him.

Hinata was looking at his hand again, now closed into a fist, so small it was a wonder how he could spike the ball with such power. Hinata was the only one who could tell Tooru the truth and suddenly
Tooru felt the tips of his fingers grow cold in nervous anticipation.

Was his toss better? It felt good, not yet perfect, but good. Tooru was quite confident in it. But was it better than what Tobio could do...?

"No," Hinata said and Tooru, despite thinking he was prepared to hear it, could feel his heart sink. "It's not better and it's not worse. It's just..." Hinata's eyebrows knit tightly in thought. "...different."

"Different?" Tooru echoed, not really happy about the wording.

Hinata's voice changed as he cocked his head to the side, unsure.

"It's not like Kageyama's toss at all. It feels... softer?" Hinata turned to Tooru, eyes a warm, glowing amber that made the cold gripping at Tooru's hands melt away. "Kind of like falling leaves? Soft and tranquil? Whispy?" Hinata's face scrunched funnily. "I don't know how to explain it properly..."

Falling leaves...

Tooru's lips quirked in a tiny smile. That was exactly what he was aiming for.

"But it was so cool!" Hinata's voice made him refocus on the first year, whose eyes now shone brightly as he looked up at Tooru. "I could see the whole court and aim properly and then gwaahhh, it was on the ground! Can we do it again?" Hinata asked excitedly.

Suddenly, 'different' didn't seem so bad anymore. Tooru found himself smiling back at the tiny ball of energy before him.

"Sure," he replied. "Let's do it again."

Chapter End Notes

aaaaaaaaand I just want to say that I've written up to chapter 6 so I might update more frequently, but the next chap will only show up around the end of february, sorry ;u; (it's gonna be worth it tho bc action picks pace then ufuufu ;3)
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

so it's the end of february and like I promised, here's an update of this thing ^u^)b
also pls don't try to figure out the timeline of this fic bc even I have no idea what's
happening with that lmao

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's been almost three weeks since Shouyou transferred to Seijou and he had to admit, it wasn't so bad. Frankly, it was pretty nice. The upperclassmen were all kind and always ready to help if he needed it, so that much didn't change. Of course, they were different from Karasuno – there was much more teasing and yelling in practice, but somehow it still managed to remind him of home; of boisterous Tanaka and Nishinoya, and snarky Tsukishima and Ennoshita.

Though, there was one thing at Seijou that Karasuno could never possess.

Shouyou looked at the adjacent court currently occupied by Oikawa. He heard so much about him from Kageyama, so many things: a great setter, amazing serve, twisted personality and incredible strength of will. That was all Shouyou knew about Oikawa before changing schools, before getting to know him better. Admittedly, he still had all of those qualities, but he was also so much more than just that.

Shouyou watched him help the rest of the team in practice, watched him teach the first years how to serve, watched Oikawa practice until sweat dripped down his body and onto the wooden floor of the gym. He watched the other smile, carelessly, joyfully, and he also watched him frown, the eyebrows knitted tightly together, lips pulled in a white line, hand discretely massaging his sore knee.

But even when his past injury bothered him, Oikawa never bailed out on the practice sessions he and Shouyou unspokenly agreed to have each week. They stayed long after everyone else went home, Shouyou working on his spikes, Oikawa still in the process of developing his new set. At first it was awkward, the air between them a bit too tense, but the more they practiced, the more they learned about each other and before they knew it, they fell into a comfortable rhythm: practice with the team, practice alone, practice together.

And afterwards they always got some food.

Shouyou honestly didn't even know how it happened or when it did, he just one day realized that he really liked Oikawa's smiles, even the fake ones. Another day he noticed how cute Oikawa's scrunched up face was when he stared at the ball as if it could give him answers to really important questions. Yet another day, and it wasn't Oikawa's face or smiles, but his voice – smooth and lilting, and before Shouyou knew it, he was imagining what Oikawa would sound like singing. And then... and then it all went downhill.

Shouyou was dense most of the time, he really, truly was. It took him a while to piece all the clues together, and even then it took him a while longer to actually come to terms with the facts. And the facts were: he had a crush on the Grand King. He had a crush on his senpai. On Oikawa Tooru.

Of course, he couldn't tell him. Not when the team was around, not when they were practicing alone,
not when there was no one else in the lockers but them. Not when Oikawa was surrounded by girls, smiling at them in a way that made Shouyou's heart clench in jealousy. Not even when they went out to eat after closing up the gym, or not even when Oikawa walked him home from time to time as they talked animatedly about the new quiggs they could work on.

He couldn't tell him, and the time passed by as Shouyou held back the words that wanted to sprout from his mouth. They continued on as usual, but Shouyou's heart knew. It knew and it throbbed in his chest as it demanded recognition that Shouyou refused to give to his feelings.

It was one day in December when it happened to be Shouyou's turn to pick what food they had after practice and without even thinking about it he grinned up at Oikawa, shouting "Meat buns!" and receiving an amused chuckle in return. Shouyou swallowed his portion almost in seconds, walking next to Oikawa who ate much more slowly, but a lot more messily. There was some sauce smeared in the corner of his mouth and Shouyou blushed as the sudden urge to wipe it off made his fingers twitch.

They weren't that close. Plus Oikawa was... well, Oikawa. The only one Shouyou could imagine getting that intimate with him was Iwa-san, but...

"Kageyama said Iwa-san is a very kind person," Shouyou suddenly spoke up. "So why is he always like that with you?"

"Like what, Hina-chan?" Oikawa asked, his eyes turning to him as he finished off his meat bun and licked his fingers. Shouyou's eyes followed Oikawa's tongue distractedly and only after a while did he remember he was asked a question.

"Well..." Shouyou cleared his throat, looking away from Oikawa's mouth. "Kind of like Kageyama and me? Always fighting? It doesn't seem that he likes you much at first sight..." He looked up at Oikawa, a bit worried that he had crossed the line.

Oikawa wasn't offended though. He only smiled down at Shouyou and reached over to ruffle his hair playfully.

"We're childhood friends, it's just how Iwa-chan shows his love," Oikawa chuckled, and the smile curling around his lips was gentler than any Shouyou had ever seen.

His heart gave a sharp pang. Slightly confused, Shouyou looked down at his feet. He would be lying if he said it didn't bother him, but what could he do about it? Nothing. And his own heart knew it best as it throbbed painfully in his chest.

"How can anyone compete with that?" he asked sadly, masking it with a short laugh that was a bit too bitter for his liking. He just prayed that Oikawa didn't notice...

"Oh?" The tone of voice was teasing and Shouyou knew there was a smirk on Oikawa's face even though he was too scared to look his way. His body stiff, he waited for the other to continue, dreading the words to come. "Did Hina-chan want to be the one closest to me?"

It was hard to breathe and even harder to swallow through the blush that was now rising to Shouyou's cheeks, but he forced himself to do both. He opened his mouth, a sound of disagreement on his lips but no words came to his aid and he ended up spluttering. Oikawa's large, warm hand lingering on the top of his head didn't help much to gather his thoughts and Shouyou felt himself burn. He completely turned his face away from Oikawa, desperately hoping that his senpai didn't see how red it was.
"...what if I did," he mumbled quietly to himself.

He didn't know it, but Oikawa's hearing was far from ordinary. The words were carried over by the wind and he had heard them loud and clear. The hand dropped from Shouyou's head, making Shouyou breathe in relief when the pressure suffocating him lessened. He was too focused on willing the blush away from his face that he never took notice of what Oikawa was doing.

But if he only looked his way right then, he would have noticed the pink dusting across Oikawa's cheeks, the gleam in his warm chocolate brown eyes, the slight tremble in his lower lip as he nibbled on it in thought...

Sadly, Shouyou didn't.

Chapter End Notes

aaand we're moving on with this fic, enjoy dorks in love yall--
next time: first smooches
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

so as promised, some more action in this chapter: first smooches
hope yall enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tooru didn't want to admit it, not even to himself, but... he had a crush. And it wasn't just a simple

.crush. It was this I'm dying without you even though you're so close, but I know that if I touch you
you'd hate me for the rest of our lives kind of crush and if he was a tad bit dramatic, it could be

excused – after all, love made people crazy.

He had tried to play it off as simple interest, as fascination, as getting to know a new teammate. It
didn't work out as well as he had expected it to. His heart stuttered every time he met the gaze of

gliowing amber eyes, his palms got sweaty every time he caught the sight of fluffy ginger hair, his

throat tightened every time he received a smile as bright as the sun. It was incredibly difficult to act

normal, even though Tooru had lots of experience with faking his feelings.

Sometimes, however, his will broke and his hands twitched at his sides, wanting to touch, taint,

possess. He forced himself to stop, though. No matter how much it pained him, he couldn't be selfish

with this. Not with him. His heart ached and Tooru had often found himself exhausted after a day

full of pretending, but come the morning light he started the act again. Because this, the slowly

blossoming friendship they had, was more important to him than the feelings he hid deep inside his

soul.

It was never easy. Not when he was greeted with bright smiles, not when he watched Hinata play,

not when a soft blush lighted up Hinata's face. It was hard to focus when he caught Hinata biting his

lip in thought or worry, and it was even harder when their skin brushed as they stood next to each

other and Tooru could feel his body heat up as if he touched the sun itself. His breath often

whooshed out of his lungs, leaving him lightheaded when amber eyes gazed up at him with

admiration and respect, and a warm glow of something Tooru could never decipher. He melted in

those eyes, wishing for nothing more than to just claim them as his, but...

He swallowed harshly through his clenched throat, tearing his eyes away from Hinata's small figure.
There were other things he had to focus on at this point. Forcing on a smile, he stepped up to greet

the captain of the team they were having a practice match with, but his heart was hardly in it. When
the game finally started after a proper warm up, Tooru had tried to pay attention to their opponents.
He really, really tried. Yet none of them were as bright as Hinata, none as flashy and full of spirit,
none as dangerously bewitching.

Tooru couldn't help stealing glances at Hinata's form moving around the court in a blur. He couldn't
help the twitch of his hands that made him want to set to him every time he saw the boy take into the

air. He couldn't help but admire Hinata's presence, his determination, ambition, drive. All of it made

Hinata irresistible in Tooru's eyes.

They won the match (no thanks to Tooru) and on the bus ride home, he took his usual place next to
Iwaizumi. He was actually debating coming clean to his childhood friend, the feelings in his heart
wanting to break free, but Iwaizumi was snoring soundly before Tooru could make up his mind. He
pouted just a little, putting off the inevitable conversation and in complete boredom looked around the bus. His eyes immediately drifted to the mop of bright orange hair, and Tooru hesitated just for a second and then made his way over.

Hinata was sitting at the end of the bus, alone in a double seat. His eyes were closed and his head rested at an angle that surely must have hurt, but he seemed peaceful to Tooru. A soft smile curled at the corners of Tooru's mouth as he watched such a different side to the usually energetic first year.

"Hina-chan," he called stopping next to Hinata's seat. "Are you asleep?"

There was no answer and Tooru could feel his heart speed up. He bit his lip in thought. Should he...? With a deep breath to gather his courage and swallowing the uneasiness that made him think of all the ways he could fuck this up, he sat down in the empty seat next to Hinata. For a moment he sat stiffly, afraid to move, afraid of the moment Hinata would wake up, but it never came. Slowly, he relaxed and turned back to watching Hinata's sleeping face.

It might have seemed peaceful at first, but now that Tooru was so close, he could see the slight crease between Hinata's eyebrows. It marred his forehead and scrunched up his nose, making him all the more adorable in Tooru's eyes. Hinata's lips were slightly parted, his breathing coming out in small puffs and Tooru's own breath stuttered as his mind went down the gutter. He wondered how it would feel to touch Hinata's lips, how they would feel against his own, how Hinata would taste on his tongue...

Tooru twitched when the bus suddenly jumped and Hinata's head dropped onto his shoulder. His body tensed up, waiting for Hinata to wake up, but he didn't. And so, Tooru stayed in his seat, suddenly smirking to himself secretly.

Because there was no way Hinata could have slept through that. Which could only mean one thing and that thing made Tooru's heart beat just a little bit faster.

Tooru basked in the other's closeness for a moment longer, letting his senses sink into the warmth that Hinata's small body poured into his skin. Orange hair tickled his neck and jaw, and when Tooru turned his head to the side he could smell the slight scent of bubblegum. His lips quirked in a small grin at how cute and fitting it was. Bubblegum for the most bubbly personality. So adorable.

He smiled to himself one last time and with a wildly beating heart, whispered, "I know you're awake."

Hinata's eyelashes fluttered and molten amber filled Tooru's vision, so warm in the afternoon sun falling in through the window that it almost looked golden. Tooru was scared Hinata would panic, that he would scramble back as if burned (hopefully, blushing), but the only thing that was burning was his own heart and Hinata's gaze. His mouth suddenly dry, Tooru waited for any sign from Hinata, but none came. Hinata's head was still resting on his shoulder, eyes still looking up at him, slightly widened and glowing, yet at the same time hard and unafraid...

If he had the time to think about it, maybe Tooru wouldn't have done it. If his mind wasn't clouded by his feelings, if his heart wasn't beating so fast, if he could focus on anything but Hinata's eyes and those soft, soft lips... Maybe then he wouldn't have dipped his head and he wouldn't have kissed Hinata and possibly he wouldn't have made the biggest mistake of his life–

But all those ifs and wouldn't haves had stopped to matter the moment Hinata responded to the kiss with one of his own, his lips pressing against Tooru's firmly yet softly, and all Tooru could think was – it's perfect.
I'm thinking of making this a thing and updating this fic biweekly so unless something unexpected happens the next chapter should be up around Easter ^u^)b
next time: smuts ;3
ye I know we're going fast but OH WELL THEY ARE TEENAGE BOYS OKAY
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

the anime ended today *cue in loud sobbing in the distance* rip hq s2
and on that note, here's a little pick me up from yours truly
enjoy the bjs ;3c

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Oika~"

Hungry lips swallowed the rest of his sentence along with the weak protest he tried to convey by putting a hand on the other's chest. But as soon as his skin came into contact with the warm, bare chest, and he felt the quickened beat of Oikawa's heart under his palm, Shouyou could no longer resist. He stepped back, pulling Oikawa with him without breaking the kiss, and leaned against the wall of lockers, shivering at the cold of the metal pressed to his shoulders. Or maybe it was because of the way Oikawa's tongue twirled in his mouth, waking up his suppressed desires – Shouyou didn't know.

They parted for a breath, Oikawa's hand never leaving the side of Shouyou's face. Shouyou's own was still pressed to the other's chest and he took the timeout to run it down, fingers mapping Oikawa's body into his memory, as if it was the first time he looked at him.

But it wasn't. And suddenly the reality of the situation hit Shouyou hard.

"We shouldn't be doing this," he said, looking up at Oikawa, whose eyes were already lit with what Shouyou came to recognize as arousal. "Someone can walk in," he hissed, looking at the door in fear.

Oikawa's hand tilted his head to the side and Shouyou felt lips behind his ear, hot breath making him shiver, the towel around his hips denting with the proof of exactly how Oikawa influenced him. Teeth scraped the shell of his ear and when Oikawa's mouth closed around the lobe, sucking on it gently, Shouyou bit back a moan.

"Oikawa-sen~"

He couldn't stop it this time. He tilted his head back and groaned quietly when Oikawa's tongue, that treacherous tongue, sneaked into his ear. Shouyou was already breathing hard, and if anyone entered the locker room in that moment, he was sure they'd be toast.

"Hey, Hina-chan," Oikawa's voice was low and brimming with devious allure that only he possessed. "Can I blow you?"

Shouyou shivered, all of his self control slipping when he felt his cock harden as if to answer Oikawa's question.

"You~" Shouyou gasped, turning to look Oikawa in the eye. He knew he was flushed and basically a mess, but Oikawa's eyes gleamed with lust and Shouyou could feel the answering thirst wake up in his body. "We can't," he tried to deny it one more time. "Someone can~"
But Oikawa didn't listen anymore. He was already kneeling in front of Shouyou, hands reaching for the loosely tied knot on the towel.

"Wait!" Shouyou caught his hands, slightly in panic now. "Wait, just wait!"

Oikawa raised his head to look at him, and Shouyou had to swallow hard. Having Seijou's captain and ace setter, the Grand King, on his knees before him, asking to blow him was... too much for Shouyou to handle.

"At least let's get inside the shower room," he said quickly, averting his eyes.

Oikawa freed his hands, and Shouyou sighed in relief. If he had watched the other carefully though, he'd have notice the glint in his eyes and the smirk playing on his lips.

"Or maybe I want everyone to know," Oikawa whispered, sparing only a glance up at Shouyou before his hands undid the knot and the towel tumbled to the floor, leaving Shouyou open to Oikawa's eyes.

Shouyou had no time to think of any ways to protest again, since Oikawa's hand was already closing around his half-hard cock, lips brushing over his thigh, up and up, sucking a hickey on the inside of his hip and then–

The back of Shouyou's head hit the lockers with a loud thud as his mouth opened in a voiceless gasp. His head was spinning, but he wasn't sure if it was from the force of the impact or the way Oikawa's hot mouth felt around him. He knew what Oikawa could do with his tongue and when the dexterous muscle began to play – lapping at the tip, slowly and softly; letting the head bump off of it with soft, wet sounds that made Shouyou squirm; circling around the top, the hot pants of Oikawa's breath sending shivers down Shouyou's spine; running over the veins on the whole length and quickening Shouyou's pulse into a harsh beat; licking from the base to the tip, and then swallowing him down into the hot abyss of his mouth – Shouyou felt like he was losing his mind to pleasure.

His hands unconsciously found their way into Oikawa's soft and still wet from the shower hair, tugging at it occasionally when gasps and quiet, muffled moans weren't enough to release the tension building inside him. Shouyou's eyes closed and opened in change, the view too good to pass on and just give into the sensation.

Shouyou watched how Oikawa's eyes half-closed when he took him in deep, or how he always, without failure, glanced up at his face when he kissed the underside of Shouyou's cock, the tip brushing lightly against Oikawa's cheek. Shouyou tightened his grip on brown locks whenever Oikawa's teeth scraped at the sensitive skin, the smug curl of his lips making Shouyou's cock twitch.

Oikawa was good at it. At controlling all of his reactions.

If he wanted to make Shouyou squirm, he only had to lick down his shaft and suck at his balls. If he wanted to hear Shouyou moan, he only had to pull him in deep into his hot mouth. If he wanted to see Shouyou come, he only had to–

"Oi–"

A moan stopped the rest of his sentence. Shouyou had to take a few shaky breaths to gather his thoughts again, because Oikawa's mouth continued working at him, the fingers clenched at the base of his cock unfurling to run a feather light, teasing dance along Shouyou's length, while Oikawa leisurely sucked on the head.

"Oikawa-senpai... I'm going to–"
Oikawa's eyes flicked up to him and the burning desire inside them made Shouyou's cock pulse on the edge of release. He groaned loudly, the sound echoing of the walls and making him sinfully aware of what they were actually doing. But it was too late for shame, too late for regrets.

Shouyou's fingers tugged at Oikawa's brown curls, which was taken as a clear sign and Oikawa's head moved, taking Shouyou deep inside, so deep he could feel the tip of his cock touching the back of Oikawa's throat. But what came next he didn't expect, so when Oikawa hummed, the vibrations sent a harsh shiver through Shouyou's whole length and down his spine and when Oikawa's cheeks hollowed as he sucked at him, Shouyou could do nothing to stop it.

With a loud half-wail, half-cry, he came right into Oikawa's mouth, pulling at his hair as if it was the only thing keeping him anchored to this world. When the locker room finally stopped spinning and Shouyou's heavy pants calmed down to shaky breaths, Oikawa released his now limp cock from his mouth. Shouyou watched the other's throat work as he swallowed all of Shouyou's come. If he wasn't already red from the heat of the moment, he'd surely blush a fierce fire-red now.

Suddenly exhausted, Shouyou slid down the lockers to the floor. The cold against his heated skin made him shiver slightly, but it was a pleasant contrast. He spread his legs wide and stretched out his arms to Oikawa, who with a smile playing on his abused lips shifted into his reach. Shouyou locked his arms behind Oikawa's neck, climbing into his lap to sit more comfortably.

"You're crazy," he whispered, suddenly afraid to raise his voice after all the ruckus they'd made before.

The other only chuckled in response, arms coming to rest around Shouyou's waist. Shouyou nuzzled his cheek against Oikawa's, his breathing calming down to soft sighs. He felt tired and satiated, and all he dreamed about was falling asleep. But he could feel Oikawa's hard cock poking at his ass from underneath the towel, and he didn't want to leave him hanging.

Shouyou stretched, arms raised high above. A little moan escaped from his mouth. He then raised himself on his knees and looking Oikawa straight in the eyes, placed a quick kiss to his lips. And then one more, deeper, harsher, as if he wanted to put all of his feelings into it. The gratitude, the appreciation, the lust, the love...

Leaving a small bite to Oikawa's bottom lip at the end of the kiss, he smiled.

"How about I return the favour?"

Chapter End Notes

I have only 2 more chapters written and then I'm fucked so I might update this thing a bit more irregularly orz sorry for that... I promise I will get back on track in april, pls be patient with me!
They had been dating for a while now, a long while. Two months, three weeks and four days. Tooru knew. He counted it every day, after all. And yet, despite all that time, despite the many intimate moments they shared, despite the often gentle smiles and words spoken softly lips against lips, Tooru had yet to hear Hinata call him by his given name.

He didn't want to admit it bothered him, but hearing Hinata's breathy moans that always ended with some honorific made him a little uneasy. Was Hinata going along with this relationship just because Tooru was his senior? Was he unknowingly forcing the first year into this? Tooru had often found himself wondering if that might be the case. It wasn't that he doubted Hinata's feelings (or maybe he did, just a little bit, but it wasn't out of spite but more of a deeply ingrained fear that his own feelings might be stronger and he could get hurt in the process); he just wanted more... certainty? reassurance? equality? Probably all of them.

Hinata wasn't shy with his affection once he grew past the initial bashful phase. Tooru genuinely appreciated the small gestures his tiny boyfriend surprised him with: the small callused hand reaching for his as they walked side by side, how Hinata climbed to his tip toes and pulled him down by the front of his shirt to steal a kiss, or the way Hinata's nose pressed into Tooru's neck when they hugged, rubbing against his skin in a soft caress. Tooru's heart sang with joy, sweet surprise coursing through his veins with fervour. But still... It still lacked something, something essential.

They were lying on Tooru's bed one day, cuddling and almost falling asleep when Tooru's clouded mind returned to the topic of his musings. Before he knew it, he was speaking, the words rolling off his tongue as if without his permission.

"How come you never call me by my given name?" Tooru asked, his cheek pressed against the top of Hinata's head.

He was enveloped in Hinata's smell, the soft bubblegum of his shampoo, the distinct scent of rubber from how much time he spent with a volleyball in his hands, and something else, something that was uniquely Hinata's and which always calmed Tooru's senses. He took another breath, eyes closed and body relaxed as he waited for an answer. He was slightly anxious, but he was too warm and too comfortable to give in to his nerves.

"You're older than me and you're my senior," Hinata answered with his face nuzzled in Tooru's chest. His voice was slightly muffled, but Tooru could hear him clearly in the quiet of the room. "It would be... out of line."

"You're older than me and you're my senior," Hinata answered with his face nuzzled in Tooru's chest. His voice was slightly muffled, but Tooru could hear him clearly in the quiet of the room. "It would be... out of line."

"Iwa-chan is Iwa-chan," Tooru interrupted, clicking his tongue. It wasn't the first time he had to use that line. It seemed like Hinata had his own worries, however similar to Tooru's they were. "You say that you don't call me Tooru because I'm older and your captain. What about your boyfriend then?"
Hinata shifted in his arms and pulled away slightly to look up at him.

"I--" His eyes flicked to the side as if he couldn't look straight at Tooru's face, but then they returned, even more determined than before. "I can try?" Hinata offered, his cheeks painted pink. "But only when we're alone!" he added at the grin that spread on Tooru's lips.

Tooru pouted. "Only?"

"And it's nonnegotiable," Hinata nodded firmly and Tooru sighed.

"Fine." It was still better than nothing. He gazed into Hinata's eyes expectantly. "So?"

Anticipation speeding up his heartbeat, he watched Hinata's eyes close when he took a deep breath. Torou's eyes were drawn to his lips as they parted and he could feel himself going deaf to everything else except Hinata's next words.

"T-Tooru," Hinata stumbled over the syllables, but it didn't matter. It was the sweetest sound Tooru has ever heard in his life.

An incoherent noise left his throat and he greedily watched Hinata's pink cheeks deepen into crimson.

"Again," he demanded. And Hinata complied, saying his name with less stutter this time. Tooru closed his eyes in bliss. "Again," he asked, and this time he could hear slight amusement in Hinata's voice, right next to the endearing embarrassment. "Again."

"Enough, it's embarrassing!" Hinata pushed him playfully in the chest and Tooru laughed, carefree and so incredibly happy he could lift mountains.

He scooped his small boyfriend into his arms, hugging him close and so tight he heard a grunt of protest, but he only nuzzled his face in Hinata's shoulder. Joy was pulsing in his chest and he was sure Hinata could feel it where their bodies were pressed together.

"You're so cute, Hina-chan," Tooru cooed, tightening the embrace.

"I'm not cute!" Hinata protested, even though the blush was creeping down his neck. "And if I'm calling you by your given name then you have to do the same!"

"Oh?" Tooru pulled back and rose on his elbow to hover over Hinata. A playful smirk quirked his lips. "I can handle that." Leaning down a bit without breaking eye contact, his breath ghosted over Hinata's lips, and Tooru whispered: "Shouyou."

Even the tips of Hinata's ears were red now and Tooru's heart was so warm that he could feel himself melting in all the love he had for this tiny teen before him.

"You're adorable," he said, stroking Hinata's flushed cheek with a finger.

"I'm not," Hinata mumbled, but it was a weak protest compared to before and it only made Tooru smile.

"You are," he returned and watched a pout form around Hinata's lips.

"Am not." Hinata looked away from him in embarrassment, but Tooru had none of it.

He took hold of Hinata's chin and leaned down to press a sweet kiss against Hinata's pouting lips. *Yes, you are.*
I'm still working on the matchmaker so I can't pay more attention to this fic atm but I'm only 2 chapters away from finishing it and after that I promise this fic will get priority over everything, so pls be patient with me a little longer!
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

phew I wasn't here for a loooong time orz sorry about that my friends ;u; I promise I'm back now tho so u can expect the chapters every 2 weeks like it was before! I have only about 3 left to write so there's high probability I won't be dropping this fic again ^u^b and now onto the fluff we go! enjoy ;3c

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Training camps were different at Seijou than they were at Karasuno. Shouyou still remembered the stuffy rooms in the summer from when he attended the Tokyo group's camp and since that was the only experience he had, he assumed every camp was the same, or similar, more or less. But he was wrong.

Training camps at Seijou were... grand. It might have been because Seijou was a powerhouse with long history of winning, so naturally their club budget was higher than the rundown Karasuno's, but Shouyou could have never imagined something like this.

While at Karasuno they had to cramp together in a single room, at Seijou there was an unspoken rule stating that no more than four people were allowed in one room. And that made all the difference. Shouyou thought it would be lonely without the rest of the team, but the feelings quickly disappeared once he saw the room. It wasn't lavish, it was fairly normal and what you'd expect from a hotel room, but to Shouyou's eyes it was magnificent.

And every room had its own bathroom. Shouyou was in heaven.

They arrived in the evening, which meant no volleyball practice would be held that day, and even though Shouyou felt slightly disheartened by it, it passed as soon as he saw the rooms. Excitement started coursing through his veins again and when he finally rested his head on the pillow he had trouble falling asleep over the sound of his racing heartbeat.

He dreamed of flying that night. Of wings ruffled by a light breeze and the horizon spreading before his eyes far and wide, free and open. His body pulsed with joy with every flap of his wings, the warmth of the sunrays caressing his feathers. The sun softly kissing his neck, nuzzling against his cheek, and the wind running its fingers over his shoulders and stomach, gently, lovingly...

Shouyou didn't know when he'd come awake, but the tender caresses didn't disappear even then. He blinked to clear his mind a bit, but nothing changed. With a skip of his heart he realized that there was indeed an arm around his waist, hot palm pressing against his stomach, and lips pressing lazy kisses to the line of his neck.

An uncontrollable shiver passed through his body. Who...?

He slowly turned around, joints stiff and ready to bolt. In the early morning greyness of the room the only thing he could notice were the soft brown eyes gazing at him warmly and Shouyou slumped in the embrace with a huff of relief.

"Tooru." He half glared at his boyfriend. "Don't scare me like that," he chided in a whisper, mindful
of the other occupants of the room.

A quiet chuckle was his only reply and a warm cheek pressed against Shouyou's. "I wanted to show you something, but you look so cute when you sleep I just couldn't help myself."

Shouyou felt like pouting, but he was too warm, too happy and too sleepy, too spoiled, to bother. He just hummed quietly, rolling to the side and hiding his face in the crook of Oikawa's neck.

"Can't we stay like this?" he mumbled, nosing at the warm skin.

Oikawa's arms tightened around him.

"That wouldn't be so bad..." he agreed. "But nope, no can do. We're going."

"Going where?" Shouyou whined when the other started pulling away. He clung to him, desperate to keep the source of warmth with him for as long as possible.

"Come on, you're gonna love it," Oikawa said, trying to persuade him, but Shouyou didn't take the bait.

"But I love it here," he pouted.

There was a moment of silence when Oikawa just watched him, kneeling on the side of the bed and holding one of Shouyou's hands. Shouyou watched him through the fog of sleep, unable to focus on anything, which is why he completely missed the lazy smirk curling around the corner of Oikawa's mouth as he leaned down to whisper in Shouyou's ear.

"Do you want me to carry you bridal style, Shou-chan?"

Shouyou's sharp intake of breath and the sudden fire in his eyes made Oikawa laugh quietly as he backed away to a safe distance. Shooting his boyfriend a glare, Shouyou rolled out of bed.

"You're evil," he mumbled more to himself than to Oikawa while throwing on his clothes.

"That's what they say." A bright smile was sent Shouyou's way, making him squint.

"Satan," he fired back, but it only made Oikawa's smile brighter. Shouyou sighed slipping on his shoes. "Can I at least use the bathroom before you kidnap me?"

"Yup," Oikawa replied cheerfully. "But make it quick, we don't want to be late."

"Late for what?" Shouyou tried to fish for information one last time, but Oikawa had none of it. He only winked at him with a mysterious smile.

"You'll see."

Five minutes later, holding Oikawa's hand, Shouyou was lead through the streets to a park not far from their hotel. They climbed up a small hill, passed the main alley and entered a more secluded part. The night around them was brightening by minute and the greys were slowly giving way to colour. Shouyou allowed himself to be pulled along by Oikawa, looking around curiously. It was his first time here and even though he couldn't fully appreciate it because of the hour, the park was a beautiful place.

Finally, they stopped at a watching platform off to the side of the park. The city spread out before them, buildings, big and small, filling the horizon. Oikawa's arms embraced him from behind and Shouyou leaned into him.
"Any moment now," Oikawa said into Shouyou's ear and Shouyou smiled a little to himself at how excited he sounded.

Time seemed to have stopped as they waited and – yes, there it was. The brightness spreading across the horizon, the first rays of the rising sun. Shouyou's mouth opened as he watched the city come to life with colour and he smiled, warm and bright, eyes gleaming in happiness.

"We watched the sunset last year when we came here for the camp," Oikawa said and Shouyou turned his head to listen. "So this year I wanted to see the sunrise with you. Make it special just for us."

The warmth spreading over Shouyou's heart had nothing to do with the sun, but everything to do with the boy next to him. He smiled, a slight blush on his cheeks, and turned around fully to pull Oikawa down with his hands cupping his face like the most precious of treasures. Their lips slid together softly, Shouyou's still slightly plump from sleep and Oikawa's chapped from biting, but it was warm and beautiful and theirs.

"Thank you," Shouyou said when they pulled back, eyes alight with happiness as Oikawa's forehead rested on his.

But he wasn't thanking only Oikawa. He was also thanking any god that might have had a part in leading him up till this moment. Because the view was breathtaking: it shook the very core of his heart in that tender tremble of too much emotion that choked his throat and made his eyes hot with unshed tears, and Shouyou wouldn't have traded it for any other.

And the sun, oh, the sun was pretty too.

Chapter End Notes

as I mentioned before - next chapter in 2 weeks
hope you liked this one? let me know what yall think~
Dating in secret was hard when all he wanted to do was scream out his love for the whole world to know. Kisses stolen at the back of the bus when the rest of the team was asleep; rushed touches and gasping breaths sneaked after practice when they were left alone in the club room; even the long hugs as they parted on their way home, coming back for just one more for a good hour; it just wasn't enough. Tooru wanted more, and by the gleam in Hinata's eyes, he knew it was a mutual desire.

And yet... And yet there was a part of him that didn't want people to know. A selfish and possessive part, a part that wanted to monopolize Hinata, that wanted to never let anyone else see the way Hinata smiled at him right after they kissed or how his cheeks flushed pink, and how his blush rose up to his ears and went down his neck when Tooru's hand slid down Hinata's thigh. He was always hungry for those small things and just the thought of sharing it with others made Tooru's lip curl in a snarl.

So with the war raging inside him, Tooru did nothing about it, keeping his thoughts to himself. He didn't want to pressure his boyfriend to do something he didn't want to, leaving it completely up to Hinata to make this decision. He expected it'd take time, that Hinata would take it slow and careful, that he'd shy away from the public eye. But as always, Hinata was full of surprises.

One afternoon, right after practice had ended and everyone was leaving, Tooru was waiting at the bottom of the stairs leading to their club room. Hinata was still changing and since they had plans to grab something to eat, Tooru was killing time by playing with his phone. He could hear Iwaizumi, Matsukawa and Hanamaki making their way down, but before he could as much as lift his head in their direction, familiar steps sounded on the metal stairs and Tooru's vision was filled with a bright smile. He literally had only two seconds to put his phone away and catch the tiny middle blocker who jumped off the last four steps right into Tooru's arms.

Tooru backed a few steps from the force of impact, but stood tall. Small arms hugged him tight, Hinata's laughter filling the air and Tooru's chest with warmth. In amused surprise Tooru looked down into Hinata's smiling face.

"What are you, a frog?" he asked, only getting a grin in return.

"I'm just really, really happy for some reason," Hinata announced, cheeks flushed a little in excitement. Tooru gently set him down on the ground, but Hinata was still holding onto him. "Let's get meat buns today?"

"Sure," Tooru smiled, his heart melting at the joy oozing out of Hinata's eyes.

Without a care for their surroundings, and for Tooru's heart which suddenly jumped into overdrive, Hinata climbed to his tiptoes and pressed their lips together. It was a short kiss, just a tiny smooch, really, but it made Tooru dizzy. Not because of the kiss itself – though that was nice as well – but
because they were in public: right in front of their teammates.

Out of breath from fear, Tooru pulled back, wide brown eyes meeting amber. Hinata reeled back suddenly, as if Tooru's reaction spooked him.

"Do you know what you just did?" Tooru asked in a terrified whisper and Hinata nodded stiffly.

"I--" Tooru saw Hinata swallow hard. "I can say it's my fault if you want me to. I can-- I can just make up some excuse. I'm sorry. I should have asked you first, I'm sorry..."

Hinata's head was dipping lower with each word and his back hunched with worry. And Tooru... Tooru wanted to laugh. So he did. Chuckling, he cradled Hinata's face in his hands, lifting it up.

"You silly goose," he cooed, smiling brightly. "There's nothing to be sorry for."

Without waiting for any response, he leaned in and kissed Hinata again. It was longer this time and he made sure Hinata responded to him properly, with tiny hands clenching the front of his Seijou shirt and pulling him down, before he broke the kiss. And then, just to be sure, he stole one more with a smug grin.

"I've waited to do this for a while now," Tooru said, watching amber eyes sparkle lively. "Thank you."

"Now who's a silly goose," Hinata replied, smiling at him. "There's no need to thank me."

They probably would've kissed again, but a harsh sound of someone clearing their throat right next to them made them both jump away from each other. Startled, they looked to where it was coming from and found almost the full team staring at them with various degrees of shock painted across their faces.

Tooru felt his heart pick up the pace.

"So I guess you have something to tell us, right?" Iwaizumi was the closest one to him, turning his hard glare from Tooru to Hinata.

"Well, you see," Tooru started slowly. "We're dating?"

"You're asking me?" Iwaizumi raised an eyebrow at him.

"No, I'm telling you," Tooru said, a bit more firmly now. He could feel his palms get clammy in nervous awaiting of his best friend's judgement and he really, really wanted to take Hinata's hand, if only to calm himself down.

There was a moment of silence before--

"Good for you then," Iwaizumi said and swatted him on the back as he passed him, so hard Tooru jumped forward with a yelp of pain.

And then he blinked in surprise, not having expected it to go that smoothly. He caught the sight of Matsukawa and Hanamaki exchanging money, and frankly, he didn't know if he should be offended or embarrassed (or pleased) that they bet on them dating. The rest of the team followed the third years' example and congratulated them, after which everyone went their own way, leaving Tooru and Hinata alone as if it was the most natural thing.

"That wasn't so bad," Tooru finally said once they were alone, surprise still evident in his voice.
Hinata stepped up to him, taking his hand a little shyly compared to how he kissed Tooru with no restraints only moments before. Tooru's fingers locked around the small hand in his and he smiled.

It wasn't bad at all.

Chapter End Notes

you know what's coming next? best friend vs boyfriend uwu
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

so it's not a sunday but here's an update bc it's a very special day (still somewhere in the world bc I missed it :(); june 21 aka HINATA SHOUYOU'S BDAY MY SON IS GROWING UP I SOB

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To say that Shouyou was nervous would be the understatement of the year. Decade. Hell, a century probably. He was vibrating with anxiety, his steps more jittery than usual, shoulders slightly shaking and hands clumsy and jerky. He would have liked to have Oikawa's confidence right about now, or if not that, just Oikawa himself to hide behind. But his boyfriend wasn't there. Instead, Iwaizumi was looking down at Shouyou with a hard to read expression that was far too serious for Shouyou's liking.

He expected something like this, honestly. Ever since last week when the team learned about him and Oikawa, he expected this conversation. Iwaizumi was his boyfriend's best friend, after all. But even though Shouyou had expected this, it didn't lessen the fear that gripped him by the throat at the thought of facing Iwaizumi.

"Don't be so nervous, I'm not gonna eat you," Iwaizumi said and Shouyou noticed the amused crinkle around his eyes.

He was too nervous to take the joke and instead straightened up stiffly, almost shouting, "Ah, yes, thank you, I'm sorry!" All in one breath which left him gasping and slightly flushed.

Iwaizumi only rolled his eyes at him. Shouyou suppressed a flinch when one of those big, rough hands that spiked volleyballs in practice with astounding power landed on his head. It was warm though, and surprisingly gentle as Iwaizumi ruffled Shouyou's hair.

"Relax, kid," Iwaizumi pulled him closer with an arm casually slung around Shouyou's shoulders. "I just want to talk."

Despite the warmth, Shouyou wrenched his cold hands. "That's what I'm scared of..."

Iwaizumi didn't say more, and Shouyou dared to sneak a look at him. He wasn't scared of Iwaizumi, never. He might have been a bit at first, but since joining the team he had learned that there was no one kinder at Seijou than Iwaizumi. But when it came to Oikawa, Iwaizumi changed. And this was about Oikawa, after all.

Shouyou felt the third year sigh and the arm around him disappeared.

"Sorry for spooking you," Iwaizumi said, looking straight ahead. "I just want to make sure you know what you're getting yourself into."

It was Shouyou's turn to frown. "What I'm getting myself into?"

"With Oikawa, I mean." Iwaizumi glanced down at him. "He's not the easiest person to deal with."
Shouyou locked his fingers together, his grip tight, knuckles white. What Iwaizumi was saying was true, but...

"Isn't everyone?" Shouyou looked up, the coldness brushing at his nape making him shiver, but he steeled his gaze. "I'm hard to deal with, too." You have no idea, he thought bitterly.

Iwaizumi looked at him for a long while and then hummed. "Somehow I doubt you'd be as problematic as that pompous queen."

It startled a laugh out of Shouyou. Comparing Oikawa to a queen never even crossed his mind. Oikawa had always been the Grand King, but now that Iwaizumi had said it, it seemed to fit. So effortlessly, Shouyou found real amusement in it. Because Oikawa was everything a queen should be: graceful, beautiful and majestic.

"Does that make me a king?" he asked, smiling for the first time. Iwaizumi snorted.

"Don't get ahead of yourself," he answered. "Oikawa will chew you out before he gives up his throne."

Shouyou looked away, flushing at the sudden thought that crossed his mind. He actually wouldn't mind being chewed on by Oikawa, not a little bit.

When he turned back his head he noticed Iwaizumi staring at him in a mixture of shock, amusement and disgust and all the blood suddenly drained off Shouyou's face.

"Oh god, I said that out loud, didn't I?" he clamped his hands over his mouth, horrified.

"You're gone," Iwaizumi said, voice bewildered. "You're fucking gone, oh god."

"I didn't mean to say that, I'm sorry!"

Iwaizumi just shot him a look full of doubt and Shouyou felt a shiver of fear run down his spine. He knew that Iwaizumi's blessing meant a lot to Oikawa, even though he wouldn't mind being chewed on by Oikawa, not a little bit.

"Look," Iwaizumi finally said, tone turning back serious. "What I'm trying to say is, I've seen Oikawa date a lot." He glanced at Shouyou as if the gauge his reaction, but Shouyou only stared back unbothered. Such a thing didn't matter to him at all. "And I can tell this time it's a bit different. That's why I want to make sure that he doesn't get hurt."

"You think I'd hurt him?" Shouyou asked, voice hushed.

The thought never crossed his mind, but of course Oikawa's best friend would look out for Oikawa's wellbeing. I won't hurt him, Shouyou wanted to say, but couldn't. There was no way of knowing what would happen and a slightly unsettling worry that he might do it, even unknowingly, crept into his heart.

"I don't want to..." he whispered.

"I know," Iwaizumi patted him on the back lightly. "No one ever wants those things. I guess what I'm trying to ask is, are you serious about him?"

There was a cold, measuring light in Iwaizumi's green eyes and Shouyou felt a shiver of fear run down his spine. He knew that Iwaizumi's blessing meant a lot to Oikawa, even though he would
never admit it. Shouyou swallowed, looking for the right words to say, but it turned out to be unnecessary. The right words were there all along, and they were nothing but the truth.

"I've never felt like this about anyone," he admitted, looking away from Iwaizumi when his cheeks started stinging. "And it's not because I've never dated before. It's because it's him." He glanced up with a small smile. "He's kind of amazing, isn't he?"

"You're gonna bloat his ego if you keep this up," Iwaizumi replied, an amused quirk to his lips, which made Shouyou smile wider as his shoulders relaxed at the warm acceptance in Iwaizumi's eyes.

"You say that, but I know you think so, too," Shouyou said with full certainty, and the way Iwaizumi's eye twitched was the only confession he needed.

"He's rubbing off on you already, I see."

*In more ways than one*... Shouyou's mind dutifully supplied a memory of him and Oikawa entwined in a tight embrace with their mouths passionately locked in a kiss heavy with moans and gasps... A blush rose up to his cheeks without any warning and his whole body drowned in heat.

"Oh my god," Iwaizumi's voice cut into Shouyou's memory, full of disgust as if he knew what Shouyou had been thinking of. "Don't you fucking dare say that out loud. I don't want the details."

And without waiting for an answer, Iwaizumi continued on his way. Shouyou stood in place for a moment, a little shocked and a little embarrassed. A snicker escaped his lips before he laughed out loud and skipped to fall into step with the other. The corner of Iwaizumi's mouth was up and Shouyou felt relief wash over him.

Being accepted felt just as good as playing volleyball. If not better.

Chapter End Notes

bc we all know deep down iwa-chan cares the most ;3c
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

welp I promised you a chapter last week but I got so busy I didn't have time sorry about that ;u;
so here's one instead! next chap should be as usual - in 2 weeks ^u^)b

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first time Tooru met Hinata's sister was definitely bizarre. He didn't know what he was expecting, really, but it was definitely not that.

"Nacchan?" he asked as soon as he recognized the tiny redhead before him and the wide, oh so familiar, amber eyes that looked at him in wonder told him everything he needed to know even before the girl nodded.

"Takeru's big bro!" she greeted him smiling and Tooru smiled back, surprised at how he didn't notice the similarities between his nephew's friend and his own boyfriend.

"You two know each other?" Hinata asked, adorably confused and Tooru fought the urge to kiss him right between the eyebrows where a small crinkle appeared on his forehead.

"Nacchan is good friends with my nephew," Tooru explained. "We've met a few times. Right?"

"Right!" the girl agreed and then jumped over to pull on Tooru's arm. "Hey, can I show you something? I want to show you something!"

Tooru chuckled, "Sure, what is it?"

Before he knew it, he was being pulled out of the hall by the excited kid to the sound of his boyfriend's quiet laughter. He was given a tour of the house, with special attention put on the best hiding spots that Natsu always used when she played hide and seek, because "You have to play with me one day, Tooru-nii!". He could only smile at her and promise that one day he would.

It was only an hour later that he was finally released and he collapsed on the couch next to Hinata. Tooru liked kids and their natural awe-like wonder at everything new, but kids like Natsu who brimmed with unspent energy could be quite exhausting. With a sigh, Tooru let himself sink into the soft couch. Natsu was upstairs in her room and he and Hinata were perfectly alone, so Tooru shifted closer to his boyfriend, a lot closer than was proper, hiding his face in Hinata's shoulder.

"Did she put you through hell?" Hinata asked and Tooru heard the soft tone of amusement in his voice.

"Nah," he smiled and nuzzled his cheek against the cotton of Hinata's shirt. "I'm actually good with kids, you know."

"I've noticed." Tooru couldn't see it, but he would bet Hinata was smiling too. A small hand rested on the back of Tooru's head, fingers threading through hair gently. "So, do you want to watch a movie? Or are we gonna cuddle all afternoon?"
Tooru, with his eyes closed and blissfully relaxed, hummed. "What movie?"

"I don't know," came a lazy reply. "What do you want to watch? I could go and check what I have..." Hinata started untangling himself, but Tooru quickly pulled him back into his arms.

"I think I'm too comfortable to move," Tooru said, snuggling more into Hinata's side and holding the other in place. "And I'm not letting go."

A soft puff of laughter brushed against Tooru's ear, filling him with warm affection. He lifted his head from Hinata's shoulder and their eyes met, molten amber against chocolate brown.

"I really want to kiss you," Tooru whispered and with delight watched how pink stained Hinata's freckled cheeks.

Instead of answering him with words, Hinata dipped his head and pressed their lips together. It was light and tender, almost a ghost touch, but Tooru pushed himself up into the kiss. He cradled the side of Hinata's face as their lips brushed together. Neither of them deepened the kiss, it was just that, just lips, sweet and soft and warm, and they were perfectly content with that.

They stayed like that, trading tiny kisses, Tooru's lips swallowing the bouts of Hinata's hushed giggles with delight tingling down his arms, fingers, pressing it into Hinata's skin with the pads of his hands. The warmth between them was a slow burn, heating them up just enough to comfortably melt into each other's arms.

"I think I might be falling in love with you," Tooru whispered between the kisses, watching Hinata through hooded eyes.

Hinata stared back at him like a deer caught in the headlights, wide-eyed, out of breath and slightly panicked. Tooru saw the hesitation in the amber eyes. His heart gave a soft pang against his ribcage and Tooru resisted the urge to rub the spot. It hurt, just a little. The lingering pain wasn't enough to tear his eyes away from Hinata, though. Tooru smiled down at his boyfriend, tenderly touching the side of his face with the back of his knuckles as if to say that it was all okay, he didn't need to say anything. Hinata's lower lip trembled and Tooru leaned in to press his own against it, the kiss even more gentle than the ones before.

The door to the living room opened suddenly with a loud screech, making them both jump and scramble away from each other. Natsu stormed in as if nothing happened. She was carrying a small bag, which she promptly put on the coffee table in front of the couch before looking up at Tooru with puppy dog eyes – and Tooru discovered that they worked on him just as well as Hinata's.

"Tooru-nii," Natsu started, face sparkling with excitement. "Let me put make up on you, please?"

At his side, Hinata choked. "Natsu! You can't just--"

"But Tooru-nii is so pretty!" Natsu protested. "Don't you think he'd look so much prettier with long eyelashes?"

With wildly beating heart from the scare before, Tooru had trouble forming words. He could feel the heat pool at the base of his neck as he chanced a glance at Hinata.

"Well, he would look pretty." In slight shock, Tooru noticed a similar flush creeping up Hinata's neck. "But that's only because he's naturally pretty!"

Tooru's cheeks flushed and he looked away, scrambling to slow down his quickened heartbeat.
"Okay, Nacchan," he said with a smile. "Show me what you've got."

Half an hour later Natsu proudly presented Tooru with a hand-held mirror.

It wasn't... bad. Hinata was clearly muffling his laughter with a hand over his mouth, but Tooru could see the potential. His cheeks were slightly too pink, the eyeliner was uneven and the wings a bit too crooked, and his eyelashes were a little too heavy with mascara. The most striking feature though, were his lips. Bright red, redder than tomatoes, they were perfectly shaped and Tooru couldn't help but admire Natsu's handiwork.

"Do you like it?" Natsu asked and Tooru smiled. His red lips stretched over white teeth and it was blinding.

"You're great with lipstick, Nacchan," he praised. Natsu grinned in reply and jumped to her feet.

"I want to take a picture, don't move!"

She ran out of the room in a hurry and Tooru turned to his boyfriend who was now openly laughing at him.

"What's so funny?"

"You look ridiculous," Hinata choked out between giggles. Tooru snorted.

"Wait till she starts on you," he replied.

Hinata shot him a cheeky grin. "She won't, I'm her brother."

Tooru narrowed his eyes. An idea hit him suddenly and he couldn't suppress a smirk from crawling onto his red, red lips.

"I guess I'll have to do it myself then," he threatened, shifting closer to his boyfriend. He reached over, grabbing Hinata's face in his hands to stop him from running away.

"What are you--" Hinata started but Tooru ignored him and dived in, pressing their lips together.

It wasn't much about the kiss, more about making a statement, but when Hinata answered him with one of his own small kisses, Tooru melted and pulled him closer. He wanted to deepen the kiss, but Hinata broke away. Breathing slightly quickened, he looked into Tooru's eyes.

"I think I'm falling in love with you, too," he whispered with a tiny smile that was enough to light up Tooru's whole world.

Throat suddenly tight with emotion, Tooru opened his mouth to reply, but Natsu's thundering steps resounded through the hall. Instead, he only stole one last quick kiss from Hinata's lips and pulled away.

"Ah, nii-chan!" Natsu exclaimed as soon as he saw Hinata's face. "You could have told me you wanted to put on makeup, too. I would have done it for you."

"What?" Hinata frowned and Tooru only smirked.

"You have lipstick all over you, Shou-chan," he supplied oh so helpfully, chest warm with delight at the blush that appeared on his boyfriend's cheeks.

"Come on, I'll fix you up and then we'll take a picture together," Natsu decided and Tooru chuckled
as Hinata groaned.

"Traitor," Hinata mumbled, sending Tooru a glare to which he only winked.

His heart was light and Tooru didn’t remember a time when he was happier.

Chapter End Notes

MAKE WAY FOR NACCHAN CUZ SHE’S GONNA STEAL UR HEART
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

who even remembers this fic amirite hah a h a... *sweats* sorry for the long break I was kinda out of time to update this thing, but you know what, I can promise you a chapter a week starting from now so that I'll wrap it around the beginning of october when uni starts again ^u^)b hope yall are still enjoying reading~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The match with Karasuno came faster than Shouyou had expected. Or maybe it was just that he lost the track of time when he was around Oikawa. Either way the match was just behind the corner and Shouyou, even though he had found his place on the team, was too nervous to focus on anything else. Especially not the boyfriend who whined for attention, which Shouyou could not give him because he was stressing about seeing his old team again. Suffice to say, Oikawa was not amused. Shouyou only spared him a kiss on the cheek before bolting out of the gym to wait for Karasuno's bus, all bubbly excitement and anxiety.

Seeing all the familiar faces made Shouyou's chest clench, something akin to longing pulsing deep inside it. He loved Seijou, he truly did. But Karasuno... It was his first team, his first teammates, his first time playing on the court with a real setter, real libero, real captain and blockers and– Karasuno was his first everything. And you never forget your firsts.

Tanaka and Nishinoya jumped his bones as soon as the team spilled out of the bus and Shouyou laughed and exchanged greetings with everyone, the grin splitting his cheeks so wide it hurt. It seemed like no time has passed and they were back to their rowdy ways. Except when the time for the game came, Shouyou had to leave and stand behind the net, cut from his former team.

Weird wasn't a strong enough word to describe what he was feeling as he stared at Kageyama, whose face was tight in a scowl Shouyou still remembered so well. Shouyou had never considered it before, he didn't have to, but now, playing against Karasuno, he could really see how formidable they were.

Tsukishima's blocks got scarily good, to the point where Shouyou could hardly score when the blond marked him. Even when he managed to shake him off, Nishinoya's saves made his jaw hang in awe, and the match advanced at a turtle's pace, the ball never falling to the ground. Yamaguchi's serves were even harder to receive than before, their movements more unpredictable than Shouyou's own. Tanaka and Asahi's spikes scared the crap out of Shouyou with their power, but he relentlessly went to pick them up if he could, never losing his will to win.

They were his opponents now, but inside Shouyou's heart, they were still his friends. Amazing, talented, awe-inspiring. His friends... that he now wanted to beat with all his might.

Eyes burning with determination, Shouyou turned to Oikawa, who was already watching him – had been since the match started. Shouyou knew what he must've been thinking. That he'd be weak against his former team, that he'd give up, that he'd let them have the upper hand. He couldn't be more wrong. Shouyou recalled the challenge he and Kageyama threw each other all those weeks ago and fire burned in his veins. He'd win. He and Seijou. They would– will win. For sure.
Turning away from the net, eyes intense and glowing, he looked straight into Oikawa's.

"Please give me the next ball," he asked.

He'll make it count. He'll win with his own hands.

Oikawa's lips quirked in a smirk that used to make Shouyou uneasy, but now, despite looking just as dangerous, it also seemed to boost his confidence.

"Okay, Shou-chan," Oikawa easily agreed, offering his hand for a low five. "Make it count."

"I will," Shouyou promised, his own lips stretching in a smile as he slapped Oikawa's hand hard.

And he did make it count. With a bang his hand slammed into the ball, leaving his skin red and stinging, but the pain was pleasure. Shouyou watched how Kageyama dived for the ball, a little too late to catch it. It dropped down and a whistle cut through the air sharply and it was done. They won.

Shouyou watched his teammates cheer, watched Karasuno gather themselves up, faces long and unhappy. He felt for them, but... He took a step back from the net, and then another and one more, finally turning around. His team greeted him with pats on his back and rough hair ruffling. This was him now, in white and green, in Seijou's colours. This was his team, his life. And when Oikawa's arm came to rest around his shoulders, pulling him into a hug, Shouyou truly felt like he belonged there now.

Karasuno's mood reset before they even got into the bus and Shouyou was swarmed with embraces and compliments. He grinned, pleasantly surprised that no one on his former team felt bad about losing to him. Just for a moment, he and Kageyama had found some peace to talk. It's been a while and Shouyou had to admit he missed Kageyama's grumpy face. He smiled to himself.

"So how is it here?" Kageyama asked. "You doing okay?"

"Yeah," Shouyou grinned at him. "Everyone's great and I'm improving fast! I'm glad I could join a team as good as this one."

Kageyama hummed noncommittally. "Oikawa's not bullying you, right?"

Shouyou laughed awkwardly. "Well, actually, about that..."

He didn't finish though. His name was called from the gym entrance and when he turned he saw no one other than Oikawa himself.

"We have a meeting in five, Shou-chan!"

"I'll be right there!" he shouted back.

Oikawa, however, must have noticed Kageyama next to him, because he was already making his way towards them. To his surprise though, Oikawa stopped behind him, arms coming to loosely embrace Shouyou from behind. He couldn't see Oikawa's face, but by Kageyama's deepening frown, he guessed his boyfriend was glaring. And smirking. Probably.

"You can't have him back, Tobio-chan," Oikawa said. "Shou-chan's mine now."

Shouyou could feel his cheeks heat up at the sudden proclamation. He was too embarrassed to comment on it, but when Kageyama's eyes skipped to him he knew he had to say something.

"He's not trying to take me away, Oikawa-san," Shouyou countered. "We're just talking. We're
friends, you know?" Suddenly, getting a glorious idea, he turned his head up to look at Oikawa. "You're going to have to get along now." His eyes turned to Kageyama. "Both of you."

Both Oikawa and Kageyama's faces were grimaced and amusement built in Shouyou's chest.

"Just because you're on the same team doesn't mean we have to get along, dumbass," Kageyama replied, his frown of disgust deepening as if the very idea sickened him.

"Ah, but Tobio-chan," Oikawa interjected smoothly. "We're dating, too. Didn't you know?"

Shouyou shouldn't have taken as much pleasure as he did from watching Kageyama's eyes widen in shock and mouth part in voiceless surprise. Oikawa's influence was truly coming out, but at the moment Shouyou couldn't care less. Kageyama spluttered, looking from him to Oikawa and back, and Shouyou snickered.

"You're WHAT?!" Kageyama screamed.

"We're dating," Shouyou confirmed. Kageyama's face hardened. "Silly Yamayama-kun, it doesn't change anything. Don't frown so much, you'll get wrinkles."

Oikawa snickered above him and Shouyou not-so-delicately elbowed him in the ribs. It made Kageyama's face lighten up a little and when their eyes met again, Shouyou could see that everything would be fine. So he smiled and waved goodbye to his friends, and once the bus was gone, together with Oikawa he stepped into the gym to join his team.

Because this was his place now and he was content with it.

Chapter End Notes

*prayer hands emoji*
When Tooru was first enrolled at Seijou, that very same day he knew the rest of his academic life will be dedicated to volleyball. His grades of course were better than average, but he wasn't the top of his class, he didn't have to be. If it was up to him, he wouldn't have cared at all, but he still had to keep trying hard if he wanted to continue with club activities – that was his parents only condition. For all of three years of high school he kept it up, studying, playing, studying, playing, and studying in order to play. All of it for the sake of passing that one exam that would determine if he was good enough to play some more.

Tooru believed himself to be a pretty good setter, so it came as no surprise that he was scouted by some university teams early on. Frankly, he could make his pick, but the one place he wanted to get to wasn't between the choices. Instead of giving up and settling for the next best thing, though, Tooru studied. His practice time got cut down, grades went up, a crease made itself a home between his eyebrows and his lips were bitten raw from stress.

But finally, after months of preparation, he took the exam. He was nervous and forgot almost half of the stuff he spent so long revising. He almost lost hope when he received no word for a week. Two weeks. Three... And then, one afternoon the acceptance letter was waiting for him on his desk and Tooru's happiness was so overwhelming he cried. Like a small child, he cried, running down the stairs to the kitchen to hug his mom and screaming incoherently until she hit him with the ladle she was using to stir the curry.

Tooru's happiness didn't last long, though. About a week later he got news that completely crushed all his hopes and dreams. Even Hinata's hugs and kisses couldn't make him feel better when the bane of his existence, his greatest rival and nemesis, the ace of Japan, Ushijima Wakatoshi was to be on his team as well. All hope and excitement drained off Tooru like air from a deflated balloon.

"Hey," Hinata was sitting next to him on his bed, butting his shoulder lightly against Tooru's. "It's gonna be fine. Look at me and Kageyama. We were horrible at first, but now we're friends. Maybe you guys can figure it out, too." Tooru only whined a long and pitiful "Nooooooooo," as he buried his face in the crook of his boyfriend's neck. Hinata smelled of warmth – if warmth had a scent and Tooru would argue it did, – bubblegum and apple pie. Tooru had no idea where that last one came from, but it was nice and he was content to just stay there and sniff. Nuzzling his face closer, he closed his eyes, keeping Hinata in place with his arms around the slim waist. A small giggle escaped Hinata's lips when Tooru's nose inched closer to that one ticklish spot and Tooru couldn't help smiling. Okay, maybe Hinata's hugs did make him feel better. Just a little bit.

"You'll be fine," Hinata continued talking.

One of his hands found its way to Tooru's hair and Tooru didn't protest to being pet. He wasn't going out today anymore, he could allow a messy hairdo. Fingers carded through his locks, slow and gentle, the drag of fingertips over his skull soothing and relaxing.

"You're an amazing setter, Ushiwaka's lucky to have you," Hinata said.

"That's not helping," Tooru complained, pouting a little, but the strokes of Hinata's hand in his hair
"It doesn't change the fact that you're amazing," Hinata pointed out. "And Ushiwaka knows that. That's why he always wanted you on his team."

"But that's just it!" Frustration churned in Tooru's stomach and he pulled back from Hinata with a grimace. He stood up, pacing. "He won again! And I've never-- Not even once--"

His voice caught in his throat when it tightened with anger and some weird sort of desperation. His mind unhelpfully supplied him with all the times he'd played against Ushijima and all the spectacular loses he'd suffered. Bitter disappointment coloured his heart and he would have lost himself in it if Hinata didn't harshly grab his hands. Their fingers slid shut together and Hinata's grip was strong enough to make Tooru's mind register the slight pain in his knuckles.

"But you did," Hinata insisted. "You won." His eyes were burning embers and Tooru stared into them as if he could see the flames spark to life inside Hinata's heart. "He's wanted you for years, right? And he never got you! If you decide to play on the same team as him, it'll be on your own terms, not on his. You've already won, Tooru. Make him see that."

He'd never thought of it like that. He'd never even considered...

Shiratorizawa was Ushijima's team, Seijou was Tooru's. It's always been like that and Tooru opposed everything that Ushiwaka and his team stood for. But what Hinata was implying... It was new, it was fresh. Because university was a clean slate. A blank space that didn't belong to Ushijima, didn't belong to Tooru. And he was the setter. He was the control tower, the schemer, the one making sure his team moved in unity. This was his chance now.

With widened eyes and mouth part open, Tooru gazed at his small boyfriend. He'd heard Hinata say he was amazing so often he almost took it for granted, but the truly amazing one from the two of them was this tiny creature holding onto his hands right now and looking up at him with fiery passion.

Tooru smiled. "You're amazing, Shou-chan."

"Wha--" Hinata reeled back, his face turning crimson. "No, I'm not!"

Tooru only chuckled, bending down to kiss Hinata's forehead. Weight lifted off his shoulders and hope back in his heart, he felt like nothing could be wrong in the world. Chest bursting, he hugged Hinata tight, picking him off the ground and twirling around. Hinata's infectious laughter filled the air and Tooru's grin brightened.

"I love you," he said, letting Hinata touch the ground again.

Still giggling and with joyful sparks in his eyes, Hinata grinned back. "I love you, too, Tooru."

Tooru hugged him again, as tight as he could, making Hinata laugh more and then wheeze when the force started crushing his lungs. Tooru loosened his hold, but didn't want to let go. Not then, not later, not ever.

Because Hinata was his light and without him he'd be blind like a bat. And they couldn't have that. Nuh uh.
who doesn't love it when hina is the smartest guy around pointing out the obvious shit to all those geniuses ;3c
The temptation was hard to resist. Too hard. And Shouyou was never good at saying no, quite the opposite actually. So when he was presented with the opportunity to wear Oikawa's jersey, he just couldn't help it. It took him barely a second to shrug his own Seijou shirt off and pull on a way-too-big shirt with the white number one standing proudly on his chest and back.

It wasn't much different from his own, but the fact that it belonged to Oikawa was enough to make Shouyou's blood sing in excitement. Shouyou was swimming in the material, the sleeves reaching almost down to his elbows and the hem to his mid-thigh. It made him frown, the difference in their builds was always quite obvious every time he had to jump on his tiptoes, but Shouyou really didn't appreciate how the shirt only highlighted it. He wasn't exactly sure what he was expecting when he put it on, but he knew now that he didn't like it, whatever it was.

About to take the shirt off, Shouyou froze when he spotted Oikawa standing in the door of the room, a tray in his hands. Oikawa's face was unreadable, but his eyes gleamed in a way that suddenly made Shouyou very, very hot and very, very aware he was wearing something he wasn't supposed to. He swallowed.

"I just wanted to check something," he quickly said, pulling the shirt up to get it off as fast as possible. "Sorry for doing it without asking."

The tray clattered when Oikawa set it on his desk and before Shouyou could tug the shirt over his head, Oikawa was there, pulling it back down. His hands felt hot through the material as he patted down the small wrinkles around Shouyou's hips.

"And what did you want to check?" Oikawa asked.

Shouyou felt his neck flush. "N-nothing, really. I was just curious."

Oikawa hummed deep in his throat, but didn't say anything. His fingers ran up Shouyou's shoulders, raising goosebumps in their wake. The silence stretched and the more silent Oikawa was, the more on edge Shouyou felt. Because when Oikawa was quiet, he was plotting. And whatever he was plotting couldn't bode anything good for Shouyou.

Yet despite all of that, he waited for Oikawa's move, a little thrilled, a little worried, a little impatient.

Oikawa's fingers slipped higher up, playing with the collar of the shirt, caressing the material softly enough that Shouyou felt desperate to inch closer. The nimble digits moved, all the time they moved: down to his collarbones, over his breastbone, splayed on the ribs, until one thumb caught on Shouyou's nipple. Breath hitched in Shouyou's throat and he shivered a little, hyper aware and sensitive. All his feeling was focused underneath Oikawa's fingers and it was impossible to hold back the reactions they provoked.
"You look so good in my shirt," Oikawa said and Shouyou noticed the low timbre of his voice. It made his cheeks flush, the heat of his body rising and making his blood course so much faster.

Oikawa stepped closer, his chest wide and sturdy and Shouyou allowed himself to rest his palm over it, right where Oikawa's heart was. It pulsed under his hand, fast and furious, telling him exactly what Oikawa was feeling. And Shouyou was feeling it, too.

"Hey, Shou-chan," Oikawa whispered in his ear, lips caressing the shell softly. "I want you."

Shouyou groaned, angling his head for more. Was this because of the shirt? Or has Oikawa just been waiting for an excuse to pounce? Either way, it didn't matter, because Shouyou's body was already hot enough to accept anything at that point.

With no hesitation, Shouyou reached up and pulled Oikawa down to kiss him. The first tentative touch of lips soon turned into a raging storm, Oikawa's tongue sneaking into Shouyou's mouth, prodding, licking, sliding in and out, until Shouyou was breathless and flushed. Oikawa's hands rested on Shouyou's hips, steadying him as he tipped back to better accommodate the height difference. Once his spine started protesting at the position, Shouyou discarded it with no second thoughts. He pulled Oikawa by the shirt towards the bed and it took no time for them to settle: Shouyou resting on the cold sheets, Oikawa hovering above him, caging him within the warmth of his body.

They continued kissing, blood rushing to their heads, making them both dizzy and feverish. Oikawa's hands slipped to Shouyou's belt, untying it while his mouth was busy with Shouyou's lips. Shouyou was so distracted by the way Oikawa's tongue ravished him that he didn't even notice when his pants landed on the floor.

He did notice the warm palms running over his thighs, though. Big hands caressed his skin and Shouyou sighed into Oikawa's mouth, melting into him.

For a brief moment, just as his fingers slipped under the hem of Shouyou's briefs, Oikawa seemed to hesitate. He pulled a little back and looked Shouyou in the eye.

"Are you sure you're okay with this?" he asked carefully. "With going all the way?"

They were intimate before, handjobs and blowjobs weren't anything new, and Shouyou was familiar with Oikawa's weight pinning him down to the mattress. But the question, softly spoken, almost fragile, took him by surprise. He knew he was young, he knew he had time for this. And he also knew that he wouldn't find anyone better than Oikawa to lead him through it. He trusted him to do it. He trusted Oikawa with himself.

So Shouyou just smiled, lifting a hand to Oikawa's cheek.

"I am," he said.

A smile akin to his own appeared on Oikawa's face and his chocolate brown eyes warmed as he leaned down to claim another kiss. The mellow moment was soon over as their hormones demanded attention. Shouyou pulled at Oikawa's shirt, bothered by the lack of the heated skin under his hands. Oikawa shrugged it off without a care, diving back down to Shouyou's lips.

The kisses changed: it was no longer about tongues, but lips and teeth and Shouyou moaned when Oikawa bit him, but it wasn't in pain – it was a sound of the pleasure slowly sizzling in his veins and setting him aflame.

Oikawa's hips ground into his, and Shouyou's own moved along to the rhythm, his fingers biting into
the flesh of Oikawa's hips. But it wasn't enough, not nearly enough to satisfy either of them. Parting
suddenly, Shouyou saw Oikawa work open his pants and as he pulled them off, Shouyou wiggled
out of his underwear. He was already hard and aching for action, but from what he could see
Oikawa was just the same. Knowing that it was his doing that Oikawa's dick was deliciously pink
and swollen made something warm burn in his chest.

Feeling rather hot in the heavy jersey shirt, Shouyou made a move to take it off, but Oikawa's hand
stopped him.

"Leave it on," Oikawa said, eyes gleaming with heated desire. "I want to fuck you in it."

It was way past the point of embarrassment, with his underwear gone and cock straining against the
material of the shirt, but Shouyou felt blood rush to his cheeks turning them crimson. Before he could
as much as open his mouth, Oikawa crawled over to him and took his face in his hands. Kisses were
peppered all over Shouyou's face and he couldn't help the giggle that bubbled in his chest. It tickled.

"I'll take it slow, okay?" Oikawa said and Shouyou only nodded, bumping his nose gently against
Oikawa's.

"Okay," he agreed. "I trust you."

And he truly did.

That's why when Oikawa's lubed finger pushed inside him, Shouyou trusted the soft advice "Try to
relax, it'll help." That's why when he squirmed, uncomfortable, he trusted the gentle assurance that
"It'll feel good in a moment, just bear with it, Shou-chan." That's why when Oikawa added another,
the third, finger and Shouyou groaned in pain, he trusted the tender encouragements: "You're doing
so good, Shou-chan. You're such a good boy, so responsive, so flexible. Just a little more."

That's why when Oikawa pulled his fingers out of Shouyou and the head of his dick brushed against
Shouyou's sensitive hole, he trusted him and smiled up at him, nodding.

Their hands linked together, Oikawa pushed inside him. It was painful, more than Shouyou
imagined, especially with all the prepping beforehand, and tears stung in his eyes. Breathing was
suddenly so much harder as if an invisible vice was clenching around his ribs. Oikawa's soft voice,
muttering sweet nothings, and hand gently running over Shouyou's thigh helped him focus. Soon
Shouyou could open the eyes he'd closed at the first sting of pain and when he had, he opened them
right to see Oikawa's concerned face.

"How are you feeling?" Oikawa asked and Shouyou couldn't help but smile.

"I'm good," he replied. "It hurts a bit."

"I'm sorry," Oikawa's face darkened, but Shouyou only squeezed his hand.

"Don't be, it's fine," he said. "As long as you make me feel good in the end."

Oikawa's lips quirked and carefully he leaned down, pressing a kiss to Shouyou's.

"I'll try my hardest," he promised.

Grinning, Shouyou tugged him closer with an arm around Oikawa's shoulders. They kissed, a slow,
deep kiss.

"I'm going to move now," Oikawa said when they parted and Shouyou nodded, bracing for the pain.
It came with a push, the drag of Oikawa's dick against his insides burning him up from the inside. Shouyou gasped, eyes scrunched shut and neck arched. It felt strange, it felt... it felt... good. The pain slowly receded to some place at the back of Shouyou's mind, replaced by pleasure that Shouyou has never felt before. It didn't remind him of anything he'd done before: couldn't compare to a handjob and no blowjob could ever hold a candle to this. It seemed like fire was starting somewhere deep inside his belly and with every thrust the flames licked higher and fiercer than before.

Oikawa's pace was steady and by the time Shouyou got used to it, there was no pain left, only pleasure, immense pleasure that was threatening to swallow him whole. Shouyou's hand clutched at Oikawa's biceps, holding on while the backs of his thighs brushed against Oikawa's. Chocolate eyes were clouded, but weirdly enough they were focused as well, and Shouyou realized that Oikawa was holding himself back in order not to hurt him.

Smiling, he pushed his face into Oikawa's shoulder, with a free hand bring the other's neck lower. "Let it go," he said, pressing a kiss below Oikawa's ear. "You won't hurt me, I'm fine."

He grazed his teeth over Oikawa's pulse point, earning a groan from his boyfriend's lips.

"Come on, Tooru," Shouyou prodded. He moved his hips, matching Oikawa's pace. "I know you want to."

He expected to rile up Oikawa enough to make him quicken the pace and take him harder, but he didn't expect Oikawa's hands to push up his thighs, almost bending Shouyou in half. The shirt that was covering his cock until now rolled down, leaving him bare to Oikawa's eyes. And it seemed to do the trick.

Oikawa's hips moved faster, his thrusts more powerful than before. Shouyou gasped at the intensity and the change in angle. Oikawa's dick hit deeper with each push and Shouyou could do nothing but moan when the pleasure made his whole body tremble. The world was all exquisite white heat and Oikawa's dick dragging along his insides, and Shouyou loved it. The previous pain was long forgotten as he called out Oikawa's name, desperately begging for release.

It came unexpectedly, with a powerful, almost blinding thrust and Shouyou could only gasp, his voice stuck in his throat. Heat engulfed him fully and he was positive he would've drowned in it, if not for Oikawa's hips moving, constantly moving in and out. A few moments later Oikawa's own orgasm hit him and Shouyou heard the hitch in his breathing and the deep, ragged groan that followed. And truly, it was the most beautiful sound of all.

Oikawa collapsed on top of him, without a care if he was squashing him or not and Shouyou huffed in amusement. He allowed it though, he was too tired to struggle against Oikawa's dead weight either way. They slowly came to, entangled, sweaty and gross.

Oikawa slipped out of him, discarded the condom and rolled over to the side, collapsing. Shouyou smiled at him a little tiredly. His back hurt, his legs too, but he was blissfully relaxed for now so he didn't care.

"Where do you get all that boldness from?" Oikawa asked, eyes bright and watching him in wonder.

Shouyou's grin widened. He wanted to shrug, but it was a bit difficult while lying down.

"Who knows?" he said instead.

Oikawa shifted closer to him, one of his arms resting across Shouyou's stomach, right over the foot of the white number one on the jersey shirt Shouyou was still wearing.
"Anyway, I love you," Oikawa said, pressing a kiss to Shouyou's cheek. "Bold, shy, embarrassed, angry. All of you."

"I love you, too," Shouyou replied easily, turning his head and kissing Oikawa on the lips briefly.

Chocolate brown eyes were warm when they parted, but soon brightened with mischievous flakes of gold.

"So I guess in the end I did manage to make you feel good," Oikawa joked. "Told you I keep my promises."

Shouyou only laughed, hiding his face in Oikawa's shoulder. He did keep his promise, indeed.

Chapter End Notes

what do you mean you don't have a kare-shirt kink
Chapter 14

Shouyou hated it. He was grumpy for a whole week now and he hated it, but he just couldn't help it. He huffed and puffed and pouted and curled in his bed at night, feelings of loneliness and abandonment filling up his heart to the brims. It made tears sting in his eyes, food taste bitter in his mouth, light lose its shine and colours dim down to ugly greys. Even volleyball lost its appeal. Shouyou's body just couldn't muster any joy at all and he was sick of it.

It wasn't a disease, wasn't an illness. At least not of a kind that a doctor's prescription and some medicine could cure. Shouyou moped around, like a ghost of his former self, but he could do nothing while the time inevitably passed and brought with it what Shouyou dreaded most – the end of the year.

The day was beautiful: sun shining bright, sky cloudless and so blue it hurt to look, cherry blossom petals swirling in the warm wind. Everyone Shouyou had passed on his way to school was excited, happy for the break, planning what they were going to do with smiles and laughter that chased after Shouyou's heels like the hounds of hell. It made him wince and dip his head down, reminding him that this was the last day. The last day he'd see his boyfriend in the same uniform, in the same corridors, in the same school.

The closing ceremony was long, but Shouyou never noticed. He was spacing out, brooding. He wasn't the only one, though. Countless girls were in a state close to his, some crying openly, some barely holding back tears. It somehow didn't sit well with Shouyou, but he could understand, he did understand. They would never see Oikawa Tooru again and for them, him included, it was the end of the world.

Back slouching and feet dragging, Shouyou made it to his class. Before he could take his seat, there were the familiar sounds of sobbing around him and when Shouyou turned his head, he noticed that indeed, Oikawa was standing in the door. Girls swarmed around him, crying and begging him to stay, but he only brushed them away: joking, laughing, smiling.

For just a second, Shouyou hated him.

And then he slapped his own cheeks hard with his hands, because this wasn't Oikawa's fault. It was no one's fault.

It didn't make matters better, but at least it let Shouyou look at his boyfriend without unreasonable anger.

His actions gained Oikawa's attention, however, and the smile on his lips thinned out. He beckoned Shouyou over and after a brief goodbye to the girls, Shouyou was pulled away from his classroom. They went down the stairs and hid next to the janitor's closet under the stairs. Shouyou waited for Oikawa to say something, but the other only looked at him in that unnerving way he knew Shouyou couldn't take.

"What is it?" Shouyou finally asked, shuffling from one foot to the other and avoiding looking into Oikawa's eyes.

"Do I need a reason to come see my boyfriend?" Oikawa asked and Shouyou felt the small hair on
his nape bristle inexplicably.

"Well, you've seen me now," he said, turning around. "So I'll be going back to my class. Bye."

He didn't know why he was so touchy, he didn't know why he was angry... Or rather he knew, and he was even more angry at himself for being such a baby about it. Relief flooded his heart when Oikawa's hand caught his arm, stopping him from leaving.

"What's gotten into you, Shou-chan?" Oikawa asked, turning Shouyou slowly around and with gentle fingers lifting his chin up to make their eyes meet. "You've been upset for a while now, I'm worried. Did I do something to make you angry?"

Shouyou's bottom lip trembled. His nose scrunched up. His eyes glazed over with a sheen of tears.

He shook his head, trying really hard not to burst out crying. "You didn't."

"Then what's wrong?"

Oikawa's voice was soft and caring and it hurt so much more when Shouyou thought about the future, because this tender, loving Oikawa won't be there.

"You're leaving me," he whispered, afraid to say it out loud, because if he did, that'd be it. It'd be true. It'd be real. "You're leaving..."

"No," Oikawa simply said and Shouyou blinked at him in confusion. "I'm not leaving you. I'm only graduating. It's not the same."

"But it is," Shouyou insisted. "You won't be here anymore."

"Maybe not," Oikawa agreed. "But that doesn't mean I'm leaving you. We're going to see each other lots."

"How?" Bitterness returned to Shouyou's heart. "You're moving to Tokyo. How are we going to see each other?"

"I'll come over," Oikawa promised. "I don't know how often, but I will come to see you."

Shouyou smiled a little, but it was a sad smile. Oikawa must have noticed it, because he pulled back his hands. One of them reached to his pocket and pulled out something shiny and silver. Only when he offered it to Shouyou on the palm of his open hand, did Shouyou realize it was a button from Oikawa's uniform.

("I was planning to give it to you under different circumstances, but this has to do," Oikawa said. "Let's use it to promise something."

Looking up from the button to Oikawa's face, Shouyou's eyes caught on the line of buttons on his boyfriend's chest and with a skip of his heart he noticed that the only one missing was the second from the top. The one closest to the heart, the one Oikawa was offering him right now.

"I promise to come see you as often as I can," Oikawa said. "And I want you to promise something to me, too."

"What is it?" Shouyou asked through his tightened throat.

"After you graduate, in two years, I want your second button in exchange. So you better keep it safe until then," Oikawa grinned at him and that was it.
The well in Shouyou's heart broke and with a soft sob, he threw himself at Oikawa, who caught him in his arms as if he'd been expecting it all along. Light kisses were scattered all over his head while Shouyou let out all his emotions, crying into Oikawa's chest.

He still hated it, still felt the bitter hook of loneliness tug at his heart, but now he had something to hold onto, something to keep him going. A promise for the future that he'd try his hardest to fulfil.

Chapter End Notes

*sobs* I am not ready to see oikawa graduate I am not... ;u;

(ps next week is the last chapter so make sure you tune in on sunday~)
Serve after serve, Tooru jumped. His arm was sore from hitting the ball, his feet hurt from the impact of landing, his knee was almost at the breaking point. The fire in his veins burned with the power of a thousand suns, just like the flames in his beloved amber eyes did so often. He knew he should stop soon, but the unspent energy in his bones made him restless and if there was anything Tooru hated, it was that.

"Oikawa," a familiar voice called and when he turned he saw Ushijima standing in the gym's entrance.

"Geh!" Tooru grimaced.

"If you've nothing better to do, I could use your tosses," Ushijima said and Tooru wanted to point out that he was actually in the middle of something, but he sighed instead. Whatever. Practice was still practice.

"Fine," he agreed. "But not for long, my knee needs rest."

Ushijima only inclined his head in agreement.

It was strange how well they worked together, Tooru often mused. It's been two years since they started playing on the same team and despite Tooru's previous reluctance, he had to say... Ushijima was a good spiker. He was harder to satisfy than most, a lot more demanding and he knew what kind of tosses he wanted – and that was probably Tooru's main reason for his continuous dislike, since he liked to have some freedom while setting – but after playing with Ushijima time and time again he began forming something akin to tentative respect towards the other. And he hated it.

The ball left Tooru's hands, shooting up high to the point a little to the left of the net, just like Ushijima liked it. From his position, Tooru watched the powerful swing. The sound of the ball hitting the wooden floorboards was almost deafening in the otherwise quiet gym. It was as if Ushijima got even more powerful than he was the last time they had faced each other as opponents. Tooru scowled.

Grumbling a little under his breath, he continued to toss to Ushijima. His knee pulsed in silent warning, but he knew he could push himself just a bit more. So he did. An hour later he was sweating like a pig and his knee was trembling from the effort of keeping his weight up. But it was worth it. Just to himself, Tooru was ready to admit that practicing with Ushijima did wonders in helping to improve his own skills.

With clenched teeth and a smile that was more of a grimace, he would've crashed to the floor, too exhausted to walk, but to his surprise an arm caught him around his waist, hoisting him up.

"Don't overwork yourself." Ushijima's deep voice rumbled through Tooru's bones. "We need your strength to win."

Any and all snide comments Tooru might have had prepared disappeared from his head and he was left with his mouth hanging open. Ushijima's arm around his shoulders and his gaze focused on him, Tooru felt embarrassment heat up the back of his neck.
"Worry about yourself, Ushiwaka-chan." He slipped out from under Ushijima's arm. His knee groaned in protest, but Tooru ignored it, faking a smile. "I'm still ready to kick your ass whenever!"

"Is that so?" Ushijima asked, deadpanned, and Tooru gritted his teeth.

It seemed that no matter how well they could work together when it came to volleyball, some things were impossible to be changed. Scoffing, Tooru turned on his heel and wobbled to the exit. The spring evening wind did wonders to soothe his heated skin and closing his eyes he took a deep, calming breath. Before he could open them again though, an achingly familiar voice called out his name and Tooru's heart skipped as his head whipped around towards the sound.

Right there, to his right, standing under the water faucets was his tiny boyfriend – smiling and waving and there. Completely forgetting about his abused knee, almost not feeling any pain from the rush of adrenaline in his veins, Tooru jumped off towards Hinata. He caught the small teen in his arms, squeezing him so hard Hinata's laughter turned to moans of pain, but even then Tooru didn't let him go.

"I've missed you so much," he said, with closed eyes and nose in Hinata's soft hair, re-familiarizing himself with his scent. "Shou-chan, Shou-chan."

Hinata giggled softly into Tooru's chest, his hands clutching at Tooru's arms as he lifted his head to nuzzle his cheek against Tooru's. It was warm and nice and Tooru's gut clenched in something he couldn't quite name: a mixture of excitement, longing, loneliness and happiness – so powerful he felt tears sting in his eyes. Sniffling quietly, Tooru backed away just a little. Hinata was smiling at him, all the love and affection in his brilliant amber eyes, and Tooru couldn't help but smile back.

"I've missed you, too," Hinata said lightly. He tugged on Tooru's shirt. "Now kiss me hello."

Chuckling, Tooru obliged. Their lips fit together perfectly, as if no time at all had passed since their last kiss. Edging Hinata's mouth open with small kisses, Tooru felt his heart soar.

Before they could get more into it, and they would have, they were rudely interrupted by none other than Tooru's sworn nemesis. Ushijima stood off to the side, Tooru's name on his lips.

"What?" Tooru snapped in annoyance, glaring at his teammate.

A key to the locker room was thrown at him and scowling, Tooru snatched it out of the air. Without a word Ushijima glanced at Hinata, his eyes lighting up with recognition for a brief moment.

"Hinata Shouyou," Ushijima acknowledged and Tooru was already bristling in his boyfriend's defence, but Hinata took him by surprise when he lifted his chin up, staring straight at Ushijima with no hint of doubt.

"Ushijima-senpai," he greeted.

Ushijima stared.

Tooru stared.

Hinata bore their stares with dignity. Or so he tried to do, because Tooru could see the nervously clenched fists, the bobbing Adam's apple and the sweat glistening on his nape.

"I see," Ushijima finally said after their staring contest came to an end. "Work hard."

"I always do," Hinata replied.
And Ushijima left, satisfied by the cryptic conversation they just had, while Tooru stood next to his boyfriend, confused.

"What was that?" he asked when Hinata heaved a sigh of relief. His shoulders slumped and he smiled a bit tiredly at Tooru.

"Ah, I didn't tell you before because I wasn't sure it'd work out. It was a lot of studying and you know how dumb I am, so..." He scratched his cheek sheepishly. "But anyway! I'm gonna be on your team starting next year."

What?

"So I was hoping..." Hinata looked up at him with hopeful eyes. "Can I crash at your place for a while?"

What?

"Tooru?"

"What?"

"Are you okay?" Hinata asked, frowning in concern and touching Tooru's arm.

Was he okay? No. No, he wasn't.

The same team? Living together? How on earth was he supposed to be okay after something like that?

"Shou-chan!" Tooru whined, throwing his arms around Hinata's small frame and hugging him closely to his chest.

His heart was beating wildly and he was pretty sure Hinata could feel it, but it didn't matter at all. Because Hinata's heart was beating just as fast against Tooru's chest and it was perfect.

"Is that a yes?" Hinata asked, his nose thrust in Tooru's collarbone.

Tooru grinned into the side of Hinata's head. "A thousand times, yes."

Hinata's cheerful laughter engraved deep in his memory, Tooru closed his eyes, listening as their hearts sung out a slow song of love and happiness.

The two identical second buttons from two Seijou uniforms were framed in an elegant glass case and hung over their bed: a promise of love, a gesture of kindness, a reminder that nothing is impossible if you try hard enough.

Chapter End Notes

so this is it, my friends, we've made it to the end of this story and honestly? I could still
write more for it bc then we have college oihina and adult domestic oihina, but I feel like this is a good stopping spot where you all can imagine whatever you want for these two's future ^u^)b
I hope you've enjoyed this fic (I know you did look at that kudos count holy fucking sheet yall are amazing!!!!) and that you'll stick around to read more of my sappy shit haha
thanks so much for reading and see you in another fic~ ❤️

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