stranger danger

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by orphan_account

Summary

iwaizumi refuses to give his personal details out to strangers on the internet while oikawa just wants to know his name

alternatively

oikawa spends three months trying to convince iwaizumi he's not a serial killer - and fails.

Notes

once upon a time, i saw this prompt on tumblr that went along the lines of `i've been talking to this person online for a while now and i've started crushing on them, but we'll probably never meet and anyway my friends have set me up on a blind date an- omg it's you!" and i decided i would 10000% write it one day, i just didn't have a ship i thought it would work for

then i got into hq!! and iwaoi dropped into my life and *will smith gestures* voila

(also i am a sucker for texting/skyping/messaging fics they're always so fun, the world needs more of them)
Chapter 1

He taps his fingers impatiently on the desk, eyes narrowed as he stares at his silent phone. Ten minutes. It’s been ten minutes since the last message. Ten whole minutes. His brows furrow slightly as he leans forwards and double taps the screen to bring it to life, wondering if maybe he missed the notification - in the back of his mind he knows he hasn’t because his vibration setting is quite possibly the loudest thing on earth, but it doesn’t hurt to try. He glances at the screen and then exhales frustratedly as he leans back into his seat.

Nothing.

Well, that’s a lie. The notification box that sits along the top of his screen is full of notifications from various messaging and social networking apps from his friends but, at that moment in time, he doesn’t care about any of them.

He cares about him. The one person who isn’t messaging him.

Something between a whine and a growl slips from Oikawa’s lips as he watches the digital clock in the right hand corner of his screen change. Great, now it’s been eleven minutes since his last message.

Maybe he should message him again? He nods to himself and reaches for the phone before pausing - his hand hovering skeptically in the air. He’s never been one to really give a damn about texting etiquette and that whole ‘don’t double text thing’ - in fact most of his messages are double texts because his screen is just a tiny bit too small for his thumbs and, more often than not, he ends up hitting send before he even means to. But this time, he hesitates. Mainly because his last, and currently ignored, message was a double text - a quadruple text if he’s being honest with himself - and also because he can’t help but feel a little nervous. What if something happened? Something bad?

Worst-case scenarios flood his mind as the clock changes once again and his heart seems to leap into his throat. 12 minutes.

Something is wrong. Something is definitely wrong. They never usually have gaps in their conversation like this - especially not during the day. Maybe at night their conversation will lull if one of them is especially tired or busy with work, but even then, it’s still pretty constant until one of them (usually him ) says ‘goodnight’. And then they start it up all over again in the morning.

“Oh God,” Oikawa mumbles to himself, tapping his fingers nervously against his pursed lips, “what do I do?” Does he call the police? The ambulance? The fire department? All three? He’s seriously contemplating it (and ignoring the fact that he doesn’t know what he’ll actually say to any of them if he does), when his phone vibrates.

If anyone were in his bedroom with him, he imagines they would’ve been pretty confused by the sound that erupts from his mouth - hell, he’s pretty confused by it too, but he doesn’t have time to think about it because his phone is vibrating. Finally.

He double taps the screen with more force than necessary and sighs happily as he sees the Skype notification sitting at the top of his notifications panel.
spik4r: Yeah, I liked it too.

Oikawa frowns as he squints at the reply he’s waited twelve - no, thirteen - minutes for.

space_boy1: thats it?????? i write you a mini essay on why the force awakens was the best movie of all time and thats all u have to say???

space_boy1: im not gonna lie, i’m extremely offended

space_boy1: i spent longer on that essay for u than i did on my last assignment

This time, he has to wait just a few seconds before his phone lights up and vibrates again, and he can’t stop his lips from curling upwards into a little smirk.

spik4r: Sorry? It was a good movie...I just didn’t read into it as much as you, I guess.

spik4r: And that’s nothing to brag about.

space_boy1: so ur telling me you didn’t sense the underlying romantic tension between poe and finn????? is that what u are telling me mr mysterious?

spik4r: Stop calling me ‘Mr Mysterious’ already.

spik4r: And yes, that’s what I’m telling you. And no, I didn’t notice how ‘fantastic Poe’s ass’ looked either, before you ask.

space_boy1: i wasn’t going to ask ( ఠ ₃ ಠ ), but since u brought it up, clearly it was on ur mind

space_boy1: aND

space_boy1: i’ll stop calling u mr mysterious when u tell me your name

There’s a three minute gap between his next reply and, for a moment, Oikawa wonders if he’s said the wrong thing. But then his phone vibrates again and he exhales a breath he hadn’t even known he was holding.

spik4r: I already told you, no .

Oikawa pouts. Literally pouts at the small screen in his hands, because it’s been like this for the last three months and, if he’s honest with himself, he really thought he’d know his name by now.

space_boy1: but whyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

spik4r: I don’t give out my real name to people I speak to on the internet.

spik4r: You might be a serial killer.

Oikawa sighs and drums his fingers against his desk, tongue poking out a little as he tries to figure out his next reply. They’ve been doing this - whatever it is - for so long now, he feels like they’re both just going through the motions. He’ll ask the mysterious boy he met over Twitter a personal question about his life, whether it be his name or where he lives, and the boy will straight up tell him no, usually making some weird excuse up about stranger danger or something equally weird.

It's frustrating.
It's beyond frustrating actually. It's infuriating. Not for the first time since they'd started talking, Oikawa wishes he were a hacker, that way he could hack into 'spik4r’s’ phone and find out everything he needed (and wanted) to know. Maybe he'd hack into his camera and find out what he looked like while he was at it too.

**space_boy1:** im not...

**space_boy1:** scouts honour

**spik4r:** That's exactly what a serial killer would say. Then, next thing you know, my face is plastered over milk cartons.

**space_boy1:** i dont think they do that anymore...(how old are you??)...it’d be plastered over twitter or facebook or smthin

**space_boy1:** hEY!

**space_boy1:** at least then i’d get to know what you look like

There's another pause and yet again Oikawa fears he's overstepped his boundaries. 'spik4r' is ridiculously insistent about this whole 'stranger danger' thing and Oikawa doesn't really understand why.

Yes, he could be a serial killer out to get him or a 50-year-old man or whatever else 'spik4r' - God, he needs something better to call him in his mind than his Skype name - has mentioned in their three month long correspondence but he's not, so what's the big deal?

**spik4r:** Why do you want to know what I look like so badly?

**space_boy1:** i want to put a face to your messages

**space_boy1:** and a name

**spik4r:** I'm not telling you my name.

**space_boy1:** whyyyyyyyyy

**spik4r:** You'll Google me or something and, next thing I know, you'll be following me home.

**space_boy1:** #1: i am not a serial killer or a stalker or anything else weird u think i might be

**space_boy1:** #2: ahhhhhh so you're googlable??? i see

For a moment or two, Oikawa considers booting up his computer and quickly typing 'spik4r' into the search engine to see if anything does come up, but he knows the only thing that will is his Twitter account with the same username.

That's how this all started anyway; *Twitter.*

He sighs and leans back into his seat, kicking his legs up to rest on top of his desk as he awaits a reply. Who would've thought that hitting 'follow' all those months ago would've led to this? He's not even sure what this is, but he figured it has to be something because he typically doesn't spend his days eagerly anticipating messages from a stranger he met online whose name he doesn't even know.
His brows furrow slightly as he stares at the screen. What does he know about 'spik4r'? A lot actually.

His frown disappears slightly, only to be replaced by a fond smirk as he thinks back on all he knows about the mysterious boy (man?) whose been taking up so much of his time. As strict as 'spik4r' is about the whole 'stranger danger' thing, he actually lets slip quite a few interesting pieces of information about himself.

He's a boy (possibly a man), for one, and Oikawa gets the impression that they're probably around the same age - he hopes, anyway.

He knows 'spik4r' is smart and is studying at university - though he's yet to wrangle out just which one from him. In the early days of their friendship (can you be friends with someone if you don't even know their name? He hopes so), he liked to entertain the idea that 'spik4r' went to the same university as him and he was somewhere in the vast campus that stretched across the city. Maybe they'd passed each other in the corridor or the bus before? Maybe they lived near each other?

But he eventually has to dismiss that particular fantasy. He was getting himself into trouble peering at strangers suspiciously and murmuring 'spik4r?' under his breath whenever he passed someone he thought might be his mystery man.

He snorts to himself, running a hand through his locks. He's not sure when exactly he began to think about 'spik4r' as his mystery man, but it's become quite a common occurrence these days. Whenever he offhandedly mentions hanging out with friends (who he refuses to name, as if Oikawa will try and find them on Facebook or something - he will), Oikawa often feels a jolt of jealously surge through him.

What he wouldn't give to be one of 'spik4r's unnamed friends, able to hang out with with ease. Able to know his God damn name.

On more than one occasion, he's tried to tell 'spik4r' his name, in the hopes that maybe he'll feel obliged to do the same, but 'spik4r' always seems to sense when Oikawa is getting impatient and warns him not to reveal anything.

'It'll get awkward' he says one day, after about two hours of Oikawa pleading with him, 'if we know the real us'

Oikawa isn't entirely sure what that means, but he gets the feeling 'spik4r' is probably shy. Or maybe shy isn't the word. Hesitant? Careful?

It's annoying but Oikawa isn't that annoyed that he wants to risk the friendship (?) he's developed with the mystery man. Not when it's probably one of the only things keeping him sane during finals week and all the other stress that comes with university.

spik4r: Maybe. Maybe not. I'm sure you'd find a way of finding me anyway.

space_boy1: once again

space_boy1: im not a stalker

space_boy1: and if u won't tell me ur name, can u at least give me something else to call u by?

space_boy1: im tired of calling u 'spik4r' in my head
spik4r: Think how I feel, having to call you 'space_boy1'.

spik4r: What kind of username is that anyway? Are you twelve? Please tell me you're not twelve.

space_boy1: i made my skype acc when i was like 10 u__u

space_boy1: aND if you want to know my age, u have to tell me something about you (ง°_°ง)

He doesn't realise he's holding his breath, waiting for a reply, until his phone vibrates in his hand and the trapped air comes stuttering out, like he's just finished an hour long training session.

spik4r: I knew it. You're twelve.

space_boy1: i am NOT 12 u jerk

spik4r: So how old are you?

space_boy1: will u tell me smthn about you if i tell u??

There's another pause and Oikawa has to remind himself to breath.

spik4r: Fine. But don't lie.

space_boy1: im 19 - nearly 20

spik4r: Are you sure? You type like a twelve year old.

space_boy1: thats because this is the internet and not an exam!!!!

space_boy1: now

space_boy1: your turrrrrrrrrn

Five minutes pass before his phone vibrates again and, when it does, Oikawa can't help but think thank God, because he's sure he's about five seconds away from permanently denting his desk with his nails.

spik4r: Iwa.

space_boy1: .....rock?

spik4r: It's part of my name. You can call me that, instead of 'spik4r'.

space_boy1: ahhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!

space_boy1: now i'm one step closer to knowing more about Iwa-chan!!

spik4r: I said 'Iwa' - not 'Iwa-chan'

space_boy1: ssssh Iwa-chan

space_boy1: don't fight it
space_boy1: sssshhhh

spik4r: I regret so much.

spik4r: So, what do I get to call you?

For the first time in a long while, Oikawa hesitates. It feels good knowing he has a little more information on 'spik4- Iwa-chan, now - however useless that information might be in the grand scheme of things, and he wants to hold on to it for a little longer.

space_boy1: noooope, sorry Iwa-chan

space_boy1: u asked for my age, that's your one nugget of information for the day

spik4r: Seriously? Normally I have to force you not to tell me your name and the one day I ask for it, you say no?

space_boy1: i dont make the rules Iwa-chan

spik4r: There are no rules. You literally just made them up.

Oikawa laughs, clutching his chest as his chuckle ripples through him. He doesn't know what Iwa-chan looks like, doesn't know what he even sounds like, but somehow - weirdly - he can picture the frown on his imaginary face. He can picture the way he'll roll his eyes and uch in annoyance at his antics.

space_boy1: dont be a sore loser Iwa-chan!!!!

spik4r: I haven't lost anything

spik4r: Except maybe my patience with you.

space_boy1: so cruel

space_boy1: do u really want to know my name???

spik4r: No.

spik4r: I just don't want to keep calling you 'space_boy1' whenever I think about you.

space_boy1: .......

space_boy1: you.....

spik4r: Don't.

space_boy1: you think about me??????

spik4r: I said don't.

space_boy1: Iwa-chan im touched

spik4r: I swear to God, I'm five seconds away from blocking you.
space_boy1: so touched

spik4r: Four...

space_boy1: alright alright, ill stop

space_boy1: for now (°ʖ°)

space_boy1: (°ʖ°) (°ʖ°) (°ʖ°) (°ʖ°)

spik4r: I don't even want to know your name anymore.

space_boy1: good!! because i'm not telling you

Oikawa laughs again, imagining his Iwa-chan scowling at his phone. It's weird, he thinks, that he's managed to conjure up such a clear image of him without even knowing what he looks like. He wonders how well his imagination will match up to the real thing - if he ever meets the real thing that is.

spik4r: It's getting late and I don't have any more energy to argue with you.

space_boy1: thank u for being so graceful in your defeat xo

spik4r: It's not a defeat. It's a treaty, while I sleep.

space_boy1: whatever helps u sleep at night Iwa-chan

spik4r: -____-

spik4r: Goodnight 'space_boy1'

space_boy1: goodnight Iwa-chan :)

He keeps ahold of his phone from two more minutes, just incase Iwa-chan decides to message him once more - he doesn't. Sighing a little reluctantly, he pushes himself up from his desk and slowly makes his way towards his bed.

Truth be told, he hadn't even realised just how late it had gotten.

It was funny, he thinks as he slides into his pillow with a lazy groan, peeling off his shirt as he goes, time has a funny way of just stopping whenever he's talking with Iwa-chan.

Chapter End Notes

lmao im unimaginative with the skype names #my #bad

anyway, this fic in general was inspired by the prompt i mentioned earlier and then a bunch of other fics such as national hot dad alliance is now calling and new phone who dis
it's fun to write and is silly and oh god i cant believe this is my first foray into the world of iwaoi fanfic pls god
He’s in too deep. *Way* too deep.

_Can_ you be in too deep with someone’s whose name you don’t even know? Oikawa isn’t sure, he just knows that whatever _this_ is, he’s in too deep in it. He’s practically drowning. Scratch that, he _is_ drowning.

Drowning in the enigma that is Iwa-chan. And, he has to admit to himself, he doesn’t entirely mind it. It’s stressful, sure, and ridiculously annoying but he figures he’d rather it be like this than not have Iwa-chan in his life at all.

He sighs a little, one hand clutching his phone, the other busily wrapping its fingers around the pole to keep him steady as the bus lurches forwards.

He isn’t entirely sure how it got like this. How Iwa-chan went from someone whose occasional tweets he enjoyed reading to someone who he felt like he _needed_ to speak to pretty much every single day. They don’t even know each other’s _names_ and yet he can’t help but feel oddly close to him.

They talk about everything. _Literally_ everything. From debates on whether to have toast or cereal for breakfast to weird philosophical shit that kind of hurts his head at four in the morning. Nothing is out of bounds between them.

Well.

He frowns a little, swiping his thumb up his phone to scan through their most recent chat, (he does this a lot; rereads their messages when Iwa-chan takes too long to respond and he wonders if Iwa-chan does the same.)

There _are_ quite a few things that are out of bounds between them. Tiny, _teeny-tiny_ , inconsequential things that really don’t mean anything in the long run. Like his _Goddamn_ name for instance.

It’s honestly beginning to irk him now. They’ve been friends (?) for nearing three and a half months now and he definitely feels like they’ve reached a point in their friendship (?) where they should know each other’s names. Shouldn’t they?

But Iwa-chan is unrelenting. When he brings it up he always says something about his parents drilling into the importance of internet safety and blah, blah, _blah_. Oikawa thinks it’s stupid, but he kind of gets it. Kind of.

Not everyone is willing to reveal themselves to the world on the internet like he is - and he’s been oversharing on the internet since he was about fifteen so he figures it’s no surprise that _he’s_ a little
more comfortable with the whole ‘TELL ME YOUR NAME YOU FIEND!! ’ thing than Iwa-chan.

He wonders if it annoys Iwa-chan how... headstrong he can be sometimes and he decides to scale it back a little. He gives himself a little nod, making a decision. From now on, he’ll only ask Iwa-chan for personal details about his life twice a week as opposed to twice an hour. He doesn’t want to push him away after all.

His bus grinds to a halt outside the stop nearest his apartment block and he murmurs a quick word of thanks as he hops off and begins walking up the crowded street.

A group of kids his age push past him and he finds himself scanning them carefully, wondering if maybe - just maybe - Iwa-chan is among them. One of the boys closest to him gives him a strange look that clearly says ‘what the hell are you looking at? ’ and Oikawa quickly averts his gaze before he gets himself into trouble - again.

He scowls up at the sky and shakes his head. He really needs to stop with this fantasy that he’ll just magically bump into Iwa-chan on the street one day. There’s like a five percent- no, scratch that, there’s like a one percent change it’ll ever happen and he’s tired of getting his hopes up every time he leaves the house.

He wonders though, as he thumbs in his key code to his apartment block and pushes the door open, if he’ll recognise Iwa-chan if they do ever meet spontaneously in public. If it’ll be like the movies and harps will begin to play out of nowhere, and the air around Iwa-chan will start to glow while tiny baby cupids flutter around them, throwing flowers an-

“Ah fuck,” he groans, banging his forehead against his door as he fumbles around for his keys.

He’s in too deep. Way too deep.

Matsukawa ambushes him over dinner.

They're sitting in their lounge watching Simpsons reruns, mouths full of leftover pizza from the night before when he says it.

“So...I have this friend,” Matsukawa says slowly when the show cuts to an ad break, leaning back against the arm of their old sofa to glance up at him.

“Yeah…” Oikawa says warily, not liking the tone of voice Matsukawa has for some reason.

“And my friend has this friend,” Matsukawa continues, “a single friend.”

Oikawa groans and reaches for the remote to turn up the volume as loud as he possibly can so he can drown his roommate out. But Matsukawa already anticipates his actions and, sniggering slightly, waves the remote control in the air tauntingly.

“Looking for this?”

Oikawa scowls at him, wondering who he managed to piss off in a past life that decided to give him Matsukawa as a roommate.

“Mattsun,” he says in what he hopes is a warning tone, but either Matsukawa is immune to his thinly veiled threats by now, or he's losing his touch, because he simply raises an eyebrow as he props
himself up on his elbows.

“It'll be fun!”

“You said that the last time you set me up on a date.”

“And wasn't it fun?”

“No.” Oikawa shudders slightly, still having flashbacks of that particular disaster.

“Well, this one won't be so bad,” Matsukawa says flippantly, “I actually know the guy, and I know he's your type."

“I don't have a type.”

Matsukawa rolls his eyes and Oikawa scowls. He doesn't have a type. Does he?

“You'll like him,” Matsukawa says sagely, “trust me.”

“And if I don't?”

“You will.”

Oikawa hums as he contemplates his choices. True, the last date Matsukawa organized for him ended terribly and he'd rather not live through that again but, on the other hand, if he doesn't go on the date, he'll have to deal with Matsukawa’s moaning for the foreseeable future and he really doesn't want that. Besides, it's been a while since he's been on a date.

As if on cue, his phone vibrates in his hand and he feels the corners of his lips lift upwards as he spots the Skype notification.

Maybe a date will help him get over his current obsession.

“Alright, what's his name?” he relents, and ignores the smug grin on Matsukawa’s face that tells him his roommate knew this would happen all along.

“Nope,” Matsukawa leans back into the sofa, picking up a slice of pizza as he goes, “it's a blind date.”

“Why?”

“You might find him on Facebook or something and decide you don't want to see him.”

“I thought you said he was my type.”

“Oh, he is,” Matsukawa laughs as The Simpsons returns from the ad break, “but you're adamant you don’t have a type, so” he shrugs, “why risk it.”

“I hate you.”

“Ditto, bro. Ditto.”

________________________________________

space_boy1: i have a date
space_boy1: iwa-chan, my roommate set me up on a date

space_boy1: a blind date

He has to wait just a few seconds before his phone lights up again.

spik4r: Oh man, that must be killing you.

spik4r: Not knowing anything about your date. I feel sorry for them, they don't know what they're getting into.

space_boy1: u____u

space_boy1: mean.

spik4r: I have a date too.

Oikawa tries to pretend like he doesn't notice the way his heart seems to constrict tightly in his chest as he reads those five words.

*I have a date too.*

He scowls at his phone as if its physically wronged him in some way. This is *ridiculous*. He doesn't have any claim to Iwa-chan - none whatsoever - and yet the idea of him on a date with someone irks him immensely.

His date will get to know him in a way he isn't allowed. They’ll know his real name, know what he looks like, know what he sounds like, know if his face lights up when he laughs like Oikawa imagines it does.

Oh God, he's *jealous*.

space_boy1: whaaaat?? iwa-chan???? in all the time i've known you, u haven't said anything about going on a date

spik4r: Yeah, it's been a while since I went on a date.

spik4r: That's why my roommate set this one up. Apparently I need to “get out there more” or something.

*No he doesn't*, Oikawa thinks stubbornly.

space_boy1: woohoo iwa-chan!!!! (°∀°) (°∀°)

space_boy1: is it a blind date???

spik4r: No, my roommate isn't that mean.

spik4r: I think he knows I wouldn't go if I didn't know who they are and what they look like.

space_boy1: so superficial iwa-chan

spik4r: I just like to go into things prepared.
space_boy1: so u know what she looks like????

spik4r: He.

spik4r: And yeah, I found him pretty easily on Facebook.

Oikawa blinks dumbly at his phone for a few minute before he grins brightly and files away this new piece of information about Iwa-chan in his mind.

space_boy1: iwa-chan!!!!!!! you!!!!!! like!!!!!! guys!!!!!

space_boy1: this is new and extremely valuable information

spik4r: Valuable? Why?

spik4r: And what about you? I don't think you've ever mentioned.

space_boy1: (° ʖ °) wouldn't you like to know iwa-chan

spik4r: Yes, actually.

space_boy1: ohohoho so you can try and woo me, hmmmmm??

spik4r: So that's a yes to the ‘liking guys’ thing

space_boy1: ur so quick on the uptake iwa-chan

space_boy1: did u not read my essay about poe’s ass???? i thought i was pretty obvious

space_boy1: anyway, u said u found your guy on Facebook

space_boy1: what's he like???? cute??? sexy???? ugly????

space_boy1: WHAT'S HIS NAME? LET ME FIND HIM!! I WANT TO SEE THE MAN WHO WILL STEAL IWA-CHAN'S HEART

spik4r: Oh God, you're more excited than me.

Not excited , Oikawa thinks, more like unhealthily invested .

space_boy1: i need to make sure ur date is up to your standards

space_boy1: or my standards, since idk what yours actually are

spik4r: I don't have any standards.

space_boy1: iwa-chan....

space_boy1: that's pathetic. everyone needs standards

space_boy1: i, for example, have a 25 page document of standards any potential dates must adhere to before i agree to date #2

spik4r: Uh-huh. And how has that worked out for you?
spik4r: Still single and relying on your roommate to organize dates for you?

space_boy1: …………

space_boy1: mOVING ON

space_boy1: let me see him!!! please iwa-chan!!!!!!

Somewhere in the back of his mind, Oikawa recognizes that this will only end badly. Stalking the Facebook page of the guy Iwa-chan would be going on a date with? 100% not a smart move. And yet he can't get rid of the morbid curiosity that hangs over him.

He wants to see who the person is that might capture Iwa-chan’s heart. The person who’ll make Iwa-chan laugh.

He hates him already.

spik4r: Nooooo.

spik4r: No way in hell.

space_boy1: iwa-chan, you're no fun :( 

space_boy1: at least tell me if he's hot

space_boy1: or ugly

There's a pause in their conversation for about five minutes and Oikawa is reminded of his recently made decision to stop asking Iwa-chan so many personal questions about his life when he clearly doesn't want to answer them.

He smiles ruefully to himself, scratching the back of his neck in mild embarrassment, as he realizes that resolution lasted less than two hours.

spik4r: He's…pretty?

space_boy1: pretty????

spik4r: I don't know how to explain it. He's hot, yeah but...I don't know...he's pretty too.

spik4r: He looks like fun.

space_boy1: awwwww iwa-chan

space_boy1: i think u have a crush

Yep, he jealous. Definitely jealous.

spik4r: It's not a crush.

spik4r: I guess I'm just looking forward to the date.

space_boy1: when is it?

spik4r: Saturday afternoon.
space_boy1: same!!!!!!

space_boy1: what are u guys doing?

spik4r: I'm not sure yet.

spik4r: My roommate just said I should meet him in town and see where it goes from there.

space_boy1: wise roommate-chan

space_boy1: u dont wna seem too eager on the first date, u know??

spik4r: Is that what you're going to do? Try and play it cool?

space_boy1: im not playing it cool iwa-chan

space_boy1: i am cool

space_boy1: d(¯\_\¯)b

spik4r: What's that supposed to be?

space_boy1: its a thumb up face

space_boy1: duh

spik4r: I feel sorry for your date.

Oikawa spits his tongue out at his phone, not really caring that Iwa-chan can't see it anyway. He feels sorry for his date, knowing that he’ll probably spend the whole afternoon comparing him to Iwa-chan. It won't be fair.

Then again, life isn't fair.

If life were fair it'd be him going on a date with Iwa-chan and not the ‘pretty’ guy. It would be him Iwa-chan would be looking forward to meeting on Saturday.

Absentmindedly, Oikawa finds himself wondering how Iwa-chan would describe him if they ever get the chance to meet.

Would he call him pretty? Hot? Cute? Ugly?

Oikawa freezes, a thought he'd never considered before passing through his mind.

Assuming they ever meet, what if Iwa-chan isn't attracted to him? What if he’s not attracted to Iwa- chan?

He shakes his head and snorts a little, dismissing the thought as quickly as it had come. Without even knowing what he looks like, Oikawa already knows he's a lost cause when it comes to Iwa-chan.

space_boy1: i just realized something

spik4r: What?

space_boy1: you're going on a date with a stranger u haven't met before and know nothing
Saturday rolls around quicker than Oikawa would like and, before he knows it, he's sitting on a bench in the town center, kicking up the rocks around him as he waits for his date to arrive.

Just the word ‘date’ is enough to make him frown.

He really, really, doesn't want to be here, pretending to be all cute and excited with some poor guy who doesn’t a first date with someone whose heart has pretty much been promised to someone else.

Someone unattainable.

He scowls a little and fingers his phone in his pocket, tempted to whip it out and message Iwa-chan. But he has at least some decency and he's told himself that while he’s on the date he won't look at his phone. It'll be bad enough for the poor guy when he realized that Oikawa is not looking for anything with him, he doesn't need to rub salt in the wound by grinning at his phone all evening.

He scans the crowd of people stalking past him, wondering when one of them is going to hover nervously by the bench he's sitting on, signalling that they're the person he's been waiting on.

Really, he thinks in annoyance, blind dates are ridiculous. It’s just a whole lot of awkward staring and praying you approach the right person and then an evening of “let’s get to know each other” questions that bore him practically to death. (‘What do you study?’ ‘What's your favorite color?’ ‘Are you an only child?’ Boring.)

He yawns a little and is about to break his ban on touching his phone to message Matsukawa and cuss him out, when he hears footsteps slowing behind him.

There's a pause and then a cough and then-
“Oikawa Tooru?”

Biting back a sigh, Oikawa turns around and prepares to finally get a look at his date.

He doesn't know what he's expecting, but it isn't the person standing in front of him.

*Shit*, he thinks lamely as he stares at him, *he's hot*.

“I'm Iwaizumi Hajime, your date.”

Chapter End Notes

*screams* because wow this is more kudos' than ive ever got ever wow wow thank you!!!!

next chapter: my oblivious children go on a date
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

the obliviousness continues

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He's going to kill Matsukawa. Literally. As soon as he steps through their apartment door, he's going to grab the nearest object and either throttle or beat him with it - whichever is more convenient.

Because blind dates are one thing - they're annoying and cheesy and he's never really understood the appeal - but blind dates with someone like Iwaizumi Hajime are out of the question.

Iwaizumi Hajime is not blind date material. He is- he is- well, Oikawa isn't sure what he is but he does know that he would've liked a heads up because Iwaizumi Hajime is gorgeous. And that's not a word Oikawa throws around casually for people he's just met, but he can't find another word that seems fitting for Iwaizumi Hajime.

He's tall - shorter than him but still respectfully tall - with a mop of messy dark brown hair that flutters in the wind and is so spiked up at the back, Oikawa wonders if he's suffering from bedhead or if he purposely styles his hair that way. Either way, Oikawa approves. And his face?

Oh God, his face.

He's definitely going to kill Matsukawa because how do you set your friend up on a blind date with someone that looks like Iwaizumi Hajime and not even give them the tiniest warning? He's never put much stock in the 'Bro Code' before, but he decides that Matsukawa has broken pretty much every code in it and for that, he will pay.

"You are Oikawa Tooru, right?"

Oikawa blinks and- fuck. He realises he's been staring. Just standing there and staring at him for the last forty-five seconds or so. He clears his throat and pulls his lips upwards into what he hopes is a nonchalant (yet somehow effortlessly confident) grin.

"Yeah, sorry, spaced out there for a bit."

Iwaizumi nods, brows furrowing ever so slightly in the middle as he stares up at him. Oikawa wonder what he's seeing - if he likes what he's seeing. Iwaizu-

Oikawa freezes, something he should've realised a while ago suddenly at the forefront of his mind.

Iwaizumi Hajime.

Iwaizumi.

Iwaizumi.
He wonders if someone up there is playing a prank on him because of course the guy he's on a date with has an 'Iwa' in his name. Of. Fucking. Course.

His phone suddenly feels heavy in his pocket and he finds himself wondering how Iwa-chan’s date is going. If he's been stunned into silence by his date. A part of him wants to be jealous that Iwa-chan is out there having his own, possibly incredibly successful, date, but another part - a larger part - can't bring himself to do it, not while Iwaizumi is frowning up at him.

He's no Iwa-chan - or rather he's not what Oikawa thinks Iwa-chan would be like - but Oikawa is definitely interested.

He’s been on exactly two blind dates in his life. They were both painfully awkward and filled with stilted conversation and long silences that not even he could fill with easy conversation and, unsurprisingly, both dates never end up contacting him again. For that, he's relieved.

His date with Iwaizumi is different. Really different.

There's an excitement pooling in the pit of his stomach as they walk through the town center talking about anything and everything. Iwaizumi isn't as chatty as he is, but the conversation flows easily (more easily than it should for two perfect strangers) and Oikawa is pleasantly surprised to find that despite his frowny face, Iwaizumi is quite skilled in the banter department.

Most people tend to get tripped up by his, admittedly pretty flirtatious, banter but whatever he tosses to Iwaizumi, he sends right back with ease as if they've been doing this for months and not a couple of hours.

As if they're in sync.

More than once Iwaizumi has him clutching his sides, trying to stop the full blown belly cackle from erupting from his chest because Iwaizumi has said something that catches him so off guard, he forgets that this is a date and he's supposed to be playing it cool.

(Potential partners normally don't get to see the real Oikawa - aka the giant nerd Oikawa - until date number three.)

He doesn't think Iwaizumi minds though and, once or twice, he catches him grinning up at him.

He even laughs at Oikawa’s jokes. Not all of them (Oikawa learns very quickly that Iwaizumi has absolutely no problem with telling him if his jokes suck), but enough that Oikawa finds himself saying the right things just so he can hear Iwaizumi laugh again. It's low and gravelly and Oikawa decides he likes the way he scrunches up his nose and brows and throws his head back when he laughs.

He decides that there's a lot he likes about Iwaizumi.

They end up in the cinema which, at first, Oikawa thinks is a good idea - a great idea even. The cinema is where he takes dates that aren't going so well because it gives you two hours to completely forget they're there and engross yourself in the movie and, afterwards, it gives you something to talk about so the date seems infinitely less dire than it actually is.

That's not the case with Iwaizumi.
Their date is going really, really well and he knows he's going to have to deal with Matsukawa bragging setting it up for at least a week. Maybe two.

But Oikawa knows he's getting distracted. He's painfully aware of the fact that it's been a long time since he's felt this kind of chemistry with someone and he can't even remember the last time he's liked someone so much after a first date of all things. Usually it takes till about the third or fourth (if it gets that far) before he realises he's crushing on someone.

Iwaizumi is different and Oikawa doesn't want to mess it up.

So he suggests the cinema because it'll give him a good chance to clear his head and remember how to actually act on a date and figure out how he's going to get a second date out of this - because he really wants a second date.

As soon as they sit in their seats, Oikawa knows he's made a mistake - a huge mistake - and if they hadn't just spent a mini fortune on tickets and popcorn then he would have absolutely no qualms with leaving the screen. Unfortunately, his wallet is significantly lighter and he just doesn't have it in him to waste that much money.

He's a tall guy and the cinema seats are squashed together annoyingly so that, when he sits down, his legs jut out at awkward angles and he has to physically keep them pressed together at the knee to stop them from brushing against Iwaizumi’s. Oikawa thinks he probably looks like he's got a stick up his ass or something but, thankfully, Iwaizumi either doesn’t notice or is too polite to say anything.

He's watching the trailers with rapt attention and absentmindedly picking at the popcorn every few seconds.

The film starts and Oikawa can barely focus. He can't hear what the actors are saying because blood appears to be rushing through his ears at inhuman speeds and he can barely see what's going on because every time Iwaizumi reaches for the popcorn, Oikawa finds himself watching attentively as if it's the most fascinating thing in the world.

While Iwaizumi focuses on the screen, Oikawa takes the chance to look at him - to really look at him.

Iwaizumi is buff. Not overly ripped to the point it just gets creepy, but subtly toned and muscled and Oikawa finds himself wondering if he's the sporty type or the gym type. However he's managed to develop his muscles, Oikawa doesn't care, because it looks so good on him.

He shakes his head and forces himself to look back at the screen because those are definitely not acceptable first date thoughts. Nope. Definitely not.

His finger twitch nervously on his thigh, so he stuffs both hands in his pockets before Iwaizumi sees and wonders what the hell is wrong with him. He freezes as his finger brush against the cool exterior of his phone and once again he is forcibly reminded that Iwa-chan is on a date of his own. He's half tempted to whip out his phone and find out how it's going and maybe get some advice on what to do but he shakes away the temptation.

As the movie progresses he feels himself relax. He no longer spends large periods of time staring at Iwaizumi and instead sneaks a glance every now and then.

Iwaizumi watches the movie intently, brows furrowed as he shovels popcorn into his mouth without even looking at where his hand is landing when he reaches for another mouthful. The box is resting on Oikawa’s thigh and sometimes, Iwaizumi misses completely and his fingers brush against his
thigh before he apparently realizes what he's done, murmurs a word of apology and dives back into the box.

It's not what you'd call an intimate touch, but every time it happens (four times - Oikawa keeps count), it sends a jolt of electricity that seems to pierce him at his very core. It doesn't matter that he's wearing jeans and the touch is so fleeting it might as well be wind, to Oikawa his touch burns.

Oikawa doesn't remember anything about the movie.

Not a single thing apart from that it was apparently funny because Iwaizumi laughed a lot (ten times - Oikawa keeps count), but luckily Iwaizumi isn't the type of person to dissect a film straight after watching it and Oikawa is spared from having to admit he was too distracted to pay attention.

Now they're out of the cinema and he has the chance to stretch his legs again, Oikawa feels more relaxed and resumes their earlier teasing, borderline flirting, conversation with ease.

Once again, Oikawa finds himself struck by how easy it is to talk to Iwaizumi. Their conversation never feels forced and even their silences (few and far between thanks to his motor mouth) aren't awkward.

“How have we never met before?” Iwaizumi murmurs while they're waiting for the street food vendor to hand them their meals. They have plenty of mutual friends (Oikawa learns that his roommate is Hanamaki and that's how he knows Matsukawa) and they both come to the agreement that it's nothing short of a travesty that they've never met before.

(“Ah, Iwaizumi-chan, you must be so sad you've missed all these years of potential friendship with me!”

“Right.”

“...At least hesitate before giving such a blunt answer.”)

Their goodbye is mildly awkward.

Iwaizumi lifts a hand as if he's contemplating on shaking it, before he drops it back to his side and stares at a spot in the distance. Oikawa thinks it's cute and is secretly glad that Iwaizumi is apparently just as flustered as he - if only by a tiny bit.

To Oikawa's annoyance, they don't agree on a second date but he figures it's probably alright because they do exchange phone numbers and Iwaizumi spends at least a full minute checking and double-checking that he's typed in the number correctly into his phonebook.

They don't even live that far from each other - just a short bus ride away - and Oikawa can't help but feel particularly pleased when he learns that. The close distance and their many mutual friends will make it easy to see him again.

"Don't forget to message me, Iwaizumi-chan," Oikawa purrs, waving as he hops on his bus, "I'll be waiting anxiously all night."

"Don't get your hopes up," Iwaizumi shoots back, but Oikawa sees the way his cheeks have reddened ever so slightly and the slight quirk of his lips as he shakes his head.

Oikawa grins and blows him a kiss - laughing when Iwaizumi looks so shocked that he just stares and blinks for a second or two - before he retreats into the bus and settles himself in a seat.
He doesn't look at his phone until he gets home.

He feels it vibrate a few times while on the bus and he has a feeling it's Iwa-chan, but he can't bring himself to look at it until he's back in his room having expertly managed to dodge Matsukawa and his interrogation.

**spik4r:** Wow, I was expecting a ton of messages when I got back.

Strangely he feels like he's *cheating* on both Iwa-chan and Iwaizumi. Which is ridiculous because he doesn't have a claim on *either* of them, but it feels weird spending, and *enjoying*, the last few hours with Iwaizumi, only to rush home and spend the rest of his evening messaging Iwa-chan.

Like he's a cheating husband, scurrying back and forth between two relationships.

Absentmindedly, he wonders what Iwaizumi would think of his friendship with Iwa-chan. Would he feel threatened by it? *Should* he feel threatened by it? Oikawa isn't entirely sure.

He *knows* he likes Iwa-chan, but they've been talking for four months now and he's starting to get the feeling he's never going to know anything about him beside his Skype name.

And then there's Iwaizumi, and they've only met once but it was a *good* first meeting - a *really good* first meeting - and Oikawa knows he'd like to see him again. And again. And hopefully more times than he's able to count.

**space_boy1:** i was on a *date* iwa-chan

**space_boy1:** im not rude

**spik4r:** Yeah, but you didn't seem like you were very excited for it. It went well I'm guessing?

**space_boy1:** it did (°_°)

**space_boy1:** how did yours go?

**space_boy1:** was he as pretty as he looked in his pics?

He wonders if he's got a little bit of a sadistic streak in him, because that's the only reason he can think of as to *why* he'd want to know that.

**spik4r:** He was.

**spik4r:** Really tall as well.

**spik4r:** Dorky smile and laugh.

Oikawa pulls a face.

**space_boy1:** ahhhh iwa-chan is in *love*~~~

**spik4r:** 💭💭

**spik4r:** Why do you always have to take it there?

**space_boy1:** did
space_boy1: did u just use an emoji???????
space_boy1: just as i was beginning to wonder if u were really a robot
spik4r: You're hilarious. Has anyone ever told you that?
space_boy1: yes actually, my date did u__u
spik4r: Did he really?
space_boy1: welllll
space_boy1: he laughed at some of my jokes
space_boy1: so i read between the lines, you know??

space_boy1: subtext

spik4r: I bet he was pity laughing
space_boy1: iwa-chan, i'm hurt
space_boy1: you know first hand how great my jokes are

spik4r: Debatable.

Oikawa rolls his eyes because he knows he's made Iwa-chan laugh at least once or twice since they'd started talking - even if he refuses to admit it.

spik4r: Do you think you'll see him again?
spik4r: Your guy?
space_boy1: i hope so
space_boy1: you?
spik4r: Same

space_boy1: ahhhhhh, but do you know what i'd really like, iwa-chan?
spik4r: ...what?
space_boy1: for you to tell me your name :)
spik4r: Goodnight.

space_boy1: (´_´)ξ
space_boy1: goodnight iwa-chan

Chapter End Notes
how long can the obliviousness last? find out shortly in the next episode of: u guys are so dumb pls open your eyes
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

where oikawa gives iwa-chan terrible dating advice, only for it to backfire on him (sort of)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Iwa-chan, as Oikawa quickly learns over the course of the next 48 hours, is not good with the whole ‘dating’ thing. In fact, he’s downright terrible at it. It’s as if everything he knows about romance and dating has been sourced from awful romcoms and he doesn’t actually know how to act in real life.

Oikawa thinks it’s kind of cute, watching (reading?) the usually calm and collected Iwa-chan get so obviously flustered over first date etiquette and he tries not to get jealous that his date went so well that it’s elicited these kinds of feelings from him.

It hurts, just a little bit, knowing that he’ll never be able to make Iwa-chan act like this. He’ll never be the one that has Iwa-chan up at two in the morning, furiously messaging a friend asking if it’ll seem too desperate to text his date now or if he should just throw caution to the wind and do it.

space_boy1: no!!

space_boy1: don’t you dare message him first

space_boy1: honestly iwa-chan

space_boy1: have you never dated before???

spik4r: I have, obviously.

spik4r: Just not in a while.

Yep, Oikawa thinks, unable to stop the sad little grin from tugging at his lips, it’s definitely kind of cute watching Iwa-chan try and navigate the dating scene.

So cute, it’s getting harder to try and remain casually nonchalant in his messages to him. A part of him wants to give him the wrong advice but another part of him, a stronger and much more morally sound part of him, knows he’ll never do it. Because, as annoying as it is, he does want to see Iwa-chan happy.

Besides, he has Iwaizumi to worry about now.

Who, incidentally, hasn’t messaged him either.

Oikawa frowns as he clicks out of the Skype app on his phone and opens his texts instead, wondering if he’s missed the message and accidentally swiped away the notification.

Nope.
Nothing.

(Well, there’s a bunch of messages from Kuroo asking him for some hair styling tips.)

His frown deepens as he hovers over Iwaizumi’s name in his contact list. He doesn’t like this. This feeling of self doubt that’s been hanging over him since Saturday night. It’s been a long time since he’s had to wait this long for a date to message him. Did the date not go as well as he thought it had?

spik4r: Well????

spik4r: Are you ignoring me?

spik4r: I swear to God…

space_boy1: im not ignoring you

space_boy1: im marvelling at how incompetent you are

He’s being a hypocrite, but Iwa-chan doesn’t need to know that. Nobody needs to know that. He doesn’t want to believe it himself because he hasn’t fretted over how long you should wait to message someone after a date since high school.

And yet here he is, staring at his phone, frowning and wondering why a date, a date that he felt went pretty well, hasn’t tried to get in contact with him yet.

Oh God. He narrows his eyes slightly as he stares at his phone. Iwa-chan’s incompetency is rubbing off on him clearly.

spik4r: You’re really annoying. Has anyone ever told you that?

space_boy1: wow iwa-chan

space_boy1: for someone that desperately needs my help, you’re very rude you know?

spik4r: I don’t ‘desperately’ need your help.

spik4r: In fact, I’m beginning to think that your help has done more harm than good.

space_boy1: iwa-chan no

space_boy1: don’t do it

space_boy1: don’t message him first

space_boy1: IWA-CHAN

space_boy1: ANSWER ME

space_boy1: i can’t believe you’re going to embarrass me like this

spik4r: Why shouldn’t I message him first?

Oikawa hums to himself as he tries to figure out an answer to that question. It’s not something he’s ever really considered before, he’s just always sort of known that you’re supposed to wait an adequate amount of time before messaging a date. And anyway, it’s not something he’s had to worry
about much because all of his dates end up messaging *him* first.

Except Iwaizumi.

He scowls and opens up his messages again, scowl deepening as he sees Iwaizumi *still* hasn’t tried to contact him.

(Though, there’s an extra four messages from Kuroo - each of them apparently increasing in urgency. Oikawa ignores them all.)

**space_boy1**: because it’ll make you seem desperate

**space_boy1**: is that what you want iwa-chan???

**spik4r**: No it won’t???

**spik4r**: Jesus, I’m not surprised you’re still single if this is how you go about it.

**space_boy1**: i’ll have you know, i too had a very successful date on saturday u_u

**spik4r**: Has he messaged you?

**spik4r**: Have *you* messaged him?

**space_boy1**: ……

**spik4r**: Exactly.

**spik4r**: Not everything has to be a game you know?

*Not everything has to be a game.* Oikawa’s brows furrow slightly as he takes in Iwa-chan’s words. *Has* he been treating this like a game?

**spik4r**: I’m going to message him.

Oikawa is about to tell him “*nooooo*” but he hears a sudden bang and a screech followed by what *sounds* like Matsukawa yelping in pain and he’s suddenly up from his bed and out the door, wondering what’s broken in their apartment *now*.

(It’s the refrigerator door.)

By the time they manage to tentatively fix the door (it hangs from the hinges and is liable to fall off and squash someone if they open it with the wrong amount of pressure) and Oikawa makes it back to his room, Oikawa knows the damage has been done.

He's about to open up Skype and send Iwa-chan a row of disapproving emoji's to let him know just how disappointed he is that he's succumbed to his desperation, when something catches his eye.

There's a *message notification*. And it's not from Kuroo.

A feeling of smug triumph washes over him as he presses the little message icon and sees the (1) next to Iwaizumi's name. It's just a simple 'Hey', but it makes Oikawa's stomach do a funny little flip. This means that the date *did* go as well as he had hoped, right? Strangely, he feels oddly relieved to know that he hasn't lost any of his dating prowess and that not taking the plunge and messaging him had first hadn't messed up any of his chances.
He types in a quick reply and hits send before turning his attention back to his Skype conversation with Iwa-chan.

spik4r: I did it.

spik4r: Wow, that wasn't so bad.

spik4r: He hasn't replied though.

spik4r: And now you're not replying...

spik4r: Oh shit.

spik4r: Fuck.

spik4r: Is there a way of erasing a message from someone's phone before they see it?

spik4r: Oi? Are you there?


spik4r: Wait.

spik4r: Wait.

spik4r: He just messaged me back. Crisis averted.

spik4r: Pretend none of that happened.

Oikawa can't help but laugh out loud as he reads through Iwa-chan's messages, the panic evident in every single one. He just doesn't understand how one person can be so hopelessly clueless (and cute) when it comes to dating.

space_boy1: wow

space_boy1: for once being desperate paid off

spik4r: I truly hate you.

space_boy1: i've become so used to ur lies, i only feel 60% offended by them now

His phone vibrates in his palm and he's pleasantly surprised to see 'Iwaizumi Hajime' flash across his screen. For a moment or two, he'd worried that Iwaizumi was the type of person to spend ages between sending a message.

Once again, that weird feeling of guilt washes over him as he replies to Iwaizumi, while Iwa-chan's Skype messages flash across his notification panel. It feels like he's two-timing them both but, he realises as he sends Iwaizumi a message letting him know when he's next available, he doesn't want to let either of them go.

Is that selfish?

He feels like it probably is, and it's something he needs to figure out sooner rather than later before things get too confusing and he ends up losing both of them.
spik4r: We're organising another date.

spik4r: *Told you my way was better.*

spik4r: ( ̄へ ̄)

space_boy1: what the hell is that

spik4r: A smug face?

spik4r: Can't you see it???

space_boy1: .......

space_boy1: I feel uncomfortable whenever you use emoji's

space_boy1: aND

space_boy1: my way works just as well as yours

space_boy1: and I didn't even have to act all desperate

space_boy1: so who's the real winner here????

spik4r: Not your poor date.

Oikawa spits his tongue out at his phone.

spik4r: Actually...

spik4r: And *don't* make me change my mind...

spik4r: But I do need your advice.

space_boy1: iwa-chaaaaaaaaaan

space_boy1: *wipes tear*

space_boy1: thank u for finally recognising me as your dating senpai

spik4r: I changed my mind. Don't worry. I'll just wing it and hope for the best.

space_boy1: okokokokok

space_boy1: I'll be on my best behaviour

space_boy1: what do you need senpai's help with???

spik4r: I'm blocking you.

space_boy1: you threaten to block me about twice a day

space_boy1: and yet I remain
Oikawa stares at his phone for several really long moments as he tries to digest what has just happened. Iwa-chan threatens to block him on a regular basis but he’s never acted on it before.

space_boy1: i...

Oikawa wonders if he's been blocked again.

spik4r: OK, you're not done.

space_boy1: I won't - for now.

Oh thank God.

spik4r: Now, give me some advice for the second date.

space_boy1: on one condition

spik4r: ....

spik4r: What?
space_boy1: let me see him

spik4r: Bye.

space_boy1: iwa-chan wait

space_boy1: you dont have to tell me his name or anything

space_boy1: so i cant google him or whatever weird thing you think i'll do

space_boy1: i'm just....intrigued

space_boy1: i wna see the guy that you like so much

There's another gap between replies and this time Oikawa is almost 100% sure that he's been blocked.

spik4r: Fine.

spik4r: But you have to promise you’re not gonna do anything weird.

Oh.

space_boy1: weird???

space_boy1: me???

space_boy1: iwa-chan, i’m almost offended you would even think that way

spik4r: ...

space_boy1: fine, i won’t do anything “weird”

space_boy1: whatever that means

spik4r: Alright

spik4r: But after this, you have to give me some advice. Got it?

space_boy1: yes yes yes

space_boy1: im glad you're finally recognising how wise and intelligent i am x

spik4r: ...right.

spik4r: [sent a picture]

Oikawa thinks the feeling of excitement bubbling inside him as he waits for the picture to load is probably not entirely healthy. It's a bit morbid really, but he is *geniunely* interested in seeing who has managed to capture Iwa-chan's attention like this. And, even if he doesn't want to admit it himself, he's also maybe a *tiny* bit interested in discovering what Iwa-chan's type is.

The download finishes and Oikawa sucks in a breath as he double taps the link and waits for it to open. It loads slowly, as if it's trying to make him even more agitated than he already is an-
“What the fuck?” Oikawa mumbles to himself, mouth falling slack open as the attachment opens up on his screen. He blinks a few times and actually rubs his eyes once to try and make sure he isn't seeing things.

spik4r: Yeah, so, that's him.

space_boy1: is this a joke????????????????????????

spik4r: Huh?

spik4r: Is what a joke?

Oikawa shakes his head, trying to process the information that’s just flooded his mind.

space_boy1: this is him

space_boy1: this is the guy u went on a date with???

space_boy1: this guy????

spik4r: Yeah…

spik4r: Why are you acting so weird?

Oikawa has to physically chuck his phone across his bed to stop him from saying something stupid - or, more stupid than what he usually says - because this has to be some kind of joke, right?

Why else would Iwa-chan send him a picture of himself.

His brows furrow slightly as he flips onto his stomach and crawls across his bed, arms dangling off the side a little to grab his phone from it’s new spot on the floor. There has to be an explanation. Maybe he’s missing something. Maybe he has a long lost twin. Maybe he-

Nope, that’s definitely him.

It’s his Facebook profile picture; him sticking his tongue out and holding two fingers up at the camera while he winks. There's no mistake about it

It. Is. Him.

spik4r: Hello......?

It takes him a while to gather his thoughts because this is one thousand percent the weirdest thing that has happened to him in a long, long, while. And he's friends with Kuroo and Bokuto so weirdness kind of follows him around on a semi regular basis.

But this? This?

This definitely tops the chart.

For a second or two, he entertains the idea that he's being pranked and half expects Matsukawa to jump out of his wardrobe cackling with a video camera. He's halfway up from his bed intent on making his way to the wardrobe to actually check, when he realises just how stupid that sounds.

Though, considering the day he's having, maybe it's not so farfetched.
(He checks the wardrobe.)

As soon as he's relatively sure that there's no external sources playing a horrible prank on him, Oikawa sinks back into his bed and tries to wrap his head around what is happening.

Iwa-chan has just sent him a picture of *himself* and is adamant that he's the person he's just been on a date with.

Oikawa wonders if Iwa-chan has al-

He freezes, realisation flashing across his face.

Iwa-chan.

Iwaizumi.

Iwa-chan.

*Iwaizumi.*

*Iwa-chan.*

“*Fuck,*” he mutters to himself as his phone vibrates again (spik4r: *Seriously, are you OK?*), “*oh God.*”

Oikawa realises, as he stares at the photo of himself once again, that he is an idiot. A giant, fucking, idiot.

And Iwa-chan (or Iwaizumi - Oikawa isn’t sure what to call him now), isn’t much better.

Chapter End Notes

i would've kept the obliviousness going for all eternity but you know...there has to be a limit

next chapter is the final one (sadly) pls stay tuned for ~the great reveal~
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

oikawa enlists the help of his not-so-helpful brain trust

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Oikawa knows he's made more than a few mistakes in his life. Most of them are fairly inconsequential and amount to nothing more than leaving it till the night before it's due to start a particularly important essay.

But this?

This?

Oikawa is sure this is the biggest mistake he's ever made.

tubbs' dad: no

tubbs' dad: fuckin

tubbs' dad: WAY

bokutoooo: stop lying oikawa

bokutoooo: it's not fair to get us excited like this for no reason

space_boy1: why

space_boy1: why does this excite you???

tubbs' dad: cause it's hilarious?

bokutoooo: literally the funniest thing ive ever heard ever

bokutoooo: E V E R

In hindsight, Oikawa realizes that he probably should’ve expected a reaction like this from Kuroo and Bokuto, but he’d been at a loss as to what to do with the ‘Iwa-chan Problem’, as he’d begun to call it in his mind. He’d toyed with the idea of asking Matsukawa and Hanamaki for their advice, but quickly dismissed it deciding that he didn't entirely trust them not to betray him and tell Iwaizumi. He needed advice from neutral parties and that, unfortunately, meant Kuroo and Bokuto.

Sadly.

space_boy1: you guys are supposed to be my brain trust

space_boy1: and that means offering me words of wisdom
space_boy1: not laughing
space_boy1: dicks (╥﹏╥)
tubbs' dad: but it's so funny
tubbs' dad: like your life is the plot of some crappy movie or something
bokutoooo: i think it'd be a very good movie actually
bokutoooo: i'd defo pay to watch it
space_boy1: thank you bokuto, i always knew u were my fave for a reason
bokutoooo: maybe not in the cinema, i'd wait till it's on DVD
bokutoooo: and in the 99p box
bokutoooo: but i'd still pay
space_boy1: ….thanks.

bokutoooo: __(˚ ﹏˚)___

Yep, this is definitely the worst decision he's ever made. And, if it's possible, he knows it's only about to get worse because Kuroo and Bokuto are never - never - going to let him live this down.

He groans quietly, running a tired hand down his face as he watches Kuroo and Bokuto cackle back and forth over his misfortune in the chat. Figuring they've got about another five minutes of it in them before they inevitably start to feel sorry for him and decide to offer their advice, he clicks out of the chat and opens his one with Iwa-chan.

They haven't spoken, not really, since Iwa-chan sent him the photo. Luckily, Oikawa managed to brush off his outburst with a jokey “wow, he's way too hot for you iwa-chan” which resulted in him being blocked again for ten minutes. But Oikawa figures it was worth it, because when Iwa-chan sent him the friend request again, he didn't question why he'd been acting so strange. But even if he didn't question it, Oikawa got the impression that he sensed something was wrong.

The replies get increasingly shorter and more cordial than the familial banter they'd been having for the last few months, eventually culminating in a terse “night” from Iwa-chan.

That was two days ago and Oikawa hadn't quite managed to pluck up the courage to message him again.

On Skype anyway.

He groans again and shakes his head as he opens up the messaging app to read the conversation he's been having with Iwa-chan there. It's not much more of a conversation than their Skype chat if he's honest with himself. But he thinks, in this situation, that's to be expected. They are practically strangers after all.

Or rather, they're supposed to be strangers.

It's all so confusing and he'd be lying if he doesn't admit that it's kind of making his head spin.
Isn't this what he's wanted all along? To know the real Iwa-chan? To find out his name? What he looks like?

Yes, he has wanted all of that, but it feels strangely weird to have acquired it this way, as if he's cheated or something.

It also makes him feel nervous. More nervous than he's felt in years. Because he likes Iwaizumi, both sides of him, and it's pretty clear that Iwaizumi likes the Oikawa he met on their date but...

He bites his lip.

What if Iwaizumi doesn't like the other Oikawa, the ‘space_boy1’ Oikawa, like that? Oikawa can't shake the feeling that he'll be disappointed when he finds out the truth and cut off all communication between them, both on Skype and in real life.

And Oikawa isn't sure he's ready for that.

His gaze skates over the final message in his text conversation. It's a time, date and location and he feels something constrict in his throat.

*Their second date.*

He heaves a sigh and reopens his conversation with Kuroo and Bokuto, deciding that they must've gotten all the teasing out of their system by now.

Hopefully.

tubbs' dad: and he was giving him advice!!!!

bokutoooo: BAD advice

tubbs' dad: and wondering why iwaizumi wasn't messaging him

tubbs' dad: i can't stop laughing

tubbs' dad: u truly cannot make this shit up

bokutoooo: my sides hurt

bokutoooo: it hurts to laugh

bokutoooo: but i can't sTOP

Oikawa rolls his eyes and decides he's given his two friends far too much credit. They're demons. Both of them.

space_boy1: if ur done mocking me...

tubbs' dad: we're not

bokutoooo: but we'll let it slide

bokutoooo: for now

bokutoooo: □ ◯ □
space_boy1: i knew i should've asked makki and mattsun

bokutoooo: whAT

tubbs' dad: NO

bokutoooo: we're your brain trust

space_boy1: u guys are awful

space_boy1: and i hate you

bokutoooo: jeez

bokutoooo: u fall in love and lose your sense of humour

Oikawa is tempted to dispute the whole “you fall in love” thing because he doesn't love Iwaizumi (he thinks), he's just very...smitten. He wrinkles his nose in mild disgust as he thinks the word.

*Smitten.*

It sounds so strange and it's never been a word he's thought to apply to himself before, but he can't think of a better word to describe how he feels.

So 'smitten' it is.

He's tempted to tell Bokuto this; that he's not in love, he's *smitten*, but he knows it'll just open up the floodgates for another round of relentless teasing so he decides to let it slide. Just this once.

space_boy1: are u guys gonna give me advice

space_boy1: or do i have to find another brain trust???????

bokutoooo: nonono we got you

bokutoooo: chill

Oikawa wants to tell him that he can't chill because he has another date with Iwaizumi in just a couple of days and if he doesn't figure out what to do, he might just puke all over him the moment he sees him. And that, Oikawa thinks, will pretty much erase any chance of him getting a third date.

But, once again, he holds his tongue (or thumbs) and opts not to give them all the material they need to tease him some more.

bokutoooo: just tell him??

bokutoooo: he'll probably laugh

bokutoooo: i'd laugh
space_boy1: if it was that easy
tubbs’ dad: you get very rude when ur stressed
space_boy1: do u think i'd be asking u morons for advice??????
tubbs’ dad: u_u
space_boy1: sorry....... space_boy1: but
space_boy1: like
space_boy1: what if he doesnt like me like that
bokutoooo: :s
bokutoooo: aren't you going on a 2nd date?
tubbs' dad: yeah, he obviously likes you
tubbs' dad: no idea why
bokutoooo: but who am i to judge
space_boy1: i will kill u kuroo
space_boy1: and i mean
space_boy1: what if he doesn't like the other me like that????
space_boy1: the me he talks to on Skype
bokutoooo: ......
bokutoooo: you are literally the same damn person
space_boy1: HE DOESNT KNOW THAT THO
tubbs' dad: my head hurts
bokutoooo: he's a magnet for drama
tubbs' dad: how the fuck do u get yourself involved in crap like this????
space_boy1: i don't do it on purpose
bokutoooo: i would call it annoying
bokutoooo: but he makes life more interesting
bokutoooo: aND
Despite their incessant teasing, eventually Oikawa has to admit that they are pretty useful. They're both adamant that the only right way to move ahead is by him telling Iwaizumi just what the hell is going on and, by the time Oikawa decides he's dealt with them for as long as he can manage in one day, he's actually feeling pretty confident about his second date with Iwaizumi.

He still doesn't know exactly what he's going to say but he knows his brain trust are right. He has to swallow his nerves and get this over and done with - even if he doesn't like the response he gets.

But, overall he's feeling OK and is pretty sure their second date won't end up a disaster.

That is, until Iwaizumi messages him and suddenly it's like he hasn't spent the last two hours getting a really weird pep talk from Kuroo and Bokuto and he's just as nervous as he was before.

spik4r: Hey.

spik4r: Have I...done something?

spik4r: Said something?

spik4r: You seem off…

Oikawa doesn't reply.

He doesn't know how to reply.

He’s so nervous, his hands are shaking. He frowns as he places his palm on his thighs and tries to will his digits to stop moving of their own accord.

He's sitting on a bench, the same bench as the first time they met, trying to calm his nerves while he waits for Iwaizumi to turn up. In his pocket, he can feel his phone vibrating every now and then and he knows it's Kuroo and Bokuto, giving him their version of a pep talk. Again.

"Oikawa?"

He makes a strange noise, that sounds more like the type of sounds a dying cat would emit rather than a human being, as he swivels round on the bench to find Iwaizumi grinning down at him.

Oh God.

Oikawa wonders if he's gotten better looking in the week since they last saw each other, or if his memories of him just hadn't done him any justice.

"H-Hey."
He groans as soon as the word falls from his lips because he hasn't stammered since he was about twelve and it's really not a habit he's all that eager to pick up again now.

"Were you waiting long?" Iwaizumi asks as Oikawa pushes himself up from the bench and stretches his legs a little.

"Nope," he lies. Iwaizumi doesn't need to know that he arrived twenty minutes before their agreed time just so he could try and figure out what he wants to say.

(He still hasn't figured it out.)

"Good." Iwaizumi grins and Oikawa wonders if he even knows just how blinding it is. When he smiles, really smiles, it lights up his whole face and makes Oikawa feel warm. It makes him feel at ease. At home. It makes him want to smile too.

And he does.

He has to admit, it does feel at least tiny bit nice knowing that he apparently flusters Iwaizumi, the same way Iwaizumi flusters him - if the way he blinks for a few seconds before shaking his head is anything to go by.

"So," Iwaizumi clears his throat and looks away, the tip of his nose just a little bit redder than before, "what's the plan for today."

Oikawa wiggles his eyebrows conspiratorially and takes a step forwards. "Ah Iwa-chan yo-" he freezes, hearing too late the nickname that has just fallen from his lips. For a second, he thinks maybe Iwaizumi hasn't heard it and that they can carry on their conversation as normal. But of course nothing is that simple.

He swallows thickly as Iwaizumi's smile drops from his face and his brows furrow even more than usual while he fixes him with a piercing stare.

"What did you just call me?"

"Apologies, apologies," Oikawa laughs nervously, waving an airy hand in front him, "it's too soon for name shortening, I guess. I won't do it ag-"

"What did you just call me?"

A soft whine falls from his lips as he stares at Iwaizumi and realizes that he isn't going to let this go. He purposely avoids his gaze and kicks up the ground beneath them, "Iwa-chan."

Iwaizumi hums as he rocks onto the balls of his feet, still staring at him intently. An almost painful silence follows and it's all Oikawa can do to stop himself from turning on his heel and running as fast as he can home. He's actually considering it when Iwaizumi clears his throat and takes a step forwards.

"Why'd you call me that?"

Oikawa forces what he hopes is a carefree smile onto his face as he rolls his eyes, "it's just a nickname, Iwaizumi-chan. I'm sure plenty of people call you that."

"No."

"Oh." Oikawa swallows and decides that if this doesn't get wrapped up within the next ten seconds
he is so going to run home and bury himself in a blanket fort for the next twenty years. "Sorry then, it was- uh, it was rude."

"True."

Oikawa cringes.

"It is rude," Iwaizumi continues, a strange look in his eye that Oikawa can't quite place, "and I only know one person who'd ever be so rude as to call me that so suddenly."

Oikawa's nose wrinkles automatically and he realises he's being teased.

Wait.

For the second time in less than three minutes, Oikawa freezes.

He's being teased.

Is he being teased?

"Ah," he clears his throat and tries to ignore the way his heart seems to constrict tightly, almost painfully, as he stares at Iwaizumi, "that's...interesting?"

That interesting? That's interesting? God-fucking-damn Tooru, he grumbles to himself. As second date conversation goes, he is painfully aware that he is failing immensely.

"Yeah," Iwaizumi says before he shakes his head and leans back, "never mind, I thought-," he chuckles dryly, as if he had just been told a joke that wasn't all that funny, "you reminded me of someone I know."

"Oh really?"

"Yeah, a friend. Or," he frowns and gets a faraway look in his eyes, "I thought he was a friend."

Oikawa clears his throat again and stuffs his hands into the pocket of his jacket, "did you...did you have an argument?"

This is wrong. So, so, so wrong.

Iwaizumi shrugs and drops onto the bench, "not really, just grew apart I guess."

Oikawa hums as he joins him. This is it, he thinks, this is the perfect time to tell him.

"I'm sorry," Iwaizumi murmurs, "it's- this is weird, right?"

"What's weird?"

"This," he gestures at himself and offers Oikawa a sad smile. Oikawa decides he doesn't like his sad smiles. "Talking about another guy when I'm on a date with you. That's definitely weird."

"Oh," Oikawa feels the tips of his ears start to redden slightly as he realises that yes, it is weird and had he been anyone else he probably would've been extremely offended. But he can't feel offended. Not when the other guy is him. "I think it's OK," he says quietly, wondering if the hole he's dug himself is big enough yet, "you should...you should get it off your chest now, that way- ah- there won't be any hurdles later on."
Iwaizumi turns to face him and gives him the most incredulous look Oikawa has ever seen before.

"You want me to talk about another guy? On our date?"

"Well. If you put it like that it does make me seem a little strange," Oikawa concedes, "but, if you don't, it's going to be on your mind for the whole date. And how are we supposed to have fun like that, hm Iwa-chan?"

Shit.

The nickname slips out easily again and Oikawa doesn't miss the way Iwaizumi's brows practically shoot up into his hairline.

"Sorry. Sorry," he mutters, "my bad."

"It's- It's fine," Iwaizumi says eventually, sighing loudly as he leans back into the bench and rest his head against the bar behind them, "I'm sorry."

"You're sorry?" Oikawa blows out a large breath, "for what?"

"Agreeing to a date with you when I'm still hung up on that jerk," he laughs again. It's hollow and dry and Oikawa never wants to hear it again. "Though," he pauses as inclines his head to the side, that sad smile Oikawa hates tugging at his lips, "I guess I'm the jerk for putting you through this."

"I."

"It's not that you're not a good guy," Iwaizumi says quickly, running a nervous hand through his hair as he stares up at Oikawa, "you're a great guy. A really, really, great guy and if things had been different, I'd definitely wa-"

"Iwa-chan."

Iwaizumi ignores him and groans, dropping his head into his palms. "It's so weird. You really remind me of him."

"Didn't you just call him a jerk?" Oikawa asks with a frown, feeling mildly offended that Iwaizumi apparently feels comfortable insulting him to strangers.

(Even if he's not technically a stranger.)

"He is," Iwaizumi says simply, a different smile on his face now, "he's been ignoring me for days, you know?"

"Mhm," Oikawa hums, his phone suddenly feeling very heavy in his pocket, "sounds like an idiot."

"I'm sorry," Iwaizumi says again, sitting upright, "this is- this is kind of fucked up. I shouldn't be doing this to you."

"Iwa-chan," Oikawa says firmly, licking his lips nervously as he tries desperately to ignore the panicked rhythm his heartbeat has adopted, "I- I have something to tell you as well."

His admission clearly startles Iwaizumi but, to his credit, he recovers pretty quickly and nods, "alright?"

Oikawa takes a deep breath and forces himself to meet, and hold, Iwaizumi's gaze. He's been wondering what he should say for the last few days now and has gone through speech after speech
trying to find the perfect one. But, as they sit there on the bench, staring (somewhat awkwardly) into each others eyes, Oikawa realises there's really only one thing he needs to say to Iwaizumi.

"I'm not a serial killer."

"Huh? I mean...that's good?" Iwaizumi says uncertainly, looking at Oikawa as if he's suddenly wondering if he's made a big mistake.

"No," Oikawa says firmly, inching himself a little closer, "I mean, I'm not a serial killer, like you thought."

"I didn't think you we-"

It's almost comical the way Iwaizumi's mouth drops open as he eyes seem to bulge slightly as he stares at him.

Almost.

"You're- No. I mean- Are you?" he swallows, "you're him?"

Oikawa doesn't need to know who the 'him' is in this instance to know exactly who Iwaizumi is talking about. He smiles weakly down at him and waves his hands in the air by his face before saying in a sing-song tone of voice, "surprise."

"What. The. Fuck?" Iwaizumi shoves him hard, and it's only due to the naturally good reflexes Oikawa possesses that stops him from sliding off the bench entirely.

"Ouch, Iwa-chan," Oikawa grumbles, rubbing spot on his arm, "that's going to leave a bruise!"

"Good," Iwaizumi snaps, crossing his arms over his chest, "explain."

Oikawa sighs and wonders where to begin, deciding that this isn't actually very fair. It's not like he planned for any of this to happen. If anything, they should blame Matsukawa and Hanamaki for failing to do their research properly when setting them up.

He tells Iwaizumi all of this and is pleasantly surprised when he can tell he's no longer fighting back the desire to shove him again.

He hopes.

"Why didn't you just say anything when you first found out?" Iwaizumi grumbles once Oikawa finishes talking, "how hard would it have been to just tell me?"

"Very hard," Oikawa sighs. They've reached the point of the conversation he really, really, wanted to avoid. "I- I like you. I liked the Skype you even before I got to meet the real you," he explains, fidgeting awkwardly in his seat. This is hard and he suddenly feels a wave of pity for every poor soul that has confessed to him over the years, only to get a lacklustre answer from him in response. "And I knew you liked the real me, but I didn't know if you liked the other me and I didn't want to say anything because...because...well," he shrugs, "you get it."

He wants the ground to swallow him and spit him out somewhere far, far, away. Maybe Australia. Maybe the moon.

"And that's why you've been ignoring me?"
Oikawa nods sullenly.

"I see."

He squeezes his eyes shut, preparing himself for Iwaizumi to abruptly stand up and walk out of his life forever.

"Oi."

He squeezes tighter. He doesn't want his pity. Doesn't need his pity.

"Oi." This time, Iwaizumi prods him sharply and Oikawa's eyes snap open.

"Are you always this violent, Iwa-chan?"

"Towards idiots who deserve it," he says nonchalantly, "and- I just-." He clears his throat and runs a hand through his hair again, "I get it."

"Get what?"

Iwaizumi sends him a look, as if he's annoyed that Oikawa's going to make him say it. "I get why you didn't want to say anything."

Oikawa's eyes widen slightly and he can't help that feeling of hope he feels slowly brimming inside him.

"I...I probably wouldn't have said anything either," Iwaizumi admits, his nose a much brighter red than the rest of his face now, "because- well- you get it."

"Oh no, no, no," Oikawa says quickly, "if I had to say it out loud, so do you."

At that moment, Iwaizumi looks like he's very tempted to shove Oikawa off the bench or maybe smack him upside the head. "You are a child."

"Lalala," Oikawa trills loudly, "that doesn't sound like you confessing your undying love to me, Iwa-chan. Aaah~"

This time, Iwaizumi does shove him, though with none of the force he used before. Oikawa smirks and takes the opportunity to lean into him, brushing their shoulders against each other as he rights himself on the bench.

"I'm waiting Iwa-chan."

"I like you too," he says quickly, looking at the ground beneath them as if it's the most fascinating thing in the world, "the Skype you, as well as the real you."

Until that moment, Oikawa realises he's never really understood the phrase 'it felt like a load off his chest' but, as he replays the words in his mind over and over again, he realises that he finally does. His chest feels lighter, as if he's been carrying around a burden he wasn't even aware of for the last few days.

"I like you as well," he murmurs, dropping his head onto Iwaizumi's shoulder as he wiggles his hands out from inside his pockets and laces his fingers with Iwaizumi's.

"Stupid," Iwaizumi snorts as he gives Oikawa's hand a quick squeeze. There's no venom in the word and Oikawa thinks he can practically hear his smile. "You already said that."
three months later

"Iwa-chan?"

"Hm?"

Oikawa scowls slightly as he realises he's not paying attention, instead staring at whatever's on the television screen.

"Iwa-chan?" he says again, with a little more force this time.

"What?"

Nope. Not good enough. He still has his gaze fixated on the screen. Deciding it's time to take things to drastic measures, Oikawa quickly swivels around on the couch, dumps his legs in Iwaizumi's lap, and proceeds to poke him in the chest with his big toe.

"What?" Iwaizumi snaps, finally tearing his gaze away from the screen to fix Oikawa with one of his glares.

Much better, Oikawa thinks.

"Do you think I'm pretty?"

"What?"

"Do you think I'm pretty?"

"No," he says bluntly, "I think you're hideous. I'm only with you out of pity."

"Tut tut," Oikawa wiggles a disapproving finger at him, "you shouldn't lie Iwa-chan."

"I'm not lying."

"Ah," Oikawa hums and leans forward slightly, "are you sure?"

"Positive. You'd scare little children."

"March 21st 4.05pm."

Iwaizumi eyes him warily as if he can sense that he's not going to like where this is going, "come again."

"March 21st 4.05pm."

"Is that date supposed to mean anything to me?"

"It should," Oikawa clutches his chest, as if he's horrified that Iwaizumi doesn't remember this truly important date in their relationship, "it was the day you first told me I was pretty. Granted, it's been the only time, but I'll let that sli-"

"I did not tell you, you were pretty," Iwaizumi snorts, slapping his legs slightly, "you're delusional."

Oikawa sighs and shakes his head, as if this conversation is causing him excessive mental strain and Iwaizumi is being purposely obtuse.
“You’re right.”

“Told yo~”

“You didn’t just call me pretty, you said *much* more than that,” Oikawa grins devilishly as he whips out his phone and cackles slightly as he sees the realization begin to dawn on Iwaizumi’s face.

He clears his throat dramatically and holds his phone out in front of him, putting on a deeper voice than usual, “he’s...pretty. I don’t know how to explain it. He’s hot yeah bu-”

“Enough!” Iwaizumi growls, darting forwards to try and snatch the phone out of Oikawa’s hands, “I’m going to delete that *entire* conversation.”

“But Iwa-chan,” Oikawa laughs, leaning backwards to keep the phone out of reach, “these are our *memories*. What else am I supposed to tell our grandchildren when they ask how we met? *Ow!* Be careful!” Oikawa screeches as Iwaizumi lunges forwards and tackles him off the couch.

Across the room on a couch of their own, Matsukawa and Hanamaki simply *stare*.

“Why did we set them up again?”

“Because we hate ourselves.”

“Clearly.”

"They’re cute though." 

"Iwa-chan!" Oikawa wails as Iwaizumi twists his body in a way that actually makes Matsukawa and Hanamaki wince because *wow*, a body should *not* be able to bend that way.

"OK...only a little bit cute. Mostly just annoying."

"Yeah."

Chapter End Notes

'brain trust' is a joke from scrubs that i couldn't resist putting in
'tubbs' dad' is a neko atsume reference because i'm a dork who thought it'd be a funny
skype name for kuroo

and ahhhh it's finished! this was really silly and really fun to write and i hope you enjoyed reading it!!! thank you for all the kudos/comments/bookmarks/general love ^(^_^)^~

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!