Mannequin Men

by surveycorpsjean

Summary

The modeling world is full of hungry wolves, constantly clambering over the other, snarling and desperate. They fight, and they kill, trampling over anything in their path.

In this case, Akaashi fell in love with the wolves.

Notes

aight, so heres the dealio.

i'm a fashion major, and i've always wanted to do an au like this. i've been working on this project for a while, and have most of the chapters outlined/written.
i'm kinda nervous to post this?? cause its taken so long and is on a subject so dear to my heart, but here we go

welcome to the world of fashion, modeling, and sex.
Chapter 1

Akaashi hadn’t been this nervous in a long, long time.

He crossed, and then uncrossed his legs in the chair- he was in a lobby of some kind, and resisted the urge to nervously check his phone. He stared down at his shoes; he’d spent nearly a week picking out his outfit for today. This was a big deal.

“Hello! Akaashi, right?”

Akaashi’s head whipped up, and looked at the blond man outstretching his hand. He had a nice shirt on, with casual jeans, and his long hair was slicked back.

“Y-yes,” Akaashi cursed his stutter, “Yes. I’m Akaashi Keiji.” He stood up, and shook the man’s hand.

“Ukai Keishin.” The blond’s shake was firm. “We spoke over the phone.”

“Yes, I remember.” Akaashi nodded, and hoped Ukai didn’t notice how sweaty his hands were. Akaashi wasn't one to typically get nervous, so that fact alone was making him even more nervous.

“We’re super excited to have you on board.” Ukai grinned, and slid his hands back in his pockets. “I’m going to be your new manager. I was the one that adopted you into my team.”

“Thank you so much, sir.” Akaashi could feel his heart about to explode. He worked so hard for this. “I’m honored at the opportunity.”

“Well, your portfolio was pretty impressive.” Ukai began to walk towards the inner doors, “Ready for a tour?”

Akaashi’s feet suddenly remembered how to move, and he nodded, before following Ukai through the door.

“Yeah, it was super impressive.” Ukai continued. “For someone with such little experience.”

“Thank you very much.” Akaashi tried to keep the smile off his face. "I'm really excited to start at an official firm.”

“You definitely need improvement on a couple things, but that’ll only come with experience.” Ukai shrugged. They walked down a colorful hallway, and Akaashi looked around at the pictures hanging on the walls. Various magazine covers were framed. He recognized a couple of them.

“Of course. I’ll work very hard, sir.”

Akaashi was prepared to do whatever it took. Modeling was something he’d always wanted to do- and not because he was told he had a ‘pretty face’ as a child. More so he loved the world of fashion. He loved everything about the industry; hell, he learned English from watching America’s Next Top Model. For a long time, it was just the support of his parents that got him occasional bookings; but now, he’d done it. He’d made it into an actual modeling firm.

“Drop the sir, thing.” Ukai waved his hand. “You can just call me Ukai. Sir makes me feel old.”

Akaashi opened his mouth to respond, but Ukai cut him off. He suddenly gestured to the hallway
around him, “Well, if you hadn’t guessed, we’re inside the modeling firm headquarters. This is where you’ll spend a lot of time. We get tons of industries that come and do shoots here. We’ve got multiple studios, like this one—” Ukai pointed to a door with a little window in it, “—that have open space for people to work with. Here at Mode, we supply models, and workspace.”

“So photographers, makeup artists and designers bring their stuff here?” Akaashi peeked in the room, and saw that it was empty, despite a few industrial lights pushed to the side.

“Well, sometimes designers want to shoot in other places.” Ukai shrugged, and continued walking. “Like the mountains or something. But your typical retail shoot is going to take place right here.”

“That’s kinda cool.” Akaashi wiped his sweaty hands on his jeans, and hoped Ukai didn’t notice. “How does booking work?”

“Well,” Ukai huffed, “There’s multiple managers that work here, each with multiple models under their wing. It’s our job to get you as many bookings as possible, and in turn, that makes money for us, which makes money for Mode.” They walked past a door with bright lights streaming through the door, and Akaashi tried to get a peak before Ukai got too far. Ukai didn’t turn around, as he said, “The annoying part is that all the managers here are constantly fighting to get their own models booked. So, the better you are—” Ukai turned around, and nearly laughed when he saw Akaashi dying to look through the window. He cleared his throat, and Akaashi looked his way. Ukai smiled, “The better you are… the easier it is for me to book you. Popularity helps. Did you get all that?”

“Y-yes.” Akaashi nodded.

“Good.” Ukai continued walking, and Akaashi stumbled behind him. “There’s a cafeteria over there—” Ukai pointed to a door on the left. “And a lounge on the second floor. The lounge is where most of the lazy bastards hang out. Here, follow me.” Ukai walked towards an elevator, and Akaashi desperately tried to memorize the map of the building quickly. Ukai was walking so fast—Akaashi was definitely going to get lost.

Suddenly someone shouted, “Hey! Hold the elevator!”

Ukai placed his hand in the way of the door, and a very tall man with silver hair slipped through the crack. He nodded his thanks, and shuffled to the other side. “Thanks, Ukai.”

“No problem.” Ukai grinned. “Late for a shoot?”

“How’d you know?” The man laughed, and rubbed the back of his head. Ukai gestured to his ruffled shirt, and unzipped pants, and the man laughed again before fixing both.

“Well, I’d like you to meet my new baby bird.” Ukai placed a hand on Akaashi’s shoulder, and Akaashi tensed. He was still in awe by how damn tall this guy was. Is everybody here like this?


Akaashi narrowed his eyes at the insult, and begrudgingly shook his hand. “Akaashi.”

“You must be pretty good for Ukai to adopt a shorty like you.” Lev placed his hands in his pockets, but jumped when Ukai reached up to pull on his ear.

“Ow ow ow—“

“Don’t be rude!” Ukai let go, and crossed his arms.
“You’re not even my manager!”

“No, but I go out for drinks with yours, so you better keep your trap shut.”

Akaashi still couldn’t look away from Lev. His personality was a little annoying, but he had the eyes and height to make up for it. Akaashi suddenly felt very intimidated.

The elevator doors whooshed open, and Lev nearly leaped out. He yelled behind him, “It was nice meeting you Akaashi!”

Ukai rolled his eyes, before stepping out of the elevator. “Don’t mind him, he’s always like that.”

“Good to know.” Akaashi responded, and followed him out into a new hallway.

“Well, to continue off.” Ukai gestured to his left, “These are the makeup rooms. The door that Lev just about knocked down is the room where you’ll go before every shoot done here at HQ.”

“What kind of cosmetic industries come here?” Akaashi asked, because he seriously just had to know.

Ukai grinned, “We get some good ones. Dior, M.A.C., Revlon. Mode has some beauticians that work here, most of which train at Paul Mitchell.”

Akaashi couldn’t hide the smile on his face. This was awesome. As they walked, they passed by an open door. He could hear the clicking of a camera, and Akaashi felt his heartbeat quicken. Ukai stopped to peak in the door, and turned back to smile at Akaashi.

“Ah, I knew I booked him today. Go ahead and take a look- he’s one of mine.”

Akaashi slid into the doorway, and looked inside the studio. The photographer was nearly laying on the floor, taking angled shots of a tall male model sitting on a very funky-looking chair. A lady ran in to adjust the man’s glasses, before stepping back. Multiple interns scattered about, angling lights and listening to the photographer shout orders.

None of that mattered to Akaashi though, because the model was fucking gorgeous. He was incredibly tall, and skinny- his body looked like something Vogue-Italia would eat for breakfast. He was bent over the chair in a slouching position that made his legs and arms look two miles long. Akaashi must’ve looked like a fish, mouth open and eyes wide. A beautiful female model walked in to pose with him, but Akaashi hardly noticed her. The man was stunning.

He heard Ukai chuckle next to him, “That’s Tsukishima Kei. He’s only been modeling for a few years, but he’s a natural. It’s mostly his body; the fashion industry tends to favor that half-starved, taffy-stretched look.”

Akaashi laughed into his hand, and Ukai felt himself smile.

They walked into the lounge, and Akaashi marveled at the gorgeous décor. It was super urban- there were multiple couches lit by chandeliers above them. There were a couple televisions playing various things, and a snack table sat across from a water cooler. There was a ping pong table pushed to the side - which seemed to be the liveliest part of the room, because that area sure was eliciting a lot of screaming. The lounge seemed to be the busiest in the building- beautiful models laid about, and it reminded Akaashi of some kind of sex dream. Or movie. Or both.
“Ahh, there’s the idiots I was looking for.” Ukai crossed his arms and looked at the men playing ping pong. “Hey! You two!”

The models paused their game, heads whipping over to look at Ukai.

A tall man with messy black hair stood up straight, and grinned as Ukai walked closer, “Hey coach!”

Coach?

The other model was wearing a tank top that showcased sculpted arms and a defined chest. Akaashi’s eyes flickered between the two, and swallowed. *Fuck. They’re gorgeous too. Fuck fuck fuck.*

“Sorry to interrupt uh…” Ukai saw a noticeable dent in the table that was *not* there before, “…your game. But this is Akaashi. The one who’s going to replace both of you.”

“So mean!” The man with dip dyed hair laughed.

The taller outstretched his hand, “I’m Kuroo.”

The other bumped him out of the way, and outstretched his hand instead, “I’m Bokuto!”

Akaashi was a little confused on who’s hand to shake, but settled on Bokuto’s, “Nice to meet you.”

“Welcome to the squad.” Kuroo shoved his hands in his back pockets casually. “Be careful with Coach though, he’s a crafty bitch.”

Ukai punched his shoulder, and Kuroo laughed. Akaashi raised his eyebrows at the nickname, and Ukai immediately picked up on his confusion.

“I used to coach volleyball.” Ukai sighed. “I’ve known these two for a long time.”

Bokuto, who apparently had no interest in the current conversation, shuffled up to Akaashi and placed his arm on his shoulder easily. “Hey hey hey! He’s pretty short! Look how short he is Kuroo!”

Akaashi felt his eye twitch. He’s 5’10, for fucks sake. It’s not *that* short.

“Wow, no kidding.” Kuroo tipped his head, and it reminded Akaashi of a cat.

“He’s just as tall as Iwaizumi.” The manager hissed. “Who has, mind you, been getting more bookings than both of you, as of late.”

Kuroo and Bokuto seemed to visibly flinch, and pulled away from Akaashi. They said simultaneously, “Sorry…”

Regardless of the insults, Akaashi felt blood rushing past his ears. Bokuto and Kuroo were stunning; despite them technically being his competition, Akaashi suddenly wanted a copy of every print they’d ever done.

Ukai sighed, “These two are a handful, but they’re actually pretty popular. Kuroo is one of the best runway models the firm has, and Bokuto is popular for ready-to-wear and underwear shoots. Still, these two are really versatile, and that’s the best thing they both have going for them.”

“Wow, was that a compliment?” Kuroo placed his hand over his heart. “I’m…” He fake sniffed,
“I’m touched, coach.”

Bokuto pinched his arm, “Am I dreaming Kuroo? Is this real life?”

“Don’t get used to it.” Ukai smiled, just a little. He waved his hand, “Alright, go back to being morons again.”

“Okay, but this time we’ve come up with a really good idea.” Bokuto placed out his hands like a lion tamer, “Instead of paddles, we’re using-“

“I don’t want to hear it!” Ukai yelled, and tugged on the corner of Akaashi’s sleeve. “Come on, we’re leaving.”

Akaashi didn’t say much. He really just couldn’t believe how great this was going. Akaashi thought this whole experience would be super duper professional, but here he was- being dragged away from two drop-dead gorgeous models trying to play ping pong with forks instead of paddles.

“Sorry about that.” Ukai let go of his sleeve, and laughed, “This place is a madhouse.”

“I…” Akaashi smiled, “I like it. I’m excited to work here.”

Ukai looked surprised. “Really now?”

“Yeah.” Akaashi looked around the hallway they stepped into. It was covered in magazines, clippings from newspapers, and sketches of Harajuku fashion. “I never dreamed I’d even get this far.”

“Really now?” Ukai said, “What was it you said you went to college for again?”

Akaashi gave a short laugh, “Photography. I didn’t know how else to enter the industry.”

“Hmm.” Ukai held the door open for Akaashi, “Well, that’ll only help you.”

“Let’s hope.” Akaashi smiled. He wasn’t nearly as nervous as before.

“We’ll see this weekend.” Ukai winked.

“What?”

“Your first shoot is on Saturday.” Ukai said, like it was the most obvious thing in the world. “It’s not anything huge, just a shoot for Frapbois.”

Akaashi felt his heart drop to his knees. He really hadn’t expected to get a job so soon. He opened his mouth, but all that came out was, “H-how?”

Ukai laughed, “I always try to get my noobs some work right away. It looks better on your portfolio. I showed them your stuff, and they liked your body shape.” He shifted on his feet, before continuing, “Although, you’re not going to be alone. It’s hard to get solo-shoots when you’re new. So, sorry about that.”

“No, no. Thank you much for this, Ukai.” Akaashi bowed at the waist, “I won’t disappoint you!”

He heard the manager laugh. “It’s fine. I’m excited to see how you’ll do.”

Akaashi swallowed the knot in his throat, and nodded.
When Akaashi made it back to his apartment that evening, he flopped face first into his bed. He was dead tired- partially from stressing about this day so much, and partially from internally screaming whenever he saw someone over six feet tall. He rolled over, and clutched his pillow to his chest.

He ran the names over in his head, Bokuto. Kuroo. Tsukishima.

So far they were the only models under Ukai that he’d met. *How many more does he have?*

He couldn’t stop thinking about Tsukishima’s shoot. He looked so *at ease*; it was breathtaking. That stoic face, matched with such a gangly body. It was incredibly attractive.

Not to mention the other two; he didn’t even see them working, but Akaashi could nearly *feel* the talent radiating off of them. He’d have to work hard. He wanted this.

His stomach growled, but his body groaned at the thought of getting back up. Akaashi looked around his small apartment- he really needed to clean up tomorrow.

Akaashi settled for flopping back down into bed, dreaming of food, and clothes, and perfect bodies.

Akaashi ran his fingers over the suit jacket once more. He’d already been through makeup- his face was now completely flawless and countered. He looked at his facial features in the mirror, tuning his face this way and that; he did look quite feminine. He’d never be able to book any super masculine shoots. Akaashi sighed- he’d just have to work with what he’s got.

Akaashi looked at himself once more in the mirror.

He was so nervous he was going to die.

They had him in multiple layers- a striped jacket and baggy pants- scarves and gloves and knee-high socks. It looked very…Frapbois. He loved it.

He could hear directors shouting behind him, calling for new lights and different chairs. It was busy, and chaotic, but Akaashi found a bit of solace in it.

“U-um, excuse me?”

Akaashi jumped, and looked at the figure standing at his side. It was a tall man with long brown hair pulled back into a bun. He had on an outfit not dissimilar from Akaashi’s, and he looked very intimidating. Until, you know, he opened his mouth again.

“A-are you Akaashi?”

“Yes.” Akaashi found himself speaking. He reached out his hand, “Akaashi Keiji.”

“Yes.” Akaashi found himself speaking. He reached out his hand, “Akaashi Keiji.”

“Hello.” The man shook his hand, and Akaashi could feel that his palms were sweaty. “I’m Azumane Asahi. B-but you can just call me Asahi.” He smiled, “I’m the one that’s going to model with you today.”

“Really?” Akaashi blinked, “Are you under Ukai as well?”
“Yes.” Asashi smiled, and he looked like a little puppy. “I have been for years, now.”

**Years?! Then why does he look so nervous? Is it because of me?**

As if he could read his mind, Asahi suddenly laughed nervously, and looked around the studio, “I still get anxious before every shoot. This is your first under the firm, yeah?” Akaashi nodded, and Asahi gasped, “You don’t look nervous at all!”

Akaashi laughed into his hand, “I actually feel like dying right now. But thanks, at least I don’t look how I feel.”

That seemed to make Asahi feel better too, because his face lit up instantly. He was attractive, in a rough kind of way. He looked like someone that would be on the cover of a sports magazine. Or maybe like, a spread about lumberjacks. “I’m sure you’ll do great! Have you ever modeled with someone else before?”

Akaashi shook his head, “No.”

“Well,” Asahi timidly rubbed the back of his head, “It’s kind of hard. You’re constantly battling to outdo the other.” Asahi saw the nervous look on Akaashi’s face, and shook his hands, comically, “No! no! Don’t worry! Just…” The taller man paused, before continuing, “Just don’t over think it, okay?”

Akaashi took a deep breath. “Yeah, okay. Thank you very much.”

Asahi nodded enthusiastically, “Of course!”

Akaashi stared at him, and thought- **Asahi is technically my competition, and yet he came over here to make me feel better.**

Suddenly he heard a seemingly familiar voice shout, **Hey hey hey!**

Akaashi whipped his head around to look at the source of the sound; Bokuto and Kuroo were pushing their way to the back of the studio. Akaashi nearly did a double take, because Tsukishima, Lev, and a handful of models were following behind them. Akaashi’s mouth fell open, I thought it was just two today?!

Asahi followed the younger’s flabbergasted stare, and let out a sigh when he saw the models taking seats in the back. “Really?”

“W-what…”

“Everyone here is so damn nosy.” Asahi placed his hands on his hips, and it made him look much less intimidating. “Whenever there’s a new model added to the firm, everyone tries to go to their first shoot to scope ’em out.”

As soon as Asahi’s words registered in his mind, Akaashi instantly wanted to die.

“I remember when the old models here did it to me.” Asahi sighed, “It was so intimidating. Please, try to ignore them. They just want to see how big of a threat you are.”

“Yeah uh…” Akaashi tore his eyes away from the audience he’d suddenly acquired, “…yeah, I’ll just do that.” **I’m going to fucking die.**

Asahi opened his mouth to speak again, but was cut off.
“Akaashi! Hey! Akaashi!”

Akaashi looked back over to Bokuto and Kuroo. Both were waving their arms like a mom at their son’s soccer game. Tsukishima was sitting next to them, pinching the bridge of his nose in an annoyed way.

“Hey! You’re gonna do great!” Kuroo yelled, and Akaashi felt his face flush.

“Are…are they always like this?” Akaashi mumbled out loud.

Asahi laughed, “Yes, but they’re especially loud because you’re on Ukai’s team. They want you to do well.”

Akaashi took a moment, before saying, “That’s…actually really nice.”

“Exactly!” Asahi grinned, “So don’t worry. You’ll be fine.”

Akaashi was definitely not fine.

They had him against a plain white backdrop- nothing too complicated- but Akaashi could feel everyone’s stares burning holes in his face. He shifted his body next to Asahi, and the photographer clicked away. Akaashi internally cursed, because he knew he looked awkward. He tried shifting again, and Asahi moved to match his movements.

“Akaashi,” The photographer looked out from behind her camera, “Do try to relax your shoulders.”

He nodded, “S-sorry.”

“No worries.” The photographer smiled, and went back to clicking away. At least she was nice.

Akaashi tried lessening the tension in his shoulders. Instead it just put more stress on his torso, and he suddenly didn’t know what to do with his arms. Akaashi’s heart was beating up into his throat, and he could feel his eyes beginning to gloss over from the lights. He tried shifting his weight on the other leg, but from the photographer’s expression, he knew it looked bad.

The audience in the back was completely silent- out of respect for both the photographer, and the models. Akaashi kept having to redirect his eyes to the camera, and he felt his heart drop a little more. Asahi was doing really good. He was in a relaxed pose, hand in one pocket, and the other down by his side.

A figure appeared in the doorway, and it only took once glance for Akaashi to see that it was Ukai. Great. Another person to impress.

Akaashi took a deep breath, and fuck his hands were shaking.

There was a laugh from the back, and one of the models stood up. He looked to be but a few inches taller than Akaashi, but had a stunning face with perfect hair to match. He laughed into his hand again, and began to walk away. “Come on, Iwa-chan. I told you we had nothing to worry about!”

Akaashi felt his heart lodge itself up into his throat, and he closed his eyes in fear of tears.

He heard Bokuto yell, “Shut up, dude!”
Another model stood up with the man, and followed him out of the room. A couple more models left as well and they took Akaashi’s confidence with them.

Suddenly Asahi relaxed next to him, and waved to the photographer. “Excuse me, but can we take a moment?”

The photographer responded immediately, “Of course.”

Asahi pulled Akaashi gently to the side—he brought him closer when he noticed Akaashi shaking.

“Hey.” Asahi bent down to look him in the eye. “That’s Oikawa. He’s an ass, and you need to ignore him.”

Akaashi looked up, and exhaled, “I—I’m so sorry, Asahi. I’m ruining—“

“Nono, it’s okay. This is completely new for you. Just don’t let them get to you.” It was obvious that Asahi wasn’t that good at comforting people, but Akaashi really appreciated the effort.

“I…” Akaashi swallowed back tears. He wanted to do good. He knew he could do good. He wanted to impress his manager, and he wanted he wanted—

There was a hand at his shoulder, and Ukai suddenly appeared in his field of vision with a water bottle. He stretched it outwards, and Akaashi took it graciously. “Hey.”

“I’m sorry—” Akaashi found himself saying, but Ukai held up a hand.

“Akaashi, what do you love about modeling?”

He felt speechless, and held the bottle a little tighter in his hands. “I…” What an abrupt question?!

“Quick, we only have a minute.”

“I—I love the clothes. And I love cameras. And…and…” Akaashi took a breath, “I love the feeling of doing a good job. I love when I can effectively market something.”

“Good.” Ukai grinned. “Then focus on those things, and not the concept of failure. The more you keep trying to be perfect, the more you’ll fall short. Okay? Did you get that?”

Akaashi nodded enthusiastically, and Asahi seemed to relax.

“Alright, then let’s try this again.”

Akaashi shifted, leaning so his back curved into a moon shape. He looked over his shoulder, and let his arms fall limp behind him. Asahi saw him out of the corner of his eye, and shifted, so that he complimented Akaashi’s body shape. He heard the camera click reputedly, and Akaashi tilted his head down, just a little. He’d done this many times before, and his body kicked in with muscle memory.

“Good, Akaashi!” The photographer praised, and shifted onto her knees to get a different angle. “Give me that face again.”

Akaashi put on his bitch face, and looked down at the camera. He felt so much better. The weight on his heart had lifted a little, and all he could think about was the satisfaction of modeling.
“Perfect you two!” The photographer grinned, and snapped multiple photos. “Let’s do another!”

Another pose.

Akaashi swallowed, he had an idea, but he wasn’t sure how well it’d go over. He looked towards the models that decided to stay; he had Bokuto, Kuroo, and Tsukishima’s full attention. Lev was still there, but was talking to another female model.

Akaashi took a deep breath, and shifted his body into a more feminine pose; his body limp, except for a single hand against his face.

The photographer clicked away, and Asahi moved into a more masculine pose, with his hands in his pockets, leaning away from Akaashi.

“Wonderful!” The photographer commended, and Ukai smiled in the doorway.

He sat in a chair, drinking water, and wiping his face with his T-shirt. Akaashi was back in his own clothes now, and he was glad. The heat of the lamps and the heavy Frapbois layers had really gotten to him. Akaashi took another sip of water, and prepared to go hunt for his stuff so he could catch the train home.

“Akaashi!”

He nearly dropped his water bottle, and looked up. Bokuto and Kuroo were waving, with a quiet Tsukishima in tow.

“Akaashi! You were awesome dude.” Kuroo walked up, and held out his fist. Akaashi stared at it like it was alien, before slowly reaching out to lightly tap it with his own.

“That face though.” Bokuto tried imitating the pose that Akaashi had done, and Tsukishima slapped his hand away. "So good, dude."

“Thank you…but I really fucked up in the beginning.” Akaashi wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

“It could’ve been much worse. You at least bounced back.” Tsukishima said, and Akaashi marveled at how nice his voice was. He stared for a moment, and Tsukishima suddenly jumped a little, before saying, “Oh, sorry, I don’t think we’ve officially met. I’m Tsukishima.” He extended his hand, revealing long, elegant fingers.

“Tsukishima,” Akaashi repeated, and shook his hand. “Thank you.”

“That wasn’t an easy task, man.” Kuroo rested his hands behind his head. “Pairing up with Asahi is hard.”

“What? But he’s so nice.”

“It’s his size.” Tsukishima translated. “It’s hard to stand out while standing next to him- but you did a good job.”

“Yeah! You’re super pretty, man.” Bokuto grinned, and Akaashi felt his face warm just a little. It wasn't like he didn't know that...but...he’d never get used to receiving compliments from such gorgeous people.
“He might just be prettier than Oikawa.”

“Oh man, don’t let him know you said that.”

“What a piece of shit he is.” Tsukishima interjected, crossing his arms. “Getting up like that in the middle of Akaashi’s shoot.”

“I’m not surprised.” Kuroo said.

Akaashi internally screamed when he realized that he had gone oddly silent—he was just standing completely still, staring at the faces in front of him. It was just...damn Kuroo had nice cheekbones, and Tsukishima’s eyes were beautiful and Bokuto’s arms—

Fuck. I’m so gay. Akaashi took a deep breath. This was fine. Everything was fine. Say something dammit.

“Well uh.” Akaashi reached down for his bag, “It was nice meeting you guys—“

“Hey hey!” Bokuto was apparently loud all the time. “We totally came by to invite you out with us. We’re going for drinks.”

“Um…” Akaashi wasn’t sure what to say. He’d only met them a couple days ago…was this really okay?

“Well, they’re going for drinks.” Tsukishima rolled his eyes. “I’m designated driver.”

“Hell yeah.” Kuroo high-fived Bokuto, and Tsukishima crossed his arms.

“Do you guys invite out every new guy?” Akaashi teased.

“Nah, we just think you’re cute.” Bokuto grinned, and Tsukishima elbowed him in the side.

“He means that you seem chill. It was awesome watching you work today.” Kuroo grinned like the Cheshire cat. “So what do you say?”

“Uh, well.” Akaashi began, “I’d love to but, I gotta take the train home and…” I don’t even know you guys??

“Tsukki will drive you home!” Bokuto wrapped an arm around Tsukishima’s waist, and the younger brushed him off. He looked a little annoyed at being volunteered.

“No, I can’t ask you to do that, man.” Akaashi reached down to grab for his bag. “Thanks for the offer though—“

“No, I’d be happy to.” Tsukishima interrupted, finally pulling Bokuto’s arm out from around his waist. “Honestly.”

Kuroo wiggled his eyebrows, “Sooo? Is that a yes?”

Akaashi fell silent for a moment, before saying, “Sure.” because he figured making a few friends in this dog-eat-dog world wouldn’t hurt.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

i wanted to get these two chapters out together, because the first one is basically just plot lmao

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The bar wasn’t far from the modeling firm, so they took to walking there. It was interesting—three models received constant stares from men and women alike, and Akaashi couldn’t help but feel a little self-conscious. But, that could probably be blamed on Bokuto and Kuroo yelling the lyrics to *A Thousand Miles* as they walked—which started because Tsukishima said the word 'downtown.'

As they sang, Kuroo wrapped an arm around Bokuto’s shoulders, who giggled and kept singing. Tsukishima didn’t even bat an eyelash, and just kept walking, hands in his checkered jacket.

Are they dating?

Akaashi watched them continue to sing.

A lot of things sure would make sense.

But he thought no. Most male models were straight, right?

When they reached the bar, the trio had immediately stalked towards a table in the back, and Akaashi could only assume that they were regulars here, because the bartender waved when they walked in. Bokuto slid in next to Kuroo, and Tsukishima politely let Akaashi take a seat before doing so himself.

“So, my dude.” Bokuto settled into the booth, “Feel free to get whatever you want. We’re paying tonight.”

Akaashi blinked, “I’m definitely not going to let you do that.” Even though I’m kinda broke right now.

“Let us at least buy you a drink.” Tsukishima pressed his elbow to the table, and rested his head in his hand. “You put up with those morons on the walk over here.”

“You’re just jealous of our flawless singing voices, Tsukki.” Kuroo cooed, and Tsukishima blatantly ignored him.

“Yeah, about that.” Akaashi put down the drink menu. “You two are top ranking in the firm?”

Tsukishima full on laughed into his hand, and Bokuto and Kuroo pretended to look offended.

“Wow, so sassy.”

“What? You think our dashing personalities are too good for the modeling world?”
“Yeah, something like that,” Akaashi teased, and the duo laughed.

“Careful with them.” Tsukishima was still watching Akaashi with striking gold eyes, “They’ll grow on you. Like a fungus.”

“Awww…” Kuroo grinned, “That was almost a compliment. I love you too, Tsukki.”

Tsukishima shot him a glare, and Kuroo seemed to shut up immediately. Kuroo and Bokuto were definitely older than him, but Tsukishima seemed to hold some kind of authority with those two. Whether they listened to him or not - that was a different story.

“Well,” Bokuto changed the subject as soon as the waitress came with their drinks, “I gotta know man. Where did you learn to do that thing with your eyes?”

“My what now?”

“The eye thing.” Kuroo translated, but not really. “You know, the thing where you-“ He turned his head and tried to copy the pose Akaashi did in the shoot. “-you like, do that eye thing. You know?!?”

“Uhh…” Akaashi felt his cheeks warming a little. “I don’t know?” Next to him, Tsukishima took his water from the waitress, and sipped it, eyeing Kuroo’s beer with envy.

“Well, it’s pretty awesome.” Bokuto bounced his seat. “It’s totally that thing Tyra Banks is always talking about. You know, smize.”

Akaashi laughed into his hand, and the trio looked at him with wide eyes. Bokuto opened his mouth to say so cute! But a single look from Tsukishima had him silent.

“That’s funny you say that.” Akaashi twirled his drink nervously in his hand, watching the ice cubes dance. “I used to watch Top Model religiously. Hell, I still do.”

“Same.” Kuroo set down his beer. “Bokuto used to make fun of me for watching it in highschool. But Ha!” He poked Bokuto in the cheek, “Look where you are now, asshole!” He poked him again, and Bokuto turned to snap his teeth inches away from Kuroo’s finger- Kuroo pulled his hand back quickly.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever.” Bokuto laughed.

Akaashi watched them, still feeling a little nervous. These models were supposedly very popular, and here he was, completely ignoring his brain-to-mouth filter. Tsukishima was silent beside him, and Akaashi couldn’t help but wonder why he chose to hang out with Bokuto and Kuroo. There seemed to be such a wide personality gap, but whatever. Akaashi wasn’t one to judge.

It wasn’t long until Akaashi began to feel the effects of the alcohol, just barely. He was speaking openly, and couldn’t believe how quickly he’d relaxed around them. Bokuto and Kuroo were easy to make conversation with, and that made Akaashi feel a little better. Tsukishima was still a bit intimidating, but seemed to be friendly enough.

“So Tsukki,” Kuroo leaned across the table later that evening. “Are you excited for next week?”

“No.” Tsukishima crossed his long legs in the booth. “I’m nervous as hell.”

“What’s next week?” Akaashi asked.
“The scheduling announcement for New York Fashion Week!” Bokuto bounced in his seat. If he was drunk, Akaashi couldn’t tell. He had a seemingly infinite amount of energy.

“The managers spend months trying to schedule their best models in New York Fashion Week.” Tsukishima said, “Only the best get in, as not too many from Japan get to go. Some get chosen for runway, and others go to New York just to do photo shoots.”

Kuroo nodded, “It’s super good publicity, and looks really good on your portfolio. Not to mention it’s fun as hell.”

“Kuroo and I have been picked for the last three years in a row!” Bokuto said proudly.

“And Tsukki has been the past two years.” Kuroo grinned. Tsukishima looked away, at that.


“It takes a lot of work.” Tsukishima sighed. “If you go once, there’s no promise you’ll get to go the next year. It all depends on your popularity, your portfolio, and your body, of course.”

“Kuroo is definitely gonna’ be scheduled for the runway.” Bokuto wiggled his eyebrows. “Tsukki’s got a good chance too.”

“That’s so exciting.” Akaashi felt antsy in his seat. He suddenly wanted to go out and work really hard. “What have you done in New York, Bokuto?”

Kuroo laughed, and Akaashi couldn't stop thinking about how wonderful the sound was. “Calvin Klein really likes him. He usually does underwear and sportswear shoots down there. Although, last year Ukai got him into doing some shoots for a couple designers, huh, Bo?”

“Yeah!” Bokuto said excitedly, “Y-3 and One Wolf, I think.”

“Incredible!” Akaashi gasped, but covered his mouth instantly. He didn’t mean to yell, but Kuroo and Bokuto seemed to light up at his outburst.

“If you keep doing what you did yesterday, you’ll have a pretty good chance next year, I’m sure.” Bokuto smiled.

“I agree.” Tsukishima nodded.

Kuroo piped, “Definitely.”

“T-thanks.” Akaashi took a sip to cover up his blush. “Thanks for being nice to me. I was really worried when I joined *Mode* that everyone was going to hate me. I really appreciate it.”

The three other models went silent for a moment, and shared a quick look. Akaashi felt his heartbeat quicken: *Did I say something stupid? Shit shit-*

Kuroo and Bokuto erupted, simultaneously,

“Ahhh! Ahhh so cute!”

Tsukishima slapped a hand against his forehead, while Bokuto and Kuroo squirmed in their seats. Akaashi felt his face go completely red, and he sunk down into the booth. “Uhh…”

“Ignore them.” Tsukishima turned to look at him, and pressed a hand up against Kuroo’s face when he tried to reach across the table to hug Akaashi. “You’re very welcome, Akaashi.”
“You’re a part of the squad now, dude.” Bokuto was too cute for his own good. “You’re fam. You’re a bro, you’re-“

“He gets it.” Tsukishima interrupted, rolling his eyes.

Akaashi, who had remained silent, suddenly erupted in laughter and covered his mouth as he said

“Thank you.”

The drive to Akaashi’s apartment was silent. Kuroo and Bokuto slept in the back seat, completely drunk, and unaware of the killer hangovers they were going to have tomorrow. Akaashi curled up in the passenger seat, and watched as Tsukishima drove. He was a good driver—very calm, and collected. Akaashi watched his slender hand flick the blinker as he moved lanes. His face seemed to be naturally stoic all the time, but the streetlights lit up his cheekbones, giving him a more peaceful appearance. A part of Akaashi really hoped he’d get to do a shoot with him, one day.

“Thank you for taking me home.” Akaashi said, breaking the silence. There was a snore from Bokuto in the back.

“It’s no problem.” Tsukishima smiled, and Akaashi’s heart did flip-flops.

They fell into a pleasant silence again, and Akaashi couldn’t help but think I could get used to this.

He really hoped they’d invite him out again, sometime.

When Akaashi walked into the firm that next Monday, he had completely forgotten about the conversation they’d had at the bar.

There were models pushing and shoving to get into the lounge, and Akaashi nearly got knocked over by the commotion.

Actually, he did get knocked over. A wall of force had him face-planting into the ground. He yelped, and his backpack rolled away. I’m just trying to get to the makeup room, Dammit!

Suddenly there were very strong hands at his back. They reached underneath his armpits, and lifted him easily onto his feet. Akaashi, flustered and shaken, looked up into the eyes of a very intimidating man. He was probably the tallest Akaashi had seen yet—with white hair with a scary face to match. Akaashi felt his mouth go dry. The man released him, and took a step back.

“Ohm-“

Another man asked, “Are you okay?”

“Y-yeah, thank you.” Akaashi nodded. Shit, where was his bag?

“It’s pretty crazy, huh?” The shorter laughed. The man with white hair stood completely silent. Now that Akaashi thought about it, he’d definitely seen him around here before. “Everyone’s
trying to see if they get to go to New York.”

There was another shove of the crowd, and Akaashi felt himself nearly lose balance again. The taller man grabbed onto Akaashi and steadied him. Akaashi gasped, “Thank you.”

“My name is Futakuchi.” The shorter grinned. “And this is Aone. Say hello, Aone.”

Aone let go of Akaashi, and nodded, “Hello.”

“Hey, did you lose this?”

There was another voice, and Akaashi turned to see another tall model holding his backpack.

“Yes!” Akaashi took his bag from him. “Thank you! Uh-“

“Kamasaki!” The man was loud, “Nice to meet ya!”

“I’m-“

“Akaashi! Right?” Kamasaki grinned. “I see you’ve met Aone and Futakuchi. We’re all under the same manager.”

“Haa, this is Akaashi? The one that screwed up his first *Mode* shoot?” Futakuchi laughed.

Akaashi narrowed his eyes. Well he thought he was nice.

“Hey! Don’t be an ass.” Kamasaki seemed to radiate authority. “If you had *stayed*, you would have seen him do really well at the end.”

Aone nodded, silently.

Futakuchi waved off his hand, “Yeah, whatever. Did you see the posting yet?”

“Not yet.” Kamasaki gestured to the crowd.

Akaashi cleared his throat, and said, “Well, thank you all very much.” He shifted his bag on his arm, “I gotta go get into makeup, now.”

“Alright! Good luck, today!” Kamasaki waved, and Akaashi genuinely smiled.

The beautician smudged concealer along his cheek bone, and began to blend it into his skin. Akaashi closed his eyes, and waited as she contoured his face.

“Ahh, there you are.”

Akaashi opened his eyes, and saw Ukai walking his way.

“Hello.” Akaashi said, and the beautician began to mix the foundation.

“How’s it going? I assume you haven’t been briefed yet?”

“No,” Akaashi resisted the urge to shake his head and upset the makeup artist, “I was late because of the huge crowd in the hallway.”
Ukai gave him a knowing look, and nodded, “Yeah, I figured. Well, today you’re going to do some single shots for Galaxxxy.”

Akaashi gasped, “You’re kidding!”

Ukai grinned, “Nope. They’re one of our biggest customers. They hired a bunch of our models for the job today. They need a bunch of shots for their online store.”

Akaashi couldn’t help the excited look that fell on his face.

“They’re probably gonna put you in some of the more feminine stuff, if that’s alright with you.” Ukai leaned up against the makeup counter. “You have the face for it.”

“I don’t have a problem with that.” Akaashi smiled, and Ukai nodded.

“Great.” He pushed off the counter, “But if I ever give you an assignment you’re not comfortable with, you let me know, alright?” Akaashi agreed, and Ukai grinned, “Good luck.”

Akaashi thanked him, and Ukai moved to walk away- but not before pausing in the doorway. He turned around, and said, “Oh yeah, be sure to watch those shoulders.”

“What?”

Ukai brought his arms in, and tensed his neck and shoulders, “If you look like this, then you come off as super stressed in pictures.” He took a deep breath, and let the tension drain out of his body. “Like this, okay?”

Akaashi said, “I think I can do that.”

Ukai clicked his tongue, winked, and made a gun gesture with his fingers- then left.

Later Akaashi sat with his right leg drawn to his chest, arms resting on his knee as he stared at the camera out of the corner of his eye. The photographer clicked away, moving around to get different angles.

He was in a neon pink galaxy sweat jacket, with a long skirt made out of what seemed to be clear shower curtains. They had him wear printed pants underneath the skirt, as well as thick creepers. It was hard to move around in, but Akaashi enjoyed the challenge.

He remembered to relax his shoulders, and leaned into the sitting position he was in. He narrowed his eyes, and the photographer suddenly gasped.

“Woah, keep that up!” She waved at the interns, and they moved the lighting. The photographer adjusted her focus, and began to take more pictures. Akaashi continued to look at the camera with his chin slightly up, and the photographer grinned, “All right Akaashi! That’s perfect. I think we’re done here.”

“Really?” Akaashi relaxed.

“Yeah, that was exactly what we needed.” She waved to another intern, “All right, bring in the next one.”

“Oh, ” Interns were suddenly pushing him off set, and Akaashi called, “Uh- thank you, ma’am!”
The photographer smiled, and another model shuffled on set. Akaashi felt the interns undressing him, but Akaashi didn’t pay attention.

A tall, well-proportioned man with a beautiful face walked in, and sat exactly where Akaashi had been moments before. It took Akaashi a moment to recognize him as the model that had walked out of his shoot.

Oikan? Oiku? Oi… Akaashi blinked, Oikawa?

The interns slid off the jacket and handed Akaashi his shirt. He took it graciously, but still continued to watch Oikawa. He sat on the bench, spread his legs slightly, and bent forwards in a very avant-garde style pose. He gave the camera a look, and the photographer gasped.

There were a few more models in the room, dressing and undressing, and some waiting for their turn. They all stopped to watch him- even the interns helping Akaashi.

“Wow…” One of the girls whispered, “Oikawa is always so good…”

“Is he single?”

“I think so!”

Oikawa was incredible. He seemed to settle into different poses naturally, throwing the camera looks that could kill. His hair fell perfectly on his face, not one strand out of place. Oikawa suddenly looked away from the camera, and straight at Akaashi. He grinned, and Akaashi felt his face heat a little. This was the guy that laughed at me.

Akaashi woke himself out of the trance, shaking his head slightly, breaking eye contact with Oikawa. He slipped on his shirt quickly, and shrugged himself into his own pants. Oikawa was the only one to notice him shuffle out of the studio, face a little red.

Akaashi took a deep breath.

I want to be that good. I want to command the attention of a room like that.

Akaashi walked into the hallway, and clutched his bag to himself. He couldn’t even bring himself to look Oikawa in the eye, after he had laughed at him that day. Still, Akaashi had some respect for him now- he could see he was good.

He walked on set, and did a perfect pose almost instantly.

Akaashi was lost in his own thoughts as he walked down the hallway, feet taking him to the cafeteria. His heart stopped when he heard screaming-

“Akaaaaashi!”

His head whipped up, and he looked to the source of the familiar voice. Bokuto barreled down the hallway with Kuroo in tow. Akaashi was going to have heart problems, if this whole screaming thing was to be a usual occurrence.

“Akaashi! Dude, we’ve been looking for you!”

“You have?”

Kuroo ran his hand through his perfectly stupid hair that kept Akaashi up at night, “Did you see the listing?!”
“Oh uh…No. I had a shoot with Galaxxxy.” Akaashi said.

“Oh fuck, really? I love-”


“Oh!” Bokuto bounced, “Guess who’s going to New York?!?”

“You guys?” Akaashi asked sarcastically, and Bokuto nodded so hard that Akaashi worried for his neck.

“I’m doing runway for Tommy Hilfiger and Vivianne Westwood!” Kuroo looked like he was going to jump out of his skin.

Akaashi threw his hands over his mouth, “You’re kidding.”

“Nope.” Kuroo grinned, and Akaashi couldn’t help but think of how cute his smile was. “I’m so fuckin’ excited, dude.”

“And! And!” Bokuto bounced, “I’m doing shoots for Calvin Klein, Lacoste, and Nautica.”

Akaashi had only met them two weeks ago, but he found himself incredibly excited for Bokuto and Kuroo. “Congrats!” He lifted up both his hands for a high-five, and Bokuto dove in, slapping his hands with almost too much force.

“Thanks, Akaashi!” Bokuto grinned.

“So, you’re not doing any runway?” Akaashi rubbed his sore palms.

Kuroo laughed, and leaned against the wall in the hallway, “Bokuto is good at a lot of things, but his walk is not one of them.”

“Dude!” Bokuto punched his shoulder, but laughed anyways. “You don’t have to be so mean about it!”

“Did Tsukishima make it?”

“Oh, yeah!” Kuroo stood up straight, “Tsukishima got booked for a runway show and a couple shoots.”

“I’m glad.” Akaashi smiled, “He seemed nervous.”

“Yeah…he was super worried this morning.” Bokuto rubbed the back of his head. “I heard him pacing back and forth at three a.m.”

Akaashi blinked you...heard?

“He’s done this the past two years though.” Kuroo sighed, “For such a calm person, he sure does worry a lot.”

Akaashi felt a little lost, “Uh…”

Bokuto stared at Akaashi for a moment, before the light bulb went off in his head. “Oh!” He laughed, heartily, and his strong shoulders shook, “We live together. Sorry.”

“Oh!” Akaashi relaxed, “Well that kinda makes sense.” Not really. Tsukishima seems like such a
composed person, but he lives with these two? They must really grow on you. Maybe i'll ask him.

“Sorry to attack you in the middle of the hallway.” Kuroo shoved his hands in his pockets. “Where were you headed?”

“Oh, just to get some food.” Akaashi shrugged. “No biggie.”

“Oh man, I’m starving.” Bokuto placed his hands over his stomach for emphasis. Akaashi found the gesture incredibly childish and cute.

“Hey! Isn’t Tsukishima doing a shoot right now? Maybe we can go wait for him to finish, and see if he wants to go out.”

“Yeah!” Bokuto jumped, bumping shoulders with Kuroo. “How about it?”

“Uhm,” Akaashi had a hard time hiding the excitement on his face. He had fun hanging out with them last time, and secretly wanted to again- plus the chance to see Tsukishima model again? Hell yeah. “I’m okay with that.”

Soon there was warm hand on his wrist, and more hands on his back, pushing and pulling him down the hallway, excitedly talking about what they wanted to eat.

Tsukishima was just finishing up when they arrived, but fuck if Akaashi didn’t nearly lose his mind at the sight.

The blond was in low riding patchwork jeans, and was shirtless, except for a large array of long black necklaces. They varied in length, some being chokers, and some reaching his bellybutton. He was bent into a gorgeous pose, glaring at the camera like it stole his honor. He was missing his glasses, and it stole Akaashi’s breath away.

Kuroo, Bokuto, and Akaashi cluttered in the doorway, watching silently as he curled his spine into a hunch. It was incredible, really. If Akaashi attempted anything like that, he would look like the hunchback of Notre-Dame- but Tsukishima was long and beautiful, and pulled it off perfectly.


Kuroo slapped his arm, but didn’t hide the smile on his face, “Dude!”

Akaashi covered his mouth with both hands, and tried to swallow his laugh. What-

“I’m sorry- I’m sorry. It happens every time I watch Tsukishima model; I can’t help it!” Bokuto complained as Kuroo slapped him repeatedly.

Okay, well. Akaashi thought to himself, At least I know Bokuto is some variety of gay.

Tsukishima suddenly stood up straight, and said something to the photographer. They talked for a minute, until Tsukishima noticed the three of them clambering over each other in the doorway. He shook the photogropher’s hand before turning away. He looked in their direction, and waved the models in.

Bokuto and Kuroo shuffled into the room, and Akaashi followed behind them.

“Dude! You looked sick.”
“Y-yeah.” Akaashi internally cursed at his stutter. What was he, in highschool?

“Thank you.” Tsukishima removed the necklaces, and handed them to an intern. “What’s up?”

“We wanna go get food.” Bokuto said.

Tsukishima turned to Akaashi, and raised an eyebrow, “Did they rope you into this?”

Akaashi opened his mouth, closed it, and then opened it again to say, “They invited me.”

Kuroo laughed, and threw an arm around his shoulders; Akaashi counted to ten to avoid blushing, “Well, we nearly knocked him down in the hallway, so it’s only fair.”

Tsukishima began to remove his jeans, and nobody in the room batted an eyelash. Models were constantly stripping and dressing- it wasn’t that big of a deal, but still...fuck, Tsukishima’s legs were amazing.

“Well, what did you guys have in mind?” Tsukishima looked around for his jeans that had gotten thrown somewhere. Bokuto found them before he did, and handed them to him.

“Okay, so.” Kuroo began, which was never a good sign, “Bokuto thinks we should get burgers but I think we should get sushi, and Akaashi refuses to state his opinion on the matter.”

Bokuto opened his mouth to argue, but Tsukishima put on his glasses, and curb-stomped his hope to the ground; “Sushi.” He deadpanned, and, unfortunately for Akaashi, put on his shirt. “There. Argument over.”

Bokuto let out a long, drawn out whine, as Kuroo threw a fist in the air.

Bokuto was still pouting, even after they reached the restaurant. He kept his arms folded, and his head down, sulking as everyone decided what to eat.

Kuroo and Tsukishima completely ignored him, sitting next to each other happily as they talked about sharing dishes. Akaashi had even asked:

“Is he okay?”

To which they responded: “Ignore him, he always does this.”

Akaashi looked at Bokuto, and had the overwhelming desire to do whatever it took to make him happy again. He just…didn’t look right without that goofy smile on his face.

“Umm...” Akaashi began, setting down his menu, “What are you going to get, Bokuto?”

Bokuto looked up at him through big owl-like eyes, and whispered, “I don’t want anything.”

Which was definitely not true, because Akaashi heard his stomach rumble several times on the way over there.

“Okay well...” Akaashi thought of something quickly, “I’m going to get multiple rolls...but....”

Akaashi looked away dramatically, and sighed, “I don’t know if can eat it all...”
Bokuto’s little imaginary dog ears perked up, and Tsukishima and Kuroo paused their conversation. Akaashi sighed again, and threw Bokuto a playful look. “I just don’t know what I’ll do…”

“I…” Bokuto sniffed, “I kinda like dragon rolls.”

“What?!” Akaashi faked surprise. “Really? Well I was going to get a dragon roll! Wanna split it?”

Bokuto nodded enthusiastically, and Akaashi smiled, “Thanks Bokuto. You’re the best.”

Bokuto smiled too, and began to sit up straight in his chair. Kuroo shot Akaashi a look from across the table as if to say *i’m impressed*, while Tsukishima just raised his thin eyebrows.

“So…” Akaashi felt the need to change the subject, “When do you guys go to New York?”

“Not for a couple months.” Kuroo answered, twirling his straw in his drink, “We go down in February.”

“Ohh, gotcha.” Akaashi knew that, but still, wanted to make conversation. “Do you know who else got in?”

Kuroo, Tsukishima, and Bokuto shared a look, as if they were all trying to remember.

“Lev definitely did.” Bokuto tapped his chin. ”And Kamasaki.”

“Aone got runway I think…”

“I know a shit ton of female models made it.” Kuroo said, “The demand for males this year really went down.”

“Oh, also Oikawa.” Tsukishima rolled his eyes, and settled back into his chair.

“Speaking of.” Akaashi rubbed a bit of excess makeup off his cheek, “I saw Oikawa model at the Galaxxy shoot today.”

“I’m not really surprised.”

“Yeah,” Bokuto huffed, “Galaxxy loves him.”

Tsukishima gave a cute, short laugh, “Bokuto’s always jealous when Galaxxy comes, because they’re one of his favorite brands, and he’s too muscle-y to wear their stuff.”

Bokuto crossed his arms and looked away, “Honestly. It’s a validation of my rights.”

Tsukishima rolled his eyes, and Kuroo asked, “So you saw him model. What did you think?”

Akaashi rubbed his nose, “Ah…he’s…really good.”

“I know.” Tsukishima spat, “I hate it.”

Bokuto laughed, and crossed his god-like arms across his chest. Kuroo snickered, “If you haven’t picked up on it already, Tsukishima *hates* him.”

“I’ll kick his ass.” Tsukishima sipped his drink. “I’ll do it.”

“I know you will, babe.”
Tsukishima shot Kuroo a steady glare, and Kuroo closed his mouth once again. Akaashi didn’t really know what to make of that, so he ignored it.

“Ugh, we’re going to have to sit on a plane with him for fifteen hours.” Tsukishima looked seriously distraught.

“Hey, at least you’ll have me.” Bokuto wiggled his eyebrows, and Tsukishima groaned into his hands.

Akaashi couldn’t help it- he began to laugh into his hand, smothering his giggles. Tsukishima looked up, and nearly smiled too, “I’m glad to see that you find my pain funny, Akaashi.”

“Hey, at least you’re going.” Akaashi teased, but the three of them tensed up immediately.

“Sorry…” Kuroo said slowly.

“Yeah, sorry.” Bokuto rubbed his nose, “That was pretty inconsiderate of us. We know how badly you’d like to go.”

“No, no.” Akaashi said, “I’m the one that brought it up. You guys will just have to tell me all about it when you get back.”

Kuroo and Bokuto grinned, beautifully, and the mood shifted into a happy one almost instantly. There was something about those two that Akaashi still couldn’t comprehend. They seemed to conduct the tone of any room they walked into; they must be incredible in front of a camera.

There was a buzzing sound; Kuroo’s phone began to vibrate against the table. He lifted an eyebrow, and turned over his iphone to read the message. His face lit up instantly, and he gasped, “Hey! It’s from Ukai!”

“What’d he say?” Tsukishima leaned over his shoulder.

Kuroo scrolled down, and grinned, “He said to show Akaashi these pictures because he doesn’t have his cellphone number.” He scrolled down a little more and gasped, “Woah!”

Tsukishima’s face lit up, just slightly, and Bokuto barked, “Hey! Let me see!” He leaned over the table, and nearly knocked over one of their waters.

Kuroo handed the phone to Akaashi, and Bokuto peaked over his shoulder.

They were his photos, from the Frapbois shoot. Akaashi’s mouth fell open as he flipped through the multiple pictures attached.

“Woah! Akaashi!” Bokuto gasped. “These turned out awesome!”

Akaashi didn’t really trust himself to say anything, so he just kept scrolling. They actually turned out pretty okay. He looked at his body, and couldn’t help but critique himself in little things,

Damn. I shouldn’t have put my hand there. And I should have tipped my head a little more. Ukai was right about my shoulders, too.

Akaashi handed the phone back to Kuroo, and blinked, still silent. Kuroo and Tsukishima went back to scrolling through them,

“Frapbois has to love these.” Tsukishima finally sat back, and looked over to Akaashi.
“There’s something really cool about them.” Bokuto nodded, “There’s like, this mixture of femininity and masculinity between you and Asahi.”

Kuroo began to snicker, and flipped the phone back around to Bokuto, as he said “That face tho-“ Kuroo had zoomed the picture all the way in to Akaashi’s bitch face, and Akaashi barked, “Hey!”

Bokuto and Kuroo giggled, while Tsukishima breathed out a laugh through his nose.

“Well,” Kuroo wiggled his eyebrows, “How about you give me your number, Akaashi? You know, so I can give it to Ukai.”

“Subtle.” Tsukishima deadpanned.

“Hey! That’s not fair! Akaashi, give me your number too!”

Akaashi sat silent for a moment, watching as the two argued. He felt a gentle prod on his wrist, and he looked up to see Tsukishima handing him a pen and a napkin. “Here,” he said, “Just write it down before these idiot’s kill each other.”

Later that night, Akaashi received a text message.

**Kuroo**: Yoo the squad has officially been established.

Akaashi just stared at his phone for a minute, eyebrows drawn together in confusion, until he received another text.

**Bokuto**: yoooooo

**Kuroo**: yooooooooooooo

**Bokuto**: yyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy
Kuroo: hey, hey akaashi

Kuroo: akaaaashi

A: yeah?

Kuroo: did you put an emoji next to my name yet

A: ….no?

Kuroo: you better put a cat emoji next to my name right now young man

Akaashi stared at his phone for a moment. *What?*

Kuroo: did u do it yet.

Akaashi sighed and went into his contact settings. He wasn't sure if he'd ever understand these guys.

A: okay, I did it.

Kuroo (ΦωΦ): yessss perfect. Now we’re best friends, it’s official

Bokuto: Hey hey hey! Not fair! Now you gotta put an emoji by my name

Bokuto: akaashi akaashi akaashi

A: I don’t understand what the big deal is??

Tsukishima: please don’t humor them

Kuroo (ΦωΦ): no, don’t do it Akaashi only we can be best friends

Akaashi smiled, and his phone buzzed again.

Bokuto: you gotta put a bird emoji by my name

A: …why?

Bokuto: because I fuc c k i ng love birds akaashi just do it

Kuroo (ΦωΦ): hoe don’t do it

Akaashi rolled his eyes, and went into his contact settings once again.

A: Alright, we’re best friends now Bokuto.

Bokuto ☹️☹️: yissss

Kuroo (ΦωΦ): traitor

Akaashi laughed, warm butterflies settling in his stomach. He was happy that they already thought of him as their friend. It’d actually been a while since he had made real friends. After the hellish years of college, life was finally looking better.
Tsukishima: if you two don’t stop blowing up my phone i’m going to fucking kill you both

Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)): ily 2 tsukki

Bokuto ΘΘΘ: *cough cough* let me translate: “Akaashi, I’m feeling left out. Please put an emoji by my name too.”

Akaashi laughed again, completely forgetting about the laundry he had been folding.

A: Okay, I did it.

Tsukishima (⌐▨_▨): I’m so sorry that you got sucked into this

Bokuto ΘΘΘ: HAHAHA what emoji did you choose?

A: (¬‿¬)

There was a pause in the conversation, for just a moment, until-

Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)): we’re gonna be great friends, akaashi

Chapter End Notes

tbh thank u guys for supporting this au i was nervous ppl were gonna be like wtf is this shit

hmu on tumblr

edit: i also recieved some awesome fanart for this chapter!! Check it out here and also here!
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

this is going up early because i sat in a doctors office for like 3 hours yesterday and had time to edit it, so

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Akaashi threaded his fingers through his hair, minding the work of the hairstylists. He was careful to show the bright red polish on his nails, and the red drip marks carefully painted across his fingers. He narrowed his eyes at the camera, and shifted his fingertips against his face.

“Wonderful.” The photographer clicked away.

Akaashi’s job was to market a new nail polish that’s supposed to last longer, or something. It was apparently a big deal for them to also have a male model in their ad, so Akaashi was kinda’ honored at the opportunity. He liked the concept, really. They made his hands look all bloody, like he painted his nails with the blood of his enemy. Akaashi *really* liked it.

“Mind the shoulders.”

Akaashi jumped; he didn’t even realize that Ukai had been watching. His eyes flickered over to Ukai, and then back to the camera. He took a deep breath, and tried to relax. He moved his fingers again, and glared just past the camera.

“Good.” Ukai praised. “Left foot.”

Akaashi was completely unaware of the pressure he had been putting on his right leg. He shifted his weight evenly between his feet, which gave him a more relaxed posture. Ukai seemed to notice things that Akaashi couldn’t. Maybe that’s what made him a good manager.

“One last pose, Akaashi.” The photographer smiled.

Akaashi nodded, “Okay.” He was about to move into a different position, but Ukai spoke-

“Give us something different.” He crossed his arms.

Akaashi’s brain short circuited for a moment. Different? Ukai was still staring at him, so Akaashi set his jaw, and nodded. Okay, he’d give them different.

He wrapped his fake-bloody hands around his own throat, contrasting the red against his pale skin. He took in a deep breath, and gave the camera a distressed look.

The photographer jumped to his feet, scrambling to get closer for a better shot. Ukai nodded behind him, “I like it.” Akaashi dug his fingernails into the skin of his neck, and Ukai laughed, “See, I knew you could do something other than those cookie-cutter poses.”

Akaashi paused his modeling to look over at Ukai. *Cookie cutter*?!

Supposedly he did something right, because the photographer gasped, and began to click away.
“So angry! I love it!” He spoke in English, but Akaashi could understand him good enough. He looked back over at Ukai- who was looking exceptionally smug- and Akaashi realized that he was puppetting him. He was poking and prodding, forcing Akaashi to be better than he thought he was.

Wow. He is good. Akaashi thought, before looking back to the camera.

Akaashi walked down the hallway, backpack in hand as he talked to Ukai.

“I liked what I saw today.” The manager smiled. “Hopefully that company does too.”

“I hope so.” Akaashi sighed. He hugged his bag a little tighter. He really wanted to build a perfect portfolio and go to New York next year. “Ukai, did you used to model?”

Ukai about tripped, but righted himself. He shoved his hands in his pockets, “Er- no.”

Akaashi smiled, “You definitely did. You called out everything I was doing wrong so quickly.”

Ukai shrugged, “I’ve been a manager for a long time, is all.”

Although, he gave Akaashi a look out of the corner of his eye, and Akaashi knew.

“Anyways, I’d like to take you to my office so we can talk about a couple things.” Ukai paused. “Like your walk.”

Akaashi sucked in a breath, and looked away. He had zero experience with walking runway.

“Uh…”

“But first, I wanna’ show you something.” Ukai paused by one of the closed studio doors, and peeped in. He grinned, “Perfect, it’s not over yet.”

He opened up the door, an ushered Akaashi inside. Akaashi scuffled, feeling pressure by the hand at his back. He looked up to see Bokuto, in all his amazing muscle-y glory, posing for a menswear line. He had a striped suit jacket and pants on, but was otherwise shirtless, and he looked so fucking good.

Bokuto was orchestrating the room like a conductor- if he moved, everyone else around him moved too. The typical grin was wiped clean off his face, replaced by a stoic mask. Akaashi almost couldn’t believe he was the same person. It felt like nothing mattered, like Bokuto was the only thing tangible, the only thing real. The satisfaction of seeing such a free spirit be so serious- it made butterflies dance in his stomach. Akaashi didn’t realize that his mouth was open until Ukai chuckled beside him.

“I thought you’d like to see him work. I'm sure you're more than acquainted with goofball Bokuto, so I would like you to meet work Bokuto.”

“This is the guy who texted me memes all week?” Akaashi ogled, watching Bokuto shift from pose to pose, just by changing small details about his posture. An intern came in with a chair, and Bokuto straddled it backwards, staring at the camera with enough intensity to kill.

“He probably doesn’t even see you, right now.” Ukai laughed, “He gets way in the zone.”

“Incredible.” Akaashi shook his head. “Everyone here is so full of surprises.”
“Isn’t it better that way?” Ukai winked, and Akaashi nodded. It definitely was.

And by the time they left, Akaashi was sorta kinda definitely turned on.

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**Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)):** aye, akaashi are you still here??

Akaashi felt his phone buzz in his pocket as he sat in the lounge, resting before he had to be back in hair and makeup again. Ukai had double-scheduled him today, but he was more than happy to do the work. He was feeling especially inspired by watching Bokuto model yesterday. Akaashi read the message, and replied:

**A:** Yeah, in the lounge

He put his phone back in his pocket, and receded into the couch. There was a plate of cookies sitting on the snack table, and he was horribly, horribly tempted. He’d been blessed with a pretty good metabolism, but still needed to exercise regularly to stay in shape. He decided against it, and snuggled more into the soft couch cushions.

The doors to the lounge suddenly whooshed open- Bokuto and Kuroo came bouncing in.

“Akaashi!” Bokuto piped, and pretty much pole-vaulted over the back of the couch, scaring the shit out of Akaashi. “It’s Friday!”

“Yeah…” Akaashi blinked, and rested his hand over his chest. This guy was definitely going to give him a heart attack, one day.

Kuroo wiggled his way onto the armrest, “So, we should go do something dude!”

“I…” Akaashi began, and realized that the duo was staring at him, anxiously awaiting his words. “I don’t know if I can.”

“Boo.” Kuroo pouted. “Why not?”

Akaashi racked his brain for something to say. He blurted, “I should probably go to the gym today.”

"You went to the gym yesterday." Kuroo said, not buying his excuse.

"I’m just… I don’t know. Kinda’ tired."

Which was kinda’ true, and kinda’ also not true.

It had been a month since Akaashi first started working at *Mode*, and made friends with Bokuto, Kuroo, and Tsukishima. He’d spent almost every weekend since with them, and even days of the week, going to bars, malls, and restaurants just for the hell of it. The more time he spent with them, the more he realized that he *really really* liked them. Like, *All* of them. It was becoming a problem, and Akaashi constantly worried about blurting out something stupid. *What if they’re straight? What if they hate me?*

“Then we can stay in.” Bokuto suggested. “Come hang out with us!”

“Are you sure you even want to?” Akaashi shrugged, “I mean, you guys have let me tag along with you guys almost every day for the past few weeks.”
Kuroo gasped, “Dude, we love hanging out with you. That’s why we bring you along and not Futakuchi or Ushijima or-“

Kuroo continued to list people, but Akaashi became swallowed in his thoughts. *They like hang out with me? Why?* Akaashi knew he had a pretty face, but he also knew he didn’t exactly have the most dashing personality. Bokuto, Kuroo, and Tsukishima were all so interesting in their own ways, and sometimes Akaashi just felt like a potato.

It took a moment for him to realize that Bokuto and Kuroo were staring at him with big eyes, as if they were awaiting an answer. *Shit, what did they say?*

Akaashi blurted, “Uhh, yeah.”

Bokuto and Kuroo cheered, “Yay!”

Shit, he had definitely said yes to hanging out, hadn’t he.

“Come find us after your shoot, okay?” Kuroo grinned.

“Kuroo and I have an appointment to meet with Adidas, but we should be done before you.” Bokuto said.

“Alright.” Akaashi sighed, because why not.

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Their apartment was quite nice. Three bedroom, two bath, with a really nice balcony that looked over the city. It felt quite cozy, and was generally pretty clean. There were a few framed magazine covers on the wall, but Akaashi didn’t have enough time to take a closer look, because Kuroo yelled out, “*Chibi-chan we’re home!*”

Akaashi gave Kuroo a strange look, but suddenly a little orange cat came waddling around the corner.

“Chibi-chan!” Bokuto greeted, and bent down to pat his little head. “Were you good today?” The cat gave out a little *mreow* sound, and leaned into Bokuto’s hand. Tsukishima, who was already home sitting on the couch, looked up from behind the book he was reading.

“Hello Akaashi.” Tsukishima greeted. He turned to glare at the duo petting the cat, “Hey, idiots. You didn’t tell me he was coming over.”

“Sorry,” Kuroo scratched the cat. “I forgot.”


“No worries,” Akaashi shrugged, “My apartment is definitely worse right now.” The orange cat waddled away from Bokuto and Kuroo, and slithered up against Akaashi’s calf. Akaashi reached down to pat his head, “You named your cat Chibi-chan?” It was a very cute cat. Very good. 10/10.

Kuroo began to laugh, “It’s the nickname of one of Tsukishima’s friends in high school.”

“We use the term ‘friend’ lightly here.” Tsukishima said from the couch.

“Well I love Hinata.” Bokuto huffed, “He’s my precious son.”
“He’s a grown ass man.”

“My son.”

Kuroo began to waddle towards the kitchen, voice getting softer as he left the room, “I don’t know about you guys, but it’s Friday and I’m ready to start drinking.”

Tsukishima raised up his hand, “I second that.”

“You didn’t even work today!”

“I went grocery shopping, that’s good enough.”

Akaashi watched Bokuto and Tsukishima bicker, and smiled behind his hand. They were incredibly cute, even when they were arguing.

Kuroo came back with four beers, and handed one to Akaashi and Bokuto before giving one to Tsukishima. The blond took it, but complained, “Beer? Don’t we have something stronger?”

“I want to get drunk, not fucking wasted.” Kuroo plopped himself down on the couch, and Akaashi curled up into their loveseat. Bokuto took a large swig from his drink, and jumped into the beanbag chair on the floor.

“Whatever.” Tsukishima took a sip too, and unknowingly leaned up against Kuroo.

“So I heard that Coach has been tutoring you in runway.” Bokuto said, changing the subject.

Akaashi sighed, “Yeah. He’s been trying to, anyways.”

“Coach has the best walk.” Kuroo kissed the tips of his fingers, “Muah, perfection.”

“He didn’t show me. He just yelled at me a lot.”

Bokuto laughed, “He tried with me. It didn’t work out.”

“I’m not very good either.” Akaashi shrugged.

“Well, let’s see it then.” Tsukishima said, taking another sip. Akaashi watched his Adams apple bob as he swallowed, and had to look away. Tsukishima was just a giant ball of sexy, and it was almost infuriating. The guy could probably go swimming in mud and still look good.

“Uhh…no thank you.”

“C’mon! We can help you.” Kuroo prodded.

“I appreciate the sentiment, but no.”

“Just walk across the living room! Here-“ Bokuto pushed his feet into the ground, and slid himself and the beanbag back a couple feet, creating room from the loveseat to the other end of the living room. “-sissy that walk, baby.”

That pet name shouldn’t have had such a big effect on him, but Akaashi still felt his cheeks redden. There was something really attractive about Bokuto calling him that- maybe Akaashi was secretly a masochist. “Can we change the subject?”

“Not until you show us them goods, honey.” Kuroo twirled his finger around, and
Tsukishima visibly cringed at the word *honey*.

“You guys’ll laugh.”

“We laugh at everything.”

Tsukishima was quick to add, “But we won’t laugh at you.”

Akaashi didn’t move- but the other three didn’t move either. They all looked at Akaashi expectantly. After moment of silence, Akaashi sighed, before standing up. “This is peer pressure.”

Kuroo cracked a grin, “We’re just trying to help.” Akaashi could hear the smirk in his voice, and he glared.

Akaashi took a breath, and then paused when Bokuto yelped, “Wait!” He pulled out his phone, scrolled through his music library, and selected an EDM song that had a pretty steady beat. “There!”

“Good thinking.” Kuroo praised.

Akaashi took another breath, waiting for the right beat, and began to walk across the livingroom. He felt a little embarrassed, and he could tell he walked a little too hard. Nobody said anything as he reached the end of the room, turned, and walked back.

“A little cloppy.” Kuroo tipped his head, “Not horrible. You lean forwards too much. You also need to swing your arms more.”

“I told you I wasn’t good.” Akaashi flushed.


“Just one more time.” Tsukishima leaned forwards on the couch, and gave Akaashi a look he couldn’t say no to. He sighed, and began to walk again, trying not to lean forwards as much.

He turned on his heel, and Tsukishima clicked his tongue.

“What do you see?” Bokuto asked.

“Akaashi,” Tsukishima said as he finished his walk, “Do you know how to walk in heels?”

Akaashi felt his entire face go *blood red*. *How- how could he figure that out?!* He opened his mouth, closed it, and swallowed, throat going dry. *Oh my gosh, they’re going to think I’m so weird.* He said, breathily, “U-uh- I…”

“Do you?” Tsukishima stared at him through his thick glasses, and Akaashi nodded.

“Yeah…”

“Hm. What size shoe do you wear?” Kuroo got up off the couch.

“Er…11’s.” Akaashi looked between Bokuto, Kuroo, and Tsukishima, who all seemed to understand something he didn’t.

“Yeah, mine’ll fit.” Tsukishima sipped his beer, “They’re tucked in the back of the closet.”
“Gotcha’.” Kuroo said, and left to go to one of the bedrooms, presumably Tsukishima’s.

“What…” Akaashi’s heart was beating a little too fast.

“You walk like you’re wearing heels.” Tsukishima said, relaxing back into the couch. “Your posture, your stride, and even your arms.”

“Tsukishima would know.” Bokuto laughed, and Tsukishima scowled. Nobody asked for an explanation on why Akaashi knew how to walk in heels, and Akaashi relaxed a little.

“Got’em.” Kuroo walked into the room, holding a pair of black platform heels. They were pretty tall, and maybe a little too big, but handed them to Akaashi anyways. “Here, try these.”

Akaashi questioned, “Are you sure?”

“Just try it.”

Akaashi slipped off his socks- which had a cute checkered pattern, mind you- and began to buckle on the heels. He stood up, and was probably Tsukishima’s height, now. He nearly lost his balance at first, but adjusted well. Bokuto replayed the music again, and Kuroo gave Akaashi an encouraging thumbs up. Akaashi sighed, and began to walk again. It was actually pretty easy. He stalked across the room, hands finding easy leverage on his hips. His strong calf muscles supported him as he fell into a steady stride. He turned on his heel, and heard screaming.

“AhhH! Yess!” Bokuto cheered, and then dog whistled. “Serve~.”

Kuroo flopped over dramatically on the couch. “Goddamn.” Kuroo said aloud, and swooned. “I live!”

Akaashi stopped walking, and pressed his face into his hands, “Guys.”

“Keep going.” Tsukishima gestured with his hand, a smile on his face. “You’re really good.”

“Nope. Nope, I’m done.” Akaashi flopped into the loveseat, and kicked off the heels. “No more.”

Kuroo and Bokuto gave a really long, drawn out whine, and Tsukishima frowned.

Kuroo pouted, “Well, there’s the secret to your walk.”

“Unless it’s a drag show, that skill is never going to come in handy.” Akaashi slipped his socks back on, and drew his knees to his chest, embarrassed from all the attention.

“You’d be surprised.” Tsukishima sat his now empty-beer bottle on the coffee table. “Sometimes it can useful during shoots.”

“Yeah.” Kuroo nodded, “Makes your legs look longer, or it can strengthen your pose. If you’re having an off day, and have the availability, sometimes putting on some heels can pull off some really strong torso-shots.”

“I…didn’t know that.” Akaashi said. He could finally feel his face cooling down. These guys are really chill.

“Well, my friend. You sure look damn good in them.” Bokuto whistled, and Akaashi smooshed his face into his hands again.
Was this his sixth beer? Akaashi couldn’t really tell. He was feeling the effect of the alcohol, so he pushed his bottle away from himself in an attempt to gain back his self-control.

Tsukishima, on the other hand, had busted out the hard liquor- something Bokuto and Kuroo stayed far away from. Tsukishima was apparently really good at holding his alcohol. Akaashi still worried for his liver.

“How…” Akaashi squinted from the loveseat. “How are you so skinny.”

“Tsukki’s metabolism is like,” Bokuto chuckled, “god-like.”

“So is yours.” Kuroo slurred his words together. Bokuto had wormed his way onto the couch-apparently he was a cuddly drunk. Akaashi was a little bit jealous of all the snuggling happening over there.

“Oh yeah!” Bokuto laughed, and wiggled his way across Kuroo’s lap. "Still gotta go to the gym, though.”

Netflix was playing in the background, but nobody was paying attention to it. Last time Akaashi had checked it had been Family Guy, but someone must’ve switched it to Bill Nye the Science Guy.

Tsukishima was scrolling through his phone- still seemingly sober.

“So, ‘kaashi.” Kuroo ran his fingers through his bedhead, “Are you gonna go next week?”

Akaashi pressed his fingers to his temple, trying to recall what the hell Kuroo was talking about. “Uh…” He massaged his forehead, “Where?”

“Bokuto invited you, right?” Tsukishima looked up.

“Oops…” Bokuto said, halfway across Tsukishima and Kuroo’s laps now.

“Bokuto invited you, right?” Tsukishima looked up.

“Oops…” Bokuto said, halfway across Tsukishima and Kuroo’s laps now.

“Bokuto!”

“Sorry!! Sorry!!”

“What’s going on?” Akaashi could hear a slight slur in his own voice, and swallowed.

“Next week Tsukki~ and I are doing a runway show.” Kuroo pried Bokuto off of his lap, and forced him back into a sitting position. "Oh, and Asahi too.”

“No shit?” Akaashi blinked, “For who?”

“H.Naoto.”

“No shit!” Akaashi repeated. He was starting to get loud, and cursed the alcohol. “Really??”

“Yeah!” Bokuto perked up. “Coach can get us some seats near the front, if you wanna' go. I can pick you up, too!”

“Hell yeah.” Akaashi threw his legs over the arm of the chair, and tipped his head back to look Bokuto in the eye. “I love h.Naoto. I’ve been to a couple of their shows.”
“Really? Then you’ve probably seen Kuroo then.” Tsukishima said. “He’s been in almost every one of their runway shows for the past five years. They even flew him out to L.A. last summer.”

Akaashi felt his jaw go slack. Kuroo must be really, really good.

“This is Tsukki’s first year with them.”

“Yeah.” Tsukishima rubbed his nose. His cheeks were slightly pink. Slightly. “I’m excited.”

Suddenly, Akaashi's body decided to process all the crap he'd been drinking.

Akaashi stood up, abruptly, and blurted, “I have to pee.”

“First door on the right.” Kuroo pointed, and Akaashi scurried off.

He heard whisperers of ‘cute’ and ‘shut up’, but Akaashi's brain didn’t register it.

Minutes later Akaashi walked out of the bathroom, hands now smelling like soap. He was incredibly happy for someone who originally didn't even want to socialize today. It was a Friday night, and here he was, watching Bill Nye the Science Guy and drinking himself stupid with friends- real friends. Akaashi thanked his lucky stars, for that.

He rounded the corner, and suddenly froze.

Bokuto was in Kuroo’s lap, kissing him like he did it for a living. They were drinking each other, completely melting together. They looked beautiful, and Akaashi’s heart stopped. Kuroo’s hand trailed up and under Bokuto’s shirt, tracing the strong muscles there. Bokuto threaded his fingers through Kuroo’s hair- something Akaashi had wanted to do since day one- and pulled. Akaashi was frozen where he stood, time stopped for a moment. It felt like the world was crushing down on him- but for different reasons than you'd think. They just looked so perfect together- such strong muscles, such soft skin, such nice hair. It was intoxicating; Akaashi felt even more drunk than before. Akaashi liked to think of himself as a composed person, but this was pushing it to a whole other level; he wanted nothing more than to be on that couch.

Tsukishima looked up from his phone, just to say, “Stop, he’ll see you.”

But it was too late for that; Akaashi watched them, and couldn’t help the words that fell out of his stupid mouth.

“Are you two dating?”

Bokuto and Kuroo froze, and pulled apart, like they’d been set on fire. Three heads whipped up to look at him. Bokuto slithered off Kuroo’s lap, and squished back into the couch- as if he hoped to become invisible.

Maybe he shouldn’t have asked that. Curse you drunk Akaashi.

“Uhh…” Bokuto, for once, was speechless. He looked to Tsukishima for answers.

“They are.” Tsukishima said curtly, and gave Kuroo and Bokuto a look Akaashi didn’t understand.

“That would make sense.” Akaashi shrugged. He felt awkward just standing there, so he tiptoed
over to the loveseat, and curled up.

“You’re cool with that?” Bokuto asked, eyes wide.

“Huh?” Akaashi blinked. “Are interrelationships not allowed at *Mode*?”

Something soft brushed against his leg, and Akaashi looked down to see Chibi-chan rubbing against his calf. He tapped his leg, and the cat happily hopped up into his lap.

“Er, no. *Mode* doesn’t care.” Kuroo shifted on the couch, “It’s just, you know, gay couples aren’t too common here.”

“Oh, well. I’m super gay, so I’m not really one to talk.” Akaashi said, and then instantly regretted it.

Tsukishima’s eyebrows nearly shot through the ceiling, while Kuroo and Bokuto about fell off the couch.

“I mean- uh-“ Akaashi blurted, fumbling over his own words. Dammit. He was definitely wasted. Chibi-chan settled into his lap, and only added to his increasing body heat.

“No way really?!” Bokuto nearly yelled, and Akaashi hid his face in his hands.

“Aha, yeah.”

“Wow, we’re not the only queer people at *Mode* now, guys.” Kuroo grinned. “This is great.”

“Well, Aone is asexual.”

“Oh yeah…”

Akaashi still had his face hidden in his hands, trying to compose himself. He could hardly control his mouth when he was sober, for fuck’s sake. He was so, so embarrassed.

There was a soft voice, “Hey.” Akaashi looked through the cracks in his fingers, and Tsukishima continued, “Were you scared to tell us?”

“I didn’t mean…to blurt that out.” Akaashi covered his eyes again. Chibi-chan shifted in his lap, and Akaashi let his left hand fall to pat his little head.

“I didn’t mean to blurt that out.” Akaashi covered his eyes again. Chibi-chan shifted in his lap, and Akaashi let his left hand fall to pat his little head.

“It’s okay!” Bokuto bounced, “I’m gay and Kuroo is bi and Tsukki is pan! There’s no judgment here, man. We’re like, the rainbow of queer. The *queerbow.*” Kuroo laughed, and highfived him- Tsukishima tried to pretend he didn’t know them.

Akaashi took a deep breath and thought *What? Really!* and also *I hope I remember this conversation when I’m sober*

“I really thought I’d be the only one.” Akaashi took another deep breath, trying to calm himself. A lot was happening really fast here.

“Nah, we gay as fuck.” Kuroo slithered his arm around Bokuto’s shoulders.

“I’m sorry you had to hide that from me.” Akaashi said, a little solemnly. “Your whole relationship thing. I feel bad.”

Bokuto blurted, “No! It’s fine.” He waved his arms about, and nearly smacked Tsukishima in the
“How long have you guys been dating?” Akaashi picked the beer back up, self-control slipping.

“Six fucking years.” Tsukishima shook his head. “It’s ridiculous.”

Bokuto leaned up and pressed a gross, overdramatic kiss to the side of Kuroo’s face. “You’re just jealous, Tsukki~.”

Tsukishima glared, fire flickering in his eyes, and Bokuto seemed to shut up pretty quickly.

“Are you dating anyone?” Kuroo tried to ask subtly.

“N-not right now.” Akaashi stuttered, “My last one ended uh…pretty…pretty badly. So, not right now.”

“I’m sorry.” Kuroo said, a little guilty, and a little more sober. “I didn’t mean to-“

“No, no. It’s fine.” Akaashi forced a laugh. His head was swimming with alcohol and emotions, and didn’t trust himself to talk about this anymore. “So tell me, what kind of famous people have you gotten to model with? Seeing as you’re all oh-so-popular.”

The three of them perked up, sitting up straight in the couch, eyes lighting with newfound excitement.

Akaashi smiled and leaned his head in his hand.

Akaashi got home very late that night. The three musketeers had all passed out on the couch, happily drunk. Even Tsukishima had his fill, eventually curling up in the corner just to ‘close his eyes.’ Akaashi left while they slept, a tad bit more sober, but still a little dizzy. Somehow he managed to call a late-night cab and get a ride home.

He stumbled into his apartment, chucking off his shirt and flopping into bed. He curled up and grabbed his pillow.

Okay, so Bokuto and Kuroo are in a relationship. They’re taken. I need to stop crushing on them so hard.

He had his suspicions about this, but still, it hurt his heart a little bit.

What was I expecting? To get all three of them to like me? I’m such an idiot.

He told himself it was just physical. Just a physical attraction- nothing else. He was just being needy. He lived alone. This was typical.

Akaashi was still happy, though. He was completely content with being their friend- more than content. He fell asleep in his jeans that night, smelling like beer and Chibi-Chan.

He woke up the next afternoon to nearly a hundred missed messages in their group chat. Akaashi squinted his eyes at his phone, turning the brightness all the way down before skimming them.
Kuroo (ΦωΦ): Akaashi!
Kuroo (ΦωΦ): are you still here????

Akaashi scrolled down past a bunch of messages, and stopped when he saw:

Bokuto ⊙ΘΘ: KUROO I THINK HE LEFT

Kuroo (ΦωΦ): HOLY SHIT
Kuroo (ΦωΦ): WE LET HIM GO HOME DRUNK
Bokuto ⊙ΘΘ: KUROO WHAT IF HE’S DEAD?!!!

Tsukishima (⌐▨_▨): he probably just got a cab home can u 2 chill

Tsukishima (⌐▨_▨): also we live in the same apartment why are you guys texting

Kuroo (ΦωΦ): I will NOT chill.
Kuroo (ΦωΦ): what if he got abducted
Kuroo (ΦωΦ): what if he got lost
Kuroo (ΦωΦ): HE’S STILL NOT RESPONDING
Kuroo (ΦωΦ): CALL THE POLICE

Tsukishima (⌐▨_▨): he’s a grown man who is probably sleeping off a hangover

Akaashi passed a bunch of texts that seemed to all say

Akaashi!

AKAASHI WAKE UP!

AKAASHI DID U DIED

Akaashi stopped scrolling when he saw:

Kuroo (ΦωΦ): that’s it. Bokuto put on your pants we’re going over to his place

Tsukishima (⌐▨_▨): you don’t even know where he lives

Kuroo (ΦωΦ): WE WILL FIND A WAY
Bokuto ⊙ΘΘ: kuwoo, I can’t I’m rlly hungover rn

Kuroo (ΦωΦ): IS NOBODY ELSE CONCERNED ABOUT THIS

Tsukishima (⌐▨_▨): fine give me five minutes I’ll see if ukai knows his address

Akaashi realized that he had reached the end of the conversation. By now, his cheeks were completely red. Wow, they were so concerned for me. That’s really nice of them. Akaashi began to text back, before they actually showed up his front door.
hey guys, sorry, just woke up

As soon as he pressed send, there was a flood of messages.

**Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)):** HOLY SHIT  
**Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)):** OH THANK FUCK  
**Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)):** BOKUTO HE’S ALIVE  
**Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)):** BOKUTO  

**Tsukishima (־□□):** he passed out on the bathroom floor  

**Tsukishima (־□□):** also are you okay Akaashi??

Akaashi smiled, and texted back:

**A:** yeah, I’m fine. Sorry to worry you guys. You all fell asleep, so I figured it was time to leave

**Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)):** omg I am so srry Akaashi we are horrible hosts I a m s o ry ryy  

**Tsukishima (־□□):** you could have spent the night, we wouldn’t have cared  

**Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)):** yeah! also how DARE YOU MAKE ME WORRY LIKE THAT

Akaashi laughed into his hand, and responded.

**A:** I’m sorry. I’ll stay put next time.

There was a pause, and his phone buzzed again

**Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)):** bitch u better

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Akaashi scrolled through Instagram, liking pictures of people he could hardly call friends. Tsukishima sat across from him on the couch, probably doing the same thing- although, Tsukishima had an absurd amount of Instagram followers. Akaashi was very amused the day he found out that the oh-so stuck up Tsukishima was actually a selfie bitch. Frustratingly enough, all his selfies turned out perfect- meanwhile Akaashi struggled to even take one normally.

They were in the lounge- which was pretty busy today due to a large shoot happening up on the third floor. Tsukishima and Akaashi had already finished their work for the day, and were just waiting in silence for Bokuto and Kuroo to finish so they could go get food.

Some random pop song was playing in the speakers above their heads, and the sound of chitter chatter filled the room. Akaashi looked up at Tsukishima through his long eyelashes, and studied his face. It was very stoic, but his skin was so nice and clear. Akaashi’s eyes fell down to Tsukishima’s lips. They looked so soft, and Akaashi had to look away.

Akaashi coughed, “So…where do you want to go eat today?” He internally sighed at his attempt to make conversation.
Tsukishima looked up, giving Akaashi his full attention. “Huh? Oh, I don’t know. I figured Kuroo and Bokuto would argue over it later.”

Akaashi gave a short laugh, “You’re probably right.”

“Is there somewhere you want to go?”

“Ah…no. No.” Yes? Akaashi wanted to invite them over- he felt so bad for going over to their apartment so much, but in turn, never inviting them over. Instead he asked, “Tsukishima?”

The blond blinked, “Yes?”

“Why do you live with Bokuto and Kuroo?” Akaashi played with the hairband he always kept on his wrist. “I mean, they’re dating. Isn’t it weird?”

Tsukishima, for a moment, looked like he didn’t know how to answer that. He remained silent, and Akaashi started to feel guilty. I’m prying, aren’t I? Shit.

“I knew them back in highschool.” Tsukishima began, “Barely. They went to a different school- both of them. We were all on separate volleyball teams, and would occasionally play each other, but that was it.” Tsukishima paused, and then said, “I didn’t see them again until a couple years ago when I began working at Mode. They were both nice to me, even though I was an asshole.”

Akaashi didn’t say anything- he wasn’t sure if he’d heard Tsukishima say so much in one go before.

“I didn’t really have a place to live.” Tsukishima rubbed the back of his head, “I did some stuff my family didn’t like. Had to leave home, you know.”

“And they offered to let you move in?” Akaashi asked.

“Yeah.” Tsukishima sighed, “Something like that.”

“They’re cute.” Akaashi blurted. “Together. They make a good couple.”

Tsukishima seemed to sink a little bit into the couch. “Yeah, they do.”

Suddenly, as if summoned by the single utterance of his name Bokuto barreled into the lounge in nothing but name-brand underwear. He sped past the crowd of models, and nearly kicked down the door of the bathroom. Everyone in the room stared for a moment, before slowly returning to their conversation.

Akaashi and Tsukishima sat speechless. They looked at the door of the bathroom, then each other, then the bathroom again. They simultaneously burst out laughing, Tsukishima grabbing his stomach and doubling over as Akaashi cried into his hand. Tsukishima’s laugh was gorgeous, and Akaashi wanted to hear it every day for the rest of his life.

They were still laughing when Bokuto came back out of the bathroom. The owl-like model looked over at them, and grinned. “Hey guys!”

“Hey, aren’t you not allowed to take merchandise out of a studio?” Akaashi pointed to the underwear Bokuto was wearing- and fuck that just registered to Akaashi’s brain. He couldn’t help but check Bokuto out. He was the perfect mixture of lean muscle and height. He wasn’t overly
ripped... he was just... just right. Akaashi wanted to lick his muscles. Wait. That sounded really kinky. Oh well.

Bokuto rubbed the back of his head, “Yeah... but I really had to pee.”

Akaashi resisted the urge to giggle again, and Tsukishima nodded, “You better get going then. We’re waiting for you after all.”

“Oh yeah!” Bokuto jumped a little, “Sorry! I’ll see you later!” He jogged out of the lounge and back into the hallway, and finally out of sight. Tsukishima shook his head a little, but was smiling nevertheless.

Akaashi felt his body freeze when he heard a different voice.

“What an idiot.”

Akaashi and Tsukishima turned around to look at Oikawa, surrounded by popular female and male models alike. A few girls giggled, nodding in agreement with him.

“That moron doesn’t deserve that ticket to New York.” Oikawa continued, loud enough for the room to hear him. Akaashi saw Tsukishima tense up next to him.

Tsukishima stood, and looked Oikawa dead in the eye as he said, “Do you want to repeat that?”

Oikawa raised an eyebrow, “What? Everyone knows it.”

Akaashi was surprised to see Tsukishima ball up his fist, and his face contort into legit anger. “Listen, buddy.” Tsukishima began to walk forwards, “Bokuto worked his ass off for that seat. Oh wait, excuse me!” He lifted a hand to his face in fake surprise, “I’m sure you don’t even know what the phrase ‘hard work’ means, you pretentious little-“

“Oh, we’ve resorted to name calling, have we?” Oikawa laughed, and Akaashi felt his blood run hot. “I thought you were better than that, Tsukki-“

“Do not call me that.” Tsukishima scowled with enough intensity to start a fire, “And don’t call Bokuto an idiot. He’s got double the brain cells you have-“

“As if.” Oikawa laughed, cutting him off. “Bokuto has the IQ of a houseplant. Literally anyone would be a better choice to send to New York.”

Tsukishima looked about ready to kill this guy, so Akaashi was at his side in instant, gently tugging at his sleeve. He said slowly, “Tsukishima. Let's just leave.” It was really best to break this up before it got bad.

The taller man’s face suddenly broke in shock- he looked down at Akaashi as if he had completely forgotten he was there. Akaashi placed a gentle hand on his arm, and he tension fell out of his shoulders, almost like water- he looked away from Oikawa. “Yeah. Okay.”

Tsukishima turned to leave, and Oikawa grinned, “Deny it all you want, kid, but you’re gonna outgrow that guy. You’re gonna be disappointed.”

Akaashi tightened his grip on Tsukishima’s arm before he could turn back around, and pulled him out of the lounge. Tsukishima’s body was hot- Akaashi could feel it through his sleeve. He tugged him into the elevator, and slapped the ‘close’ button with the ball of his fist.
As soon as the doors closed, Akaashi’s body moved without his permission. He felt Tsukishima taking in deep, shuttery breaths, so he wrapped his arms around the man’s torso, and squeezed. It was the only kind of comfort Akaashi knew how to give.

Tsukishima tensed, immediately. He looked down at Akaashi- long enough for Akaashi to feel self-conscious about his decision- oh my gosh maybe he isn’t a touchy person shit- but Tsukishima wrapped his arms around Akaashi and squeezed back. His body was warm, and felt perfect underneath Akaashi’s arms. It was probably Akaashi just being sentimental, but he could almost feel little sparks jumping across his skin where he touched him. The guy also smelled really good dammit.

“Argh!” Tsukishima took a deep breath, “He just-he pisses me off so much!”

“Yeah, that wasn’t cool at all.” Akaashi said against his chest. His own heart was jack-hammering against his ribs, and hoped Tsukishima couldn’t feel it. “He doesn’t have to be such an ass.”

The taller man was slowly calming down. He sighed, “I’m sorry I yelled.” He took a deep breath, “I didn’t mean to let you see me like that.” He took a step back, and Akaashi was reluctant to let go.

“No, no. It’s cool.” Akaashi shoved his hands in his pockets. They hadn’t chosen a level yet, and were just standing in the stationary elevator. “If our jobs weren’t directly affected by it, I probably would’ve punched him.”

Tsukishima gave a snort at that, and finally looked over at Akaashi. His eyes were a little watery-barely. “It’s just…Bokuto isn’t an idiot.” He clenched his fist. “He’s not.”

“I know he’s not.” Akaashi said. He spoke in a calm, steady voice, trying to slow down his own heartbeat, as well as Tsukishima’s.

“I call him names a lot. I know I’m mean. But he’s not stupid. He’s not an idiot. Only I can call him stuff like that.”

Akaashi smiled, “From you, they’re terms of endearment.”

Tsukishima finally pressed the first floor button, and the elevator began to move. “I just don’t want anyone to think less of Bokuto. He’s so smart. He’s so good at what he does. He deserves that seat.”

It was surprising to Akaashi just how much more there was to Tsukishima. He was a bit stuck up, and sometimes too abrupt, but he cared so much for his friends. He appeared to be a person with strong control over his emotions, but here he was, nearly hyperventilating over Bokuto’s honor. Akaashi found his personality beautiful- even more so every day. He saw Tsukishima desperately trying to calm himself down, trying to tie that stoic mask on oh-so precisely, but he was failing.

So Akaashi said, “Bokuto would be glad to hear that you stood up for him.”

The blond looked up, “Please don’t tell him about this.”

“Why?”

Tsukishima ran a hand through his hair- a gesture that he must’ve picked up from Kuroo. “Bokuto is the kind of person that really cares what people think of him. I don’t want him to get discouraged because those jackasses were laughing at him.”
“He wouldn’t.” Akaashi said, abruptly. He just had a feeling. "He's got you."

Tsukishima looked at him for a moment, before giving a smile. He looked much calmer. “You’re like, a de-stress machine.”

Akaashi laughed, “Thank you.” The elevator doors opened, and they began to move into the lobby. “How about we go walk around the block until Bokuto and Kuroo are done?”

“Sounds like a plan.”

Chapter End Notes

i hope this chapter came out okay, i mixed together plot with dialogue and foreshadowing and a little bit of fluff and flirting and humor

this was like, a big trope soup i'm srry

edit: my wonderful friend tia drew the nailpolish scene!! :)) check it out here
Chapter Notes

*rubs my grimey little writer fingers together* ahh don't you love it when a fic comes together

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bokuto is a good driver.

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Bokuto is a good driver.

Akaashi repeated the phrase over and over in his mind as he clutched onto the side of the car, breathing deeply. Bokuto was a good driver- but he was a fast driver. He zipped between cars, changing lanes constantly. It was dark out already, which didn’t help Akaashi’s poor heart.

Although, the longer Akaashi sat in the car, the longer Akaashi realized shit, he actually is a good driver.

His owl-like eyes seemed to take in everything; they saw the car to their left, the truck front, the lady crossing the street, the guy tailgating them, the red light up ahead- it was kind of neat.
Akaashi began to relax, just a little.

“So are you excited to watch your boyfriend model?” Akaashi asked to break the silence.

Bokuto didn’t look away from the road, but he grinned, “Yeah! They’re gonna’ do great!” There was a pause- Akaashi raised an eyebrow, and Bokuto’s eyes widened. He coughed, “He! He’s gonna do great. Kuroo is going to do great. Kuroo. My boyfriend. Great.”

Akaashi didn’t say anything for a moment, but shook his head, “Bokuto, you are so strange. I like it.”

“Thanks Akaashi!” Bokuto looked incredibly happy. He gripped the steering wheel with strong hands, and Akaashi watched his biceps flex.

“Well, thanks for picking me up today.” Akaashi retorted, and clutched onto his phone a little tighter. He wanted to text Kuroo and Tsukishima good luck, but decided against it- he didn’t want to distract them.

“No problem dude.” Bokuto changed lanes. Again. “Anytime! Seriously. If you need a ride, I gotchu’.”

Akaashi smiled, and thanked him, swallowing down the thoughts of fuck he’s so adorable.

Akaashi couldn’t help but feel antsy. He kept telling himself to calm down, but he was too damn
excited.

The fashion show was indoors; it was dark, and they’d managed to get a seat reserved pretty close to the stage- thanks to Ukai’s new assistant. The runway was coated in colored lights, and loud music echoed around the room. Bokuto kept bouncing in his seat, constantly brushing his shoulder against Akaashi’s. They were both excited, it seemed.

“So was Tsukishima nervous this morning?”

Bokuto opened his mouth to answer, but suddenly the lights dimmed, and the announcer began to speak. Bokuto and Akaashi froze, and turned to look back up on the stage. The speaker announced the h.Naoto brand for but a moment, before the music was turned up, and female models began to stride out onto the stage.

Akaashi grinned; he loved gothic Lolita fashion. Girls came out in black and grey, completely covered in frills and long, absurdly styled dresses. Akasshi couldn’t help but admire their makeup, and drool over their walk. The female models were quite gorgeous- to the point where he’d almost forgotten the reason for coming to see the show in the first place. They walked to the beat of the music- which had turned to some jrock band Akaashi didn’t recognize.

And at the drop of a dime, Akaashi’s heart stopped beating; Bokuto began to scream at his side. Kuroo walked out looking absolutely amazing. He was in all black, of course, but wore a long jacket and multiple dark layers. That wasn’t even the amazing part- Kuroo’s walk.

Everything made sense. All the problems of the universe ceased. For a moment, there was world peace. Cancer was cured. World hunger ended.

Kuroo looked so fucking good. He meandered across the stage, face completely stoic as he modeled. His legs carried him perfectly, and he stopped at the edge of the stage. He took off the jacket, and revealed a dark shredded shirt underneath. The threw the jacket over his shoulder- a typical move- but he looked so so so good shit-

Akaashi’s mouth was still open when he watched Kuroo walk back. He had everyone’s attention- nobody was looking at anything but Kuroo. It was show stopping.

Bokuto was looking between Akaashi and Kuroo, grinning like a maniac. He nudged Akaashi with his elbow, and Akaashi gave him a look to say holy shit holy shit holy shit- and Bokuto laughed, knowingly.

More models walked on stage covered in more gothic Lolita fashion, but Akaashi’s brain didn’t register any of it. All he could think about was Kuroo. His walk. Fuck. He’d never seen anything like it.

Tsukishima walked out moments later- and really, Akaashi was going to need a medic because he was at least ninety percent sure he was having heart palpitations.

Tsukishima was in a shredded white shirt and black leather pants and looked damn fine. His walk was very different from Kuroo's. Instead of demanding all the attention, he just floated, gracefully. His long, long legs carried him down the runway, and he looked completely bored with everything around him- which was pretty attractive.

“Damn.” Akaashi said aloud. It was barely audible under the loud music, but Bokuto must’ve heard it, because he began to laugh.
More models came on stage, but Akaashi was only looking for Kuroo and Tsukishima now. Beautiful garments made their way down the runway, and Akaashi thought *damn I'd do anything to be able to wear that.*

Asahi walked out afterwards, hair up in a ponytail, wearing some kind of black samurai inspired garment. His walk was really good too. If he was nervous, Akaashi wasn’t able to tell. His walk was rough, as if he could kick your ass- which he definitely could *not,* if Akaashi went off of any of their past interactions.

Bokuto tensed next to him, and Akaashi looked up to see Kuroo again. He was in a completely different outfit, and wore a spiked facemask over his nose and mouth. Even with half his face covered, he *killed* it. By just using his eyes, he was able to completely captivate the audience. Akaashi knew he should be taking notes, or something, but he could only watch Kuroo. He felt very proud to be called his friend.

Tsukishima walked out a couple models later, this time in all black, and it looked delectable against his white skin. He was good enough to drink in- and his walk appeared even more confident than his last.

Honestly, this whole show felt like an out of body experience to Akaashi. Getting to sit so close to one of his favorite designers- and seeing Kuroo and Tsukishima walk- *this might just be one of the best days of my life, probably.*

It was over way too soon. All the models come out in a line to take their last walk, clapping as they took one more stand in the spotlight. Akaashi spotted Kuroo and Tsukishima, who were separated by a few female models. Tsukishima’s face held no emotion, but Kuroo was smiling, brilliantly, and Akaashi etched it away in his mind, to remember when days were grey.

When they finally met up with Tsukishima and Kuroo after the show, Bokuto barreled past a crowd of people to hug them both. He wrapped his arms around Kuroo, and kissed him sweetly, before pulling away and hugging Tsukishima too. Akaashi stood back, shifting his weight between his feet, anxious to hug them as well.

“You guys were *awesome!*” Bokuto cheered. “So good! Literally everyone was in shock when you guys came out. You killed it. You-“

“We get it.” Tsukishima gave a short laugh, and pulled away from his hug. Akaashi wiggled his way into Tsukishima’s already open arms.

Akaashi wrapped him in a tight hug, and said, “No, he’s right you guys were incredible.”

“What did you think?” Kuroo grinned.

“Dude, you should’ve seen his face.” Bokuto laughed, snaking an arm around Kuroo’s waist. “His mouth was open the entire time. I think I saw a fly go in there.”

Akaashi slapped his shoulder playfully, and Kuroo and Bokuto laughed.

“I was in shock.” Akaashi said, trying to wipe the smile off his face. “I almost passed out when I saw you come out wearing that mask.”

For the first time, probably ever, Akaashi saw Kuroo flush a little. Tsukishima gave a small,
knowing smile, just for a moment.

“Thank you.” Kuroo squeezed Bokuto at his side.

Tsukishima tucked his hands into his pockets. “I’m glad to see you made it here in one piece.”

“Hey! I’m a great driver!”

“Babe.” Kuroo said, “The first time Tsukki drove with you, he cried.”

“Don’t remind me.” Tsukishima deadpanned.

“It wasn’t that bad.” Akaashi half-lied, and then laughed when Tsukishima gave him a look that said *I’m not buying your bullshit.*

“So, are we going to the after party?” Bokuto wiggled his eyebrows.

“Hell yeah!” Kuroo cheered, and Tsukishima nodded.

“After party?” Akaashi blinked.

“Bokuto, really dude?”

“You didn’t tell him?”

“I’m sorry! I forgot!”

“Well,” Tsukishima rolled his eyes, “The after party is taking place at a club down the street. The models and some of the guest companies are going. There’s free drinks for anyone that participated in the show.”

“Oh.” Akaashi blurted, “Well that sounds fun.”

“So you’re down?” Kuroo pressed.

“Yeah. I’m always down for free drinks.”

“That’s the spirit!”

The club was completely shut down for the event. There were large bouncers at the door that only accepted the VIP’s in. The four of them made it in easy enough- all they had to do was flash their *Mode* badges.

The club was one of those modern ones- all the flashy lights and urban décor. There were funky looking couches, as well as a dancefloor and stripper poles. There were lots of booths, and a giant bar with multiple bartenders.

Akaashi was ready to get wasted.

His friends were too, apparently, because Bokuto booked it to the bar to order drinks for everyone.

“Come on.” Kuroo pulled Akaashi and Tsukishima by their sleeves, “There’s an open booth over here.”
They squeezed past a crowd of people, and plopped down into the booth- it was tucked back in a corner, but had a good view of the dancefloor. Akaashi began to people watch, looking out to see if there was anyone else he knew here.

Tsukishima laughed shortly, “Look at that guy out there.”

“Oh, my dude.” Kuroo shook his head. “My poor, poor dude.”

Akaashi looked around for the guy they were pointing to- it was a man trying to grind against a girl’s backside- who wanted nothing to do with him, mind you. She turned away from him, and danced towards a girl.

“Good.” Akaashi crossed his arms. “I wouldn’t want that crusty guy’s dick anywhere near my ass.”

“Same.” Tsukishima’s eyes continued to scan the dancefloor.

Kuroo began to laugh, “Dude, that girl over there is fucking killing it.”

Akaashi sat up a little straighter, and saw the girl he was talking about. Akaashi recognized her as one of the models from Mode- she was definitely stealing the spotlight, busting out all kinds of moves Akaashi didn’t even want to try.

Suddenly their field of view was obstructed by Bokuto carrying four drinks at once. He sat them down on the table, and said, “So I got us these cocktails because I thought they looked pretty. Also a guy should be coming over here to give us shots soon.” Bokuto slid in onto Kuroo’s lap.

“I’m down.” Tsukishima grabbed his drink, and about downed the entire thing in one go.

“Damn, Tsukishima.” Akaashi raised his eyebrows, “Did a fella’ do you wrong?”

Tsukishima sat down the empty glass as Bokuto and Kuroo began to laugh.

“Yeah.” Tsukishima said, and stole a sip of Kuroo’s cocktail.

Akaashi was pretty sure he had a drinking problem. He really needed to get his life under control- but damnit he was surrounded by beautiful models and good music, so he just kept taking shots.

Bokuto continued to wiggle around in Kuroo’s lap, sometimes stealing cute kisses that made Akaashi’s heart stop. Tsukishima remained quiet, downing drinks and people watching. He suddenly sat up a little straighter, and asked, in a sober voice, “Is that…?”

Kuroo looked away from Bokuto, and scanned the dancefloor. He laughed, “It is! Poor Asahi.”

Akaashi immediately spotted the tall model- he was awkwardly trying to shuffle out of the dancing crowd. He kept apologizing to people that couldn’t hear him. Akaashi felt his heart strings pull a little, and he moved to slide out of the booth, as he said, “I’m going to go save him.”

“Yhou’re the real h-hero,” Bokuto hiccupped, and then began to laugh at nothing.

Akaashi pushed his way through the crowd of people, using Asahi’s tall shape as a beacon. He elbowed past a lady who was really throwing it down a little too hard- and he grabbed onto Asahi’s sleeve.
Asahi turned to look at him, and recognition flickered in his eyes. His face flooded with relief, “Akaashi!”

“Hey Asahi.” He tried to say over the loud music, “Come on, let’s go talk over here.”

Asahi nodded enthusiastically, and Akaashi tugged on his sleeve again. He led him through the crowd, and towards the wall of the club. Once off the dancefloor, Akaashi turned, and said, “You were amazing today!”

Asahi’s face turned a little pink, and he rubbed the back of his head, “Wow… thank you. I thought I really messed up today.”

“What?” Akaashi blinked, “You looked awesome. Your walk is really nice.”

Asahi flushed again, and he rubbed his nose. “You’re too kind, Akaashi. I saw the pictures of that nail polish shoot. You’re very good.”

Akaashi smiled, “Really? That means a lot, coming from you.”

“So, how did you get dragged here?” Asahi leaned up against the wall.

Akaashi laughed shortly, and said, “Bokuto, Kuroo, and Tsukishima wanted to get shitfaced- which is currently happening as we speak.”

“Hey… is that them?” Asahi pointed to two figures maneuvering their way onto the dancefloor and -yep, that was definitely them.

“I’m not even surprised.”

Asahi chuckled, “They sure are interesting. It’s been a pleasure working with them, though.”

“Speaking of, how did you get dragged here?” Akaashi asked. “You don’t really seem like the type to attend this kind of stuff.

“Yeah, well.” Asahi shrugged, “My friend was here at first, but he had to leave. So, I’m just staying for the free drinks, at this point.”

Akaashi raised an eyebrow, “I didn’t know that you were as bad an alcoholic as the rest of us.”

The taller gave a chuckle at that, “I’m not nearly as bad as Tsukishima.”

“True.” Akaashi laughed.

They talked for a while, leaning against the wall of the club. Asahi was easy to talk to, and it sobered Akaashi’s mind, just a little.

Eventually Asahi sighed, “I should probably get going.”

“Are you sure? You’re welcome to come sit with us.” Akaashi jabbed his finger in the direction of Bokuto and Kuroo, who were still tearing it up on the dancefloor.

“Nah,” Asahi gestured with the drink in his right hand, “I’m good. I’ll get a cab.”

“Alright.” Akaashi held out his fist, and Asahi tapped it with his own. “Stay safe.”
“You too, man.” Asahi smiled, and began to maneuver his way towards the exist.

When Akaashi flopped down into the booth again, he was surprised to see Tsukishima staring at Bokuto and Kuroo, giggling to himself.

It was kind of scary, because Tsukishima definitely didn’t giggle.

Akaashi figured it was the jello shots, but still asked, “What are you laughing at?”

Tsukishima looked at Akaashi, smiled, and then pointed at Bokuto and Kuroo.

Bokuto was definitely grinding his ass against Kuroo, but they were doing it in a very not-serious way. Kuroo was pretending to smack his ass, and some of the other people began to dance away from them- and wow, Bokuto was trying to twerk, wasn’t he.

Akaashi covered his mouth with his hand, and began to laugh, “Holy shit.”

“Keep watching.” Tsukishima rested his head in one hand, pushing his glasses off his nose a little. Akaashi looked too, and saw Kuroo grab Bokuto, spin him around, and begin to grind again. Although, the longer they danced, the less silly they became. They looked like they were actually having fun, and neither were too bad of a dancer. Kuroo moved along with the beat, long legs knowing exactly where to go and what to do. His body moved in a captivating way- it made sense that he was so good at runway. Bokuto was very touchy, slithering his arms around Kuroo, and sliding as close as humanly possible to him.

Akaashi tried not to get aroused by it- he really did, but they were so damn hot. Their faces were flushed with heat, and Akaashi could see their hair sticking to their skin. Akaashi swallowed, and looked away.

Tsukishima suddenly spoke, “Hey, I’m gonna go join. Stay here. Or don’t.” He stood up, and shimmied out of the booth, before booking it towards Bokuto and Kuroo.

Akaashi felt like he’d just been dumped in cold water. Tsukishima is going to go dance? The tall man was full of surprises. Maybe it’s because he’s drunk.

Akaashi watched the blond slide up to the couple- Bokuto and Kuroo seemed to light up as soon as they saw him. Tsukishima began to dance with them, and Akaashi was completely captivated.

Tsukishima was a good dancer. Like, really good. For someone with such a lean body shape, he sure did radiate that seductress-type aura when he danced.

And if Akaashi wasn’t turned on before, he definitely was now.

Kuroo and Bokuto didn’t hesitate to grab Tsukishima and dance against him. They seemed to be pretty handsy with him, but Akaashi figured it was a usual thing with them. Bokuto and Kuroo were touchy people. Plus, they lived together, so it couldn’t be that weird.

I can’t imagine living with Bokuto and Kuroo. Akaashi thought. Imagine hearing them have sex; that’s gotta be so loud. But damn, it’d be so hot- wait. Shit. Drunk Akaashi, stop.

Akaashi pressed a hand to his temple, and went back to watching the trio dance. Tsukishima was rolling his body to the beat, hips knowing exactly what to do. Bokuo was just jumping around at
this point, and Kuroo slipped a hand around Tsukishima’s waist. That was the last Akaashi saw, for a crowd of people moved in and blocked his view.

By the time they came back Akaashi had taken two more shots. He really shouldn’t have, but he did anyways. He was probably going to die, but it was fine.

The three models slid back into the booth, faces flushed and sweaty- and it was infuriating, because they still looked really good.

“Hey, ‘kaashi.” Kuroo said, huffing a little, “Why didn’t you join us?”

“Too drunk.” Akaashi half lied.

“No such thing.” Bokuto laughed, and pulled Kuroo halfway onto his lap. Tsukishima held up a finger, "Actually, there is such a thing, and it'll kill you."

"Eh, potato- potaaato."

"That doesn't even make sense-"

“I enjoyed watching you guys though.” Akaashi interrupted.

“Yeah?!”

“We’re the best, right?”

“Oh yeah. You guys were burning this place to the ground.” Akaashi said in a half sarcastic tone, and Tsukishima snickered to himself. Bokuto and Kuroo joined Tsukishima in drunk, giggly laughter. Akaashi loved the sound- not to mention the three of them looked so happy and at ease.

Akaashi found himself laughing too, behind his hand. Kuroo suddenly blinked, and tipped his head a little to the side, like a cat.

“Hey, ‘kaashi. Why do you always do that?”

Akaashi raised an eyebrow at the subject change, “Do what?”

“Laugh behind your hand.” Kuroo pointed out.

Bokuto said, “Oh yeah, he does that a lot, doesn’t he?”

Akaashi felt his face warming just a little. “Er…I…It’s just a habit at this point.” Bokuto and Kuroo didn’t seem to buy the answer, so Akaashi added, “I don’t really like my laugh.”

“What?”

“Seriously!

“Akaashi.” Tsukishima deadpanned, “Shut up. Your laugh is fucking adorable.”

Akaashi didn’t know what to say to that. He opened his mouth, closed it, and then opened it again, like a fish.

“It’s true!” Bokuto added. “Stop hiding it.”

“Yeah!”
Akaashi pressed his nails into his thighs, and laughed, “I’ll try.”

There must’ve been some kind of curse about Akaashi going to the bathroom. Maybe he pissed off some bathroom god in his past life, or maybe this was because he broke that mirror last year.

But Akaashi walked back to the booth to see Tsukishima pulled completely into Bokuto’s lap, straddling his hips, sucking at his throat like he needed it to breathe.

Akaashi froze- well, sort of froze- he was still wobbly and his mind was still swirling with too many thoughts. He watched Bokuto’s hands slide up and under his shirt, before dropping down to his ass. He squeezed, bringing Tsukishima to grind against him. Kuroo was just sitting there, a small smile on his face, and his head in his hand, watching as Bokuto and Tsukishima devoured each other.

I must be dead. I died from alcohol poisoning. My soul has moved onto the other side. There is now way this is real.

Bokuto pulled Tsukishima’s head up for a kiss, and in mere seconds, Akaashi was impossibly hard. He swallowed, and once again, his drunk mouth betrayed him, saying, “W-what did I miss?”

The three of them jumped, as if poked with a cow prodder. Bokuto and Kuroo turned towards Akaashi, looking like they stole a cookie from the cookie jar, and got caught. Tsukishima on the other hand, completely refused to look up. His back was rigid, and he stared just past Bokuto’s ear.

Akaashi cleared his throat, awkwardly standing at the edge of the booth. The club music seemed to fade away, and the most awkward silence of Akaashi’s life settled in.

“Er…” Kuroo looked at Bokuto, and then Tsukishima, who was still unmoving. “Uh….I got nothing.”

“I think I’m missing something here.” Akaashi said slowly, before squeezing into the edge of the rounded booth.

Tsukishima let out a long sigh, and crawled off of Bokuto’s lap. He was shaking, just slightly.

“We…” Bokuto finally blurted. It cut through the air like a knife- Kuroo and Tsukishima visibly flinched. Bokuto continued, “All three of us. We’re dating.”

Akaashi gaped, “Oh.” He didn’t say anything else. He let the words swirl around his head, connecting dots that he hadn’t considered connecting before. So many things made sense- Tsukishima blowing up on Oikawa last week, Bokuto’s slip up in the car- the dancing, the flirting- Akaashi sat there, amazed at how blind he had been. With each passing second, the three in front of him seemed to grow more and more nervous. Bokuto looked as if he was actually going to cry, but still didn’t say a thing. Finally, Akaashi asked, “You can do that?”

Kuroo laughed, and the mood lightened almost instantly. “Yeah, aha- yeah. You can.”

Tsukishima sunk down into the booth, head smacking against the leather. He closed his eyes, and took a deep breath, while Bokuto grinned from ear to ear.

“You’re not weirded out?!”

“No.” Akaashi raised an eyebrow. “But I’m mad. Why did you guys lie to me last week?”

“Er…” Kuroo rubbed the back of his head, and Tsukishima finally said something.

“We were afraid you’d think we were crazy.”

Kuroo ran a hand through his messy hair, “Yeah…you’ve been such a good friend, and we really like you. We didn’t want you to stop hanging out with us.”

Akaashi recoiled, “What? Are you guys stupid?”

The three of them paused, and Bokuto visibly winced.

“Uh-“

“I love being friends with you guys.” Akaashi said- words now spilling freely. The alcohol had almost completely dissolved his brain-to-mouth filter. “You’ve been nothing but nice to me.”

The trio looked as if a huge weight had been lifted off their shoulders. Bokuto laughed, and bounced around the edge of the booth to hug him, “You’re the best!”

Akaashi gasped against his arm, and tried his best to hug him back, “Ah-“

Tsukishima pulled him back by the hem of his shirt, but was smiling now. “Let him breathe, you ding dong.”

Bokuto let out another beautiful laugh, and pressed a sweet kiss against Tsukishima’s cheek. It made something twist a little in Akaashi’s stomach, but he didn’t know why. "I'm so glad i can do this now!" Bokuto grinned, pressing another kiss to the side of Tsukishima's face.

“So…” Akaashi rubbed his temples, trying to process all this new information. “This whole time, I’ve been the fourth wheel.”

There was more laughter, “I’m so sorry Akaashi.”

“Please don’t stop coming over!”

“As if.” Akaashi rolled his eyes, but smiled anyways. He took another sip of his drink, and ignored the butterflies in his stomach.

They left the next week; gone, to do things Akaashi could only dream of.

After that night at the club, Akaashi had come home and collapsed into his bed, his thoughts a jumbled disaster. He told himself that the week away from them would be good. The space would let him clear his head, and clear his guilt.
Guilt.

Akaashi felt guilty.

He knew they were all taken now. He knew they were all happily in a relationship. They wanted to be his friend.

Yet here he was, still crushing on them like this was high school.

*I can get over them in a week*, Akaashi told himself. *It’ll be a good thing.*

Yet he still watched all of fashion week, screaming whenever Kuroo or Tsukishima walked on the runway. He still scoured internet for shots of Bokuto- he still wanted to be there for them.

He couldn't help but watch their snapchat stories too- ten second clips of Bokuto shoving an entire hotdog in his mouth, or Tsukishima taking a picture with a street performer, or Kuroo’s face as they walked through times square- Akaashi watched it, and couldn’t help but think *Fuck. I miss them.*

He missed them. He missed them so, *so* much.

*Mode* didn’t feel the same. Akaashi went to work, took his pictures, and went home. No random hugs. No screaming. No snarky comments. No teasing. No afternoon drinks. No odd texts at two am.

By the end of the week, he was more confused than ever. His feelings didn’t make sense. Nothing made sense.

So he sat himself down one evening- specifically the evening before they were to return- and grabbed a cup of coffee. He sat there, and sat there, thinking in his quiet apartment.

*What is it that I like about them? Why can’t I just let go?*

Bokuto.

Bokuto is one of the most kindhearted people Akaashi has ever met. He’d share his food with you if you had none. He’d carry you if your feet were sore. He’d hug you if you were sad- and even if you were happy, he’d hug you anyways. His body is gorgeous, sculpted probably by the gods. He’s strong- Akaashi once watched him lift a deadweight Kuroo off the couch and carry him to bed. Bokuto is a goofball. He’s a silly disaster. He’s beautiful in his own way.

Kuroo.

Kuroo is cool. Kuroo is secretly the boss, even if Tsukishima would argue differently. Kuroo will have your back in an argument. Kuroo is smart, and observant, even if he doesn’t show it. He always knows what to say- not to mention his voice. It’s low, and deep, and it calms your soul. His hair is a catastrophe, but it’s loveable in its own way. Kuroo is *talented*. Kuroo has an aura around him that demands your attention. Kuroo is fun, and a free spirit. Kuroo is confident, and some of the things Akaashi wants to be. He’s incredibly sexy, and it’s infuriating, sometimes.

Tsukishima

Tsukishima is all long lines and slender limbs. His legs are a trait to be jealous of. His glasses frame his face just right. Tsukishima is always watching, always observing, always taking in the world around him. He’s quiet, except when he’s with friends- because then he'll yell, and laugh,
and open up beautifully. If you’re important to him, he’d fight for you. Tsukishima is well rounded in everything; a seemingly perfect model. His walk is wonderful; his poses are to die for- but it’s his flaws that are the most attractive. His snarky attitude, his pessimistic look on life, his tendency to hide behind his phone in awkward situations. Little things like that are what make him human. They’re what make him Tsukki.

Akaashi sighed into his hands, squeezing his eyes shut as he sagged his shoulders.

He was *fucked.*

“*Akaaaaaaashiiii!!*”

He stood still, preparing himself mentally and physically for the large figure running towards him. Bokuto opened him his arms, and grabbed Akaashi around the waist, before swinging him around.

“Akaashi we’re back!”

The younger choked, “I can see that!” He couldn’t stop smiling. Bokuto gave him one more squeeze, before setting him back on the ground.

“We missed you dude.” Kuroo said, opening up his arms to give Akaashi a much gentler hug.

“I missed you guys too.” Akaashi sighed, “*Mode* wasn’t the same.”

“Really?!”

“Yeah. It was actually peaceful.” Akaashi grinned, and Kuroo laughed. Bokuto crossed his arms to pout, but he couldn’t keep a serious face.

Tsukishima chuckled, “I’m sure.” He looked like he wasn’t sure if he wanted to hug Akaashi or not, so Akaashi moved in anyways. Tsukishima tensed at first, but soon relaxed, and gently squeezed him back.

“I can’t wait to hear all about it.” Akaashi pulled back, smiling.

Bokuto looked like he was about to burst out of his own skin, and began to gurgle nonsense, “Holy shit Akaashi, you would have *loved* it, there was this guy called the Naked Cowboy and he-”

“Woah, woah.” Tsukishima slipped his cold hand into Kuroo’s back pocket. It was a bit chilly out today, and they were still standing outside Akaashi’s apartment. “Slow down there. Let’s talk about this somewhere else.”

“Oh!” Akaashi blinked, feeling stupid. He stepped aside, and opened up his front door a little more, “Come on in! Sorry it’s a little messy, I haven’t had time to clean.” *Because I’ve been moping around the house like a teenager.*

Bokuto and Kuroo looked *ecstatic* - Akaashi had never invited them into his apartment before. They thanked him and took off their shoes, happily looking around his livingroom. Tsukishima nodded, and did the same. Akaashi followed them inside, and locked the door. At the same time, he placed a lock around his feelings. He buried them deep, deep, down, and tried to ignore the butterflies in his stomach whenever one of them smiled.
so, i actually saw that h.naoto show this last summer, and was totally blown away (i also saw galaxxy l m a o) but yea shinya was so cute i just had to put tsukki and kuroo in the outfits he modeled

hmu on tumblr

edit: my wonderful new friend anna drew Tsukki in his n.naoto outfit!! :)) check it out here
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

i finished this early again so here

its time to get this plot train movin'

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Akaashi was so excited, he might die.

Well, probably not, but it was definitely a possibility.

For the first time ever, he was going to model with Bokuto, Kuroo, and Tsukishima.

A Harajuku magazine was doing a street-fashion spread, and wanted as many models as possible to fill the pages. Ukai worked fast- he got in all five of his male models in without hesitation. Oikawa and Iwaizumi were here, as well as a buttload of Mode’s female models.

This wasn’t the first shoot Akaashi had done outside of Mode. In the past few months, he’d gotten scheduled with some designers that really liked the mountains- Akaashi wasn’t a fan of the cold, but he was a fan of fashion, and a paycheck.

Akaashi looked around at all the models. They were standing on the street corner in a big huddle, like a well-dressed gang, watching each model take their turn with the photographer. They were going to shoot at multiple locations today, so there were cars parked across the street to take them from place to place.

Akaashi got the pleasure of being paired up with Bokuto for this street corner shot. Bokuto was in the perfect outfit for his body type; it was very plain, but it looked good. He wore a sleeveless white shirt, and white shorts, which looked especially good with his hair.

Akaashi’s outfit complimented his perfectly- he was in all black, with cute lightning printed shoes.

“Hey! You nervous?” Bokuto asked with a smile, shoving his hands in his pockets.

“Of course not.”

“Oh ho, he’s definitely nervous.”

Akaashi felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to glare at Kuroo. His head-to-toe plaid outfit was a sight for sore eyes, but it looked damn good on Kuroo’s body type.

“I’m not. Nervous.” Akaashi folded his arms like a child. “I’m…excited.”

“It’s okay! There’s nothing to worry about.” Bokuto grinned, “You’ve gotten much better since you started working here. Plus, I’ll be there!”

There was a mocking voice, “Is Akaashi nervous?”
Akaashi huffed, and turned around to look up Tsukishima, who was laughing. Akaashi said a little too loud, “I am not!”

 Tsukishima loomed over them all- someone thought it was a good idea to put him in white four-inch-tall creepers. The guy was nearly 6’7 now, for fucks sake. Fortunately for Akaashi, they put him in a white sweatshirt type dress, and shorts, as well as shredded tights. Akaashi was nearly a foot shorter, but it meant he got a really good shot of Tsukishima’s ass and dammit he was getting sidetracked again.

“It’s understandable. It is a big deal, after all. This is one of the most popular internet magazines in japan-”

“Tsukishima, you’re not helping.” Akaashi grinded his teeth, and Bokuto and Kuroo made satisfactory noises.

“Aha!”

“I knew it!”

“Shut up!” Akaashi spat, but he was laughing while he said it. Annoyingly so, these three had gotten pretty good at reading his face. Of course they’d pick up on his nerves.

“You’ll be fine.” Kuroo smiled, and for a moment, Akaashi felt as if he believed him.

There was the call of the director: “Bokuto and Akaashi to the wall!”

Akaashi took a deep breath- but he realized he wasn’t alone. Bokuto’s hand pressed itself to his lower back, and Akaashi looked up to see his adorable smile. The nerves left Akaashi’s body in an instant, and he nodded, relishing in the feeling of Bokuto’s arm around him.

Bokuto was an amazing model, as always. He put on that serious face, and directed the energy of the shoot like magic. Akaashi did his best to keep up, angling his body the best he could. He tried to keep a really relaxed pose as Bokuto squatted next to him, resting his forearms on his knees.

He could see Kuroo and Tsukishima watching from the side, and Akaashi got a wave of confidence. He twisted so that he was almost looking over his shoulder and the assistant director gasped,

“Damn! You two look like you could beat me up.” She laughed.

Kuroo clicked his tongue, “Honey, they could punch me in the face, and I’d say thank you.”

The assistant director, as well as the photographer, laughed. Tsukishima elbowed Kuroo, but his eyes seemed to sparkle, which meant he found it funny.

Akaashi’s mind decided to focus on the fact that he said they and not specifically Bokuto, and had to force himself to stay calm.

The rest of the shoot went well. Akaashi ended up having more fun than he expected- and Bokuto was more than a pleasure to work with. He moved with Akaashi, doing whatever it took to compliment him. He didn’t try to steal the spotlight, or completely ignore him. It was pure, unadulterated fun, and Akaashi hoped he’d never forget the feeling.

They called a female model to work with Bokuto, and he did just as well. The girl was talented, standing tall in her heels. Although, Akaashi had more fun watching Kuroo and Tsukishima model
together.

They didn’t even have to pose. All they had to do was stay there, and they looked good. They stood with their backs toward each other, arms limp at their sides, and stared at the camera. Tsukishima was so much taller than Kuroo now, but they looked really, really good; the red plaid, and the all-white. Tsukishima was cute in the white beanie too. Akaashi couldn’t wait to see these prints when they were done. He might just buy some, and stash them away somewhere.

He watched them, and once again, swallowed down the feelings of affection.

*It’s just a physical attraction.*

“Hey hey hey! Just what do you think you’re doing?”

Akaashi paused, dirty plate in one hand, and an empty cup in the other. “Uhh,” He paused, “Cleaning up?”

It was Friday, and Akaashi had offered for the trio to come over and eat pizza. This had become a usual thing. Sometimes they passed out on Akaashi’s floor, or some weekends Akaashi slept on their couch back at their apartment.

“No way, we’re the guests, that’s our job!” Bokuto interrupted, stealing the dirty dishes out of his hands and sprinting towards Akaashi’s kitchen.

“I think you’ve got that backwards, buddy.” Akaashi called, standing still in the middle of his living room.

Kuroo laughed, an arm around Tsukishima’s shoulders as they lounged on the couch. “Let him be.”

“I’m honestly in shock.” Tsukishima watched Bokuto come back into the living room, pick up more dirty plates, and run back to the kitchen. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen him clean so much in one go. Kuroo, pinch me.” Kuroo reached over with his free hand, and pinched Tsukishima’s arm. He flinched, and continued watching Bokuto clean the room. “Unbelievable.” He whispered, and Kuroo laughed.

“I heard that!” Bokuto yelled from the kitchen. Bokuto stalked back into the room, hands a little soapy. He put them on his hips like a mother, “I’ll fight you, Tsukki.”

“Try me.” Tsukishima deadpanned from the coach, and Bokuto gave a running jump into his lap. Tsukishima let out a grunt, and Bokuto planted a big, wet kiss on his forehead. “Gross.” Tsukishima joked, but gave him a kiss in return.

“You guys sure have some interesting ways of resolving arguments.” Akaashi said, now taking a seat on the chair he had dragged in from the kitchen.

“Oh man.” Kuroo pulled his arm back from around Tsukishima’s shoulders, so that Bokuto could snuggle in between them. “Did we ever tell you about the fight we got into in New York?”


The three of them shared a look, and Bokuto began giggling. “Okay, so it all started when Kuroo
said that I have the best ass- which is totally true by the way- and I was like thanks dude, you
definitely have the best hair. And Kuroo was like, thanks, but I think I give the best kisses.”

Kuroo continued, “And Tsukki interrupted, saying no, I definitely do, because you two kiss like wet
dogs.”

“Actually I said you guys kiss like wet frogs. There’s a difference.” Tsukishima cut in, “And it’s
true.”

“It’s so not true! I give the best kisses.” Bokuto argued. “My kisses would win, like, the Nobel
peace prize. The American president would award me for my service to mankind.”

“Bokuto, I love you, but you have no control over your tongue.”

“W-well you kiss like a brick!” Bokuto said, but it was very obvious he was lying. He wasn’t very
good at insulting people.

Kuroo sighed, “As you can tell, we haven’t resolved this argument yet.”

Akaashi, who had been sitting silently with an amused look on his face, just shook his head. “Here
I was thinking that you guys would argue over something of actual importance.”

The three of them looked over at Akaashi, and simultaneously said, “Hey!”

“It is important.”

“Yeah, I’ve got two boyfriends and each one is completely biased on who gives the best kisses.”

“Like how will we know? We may never know. Never.”

Akaashi didn’t know why he said what he said next. He didn’t know why- he wasn’t even drunk.
There was some unseen force that must’ve taken over his body, because he said in a tone that
didn’t shake, and didn’t stutter-

“I could tell you.”

They all paused. Three sets of eyes looked over at Akaashi, who sat with one leg crossed over the
other, and an arm resting on the back of the chair. His face was neutral, and he only raised an
eyebrow when the three didn’t say a thing.

On the inside he was screaming. His soul left his body, and entered an entirely different plane of
existence. Why did I say that why did I say that holy shit-

“Dude, you’d do that?” Bokuto piped, looking way too excited.

“I don’t care.” Akaashi shrugged. But actually yes. He cared a lot. “We’re friends anyways.”

“Right.” Kuroo grinned, a little too mischievously. “Friends.”

“You might want to grab a towel.” Tsukishima said, “If you kiss these two, you’re basically going
to take a bath.”

“Rude!”

“I love you too Tsukki!”
Akaashi laughed, “It can’t be that bad.”

“Okay, but.” Kuroo shifted on the couch mischievous smile still in place. “How do we know that Akaashi can appropriately judge us?”

“Are you saying I’m not experienced enough?” Akaashi challenged, eyebrows shooting upwards.

“No.” Kuroo smirked, “But how many people have you kissed?”

Akaashi thought he almost heard Tsukishima whisper, “Smooth.” But he could have been wrong.

“Oh,” Akaashi played with the hairband around his wrist, “I don’t know, a lot.” Way too many, for his liking.

“So what are the rules here?” Bokuto bounced his leg excitedly, “Tongue? Hands? Can I serenade you with my singing voice?”

“No.” Tsukishima said.

“Uhh, we could set a timer?” Akaashi shrugged. What the hell was he getting himself into? “Kiss me for like, fifteen seconds, I guess, and I’ll tell you who is the best.”

“Me first then!” Bokuto grinned, and the reality of the situation hit Akaashi hard. He was basically hitting on three guys in a happy relationship- and they were playing along with it.

“Hey, let Akaashi have the couch.” Kuroo stood up, and nudged Tsukishima to do the same. “He’s doing us a favor.”

Akaashi wasn’t too happy about the tone Kuroo said that in, but shuffled over to the couch anyways. Bokuto’s smile was so big, Akaashi was worried it might split his face in two. Kuroo and Tsukki took a seat on the floor.

Bokuto scooched a little closer to Akaashi, and their knees were touching now. Bokuto looked up at Akaashi with big round eyes- eyes that Akaashi had liked since day one. Bokuto wiggled his eyebrows, and Akaashi groaned, “Dammit, Bokuto, don’t make this weird.”

Akaashi heard Kuroo laughing from the floor, but it didn’t register, because Bokuto cradled his neck with his strong right hand, and tugged Akaashi gently towards him.

There was a beep- the sound of Kuroo setting a timer on his phone- and suddenly they were kissing.

Tsukishima was kind of right about Bokuto’s kisses being wet- but Akaashi really liked it. His heart soared up into his throat, and he closed his eyes, kissing him back. Bokuto’s hand felt good against the back of his neck, and his lips were so, so soft. Bokuto kissed with purpose- he didn’t play around, or tease. He immediately got to the point, kissing Akaashi like he needed it more than anything. He felt like the center of Bokuto’s world- he felt like he really mattered.

Akaashi leaned back to take in a deep breath, but Bokuto chased after him. He forced his tongue into Akaashi’s mouth, and the younger couldn’t help the surprised noise that came out of his throat. It was a little embarrassing, but Bokuto couldn’t get enough of it. He squeezed Akaashi tighter, and traced Akaashi’s tongue with his own.

The timer went off. Bokuto pulled back, opening his eyes to drink in Akaashi’s reaction.
Akaashi knew what he looked like - his face flushed, a trail of spit crawling down chin. He quickly gained composure over his facial muscles, and put his neutral mask back in place.

“So how was that?!”

“Uh…” Akaashi blinked, trying to join the real world again. He answered in a breathy voice, “Good.”

Bokuto laughed, and swiped his thumb over the saliva on his face. He pulled his hand away, but Akaashi could still feel his skin tingling. “Sorry, sorry.”

“I told you to grab a towel.” Tsukishima smirked from the floor. His cheeks were just a little pink.

“Damn, that was so hot though.” Kuroo said, openly, and Akaashi’s face warmed.

“Dude, Akaashi is a really good kisser.”

“Really?”

“Yeah man!”

“My turn then.” Kuroo grinned, and Akaashi suddenly felt nervous. Bokuto seemed a little reluctant to slide off the couch, but did anyways. Kuroo stood, and plopped over on the cushions. Akaashi was still trying to recover from Bokuto’s kiss, but decided he was in this situation - he was going to make the most of it.

Kuroo slid closer to Akaashi, and said in a low voice, “Prepare to be amazed.”

Tsukishima’s snarky voice called from the floor, “Oh give me a break.”

Bokuto grabbed Kuroo’s phone and prepared to set the fifteen second timer again - and damn, that was really only fifteen seconds? It felt like a hundred. It felt like hours, it felt like -

Kuroo was kissing him now, and Akaashi’s heart began to jackhammer against his ribs. Kuroo’s long fingers threaded into his hair, and pulled, angling Akaashi’s head just the way he liked it. Akaashi couldn’t help but melt - he melted into his embrace, melted into his lips. There was something about Kuroo that demanded your compliancy.

Kuroo liked to use his teeth. He tugged on Akaashi’s lower lip, sucked on it, and repeated. He pulled back to press back harder, sucking and draining the life out of Akaashi. He felt like he was being swept away - lost to sea, or drawn into a tornado. Akaashi didn’t like being at the disadvantage, so he did his best to kiss back. He pressed against Kuroo, and braced a hand on Kuroo’s bicep when Kuroo let out a groan against his lips. The hand in his hair felt so good, and Akaashi felt like he could do this for hours -


Kuroo pulled back, hand slowly sliding out of Akaashi’s hair. Akaashi released his death-grip on Kuroo’s arm, yanking his hand back to his lap. He was breathing heavily, as if he just ran a marathon - but Kuroo was panting a little too.

“So,” Kuroo breathed, “Better than Bokuto?”

“Hey!”

Akaashi was still trying to catch his breath - still trying to set his face back to its typical neutral
state, but Kuroo was staring at him so intensely that Akaashi struggled to breathe.

“I uh-“

“Hey.” Tsukishima stood up, “He can’t decide yet.”

Right.

There was still Tsukishima.

Kuroo pouted, “Fine.” And slid off the cushions, and next to Bokuto. He then whispered, “Dude you were right, he’s really good.”

“Yeah, he kicked my ass.”

*What?*

Akaashi didn’t have enough time to process what they were saying, because Tsukishima slithered onto the couch, and immediately straddled his hips.

“Tsukki!”

“Babe, that’s cheating.”

Akaashi was frozen- Tsukishima smirked, and his eyes were hidden behind the glint of his glasses, “I’m not touching him.”

It was true, he was just on his knees, barely touching the outside of Akaashi’s thighs. He considered the possibility of passing out, because he never thought he’d get to see Tsukishima in this kind of light. He was especially taller now, and he was looking down at Akaashi with gorgeous gold eyes. He took off his glasses, and placed them carefully on the top of his head.

He heard Kuroo mumble something along the lines of *cheating asshole-* and then there was the beep of the timer.

Tsukishima swept in, and pressed his hands on either side of Akaashi’s face. Akaashi gasped into the kiss, because it was so *sweet.* He was so soft and gentle as he gave Akaashi the most intimate kiss of his life. Akaashi gasped again, completely unsure of how to return this kind of kiss. Tsukishima taught him- he pressed soft kisses against his lips, thumbs swiping against his cheeks. Akaashi was floating, far far above his apartment. He did his best to give back, but tried not to seem too eager. Tsukishima swiped a tongue against his lips, before sliding into his mouth so much more gently than Bokuto had. Akaashi let out another tiny noise, and he thought he heard Bokuto whisper *fuck.* Tsukishima was still straddling him, and Akaashi really hoped his jeans were thick enough to hide how hard he was from all this.

The timer beeped again- fifteen seconds gone by way too fast.

Tsukishima pulled back, swiped his thumbs across Akaashi’s cheeks one more time, and then rolled off. He placed his glasses back on his nose, then plopped down next to Akaashi. He stared at the flabbergasted looks on Kuroo and Bokuto’s faces.

He raised his hands up, and said, “That’s how you do it, fuckers.”

“Son of a bitch!”

“Damnit Tsukki!”
Akaashi couldn’t hear anything they were saying. He sat still, arms limp at his sides, staring at a spot on the wall. His lips were round and swollen now, pupils dilated, hair a little messy. His brain felt like the screeching noise of the aol dial up.

He slowly came back to the real world- slowly descended from that cloud. He looked down at the couple on the floor, who were still arguing with Tsukishima.

Bokuto suddenly turned, now all huffy, to Akaashi, “So? Who was the best?”

“Um…” Akaashi blinked. He could hardly process a normal thought at the moment. How the hell do I decide?

“Don’t tell me you can’t choose?” Kuroo smiled, slyly.

“Don’t worry.” Tsukishima waved his hand around. “We already know who won.”

Bokuto and Kuroo looked as if they were about to begin arguing, but Tsukishima cut them off, “You.”

Akaashi’s brain short circuited, “What?”

Bokuto and Kuroo paused, and then relaxed. They looked to each other and nodded. “Yeah.”

“I agree.”

“Huh?” Akaashi blinked, “This wasn’t about me, this was about you guys.”

“But you totally won.” Bokuto crossed his arms.

“I- I uh-“ Akaashi stuttered, “I’m not that-“

Tsukishima interrupted him, “All in favor of Akaashi being number one kisser, say aye.”

“Aye!”

“Aye!”

“Aye.” Tsukishima finished, and looked over at Akaashi with a devious smirk. “Congratulations.”

At that, Akaashi sighed, and pressed his face into his hands. He heard laughter, and continued groaning into his hands.

“Well.” Kuroo said, flopping down onto the soft carpet. “If you ever wanna’ do that again, I’m down.”

“Same.”

“Yeah.”

Akaashi looked up from his fingers, a dumbfounded look on his face. Are these guys serious??

Kuroo gave that ever-so attractive grin, “What? We’re friends, right?”

Something began that day. Some kind of permission was granted- some gate unlocked- boundary lines pushed way back, because that wasn’t the last time Akaashi kissed them.

It was only the first.

The next was at an after party- Bokuto had slithered around the booth, kissing Kuroo, then Tsukishima, then Akaashi, before bouncing off. Akaashi had just sat there, flabbergasted, as the other two snickered.

The next was at his apartment. They’d been watching a movie; the four of them were squished on the couch, when Akaashi tried to get up- but Kuroo had a death grip around his waist, and refused to let go until he got a kiss.

The personal bubbles around them seemed to thin more and more. It was so casual, and so gradual, that Akaashi hardly noticed it happening. He figured it was a normal thing for them- they were already used to showing so much affection to each other, and Akaashi was there half the time with them- so why wouldn’t they give him similar attention? Right?

Maybe Akaashi had things messed up.

But maybe Akaashi couldn’t really find it in himself to care.

He found himself stressing less and less about the whole ordeal, and just relished in the attention he was given.

Akaashi turned his head to the left- which he knew was his good angle- and looked off set. There was a female model who sat in a chair to his right, and Akaashi gripped the top of it. They were in Victorian style clothing that had some kind of Avant-Garde spin on it. It was very pretty, but the shoes were very uncomfortable.

He was careful to mind his hand placement on the chair- he knew if he moved his hand wrong, he could look like a crab in the photos. The girl in the chair changed positions, leaning up to look at Akaashi. Akaashi turned to look down at her, which made the shot look more romantic. He looked down past her ear, because he knew if they locked eyes for too long, they’d start laughing. He had a couple personal experiences to back that up.

He could see Tsukishima, Kuroo, and Bokuto watching out of the corner of his eye- he knew they were waiting for him to finish so that they could go out for drinks. The director had given them permission to watch, so they sat quietly in some chairs towards the corner of the studio.

The camera clicked a few more times- there was one more pop of the lights- and the photographer relaxed. She smiled, “Alright guys, we’re good to switch.”

Switch. Right.

This shoot was especially interesting, because the spread was going to have two side by side pictures; one would have Akaashi standing in a suit, vest, tie, and top hat, while the woman sat in a gorgeous dress- corset, hoopskirt, frilly collar and all. The next photo would be the reverse; Akaashi in the beautiful black dress, as the female model stood in a men’s suitcoat.

It was supposed to make a statement, or something.
Akaashi wasn’t one to complain—but he knew the real reason for Bokuto, Tsukki, and Kuroo coming to his shoot. He was prepared for the snarky comments.

He took a deep breath, but he could only expand his chest so far. The dressers gave one final tug to the corset, and Akaashi could officially not breathe. He could see himself in the mirror; they kept his hair and makeup the same—they only replaced his outfit with the female model’s.

“Here.” One of the interns held up some ankle boots that had a small heel. “We can put you in these over in the chair, so you don’t have to walk in them.”

“Oh.” Akaashi blinked, “No, it’s fine, tie them on me now.”

The intern raised her eyebrow, “Are you sure?”

Akaashi frowned, and the intern was quick to drop to her knees to help Akaashi into the shoes.

He took another deep breath, and prepared to walk back out on set. They had a few more minutes before the photographer was to return from break, but he couldn’t stand being squished in with all the clothing racks.

His heels clicked on the floor, and he adjusted his walk so that it didn’t make as much noise. He rounded the corner, and nearly jumped, because there was screaming.

“Holy shit!” Bokuto gasped, throwing his hands over his mouth.

“Doth my eyes deceive me?”

Well. This definitely wasn’t the reaction he was expecting; he was anticipating more laughter.

Still, Akaashi sighed, and tried to ignore them. Bokuto and Kuroo were standing, pretending to fan themselves. Tsukishima hadn’t said a thing, but that was almost worse—because his eyes kept trailing up and down the dress.

“K-kuroo…” Bokuto panted, “I— I c—“ he pretended to pass out on the chair, his limbs nearly reaching the ground.

“Bokuto!” Kuroo gasped, and fell to his knees beside the chair. “Wake up!”

Bokuto didn’t move. Tsukishima reached over to thump his forehead, and Bokuto didn’t even flinch.

“Akaashi.” Kuroo said seriously, rising from his knee. “The only way to revive Bokuto is by a kiss from thy fair maiden.”

“I literally hate all of you right now.”

Bokuto gave a little snort in his pretend sleep, and Tsukishima smothered his smile with his fingers.

“Akaashi, please.” Kuroo seemed to be getting really into his part. “We don’t have much time!”

There was the sound of a door opening, and the photographer walked back in carrying a donut in one hand, and coffee in the other.

“Akaashi!” Kuroo cried, gesturing to Bokuto still motionless on the chair. “Save him!”
“Ignore them.” Tsukishima thumped Bokuto on the forehead again. “Go do your shoot. You look good.”

That small compliment from Tsukishima meant more than it should have. Still, Akaashi had a hard time saying no to a begging Kuroo, and a pretend dead Bokuto. He walked the short distance, crouched as best as he could in the dress, and summoned his courage to press a soft, chaste kiss to Bokuto’s half open mouth. He leaned back, and stood up just in time, because Bokuto jolted awake. He sucked in a deep breath, dramatically, and gasped, “I live!” He tried to reach forwards to grab onto Akaashi again, but Tsukishima grabbed him by the collar of his shirt, and yanked him back.

“I can’t believe I’m friends with you guys.” Akaashi said, but it was with a smile.

“Me neither.” Tsukishima added as he pushed up his glasses.

“Akaashi?” The photographer called from across the studio, “Are you ready?”

“Yes ma’am.” Akaashi nodded, and ignored the smiles that Bokuto and Kuroo were giving him.

Things like that weren’t uncommon now. A kiss stolen here- another stolen there. Sometimes they’d wrap an arm around his shoulders and squeeze, and sometimes they’d walk a little too close as they walked to the bar. He didn’t know what it meant- he didn’t know what they were trying to tell him. Akaashi wasn’t dense. He wasn’t a fool- but he was so confused. He had come to the conclusion that he’d be totally fine just being friends; he told himself he didn’t want anything more than friends in his life right now.

So he was okay with the kisses. The small touches. The sarcastic flirting.

But things changed again.

“Hey Akaashi, can we talk?”

Akaashi froze on the couch. Those words always elicited immediate anxiety, and were never good for his poor poor heart.

Akaashi was curled up on the corner of the couch- Tsukishima lounged in the loveseat, and Bokuto and Kuroo sat to his left. Things had been going just fine; they were casually munching on snacks as they watched a random reality T.V. show. They were laughing and cracking jokes, until suddenly the three went quiet- Tsukishima had grabbed the remote, and put the T.V. on mute.

He drew his knees to his chest, and said, “Uh, yeah.”

Kuroo looked to Bokuto, and then looked to Tsukishima- neither were saying a thing, so Kuroo sighed, “Alright, well, I guess I’m doing all the talking.”

“Am I in trouble?” Akaashi joked, in an attempt to brighten the mood again.

“Definitely not.” Bokuto said seriously, which was concerning.

“We were just wondering…” Kuroo ran his fingers through his hair, and slicked his bangs back so he could see better. “Do you like us?”
Akaashi’s world shattered into a million pieces. He couldn’t breathe, he couldn’t breathe—

“You know, like, do you find us attractive.” Kuroo clarified.

Oh. Well.

“Of course.” Akaashi raised an eyebrow. “You guys are models.”

“Well, that’s good.” Kuroo shifted again on the couch, “Because we think you’re pretty hot and uh…”

Kuroo struggled to find the words, so Tsukishima stepped in-

“We like kissing you. A lot. And we were wondering if we could do it more without it being weird.”

Akaashi was incredibly confused- blood was rushing past his ears and his body felt like led. “I…”

“It’s not like we’re asking to date you, or anything!” Bokuto blurted, “We just want to, you know-”

Akaashi wasn’t stupid- it only took a moment for his brain put two and two together. It suddenly made sense.

Fuck buddies

They were asking if Akaashi wanted to be their fuck buddy.

Well, at least this was familiar territory.

“Err, I-”

“You don’t have to give us an answer right now.” Kuroo interrupted, “And if you say no it’s okay we can forget this conversation ever happened.”

“Well I-”

“It’s just that we feel bad, because the three of us are dating but also you’re always here hanging out with us- not to say we don’t love that-but we don’t want you to feel like you can’t join in.”

“I actually-“

"And we've seen you staring at us, which is fine, because we totally stare at you too." Akaashi blushed, "Y-you-"

“Plus we think you’re super-hot and would bring something different to the table- I mean bed.”

“Bokuto!”

"I-"

“But if you don’t have any interest in us, that’s totally fine-“

“Can you guys stop interrupting me?”

The room went silent, and Akaashi took a deep breath. Three sets of wide eyes stared back at him.
“I’m fine with it.”

Bokuto’s eyes went wide, “Really?!”

“Yeah.” Akaashi rubbed his nose, “I mean, I do think you guys are super attractive, and I’m not dating anyone right now, so it’s fine.”

*What am I thinking?! This is the opposite of what you do when you’re trying to get over how hot somebody is. Somebodies. Fuck.*

“Oh.” Kuroo paused. “Well that’s a relief.”

“I only have one rule.” Akaashi said, playing with the loose string on the hem of his shirt. “If it doesn’t work out, then we go back to how we were before.” *I can’t lose you all as friends, I just can’t*

Bokuto, Kuroo, and Tsukishima all shared a look.

“Deal.” Tsukishima nodded, and Akaashi relaxed.

“But here’s our rule.” Kuroo grinned, “Don’t fall in love with us.”

That night Akaashi wrapped himself in his blankets, and tried to drown out the world.

He didn’t know what he was doing. But when did he ever?

He took in a deep breath, inhaling the scent of the linens beneath his head.

*Don’t fall in love with us.*

Akaashi could handle that. He didn’t want love right now anyways. The last time he fell in love, he-

He cut his thoughts short. He wasn’t ready to relive that.

This was actually the ideal situation; he now has permission to touch three beautiful models, with no strings attached. They were still going to be his friends.

So why did his heart still hurt?

Somewhere else, there are more bodies wrapped together in a single bed. The white noise of the busy street outside their window only echoes softly in the background. If they’re quiet enough, you might be able to hear the clock from the living room.

There’s a whisper. A shifting of legs. The press of a cold nose against another’s neck.

“Are you sure about the rule, Kuroo?”

There’s a pause- another body shifts.

“Yeah.”
Another agrees whisper soft, “It’s for Akaashi.”

“How is it really?”

Another pause. Another car drives by. A tick of the clock.

“It’s the safest way.”

Chapter End Notes

id just like to talk abt the model that i linked Kuroo’s outfit to.
IT LOOKS LIKE F U C K I N G KUROO
like even the hair im crying i didn’t have a choice i saw it on japenese streets and had to
put kuroo in that outfit

hmu on tumblr

edit: check out the fanart i received for this chapter [here](#) and [here!!](#)
thanks alot guys!
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

akaashi is thirsty af

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“But here’s our rule.” Kuroo grinned. “Don’t fall in love with us.”

Akaashi laughed, and rolled his eyes, “As if.” His heart dropped a little, but he ignored it.

Bokuto pretended to take offense, but Kuroo laughed at his side. Tsukishima didn’t say a thing.

“Good.” Kuroo sighed, “At least that’s all cleared up.”

Akaashi sat on the couch, squished between the armrest and Kuroo as a dumb movie played on the television. Chibi-chan was curled on the floor, purring happily. They’d made it through maybe half of the movie before Bokuto and Tsukishima began making out in the corner of the couch. It wasn’t really anything new- now that they had this agreement thing between them, the trio was not afraid to show too much physical affection anymore.

And Akaashi definitely wasn’t complaining; watching one hot model wiggle and squirm on top of the other wasn’t a sight for sore eyes.

But there was a slight problem.

That was it.

The only thing they had done around Akaashi was make out and feel each other up. Now, Akaashi wasn’t going to look a gift horse in the mouth, but really. He agreed to be a fuck buddy, it was time to cut the vanilla stuff. It had been at least a month, and granted, they’d all been really busy. Akaashi was trying to build up his portfolio as best he could, and the other three were swamped with appointments and shoots. All that was good and fine, but Akaashi really wanted to see them naked.

But, you know, he wasn’t going to say anything.

There was a gentle hand at the inside of his thigh, and Akaashi looked up to see dark cat eyes looking almost through him. He said in a low voice, “This is fine, yeah?”

Akaashi resisted the urge to snap of course, and instead said, “Yeah.”

Kuroo reached up to cradle his head with his right hand, and shifted a little closer to Akaashi on the couch. Akaashi was more than happy to meet Kuroo halfway- the elder curled his fingers in his hair, and tugged a little- which was honestly one of Akaashi’s favorite things ever. He could see Tsukishima straddling Bokuto’s lap out of the corner of his eye; apparently he really liked to do that.
This whole kissing thing though- this was something that Akaashi knew how to do.

Kuroo’s lips were always smooth. They were never ever chapped, and it was almost infuriating. The hand on his thigh squeezed, but didn’t move, and Akaashi moved his fingers up into Kuroo’s hair. It was always a mess, but always so soft. He figured he couldn’t do any more damage, so he let his fingers curl up and through the strands. Kuroo’s lips moved perfectly against his own, before biting down gently on Akaashi’s bottom lip. Akaashi gave the tiniest gasp- it was almost inaudible- but Kuroo heard it anyways.

The hand around his thigh still didn’t move, and Akaashi almost wished it would. He sighed into Kuroo’s mouth, and he felt Kuroo grin against his lips. He pulled back to say slow against his lips, “I knew I was the best.”

There was a slick sound- the sound of Bokuto and Tsukishima’s lips pulling apart.

Bokuto hollered, “Hey! We already decided that Akaashi was the best.”

“Well, I’m second best.”

“We’re not having this argument right now.” Akaashi said, and tugged a little on Kuroo’s hair. The look on Kuroo’s face could only be described as a kid in a candy store, and he eagerly dove back down to kiss Akaashi’s neck.

“Akaashi? I need you to focus, please.”

“Oh!” Akaashi blinked, and straightened his back. Shit, he was losing concentration again. He lounged in the empty porcelain bathtub, and angled his hands up into his hair. The photographer went back behind his camera, and began to click away again. He paused, and gestured for some interns to come back in and fix the garment. The model sighed- he was not doing very good today.

I just can’t stop thinking about this whole friends with benefits thing.

He looked up at the camera, and gave his best glare.

Like, we’re still friends, but where’s the benefits?

The lights popped, and Akaashi remembered to point his toes.

I sound so needy, fuck.

An intern reached over the side of the tub, ruffled his hair back up a little, and stepped back. Akaashi sucked in a deep breath for the picture.

Well, maybe I am needy. I haven’t gotten laid in a long time.

The photographer sighed, “Akaashi, your eyes look out of focus. I need you toreally glare at the camera. I need to feel your anger.”

“R-right!” Akaashi stuttered, because dammit, he couldn’t afford to mess up a designer shoot right now.

They took some more frames before the director called it a day. The photographer didn’t look very happy, and hence, Akaashi felt like literal shit.
They cleaned him up—rubbed the makeup off his face, and sent him back out into the hallway.

This wasn’t the first shoot Akaashi had messed up this week either. Akaashi sighed, and began to slowly walk towards the cafeteria. It wasn’t too busy today—nobody else was in the hallway, so Akaashi stared at his shoes as he walked.

*I need to get my act together, or else Ukai will stop putting me in shoots, dammit.*

His heart sank a little, but tried to shake it off. Everybody had off days. This was fine.

Akaashi suddenly stumbled, as he nearly ran into something very big and tall. Large hands reached out to steady his shoulders, and Akaashi whipped his head to look up at Aone.

“Oh!” Akaashi blinked, “Sorry, Aone.”

The taller nodded, slowly, and took a step back.

“Uhm.” Akaashi blinked, “Oh, I saw the magazine ad you were in for Rebook! You looked awesome.”

Akaashi could tell he was happy to hear that, because his eyes sparkled, and his lips twitched into a very tiny smile. He nodded, “Thank you.”

“You’re very welcome.” Akaashi smiled, “Have a good day, Aone.”

His eyes sparkled once again, and he nodded, before continuing down the hallway.

It seemed silly, but just from that, Akaashi was already in a better mood. Some of the people at Mode didn’t like Aone because he was so stoic, but Akaashi thought it was quite endearing. He’d personally fight all of them, if he had to.

His phone buzzed in his pants, and Akaashi patted himself down to figure out which pocket he placed it in. He pressed the home button, and the front of his phone displayed:

*Kuroo ((ΦωΦ))*: yo homeslice lets go get some real slice u down?

Akaashi blinked.

*A*: am I supposed to understand what that means, or

*Tsukishima (⌐■_■)*: lmao

*Bokuto ⊕⊕⊕*: translation: lets go get some pizza!!

*A*: oh, okay, yeah

*Kuroo ((ΦωΦ))*: tsukki and I are on our way now!!

Oh yeah, Akaashi had forgotten that they weren’t scheduled for today. That meant that Bokuto was still hanging out around here somewhere.

Akaashi texted:

*A*: Bo, where are you?

Bokuto didn’t respond immediately, so Akaashi began making his way towards the elevator
instead. His phone buzzed halfway there;

Bokuto ☀️矞: Studio 5! Meet you downstairs ;))

“Bokuto, you’re about to lose a hand.”

Bokuto paused, hand halfway into Tsukishima’s fry basket. He’d eaten his meal completely, and kept trying to steal off of Tsukishima’s plate whenever he wasn’t looking.

Akaashi had ordered a salad as well as pizza in an attempt to make himself feel like he was sticking to his diet.

Bokuto reached back in for another fry, and Tsukishima slapped his hand away. Bokuto drew it to his chest, and pretended to tear up as Kuroo laughed at his side.

“I warned you.” Tsukishima said, and ate another fry.

“This is bullshit.” Bokuto pouted. “After I’ve had such a bad day today, too.”

Akaashi blinked. At least he wasn’t the only one. “What happened?”

Kuroo chuckled, “He had a shoot with Ushijima.”

“And that’s bad because….?”

“Ushijima is good.” Tsukishima said simply. “Like, really good. He’s huge, and takes up all the attention, and it’s almost impossible to stand out next to him.”

Akaashi had a hard time processing that. Bokuto was amazing. Surely he’d be able to stand out next to Ushijima?

His thoughts must’ve been written all over his face, because Kuroo smiled, and said, “He’s incredible. You’ll have to watch him some day.”

“You’re right.” Akaashi said, and took a bite of his gross fast-food salad.

The conversation floated from topic to topic- he really appreciated how easy it was to talk to them. He’d known them for a little under six months now, and yet they still had things to talk about.

Although, there was something that was bugging Akaashi. He looked over at where Bokuto and Kuroo sat. They were a modest distance apart, and were chattering like birds.

“Hey, I have a question.” Akaashi twirled his straw in his drink.

Tsukishima raised an eyebrow, “Yeah?”

“Shoot.”

“Do uh.” Akaashi glanced around the restaurant very quickly- nobody was near. “Does anyone at work know about your relationship?”

The three of them paused. Neither said a thing for a moment, before looking to each other for answers.
“Well…”

“Well, not really.”

“Coach knows.” Bokuto shrugged. “But that’s about it.”

“But we also know that he’s dating his supervisor, so it’s dirt on dirt.”

“Kuroo!” Tsukishima hissed, and Kuroo placed his hands over his mouth.

“Supervisor?” Akaashi gaped, “Who?”

Bokuto snickered, “Takeda Ittetsu. They’re cute.”

“Also you’re not allowed to tell anyone.” Tsukishima popped another fry in his mouth, “Or Ukai will lose his job.”

Jeez. That was a bit drastic, wasn’t it?

“So, nobody else knows?” Akaashi cleared his throat, “About you guys?”

“No.” Kuroo said seriously. “And we can’t really tell anyone.”

Bokuto sighed, “I mean, we probably could, but we don’t know how it would affect our careers.”

“If it was common knowledge that we were in a three-way homosexual relationship, it’s possible that none of us could get clients- especially here in Japan.” Tsukishima clarified. “That’s why it’s dangerous.”


The three of them laughed, and the mood seemed to lighten immediately.

“That’s why we spend so much time at home.” Kuroo winked, and Akaashi willed his face to stay neutral.

Right. Yep.

“But you guys are so…” Akaashi waved his hands around, “…you know, all over each other at work.”

“Everyone just thinks we’re bros.” Bokuto wrapped an arm around Kuroo’s shoulders.

“Yeah, sometimes the heterosexual culture can work in our favor.” Kuroo grinned, “Right bro?”

“Hell yeah! We’re the bro-iest, bro!”

“I love you bro.”

“I love you too!”

There was a pause, and everyone turned to Bokuto with an expectant look on their face. Bokuto was genuinely confused, until his face lit up in recognition, and he added, “B-bro!”

Akaashi bust out laughing, and Tsukishima turned to watch him smile.
Bokuto placed kiss after kiss down his throat- which was one of Akaashi’s weak spots, so he had an especially hard time keeping his mouth shut. Akaashi could see Tsukishima slowly pushing Kuroo’s shirt up to his chin- he watched him press kiss after kiss down his stupid-perfect chest. Akaashi wondered if this would be the night they take things further.

Bokuto’s hands were strong, and felt good wherever he put them. They made you feel safe- like you were something to protect. Those strong hands touched him; one at his waist, and the other at his hip. Bokuto sucked on the skin of his collarbone, and Akaashi forgot to cover his groan. Bokuto’s head popped up, like a daisy, he looked incredibly happy.

“Do you like that?!”

“Shut up.” Akaashi said, and moved to pull Bokuto’s face towards his own.

They kissed, all wet tongues and sloppy noises, but it was seriously what Akaashi needed right now. He still felt guilty for messing up that shoot the other day- he wanted to forget, he wanted to lose himself-

Tsukishima suddenly pulled back from Kuroo, and whipped around to look at the time on the cable box.

“Shit…” he whispered out loud. “Guys.” He looked over at Akaashi and Bokuto- of whom were making out like their lives depended on it. “Guys. We all work tomorrow. It’s almost midnight. We gotta’ go home.”

“Spend the night.” Akaashi mumbled against Bokuto’s lips, and Bokuto moaned his approval.

“We can’t.” Tsukishima pulled Kuroo’s shirt back down, and Kuroo pouted. “We won’t get any sleep.”

Akaashi didn’t know what that meant, but he kinda’ wanted to find out.

Yet his mouth said, “Alright. I’ll get the door.”

Bokuto let out a noise of complaint, and slithered down onto the couch. He slouched, and curled up into a ball whining, “Babe whyyyyy?”

“Come on.” Tsukishima tugged on his arm. “Models can’t come in wearing hickies and bags under their eyes.”

“That’s what makeup is for.” Kuroo grumbled, shrugging on his coat. Akaashi felt how he looked- disheveled, and a little pouty. Why did Tsukishima have to be so responsible?

“Tomorrow.” Tsukishima called, as he pushed Bokuto with his left hand, and Kuroo with his right, out the door. “Come over tomorrow.”

Akaashi shrugged, “Okay.”

“Alright.” Tsukishima nodded. He hesitated in the doorway for a moment, and just looked at Akaashi. Bokuto and Kuroo had already begun the decent down the stairway in front of Akaashi’s apartment, but Tsukki stood still. He looked as if he was trying to decide whether or not to do something. He stared at Akaashi, long enough for the shorter to become self-conscious; and then he turned, and left.
Akaashi blinked a couple times. Shit. This was a profile shot. He needed to focus.

He thought he could hear Oikawa give a short laugh, and he felt his cheeks heat. Bastard.

He stared at the camera once more, with all the intensity he had inside himself, and the photographer nodded, “Alright.”

Akaashi felt like shit.

He’d totally fucked up that shoot.

Well, towards the end he did okay, but he was sure half those shots were garbage. Not to mention that Oikawa had walked right on set, and upstaged him immediately, pulling off gorgeous profile shots without hesitation.

Akaashi grumbled into his coffee, and receded further into the couch in the lounge. Ukai hasn’t said anything yet, but I’m going to lose my job if I don’t step it up soon.
“Hey grumpypants!”

Akaashi jumped, and about spilled his coffee all over himself. He turned to glare at Kuroo, who hopped over the back of the couch, and settled in in next to Akaashi.

“Can’t you just sit down like a normal person?” Akaashi spat, and sat his drink down on the coffee table.

“Someone is salty today.” Kuroo wiggled his eyebrows, “What happened?”

“Nothing.”

“Obviously not.” Kuroo said, seriously. “I know you had a shoot with Oikawa. Did he do something?”

Dammit. Why did he always seem to read his mind?

“Not really.” Akaashi told the truth. “He just kind of…made me look like a piece of shit.”

“Oh come on.” Kuroo rolled his eyes, “You’re so pretty.”

“Err- thanks, but.” Akaashi sighed, “I was really thrown off my game. I only think we got a few good photos.” He didn’t explain why he was thrown off his game- and Kuroo didn’t ask, thank goodness.

“Man.” Kuroo relaxed into the couch, and threw an arm over the back. “That’s always the worst.”

“So you’ve had off days too?”


“What if Ukai fires me?” Akaashi mumbled.

Kuroo let out a beautiful laugh, “You’d have to do a lot worse for Coach to get rid of you. Hell, Bo and I are still here, and we once punched a hole in the bathroom wall.”

Akaashi gawked, “You’re kidding me.”

“Nope!” Kuroo laughed, “Coach was pissed, but it was fine. So don’t worry, man.” Kuroo used his arm thrown over the back of the couch to ruffle Akaashi’s pretty hair. “You just gotta shrug it off.”

“Yeah, you’re right.” Akaashi sighed, and tried not to lean into his touch. Kuroo pulled his hand away, and Akaashi huffed, “I just hate watching Oikawa kick my ass.”

Kuroo grimaced, “Ugh, everyone does. Just wait though, you’ll have a moment where you upstage him, and it’ll feel great.”

“That’s what you think.” Akaashi’s shoulders sagged, “I’m not anywhere near his level.”

“Are you kidding me?” Kuroo’s eyebrows drew together, “Did you even see your prints from the Victorian shoot?”

“Umm…no.”

“They were gorgeous Akaashi. And that was a month ago! You only get better, so stop stressin’.”
Akaashi smiled, finally, and looked up at Kuroo. He couldn’t help but admire how gorgeous his face was. His rooster hair was especially wily today, but it was one of Akaashi’s favorite things on this earth. Besides, like, RuPaul’s Drag Race and chocolate covered almonds. He waited a moment, before he said, “Thank you Kuroo.”

He must’ve taken Kuroo by surprise, because his profound cheekbones were coated in light pink. “You’re welcome.”

Suddenly, both their phones began to vibrate simultaneously. The culprit could only be that damn group chat, and Akaashi was right.

**Tsukishima (⌐╦╴◔):** we’re done.

“Sweet!” Kuroo said aloud, and stood. He offered a hand to Akaashi, “Are you ready to marathon High School Musical?”

Akaashi laughed, and accepted his hand, “As ready as I’ll ever be.”

The movie marathon went about as well as one could expect.

There was a lot of screaming and popcorn throwing and snarky comments.

By the time they reached the third movie, Akaashi was at his wits end. There was popcorn in his hair, and Bokuto had thrown one of his socks across the room somewhere, and he couldn’t find his phone. He sat on the couch next to Tsukishima, while Bokuto and Kuroo were on the ground, and were officially banned from coming anywhere near them.

“Why does she care about leaving him behind?” Tsukishima grabbed more popcorn out of the bag in Akaashi’s hand. “She can find better dick in college.”

“It’s supposed to be romantic.” Kuroo purred. “Not that you’d know.”

Tsukishima reached down with his foot and kicked the back of his head, lightly. Kuroo laughed and reached up to grab his toes- he barely missed because Tsukishima quickly pulled his foot back out of reach. Kuroo shifted in preparation to bounce onto the couch, but Tsukishima yelled,

“No! You two are still exiled.”

“Oh come on. It’s been like an hour. Let us back up!”

“Absolutely not.” Akaashi added, and ate some more popcorn.

Bokuto pouted, “At least let us have the popcorn back.”

“No.” Tsukishima and Akaashi said simultaneously.

Bokuto and Kuroo sunk back down on the floor, and began to pout.

“This is a violation of our popcorn rights.”

“Yeah! We’re suing.”

“Try me.” Tsukishima said with popcorn in his mouth, “I went to law school for two years, bitch.”
“Fuck, that’s right.” Bokuto whispered.

Akaashi looked over and raised his eyebrows, “Really?”

“Yeah.” Tsukishima reached to the couch side table for his beer.

“Wow, you did a pretty big career change.”

“I know.”

“Bokuto was going to peruse volleyball.” Kuroo wrapped an arm around his shoulders.

“And Kuroo was going to be an accountant!”

Akaashi began to laugh, “An accountant? You?”

“Hey! I’m very good at math, I’ll have you know.”

Akaashi looked like he had a hard time believing that, and Tsukishima snickered. He nodded, “Actually yeah. He’s in charge of our taxes.”

“No shit.” Akaashi blinked, “Well, sorry Kuroo.”

“I’ll forgive you if you kiss me.” Kuroo pointed to his lips, and Akaashi pretend grimaced- Tsukishima laughed again.

“No, you’re still banished to the floor.”

Kuroo huffed, “At least Bokuto will kiss me!”

“Yes!” Bokuto yelled, and dramatically threw his arms around Kuroo’s neck. They kissed as a joke, at first, but it only took a few moments for Kuroo to moan- then things turned serious pretty fast.

Kuroo reached to pull Bokuto into his lap. He squeezed his ass, and Bokuto’s hands found leverage in his hair.

“Uh…” Akaashi stared, and Tsukishima waved his hand, “Leave them be. They’ll just tire each other out.”

They made it maybe twenty more minutes before Akaashi began to get actually turned on by the intense make out session happening on the floor. Long slender fingers were grabbing onto anything within reach, and their lips seemed to move like a choreography. This year would mark their seven year anniversary- and yet they still looked so enthralled with each other. It was mesmerizing.

Akaashi could see Tsukishima growing fidgety to his left- he knew that he wasn’t watching the movie anymore, because he stopped commenting on every inconsistency. That was fine, because Akaashi hadn’t been paying attention for a while, either. Bokuto rolled his hips languidly against Kuroo’s, and Akaashi felt more blood go south.

Tsukishima suddenly reached forwards, and tapped on Kuroo’s forehead. The couple broke apart, and Tsukishima leaned over the edge to give Kuroo a Spiderman kiss. It was a little awkward, but it was adorable as hell. After they broke apart, Bokuto leaned up on his knees to meet Tsukishima for an actual kiss. After that, Tsukishima sat back, and the duo latched onto each other again.
Was he jealous? Akaashi watched Tsukishima settle back down. He then looked over at Akaashi with striking gold eyes - and he gave Akaashi a look. It was so seductive that it felt like a kick to the gut.

“Come here.” He said, in a serious voice, and Akaashi had no choice but to obey. It was almost like he stole the confidence right out of Bokuto and Kuroo.

Akaashi slid closer, and closed his eyes when long, cold fingers caressed the side of his face. He felt a breath ghost across his face, and then soft lips press against his own. Akaashi sighed, and shuffled to get a little closer. He gripped onto Tsukishima’s bicep, and kissed him sweetly. It was so gentle and soft, but Akaashi wanted more. He felt a hand gently slide up and under his shirt. It ghosted across his flat tummy, and played with the waistband of his underwear before sliding up towards his sternum. Tsukishima’s glasses pressed against his own nose, but Akaashi didn’t mind.

He felt like he was floating. Tsukishima’s lips were lax and kind and they melted Akaashi’s troubles away. Except, he wanted more more more-

They kissed for a while, hands never straying anywhere dangerous. Bokuto had completely tackled Kuroo to the ground by now, and were grinding against each other, completely clothed. It was almost humorous, but they looked super into it, so Akaashi didn’t say anything.

He felt a sudden swell of confidence, and pulled back. Tsukishima looked surprised- his lips were pink, and his cheeks were a little flushed. He looked fucking gorgeous, and it was all Akaashi needed to turn to straddle his lap. Akaashi gripped the back of the couch by the blonde’s shoulders, and drove his hips right against Tsukishima’s.

Well, at least he wasn’t the only one ridiculously hard.

Tsukishima moaned, and the duo on the floor stopped kissing.

“This is what I signed up for, right?” Akaashi said, a little breathless. He watched Tsukishima’s face for a moment, before reaching for the hem of his own shirt. He chucked it over the back of the couch somewhere, and watched as Tsukishima’s face slowly turned mischievous.

“Right.” Tsukishima grinned, and pulled off his own shirt as well. Tsukishima was pale, and soft, and slender. His stomach was smooth, but if Akaashi pressed his fingers into it, he could feel muscle there.

“Thank god.” Kuroo mumbled, and tore into Bokuto’s pants.

“You guys have been holding back.” Akaashi said, and swiveled his hips, grinding against Tsukishima.

“We didn’t want to freak you out.” Bokuto mumbled from the ground. Kuroo’s hand disappeared inside his pants, and he groaned.

“Well, no more of that.” Akaashi said, bravely. “I’m not a damn virgin.”

Tsukishima gave him a look as if to say really now? He immediately reached forwards to unzip Akaashi’s pants, and pushed his jeans and underwear down his hips. He stared at Akaashi for just a moment- his cold eyes flickered across all the new naked skin available to him- before he wrapped a firm hand around Akaashi with no hesitation. Akaashi groaned, and grinded into his hand.

“N-not to say I w-will last long.” Akaashi gasped, and watched Tsukishima grin as he gave a few
experimental pumps. “It’s b-been a while.”

“That’s fine.” Tsukishima purred, and reached around with his free hand to grip Akaashi’s half-bare ass. “You’re gorgeous, Akaashi.”

Akaashi flushed a little, and reached forwards to dig into Tsukishima’s jeans. “You’re one to talk.”

There was some hushed mumbling from the floor-

“Fuck I can’t see!”

“Shut up!”

“W-wait- look-“

“Shit, he’s got a pretty dick too-“

“Shut up!”

Akaashi couldn’t hear a thing they were saying because Tsukishima reached forwards to suck at his neck. Akaashi pulled his cock out of his jeans, and began to do what he did best.

He slid his fingers upwards and circled around the head before sliding back down. He was warm and heavy in his hand, and Akaashi forgot how much he missed this. He pulled back his hand, spat into it, and placed it back around his erection. It was resting pretty against Tsukishima’s soft stomach, and Akaashi felt like he needed more time- he needed more time to memorize everything about this, because he was finally getting what he wanted. Tsukishima wasn’t very loud, but the little gasps and tiny moans meant everything to Akaashi. He tried to keep his mouth shut the best he could, but Tsukishima bit into his collar and twisted his hand just right, and Akaashi groaned.

The lips at his throat smiled, and the hand on his cock moved faster.

Akaashi wasn’t going to last long- Bokuto and Kuroo were practically doing the same thing on the floor, but he knew they were watching him. His thighs shook slightly, and he felt heat pooling in his gut.

Akaashi wasn’t really going to admit that he had a thing for being watched during sex but….

He had a huge kink for being watched.

Bokuto groaned from the floor, and Akaashi nearly shook from it. He tried to keep a steady pace around Tsukishima’s dick, he really did, but he knew his brain could only handle so much right now, so he shifted forwards some more, and shoved Tsukishima’s hand out of the way. The blonde looked up at him, trying to read his face, and Akaashi smiled. He gripped the back of the couch again, and began to rock forwards, steadily.

Tsukishima’s eyes nearly rolled back in his head as bare skin slid together. They were wet from the spit and the precome and it was so so good.

He heard Kuroo groan, ”Sh-shit-“ and made the most amazing moan Akaashi has ever heard in his life. He wanted it memorized. He wanted it to be his ringtone. He wanted to hear it every day. More gasps echoed from the floor, and every single one went straight to Akaashi’s groin.

It should’ve been weird right? All of this should have been strange. These were his friends, and here he was, frotting against one while two jerked each other off on the floor.
But it wasn’t weird. It was so, so far from weird.

Tsukishima’s fingers were at his waist, pulling him forwards, helping Akaashi with his rhythm. Their cocks slid together so perfectly, and it felt incredible. It was hot, and sexy, but so sweet and gentle that Akaashi didn’t know how to feel. His heart was beating so fast, but it felt right. It felt good.

Tsukishima tensed, and moved his hands to grip Akaashi’s thighs.

“F-fuck,” Tsukishima gasped after a hard thrust- and that was what did Akaashi in.

He shuddered forwards, ridding every bad thought and feeling from himself in an instant. He screwed his eyes shut, and gripped the back of the couch hard enough to see the white of his knuckles. He groaned, and pressed his head against Tsukishima’s shoulder as he came. He had half a mind to feel bad about the mess- but he was so far gone that he just rode out his orgasm, shaking in Tsukishima’s lap.

Tsukishima’s hand jumped between them to work him through it- and bless him, because Akaashi saw stars.

He gasped, slowly coming back to the real world. He sat back to look at Tsukishima, whose face was flushed red. His breathing was heavy, and Akaashi could feel him slightly shaking.

Shit, he was close wasn’t he-

Akaashi jumped to slide his hand around Tsukishima once more, and really, he only had to pump his hand twice before Tsukishima’s head whipped back and he groaned. Akaashi watched his face the entire time, completely in shock of how beautiful he was. Akaashi didn’t stop his hand until Tsukishima gave one last shudder, completely relaxing into the couch.

All was silent, for a moment.

Which was concerning, because minutes ago Bokuto and Kuroo were moaning loud and lewdly into each other’s mouths.

Akaashi summoned enough energy to look for them. He spotted them on the floor, still, but were messy, and disheveled. They were both sitting completely still, staring directly at Tsukishima and Akaashi.

The blond still had his head tipped back with his eyes closed and was still sucking in heavy breaths. Akaashi stared at the duo on the floor- their hair was somehow in even worse shape than before, and their jeans weren’t even zipped back up again.

“Uhh-“

“Holy shit.” Bokuto whispered. His face was flushed and gorgeous. “Holy shit.”


“No.” Tsukishima said quickly, but didn’t open his eyes. “Shut up, all of you.”

Akaashi still stared at them, eyes asking for answers, but Kuroo just shook his head.

“It’s nothing, don’t mind us.” He grinned, oh-so catlike. “Although, I call dibs next.”

“Hey! That’s not how this works.” Bokuto laughed, and pushed him.
Akaashi sighed, and tried to calm down his heartbeat.

At midnight, as Akaashi slept sound on the couch, three bodies sat around in the kitchen, drinking tea and whispering softly.

“I was in shock.” Kuroo sipped his drink.

“He was gorgeous.” Bokuto said from his seat on the kitchen counter. “Shivering and squirming on top of you like that.”

“You’re telling me.” Tsukishima mumbled.

“Who knew he was such a seductress?”

“I knew this would be a good idea.”

“This wasn’t your idea.” Tsukishima frowned, “It was our idea.”

“Still.” Kuroo continued. “At least he initiated it. I was really worried he agreed to this whole thing just because we asked him to.”

“I can’t wait to get my hands on him.” Bokuto sighed, dreamily. “He looks so soft.”

“He is.” Tsukishima smirked, and Bokuto whined.

“It’s not fair!”

“Lower your voice.” Tsukishima hissed, but smiled soon after. “And if you hadn’t thrown all that popcorn, it probably would’ve been you underneath those thighs.”

Bokuto let out a really long drawn out groan, and Kuroo laughed.

Akaashi woke the next morning feeling like a completely new person. The sun was warming the apartment, and his blanket felt like a little cocoon. He could hear Bokuto snoring from the next room, so he assumed it was still somewhat early. He silently reached over to check his phone.

He turned it on and the first thing he saw was: You have 1 message from: Ukai the Crafty Bitch (ے۝۝۝)

Akaashi frowned. Kuroo definitely got a hold of his phone last night. He unlocked his phone, and immediately read:

Can you come to my office on Monday?

We need to talk.
its lit
(also thank you guys so much for all the comments and the messages jfc i like cried)
hmu on tumblr
Chapter Notes

come on and slam and welcome to the jam

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Akaashi squirmed in the chair of Ukai’s office. He was so, so nervous. He hadn’t felt like this since his first day at Mode. He wiped his sweaty palms on his jeans, and tried to keep his face neutral. He sat waiting for Ukai to stop talking to a fellow manager in the hallway- he listened to the slow ticking of the clock on Ukai’s desk, and grew more and more anxious with each tick.

After saying goodbye to the other manager, Ukai sat down across from him, nodding, “Sorry about that. Good morning. I’m glad you could come in; I know you weren’t scheduled for today.”

Akaashi swallowed his nerves, “It’s not a problem. What’s up?”

Shit. That sounded too casual. Uh, uh- “Well,” Ukai began, “There’s just something I wanted to talk to you about.” He waved the mouse to his computer, and began to dig through his files. “I’ve been watching you slowly build up your portfolio-” he clicked on something, and turned the monitor so that Akaashi could see. “-and you’ve been doing good. Really good. I’ve noticed some ‘eh’ shoots here and there, but everybody has those.”

Akaashi felt a huge weight lift off his shoulders. Holy shit I’m not in trouble-

On the screen was Akaashi’s online portfolio. There were shots from every photoshoot he’d done since he was hired. Akaashi looked as Ukai scrolled through them. He gave a relieved, “Thank you.”

“It’s something to be proud of.” Ukai turned the monitor back around. “That’s why I want to start pushing you for next year’s Fashion Week.”

Akaashi’s heart literally stopped. His eyes grew round, like saucers, and his mouth fell open. “Y-you-“

“I know it’s five months away.” Ukai held up a hand, “But if you really give it your all right now, I think I could get you in.”

“E-even though I’ve only been under the firm for half a year?” Akaashi gasped, “T-that’s possible?!“

Ukai grinned, “Well, your shots have been quite amazing, Akaashi. If you get in, it’s by your own sweat and brow. I just give the final push. You know, talk good to the companies, and whatnot.”

“Thank you.” Akaashi gasped, “Thank you, thank you-“

Ukai waved his hand, “Don’t thank me yet. It’s far away, and a lot can happen by then. I can’t make any promises.”
“No, I mean.” Akaashi felt as if he might actually cry. “Thank you for wanting to put me in. I know it’s a big risk because I have such little experience.”

A surprised look fell on Ukai’s face, and he nodded, “Of course. I mean, I’ve gotten nothing but wonderful reviews from all your clients. I know that it’s a huge dream of yours to go to New York.”

“Thank you.” Akaashi rubbed at his nose, “Thank you.”

“Now…” Ukai turned away from the computer, smiling, “…let’s talk about that walk of yours.”

Akaashi had barreled out of Ukai’s office an hour later, jumping up and down, eager to tell his friends the good news.

Akaashi really stepped up his game after that meeting with Ukai. He spent the next month working extra hard- he researched every company he worked with, and cleared his head before every shoot. He tried really hard to take any advice he could get from Ukai, as well as any other models willing to help him. Akaashi wanted this so, so bad. He tried practicing different methods to help him calm his nerves before shoots.

Although, he couldn’t help but be excited before this one.

The casting call had been “four males with varying face and body types”, and Ukai had practically jumped out of his seat.

Akaashi sat in the makeup chair, and watched in the mirror as the artist finished applying foundation to his skin. He could see Tsukishima in the chair next to him, and Bokuto and Kuroo across the room.

The makeup artist pulled out a name brand lipstick and lipliner. It was purple, which was totally Akaashi’s color.

If you couldn’t guess, this ad was for an indie lipstick company that wanted to fight stereotypes in their advertisement. It was to be a group shot of all four of them dressed in black and white to make the lipstick color pop.

Akaashi watched the makeup artist apply deep red lip liner around Tsukishima’s lips. She finished her work, and- Akaashi was actually really surprised at how good he looked. He didn’t look like a man wearing makeup ironically- he just looked like…a pretty man.

Akaashi looked at himself in the mirror- the beautician wiped away any excess purple around his lips, and then leaned back. “Alright, you’re good to go.”

“Thank you.” Akaashi nodded, and examined the work. He didn’t look too bad.

“So this is supposed to be water proof?” Kuroo asked from across the room- they put him in black, and it looked really good on him.

“Yes.” His makeup artist responded.

“I don’t really believe you.” Bokuto said, and poked at his blue lips. The beautician slapped his
hand—apparently she’s known him for a long time—and said:

“It’s not waterproof yet idiot. It still has to dry!”

Akaashi saw Tsukishima’s eye twitch in the mirror, but he knew they were friends, so he stayed silent.

Bokuto laughed, “Sorry! Sorry!”

Everything was ready for them on set. The beauticians sat to the side, ready to touch up anything in case it got smudged. Akaashi had never done a shoot with more than two people in one photo, so he was a bit excited—not to mention that it was with his friends.

The friends that he had a group oral sex with the other day.

Yep.

The photographer asked them to squish together, and gave them direction for the energy of the shoot. They were going to do a wide, and then individual profile shots that would be photoshopped together.

Akaashi felt the urge to stand up on his toes—he was definitely the shortest in the shoot. He stood between Bokuto and Kuroo, and he could see Tsukishima loom above them all. The interns angled the lights, and they began to model.

The four of them left their arms at their sides, and stared seriously at the camera. Kuroo mirrored the position Tsukishima was doing on the other end. They took a few shots like that, changing positions periodically. Things were going great—the energy was good, and Akaashi kept having to resist the urge to smile.

“Hey!” Tsukishima suddenly yelled, and smacked Bokuto’s arm. “Stop grabbing my ass!”

Kuroo busted out laughing, as well as Bokuto. Akaashi snickered into his hand, and the photographer sat back, and smiled too.

“I’m sorry!” Bokuto giggled, “It’s just right there, you know!”

“No! I don’t know!” Tsukishima yelled, but Akaashi could tell it was fake anger.

They laughed again, and the lights popped. They jumped, and turned to stare at the photographer. They stumbled over their words, apologizing for the lack of professionalism.

“Sorry!”

“S-sorry.”

“No.” The photographer looked at the computer at her side. “You were all laughing, and it looked really good. I got an awesome photo.”

“Oh.” Kuroo blinked.

“Well, that’s good.” Akaashi giggled, and the rest of them laughed along too.

“We’re good to take some singles now.” She said, and motioned towards some interns to bring a
chair in. “Bokuto, will you go first?”

“Sure!” Bokuto grinned, and the three of them shuffled off set. Akaashi watched him put on that model-like mask, and watched his eyes go from sparkling opals, to narrowed owl eyes. He opened his mouth, just a little, and it made his perfectly lined lips look amazing.

“Ugh, I hate him.” Akaashi joked, and folded his arms. “He’s so good.”

“I know.” Kuroo chuckled. “He can turn it on and off like a light.”

“Babe, you should go get your hair fixed.” Tsukishima motioned to his own head with his hand. Kuroo’s wily hair had returned to its usual mess. It seemed to be no match for hair gel.

“Dammit.” Kuroo grumbled, “Alright, I’ll be right back.”

Akaashi smiled, just a little. Kuroo was ridiculously cute.

It wasn’t long until his name was called, and he got to sit in the chair. The camera was pulled close to his face, and Akaashi took a deep breath. Modeling with just your face was hard- you couldn’t use body language to help you. He relaxed his muscles.

But this is what i excel at though, right?

He closed his eyes, took another deep breath, opened his mouth just a little, and snapped his eyes open. The photographer gasped, and began to click away.

He heard background noise:

“Hot damn!”

“Go Akaashi!”

And then there was the parenting voice of Tsukishima; “Shut up.”

He pulled back to admire his work. A round, purple bruise was now forming beautifully on the inside of Bokuto’s thigh. Perfect.

Akaashi looked up through his eyelashes, and saw Tsukishima leaning over him on the bed, kissing Bokuto senseless. Akaashi moved upwards to place another kiss on his hip, before reaching up to press a kiss to the base of Bokuto’s dick. Bokuto groaned, and Tsukishima swallowed it up. Akaashi placed another open mouthed kiss, and then licked a long stripe up to the top. Akaashi loved teasing. He loved forcing the person beneath him to become a withering mess- which he was partially doing right now. Bokuto was squirming, trying desperately to breathe against Tsukishima’s lips. Kuroo sat back, grinning, watching, and waiting. He jerked off slowly into his hand.

Akaashi sucked into his thigh again, watching his cock twitch against his hip. Every single aspect of Bokuto was beautiful, and Akaashi thanked the lucky stars for being able to do what he did next.

Akaashi moved up to wrap his lips around Bokuto, swallowing him halfway before bobbing his head, expertly. Bokuto groaned, and Tsukishima had to lean down to hold his hips to the bed. Akaashi sucked, and remembered to relax before swallowing Bokuto down further.
Tsukishima sat back to let Bokuto suck in a deep breath, and also to watch Akaashi. He looked up through his eyelashes, and saw three heads staring down at him. Akaashi groaned around Bokuto, and began to move his head faster. He’d only sucked off Bokuto once before, but it was only for a few minutes, because Kuroo had wanted to take over. He’d been kinda’ disappointed.

Speaking of, Kuroo was still working himself in his hand- still watching. Although, he decided to open his mouth, and do what he did best.

“Fuck, Bokuto.” He said in a low voice, and Akaashi watched Bokuto and Tsukishima visibly shiver. “You’re being so good, you know that?”

Bokuto groaned, and Tsukishima began to press kisses into his neck. “Nnn-Akaashi-“

“So good.” Kuroo grinned. “Look at you, all flushed, and hard, keeping your hips to the bed. Such a good boy.”

Bokuto let out a moan, and it was beautiful- Akaashi took that as a sign to start using his hand too. He could do this for hours, for days, for years. Bokuto underneath his hands, Kuroo in his ear, and a naked Tsukishima in front of his eyes- it was like a dream. A really, really good dream.

“Don’t you think he’s doing good, Tsukki?”

“He’s perfect.” Tsukishima said, deep and low against Bokuto’s throat. “He’s on his best behavior, today.”

“Nnn.” Kuroo grinned.

Bokuto gasped, "Nn- p-please-"

And after two months of fooling around like this, it finally clicked in Akaashi’s head;

Bokuto had a praise kink.

Oh. Well, Akaashi could work with that.

He pulled off of his cock to breathe, and worked him over in his hand. He said in a rough, gravelly voice- “Fuck Bokuto, you taste so good.” It was true.

The elder’s back arched off the bed, and he gasped, trying to fuck his hips harder into Akaashi’s hand. Tsukishima was quick to force his hips back down.

Bokuto looked positively wrecked- dip-dyed hair smooshed in the pillows, owl eyes blown wide. Akaashi looked up at Kuroo- almost for permission- and he nodded. Akaashi leaned back down to swallow down Bokuto, and bobbed his head quickly.

Tsukishima had sucked a remarkable bruise into Bokuto’s collarbone, and squirmed back up to swallow his moans. Tsukishima’s hands periodically left his hips to trace up his muscles. They kissed loud, and wet, and it only accompanied the noises Akaashi was making.

Akaashi had half a mind to notice Kuroo groan, and reach for the tissues on the side of the bed- but he was more focused on the shaking thighs beneath his fingers.

Kuroo managed to choke out, “Come on, babe. Akaashi is doing this for you.“

Akaashi moaned his agreement around Bokuto’s cock, and the elder came, exquisitely.
Tsukishima sucked on a popsicle, happily sat upon Kuroo’s lap. They were all a little sleepy and dazed still, so they curled up on the bed, grabbed Bokuto’s laptop, and put on a movie.

Bokuto was tucked into Kuroo’s side, and Akaashi sat about a foot away, clutching onto a pillow.

“I don’t get it.” Tsukishima said around the popsicle. He pulled it out with a pop, and said, “It’s obvious that the Jaegers are working, why don’t they just keep doing that?”

“If they did, then we wouldn’t have a movie.” Kuroo sighed.

“That’s stupid.”

“Do you really need to comment on everything?” Akaashi asked, words half mumbled in the pillow. He still felt boneless- after Bokuto came, Tsukishima had turned and sucked him off so hard he saw stars.

“Yeth.” Tsukishima said, and pulled the popsicle out again and swallowed. He repeated, “Yes.”

“Why are you so far?” Bokuto mumbled. “C’mere.”

Akaashi froze. He still wasn’t sure how this whole friends with benefits thing worked. Was post-sex cuddling on the list? Was it friends with snuggling benefits? Did that count?

Bokuto opened up his free arm, and gestured for Akaashi to join.

Akaashi blinked, “Er-“

Kuroo rolled his eyes, “You just sucked his dick, honestly, you can cuddle with him for a minute.”

Akaashi drew in a breath, and chewed this inside of his cheek as Tsukishima snickered. He shuffled over on the bed, and Bokuto reached over with a strong arm to grip him around the waist. He tugged him over, and Akaashi fell in perfectly to their body pile.

This was much warmer, and much, much better. Akaashi relaxed into his side, and Bokuto grinned, “There we go!”

Bokuto smelled really good- like fresh linens and something distinctly…Bokuto. Tsukishima himself adjusted a little on Kuroo’s lap. The elder then opened his mouth and made little “ah ah” noises. Tsukishima rolled his eyes, pulled the popsicle out of his mouth, and plopped it into Kuroo’s. Kuroo made a slurping sound, and Tsukishima pulled it back out after a moment.

Akaashi stared forwards with a horrified look on his face, and Bokuto shook with silent laughter.

“You guys are disgusting.” Akaashi grimaced.

Tsukishima looked over with a blank expression. He waited a moment, before he looked Akaashi dead in the eye, and deepthroated the popsicle without batting an eyelash, imitating what he had done to Akaashi an hour before.

Akaashi nearly screamed, and tried to pull out of Bokuto’s arms, “Nope, nope-“

Tsukishima pulled the popsicle out of his mouth, because he was laughing too hard. Kuroo was shaking behind him, and Bokuto cackled while clinging onto Akaashi.
“I’m done. I’m done. I’m leaving.” Akaashi wiggled and squirmed, but Bokuto wasn’t just handsome— he was strong, too. “Let me go!”

Tsukishima was crying, wiping tears away as Kuroo howled beneath him. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“Don’t leave, p-please!” Kuroo laughed, hiccupped, and laughed again. Akaashi finally gave up, and flopped back down against Bokuto again with a huff. Although, he slowly started to smile— then he began to laugh—

He laughed, and laughed. He laughed so hard, letting go of every worry he’d ever had. That only spurred on the other three, resulting in a mass giggling pile of bodies, Pacific Rim long forgotten.

The birds outside his apartment were especially lively today. Akaashi opened up the window, and smiled a little at the chirping sounds that filled up his kitchen. He waddled back over to the stove, and stirred the eggs he was making.

His big, baggy pajama pants dragged on the floor, and he scratched his shirtless belly, sleepily. This was one of the first weekends in months that he hadn’t woken up at the trio’s apartment, or vice versa. They’d specifically said that Tsukishima had an away shoot, and Bokuto and Kuroo planned on deep cleaning the apartment.

He wasn’t sure how well that was going to go, but, one could only hope for the best.

Akaashi stirred his eggs, listening to the birds, and humming a song that was stuck in his head. He poured the eggs onto his plate, grabbed a fork, and moved towards his tiny kitchen table. He took in a deep breath, and began to eat his breakfast.

It felt almost…lonely.

He’d almost grown accustomed to waking up to Tsukishima brushing his teeth in the bathroom as Kuroo scurried around the kitchen. He liked to hear Bokuto sing songs in the shower, and had almost grown to expect the chitter chatter while eating breakfast.

His apartment was quiet, and it felt lonely. It shouldn’t have, but it did.

Akaashi took a bite of his eggs. They weren’t as good as Kuroo’s. Kuroo was really good at making eggs. He was also good at tying cherry stems with his tongue, just as Bokuto was good at balancing spoons on his nose and juggling. Tsukishima could wiggle his ears, and he could do that really loud dog whistle that Akaashi wished he could do.

The model sat in his kitchen chair, hair disheveled, eyes sleepy, and realized that he knew them. He’d come to really know these guys— and he enjoyed every bit of it.

Akaashi smiled, and dug into his eggs. He couldn’t wait to see them again. He hoped they felt the same.

He looked at his cellphone, and considered calling his mom. He hadn’t spoken to his parents in a while. After a moment's hesitation, he unlocked his phone, and dialed the number he knew oh-so well.
Akaashi placed his hands in his pockets, and stared at the camera seriously. Kuroo, on his right, kept his body relaxed, and smirked a bit at the camera. They’d slicked his hair back with a ton of product, and he looked ridiculously good.

Today it was a shoot for Helmut Lang; they were doing some shots for the cover of their new website. Helmut Lang was very plain—they used basic colors like black, tan, brown, and white—and there were no prints. It was basic, but very sheik. Just from wearing the clothes, Akaashi could tell they were well made.

Akaashi moved naturally, and the photographer nodded, “Good, Akaashi.” Kuroo grinned, for just a moment, and moved in a position that would complement his. After a few more frames, the photographer sat back and said, “Alright, we’re good for an outfit change.”

They were ushered off set, and pushed towards the clothing racks. Interns helped them undress, placing them in new clothes.

“You’ve gotten really good, Akaashi.” Kuroo said as a stylist placed a sweater over his head. His rooster hair popped up, and an intern was quick to fix it.

“You’re amazing too, Kuroo.” Akaashi chimed. “You’re very easy to model with.”

“So are you!” Kuroo smiled, and ignored the hands pushing at his back to get him back on set.

Akaashi meant what he said. Kuroo was good at runway, but he was also really, really good at normal shoots. He didn’t direct the aura of the room like Bokuto, or take away your breath like Tsukki—he just, delivered. He always gave a good frame, and didn’t seem to disappoint. He was like a rock. A very, very sexy rock. He had this look that he could give the camera that made Akaashi want to drop his pants immediately.

“Akaashi?” Kuroo turned, a nicely shaped eyebrow rising upwards, “Are you coming?”

“Oh!” Akaashi jumped a little, and began to jog forwards. “Sorry!”

They drove back to the trio’s apartment, but not before grabbing a bite to eat on the way there. Tsukishima and Bokuto were at home already because they weren’t scheduled for any shoots today.

Akaashi walked happily from the car, and nodded his thanks when Kuroo held open the door to the lobby.

“So, anyways,” Akaashi continued, “I tell her no, I am not, in fact, a prostitute. I’m just trying to buy my groceries.”

Kuroo laughed, and pressed the button to call the elevator, “And what did she say?”

“She was like you need jesus, and I was like honey, I do, but not for the reasons you think.”

Kuroo snorted, and nearly tripped walking into the elevator, “You did not say that.”

“I did, I’m sorry.” Akaashi laughed a little. “She was so annoying! Like lady, please just let me do my grocery shopping in bright purple lipstick. I’m not hurting anybody.”

“I’m so proud of you.” Kuroo said as the doors closed. “I can’t believe you didn’t wipe that stuff
off as soon as the shoot was over that day.”

“I didn’t have time.” Akaashi argued, and began to walk out of the elevator as they reached the second floor. “Plus I didn’t care. I looked good.”

“Respect, man.” Kuroo said, hands in his pockets as they walked the path they knew so well.

“Hey, I heard about you sticking up for Ukai, the other day.” Akaashi smirked, and looked up at Kuroo. “Talk about respect.”

“Okay, well.” Kuroo dug in his pocket for his key. “I wasn’t going to let that guy badmouth someone he’d never worked for.”

“Even though he was a client?” Akaashi continued. “It takes some serious balls to yell at someone who’s paying you.”

Kuroo chuckled, and flipped open the lock. He gave Akaashi a look- almost one similar to the one he gave the camera today. “Yeah, well.”

He pushed open the door without saying another thing. He gestured for Akaashi to go in first, so he did. He slipped off his shoes, and opened his mouth to say *hey, we’re back*—but he didn’t have the time.

Kuroo slammed the door shut, threw the lock, and gripped Akaashi by the arm. The younger felt a forceful shove, and gasped as his back collided with the door. Akaashi gasped at Kuroo; the elder moved forwards, trapping Akaashi between his body and the door. His face was so intense that Akaashi was stunned silent. The whole situation shouldn’t have turned him on, but it kinda’ did. Kuroo’s hand placed itself against the door beside his head, and the other moved to curl underneath his shirt to touch bare skin. A knee moved between his legs, and Akaashi couldn’t look away from the eyes in front of him.

Two curious heads popped up from the couch, and looked over to the front door.

Kuroo dipped his head, and purred his words loudly against Akaashi’s neck, “Akaashi was so good today~”

It only took Tsukishima and Bokuto a *millisecond* to catch on. Bokuto’s face became mischievous, and he rose from the couch, “Oh yeah? How good was he?”

“Gorgeous.” Kuroo responded low against his throat, and it made Akaashi shiver, “Not one bad frame.”

“Hmm.” Tsukishima smirked from the couch, “In this house, we reward good work, don’t we Bokuto?” Bokuto nodded enthusiastically, grin still in place.

Akaashi didn’t know what the hell was happening, but he was totally okay with it.

Kuroo’s soft lips began to move against his throat, kissing down to his collar. Akaashi’s hands trembled— they seemed to move on their own, curling up and around Kuroo’s neck. Kuroo’s hand slid up his shirt, across his tummy, and up to his sternum. He thumbed over a nipple, once, twice, and then slid back down his sides. He left tiny little tingles in his path— Akaashi almost wished it burned— he wanted his touches etched into his skin. Akaashi tried to speak, but it came out rough, “I—I didn’t even do that nn— well.”

“But your eyes.” Kuroo purred, breath ghosting by his ear, “I was so hard, dammit.”
Akaashi’s entire body shivered, and he swallowed, loudly. He wanted to thank every single deity out there for this moment. Kuroo took a second to rid Akaashi of his shirt, throwing it back somewhere on the floor. He then hooked his fingers underneath the waistband of Akaashi’s pants, and demanded, “Off.”

And really, Akaashi wasn't one to say no to that, so he shrugged off the skinny jeans and chucked them to the ground.

Suddenly Kuroo whispered two words that changed everything: “Lift him.”

Akaashi had maybe half a second to process that, before Bokuto and Tsukishima- whom had been standing nearby waiting- swooped in to pick up Akaashi. They went to either side of him, reached down, and wrapped an arm around each of Akaashi’s thighs. They lifted him easily up into the air, using the door partially for leverage. Tsukishima was on his left, supporting half his weight, as Bokuto was on his right, balancing Akaashi’s thigh with just one arm.

Akaashi yelped, arms flying out to wrap an arm around each of the necks on either side of him. “What the hell-“

Kuroo grinned. Akaashi’s crotch was now around Kuroo’s face level and-

Oh.

Ohhhhhhhhh.

Kuroo leaned forwards, and pressed his mouth against Akaashi’s bare bellybutton. He placed his hands underneath Akaashi’s ass, also supporting part of his weight. Akaashi wasn’t surprised that Bokuto could lift him- but it was surprising to see how naturally strong Tsukishima was as well. It was also kind of a major turn on.

Kuroo kissed his navel, and Tsukishima and Bokuto moved to spread his thighs a little more- it was a good thing that Akaashi was flexible. Akaashi’s face was completely red, but he was growing harder and harder as time went on.

“G-guys, I don’t know if-“

“If you want us to stop, say so now.” Kuroo said against his hip. He sunk his teeth in, and Akaashi groaned. That would definitely bruise.

“No, I just-“ Akaashi sucked in a deep breath as Kuroo bit his hip once more, “I weigh a lot.”

There were three different noises made in disagreement, so Akaashi didn’t bring it up again.

Kuroo mouthed at his crotch through his boxer briefs, and Akaashi sucked in a breath. The cat grinned, “Wow, so hard already.”

Akaashi squeezed a little tighter around Bokuto and Tsukishima’s shoulders- neither argued. He nearly whined, “K-kuroo-“

“Don’t tease him.” Tsukishima purred shamelessly, arm squeezing his naked thigh tighter, “We’re supposed to be rewarding him.”

“You’re right, you’re right.” Kuroo grinned and pulled him out of his underwear.
“Do it good, Kuroo.” Bokuto pulled Akaashi’s thighs open a little wider, “Or I’ll take over.”

Kuroo’s eyes flickered up, for just a moment- almost like a warning- before he gave that Cheshire grin, and placed a loud, wet kiss to Akaashi’s naked skin. Akaashi gasped, and his body seized as Kuroo took him into his mouth.

Bokuto and Tsukishima were strong- they held him still through every shiver and spasm Akaashi had.

This all felt so unreal- he’d never had so much attention from them at one time, and it was turning him on beyond belief.

Tsukishima’s eyes kept flickering between Kuroo, and Akaashi’s face, occasionally smirking whenever Akaashi whipped back his head and groaned. Kuroo squeezed his ass, and sucked him good- his tongue was devilish, licking across his skin as Kuroo bobbed his head.

“Come on,” Tsukishima’s low voice edged him on, “You can take more than that.” He used his leverage on Akaashi to thrust him more into Kuroo’s mouth, and Kuroo took him on with a moan.

And honestly, Akaashi was this close to completely losing his fucking mind. He was shaking in their hands, mouth left open in a permanent display of shock. Kuroo sucked hard, and Akaashi whipped back his head, and moaned.

“Fuck yeah.” Bokuto grinned as he watched Akaashi’s face, “Do that again, babe.”

Kuroo sucked hard again- Akaashi cried out and shook in their hands. Bokuto and Tsukishima stilled him. Kuroo pulled back to get his breath, but he looked so damn smug. He pumped Akaashi in his hand, slowly, and looked up at Akaashi. “Give me that face you gave the camera today.”

“W-what?” Akaashi panted, hands growing sweaty against Tsukishima and Bokuto’s necks. He was so hard he might die.

Kuroo moved his hand slowly, and kissed his hip softly, “C’mon.”

“How the hell was he supposed to model at a time like this?

“T-this is stupid.”

Bokuto’s voice was at his right ear, just as sexy as Tsukishima’s, “Show us how good you are.”

Akaashi shivered, thighs squeezing against strong hands. He closed his eyes, and did his best to snap them open, looking down at Kuroo with as much intensity as he could muster- which wasn’t that much, to be honest.

That seemed to satisfy him though, because he groaned, loudly, and wrapped his lips around Akaashi again. Akaashi nearly thrashed, and the fingers around his legs had to dig deep to keep him from falling. There would surely be bruises, but Akaashi didn’t mind.

Nope. Not at all.

Kuroo’s mouth was incredibly dangerous- he could turn Akaashi to mush by his words and by his tongue, and it wasn’t fair. Akaashi gasped, and cried out when Kuroo began to move faster.
skin was on fire, and his heart was about to beat out of his chest.

“F-fuck, Kuroo.” He panted, and he almost heard Tsukishima and Bokuto moan quietly.

“Come on, Akaashi.” Bokuto encouraged- and dammit, Akaashi didn’t need more stimulus. The hands on his thighs, the mouth around his cock, the voices in his ears-

He didn’t last much longer. He squeezed his eyes shut, and didn’t bother to try to hide his voice anymore. He garbled nonsense, crying out and wiggling in the arms that held him so firmly. "K-kuroo~" He gasped, and moaned, and shivered apart, barely opening his eyes to watch Kuroo swallow it all.

Akaashi didn’t remember Bokuto and Tsukishima gently setting him on the ground afterwards. He didn’t remember the hands that wiped him down with a wet rag, and he didn’t remember being tucked into the couch with a blanket. He was so thoroughly wiped out from nearly coming his brains out, that he entered a cloud-like daze.

He did, however, remember standing in the mirror the next day, gently ghosting his fingers over the bruises on his thighs. The one on his left was in the shape of long, slender fingers, while the one on his right was shaped perfectly like Bokuto’s hand.

There was one last bruise on his hip- it was a purple mark crafted carefully by Kuroo’s mouth. Akaashi almost wished they wouldn’t fade.

He sat excitedly in Ukai’s office, bouncing his leg a little. Ukai took a seat; the man had texted him that morning, asking if he could see him again. Considering the good news he received last time, Akaashi could only imagine what he had to say now.

Ukai sat down and sighed- which... wasn’t a good sign. Akaashi stopped bouncing his leg, and sat up a little straighter. Have I done something wrong?

“So...” Ukai shifted in his chair a little, gripping the sides. “Thanks for meeting with me again.”

“Is something wrong?” Akaashi blinked.

“Not necessarily.” Ukai rubbed the back of his head. “I’ve been watching your portfolio grow the past month. You’ve been doing really good- especially with that makeup shoot.”

“Thank you...” Akaashi said slowly.

“I’ve been pushing your name for New York.” Ukai sighed, “And I found someone that might be interested in using you in some shoots. It’s for two upcoming designers- they’re called SDSK. They want to use one model to take photos in all their stuff for a photoshopped spread in New York. It could end up on a billboard. They’re looking for someone with a really, well, pretty face, like yours. So I suggested you, and they’re interested.”

Akaashi felt his heart soar- he knew it wasn’t set in stone until it went up on the list, but still! This was a big deal!

He opened his mouth to talk, but Ukai cut him off-

“But.” He sighed again. “They’re thinking about using someone else.”
“Oh, okay.” Akaashi blinked, “I’ll just have to try really hard to-“

“It’s Oikawa.”

Akaashi paused. He felt his hands turn cold, and his eyes sing. A knife began to twist in his stomach.

Oikawa Tooru; one of the most popular male models at Mode.

Ukai grumbled, “Unfortunately, nobody else is interested in using anyone with under a years’ experience in a firm. It’s bullshit, but we have to work with what we have. This designer duo’s marketing team has decided to watch how you guys do for the next few months, and then make a decision.“

“So… Oikawa and I…” Akaashi swallowed, “…we’re competing for the same seat to New York?”

“Basically.”

“C-can’t he just find work somewhere else?! He’s popular, he must be able to-“

“No.” Ukai huffed, “I tried already. Both him and his manager really want this client because the publicity will be amazing. It’s a billboard. ”

Akaashi flopped back into the chair, and didn’t bother censoring himself as he sighed,

“I’m fucked.”

Chapter End Notes

can anyone help me please? i don’t know how to start, or what to write.

the plot trains a movin'

(i’d like to thank you guys again for all the nice stuff you’ve sent me, i cry. it fuels me.)

hmu on tumblr
Akaashi made it maybe halfway down the hallway- maybe three fourths, if you really squinted—before he completely broke down.

He had told himself this is okay, this is fine, I can do this, I’ll beat Oikawa- but then he saw Bokuto, Tsukishima, and Kuroo standing there, waiting for him with smiles on their faces, and he immediately felt tears welling in his eyes.

So, he did what anyone else would’ve done.

He ran until he found a supply closet, threw the lock, and refused to come out—because hell if he’d ever let them see him cry.

“Come on Akaashi.” Kuroo’s muffled voice begged. “Open the door!”

“No.” Akaashi mumbled into his arms. There was a mop digging into his back, and the room smelled like Febreeze. He felt like shit, and his heart ached. He just felt…defeated.

“Please just tell us what happened.” Bokuto’s voice dripped with concern. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine-“ Akaashi said, but his voice cracked, and he covered his mouth as a little tiny sob escaped him. He dug his heels into his eyes in an attempt to make his eyes stop watering. Crying was gross, and Akaashi hated it.

There was a pause.

And then; “Bokuto, I’m going to break down this door-“

A different voice cut them off, saying, “Don’t.” There was another pause, before Tsukishima’s soft voice said, “Akaashi, please tell us what’s wrong.”

“Just leave me here.” Akaashi sniffed, “I belong to the mop people now.”

There was a deep sigh, “You know, all I have to do is go find Ukai, and he’ll tell me what you guys talked about.”

Akaashi sat there for a moment, wiping his wet eyes. The models on the other side of the door were patient, and quiet. Akaashi swallowed, and said slowly, “Ukai found someone that might be willing to hire me out for New York Fashion Week.”

“What!?”

Bokuto’s voice piped, “That’s awesome Akaashi! Why are you-“

“Oikawa wants the seat.” Akaashi cut him off, rubbing at his eyes. “They want to watch us for the
next few months to see how we do before they make a decision.”

There was a very, very long silence. Akaashi sniffed again, and played with the plastic on the end of his shoelaces. He was dressed so nice today, but here he was, curled up in a ball, sitting in a janitor’s closet. His pants may never be the same.

Tsukishima’s voice suddenly cut through the door, “I am going to kill him.”

“Tsukki wait-“

“What an asshole! He can have any company he wants, and he goes after the one client that might hire Akaashi! I’m literally going to kill him!”

“Bo, grab him-“

There was some scuffling outside the door- noises of let me go and shit, don’t let him escape, and fuck you I’m gonna go kick his ass-

Akaashi gave a tiny smile as he listened to the fighting happening outside the door. He slowly rose to his feet, wincing at the stiffness in his legs. He waddled over to the door, quietly flipped the lock, and opened the door, just a little. He looked through the crack, and covered his mouth-

Tsukishima was giving Bokuto and Kuroo a run for their money- Kuroo had an arm around Tsukishima’s waist, desperately clinging on while Bokuto had a death grip around Tsukishima’s leg. It was funny, because Tsukishima was winning. All three of them paused, and turned to look at the little sniffing Akaashi in the doorway. His eyes were red, and his cheeks were puffy, and he looked like a little puppy.

Bokuto immediately hopped to his feet, and tried to dive in the room, but Akaashi slammed the door shut, and threw the lock again.

“Dammit!”

“Come on, Akaashi.”

The model silently stood back and pressed his forehead against the wood door. Nobody really said anything for a moment. Akaashi still felt as if his hopes and dreams had been ripped from his hands.

Then, there was Bokuto’s voice, “Look, man, I don’t get why you’re so upset.”

Akaashi’s eyes shot open.

“Bo!” Tsukishima growled.

Kuroo hissed, “Dude!”

“I don’t!” Bokuto yelled, and there was a sound that was probably Bokuto shoving Kuroo off of him. “Look. So what if they’re competing for the same seat? The Akaashi I believe in would never give up because of something like that. The Akaashi I know showed up at Mode on day one and gave it his all- he’s never given up, and I don’t think he ever will! So what’s the big deal?”

Akaashi felt like he might start crying again, but for a completely different reason.

There was another long silence.
“The Akaashi I know wouldn’t let this stop him.” Bokuto added quietly.

After moment’s hesitation, Akaashi’s arm slowly moved towards the deadbolt on the door. He thumbed over the lock, before flipping it. He stood back, and the door was pulled open. Bokuto nearly jumped the short distance to hug him- Akaashi threw his arms around his neck, and hid his red eyes in his shoulder. The arms around his waist were tight, and strong, and Akaashi felt protected.

“Well.” Kuroo said smiling. He folded his arms, and watched them hug. “It looks like today’s hero is Bokuto.”

Akaashi sniffed into his firm shoulder, and didn’t let go.

“Bokuto is right.” Tsukishima suddenly said. He looked as if the words tasted weird on his tongue. “You can do this.”

“Yeah!” Bokuto grinned, still squeezing the younger. “We’ll help you, too!”

“We can tell you everything we know about modeling.” Kuroo added, “We’ll help you get to New York, okay?”

Akaashi nodded, and tried not to cry again, as he said, “You guys are the best.”

“I know.” Kuroo grinned, and Tsukishima slapped his arm.

Akaashi was reluctant to let go of Bokuto, because he really did give the best hugs- but unfortunately they were still standing in the hallway. Akaashi let go, and stood back to rub at his eyes. He mumbled, “I still feel like shit, though.”

“You just need a little pick me up, dude.” Bokuto bounced. “Let’s go get smoothies!”

“No, it’s pay day today. We should go to the mall.” Tsukishima gave a little smile.

They know me better than I thought.

“Well…” Akaashi dramatically sniffed, “I do like shopping…”

There was laughter, then hands were at his head, ruffling his hair.

“So this one? Or this one?” Tsukishima held up two button up shirts.

“Umm…” Bokuto blinked, “They both look the same.”

“Ugh.” Tsukishima dropped his arms back down to his sides, and rolled his eyes, “I forgot you have the fashion sense of Adam Sandler.”

“Hey!” Bokuto laughed off the insult. “I dress fine!”

“Thanks to us.” Tsukishima added. He then called, a little louder, “Hey, Kuroo.”

Kuroo’s head popped out from behind a rack of clothes, “Hm?”

“Which shirt?”
“The left one.” Kuroo said, flatly. “Duh.”

Tsukishima turned back to Bokuto with a face that said *I told you so*, and Bokuto laughed again.

“Okay, guys.” Akaashi rounded the corner, “On a scale of one to ten, how weird would this look on me?” He held up a sweater that was really long, and could probably pass as a dress.

“Uh, zero.” Tsukishima said.

“Negative ten.” Kuroo answered. “You’d look cute as hell.”

“Are you sure?” Akaashi flushed a little, and held it up to himself, “It’d be so big.”

“But then like, the sleeves would do that flappy long sweater thing.” Bokuto waved his arms about like a waving inflatable tube man. “Which is some good shit.”

Akaashi hummed, “You do have a point there.”

“See, even Crocs-McGee over here agrees with us.” Tsukishima hung up the extra shirt in his hand.

“Hey hey hey!” Bokuto laughed, “They’re good shoes!”

“Are you an old lady gardening or a baby on the beach?”

“N-no-“

“Then you can’t wear them.” Tsukishima pushed up his glasses. At this point, Kuroo was doubled over in the isle, trying not to holler laughing.

Bokuto pouted, and crossed his arms. Akaashi laughed against his hand, and squeezed the sweater in his arms. “I think I’m gonna get this.”

“Good.” Kuroo winked.

They checked out, and moved onto the next store- which happened to be one of Kuroo’s favorites. He walked around grabbing shirts off the shelves, whispering to Tsukishima, saying *babe, stop me- stop me, help me- stop me-

Of course Tsukishima didn’t even bat an eyelash. It wasn’t *his* money being spent, anyways.

“I need this.” Kuroo picked up a cat plushie that was on display.

“Do you really?” Akaashi asked.

Kuroo paused, and then whispered, “…no.” He looked at it for moment, and then slowly tucked it under his arm anyways.

“Guys, look!” Bokuto held up a record album, “This is my favorite band.”

“You should get it.” Tsukishima said, not even looking at what Bokuto was holding. Bokuto squinted angrily at Tsukishima’s back, and then turned to Akaashi.

“Look! Look!”

“Ooh.” Akaashi took it out of his hands, and looked it over, “Do you have a record player?”

“No.” Bokuto took it back, “But it’ll look rad on our wall.”
“You guys have some horrible buying habits.” Akaashi said in a monotone, as he continued to grab more clothes he didn’t need. Tsukishima saw through his hypocrisy, and began to snicker. Honestly, this whole shopping thing had really cheered Akaashi up. He needed a change of scenery- he needed to spend money on himself. He felt inspired again, seeing all these designer clothes.

He was going to get that seat to New York, and he was going to beat Oikawa.

There was no question about it.

“Holy shit.” Kuroo suddenly held up a box that said Flavored Condoms.

Tsukishima and Akaashi simultaneously deadpanned,

“No.”

“Oh come on.” Kuroo turned the box over and began to read the list of flavors. “Dude, I want my dick to taste like watermelon.”

“You can’t suck your own dick anyways, so why does it matter?” Akaashi raised an eyebrow.

“That’s what you think.” Kuroo wiggled his eyebrows, and Tsukishima sighed.

“Please don’t try, you’ll break your ribs.”

Bokuto began to take interest in the box as well, and swiped it out of his hands. His eyes scanned the box, and then he laughed, “Dude! Kuroo, I’d totally suck your dick if it tasted like strawberry.”

“Except,” Akaashi interjected, “It’s not going to taste like strawberry. It’s going to taste like latex dipped in strawberry flavoring.”

Bokuto had a look on his face that said well that doesn’t sound so bad- but Tsukishima swiped the box out of his hand, and placed it back on the shelf before they could get any more ideas.

“You’ll suck his dick whether it tastes like strawberry or not.” Tsukishima said with no emotion, but began to smile when they laughed.

“You’re not wrong, Tsukki.” Bokuto cackled, “You’re not wrong.”

Kuroo looked way too proud at Bokuto's reaponse. Akaashi was just glad that they were the only ones in the store.

“Ready?”

“Yes.” Akaashi nodded. He shifted a little, bouncing as he moved. The fan was already drying out his eyes, but it was ruffling his hair, and made him feel like a princess.

“Alright.” The photographer nodded, and got into their position, “Just go ahead and start moving. I’ll follow your lead.”

“Okay.” Akaashi nodded, and took a deep breath. He hopped a little, before giving a big jump, and bounced on the small trampoline. He went up maybe a foot in the air, and did his best to pose. They had him in a white garment that was long and flowy. The fan moved the sheer fabric around,
and it curled and flickered as Akaashi jumped. The photographer snapped away, lights popping whenever Akaashi hit the apex of his jump.

He had a really hard time keeping a serious face because he was having so much damn fun.

“Beautiful.” The photographer snapped away, “One more minute, then you can take a breather.”

Akaashi gave a couple more jumps and tried to be conscious of every part of his body. He tried to remember what Tsukishima said-

“Jump shoots are a pain in the ass. You have to especially mind your toes and your fingers, or else you’ll look funky in photos. Be sure to close your eyes, and then snap them open at the highest point of your jump. Also don’t do that stupidass cliché pose- you know the one I’m talking about.”

Akaashi jumped one last time, and then stopped, trying to catch his breath.

“Perfect.” The photographer turned to their computer screen, and scrolled through some of the shots. “These are good, take a ten.”

Akaashi nodded, and thanked the intern that gave him a water bottle. A stylist moved in to fix his hair and makeup, and another fixed his clothes. This shoot was going to be in a magazine, apparently, so Akaashi was thrilled at the opportunity. He was determined to work as hard as he could until the listing announcement in December.

The rest of the photoshoot went well. He experimented with different poses; some worked, and some didn’t and that was okay. Akaashi kept a good attitude, and gave off a confident vibe in his photos.

He walked to the lounge feeling good. He was wearing his new soft sweater, and Bokuto was right- everything was better with floppy sleeves. He pitter-pattered down the hallway, and was excited to see his friends, who were waiting for him.

He paused when he heard his name; “Hey, Akaashi!”

He turned around to see Oikawa, who had stepped out of hair and makeup to talk to him. He shooed off the beautician, and grinned at Akaashi.

“Umm…hello.”

“How’s it going?” Oikawa smiled. Akaashi didn’t trust him as far as he could throw him.

“….Good?”

“So by now, I’m sure you’ve heard about SSDK.” Oikawa said smugly. He looked way too happy.

“Yeah…” Akaashi raised an eyebrow.

“I just wanted to tell you not to get your hopes up.” Oikawa shrugged, perfect hair moving around his perfect face, “But don’t feel bad, nobody really gets to go on their first year at a firm.”

“What are you trying to say?” Akaashi narrowed his eyes.

Oikawa grinned, “Well, it should be obvious! I’m definitely going to get that seat.”

Akaashi felt his blood boil, but he didn’t want to let Oikawa have the satisfaction of seeing him angry. He took a deep breath, and smiled, “Yeah? Well, good luck, Oikawa. I’m still going to try
“Good luck?” Oikawa laughed, “Sorry, man. I like you, you’re cute, so I’ll give you a little tip.” Akaashi’s eyebrows shot upwards, and Oikawa continued with a devilish smile, “Nobody gets anywhere in the fashion world through good sportsmanship. Haven’t you learned that by now?” Akaashi took a deep breath, and curled his hands behind his back, “Yeah? Well, I’ve been nice to people, and it’s been fine.” “But look where you are.” Oikawa smirked, “Akaashi, the modeling world is full of wolves. If you don’t bite back, you can’t get ahead. Sorry, but I’m taking that seat.” He turned on his heel and winked, before stalking back into the makeup room.

“He just! What an asshole!” Akaashi shouted, pacing back and forth in the trio’s living room. “Yeah!” Tsukishima agreed. “If you know you’re going to get the seat, then why did you feel the need to rub it in my face?!” “Because he’s an asshole!” Tsukishima called. “Yeah!” “Yeah!” Bokuto and Kuroo sighed, and gave each other exasperated looks. For once, it wasn’t them causing the shenanigans. “Guys, let’s just calm down.” Kuroo sighed. “This is exactly what he wants.” “What do you mean?” Akaashi stopped pacing. “Well, all he has to do is say some nasty words, and then you’ll get all flustered.” Bokuto gestured with his hands, “Like so.” “Yeah, and he probably doesn’t even mean half of what he said.” Kuroo continued, and Tsukishima snorted. “It’s true! He’s probably feeling desperate. Akaashi has been killing his shoots.” “Plus, imagine losing a seat to someone who’s had less than a year’s firm experience.” Bokuto added, crossing his legs underneath himself on the couch. “He’s gotta’ be stressin’.” Tsukishima folded his arms, and curled up in the bean bag some more, “You’re telling me that Oikawa was strategizing?” “Well, he is good at what he does.” Kuroo shrugged. He looked at the stressed look on Akaashi’s face and then patted the spot next to him. “Relax, dude. Just keep doin’ what you’re doin’, and you’ll be okay.” “You’re just saying that because you practically have a seat guaranteed.” Akaashi hissed- and he knew that sounded a little mean, but Kuroo didn’t take any offense. “That’s not true.” He tapped the couch again, “But you still need to keep your head up. Ignore him.”
Akaashi shifted on his feet a little bit, before waddling over to the couch and sitting down. Kuroo and Bokuto grinned, and pulled him close. “There we go!”

Tsukishima was still fuming on the bean bag, but his grimace lightened when he saw Akaashi smile again.

He woke up in the middle of the night. Akaashi rubbed his eyes, looked around, and realized that he was at the edge of a very large and warm snuggling pile on Tsukishima’s bed. The blond was curled up in Bokuto’s arms, happily asleep. He looked so peaceful; is glasses were gone, which revealed his gorgeous long eyelashes. Kuroo was on the other side, sleeping with his back to Bokuto’s.

Akaashi rubbed his eyes once more, and tried to remember how he got here again. Normally he slept on the couch, so why was he on the bed? He noticed that they were all in their clothes still. He yawned, and shifted a little on the bed, trying to put a little distance between him and Tsukishima’s gorgeous sleeping face.

Oh, yeah. Akaashi remembered now. They were all up late teaching Akaashi again.

Recently, Akaashi had been seeking constant advice from them. Unsurprisingly, the three had a lot to teach, and Akaashi had a lot to learn. Tsukishima taught him some new avant-garde poses, while Kuroo gave him some posture lessons. Bokuto sat down with him for an hour, pressing his fingers to Akaashi’s face, trying to convey how to better use his facial muscles.

Akaashi was so, so grateful for these people, and their influence on his life.

They came into his little bubble like a tornado- they were loud, and crazy, and caused so much trouble-

But they were so kind, and talented, and smart, and beautiful, and everything Akaashi wanted to be.

He considered moving to the couch. He felt like he was watching something he shouldn’t; Tsukishima unconsciously squeezed Bokuto’s hand in his sleep, and it almost felt like that same hand squeezed around his heart.

Akaashi heard a voice- a voice he’d forced himself to forget.

"Mannequin boy~."

Akaashi shot up in bed, and rubbed at his face. No. This was okay, he’d be okay. He looked back down at the sleeping bodies- the people that he now held so dear to him. He watched them sleep, before settling back down, scooching just a little closer to Tsukishima once more.

“Good work today!” The director shook Akaashi’s hand. “You delivered exactly what I envisioned.”

“I’m so glad.” Akaashi sighed, “I’m sorry about the skirt.”

“Oh, no worries.” The director flopped his hand about, “We should’ve known that spiked shoes
and sheer fabric wouldn’t make a good combination.”

Akaashi laughed, and tucked his hands back into his pockets, “Still, I feel bad.”

“Well, don’t.” The director winked, “You were amazing. We’ll definitely use you again.”

Akaashi felt his heart soar, “Really? Thank you very much sir.”

The director nodded with a smile, before being swept away by interns. Akaashi turned back around to Ukai, who was waiting for him in the doorway.

“Good work today.” Ukai gave a thumbs up. “You’ve really improved.”

“Well, I can’t take the full credit.” Akaashi stated, and followed him out of the studio. “Bokuto, Tsukishima, and Kuroo have been tutoring me.”

“Yeah, I know.” Ukai laughed, “I can see it.”

“You can?”

“Of course.” He said as they walked, “That last pose you did had Tsukishima written all over it- and that open mouth thing, that’s Bokuto. Not to mention your posture is much better.”

“Thanks to Kuroo.” Akaashi added, “He made me walk around the apartment with a book on my head for an hour.”

“Well, it’s making a difference.” Ukai grinned, “I think you have a real chance against Oikawa.”

“But…” Akaashi sighed, “I’ve heard that Oikawa has been doing really good.” He scratched the back of his head, “Not to mention that I’ve seen him sneaking in to watch some of my shoots.”

“Let him.” Ukai snapped, “You just keep working hard, alright?” Akaashi didn’t answer immediately, so Ukai stopped walking, asking for an answer. He pressed, “Alright?”

Akaashi finally nodded, “Alright.”

Tsukishima had Akaashi in his lap, hands moving up and down his naked thighs. They were so, so nice, and Tsukishima quite liked them.

Akaashi kissed him sweet, and slow. He reached inside Tsukishima’s underwear, and was happy to find him just as hard as he was.

Suddenly there was a deep, growling noise to their left, and Akaashi perked up.

Bokuto and Kuroo were going at it like maniacs- their clothes had magically disappeared, and Bokuto had Kuroo pinned to the bed. Except, Kuroo was digging deep, red marks into Bokuto’s back. His nails scraped against his skin, leaving little specks of blood in their path. Their naked bodies were slithering together, and their mouths made slick noises as they kissed.

Akaashi gasped, and Tsukishima hummed underneath him.

“Interesting.”
“What?” Akaashi panted, and Tsukishima leaned up to mouth against his throat. He felt his glasses poke into his jugular.

“What?”

“They’re…” Akaashi lightly moaned, and breathed, “…they’re not this rough, usually, are they?”

“Sometimes they get like this.” Tsukishima looked out of the corner of his eye. Bokuto reached down to Kuroo’s collar and bit deep and hard, and Akaashi saw blood. “There’s some kind of competitive, primal thing they get into. Sometimes it’s spurred on by stress. Sometimes not.”

“Will….” Akaashi grinded against Tsukishima, “Will they be okay?”

“They know the safe word.”

Kuroo growled, and tried to flip their positions, but Bokuto held him firm to the bed- and dammit, this was really turning Akaashi on. There was something about Bokuto being bossy that made Akaashi impossibly hard. Tsukishima must’ve noticed, because he smiled against his neck. He pulled back, and tugged on the waistband of Akaashi’s underwear. “Off.”

“H-huh?” Akaashi looked down, “Oh.” He shimmied out of his underwear, and gasped when Tsukishima quickly turned him around, so he was straddling his lap backwards. He now had a perfect view of Bokuto and Kuroo biting, scratching, and thrusting against each other. Kuroo reached up into Bokuto’s hair and tugged hard.

Akaashi gasped when Tsukishima reached around his body to stroke him. He shuttered, and watched as Bokuto painted bruises with his mouth- the mouth that usually smiled, so beautifully. They looked so enthralled with each other, and Akaashi was almost jealous.

Tsukishima gave one more long stroke, and Akaashi closed his eyes.

“No.” Tsukishima mumbled against his ear, “Watch.”

Akaashi’s eyes flickered open to see Bokuto reach for something in the bedside drawer- he pulled out handcuffs. He gasped, and Tsukishima reached behind himself to grab the bottle of lube that had bounced around. There was the pop of a cap, and then Tsukishima’s slick hand was around him once again- which felt amazing, mind you.

Kuroo stared Bokuto down, and moved to fight him as Bokuto reached for both his hands. Kuroo was strong, but Bokuto was definitely stronger. He cuffed Kuroo to the headboard, and moved to kneel between his thighs.

“Fuck you.” Kuroo growled, and pulled against the handcuffs. Outwardly, it seemed like he didn’t like handing over control- but the pretty erection resting against his hip said otherwise.

“No.” Bokuto mumbled deep and low, “I’ll fuck you.” He bit into Kuroo’s side, and Kuroo groaned.

Meanwhile, Akaashi was shaking apart in Tsukishima’s hands. Beautiful fingers slithered up and down his cock smoothly, keeping a slow pace. It was contrary to how quickly Bokuto was moving to grab the lube, and stretch Kuroo open.

Kuroo groaned, and pulled against the cuffs, growling as Bokuto bit into his collarbone. Bokuto’s hands were rough, but Kuroo took everything he gave him. The sound of metal hitting metal reverberated around the room:
Meanwhile, Akaashi almost didn’t even notice Tsukishima’s hands leave for more lube- he almost didn’t feel the hand trail down and around his ass. He was so enthralled with how Bokuto and Kuroo were tearing each other apart- yet putting each other back together at the same time.

They have insecurities too. They have pent up stress- they're just as human as I am.

Kuroo must’ve already been partially prepped, because Bokuto rolled on a condom and within minutes he was fucking Kuroo like it was the last thing he’d ever do. The pace was so rough, and so contrary to the soft hand jobs and the oral sex they’d been having.

Yet it was the hottest fucking thing Akaashi had ever seen.

Kuroo grabbed onto the headboard, threw his legs around Bokuto’s waist, and dug his heels into his back. He was determined to give back whatever Bokuto gave him, face beautifully firm. He met every thrust, and glared up at Bokuto with intense eyes. His hair was sticking his forehead, and Akaashi couldn’t look away.

Tsukishima slipped a cold finger inside him, and Akaashi shivered. He wasn’t expecting that, but he wasn’t really complaining. Tsukishima’s other hand didn’t leave his cock, and the lips didn’t leave the back of his neck. The long, slender finger pumped twice, before Tsukishima mumbled against his ear,

“You do this to yourself?”

Akaashi shivered, and moved his hips down against Tsukishima’s hand, “O-obviously.”

The mouth at his ear smiled, and he added another finger. ”Good.” And honestly, that raspy voice against his neck was doing miracles for him, and Akaashi wondered if he had another kink he didn’t know about.

Across from them, Bokuto had gripped onto the headboard with his right hand, and Kuroo’s tanned hips with his left. Both of them failed to censor themselves, loud curse words dripping from their mouths like water. Kuroo was groaning, and the handcuffs made a loud clang noise against the headboard.

“F-fuck-”

“Kuroo, nn-“

Tsukishima curled his fingers, and Akaashi saw stars. He opened his mouth and moaned, shuddering and falling apart. Tsukishima held him, and stroked him through the tremor.

His moan must’ve been pretty loud, because Bokuto and Kuroo paused. Both heads whipped over to see Akaashi, straddling Tsukishima backwards, trying to gain leverage on his fingers by digging into Tsukishima’s thighs.

Kuroo took one look, and had to squeeze his eyes shut, groaning, “Fuck, fuck-“

Bokuto gasped, and slammed back into him, sensing how close Kuroo was.

Tsukishima pressed a soft kiss into his neck, and stretched him gently. His fingers were long, and slender, and the hand around his dick felt so so good, and dammit, Kuroo was making those noises again, and Bokuto looked so hot in control, and fuck, fuck fuck-
Akaashi’s vision whited out, and he slammed his head back against Tsukishima’s shoulder. The blond worked him through it, mumbling words into his ear, moving his fingers slowly. This whole situation was so surreal— they’d been at this for months, yet every time they did something like this, Akaashi had to take a moment to really let it sink in. They were so, so, gorgeous. All of them. Akaashi was selfish, and wanted them all.

Next to them, Bokuto had released the cuffs—just in time for Kuroo’s now red wrists to tangle up in Bokuto’s owl-like hair. He pulled Bokuto’s face towards him and groaned, loudly into his mouth.

Akaashi shuddered, shaking apart, and watched as Bokuto and Kuroo did too.

Later, that evening, the four of them fell asleep on a different, much cleaner bed in Tsukishima’s room. Bokuto slept happily in Kuroo’s arms, with Tsukishima half thrown across them both.

Akaashi had half the thought to leave, but a large, warm hand snaked itself around his waist—so how could he say no?

“You look busy.”

“Oh!” Oikawa smiled sweetly, “Hello, Iwa-chan~.”

“Why are you up so late?” He scratched his belly, and flopped down onto Oikawa’s bed.

“Just doing some research.” Oikawa sighed. “There’s got to be something here that can help me.”

“Help you what?” Iwaizumi rubbed at his eyes.

“Get a step ahead of Akaashi.” Oikawa muttered. He scrolled through Akaashi’s online portfolio, and grumbled as he come across some really good shots.

Iwaizumi grinned, “Getting nervous?”

“I can’t lose this.” Oikawa said seriously. “He’s got to have some kind of weakness. There’s got to be something I can do to pull ahead.”

“Just get better.” Iwaizumi’s voice was muffled by the pillows. “You suck.”

“So mean, Iwa-chan.” Oikawa laughed. He continued to search through Akaashi’s work. Iwaizumi eventually fell back asleep on the bed— Oikawa continued to research Akaashi’s name. It was ridiculously late, but Oikawa was running out of time. He needed some kind of clue, some kind of anything that could help him know his opponent better.

Suddenly, an hour later, Oikawa grinned. His smile split wide, as he pulled up a picture in the middle of the night.

“Perfect.” Oikawa whispered. “Absolutely perfect.”
Chapter End Notes

10 pts to whoever got the fired up reference

(i love u all thank u so much)
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Ok u guys gotta promise me somthin'

when i put a link to a song in, you gotta promise me you'll listen to the song before/
while u read the scene trust me ok do u trust me

(put in headphones if ur a little one, theres some bad words)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“My diet is ruined.” Akaashi complained, but he smiled as he did it.
“‘We ruined your diet last week.” Bokuto said, and took a bite out of his ice cream- an actual bite.
“Ugh,” Tsukishima cringed, “I’ve seen you do that so many times, but it still fucks me up.”
“Do what?” Bokuto asked with his mouth full.
“Eat your ice cream like a damn hot dog.” Kuroo clarified, and licked his spoon.
“It’s the reason I scream at night.” Tsukishima deadpanned.

Bokuto took another bite, “You just gotta’ get on my level.”

“Do you not get a brain freeze?” Akaashi tipped his head a little. His ice cream was beginning to melt a little in the warm afternoon sun, but that was okay. He was out with his friends, and he was happy.

“What does that feel like?” Bokuto asked, and Akaashi threw up his arms in defeat.

Tsukishima played with his spoon as he spoke, “Bokuto is immune to most known diseases, as well as the common cold. He’s got a ridiculously high tolerance to pain, and I’ve never seen him keep a bruise longer than a day.”

Akaashi looked as if he didn’t believe a word of that, so Bokuto laughed, and added, “Yeah, one time I punched someone and broke my hand, and it healed in a week.”

“So what you’re telling me is…” Akaashi raised an eyebrow, “…that you’re basically Captain America.”

“Basically, yes.” Kuroo snickered.

“Well, you are shaped like him.” Tsukishima make his fingers in the shape of a triangle, and held them up, “You know, Dorito shaped.”
“Dude!” Bokuto bounced in his chair, “I could totally play Captain America. Marvel should hire me.”

“You’d have to wear a wig, though.” Akaashi reached over to fluff his hair. It was so soft. Bokuto grinned and leaved into his hand, like a little puppy- a cute little owl-like puppy.

“Speaking of,” Kuroo began, “How’d that shoot for Rock Star Wigs go?”

“Oh! Oh!” Bokuto bounced, “I watched that! He did amazing!”

Akaashi rubbed his red cheeks, “It went okay.”

“No, you don’t understand.” Bokuto pushed and pulled on Kuroo’s arm excitedly, “He looked so pretty! He looked just like a girl!”

“I need pictures.” Tsukishima snapped his fingers, and Akaashi hid his face in his hands.

“I managed to sneak one.” Bokuto grinned, and pulled out his phone. He scrolled through his album until he found it, and handed his phone to Tsukki and Kuroo.


“That wig looks gorgeous on you.”

“Thanks.” Akaashi rubbed at his nose.

“If SDSK doesn’t choose you, then they’re really missing out.” Tsukishima remarked, and looked over to Akaashi with unwavering eyes.

That compliment meant so much to Akaashi, but he didn’t want to seem too sentimental, so he smiled, nodded his thanks, and tried to ignore his increasing heartbeat.

Akaashi walked down the hallway, feeling good. He’d just finished another photoshoot, and it had gone really, really well. As the weeks passed, the overhanging doom and pressure to do perfect seemed to melt away. The support of his friends, his parents, and Ukai kept him going. He knew that it would soon be time for SDSK to make a decision, but Akaashi was still motivated to try his best. He placed his hands in his jacket, and rounded the corner to find the bathrooms.

His phone buzzed, so he pulled it out of his pocket.

**Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)):** Hey! We’re going to meet up in the lounge today~ all the models were called there for a meeting, or somethin

His phone buzzed again.

**Tsukishima (⌐■_■):** omw

Akaashi texted back:

**A:** same, be there in five

A few minutes later, he walked back towards the lounge, hands now smelling like lemons. The closer he got, the more he could see a commotion. Models were filing into the lounge- Akaashi
couldn’t see a damn thing over their tall heads, so he stood in the back and waited.

Once he made it into the lounge, his heart stopped beating. It felt like glass had shattered inside his body- a green wave of sickness washed over him.

All the models were standing about in the room, looking at the walls with confused faces. Oikawa sat on the couch, sipping his tea. There was hushed chitter chatter- the soundtrack of confusion.

The walls were completely covered in posters- there were hundreds of them in varying sizes- you couldn’t avoid them. Akaashi saw Bokuto, Tsukishima, and Kuroo all standing together, jaws slack, eyes wide.

They were all posters of Akaashi.

Akaashi felt his hands shaking, and his eyes water. His heart was in his throat- he was going to throw up- he was going to throw up but his feet wouldn’t move.

“Oh!” Oikawa piped, and everyone went quiet, “I see our guest of honor is here.”

Everyone turned to look at Akaashi, and he felt his mask shatter. His hands flew up to cover his mouth, and he stared at the walls.

Each poster was of Akaashi, dressed in scantily clad clothes and heels, with a pole behind him. There were multiple photos- one of him on the pole, one of him straddling a lap, one of him on stage, one of him covered in glitter- all sneakily taken on cell phones against club rules.

Oikawa began to laugh, “It looks like someone stripped to get through college.” He sipped his tea.

Akaashi’s world shattered apart. He was shaking so, so badly, and he knew he was already crying- but he couldn’t move, he couldn’t move. All the stares- they all knew. They all knew. Everything was over. His career, the friends he’d made- they’d all be taken from him.

And the situation was made worse as soon as Bokuto, Tsukishima, and Kuroo turned to look at him.

They know. Akaashi shook, stunned silent, They know. They know. He’d rather rip off his fingernails than have them think badly of him, and yet here he was, standing in the middle of a room, surrounded by his own past.

He hiccupped into his hand as nobody said a thing.

Oikawa sipped his tea again, “Isn’t this just so sad?” He looked around at the walls, “What will people think when they find this out? What will clients think? What a shame…poor little Akaashi.”

There was some murmuring- more hushed chitter chatter- and Akaashi’s resolve crushed into dust. His entire body felt hot as if magma was running through his veins.

run run run run run

He turned down to look at his feet- the feet that refused to move. His friends didn’t say a thing. They were just standing there, frozen in disbelief, just as he was.

They think I’m disgusting. Akaashi covered his eyes. They think I’m-

There was a deep voice.
“So what?”

Everyone froze, and turned to look at the source.

It was Aone.

His hands were clenched at his sides, and his eyes were narrowed dangerously. Oikawa sat up a little on the couch, surprised to hear him speak.

“So what?” Aone repeated, loud enough for the whole room to hear. Akaashi looked through the cracks in his fingers. Aone reached over and ripped a poster off the wall. It made a loud tearing noise, and it was brash enough for some people to flinch. He wadded the posted up in his large hands, and then tossed it to the ground, angrily.

There was a long, drawn out silence.

Then, there were more voices.

“Yeah!” Lev yelled, and everyone turned to look at him. “So what?! Who cares?”

“Yeah!” A female model agreed.

“Yeah!”

Akaashi dropped his hands to his sides, completely in shock.

“At least he got through college!”

“Exactly!”

“It’s nothing to be ashamed of, Akaashi.”

Oikawa stood up from the couch, and cut off their voices, “Are you guys stupid? Don’t you know what kind of industry this is?!” Everyone paused, and Oikawa growled, “You can’t let an ex-stripper model for designer companies! It ruins the name!”

A female model raised her hand up high, and swallowed, before saying “I used to strip too.”

There were a couple hushed gasps, but the model stood strong. She narrowed her eyes at Oikawa, whose face was frozen in shock.

“Me too.” Another model said from across the room.

“I used to sleep with guys for money.” A girl added.

“I worked for a host club.” A male model chirped.

“I sold weed to pay for my college.” Futakuchi added from his spot next to Kamasaki.

Oikawa stood with his mouth open, as the models shouted their secrets- secrets that could ruin their careers- all for Akaashi.

“I did drag.”

Everyone turned to look at Tsukishima, who had long gotten over his surprise. He was glaring at Oikawa with all the intensity he had in his body. Kuroo placed a hand on his shoulder and
whispered tsukki- but he shrugged the hand off.


A memory flashed before Akaashi’s mind—one that felt like ages ago;

“I did some stuff the family didn’t like. Had to leave home, you know.”

Akaashi gaped at Tsukishima, who in turn, gave him a very small smile- and at that moment, Akaashi knew that he’d be okay.

“You’re all insane.” Oikawa snapped, “How can you—”

“Look, Oikawa.” A very tall female model made her way to Akaashi, and placed her hand on his shoulder. Akaashi recognized her as one of the models that the other girls looked up to. “Everyone has done things. Akaashi has been nothing but nice to all of us, and he doesn’t deserve to have his life literally written all over the walls like this.”

Akaashi felt another hand on his back, and he looked up to see Kuroo. Bokuto was at his side, as was Tsukishima. He was still shaking, and he was so confused- but the only words in his head were they don’t hate me, they don’t hate me, they don’t-

Oikawa looked as if his entire concept of reality had shattered apart. Some of the models began to reach up to the walls, tearing off as many posters as they could grab. Akaashi saw Lev and Aone reach up to grab the posters up high- and he had to throw his hands over his mouth to hide his sob.

“We’ve always got your back, Akaashi.” Bokuto said with watery eyes, suddenly wrapping him up in a hug. “Always.”

They have my back. Akaashi sniffed into his shoulder. They have my back.

The lounge doors flew open; Iwaizumi stood, completely fuming. His entire face was red, and his hands were clenched at his sides. He took one glace around the room- he saw the posters, the models trying to take them down, and the shell shocked Oikawa.

He hesitated for only one second, before he stalked across the room, and punched Oikawa right in the face.

“Akaashi?”

“Hmm?” He turned around at the sound of a familiar voice.

“Did you finish up with that customer?” Kinoshita folded his arms.

“Yeah.” Akaashi wiped down his face with a towel. “Almost had to kick him out.”

“I bet.” Kinoshita tugged a little on their matching spandex shorts. “I could tell just by his face that he’d be handsy.”

“It was alright.” Akaashi shrugged, “There’s been worse.”

“True.” Kinoshita nodded. He suddenly blinked, “Oh! Yeah, the boss wants to see you.”
Akaashi felt his heartbeat quicken, just a little. “Now?”

“No.” Enoshita watched as more people entered the bar. “After the show.”

“Alright.” He ran his fingers through his hair, trying to put life back into it.

“Will you be okay?”

“Hm?”

“You’re double scheduled.” Enoshita narrowed his eyes. “You did a show earlier, then a set of personal dances, and now you’re scheduled for a second show.”

“I told boss that I need the money.” Akaashi shrugged. Especially if he wanted to minimize the college debt.

“Alright.” Enoshita pushed away from the bar, “But if you feel tired, you let a noob step in for you.”

“Please.” Akaashi rolled his eyes. “The noobs are still learning how to do a leg lock.”

Enoshita laughed, heartily, and slapped a hand on his shoulder. “True. Just don’t hurt yourself.” He began to walk away, and then turned back once more, to say, “Oh, and be careful with boss.”

Akaashi paused, and then nodded. He knew what Enoshita meant.

He knew to be careful.

He knew not to bite the hand that feeds. Surely, later he’d hear that phrase-

“Mannequin boy~”

It was quiet in the apartment.

Which was a rare occurrence- there was not one peep from the bedrooms.

Akaashi pulled the soft blanket up to his nose, and curled up a little more in the love seat. He wasn’t shaking anymore. His head didn’t hurt. His nose stopped running. He’d be okay.

The trio had brought him back to the apartment, wrapped him in a blanket, and gave him his much needed space. Akaashi must’ve sat there for an hour- an entire hour spent slowly coming back to the real world. His eyes flicked up to the three heads in the doorway. As soon as he saw them, they disappeared. He blinked, and curled his toes a little.

A moment later, Tsukishima came back into the room. He crossed the short distance, and crouched next to Akaashi’s chair. He placed his arms on the armrest, and positioned his chin on top. “Hey, buddy.”

“Hey.” Akaashi looked up at him. They were face level now.

“Are you okay?” Tsukishima asked softly.

“Yeah.” Akaashi nodded. He hesitated for a moment, before he opened up his arms with the
blanket, and looked at Tsukishima. He wasn’t sure if the gesture was too intimate- but if it was, Tsukishima didn’t seem to mind. He stood, and crawled right up next to Akaashi in that loveseat. He shifted Akaashi so that he was halfway in his lap, and wrapped his long arms around him. This was definitely better.

“I’m sorry about what happened today.” Tsukishima said in his ear. “Oikawa had no right to do that to you.”

Akaashi paused, and thought about his response before he said, “I didn’t expect people to stand up for me like that.”

“You’re a good person, Akaashi.” Tsukishima mumbled. “You’ve done nothing but work hard, and everybody recognized that. Oikawa played dirty, and he lost.”

Akaashi sighed, “Do… do you think I’ll be fired?”

“Nobody will tell on you, if that’s what you mean.” Tsukishima’s arms subconsciously squeezed him.

Akaashi gave a relieved sigh, and didn’t say a thing, for a moment. Then, Tsukishima whispered, “I’m sorry we reacted poorly.”

“What are you talking about?” Akaashi turned to look at him.

“We just kinda’ stood there.” Tsukishima actually looked guilty. “We just stood there and watched as you cried- as Oikawa outed your past like that. I’m so sorry. It took Aone to snap us out of it.”

Akaashi yawned, “Shut up. You guys stood up for me. You told your secret to everyone.”

Tsukishima didn’t say anything for a moment. It was warm underneath the blanket, and Tsukishima was very soft. Akaashi closed his eyes, despite seeing two little heads pop up in the doorway again.

Tsukishima then whispered, “Are you ashamed?”

“Am I what?”

“Ashamed.” Tsukishima repeated. “That you were a stripper.”

Akaashi knew Bokuto and Kuroo were listening, but he still said, “No.” It was a real job that Akaashi worked really hard at. He had no regrets. Well, maybe some, but that was of no importance anymore.

“Good.” Tsukishima reached up with his spare hand to run it through Akaashi’s hair.

“Do you have regrets?” Akaashi then asked, opening his eyes. The hand in his hair felt really good. “Are you ashamed of your past?”

“Hell no.” Tsukishima said softly. “The people I met- the things I experienced. That’s what made me who I am.”

That was…. really inspirational. Akaashi managed to ask, “Why didn’t you pursue drag?”

“It wasn’t what I wanted to do as a career.” Tsukishima answered honestly. “This.” He looked up at the wall, where posters of famous models were framed. “This is what I really wanted to do.”
“Me too.” Akaashi smiled. He glanced up at Bokuto and Kuroo’s fluffy heads—which disappeared again. Akaashi gave a short laugh, and said, “You guys can come in…? This is your apartment, anyways.”

Bokuto and Kuroo slowly looked to each other, and scurried over to the couch. Bokuto bounced a little as he sat down, and Kuroo pulled him into his lap.

“Tsukki said if we made any noise, he’d personally bite off our dicks.” Bokuto looked up at Akaashi with big watery eyes.

Akaashi laughed a little, and he felt Tsukishima squeeze him. This was probably pushing the whole ‘friends’ boundary, but nobody seemed to complain. “Sorry.” Akaashi giggled.

“No.” Kuroo shook his head, “We are so, so so sorry-

Akaashi cut him off, saying, “No. You know what?” He breathed, “I don’t have any regrets. If people find out that I used to strip, then…” Akaashi looked up at Tsukishima, “I’m not ashamed. Because that is what made me who I am.”

Tsukishima gave probably the biggest smile Akaashi had ever seen.

Nobody looked at him differently the next day. If anything, his fellow models were friendlier. He received a couple happy nods, a few good mornings- but everything else was the same. Akaashi went out of his way to thank Aone, shaking his hand before asking if he could have a quick hug.

Oikawa didn’t show up for his shoot, but that was most likely due to the huge bruise he was probably sporting.

Akaashi thought he’d be even more anxious coming back to Mode after such a traumatizing experience- but he had Bokuto on his right, Kuroo at his left, and Tsukishima right in front of him, so in Akaashi’s eyes, nothing could go wrong.

He could handle himself. He could handle his own problems. He was an adult.

But he’d come to really appreciate the new support beams in his life.

They walked him to the makeup room, gave him a pat on the back, and left. Akaashi waved to the beauticians, excited to get to work.

He wouldn’t let this stop him from reaching New York. He wouldn’t let Oikawa beat him down.

“So,” Bokuto took the rubber band off of a bag of chips, and shot it up in the air. He laid on his back on the couch, shooting the rubber band up, and then catching it as it fell down. “Did you guys hear about the next away shoot?”

“Yeah.” Kuroo called from the kitchen, “The beach, right?” He walked back into the living room carrying a couple beers. Bokuto sat up to help him.

“Yeah, nearly all the Mode models were hired out.” Tsukishima took his beer graciously. It’d been a busy day at work, and nothing sounded better than getting a little drunk.
“I almost said no.” Akaashi took a sip. “It’s fucking freezing out, and they want me to wear a swimsuit?”

“The beauty of retail.” Kuroo purred, “All the winter merch goes out in summer, all the summer merch goes out in winter.”

“I’m probably going to die.”

“Are you kidding?” Tsukishima gestured to himself, “Have you seen me? I have no body fat. How am I supposed to stay warm?” He then raised up a hand as Bokuto opened his mouth, “And no we will not have sex on the beach.”

Bokuto closed his mouth, and pouted.

“I’m not excited for the itty bitty swimsuits.” Kuroo grimaced. “There’s gonna be a lot of floppy dicks.”

“Nothing I haven’t seen before.” Akaashi deadpanned, and Bokuto about snorted beer out of his nose.

Kuroo and Tsukishima laughed, openly, and Akaashi began to smile too.

“Speaking of floppy dicks.” Tsukishima crossed his long legs, “Has anyone seen Oikawa this week?”

Kuroo snorted, before shaking his head, “No. I haven’t.”

“He’s probably still nursing his black eye.” Bokuto sipped, “And his ego.”

“True.”

Akaashi didn’t say a thing. It was true that Oikawa had canceled his bookings for this week. It made Akaashi look really good, so he couldn’t complain. Plus, he’d probably cry if he saw him, right now.

“So, do you guys want to play a card game tonight?” Kuroo wiggled his eyebrows.

“Wow, you’re getting a little too crazy there, Kuroo.” Tsukishima deadpanned, “You might want to calm it down.”

“Hey! It’s not like we can play something interesting like spin the bottle or seven minutes in heaven.”

Akaashi giggled, “I wouldn’t mind a card game.”

“Me neither!” Bokuto raised up his arms, and Tsukishima sighed in defeat.

Somehow a game of spoons had evolved into this. Really, Akaashi should have expected it. All they really needed was some beer, a couch, and their libidos for things to turn spicy.

Akaashi slithered in Kuroo’s lap, pressing sweet kisses to his throat. Kuroo tasted like…well, Kuroo. His neck tasted like salt, and sweat, and it was addictive. He kissed up to his ear, and giggled when Kuroo’s hair tickled his nose. Kuroo’s hands were pressing into his back beneath his
shirt. He dragged his nails gently down Akaashi’s smooth back, and down under his ass. Akaashi leaned up to kiss Kuroo, who met him halfway. Bokuto was in Tsukishima’s lap, probably doing the same thing.

Suddenly, Bokuto looked over at them. He saw Akaashi wiggling around across Kuroo’s thighs, and grinned.

“How much for a dance?”

He felt Kuroo freeze beneath him, and saw Tsukki do the same. They probably thought he was pushing it, but Akaashi took no offense. He leaned back on Kuroo’s lap, and gave a seductive look through half lidded eyes, because why the hell not- “Depends on what kind of payment you’ve got.”

He heard Kuroo whisper *fuuuuuck*, and Akaashi had to resist a grin. Bokuto, on the other hand, smiled wide. He purred, “I tip really well…if you’re good.”

“Then maybe I’ll give you a run for your money.” Akaashi responded slyly, and Bokuto about jumped off of Tsukishima’s lap.

“Hey-“ Tsukishima called after him. He turned back to Akaashi, “You don’t have to do this.”

Akaashi moved off of Kuroo’s thighs, and turned to see Bokuto drag in a chair from the kitchen, scaring off a sleeping Chibi-chan in the process.

“Nah, it’s fine.” Akaashi watched Bokuto take a seat, eagerly. “As long as you two are cool with it.”

“Oh fuck yes.” Kuroo responded.

“Well, I can borrow your heels?” Akaashi turned to ask Tsukishima, who gaped in shock. He nodded, furiously, and slapped Kuroo’s arm to go get them; he escaped into the next room. Kuroo found them immediately, and tossed the black heels to Akaashi. Bokuto was in the seat, nearly bouncing up and down from excitement. Akaashi shrugged off his jeans, because really, this was not going to happen in pants. He was just wearing some black spandex shorts underneath from the shoot today, so this worked in his favor.

“I might be a little out of practice…” Akaashi buckled one of the heels. *I also don’t have a pole.*

“Do we have music?”

Tsukishima pulled out his phone, “Hold on.” There was a beep as his phone connected to the Bluetooth speakers by the T.V.. He gave his phone to Kuroo, who opened the youtube app to select a song.

“Here are my rules.” Akaashi said, as they waited. He stood up, adjusting to the new height. “I can touch you, but you can’t touch me. If I kiss you, you can kiss me back- but your hands stay by your sides, got it?”

Bokuto looked a little surprised by his demanding tone, but he nodded with an attractive grin. “Got it.”

Akaashi shifted a little in the heels, nervously. *I hope I don’t fuck this up.*

Kuroo began to giggle, and showed Tsukishima his song choice. Tsukishima gave a smirk, and sat back next to Kuroo. The *song* began to play through the speakers, and Akaashi whipped his head
over to glare at them.

“Early in the mornings when I think about you~.”

“Really?”

Kuroo laughed, “Come on! It was in Magic Mike!”

“Seriously.” Akaashi deadpanned. Of course he knew it was in fucking Magic Mike.

This time Tsukishima laughed with him, but said, “Come on! You’re wasting time.”

Akaashi sighed, and closed his eyes for a moment. At least he’d stripped to this song a million times, but still, he hadn’t done this in a while- he’d have to put his mind back into it. It was almost like an ulterior personality- he had to slip into someone that wasn’t him to avoid the embarrassment.

He opened his eyes, determined, and took in his surroundings.

Bokuto sat a couple feet away on the chair. Kuroo and Tsukishima sat on the couch to his right.

Akaashi locked eyes with Bokuto, and got rid any built up embarrassment he might have. He had to have a completely neutral face, or he’d ruin it. He began to roll his body to the beat of the bass.

“I could fuck you all the time-“

Akaashi rolled to each stutter of the song. He whipped his head down, then back up to Bokuto, and let his hands trail across his body. He moved to the beat of the song, hands trailing up his chest, pushing his shirt up to his sternum. He slowly dropped as he did it, spreading his thighs for a moment, before shooting back up, letting his shirt fall back down, covering his slender chest. He dropped once more, this time trailing his fingers over the inside of his thighs as he spread them, balancing on those tall heels. He stood up slowly once more, staring at Bokuto’s stupid-cute face as he did.

He heard Kuroo whisper holy- but Tsukishima slapped a hand over his mouth.

Akaashi ignored them, and only focused on Bokuto. Focus on the customer. The customer is your world.

Akaashi let himself dance towards Bokuto on the chair.

“That’s what the fuck we sippin’“

Akaashi gripped the back of the chair in one motion, dancing in his lap for a moment before bouncing back. Bokuto had the biggest fucking grin on his face, and Akaashi wanted to wipe it right off.

“Pimps up, hoes down, legs up or toes down”

Akaashi kept rolling his body to the beat, face completely serious. Kuroo and Tsukishima were stunned silent on the couch, and Bokuto’s grin didn’t leave. He whispered, “Damn,” because Akaashi was amazing in the heels, dancing fluidly. His body moved like water. He was oh-so seductive; he kept trailing his hands up his chest, pushing his shirt right up to his nipples, before letting his shirt fall back over him.

“And the mornings when I wanna fuck you”
Akaashi propped up his right foot between Bokuto’s thighs, and gripped the back of the chair again. He pulled himself up, and right into Bokuto’s face. Any innocence that Akaashi previously gave off flew right out the window.

“Yeah - I hit you like ‘what you sayin’?”

Akaashi rolled his body close, and continued to dance to the music. He twisted, let his foot fall, and turned to straddle Bokuto. He gripped the back of the chair once more, and rolled his hips against Bokuto’s fluidly. He felt Bokuto gasp, and Akaashi moved his mouth to Bokuto’s neck. He mouthed the lyrics against his ear.

“I could fuck you all the time.”

Bokuto shuddered underneath him. Akaashi leaned backwards, again, and whipped his head back, grinding against Bokuto as he gripped the back of the chair. Akaashi could see him digging his nails into the palms of his hands by his side. He finally stopped smirking- that meant Akaashi was doing his job right.

He rolled his hips in circles before pushing at Bokuto’s chest, and stepping back. He was in sync with the music as he turned on his heel, completely on autopilot now. This was something he’d done so many times before- this was a choreography he’d been taught from day one.

He turned and sat on Bokuto’s lap backwards, gripping the front of the chair between both their thighs, and pushing his ass down. His hands then left the chair, and he stared down Tsukishima and Kuroo as he finally pushed his long shirt up over his head. He tossed it to the floor, eyes never leaving the duo on the couch.

Their faces were priceless- both of their jaws were slack, and Kuroo had a well-placed pillow over his lap.

Speaking of, Bokuto was oddly quiet. Akaashi grinded against him once more, and dramatically gasped when he felt how hard he was. He kept rolling his body, before he hopped up off his lap once more- except he didn’t turn around. Instead, in those tall black heels, he spread his legs and reached down towards the ground to touch his toes, pushing his ass towards Bokuto’s face, before rolling back up.

“Fuck!” Bokuto suddenly yelled, “Fuck! Fuck!”

And Akaashi nearly laughed and broke character, so he turned to straddle his lap again. He wrapped his arms around Bokuto’s neck, and rolled his hips as the rap ended, and the chorus came back in-

“Early in the mornings when I think about you”

He moved in to kiss Bokuto- and Bokuto kissed him back desperately. It was dirty, and loud, all tongues and teeth and it was perfect. Akaashi’s hands left his neck, and trailed them down Bokuto’s chest. The muscles felt so good beneath this fingertips- he pressed his fingers into every divot. Once his hand reached his navel, he brought his hands to his own chest. He mimicked what he did to Bokuto, breaking the kiss to make Bokuto watch him. He dipped his hands down towards his shorts, and thumbed at the waistband.

Bokuto groaned, and whipped his head back, before looking to Akaashi once more. The model grinded down on Bokuto lewdly, and gasped when their clothed cocks rubbed together- and really, Akaashi didn’t typically get hard when he stripped, but this was Bokuto. He tried to forget that, but
he couldn’t. *Bokuto* was the one gasping, and holding back moans as Akaashi danced. *Bokuto* was the one about to draw blood in his own palms.

Not to mention that Kuroo and Tsukishima were *watching him*—and it was way too much of a turn on. Akaashi grinded down and groaned, before doing a full body roll to the beat of the music. He slithered his hands up on his thighs, and rested them there for a moment. Bokuto’s owl eyes were blown wide, drinking in everything Akaashi gave him.

The last line of the song played, so Akaashi wrapped his hands up in Bokuto’s hair, and kissed him once more-

“I could fuck you all the time.”

The song faded away—now the low hum of the speakers resonated in the room. Akaashi broke the kiss to lean back, and moved to shimmy off of Bokuto’s lap. He blinked a few times, trying to come back to himself. He knew he’d be super embarrassed—so he just rubbed as his nose, and stood silent for a moment. Three sets of eyes were staring at him, mouths agape.

“So…” Akaashi shifted on his feet, “Was that okay?”

Bokuto stared at him for one more moment, before he let out a long, drawn out groan and tipped his head back over the chair. He threw his hands over his eyes and groaned again.

“Holy fuck.”

Kuroo piped, “Holy Mother Teresa.”

“Holy Tabasco sauce.”

“Holy mac and cheese.”

“Holy great googly moogly—“

“He gets it.” Tsukishima gasped, still staring at Akaashi. The model rubbed his red cheeks, and moved to sit down on the love seat to take off his heels.

“That was uh…” Akaashi looked away, “…the choreography I was taught. Um. For that song.”

“I’m fucking dead.” Bokuto didn’t open his eyes, completely limp in the chair. “I died. My soul moved on.”

“I’m going to be hard for the next ten thousand years.” Tsukishima added, and Bokuto and Kuroo agreed.

Akaashi giggled a little, and gained the courage to look back up.

“Oh, so you’re embarrassed now, are you?” Kuroo raised an eyebrow at Akaashi’s pink cheeks. “You sure as hell didn’t look shy when you were squirming around in Bokuto’s lap like a goddam succubus.”

Akaashi let himself laugh, “Ah, well…it’s just a state of mind I have to enter into.”

There was a pause, as the room was still cooling off. Bokuto was panting a little, and Kuroo kept shifting on the couch.

“So, can you come back over here?” Bokuto finally asked, voice rough, “I could mine diamonds
with my dick right now.”

Akaashi stared for a moment, before he let out a laugh, and sprinted across the room to jump back into his lap again.

Akaashi sipped his coffee, and opened up the blinds to his apartment. The sun streamed in, and it felt good. He was refreshed this morning- which was a good feeling, especially after all the stress from the week before.

He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, and sipped his coffee once more. His dinosaur-printed pajama pants hung very low on his hips, and pooled at the ground. It took him a moment to remember why they fit so big- they were Tsukishima’s. Right, he’d left them here on accident.

Akaashi ran his fingers over the cute little dinosaurs, and smiled. He was so grateful for all their support and kind deeds. He only hoped he could pay them back one day, somehow.

He took another sip, and listened to the T.V. playing dully from his living room.

A soft knocking came from the front door. Akaashi raised an eyebrow- that definitely wasn’t the trio- Bokuto always knocked like he had a point to prove, which usually ensured yelling and scuffling.

This was just a soft, tentative knock, and then silence.

Akaashi paused for a moment, before scratching his naked belly and waddling over to the door. He looked inside the peephole, and gasped.

Well, he certainly wasn’t expecting to see Oikawa.

How did he even find my apartment?

Akaashi considered not even answering it. Granted, he felt bad for his black eye, but what he did was asshole-ish, and completely uncalled for.

But Oikawa didn’t look smug. He looked….

Akaashi opened up the door, despite his better judgment. Oikawa jumped, as if he hadn’t even excepted the door to open at all. He glanced up- Akaashi could see a purple bruise beginning to fade. There were deep bags under his eyes, and his hair was a disaster. He wasn’t dressed in his usual pristine designer clothes- he was just in sweats, and an old t-shirt.

Akaashi narrowed his eyes at him for a moment, before he asked, “What do you want?”

Oikawa jumped a little again, and blinked, “I uh…” He sighed. He looked away, and then back up at Akaashi. “I came here to-“

Akaashi raised up a hand to cut him off, “If Iwaizumi is making you do this, I don’t want to hear it. I’m fine just never having another interaction with you ever again.”

“No!” Oikawa shouted, and Akaashi jumped. Oikawa gasped at his own outburst, and repeated much softer, “No, no. Iwa-cha-, I mean. Iwaizumi isn’t making me do anything.” He sighed, and mumbled as he touched his bruise, “He actually dumped me.”
Well, that was news to Akaashi.

*Iwaizumi dumped him because he made fun of me in front of everyone? I didn’t even know they were dating.*

But still, he really didn’t want to have this conversation. He moved to close the door, but Oikawa shouted again, “Wait! Wait! Please!”

Akaashi paused, and gave him a glare.

Oikawa cleared his throat, and ran a hand through his hair, “I…Akaashi I…” he sniffed, “I’m so sorry. I’m so sorry for what I did. You didn’t deserve that- you’ve been working so hard, and, and….” Oikawa swallowed, trying to set his words straight, “I could only see failure ahead of me. I saw you and…I could only see myself being defeated. You’re so awesome Akaashi, you’ve been amazing at every shoot, and I…I was scared.”

Akaashi blinked.

Well, some things certainly made sense. This prince-like man; he was just an insecure model who’d only known of success, and feared failure.

“You don’t have to forgive me, or uh…anything. I don’t expect you to.” He sighed, “I just…I wanted to apologize. I want you to know that I’m so, so sorry and…” He looked back up at Akaashi, and blinked away tears, “I want you to have that seat to New York.”

“What?!” Akaashi gasped. “No, i-“

“I don’t want it.” Oikawa said seriously. “What I did was wrong, and I sure as hell don’t deserve to go.”

Akaashi shook his head, “Look, dude. I don’t want any handouts. If I’m going to go, I want it to be by my own hard work.”

“And it is.” Oikawa shoved his hands in his pockets. “I already told my manager that I refuse to go. So, take it. Go to New York.”

Akaashi was a tornado of emotions. He didn’t know how to feel- his chest was about to burst with excitement, but he looked over Oikawa and felt…. He looked so dejected. He just kept touching that bruise. It took Akaashi a moment to figure out that he was more upset over losing Iwaizumi, than losing the seat to New York.

“I forgive you.” Akaashi said blatantly.

Oikawa looked completely astounded. “W-what-“

“Not because you’re giving me the seat.” Akaashi stated. “But because you came here and apologized.”

Oikawa looked as if a huge weight had been lifted off his shoulders. His pretty brown eyes began to water, and he opened his mouth to reply- but Akaashi lifted up a hand and interrupted him, saying,

“Save it. Do you want some coffee?”

“W…what?”
“Coffee.” Akaashi opened the door a little, gesturing with his hand. He stared at Oikawa’s blank face, before the model’s features lit up beautifully, and he nodded, thanking him a thousand times over.

The next day, Akaashi approached Iwaizumi in the hallway, and asked him to take Oikawa back.

Chapter End Notes

stthanks alot guys, i wouldn't have posted this so early if it wasn't for all the support. I had this 100% finished and just sittin here, so i was like why not give back to say thanks 4 all the kind words you guys have left me

edit: anna drew stripper Akaashi!! thank you so much :))
Akaashi placed his hands in his pockets as they walked through the grocery store. He watched Bokuto and Kuroo scurry around with purpose: they were men on a mission.

Tsukishima rested his forearms against the grocery cart, occasionally pushing it forwards. “So,” he began, “I heard Oikawa and Iwaizumi got back together.”

“Mhmm.” Akaashi nodded, and watched Bokuto decide between two watermelons that looked exactly the same. “It took them a month to work everything out, but I’m glad they’re happy now.”

“Me too.” Tsukishima grumbled, “I got tired of seeing Oikawa sulk all over the damn place.”

“Oh yeah, you had a shoot with him the other day, didn’t you?”

“Yeah.” Tsukishima rocked the cart back and forth with his foot, “He was so out of it, that it really pissed me off.”

Akaashi laughed, “Because he was doing bad?”

“Yeah.” The younger huffed, “He can do so much better.”

Akaashi smiled, and shrugged, “Well, at least we can expect to see Asshole Oikawa back now.”

“Hm.” Tsukishima chewed on the inside of his cheek, before he said, “Oikawa gave you the seat, right?”

“Yes, but...” Akaashi said as they began to follow Bokuto and Kuroo down an aisle. “Ukai told me that it’s still not one hundred percent guaranteed.”

“Then work hard.” Tsukishima looked down at him, and Akaashi knew that meant *I believe in you*—so Akaashi allowed himself to smile.

The next few weeks were spent working. Bokuto, Kuroo, and Tsukishima all had to be on their A game as well, if they had any hopes of going to New York. As the weeks went on, Akaashi realized that he wasn’t the only one nervous— but that was okay, because the four of them supported each other in all that they did.

Weeks later, Half of *Mode*s models had returned back to HQ cold, angry, and soaking wet. They’d all driven out for the swimsuit shoot, got halfway through it, and then got rained out. There wasn’t enough time to change, so they all sat in their designer swimsuits pouting until they reached *Mode* again.
Nobody was expecting the New York seat list on the front door of the lounge when they made it back; there was lots of shoving, and yelling, until everyone got a chance to read it.

As soon as they got a glance, Bokuto and Kuroo hugged, and then turned to hug Tsukishima as well. Relief flooded through their bodies, for all their hard work had paid off.

Akaashi still stared at the paper, mouth open, eyes wide. He read through the male model list of names once again-

_Ushijima Wakatoshi_

_Lev Haiba_

_Kuroo Tetsuro_

_Azumane Asahi_

_Tsukishima Kei_

_Bokuto Kotaro_

_Kamasaki Yasushi_

_Aone Takanobu_

And there was one last name.

_Akaashi Keiji_

There was something…surreal about seeing his name on that list.

He’d done it. He’d really done it. Akaashi looked over across the room, where Oikawa stood with an arm around Iwaizumi’s shoulders. Akaashi gave him a smile, and Oikawa grinned back. He gave Akaashi a thumbs up, and Akaashi returned it.

He was suddenly swooped up in arms- Bokuto picked him up and spun him around, yelling, “You did it! You did it!”

Akaashi laughed, and wrapped his arms around his neck. Bokuto placed him back on the ground, and he felt a hug from behind.

“We’re so proud of you.” Kuroo said, hugging him tightly and rocking him back and forth, face burying itself in the back of his hair.

Akaashi’s voice was muffled by Kuroo’s arm, “I’m proud of you guys too.” He really was.


That afternoon he recieved a text from Ukai:

_I knew you could do it._

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Akaashi walked with a purpose.
“Woah, woah, woah.” Bokuto repeated, “I know you’re excited, buddy, but you’ve got to slow down there.”

“That sounds so weird out of your mouth, Bokuto.”

“There isn’t any time to slow down.” Akaashi tugged them through the hotel lobby, “We sat on a plane for fourteen hours. It’s time to go—“

Kuroo laughed, “Alright! Alright!” He looked at Tsukishima expectantly, who pushed up his glasses and refused to walk any faster. Behind them were more models, all checking in at the front desk.

The elevator ride felt like hours to Akaashi, and he nearly hopped down the hallway, dragging his bag behind him. They opened the door to their shared room and gasped. Per request, Ukai had put them all together.

“Yo!” Kuroo called, and slammed the door shut behind him, “This is sweet!” The room was really nice. There was lots of space, and the décor was contemporary.

“Check it out, bro!” Bokuto dropped his bags and ran over to the two queen beds sitting pretty in the hotel room. He flopped onto the bed, and breathed in, “It smells like America!”

“What does that smell like?” Tsukishima dragged in his luggage, and plopped it right next to the dresser in the middle of the room.

Bokuto took another sniff, “Like hamburgers. And oppression.” He took another sniff, “With a hint of hypocrisy.”

“Topical.” Kuroo and Tsukishima said together. Kuroo then laughed, and Tsukki shook his head and rolled his eyes. Kuroo stopped laughing when he realized that there was a voice absent; his head whipped around, looking for the smallest one- and he smiled when he found him.

Akaashi had his nose pressed up against the window of the room. The window was large, and through it, there was a perfect view of Manhattan. Akaashi was completely silent, eyes flickering this way and that to take it all in. His breath fogged up the window, just a little.

The trio stopped their banter, and all turned to look at Akaashi. They sat quiet for a moment, just watching Akaashi’s pretty face. Tsukishima meandered over towards the window, until he was standing at Akaashi’s side. He placed his hands in his back pockets, and looked out at the view, “Gorgeous, huh?”

“This doesn’t feel real.” Akaashi stated. “I just… I can’t believe I’m here.” I worked so hard- but still I never dreamed I’d get this far.

“Well, you are!” Bokuto piped from the bed. “And we’ve got an entire week here!”

“Unfortunately, we work for most of it.” Tsukishima said, because he liked to be a downer. “We all have different schedules, right?”

“Yeah, but we at least have tomorrow to go sightseeing.” Kuroo plopped his suitcase on the ground, and unzipped it. “And then Fashion Week starts.”

“I literally can’t wait.” Akaashi’s eyes didn’t leave the skyline. So many movies, so many designers, so many great ideas have come from this place, and he was here- one of the fashion
capitals in the world.

Tsukishima turned from the window, and left to scope out the rest of the hotel room, “Dibs on sleeping with Akaashi.”

“Hey!” Bokuto sat up, “How come you get to?”

“Because I called dibs.”

“What are we, six years old?” Akaashi turned away from the window, laughing.

“Yes.” All three of them said at the same time, and then began to laugh.

“Dudes, speaking of six year olds, we should take a nap.” Bokuto curled up around the hotel pillow. “I’m jet lagged as hell.”

“Me too.” Tsukishima agreed, and began to slip out of his dark jeans. Akaashi would never get used to seeing his legs; they were just…..so good. Good legs. 10/10 would recommend.

Tsukishima crawled right up next to Bokuto, and Kuroo shrugged off his pants too, before flopping down on top of them both.

Tsukishima yelled, “Hey! Get off me, fatass!”

“Ahh, this bed is so comfy.” Kuroo purred, and stretched across them both. Bokuto tried shoving him off, before he licked his finger, and stuck it right in his ear.

“Ew! Ew! Gross!”

“Nice, Bo.”

“Thanks babe.”

Akaashi smiled, and watched Kuroo eventually settle down on Tsukishima’s left.

Akaashi really wanted to go out and explore, but he figured a nap couldn’t be too bad.

It was still early in the afternoon, but the hotel room had some awesome blackout curtains that worked wonders. Akaashi stared at the skyline once more, before he reluctantly pulled the curtains shut. The room became dark, and Akaashi slithered out of his clothes, and into a pair of sweats he brought in his bag. He bounced onto the second bed, and grabbed a pillow, until-

“Hey!” Bokuto’s owl head popped up, “Whatya’ think you’re doing?”

“Taking a nap?” Akaashi raised an eyebrow, even though he probably couldn’t see it.

“Yeah, but why over there?”

“Uhh-“

“C’mere.” Tsukishima’s already sleepy voice called.

Akaashi blinked, are they serious? This isn’t some post-sex cuddling, or the result of an emotional breakdown.

“There’s no room.” Akaashi blatantly stated. It was only a queen sized bed, after all. They’d
become spoiled by the large beds back at the trio’s apartment.

“That’s the attitude of a quitter.” Kuroo mumbled.

Akaashi sighed, and waddled over to the bed, because he was never any good at arguing. Bokuto squished towards Tsukishima, creating a little bit of room. Akaashi crawled under the covers, and gasped when warm arms wrapped around his waist. They pulled him right onto Bokuto’s chest, and he froze.

“What are you-“

“See! We fit.” Bokuto grinned. Tsukishima and Kuroo snickered at the surprised look on his face.

Well. This wasn’t what Akaashi was expecting.

But really, he wasn’t one to complain. He reached for a pillow, placed it on Bokuto’s chest, and curled right up. There was a tight feeling in his on chest- something that felt like a hand, squeezing around his heart, but he decided to ignore it. Bokuto’s arms were strong and warm around his back, and Akaashi fell asleep easily to Bokuto’s steady breathing.

“Holy shit.” Akaashi gaped, “Holy shit. Holy shit.” There were people all around them, pushing and shoving, but they were in Times Square. This didn’t feel real; this didn’t feel possible-

“No matter how many times I visit, this place still amazes me.” Kuroo smiled, and looked up at all the large screens. It was very much like Tokyo, but also not at the same time. Everything was in English- which Akaashi could kind of read. He could speak English okay, but he definitely wanted to learn better.

“One day, I want to be up there.” Bokuto pointed to one of the billboards.

“We all do, bud.” Kuroo smiled. Akaashi agreed- there’d be nothing better in the world.

“Hey.” Tsukishima tapped Akaashi on the shoulder. He held up his phone, “Get in here.”

Bokuto and Kuroo tried their best to squish into the picture- only a little bit of New York was visible behind their heads- but Tsukishima raised the phone as far back as he could, and did a peace sign. He took a couple photos, before relaxing his arm, “Thanks.”

“Guys!” Bokuto tugged on Tsukishima’s arm, “Lets cross the street! There’s a toy store over there.”

Akaashi stated, “I’m really beginning to think that you’re six, and not twenty- five.”

“No, you don’t understand.” Bokuto blinked, “There is a ferris wheel inside.”

Akaashi hesitated for only a moment, before he deadpanned, “Then why the hell are we standing here?!”

Bokuto cheered, and grabbed Tsukishima’s hand to lead him through the crowd. Akaashi felt fingers tangle between his own, and looked up to see Kuroo’s smirking face.

“What?” he grinned, “It’s safer this way.”
Akaashi arched an eyebrow, but said nothing, and let Kuroo lead the way through the crowded streets. He ignored his heartbeat- he tried to ignore the casualness of it all. Instead, Akaashi looked up one more time, taking in the view.

“Is this the right place?” Akaashi looked around.

“It’s got to be.” Kuroo furrowed his eyebrows, staring at the map on his phone, “This is where we came last time, yeah?”

“Don’t ask me dude.”

Tsukishima sighed, “I’ll go ask someone.”

“Oh, okay.” Akaashi watched Tsukishima wander towards a couple on the corner of the street. Akaashi turned to Bokuto and Kuroo, and sighed, “Man, I wish I was better at English. I don’t have the confidence to go talk to any American on the street.”

“Well…” Bokuto and Kuroo shared a look, and then Kuroo continued, “Tsukki is really good because his mother is from the states.”

Akaashi’s eyes went wide- “What?!”

“Yeah!” Bokuto wrapped an arm around Kuroo’s shoulders, “That’s where the blonde hair comes from.”

“And the height.”

“And the eyes.”

Oh. Well Akaashi had never even considered that.

“So he grew up speaking English?”

“Partially.” Kuroo wrapped his arm around Bokuto’s waist in turn, and Akaashi was almost envious. “His dad always spoke to him in Japanese, and his mom always spoke to him in English, I think.”

Tsukishima strolled back over and nodded, “Yeah, this way to the boat.”

“See!” Bokuto squeezed his arm around Kuroo’s neck, and began to walk, “I knew it was this way.”

“Asshole!” Kuroo laughed, “You’re so unhelpful.”

Akaashi smiled, and watched them push and pull at each other. 

They must be so happy. Akaashi thought, They can show public affection here.

He didn’t see Tsukishima following behind him, watching him with gold eyes.

They took a boat ride around the Statue of Liberty, and took as many photos as they could. The seabreeze felt great against Akaashi’s skin, and the view was incredible. The boat ride was slow, and it forced Akaashi to relax. Once again, Tsukishima tapped Akaashi on the shoulder, and
flipped the phone camera around to take a selfie together.

There was something about this experience that was just so… perfect. He was out with friends in New York City for goddamn Fashion Week. He looked at Bokuto’s wide smile, and watched the ocean breeze ruffle Kuroo’s hair, and watched Tsukishima relax against the rail, and he felt another squeeze around his heart.

He hoped he’d never forget this.

“Akaashi, do your feet hurt?”

Akaashi winced. Damn Tsukishima and his stupid observational skills.

“I’m okay.” Akaashi lied. They’d been all over the place- they took a cab to China Town, and spent a few hours bargaining for souvenirs. They’d done more walking than Akaashi had probably done in his entire life, and he definitely should not have worn Vans.

“Bro, I’ll carry you.” Bokuto crouched down.

“No, no.” Akaashi shook his head, “We’ve still got to walk a mile to meet up with Lev and those girls for dinner.”

“And I’ll carry you!” Bokuto still didn’t move, crouched down, back facing Akaashi.

“Just let him.” Kuroo waved his hand around, and continued to look in one of the shops. “He won’t give up.”

“I’ll carry your bag for you.” Tsukishima offered- which was a big deal, because Tsukishima wasn’t the kind of person to give himself more work than needed. Akaashi thought about it for a moment, before he nodded and accepted his offer. He stared at Bokuto crouched on the ground and sighed, climbing onto his back. Bokuto stood up as if Akaashi weighed nothing, placing his hands under his thighs. He gave a little hop, adjusting Akaashi’s weight, and then grinned, “There we go!”

“Look!” Kuroo came back holding a New York-shaped magnet. “Four dollars, bitches.”

“I could’ve gotten it for two.” Tsukishima said as they began to walk down the street. He shrugged Akaashi’s backpack onto his left arm.

Akaashi could see above everyone’s heads now, and it was amazing. He wrapped his arms around Bokuto’s neck.

“No way!”

“Kuroo, you know Tsukki is the bargaining master.” Bokuto chuckled, “You should just let him do the shopping.”

Kuroo pouted for moment, but looked up, and laughed at the expression on Akaashi’s face. It was so full of glee, taking in all the surroundings- it was hard to stay upset.

“Do you think we could stop by Parsons?” Akaashi suddenly asked, paying no attention to their conversation.
“Possibly!” Kuroo piped, and pulled up his phone, “It’d be really cool to at least see the building.”

“I love project runway.” Akaashi cooed, against Bokuto’s ear. He felt the hands on his thighs squeeze a little.

“Who doesn’t, honestly.”

“Oh, oh!” Kuroo suddenly pointed to a street performer, “Let’s go over there!”

Akaashi was absolutely exhausted. They’d seen the Statue of Liberty, Times Square, China Town, Empire State building, and Central Park. Akaashi’s feet were about to fall off- he was at that point of stupid tired.

So, of course, they were all huddled around on the hotel room floor, giggling like madmen.

“We’re going to be so fucking tired for the runway show tomorrow, Tsukki.” Kuroo sniggered. They were all a little drunk, but not bad enough to get hangovers.

“Don’t remind me.”

“Haha!” Bokuto laughed, “I’m not scheduled with Calvin Klein until Tuesday!” He reached for the empty glass bottle in-between them, and spun it.

“But you’re still going to our show, idiot.” Tsukishima elbowed him. Of course, the bottle landed on him.

“Okay, Tsukki.” Bokuto pulled on the ends of his pajama pants, “Truth or dare.”

“Dare.” Tsukishima blinked.

“I uh…dare you to lick the doorknob.”

“That’s fucking stupid.” Tsukishima rolled his eyes, but stood up anyways. He mumbled, “I’m not drunk enough for this.”

Akaashi laughed; he was having way too much fun. He felt like he was sixteen again, playing truth or dare in a room full of friends.

“We can’t get wasted.” Kuroo reminded him, “Or we’ll probably lose our jobs due to the massive hangovers.”

Tsukishima grumbled as he crossed the room, and stared Bokuto dead in the eye as he licked the knob. He pulled back and grimaced as his two lovers laughed. He sat back down, and flicked the bottle with his thumb and index finger. It spun around, and landed on Akaashi.

“Truth or dare~?” Kuroo purred.

“Um, truth.”

“Lame.”

“I can’t trust you fuckers.” Akaashi joked, and Bokuto and Kuroo laughed.
“True.”

Tsukishima tapped his chin, thinking of a good question. His face suddenly lit up, and he smirked, “Okay, Akaashi. Who gives the best blowjobs?”

Akaashi looked completely taken back by that question. His face warmed, “Uhh…”

“Oh! Oh!” Bokuto bounced, “It’s me, right?”

“Uh, no, it’s me-“

“No no no. We fought over something similar to this last year.”

“Well it won’t be a fight.” Tsukishima stated. “Because Akaashi will tell us.”

“Shit.” Akaashi cursed. “Well….”

“Tell the truth!”

Akaashi sighed, for a moment, and flushed as he said, “Uh…you’re all really good.”

Kuroo frowned, “You have to decide.”

“Tsukishima.” Akaashi stated, and rubbed his nose. “His are my favorite.”

“Dammit.” Bokuto flopped back onto the floor, and Tsukishima raised his arms, as if to say booya~

“I really thought I had that one…” Kuroo grumbled, and watched as Akaashi flicked the bottle. It spun around a couple times, before it landed on Kuroo.

“Truth or dare?”

“Dare.” Kuroo deadpanned. “I fear nothing.”

“Hmm…” Akaashi sat there, thinking for a moment. “You fear nothing, you say?”

A little, teeny tiny look of fear flashed on Kuroo’s face, before he grinned. “I can handle anything.”

“Alright.” Akaashi gave a dangerous smile, “I dare you to knock on Lev’s door and beg Asahi to call you daddy.”

Kuroo looked absolutely horrified, and he immediately whispered, “Please don’t do this to me-“

Bokuto and Tsukishima howled with laughter.

“I thought you feared nothing?” Akaashi smiled. Kuroo obviously had no such kink, but it would be funny as hell to see their reactions.

Kuroo shook his head, “No, no way. I’ll do the payout.”

Tsukishima tsked, “Lame.”

“Come on, dude.” Bokuto laughed, “You’re stronger than this.”

“Whatever, at least poor Asahi won’t be afraid to look me in the eye.” Kuroo stood up, and prepared to do the payout dare. He took off his shirt, and shrugged out of his pants. He sighed, and
looked down at them, “Why is this the payout dare?”

“Because it’s funny as hell.” Bokuto sat back.

Tsukishima gestured with his hand, “Come on monkey, dance.”

Kuroo narrowed his eyes, and groaned out the lyrics to PonPonPon, as he half-heartedly did the dance. Bokuto and Tsukishima looked way too happy, while Akaashi was just confused- and a little embarrassed. This was apparently a thing that had been established way before his time.

He finally finished, and sat back down, a little angry. Bokuto was still laughing, and Tsukishima just kept smiling.

“Dammit, I always hate doing that.”

“Is this a common thing?!” Akaashi nearly laughed.

“Nah, usually Kuroo and I don’t payout.” Bokuto laughed, rocking backwards on his ass, hugging his knees, “Tsukki on the other hand, has done it at least six times.”

“I’m the PonPonPon master, at this point.” Tsukishima deadpanned.

“Okay, I’m sorry.” Akaashi tried not to smile, “But I would pay good money to see that.”

“It’s fucking hilarious.”

“Whatever.” Tsukishima rolled his eyes, “We should go to bed.”

“Nooo.” Bokuto whined, “I’m having fun.”

“Speak for yourself.” Kuroo said, and Akaashi laughed.


“Ugh.” Bokuto groaned, and stood. He offered a hand to Akaashi, who took it graciously. He appreciated the gesture- hell, Bokuto had carried him halfway around the city today, and didn’t complain once. He was just like…a ball of sunshine that deserved to be protected at all costs.

Tsukishima walked out of the bathroom, toothbrush hanging halfway out of his mouth, and dug through his suitcase. Akaashi thought well that’s probably a good idea, and waddled into the bathroom to do the same.

That night, Akaashi fell asleep easily, his own legs tangled together with long pale ones.

Watching Kuroo do runway was a religious experience.

Akaashi remembered to text Ukai a thank you for getting them of them tickets; seeing as a fashion show in New York was nothing like in Japan.

Well, maybe some things were the same, but this. This was amazing. There were hundreds of people, all dressed in beautiful clothes. Not to mention that Akaashi spotted a multitude of designers on the red carpet- he may have freaked out, just a little bit.
The enormous stage was illuminated by colored lights, and the music was loud, like a concert. Akaashi felt Bokuto shifting to his left, so he reached over to pat his leg. Bokuto looked up at him, and Akaashi assured him, “They’re going to do great.”

Bokuto blinked, and then grinned, “Yeah! I’m just so proud of them, you know?”

“I am too.”

When the show began, Akaashi’s heart was beating so, so fast- he was incredibly excited.

They sat through two designers- two that Akaashi hadn’t previously known, but now loved- until Zang Toi’s ready to wear was announced. Models strolled out wearing black and white. Each outfit had stripes, which made the collection look cohesive.

When Tsukishima walked out, Akaashi gasped. He was in a jacket, with no shirt underneath, and black leather pants that made his legs look good enough to eat. Bokuto slapped Akaashi’s thigh excitedly, and Akaashi placed his hand around Bokuto’s wrist. He turned to look at the owl- who was smiling like a madman. Although, Akaashi couldn’t judge him, because he was grinning too.

Tsukishima was amazing. Every time he came on stage, he wore each outfit exquisitely. His slender shape was a perfect match for Toi’s line, and he killed his walk. Akaashi was so, so proud of him. It was obvious that Tsukishima had improved from his last show; although, that was to be expected. Tsukishima practiced his walk every day for months, and now, everything was on point- from his eyes, to his posture.

He was a bit disappointed when Toi’s show ended- but he perked up when he heard an announcement for Skingraft.

Akaashi leaned over to speak in Bokuto’s ear, “Is that Kuroo’s client?!”

“Yes!” Bokuto yelled, and squeezed Akaashi’s hand.

Wait.

Akaashi looked down at their intertwined fingers.

When did this happen?

Akaashi continued to stare; their hands did fit together quite nicely. Akaashi’s fingers were a bit longer than his, but Bokuto’s fingers were large and strong. They must’ve grabbed onto each other when Tsukishima had walked out.

Bokuto looked totally immersed in the show, so Akaashi didn’t bother moving his hand away.

He was really excited for Skingraft. Their clothing was all leather and odd angles, and Akaashi loved it. He knew Kuroo was a perfect match for them, and he was right. When Kuroo walked out, Akaashi stopped breathing.

Kuroo was in all black, and completely owned the stage. The music matched his walk, and Kuroo’s face looked gorgeous beneath the lights. The stylists had embraced his messy hair, and allowed it to take its natural rooster form. Akaashi felt nostalgia for the first time he ever saw Kuroo walk- he somehow was even better than last time. Akaashi ogled, and couldn’t look away.

Kuroo came out several times in the show, each time wearing a different outfit. His face showed no signs of fatigue- and Akaasahi felt smug. Nobody else in this entire audience, other than Bokuto,
knew that the model had danced to jpop in his underwear last night.

Akaashi only felt pride when the show ended. Kuroo and Tsukishima did amazing, and they deserved all the media attention in the world. He now felt inspired; Akaashi wanted to be good enough to stand next to them, and call them his friends.

Akaashi only let go of Bokuto’s hand once the lights came back on.

There were so many after parties- but really, the idea of a nice meal and a soft bed sounded the best.

Maybe they had been a little too excited, sightseeing so much in one day, and then staying up late. But, nobody had any regrets. They ate lunch at a café, and made fun conversations until they meandered back to the hotel.

Tsukishima and Kuroo had received countless congratulatory kisses from Bokuto, and one or two from Akaashi. They were happy from the wine, and from the aura of the city. It really did feel like you could be anybody here- Akaashi felt free. Well, maybe he just really needed a vacation, but still.

He couldn’t wait to travel more; he wanted to go to Paris, and London, and Milan. It sounded sentimental, but Akaashi felt as if he had his inspiration for modeling refreshed ten times over.

Kuroo flopped backwards onto his bed, and groaned, “Holy shit, I’m so tired.”

“It must be exhausting to be so talented.” Akaashi fake-sighed, and Kuroo laughed.

“Thanks, ‘kaashi.”

“What was it like backstage?” Bokuto wiggled his eyebrows, “Did you see anybody famous?”

“I recognized some American models.” Tsukishima said, opening the blinds a little more to see out over the city.

“I did too!” Kuroo rolled over and muffled his voice into the bed. “I saw that one girl who won top model a couple years ago.”

Bokuto chucked off his shirt, and moved to the bathroom to wash his face. Tsukishima walked back over and sat down on his bed, “I brought my laptop, lets watch a movie.”

“No, let’s sleep.” Bokuto walked back into the room. He crawled up and next to Kuroo, wrapping his arms around his waist. Kuroo was more than happy to accommodate this position.

“You didn’t even do anything today.” Akaashi blinked, and Bokuto muffled his response against Kuroo’s back.

Tsukishima huffed, “Akaashi will watch a movie with me.” He looked up for permission, “Yeah?”

Akaashi smiled, “Of course.”

“What are you feeling?”
“I’m feeling a little romantic.” Akaashi said and Tsukishima huffed a laugh through his nose,

“I have the new Cinderella movie downloaded. Does that count?”

“Absolutely.” Akaashi crawled up into the bed, and snuggled beneath the comforter. Tsukishima moved in next to him, and pulled the laptop across their laps. Bokuto and Kuroo had already fallen asleep next to them, and Akaashi’s could only feel affection towards their cute sleeping faces.

Tsukishima handed Akaashi an earbud, and he took it with a nod.

There was something so…normal about this. He didn’t feel like he was fourth-wheeling at all- hell, he never did. This agreement between them was so casual, and Akaashi was so grateful. He wanted nothing more than to spend time with these people, and was so glad he had them to experience New York with them.

And, of course, he appreciated the small things; like Tsukishima’s cold toes wiggling against his legs beneath the blanket, and the soft snores to his right.

At times like these, Akaashi’s anxieties disappeared. Every problem just seemed to…fade away. He may have leaned his head against Tsukishima’s shoulder halfway through, and he might have fallen asleep that way.

No big deal.

There was a soft mumble. The room was dark, and Akaashi felt tempted to fall back asleep. They’d gone out late last night, and saw a Broadway show. Thankfully, Akaashi didn’t have to work today- but the other three did. Akaashi had half a mind to feel bad about not having multiple bookings, but he worked really hard for his one client, and he was proud of it.

There was a soft, “Hey.” It was Tsukishima’s voice, leaning over to whisper in Kuroo’s ear. “Babe. Wake up.”

Akaashi shifted- he was completely squished in between Tsukishima and Bokuto. It was cold last night, so they ended up all sleeping in Bokuto and Kuroo’s bed. Akaashi had just stopped questioning it at this point.

“I’m awake.” Kuroo mumbled, and Akaashi opened his eyes, just a little, to see him press a soft kiss into Tsukishima’s cheek.

“We gotta’ wake up Bo.” Tsukishima whispered.

“Good luck.” Kuroo huffed a laugh, and Akaashi saw a hand reach up and under the back of Tsukishima’s shirt. His tan fingers trailed up and down soothingly, messaging gentle circles into Tsukishima’s back muscles. His touch was so soft, and Tsukishima shifted closer to him.

“Did he shower last night?”

“Yeah.”

“Then we can let him sleep for a few more minutes.” Tsukishima whispered. There was a short silence, and Kuroo pulled Tsukishima even closer. Akaashi yawned, and tugged on the covers a little.
“Do you want to shower together?” Kuroo whispered.

“No.” Tsukishima stated, but Akaashi could hear the smile in his voice, “Nothing will get done.” There was a little laugh from Kuroo, and then more silence. The peace lasted long enough for Akaashi to almost doze back to sleep.

The silence was broken by a very, very soft gasp. It almost wasn’t a gasp—just a little hiccup in Tsukishima’s breathing. Akaashi peeped open an eye, and saw the hand previously on his back, now trailing around his ass. Akaashi could see the top of Kuroo’s bedhead buried in Tsukishima’s neck. The hand moved forwards, and left Akaashi’s sight.

Akaashi almost felt like he shouldn’t be watching this. This was too intimate— as if it wasn’t something for Akaashi’s eyes.

Kuroo shifted, easily, and moved on top of Tsukishima. The younger whispered, “Shh, don’t wake Akaashi.”

“It’s fine.” Kuroo mumbled, and leaned down to kiss him, blanket falling down off his shoulders.

“Ew, don’t kiss me.” The blond said half-heartedly, “Your breath is gross.”

“Too laaate~” Kuroo cooed, and Akaashi thought he heard Tsukishima giggle. Akaashi tried not to watch— he really, really did, but it was so hard not to. Tsukishima was such an interesting person. He took control when he wanted, and sat neutral when he felt lazy— but it was apparent that he became absolute jelly under Kuroo, every time. Tsukishima let out little tiny breaths as Kuroo pushed his pajama pants off his slender hips. Tsukishima was half hard, but that was about to change soon.

Fuck. Akaashi thought, and pretended to be asleep again. This is going to really turn me on.

He heard some more gentle breaths, and a couple hushed moans. They weren’t moving a lot— and Akaashi peeped an eye open to see Kuroo sleepily rutting down against Tsukishima. It was so slow and languid and they looked gorgeous together.

Akaashi couldn’t hide the fact that he was awake anymore— he let out a gasp, and both heads whipped over to look at him.

“Oops.” Kuroo mumbled, and Tsukishima sighed.

“Sorry, Akaashi.”

“Umm…” He blinked, and the words fell from his mouth, “I don’t know why you’re apologizing. I can’t really think of a better thing to wake up to.”

Kuroo’s grin stretched across his face, and he rolled his hips against Tsukishima’s. His pajama pants were pushed halfway down his ass, and Akaashi kind of wanted to bite into it.

Akaashi jumped when he felt strong arms wrap around him from behind. There was a nose at his neck, and hands pressed into his tummy.

“Good morning~.” Bokuto cooed. He looked over Akaashi’s shoulder, and grinned. “I see you guys got a head start.”

“Shut up.” Tsukishima mumbled, and then groaned when Kuroo grinded down against him again. He shifted downwards, kissing across pale skin. Kuroo swiped his tongue across Tsukishima’s
collarbones, and was careful not to leave any bruises. He mouthed down to a nipple, and kissed it, sweetly. Tsukishima was too tired to fight him, and just leaned his head back against the pillow, and shivered. Akaashi found it incredibly beautiful.

Bokuto’s hands were soft and gentle, swiping up his chest, and then down to his fuzzy pants. Akaashi could feel him grind softly against his ass, and trembled when he felt that he was hard.

“Is this okay?” Bokuto’s fingers dipped into the elastic of his pants, prepared to tug them down.

Akaashi swallowed, “I should be asking you that.” He shivered when cold air hit naked skin, and two heads whipped over to look him over. He watched Kuroo and Tsukishima’s sleepy eyes scan his half naked body, and Akaashi was almost embarrassed. Kuroo smiled, then turned back to press another kiss on Tsukishima’s chest.

“What do you mean?” Bokuto mumbled against his neck, and slid his hand down to gently wrap his fingers around his cock. It was almost a little strange, seeing as Bokuto was always so straightforward and not really one to tease. Yet here he was, strong hands gently sliding across soft skin.

“Just that…” Akaashi gasped a little when Bokuto moved his hand. They were all awake, yet they still kept their voices low, and sleepy. “I could move. Um, you know-nn…if you wanted to join them.” Bokuto’s hand pumped slowly, and Akaashi’s entire body shivered.

The lips moved against his neck, “Don’t be silly.”

Well. Akaashi blinked, I guess that’s that, then.

Akaashi watched Kuroo slide back up to grind against the blond again. Tsukishima’s face was the most relaxed Akaashi had ever seen it. He looked up at Kuroo with big gold eyes and…Akaashi could tell that they were so full of love.

Akaashi swallowed, and closed his eyes. 


Bokuto grinded against his backside, and moaned softly into his ear. The sun was starting to stream through the cracks beneath the curtain, lighting up the room softly, and the air smelled like the cotton sheets beneath their bodies.

Akaashi groaned quietly- he wasn’t going to last that long. His stamina wasn’t great in the mornings; not to mention that Tsukishima and Kuroo looked like something out of a sex dream. Bokuto’s voice was deep and low in his ear, and Akaashi moved back to grind his ass against him.

Akaashi watched Tsukishima unravel first, shaking apart, gripping Kuroo by the hair, and thrusting his soft hips upwards. He closed his eyes and tipped his head back, and it was gorgeous. Akaashi swallowed- this was so, so intimate.

Kuroo moaned softly into Tsukishima’s neck, and Akaashi watched the younger’s hand slip between them.

Bokuto’s fingers didn’t stop, but they didn’t speed up either- and that was okay, because Akaashi was already close. He inhaled sharply when Bokuto kissed at his neck.

“B…” Akaashi breathed, “Bokuto-“
“I know.” Bokuto mumbled, and pressed another sweet kiss. Their legs were intertwined, thighs pressed together. Bokuto hand slid down one last time, before Akaashi fell apart, shivering, and gasping into the sheets of that hotel bed.

Chapter End Notes

okay i know its 100% possible to see all those places in one day, because i did a tour of 13 states in 2 weeks, and I only had one day to do all that shit in NY- i am not kidding you, i was fucking dead afterwards

also *throws glitter* thanks again for all the nice comments :))

hmu on tumblr

edit: check out the fanart swimsuit shoot!!
Akaashi stood before the doors, hand levitating above the handle. He had double, and triple checked the location- this was the right place. Akaashi took a deep breath, and gripped the door handle.

“Kuroo.” Akaashi had gently called his name this morning. The elder turned, shirt half on, pants sagging and unzipped. Tsukishima was still asleep on the bed, and Bokuto had left for his second designer shoot.

“Yeah?” Kuroo pulled his black shirt down to his hips.

“I’m scared.” Akaashi stated, eyes staring at the wall, unfocused and hazy. He didn’t like admitting that out loud but...

Kuroo’s eyes widened, just a little, and he slowly sat down on the edge of his bed. He waited a moment, before he beckoned for Akaashi to come closer. Kuroo pulled him so that he was standing between his legs, now just a little taller than he. “Scared of what?”

“Messing up.” Akaashi looked away, but Kuroo lifted a hand, and tipped his head to force eye contact.

“With SDSK?”

“Yeah.”

“Look at me.” Kuroo said, when Akaashi tried to look away. “You’re going to be okay.”

“But what if…” Akaashi whispered, minding the sleeping Tsukishima on the other bed, “…what if they pay for me to come all the way to New York, and I fuck it up.”

“You won’t.” Kuroo stated, hand falling down to cradle his neck. “I know you can do this.”

Akaashi stared into Kuroo’s eyes, “I’m still scared.”

Kuroo made a thoughtful look, and sat silent for a moment. He eventually brought his left hand to rest on Akaashi’s hip, and he whispered, “Do you remember when you gave Bokuto that lapdance.”

Akaashi blinked, “Er- yeah, but-“

“But do you remember what you said?”

“Uh-“
“You said it was just a state of mind you had to enter into.” Kuroo looked at him so fiercely, that Akaashi felt naked. “If you panic, try and do the same thing.”

Akaashi narrowed his eyebrows, and whispered, “You want me to use my coping method for stripping?!”

“It’s just a state of mind.” Kuroo lifted his hand from Akaashi’s neck, and tapped his temple twice. “You can do this.”

Akaashi opened the door to the studio, and gasped at how large it was. This was like Mode’s studio on steroids; there were enormous industrial lights, and large sets. Interns and stylists were running around, doing prep work. He stood, frozen, eyes flickering around the room as his heart jackhammered against his rib cage.

This is so intimidating…

“Hello there!”

Akaashi jumped a little, and looked over at the voice. It was a man, just a little shorter than he, with a strong build and dark hair. He smiled warmly, and spoke in Japanese “Sorry, did I scare you?”

“N-no..” Akaashi blinked. “You speak Japanese?”

“We’re actually from Japan!” The man next to him grinned.

“Oh.” Akaashi blinked. “Er-, is this the SDSK shoot?”

“Yes.” The man next to him nodded, “Akaashi Keiji, right? We’re very excited to have you on board!” He outstretched a hand.

“Yes, t-thank you,” Akaashi shook his hand, and the man smiled,

“You can call me Suga!”

“And you can call me Daichi.” The other man shook his hand as well. He had a strong grip, but a very friendly smile. “We can brief you in while you’re in hair and makeup.” He gestured towards a corner of the large room that had clothing racks and a makeup station set up just for him.

Honestly, it took Akaashi way too long to put two and two together- he had done his research after all.


“In the flesh!” Suga smiled, and Akaashi began to seriously panic.

These are the designers! I’ve never done a shoot with the actual designers here! Holy shit, holy shit-

His panic must’ve come off as confusion, because Daichi chuckled, “This is our first time doing something as big as this, so Suga and I wanted to direct today’s shoot.”

“Oh.” Akaashi said, dumbly, because internally he was freaking the fuck out-

“Please don’t feel pressured to do perfect because we’re here.” Suga smiled sweetly, and began to
walking again. “We’re a little nervous too! Haha.”

“Yeah, we’ve been working pretty hard on this collection.” Daichi nodded, “But we’ve seen all your past work, and we think you’re perfect for the billboard.”

“Wow.” Akaashi gasped, “Thank you.”

“No problem!” Suga gestured towards the chair, “Now please, take a seat, and we’ll tell you all about our collection!”

Daichi and Suga were incredibly nice. Akaashi couldn’t have asked for a better first big client. They filled him in on all the details. This was a ready to wear menswear line, and the color scheme was gold and black. They put Akaashi in gold glitter makeup, and gave him winged eyeliner. It looked really good, actually.

“Alright.” Daichi said as the photographer got into place, “We want you to look serious.”

“Like you could kick our ass.” Suga filled in, and Akaashi nodded.

“Got it.”

He placed his hands into the pockets of the suit jacket. Akaashi felt incredibly honored to model something right in front of its creators. The jacket fit very well- Daichi and Suga were obviously talented.

The photographer moved back a little, and Akaashi tipped his chin, and looked away from the camera. The lights popped, and Akaashi flicked his eyes back over to the lense. He was still a little nervous, but Daichi and Suga’s smiling faces gave him confidence.

“A little more melancholy?” Daichi asked, and Akaashi relaxed his eyebrows. Bokuto’s little tutoring sessions had really stayed with Akaashi- he remembered all his tips and tricks.

“Gorgeous.” Suga cooed, and leaned over to watch each shot pop up on the monitor. “Let’s do a few more frames, Chikara.”

The photographer nodded, and leaned back down behind his camera. Akaashi shifted into a slightly different pose by putting more of his body weight onto his heels, and arching his back, just a little. The camera clicked a few more times, until Suga and Daichi relaxed.

“Alright!” The photographer looked over at the monitor, “I think he’s good for an outfit change.”

“Should we do the gold jacket and striped pants next?” Suga asked the other designer.

“Hmm.” Daichi looked back over at Akaashi. “I want to see the feather jacket, actually.”

“Oh, good idea.” Suga then turned to an intern, “Put him in the crow one, please.”

Akaashi had only a moment to breathe, until hands pushed at his back, leading him towards the clothes rack. They helped him out of the one-of-a-kind clothes carefully, and slipped him into a black button up and pants. They then placed a cape around his shoulders- there were large synthetic feathers sewn carefully to the back, and Akaashi felt like a prince.

When he walked back over, Suga gasped, and slapped Daichi’s shoulder, “Look! Look!”
Daichi turned away from the photographer, and his features lit up. “Wow! You’re right.”

“Damn right I was.” Suga crossed his arms, “He fits it perfectly.”

To avoid blushing, Akaashi looked down at himself. The pants and shirt did fit very well.

“Alright, so for this one, we’re putting a fan on you.” The photographer motioned to some interns that were moving a very large industrial fan. “If it dries out your eyes, let us know.”

“Alright.” Akaashi nodded, and took in a deep breath. “Is there anything specific you want me to do?”

Suga and Daichi shared a look, before they both shook their heads.

“No.” Daichi stated, “Just do whatever feels right.”

Well, that was kind of vague- but Akaashi could deal with that. He looked down at the cape once more, trying to think of a pose. The industrial fan whirred to life, and the photographer got behind his camera.

“Whenver you’re ready, Akaashi.”

He nodded, and shifted a little, so that he was glancing at the camera sideways. “Is it alright if we do one in motion?”

“Of course.” The photographer nodded, and the designers agreed.

Akaashi looked away for a moment, just to feel the fan ruffle the feathers, as well as his hair. He snapped his eyes to the camera, and whipped the cape around with his arm. The feathers ruffled around beautifully, and the photographer snapped a picture.

Suga gasped, and slapped Daichi’s shoulder again. They looked over at the monitor- the timing was a little off, but the picture looked awesome. Akaashi was staring at the camera, like a king would his subjects. The cape was flowing wildly around his body.

“That’s awesome!” Suga praised. “Try that one more time.”

“Agreed.” The photographer crouched down, “One more, Akaashi.”

The model nodded, and prepared to do the shot again. He looked over at the designers, and nearly gasped. Their fingers were tangled together, gripping each other’s hands softly. They were looking at each other with wide, love-struck eyes, and Akaashi had to hide his grin.

“They’re dating.” Akaashi thought, as he whipped his cape around, and the lights popped. That shouldn’t make me so happy.

But it really did. The designers looked away from each other, and back at the monitor.

Akaashi narrowed his eyes, and prepared to do another shot.

He wouldn’t disappoint them.

It was a long day of shooting; they took their time doing different positions for every outfit. Daichi
and Suga wanted the perfect shot for SDSK, which was understandable. Akaashi was exhausted by
the end, but he didn’t show them any signs of fatigue.

It had been hard work, but it had been fun work. Akaashi felt good afterwards, and the clients were
happy, and that’s all that mattered.

Akaashi washed his face in the bathroom, before walking back into the studio. Interns were
packing up part of the set already, and others were steaming and pressing the clothes to go back in
bags.

“You were amazing today.”

Akaashi turned around, and smiled at both the designers. “Thank you,” he nodded, “It was an
honor to wear your clothes.”

Suga giggled, and it was adorable. He grinned, “Well, it’s the model that makes the clothes. You
did exactly what we envisioned.”

“Mhmm.” Daichi nodded. “We’d love to be in contact with you in the future, if that’s alright with
you.”

Akaashi couldn’t hide his gasp, “Of course! Of course!”

“If this goes over well, hopefully we’ll be back here for Fashion Week next year.” Suga elbowed
Daichi, who laughed.

“Hopefully!”

“Well, we’ve got an after party to head to.” Suga locked his arm around Daichi’s, “Thanks again!”

“Yes, thank you.”

“No, no.” Akaashi shook his head, “Thank you.”

They said their goodbyes, and Akaashi watched them stride out the door.

What a nice couple.

Suddenly, there was a hand at his shoulder. He turned to see the photographer.

“Akaashi!” He smiled, and held out a hand, speaking in english “Good work today.”

“Thank you.” Akaashi blinked, “Remind me of your name again?”

“Chikara.” He laughed, “You were fantastic- you kept giving me wonderful poses.”

“Well, I’ve had some good teachers.” Akaashi smiled.

“You’re with Mode from Japan, right?”

“Yes.”

“Well, I work with a firm in Milan.” Chikara reached into his back pocket, and pulled out his
wallet as he spoke. “I know you’re happy with your firm, but if you’re ever interested…” he found
what he was looking for, and handed Akaashi a business card, “…We’d be happy to offer you a
spot at our firm.”
Wow. Akaashi stared at the card. *A job in Milan?!!*

He swallowed, “Wow, t-thank you. I don’t know if I-“

“You don’t have to make a decision now.” Chikara put his wallet back into his back pocket, “Just know that the offer stands!”

“Thank you very much, Chikara.” Akaashi blinked, and tucked the card into his jacket.

“No problem!” He slapped Akaashi on the shoulder, “I’ll stay in touch with you, and let you know when the ad is done!”

Akaashi nodded his thanks, his head a whirlwind of emotions.

Bokuto ⊙◊⊙: Akaashi are you done?

Bokuto ⊙◊⊙: kaashi kaashi kaashi kaashi kaashi

Bokuto ⊙◊⊙: kkkkkkaaaaaaaaaashiiii

Akaashi looked at his phone, and smiled, just a little,

A: just finished, what’s up?

Bokuto ⊙◊⊙: Kuroo and Tsukki finished their show, and we’re heading to an after party, wanna go?

Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)): ^~~~ all mode models are invited

Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)): but if you’re too tired it’s totally cool

Akaashi chewed on the inside of his cheek for a moment, before he said:

A: text me the address, and I’ll be there

He waited for a response, and his phone buzzed a few moments later.

Bokuto ⊙◊⊙: WOO let’s get fuckin’ wasted! ˄( ˘ ³˘ )˄

Akaashi laughed and texted back a thumbs up.

Akaashi flashed his *Mode* badge at the door, and felt like a superstar. He passed by the long line, and ducked in past the bouncers.

The club was absolutely packed; gorgeous drunk people jumped and danced, drinks sloshing out of their cups as they swayed to the music. Strippers were hanging from poles, and bartenders ran around like chickens with their heads cut off.

Akaashi made his way towards the back, where Bokuto had told him to meet them. He got elbowed a few times on the way there, and stood up on his toes to see above their heads.
He heard his name, faintly washed out by the music, “Akaashi!”

He looked around, and saw Kuroo standing on a couch, waving his arm wildly as Tsukishima pressed his face into his hands. Akaashi laughed, and wiggled his way through the crowd. He made it to the couch, and was swooped up in arms:

“Congratulations on your first NYC shoot!” Bokuto grinned, squeezing him tightly.

“Thank you!” Akaashi yelled above the music.

He looked down to take a seat, and the models made room for him. There were a few people he didn’t recognize- but he saw Asahi doing shots with a pair of lesbians, and Lev, who had his arm around another girl.

Akaashi took a seat at the end next to Tsukishima, who gave him a pat on the leg.

“Tell us about the shoot.”

“Oh, uh.” Akaashi blinked, and took the drink that Bokuto offered him, “It went really well! The designers were there, and I was so nervous—”

“They were!” Kuroo gasped, “Were you okay?”

“Yeah.” Akaashi nodded, and took a swig of whatever alcohol he was offered and—oh, that was definitely whiskey. He swallowed, and nodded again, “Yeah, they were really nice. Like really nice.”

“We’re proud of you!” Bokuto wiggled in his seat.

“How did the show go?” Akaashi asked above the music. The stage lights were going crazy across the club, and occasionally flickered across their faces.

“Ugh.” Tsukishima swished his drink, “The pacer was a racist asshole.”

“I already said it was fine.” Kuroo nudged him, but Tsukishima waved him off.

“It wasn’t fine!” Tsukishima reached towards one of the shots sitting pretty in the middle of the table, “He looked at Kuroo, got up in his face, and was like, oh, ‘do you speak English??’”

“Seriously?” Akaashi rolled his eyes. There was laughter from the models sitting across from him, lost in their own conversation.

“Yeah.” Kuroo rubbed his nose, “I just responded the best I could.”

“You’re lucky that Asahi was there to hold me back.” Tsukishima gestured to Asahi, who was giggly and drunk. “I was gonna’ rip that bitch a new one.”

“Tsukishima, how many drinks have you had?” Akaashi raised an eyebrow— because he normally didn’t see Tsukishima like this.

“I’m not drunk.” Tsukishima glared, “I’m mad.”

“Babe.” Kuroo coughed, “Calm down, it’s fine.”

Tsukishima mumbled under his breath, and took his shot. Akaashi looked across at the models on
the other couch, and caught Asahi’s attention. The elder waved, and Akaashi waved back.

“How’d the shoot go?” Asahi smiled.

“Wonderful.” Akaashi smiled back.

“G-guys,” Bokuto hiccupped, and slithered across Kuroo’s lap, “Let’s go dance.”

“You’re going to fall over.” Kuroo tried to push Bokuto off his lap, but the owl was persistent.

“This isn’t fair.” Akaashi joked, “I’m not even drunk yet.”

“Here.” Tsukishima grabbed a shot off the table, and handed it to the shorter, “This’ll take care of you.”

Akaashi raised an eyebrow, staring at the liquid, “What’s in this?”

“I watched them pour it, it’s fine.” Tsukishima waved his hand, “I’ve had like six.”

“Okay, so.” Akaashi did the math in his head, “If you did six, and you’re almost drunk, then that means I can have one…maybe two if I want to die.”

Tsukishima laughed- it was loud, and beautiful, and Akaashi spotted a dimple on his right cheek when he smiled. The blond looked over at Bokuto, who was rocking back and forth in Kuroo’s lap, and said, “Come on, let’s go dance.”

Bokuto perked up like a dog, and hopped up off the couch. Kuroo sighed, but smiled as he stood up to follow.

“Are you coming?” Tsukishima asked, hand stretched outwards.

Akaashi stared at the palm, and nodded, gripping his hand and allowing Tsukishima to pull him to his feet.

They danced all evening; it wasn’t even good dancing, just drunken swaying and soft groping. Tsukishima was incredibly fun to dance with. His body was so seductive and lewd, and he danced well with Akaashi. Akaashi would roll his hips against his and grin as Bokuto and Kuroo stared enviously.

That night they waddled back to the hotel room- Akaashi had to hold Tsukishima’s hand, in fear that he’d sway off into the street. The four of them fell asleep drunkenly, as one big pile of bodies squished into one bed.

Akaashi had the hotel room to himself that next day.

It was the last day of fashion week, but Akaashi was exhausted. He’d been to so many fashion shows; he’d seen so many things, he’d met so many new people. He attended parties, met designers, and ate new foods;

Akaashi was satisfied with just lounging in the hotel room, curled up around a pillow. He was a little hungover, but it wore off by the afternoon.

The room was…oddly silent. Granted, there was the sound of the busy street outside the hotel, but
the room felt so empty without the other three. There was a tight feeling in Akaashi’s chest, but he chose to ignore it.

A shower. Akaashi thought, and waddled into the bathroom. I need a nice shower.

When he returned, he was happy to see that the room was lively again. Bokuto and Kuroo were talking loudly, waving about their arms as Tsukishima perched on the bed. Akaashi walked out, a towel around his hips, and three heads turned to look at him.

“Kaashi!” Bokuto grinned, “We missed you.”

Akaashi didn’t know why that meant so much- but it really really did.

Maybe because…even though they were only away from each other for a few hours….Akaashi had missed them too.

“We had to stop Bo from joining you.” Tsukishima sprawled out on the bed, holding his phone above his nose.

“You could have let him.” Akaashi shrugged, and walked towards his suitcase on the ground.

“Aw man, really!” Bokuto pouted, and Kuroo laughed before flopping down on the bed next to Tsukishima.

Akaashi laughed a breath through his nose, and leaned down to grab clothes out of his bag.

He heard a dog whistle behind him, and jumped, turning around to glare at Kuroo- who was grinning wildly. He had forgotten that this was just a normal sized hotel towel.

“Really?” Akaashi gripped his towel a little tighter, and watched as Tsukishima leaned over and smacked Kuroo without looking away from his phone.

Kuroo grunted out a laugh, “S-sorry!”

“Aw man, your thighs, Akaashi.” Bokuto pouted, and sat on the edge of the bed. “They’re gorgeous as hell.”

Akaashi looked down at his suitcase, and tried to think of a better way to grab his clothes.

“Come on.” Kuroo rolled over onto his stomach, and propped his head up on his hands, “Bend over again~”

“You two are perverts.” Tsukishima said from behind his phone, but he put it down, just a little, to look over the top.

Akaashi sighed, and decided to just drop the towel all together, because really, he had nothing to lose here. He reached down and slipped on his underwear quickly, ignoring the screams behind him.

“We have been blessed this day!” Kuroo cried out, and rolled over and off the bed. He thumped onto the floor, and let out a whine.

“I’d like to thank American Jesus.” Bokuto placed his hands together, like he was praying, “And also the towel-gods.”
“This is our last day.” Kuroo said against his throat, and Akaashi shivered. There were soft hands pressing up and under his shirt, memorizing soft muscle.

“Are you sad?” Bokuto asked next to him. He had Tsukishima wiggling in his lap, and he braced his hands under his ass to support him.

“No.” Kuroo mumbled. “You, Akaashi?”

“I’m content.” Akaashi sighed, and rocked his hips against Kuroo’s. “I did everything I wanted to do.”

“Mmm.” Kuroo hummed, and kissed beneath his ear- which was a huge turn on. “Me too.”

“Same.” Tsukishima said. His glasses were pushed up onto his head, and he had a hand tangled in Bokuto’s hair.

“Yeah.” Bokuto agreed, and slowly pulled Tsukishima’s shirt up and off him.

Kuroo’s mouth was dangerously skilled; he licked and sucked gently on every spot that made Akaashi become jelly. His hands were gentle and warm, and they felt so good. Akaashi trailed his fingers down and hooked them in the belt loops of his pants. He tugged a little, forcing their clothed hips to meet once more.

Kuroo leaned up to kiss him brilliantly. Their mouths were open, and he felt Kuroo’s tongue slide past his lips. Akaashi groaned, and spit began to slide down his chin. Kuroo’s kisses were addictive- they always made Akaashi chase after more, and more. He could kiss Kuroo for years.

He gyrated his hips, and got some satisfaction out of how hard Kuroo was. He reached down to palm him through his pants, and Kuroo moaned into his mouth- which, not gonna’ lie, was pretty hot.

Next to them, Bokuto and Tsukishima were half naked, already sliding their hands around the other as they kissed.

“Akaashi.” Kuroo groaned against his lips, “There’s actually…one last thing I wanted to do here.”

“Hmm?” Akaashi perked up, and leaned back a little to let him speak. “What’s that?”

Kuroo pressed a kiss underneath his ear, and said in that dark attractive tone, “Let me fuck you.”

Tsukishima and Bokuto froze- wide eyes looked their way.

Akaashi paused for a moment, hands still hooked in his belt loops. He pulled back a little, and said, “You…you could have asked that any time.”

“No.” Kuroo kissed right under his chin, “I wanted it to be here.”

Akaashi smiled and thought who knew he was so cute and sentimental.

He slithered his hands up and under Kuroo’s shirt. “But um… is that okay with…” He looked over at the two to their right. They were watching very intently, and weren’t moving.

“Please.” Bokuto nearly panted, and Tsukishima agreed silently.
“We’re you guys holding back again?” Akaashi narrowed his eyes, and felt Kuroo’s hands unzip his jeans.

“No.” Kuroo pushed the pants off his hips, “Well. Maybe. I’ve always wanted to— you’re fucking gorgeous.”

“Such a tease.” Tsukishima added, and Bokuto agreed.

“Can we take care of you?” Kuroo purred, and Akaashi blinked.

*I wouldn’t dream of saying no.*

He managed to choke out, “Y— yeah.”

Kuroo grinned against his cheek, and leaned back to say in a deep tone, “Alright. Get to work.”

Akaashi maybe had two seconds— maybe three— to question what Kuroo meant, before he felt strong hands pick him up. He blinked, and suddenly he was backwards in Tsukishima’s lap. Akaashi was a little winded at being manhandled, and felt, more than watched, Bokuto yank his pants completely off.

Bokuto then lifted him a little, settling his knees on either side of Tsukishima’s thighs.

Akaashi panted, “W— what—”

“Calm down.” Tsukishima said low into his ear. He pushed Akaashi’s shirt up and over his head, and trailed his slender fingers down his chest. Bokuto’s hands rested on his hips, keeping him steady as his eyes drank him in.

“God.” Bokuto panted, just looking him over.

Akaashi’s face was red— he knew that much— and he sat in stunned silence, hard and naked in Tsukishima’s lap. Kuroo poured something into Tsukishima’s hand, but Akaashi didn’t see what, because Bokuto grasped his face with both hands and kissed him like he needed him to breathe.

Akaashi inhaled, and brought his hands up and into Bokuto’s hair. Bokuto pulled back moments later with a smile, and slid off the edge of the bed. His lips felt cold and abandoned now, and Akaashi almost wanted to complain. Tsukishima shifted Akaashi more towards the edge, and— oh. Bokuto kneeled on the floor, and kissed into the inside of his thigh. He looked up through his eyelashes with a dangerous grin, before taking his cock in hand and swallowing him whole.

Akaashi seized in Tsukishima’s hands, and garbled out nonsense.

"Holy shi—" Bokuto’s mouth was wet and perfect and fuck— Tsukishima’s fingers slid inside him, and met little resistance. Akaashi panted, “Hnn— f— fuck—“

“Beautiful.” Kuroo’s voice cooed, and dammit, Akaashi had nearly forgotten that Kuroo was watching all this. He squeezed his eyes shut, and gasped—

“Is— is this, hnn, I can’t—” *I can’t reciprocate like this—*

“Stop.” Tsukishima’s voice rumbled against the back of his neck, “This is about you.”
Akaashi’s eyes flew open, and watched Bokuto’s head bob. His thighs were already shaking, and he groaned when Tsukishima scissored his fingers.

“Look at you, Bokuto.” Kuroo suddenly piped, “Such a good boy.”

Bokuto groaned deep around him, and Akaashi’s entire body trembled.

This was bad. This was really bad.

Akaashi knew he had some kind of attention-fetish, but this was insane. He gasped, eyes wide, mask completely shattered, “I- i-” He was dead. He was dead, and he died back in Japan, and all this was some kind of hallucination.

“It’s funny.” Kuroo grinned, and watched as Tsukishima pressed a kiss against Akaashi’s neck, “You thought we wouldn’t figure it out.”

Akaashi’s heart stopped, “What -“

“You like being watched.” Tsukishima curled his fingers, and Akaashi’s entire body shook. He thrusted into Bokuto’s mouth- who moaned in turn, and fuck, that was really, really hot. Akaashi’s skin was on fire, and his breathing was labored. He was almost losing his sense of reality- none of this felt real.

Akaashi reached forwards to grip Bokuto’s wild hair, because he really needed something to hold onto-

“Well we’re watching you Akaashi.” Kuroo’s deep voice seemed to fill the room, like water. He was across the bed, but it felt like it was in his ear- “We’re all watching you.”

Ha.

If they thought that Akasahi was going to last, then boy were they in for a surprise.

Akaashi opened his mouth and moaned and moaned, nails digging into Bokuto’s hair. Tsukishima continued to stretch him, continued to whisper in his ear- and Bokuto’s mouth didn’t stop- and Akaashi shivered apart. He had no idea what he said, or what sounds he made, because he completely shattered into pieces. His back arched, and he gripped Bokuto’s owl-hair hard enough to bruise.

Bokuto groaned and swallowed everything, and Tsukishima held him, strong and still in his hands. Akaashi gasped, and gasped, body slumping against Tsukishima’s chest.

It was silent, for a moment. He felt Bokuto press a few kisses into his thighs, which were still shaking. Akaashi looked over at Kuroo, and panted, “I-I’m sorry, I-“

“Oh, you’re not done yet.” Tsukishima whispered against his ear, and fuck. Fuck. Holy shit. This was happening.

His bones felt like jelly, and his heart was beating out of his chest- but his dick was already taking an interest in Tsukishima’s words, and Akaashi panted into his hand.

Strong arms scooped him up, and rolled him onto his back, head falling onto the pillows. Tsukishima and Bokuto sat back; their job was done.

Kuroo crawled above Akaashi lewdly, and pressed a warm kiss to his cheek, before kissing him
properly. Akaashi found the strength to kiss back, slowly coming back to the real world. Kuroo was an amazing kisser; he had way too much control over his tongue, and it wasn’t fair.

Kuroo sat back, breaking the kiss with a pop, and leaned back on his knees. He gripped Akaashi’s thighs, and gave a tug, throwing them over his shoulders.

“Sorry.” Kuroo said, turning his head to kiss the inside of Akaashi’s right thigh, “I can’t wait any longer.”

“Fuck him slow.” Tsukishima’s hands slipped behind Kuroo’s back, trailing down and across his ass.

“No, fuck him hard.” Bokuto interrupted, crawling closer on his knees. Kuroo ignored them both, and gave that familiar cat-like grin. He gave one more kiss to his thigh, and tugged Akaashi a little closer.

Akaashi gasped, hands flying back to grip the bars of the headboard.

The only warning Akaashi had was one word-

“Tsukishima.”

The blonde swooped down to kiss Akaashi, and Kuroo snapped his hips forwards. Akaashi cried out, and Tsukishima swallowed every noise.

Kuroo cursed above him, hands stilling beneath his ass. He squeezed hard enough to leave bruises, and pulled back to build a rhythm.

Akaashi was growing hard again, and his body was already shaking. Kuroo felt so good- his body was made for this. He supported Akaashi’s weight easily, and his hips found a good rhythm almost instantly.

Akaashi hadn’t done this in a while- he hadn’t actually…had sex in a few years- but this. This was surreal.

He trembled and groaned, and more hands pressed into his body. Tsukishima pulled back to study his face as Kuroo fucked into him, and honestly, Akaashi was dying. His body shook with each thrust Kuroo gave him- and something in Akaashi snapped.

He dug his heels into Kuroo’s back, gripped the headboard harder, and shoved back down against Kuroo.

The elder groaned, deep and low, and Bokuto gasped at his side.

Akaashi melted that night. He melted into hot wax and was shaped back up into porcelain, only to be broken down again- he shivered apart into thousands of pieces, held together by three sets of hands.

The plane ride was silent. It was a redeye flight, and most people were asleep by now.

Akaashi was exhausted, but he couldn’t sleep. Some slight turbulence had woken him, and now he was awake, sitting in the seat closest to the isle. Bokuto, Kuroo, and Tsukishima sat to his right, all happily asleep. Akaashi gripped the blanket around him, and pulled it up to his chin.
This week had been hectic, but it had been incredible. Akaashi didn’t really have the words to describe it. He felt determined to go back to work, and determined to keep doing what he loved.

He looked down at the sleeping faces next to him, and smiled. They looked so beautiful, and at peace.

Akaashi flushed slightly, memories from the night before flashing before his mind. His chest seized, and he closed his eyes.

He didn’t understand this feeling. It just…always filled his chest whenever he looked at them. Or when they touched him, or spoke to him, or texted him or-

Akaashi’s eyes snapped open, and he looked towards the sleeping faces once more. Tsukishima shifted in his sleep, squeezing Kuroo’s hand as he did.

Akaashi gasped at the overwhelming sense of affection that washed through his entire body. It started in his chest, and traveled all the way to his fingertips. It made his skin tingle, and his heart beat faster, and fuck- Akaashi was going to be sick.

He threw the blanket off himself, and nearly yanked off the seatbelt. He shuffled as best he could to the bathroom- and thank goodness no one was in there.

Akaashi was panicking, panicking panicking panicking-

He couldn’t get enough air. He couldn’t breathe. He gasped and panted- he was going to throw up. He gripped onto the edge of the bathroom sink and looked up at his reflection in the mirror.

I’m in love with them.

No!

Akaashi shook his head. No, no no- he couldn’t be. He told himself he wouldn’t-

“Mannequin boy~.”

“No.” Akaashi said aloud, and looked at the mirror. “No.” Turbulence shifted the plane, and Akaashi scrambled to find leverage on the countertop. His body fell forwards, and he cried out, memories flickering behind his eyes.

“How’s my prize?”

“As good as always, sir.”

“Beautiful.” He trailed his hands up and across Akaashi’s bare thighs. “Will you dance for me today?”

Akaashi adjusted his heel on the chair and leaned forwards, honest words ghosting across his face, “Anything for you, sir.”

“You always know what to say.” He grinned, and sat back. Akaashi dropped his heel off the chair, and moved to straddle his lap. He gripped the back of the chair behind his head, and began to-

No. No. No.

Akaashi stared down at his fingers gripping the bottom of the sink- his knuckles were turning white. He wasn’t in love. He wasn’t.
“Ah-hhnn-“ Akaashi moaned. The lips at his neck were so skilled- they knew him so, so well. “Nnn- p-please-“

“Beg.” He grinned, hand working itself between his thighs, circling around his entrance. “Beg me.”

“Please, sir. Please. Fuck me.” Akaashi cried. He was so hard, so, so hard-

“Louder.”

“Fuck me!”

“Louder!”

“Fuck! Me!”

He inserted his fingers, and Akaashi keened-

No. Akaashi whipped his head to look up in the mirror, gasping for breath. He wouldn’t ruin this. He wouldn’t ruin what they had. He couldn’t- he couldn’t afford to break the rule.

The rule.

“Don’t fall in love with us.”

Akaashi stared at his reflection, and realized that he was crying.

Yes.

He was in love with them.

“S-sir- I can’t-“

“So good.” He mumbled against his back. “My pretty dancer boy.”

“Sir! Sir!” He cried out against the pillows, fingers dinging into the sheets. He couldn’t stop the words, he couldn’t stop- “I love you. I love you, I love you-“

The body behind him stopped. All pleasure ceased-

“No.” Akaashi whispered and clutched at his face, he couldn’t relieve that again, he wouldn’t. He refused.

“Akaashi, you have to leave.”

“P-please sir. I’m so sorry, I’m so so-“

“You’re a good kid, Akaashi.” He sighed, “But you can’t work here anymore.”

“I take it back! Please!”

Akaashi fell to the ground of that tiny airplane bathroom, and cried, and cried. He sobbed into his hands as he wretched out his soul, thousands of feet above the ocean.

Because he’d ruined it. He’d ruined it, just as he had before.
Chapter End Notes

i'm sorry

[link]tumblr
edit: check out the amazing art i received of [link]Akaashi's photoshoot!
Somehow Akaashi was able to keep it together until he got home.

A few tissues and a fake smile got him through the rest of the plane ride- despite his heart beating out of his chest. The three had hugged him goodbye, and Akaashi had almost lost it again.

When he finally, finally made it home, Akaashi broke apart. He slammed the door shut, dropped his luggage, and cried into his hands. His heart ached, and his body shook.

He had no idea what he was going to do.

He didn’t even unpack. He just crawled into bed, and hugged his pillow to his chest.

I've ruined it. I've ruined everything. They trusted me, and I ruined it.

He clutched his pillow, still in his clothes, and fell asleep with wet eyelashes.

When he woke, it was already morning. His body felt tired, and sore, and his head hurt from crying. The light from his phone stung his eyes, so he chucked it back across the room.

What am I going to do? Akaashi sniffed, slowly sitting up, and looking around his room. Panic began to sweep over him again, and he pressed his head into his hands. It felt like a slab of concrete was resting on his chest- it felt like the world was pressing on his shoulders.

But he refused to cry again. He refused.

He managed to slump out of bed. His bag was still sitting by the front door, and Akaashi ignored it. He slipped out of his jeans, and sulked through his apartment in his underwear.

He tried to think about something- anything else, but he just…couldn’t.

Maybe it’s not love. Akaashi tried to think as he halfheartedly fried some eggs, Maybe it’s just…. He blinked, Oh who am I kidding?! I’m so fucking in love.

He took a deep breath I have a week. I have a week until bookings begin again at Mode. I can figure this out in a week, right?

Probably not, but one could only hope.

Akaashi cleaned his entire apartment. Twice.

He did whatever it took to keep his hands busy.

Akaashi went through various stages; denial, anger, sadness, fear- but every stage led him to the same conclusion: he was in love. He was in love with three people, all for their own unique traits.

I can’t tell them. Akaashi thought as he scrubbed the floor to distract him from his broken heart. I
absolutely cannot tell them. He sniffed a little bit, and felt angry at the tears that welled; I’d rather break my own heart, than have them do it.

He scrubbed harder, despite having cleaned this same spot yesterday. His knees ached, and his back was sore- but he couldn’t stop. He had to do something, he had to figure out a solution.

He angrily scrubbed, and scowled as he thought; I can’t pretend around them. I’m a horrible liar. I’d rather just…

His phone buzzed.

He looked away from the floor, and sat back onto his knees, soap soaking into his jeans.

He reached for his phone, and read:

Bokuto ⊕◊⊕: Akaashi! We’re cooking dinner! Come over ~

Akaashi felt his heart sink. How the hell am I going to look them in the eye?!

He stared at the text for a good five minutes, trying to think of an excuse. He finally texted:

A: thank you for the offer, but I’m a little sick rn, sorry

Not even two seconds later, there was:

Bokuto ⊕◊⊕: Oh shit! Sorry my dude

Kuroo ((ΦωΦ)): Are you okay?

Tsukishima (⌐ปรา_ปรา): Do you want us to bring you food?

Akaashi took a deep breath, and closed his eyes. Damn them and their friendliness.

A: I’m fine, don’t worry, enjoy your dinner

He received a few more texts, but didn’t have the heart to read them.

“How’s my mannequin boy?”

Akaashi smiled, and wrapped his arms around his neck, settling happily into his boss’s lap, “Wonderful, sir.”

“Of course.” He grinned, and leaned forwards to mumble into his neck, “My porcelain doll.”

“Sir, may I ask a question?” Akaashi sighed when a kiss was pressed beneath his ear.

“Hmm?”

“Why do you call me mannequin boy?”

His boss sat back a little, and looked up at Akaashi, “Well, obviously because your skin is flawless, and your eyes-” He reached up with a hand to swipe his thumb beneath his eye, -look like they’re painted on. You could be a mannequin.”
“Hmm.” Akaashi smiled, “Thank you sir.”

The man beneath him pressed a kiss into his neck, “You remember the rule, yes?”

“Of course sir.” Akaashi’s hands tangled up into his hair.

He remembered the rule well;

Don’t fall in love.

Akaashi woke with a gasp, sweat sticking to his forehead, sheets pooled at his feet. He sat up, breathing deeply. He pressed his face into his hands, and groaned.

This love was haunting him.

How in the hell had he managed to make the same mistake twice?! Twice?!

Akaashi swallowed, and closed his eyes. He loved them, he loved them, he loved them-

The more he thought about it, the more his body felt like lead. He managed to drag himself out of bed- it was an ungodly hour, but Akaashi needed something to chase down the memories.

He tripped into the kitchen, blindly slapping on light switches. He reached into the cabinet sleepily, and hunted for tea. They were all organized by color now; Akaashi had cleaned, organized, and ironed everything in the house. The grocery shopping was done, his albums were sorted in alphabetical order, his closet was now completely sorted.

There was nothing left to be done, and yet Akaashi still didn’t know what to do.

He sat at the kitchen table, and waited for the water to boil. He slumped down, his head in one hand.

Maybe I should call mom?

He then shook his head, no. No. He couldn’t explain the whole situation to her.

He sighed, staring at his perfectly clean apartment. It felt empty, and that’s what sickened him the most. No amount of organizing could make it feel like it did when they were over-

Akaashi cut his thoughts short. He had to get over this. He had to.

There was a little thought- a little flicker of hope that burned in his chest, and he thought; Maybe they’d understand. Maybe they’d accept me-

He slammed his hands on the table- No! There’s no way. They’re not going to accept a third boyfriend. Stop thinking like that, Akaashi.

The water boiled, and he rose from the table to pour it into a cup. He added the tea bag, and a spoon, and returned to his seat at the table. He inhaled the scent of the tea, and closed his eyes, trying to calm his mind.

I don’t have time for love. I need to focus on my future. He took a sip of the tea, and thought, sadly My dreams…they don’t feel like mine, without the three of them there with me.

He opened his eyes once more, and looked down at the card sitting at the table.
The card had the words Ennoshita Chikara written in bold letters, beneath a title of Brave Models Management.

A wave of sickness washed over Akaashi, as he realized exactly what he needed to do.

The next day, his hand hesitated over his phone. He kept dialing the number, and then hanging up before it could ring. He finally sighed, and dialed the number once more.

It rang once, then twice, and Akaashi felt his hands shake.

“This is Ukai.” The voice stated in a monotone, “How can I help you?”

Akaashi swallowed, and said, “Hey Ukai. It’s Akaashi.”

“Akaashi!” Ukai’s voice piped, “How are you doing? Did you enjoy New York?”

Akaashi squeezed his eyes shut.

Just like a bandaid. Just like a bandaid.

“Great! Thank you so much for all your assistance.”

“Of course.” Ukai said, “What can I help you with today?”

“I uh…” He swallowed, “At the SDSK shoot…it…it went really well.”

“Really?” Ukai asked happily, “That’s wonderful!”

“Yeah…” Akaashi breathed, “Their photographer was from a firm in Milan. He…he offered me a job.”

The line went silent, before he heard, “That’s awesome, Akaashi. Are you going to accept?”

“I…” Akaashi sighed, “I accepted the job. I called them this morning, and accepted.”

Ukai went silent again, and he said in a more solemn tone, “I’m really happy for you, Akaashi. This is a huge step forwards for your career.”

“I know.” Akaashi mumbled, “I just…I feel guilty, because you worked so hard to get me to New York.”

“It’s my job.” Ukai said seriously, “It’s my job to make you the best, and it’s my job to help you move onto bigger and better things.”

“Ukai, thank you.”

“When will you leave?”

“Soon.” Akaashi sighed, “A month or so.”

“I’m assuming that this is your two weeks’ notice?” Ukai asked, and he sounded sad.

“Yeah.”
“Have you-“
“No.” Akaashi blurted. He already knew what Ukai was going to ask.

“You have to tell them.” Ukai stated, and Akaashi sighed.

“I know…”

“Well, nevertheless, I’m very proud of you, Akaashi.” Ukai’s voice said through the phone, “You’ve worked so hard, and you deserve this job.”

“Ukai-“

“But I still want you to know that you’ve earned your place here.” Ukai stated. “If you ever want your spot back, it’s yours.”

Akaashi sniffed, “Y-you’re the best, Ukai.”

“Work hard, Akaashi.” Ukai said slowly, “And feel free to text me any time, okay?”

“Of course.” Akaashi blinked, ”Of course I will.”

“Good.” Akaashi could hear his smile through the phone. “I’m so proud of you.”

He curled around his pillow, body aching, along with his heart.

He’d finally broken down after that phone call, and busted out the alcohol. He locked his phone away somewhere, and drank himself silly.

He already knew he had unread texts from the trio, but he was too brokenhearted to read them. He slumped in his covers, brain fuzzy from the alcohol. He clutched onto the pillow- he had no more tears to give. He was tired of feeling sorry for himself.

He made his decision, and he was going to stick with it.

Tomorrow he’d tell them.

Tomorrow he’d tell them, and he’d pack up his apartment, and he’d call his mom, and he’d move to Italy.

He’d leave, and he’d never see them again. He’d get over this love, and he’d chase his dreams.

That was his decision, and he was sticking with it.

They’re better off without me anyways.

Akaashi had read over the text a million times. He kept reading it, over and over, because there was no way he could do this in person. He knew it was a shitty move, but it was the only way.

He read the text, sat down his phone, and paced around his living room twice before picking his phone up once more. With shaking hands, he stared at the text, and tapped send. He watched the
text appear in the group chat, and he tossed his phone onto the couch, gasping as if he ran a marathon.

A: so um, I just wanted to let you guys know that I was offered a job in milan and… I accepted. I wanted to thank you guys for all the help. So, thank you. I’ve had lots of fun.

Akaashi picked up his phone once more, and sent one last text. It was quick, and on the fly, but it was needed:

A: let’s not see each other anymore.

A text came in seconds later-

Bokuto ⊕◊ ⊕: WHAT?!

And Akaashi panicked, placing his phone in airplane mode. He couldn’t read what they had to say. He just couldn’t.

He stared down at Bokuto’s name in his phone, and swallowed hard.

There was one last thing he needed to do.

He went into his contact settings, and removed the emojis from their names.

He cooked himself dinner that afternoon. He made rice and chicken, and prepared to eat alone.

Akaashi wasn’t sure how he did it before. He used to be satisfied with his lonely nights, and enjoyed eating dinner with nobody other than the T.V.- but now he missed the chitter chatter. He missed the noise, and the joking, and the occasional chopstick flying across the room- he even missed Chibi-chan rubbing up against his calf.

He loved them so much. He loved their quirks, he loved their yelling, he loved the sleepy mornings, and the bedhair. He loved the legs that kicked him at night, and the busy showers. He loved the group singing, and he loved movie nights. He loved the cuddling, the kisses, the moans- he loved everything about them, flaws and all.

His heart still hurt, and his head was still swimming with dark thoughts, but he had made up his mind, and that was that.

He jumped when he heard knocking at the door.

Loud, heavy knocks rang through his house, and Akaashi recognized the muffled voices immediately.

“Akaashi!! Akaashi!! Open the door!!”

He froze. He nearly dropped his drink, and scrambled to set it down on the table. He stared at the door with wide eyes. They showed up at my apartment?!

“Akaashi!” Kuroo yelled, now knocking as well. “Dude! Open the door! Are you okay?”

“We kept texting you but you didn’t text back!” Bokuto’s voice rang, and Akaashi squeezed his eyes shut.
If I stay quiet enough, they’ll leave.

There was more impatient knocking. “Akaashi?! Why did you send that?! Did we do something wrong?!”

“I mean, congrats on the job, but-“

“Why didn’t you tell us?!”

“Why won’t you open the door?!?”

Akaashi swallowed, and kept the tears at bay.

They’ll leave. They’ll leave.

There was a soft voice, “…Maybe he’s not home…”

“He has to be!” Bokuto’s voice rang loud, “The lights are on!”

“Akaashi!” Kuroo hollered, one last time, until Tsukishima said,

“Shush! We’ll annoy the neighbors. Let’s come back later.”

There were a few more knocks, and a few more calls of his name, until there was silence.

Akaashi dug his palms into his eyes, and choked back tears.

They came back the next day.

This time the knocks were softer, and their voices weren’t as loud, but they sounded more desperate;

“Akaashi? Are you home?”

“Please, just open the door.”

“Just…tell us you’re okay!”

“Akaashi??”

The model boarded himself up in his kitchen, hands against his ears to drown out the voices.

The voices he loved so, so much.

Eventually they left, and Akaashi was skeptical to leave his apartment- so he didn’t. He stayed inside, collecting his thoughts, and sleeping half the day.

He eventually took his phone off airplane mode, four days later, and saw over four hundred missed messages. He didn’t dare open them, and went to his contacts. He called his mom, and told her about the new job.

“Milan?!” She had yelled, “That’s wonderful! We must celebrate! Come over, I’ll cook you a meal!”

"Milan?!" She had yelled, “That’s wonderful! We must celebrate! Come over, I’ll cook you a meal!”
"I uh-"

"I'll see you at seven!"

He sneakily left his house, and managed to make it to his parent’s house okay.

When he got back to his apartment that night, there was a note taped to his door.

He recognized Bokuto’s chicken scratch almost immediately:

It read:

Akaashi!????!! We came by again today!! Are you okay? Please circle Yes or No!

Yes  No

Akaashi swallowed. He hadn’t read any of their text messages, and refused to answer their constant calls.

I’m an asshole. They must think I’m dead.

He picked up the note, and took it into his apartment. The next morning, he circled yes, and taped it back outside his door.

It wasn’t long until he heard a gasp at his door, and more insistent knocking.

Kuroo gasped, “Thank fuck you’re okay….”

“Kaashi! Please! Tell us why you won’t talk to us.” Bokuto begged.

“We talked to Ukai! He said that you got a job offer from the SDSK shoot.” Kuroo began, hand gently knocking against the wood. “But he didn’t say anything about you not talking to us….”

“Was it something we did?” Bokuto sniffed, and Akaashi’s heart dropped to his knees.

This is for the best. This is for the best.

He grabbed a beer, walked into his bedroom, and shut the door.

_____________________________________

"Akaashi! Hahaha- what are you-"

"Oh ho ho?" Akaashi laughed, giggly and drunk. "Is someone ticklish?"

"Hey!" Bokuto laughed, and gripped the wrists at his side. "You stole my shtick! You can't say that!"

"Oya?" Kuroo called from across the room

"Oyaoya?" Tsukishima raised an eyebrow.

"Oyaoyaoya?" Akaashi finished, but broke out into laughter at Bokuto’s pouting face.
"Come on guys!"

"Hey hey hey." Kuroo quoted, "Let's not get feisty here."

"Hey hey hey!" Tsukishima and Akaashi quoted together, and Bokuto sulked. Akaashi laughed from where he straddled his lap and pressed his fingers into his sides again.

"S-stop!" Bokuto laughed, "I'm feeling v-ahaa- very attacked right now."

"Alright, little one." Kuroo began, and Akaashi gasped when he felt hands grasp beneath his armpits, and lift him off Bokuto, "That's enough."

"Oh come on!" Akaashi laughed, and got his footing once more. "He tickles me all the time!" He turned back around to look at Kuroo's cat-like grin.

"You're ticklish?"

"Uhh..." Akaashi blinked, and then turned on his heel, and booked it towards the the hallway.

Kuroo yelled, "Tsukki! Get him!"

"Already ahead of you-" Tsukishima took two long strides- fuck him and his long legs- and wrapped his arms around Akaashi's waist.

"No! No!" Akaashi laughed, kicking in his arms. Bokuto and Kuroo barreled down the hallway, and Akaashi screamed in laughter-

"We gotcha!" Bokuto grinned, and pushed up Akaashi's shirt as he squirmed in Tsukishima's arms. Bokuto blew a raspberry into his soft tummy, and he squealed- it was so unlike himself, but he was pretty wasted at this point. But...maybe it wasn't the alcohol. There was something about their personalities...something that brought out a different part of Akaashi.

Tsukishima laughed against the back of his neck, and Kuroo leaned around Bokuto to press a kiss into his cheek-

Akaashi shot up in bed. He gasped, and gasped, and lifted his hand to his heart. It was beating so fast.

It was beating for them.

They visited every day. They knocked, and knocked, begging him to answer the door.

They started leaving food and water. They’d leave a note, or a basket filled with strawberries, and Akaashi’s heart would break even more.

I can’t. Akaashi would tell himself as they spoke through the door, I can’t. I can’t. If I see them, they’ll know- if they know, they’ll hate me-

“Akaashi, we're worried.” Kuroo would repeat.
"We’re so sorry, for whatever we did-" Bokuto would beg.

Tsukishima never said a thing, except to prompt them back home.

It never got any easier- ignoring the desperate voices at his door. Akaashi thought it would, but it didn’t.

_They'll give up. Akaashi told himself. They'll give up, and they'll move on._

Every day felt like hell; Akaashi wanted to see them more than anything in the world. He wanted to feel Kuroo’s soft hair beneath his fingertips, and hold Tsukishima’s long fingers, and wrap his arms around Bokuto’s strong chest. He wanted, he wanted. He always wanted.

He always wanted what he couldn’t have.

One evening, Akaashi sat in the bath, looking at his reflection in the mirror. He honestly looked like shit, and he felt pathetic- this was affecting him so hard, and he didn’t know what to do about it. He looked at his eyes, and the dark circles beneath them. His black hair was wet, and water droplets trickled down his skin. He sighed, and looked over at the phone resting on the top of his towel. He had over a thousand missed messages in the past three weeks, and he was horrified of reading them.

But…he was curious. He was so, so curious.

So with shaking hands, he reached for the phone.

_I shouldn’t do this. He told himself, I shouldn’t do this._

He turned it on, and opened up the messaging app, and began to skim through the hundreds of messages;

_Kuroo: _please, tell us what happened

_Kuroo: _are you okay?

_Bokuto: _did we do something wrong??!!

Akaashi scrolled past more messages;

_Bokuto: _are you eating properly? we can bring you food!

_Kuroo: _was it me? Did I hurt you in ny?

_Bokuto: _Please! We came by again today! Just, please text us back! Or something!!

He skimmed down some more, hands shaking like crazy.

_Kuroo: _please don't feel like we're not supporting you in your move

_Kuroo: _we want you to move onto bigger and better things

_Kuroo: _I mean, we'll fucking miss you so fucking much but
Kuroo: we just want to talk to you? why can't we see each other anymore?

Bokuto: ^^^ please!

Akaashi’s heart thumped against his ribs. *I can't see you because i'll cry- i'll cry and tell you everything, and you'll give me that look...that look of disappointment and horror and shame and I can't experience that again.* He sniffed, and almost put his phone back down- but he kept scrolling.

Kuroo: Akaashi we miss you.

Bokuto: we’ll leave you alone, just tell us what you want

Kuroo: we’re really worried about you

He scrolled even further;

Kuroo: bo cried again today

Kuroo: we’re so sorry

Kuroo: what did we do?

Akaashi scrolled.

Bokuto: mode doesn’t feel the same

Bokuto: are you really leaving?

He scrolled.

Bokuto: I take back what I said last week- I won’t leave you alone! Not until we see you one last time!

Kuroo: we saw cardboard boxes outside your door today.

Akaashi paused when he saw the first text from the blond:

Tsukishima: If you leave without saying goodbye, I’ll never forgive you.

Akaashi swallowed the lump in his throat, and thought *I’d rather them hate me for this. It’s much better. It’s better for everyone.*

He was nearing the end of the texts. Many said the same thing, but there were some that made Akaashi feel like the worst person on earth;

Kuroo: I punched Bokuto today.

Kuroo: I didn’t mean it.

And:

Bokuto: I’m sorry
**Bokuto:** I’m sorry

**Bokuto:** I’m sorry

And:

**Tsukishima:** why are you doing this

_This is all my fault._ Akaashi tossed his phone away, and sunk down into the bath with shaking hands, _this is all my fault._

**Why can’t I just be happy with what I’ve got? Why do I always want more?**

---

“Yes.” Akaashi nodded, and spoke on the phone as he paced around his living room. Half of his belongings were in boxes, neatly labeled and pushed to the side of the room. “Yes. Yes, I actually just found an apartment. I hope to fly down in another month or so”

Chikara’s voice piped from the other line, “Oh! Wonderful! Well, no rush, but I’ll get you in touch with your new manager. He’s a riot, you’ll love him.”

“Awesome.” Akaashi nodded, “Thank you for your patience.”

“No problem! We’re really excited to have you on board.”

They said their goodbyes, and Akaashi hung up the phone with a sigh.

The trio didn’t come by today- which was good. Akaashi could only handle so much heartbreak- he felt weaker every day.

*I’ll forget when I move.* Akaashi lied to himself *I’ll forget all about this, and they’ll forget about me.*

His phone began to ring, and he looked down at the contact name. He stared for a moment, before answering.

“Hello?”

“Akaashi!” Ukai’s voice rang through the phone, “You answered!”

“Yes, is everything okay?”

“I should be asking you that! Bokuto, Kuroo, and Tsukishima are a wreck! You haven’t talked to them!! Are you serious!?”

Akaashi blinked: _Fuck. Fuck. What do I say?!_

“I can’t.”

“Why not!!” Ukai yelled, “They’re your friends! You can’t just-“

Akaashi hung up.

He felt like shit, but it was the only answer he could give.
He could not see them, or he would never be able to leave. If he saw them just once more, he’d surely spill his heart.

He had to do this. This was the only way he knew.

He wouldn’t have a repeat of last time.

He refused.

There was yelling at his door, and Akaashi winced.

“Are you fucking serious?!”

“Kuroo-“

“No!” Kuroo yelled, slamming on the door, “You answered to Ukai!? What did we do?! Just fucking tell us!”

“Shut up!” Bokuto shouted, “Don’t yell at him!”

“You shut up!” Kuroo snapped, and Akaashi closed his eyes. He was beginning to panic.

Stay quiet. Stay quiet.

“Akaashi! Open the fucking door, you coward! Did the past year mean nothing to you?!”

Akaashi’s eyes snapped open.

“Are we not worth your time?! After all we did together?!”

"Stop it-“

"Was all that an act? Did our friendship really mean nothing at all?!"

No. Akaashi dug his nails into his kitchen table, No. It meant everything to me.

"You can’t even open the fucking door-“

“Kuroo!” Bokuto yelled once more, and there was a voice that Akaashi hadn’t heard in weeks;

“Shut up!” Tsukishima yelled, and his voice cracked, “Both of you, shut up!”

Akaashi gasped, frozen in his chair.

There was a thump- a very gentle sound of a forehead being pressed up against the door, before all was quiet. A bird sang outside Akaashi’s window, and the wind rustled through a wind chime.

“Akaashi.” Tsukishima’s voice cracked again, and he took in a shuddery breath, “Please. Please, what did we do? We-“

There was a sob, and it blew Akaashi’s world to smithereens. His eyes burned, and his lower lip quivered.

Kuroo’s voice was much softer now- “Tsukki-“
“No!” He yelled, and there was the sound of scuffling. There was a hiccup, and another sob, “Don’t f- fucking touch me!”

Akaashi’s mouth was left open, and he realized that he was crying.

“Akaashi please, nothing is the same anymore.” Tsukishima cried, “W-we can’t s-stop fighting. I c-can’t sleep, I don’t know if you’re eating, I d-don’t know if something happened, i-" he sobbed again, and there was another soft thump. Akaashi had never once heard Tsukishima cry, and it was the most heartbreaking sound in the world. He wept into his right hand, and he heard Tsukishima’s voice crack once more; “We miss you so f-fucking much. I just, I just want to h-hear your voice.”

Akaashi couldn’t stay quiet. He managed to choke out;

“Please, just leave.”

There was silence, before there was yelling,

“Akaashi! Akaashi please!”

“We’ll apologize,” Bokuto’s voice sounded horribly sad, and it made Akaashi feel like shit. “We’ll do anything.”

“Tell us what we did!”

Akaashi swallowed, and called through the door, “It wasn’t you! It wasn’t anything you guys did.”

“Then why?! Why?” Kuroo yelled.

The words fell out of Akaashi’s mouth; this was precisely the reason why he chose to stay quiet, because he yelled, “I broke the-“

There was a sob.

“Akaashi we love you.” Tsukishima cried. Akaashi’s body froze, from his head to his toes. His eyes went wide, as he heard Tsukishima repeat, “Akaashi we love you- No! Kuroo f-fucking let go of me- Akaashi we love you! We love you, we love you-“

Akaashi gasped into his hand. He couldn’t move. He couldn’t breathe. He couldn’t feel-

“All three of us.” Tsukishima sniffed, and his voice sounded nothing like what Akaashi was used to. It was broken, and wet, and it was the worst sound in the world.

“Its…” Kuroo's voice wavered, and Akaashi screwed his eyes shut, “It’s true.”

Bokuto sniffed, voice watery, “W-we understand if you don’t feel the same…but-“

Akaashi moved.

He threw open the door.

He threw open the door, and stared at three crying faces. His own eyes were red, and wet, and he let them see him in all his broken beauty.

His heart shattered when got a look at them; Tsukishima was skinny-skinnier than usual. His hand was pressed up against his right eye, glasses pushed up on his face as he cried. Kuroo was pale, and Bokuto looked like he’d been through hell and back. His hair was a disaster, and his nose was red.
from crying.

He threw open the door, and long arms wrapped around his neck.

“I broke the rule.” Akaashi gasped into Tsukishima’s shoulder, “I broke the rule.”

Chapter End Notes

haha love you guys <3

<3

tumblr
“You…” Bokuto reached up to wrap his arms around Akaashi as best he could, while Tsukishima clutched onto him, “-a-all this, because you…?”

“I was scared.” Akaashi hiccupped, “I was scared.”

“We-“ Kuroo gasped, frozen where he stood, “-we need to talk.”

“No.” Tsukishima was holding Akaashi hard, as if he might disappear any moment. His voice was wet, “I don’t trust myself r-right now. I might say something s-stupid.” Tsukishima was taking in shallow breaths- the kind of breaths someone took when they were trying to stop crying. Bokuto stopped squeezing Akaashi, and walked back to give him a chance to breathe- but Tsukishima didn’t.

Akaashi moved to back away, saying, “L-lets go inside-“ but Tsukishima dug his nails into his back, and refused to let go. He was shaking, slightly.

“Babe…” Kuroo placed a hand on Tsukishima’s shoulder, and said, knowingly, “He’s right here. He’s not going anywhere.”

Tsukishima froze. He waited another moment before he slowly...slowly let go. Akaashi took in a deep breath, and got a chance to look into Tsukishima’s eyes. They were wet, and puffy, and Akaashi reached up with his right hand to wipe the water off his cheek.

They made it into the apartment, and walked one step- just one step- before the realization of the situation dawned on Akaashi.

He loved all three of them.

And they loved him. He loved Bokuto, Kuroo, and Tsukishima- and they loved him back. The world hadn’t ended- he was still alive- this was no dream.

Kuroo had only just shut the door, when Akaashi’s legs buckled beneath him. Thank god for Bokuto’s reflexes, because he caught him before he could hit the floor.

“Akaashi!”

“Are you okay?”

“You love me?” Akaashi gasped, limp in Bokuto’s arms, “You love me?”

“Yes,” Bokuto laughed into his hair, and scooped him up, bridal style, “Yes. Yes. Yes.”

They needed to talk. There was a lot of things that happened- a lot of things that were said- but they crawled into Akaashi’s bed, and just sat there.

They didn’t say much, or do anything of notable importance; they just kind of… laid in the sheets,
curled up together, listening to Akaashi’s T.V., sniffling until they fell asleep.

Akaashi woke the next morning, and felt as if his entire soul had been sucked out of his body. His limbs wouldn’t move, but part of that could be blamed on the half-Bokuto that was thrown across his back. Tsukishima was curled up at his front, as close as he could get.

Akaashi squinted his eyes, trying to read the cable box.

*9 am? What is today?*

He blinked, and looked over at Kuroo, who was slowly waking next to Bokuto.

*Kuroo?”* Akaashi’s voice sounded *wrecked*. Fuck. *“Kuroo?”*

*“Hmm?”* He blinked, sleepily.

*“It’s Thursday.”* Akaashi whispered. *“Do you guys work?”*

Kuroo relaxed back into the bed, closing his eyes, *“No, I got Asahi to cover for me. And Iwaizumi is covering for Bo.”*

*“But-“*

*“This is more important.”* Kuroo stated, simply. And that was that.

Akaashi fell back into the bed, his head a tornado of thoughts. All the anxieties were coming back- he had so many questions, and he had so many things to say.

Bokuto shifted a little, and Akaashi felt an arm drape around his waist. It was peaceful again, so he took a deep breath, trying to calm down.

*It’s okay. It’s okay.*

Light streamed through the cracks in his blinds, and the room smelled like bodies- but it was good.

A voice broke the silence, *“Akaashi?”*

He blinked, and looked over his shoulder at Kuroo, *“Hm?”*

*“I’m sorry I called you a coward.”*

Akaashi swallowed, and turned back around, *“No, you were right, anyways.”*

*“But-“*

*“Let’s talk about this later.”* Akaashi said in a whisper, and Kuroo didn’t respond.

There was no more noise; just the birds outside his apartment, and the occasional wind chime.

Maybe half an hour passed before the silence was broken- loudly.

*“Fuuuuuck, dude.”* Bokuto groaned into Akaashi’s hair, *“I feel like I’ve just been through satan’s asshole.”*

Maybe it was the joke. Maybe it was all the emotions. Maybe it was his exhaustion. Maybe it was because Akaashi hadn’t laughed in two months- but he couldn’t really help the fit of giggles he fell into.
He laughed and laughed, waking up Tsukishima in the process. He giggled, and heard Bokuto and Kuroo start to laugh too.

“That doesn’t-“ Akaashi laughed, wiping away happy tears, “-th-that doesn’t even ahah- make sense!”

Bokuto and Kuroo were giggling behind him like madmen, and Tsukishima slowly sat up, rubbing at his eyes. He looked down at Akaashi, and smiled. It was a relief to see him smile, after last night.

“Okay.” He sighed, sitting up and popping his long back, “Who broke Akaashi?”

They erupted into laughter again, and Akaashi had to sit up to breathe properly.

“That was me, sorry.” Bokuto grinned, and rolled over to look at Kuroo.

Akaashi looked up into gold eyes, and paused. Tsukishima was staring at him intently, glasses long lost to the bedside table. Akaashi held his breath, and thought, *what now?*- but Tsukishima cut off his thought.

“Can I kiss you?”

Akaashi blinked, and blinked again.

“Can you-“

“Please?” Tsukishima added, seriously.

“Err, yeah, but my breath-“

Tsukishima leaned in, and grasped the side of Akaashi’s face with long fingers. Bokuto and Kuroo immediately paused their conversation, and looked up.

There was no heat behind the kiss- it wasn’t passionate, or friendly, or congratulatory, or like any of the kisses they’d shared.

It was just a kiss.

Between two people that *loved each other.*

And it was beautiful.

“I’m exhausted.” Bokuto yawned, arms reaching up behind his head as they waddled to Akaashi’s kitchen.

“Me too.” Tsukishima sniffed, “I’ve never cried that hard in my life.”

Akaashi felt a huge pang of guilt sweep through his body, and he nearly tripped in the hallway. Before he had time to react, Tsukishima reached out his arms like sleepy child, and said, “Bo, carry me.”

Despite his exhaustion, Bokuto looked honored at the opportunity. He crouched down, and happily supported Tsukishima’s weight as he climbed onto his back.
“Oh come on, you big baby.” Kuroo said with a smile, “It’s like, five feet from his bedroom to the kitchen.”

Tsukishima flipped him off with his free hand, and Akaashi laughed.

“So, what do you guys want to eat?” Akaashi asked, flicking on the lights to his kitchen. “Sorry everything’s a mess…I uh…” He looked around at all the moving boxes, and the three went silent.

“It’s fine.” Kuroo managed to choke out, and looked away.

“Please, don’t make anything.” Bokuto said and gently placed Tsukishima down onto the couch in the living room. “We don’t want to take your food.”

Akaashi rolled his eyes, and walked into the kitchen anyways. “I have some soup leftover. I can also fry up some eggs, but I’m not as good as Kuroo.”

“I can do the eggs.” Kuroo piped, and Akaashi smiled.

Breakfast wasn’t as awkward as Akaashi expected it would be- but it was still…weird. They made small talk, considering that they hadn’t seen each other in weeks, but they danced around large conversation topics, such as Mode, or Akaashi’s move.

The soundtrack to their morning was slow; utensils clacked against silverware, and birds sang outside his window.

Tsukishima soon left the table to borrow Akaashi’s mouthwash, and Kuroo had gone with him to wash his face.

Akaashi stayed with Bokuto, finishing his soup, and staring at the owl.

“Are…are you sure it’s okay? That you guys skipped out on work today?”

Bokuto gave a sigh, which wasn’t a good sign- “Do you have any idea what…we…” He trailed off, and swallowed. He then changed his wording, “Akaashi, we’ve missed you so, so badly, and we don’t want to be anywhere else but here.”

Akaashi stood to clear the dishes, and looked away, to hide his face.

The dishes were done, their faces were clean, and their breath smelled great. They brushed their hair, they put on fresh shirts, and they sat, completely silent in Akaashi’s half-packed livingroom.

“So…”

“Um…” Akaashi looked down at his feet. He felt like a kid in trouble.

There was more silence.

“Er…”

Kuroo sighed, “Alright. Akaashi, I’m going to say it first. Why did you do that?”

He cringed. The question hurt a little bit more than he expected. “I told you…I was scared.”
“Of what?” Bokuto blinked from his spot next to Kuroo. His knees were drawn to his chest. “Of us?”

“Y-you guys said…” Akaashi took a deep breath, and repeated, “You guys said I wasn’t allowed to fall in love with any of you. And I panicked, because, you know, I did.”

Kuroo shared a look with his lovers- Bokuto looked clueless, but Tsukishima’s face was set in stone.

“Yeah, but…”

“What really was it?” Tsukishima asked bluntly. “We know you, Akaashi. Believe it or not, we know you. A rule like that shouldn’t have stopped you. It shouldn’t have forced you to board yourself up and never talk to us again.”

“All you had to do was talk to us.” Kuroo stated, and Akaashi’s eyes flickered down at his feet. Kuroo stuttered, “N-no! No, we’re not trying to yell at you. We…we just want to know.”

“We freaked so hard, Akaashi.” Bokuto hugged his knees. “We were so worried that something might have happened to you.”

“I…” He looked up at the faces before him. He loved them, he loved them. It was mutual. It was okay. He’d tell the truth, and they’d still love him back…right?

He swallowed, hard, and said, “I’d done this before.”

“What do you mean?”

“The whole fuck buddies thing.” Akaashi waved his hand around. “Multiple times, actually.”

“Well…you did take to the idea pretty easily.” Kuroo ran his fingers through his wily hair, “We figured as such.”

“Yes, but…” Akaashi began, “There was one guy I slept with…T-terushima was uh…my boss at the strip club. He took me in when I had no money, and no skills, and his guys trained me and we started fucking and…” Akaashi looked up, “He told me I wasn’t allowed to fall in love with him. It was a company policy, and I agreed, and…”

“Fuck.” Kuroo sat back, realization flooding his face. “Fuck.”

“Yeah.” Akaashi gave a nervous laugh. “I fell for him. I fell so hard- harder than I ever had before and I never planned on telling him. I lied for a year, until I blabbered it out during sex.”

Bokuto gasped, “Did he…?”

“He had to kick me out of the club.” Akaashi sighed, “He didn’t want to, but…I broke the rule.” He didn’t love me back, and I was broken.

“Fuck. Akaashi…we had no idea.” Kuroo looked up at him, face covered in guilt, and Akaashi shook his head,

“Don’t worry, there was no way you could have known. It’s just…” he pressed the palm of his hand into his right eye, “I…freaked out. I realized that I was so in l-love and I didn’t want that to happen again, you know? I couldn’t h-handle that look…” Akaashi forced the lump in his throat to stay down, and thought do not cry, “I couldn’t handle that disappointed stare, I couldn’t handle the
gentle letdown. I just…"

“Do you want to know why we made up that rule?” Tsukishima suddenly asked, and Akaashi hesitated before nodding.

“Originally…we just thought you were hot, and you’d be a sweet fuck buddy.” Bokuto admitted.

“But we thought that it was a high risk. Like what if we wanted to date you? Or vise versa?” Kuroo waved his hands around, “If It got out there, that you were dating three guys, what kind of damage would that do to your name? I mean, a model just having foursomes isn’t much of a surprise but to date them? To be in love? It’s dangerous. We…”

“We wanted to protect you.” Tsukishima clarified, looking over at Kuroo. “We knew you wanted nothing more than to make it to New York, and didn’t want you to be at risk.”

Akaashi couldn’t help the swell of anger in his chest, “That should have been my decision! I’m an adult-"

“It was for ourselves, too.” Kuroo cut him off in that deep, scary voice. Bokuto flinched a little, and Kuroo paused. He took a deep breath to calm himself, and rested his hand on Bokuto’s knee, soothingly. He continued, “We weren’t sure if we could handle having four of us. Three is already…. scary. It’s unexplored territory. We don’t really know what we’re doing as it is.”

Akaashi felt guilt bubble in his blood. He hadn’t even considered that. He wanted to cry. He wanted to disappear into the earth.

“But of course, you had to be amazing.” Tsukishima said in a fake- annoyed voice. He gave Akaashi a small smile, “You blew us away on every corner, Akaashi.”

He opened his mouth in shock, and stared as Bokuto held out his arms,

“C’mere, I’m tired of seeing you on that chair over there.” Bokuto looked up at him with big round eyes.

Akaashi hesitated, just for a moment, before he stood and walked the short distance. Bokuto pulled him into his lap, snug between Kuroo and Tsukishima. This…actually felt much better. It felt less like an intervention, and more like a talk between lovers.

Lovers.

“We talked before New York.” Kuroo continued, squeezing just a little closer, “We all realized that we were, in fact, huge hypocritical bastards, and had broken the rule.”

“But we had no idea if you had.” Bokuto said into his hair, and Akaashi shivered from the intimacy. “And we didn’t want to scare you away.”

“S-since New York?” Akaashi gasped, and all the memories came back. The hand holding; the kisses; the cuddles; the morning sex; it had been spelled out right in front of his eyes, and Akaashi had been blind.

“When you stopped talking to us, we panicked.” Tsukishima reached out to grab Akaashi’s hand, gently. “We thought we went too far. We thought we fucked up bad.”

“And then you said you were moving and-“ Bokuto’s voice cracked, and Akaashi gasped no, no no-
“We were just…a little heartbroken.” Kuroo clarified, so that Bokuto could hold back his tears. Akaashi felt a nose bury itself in his neck, and his heart did flip-flops. “But of course, it was probably nothing compared to what you felt.”

“I…” Akaashi looked around his apartment. Right. Milan.

“We don’t want to stop you from leaving.” Tsukishima opened up his hand, and was tracing long lines up Akaashi’s veins. “It’s a big deal, and we want you to focus on your future.”

“But we still want to officially ask…” Kuroo looked up at him, “…um, will you go out with us?”

Three eyes stared at him, glossy, and scared, and Akaashi laughed.

He laughed, and laughed, and threw himself into Kuroo’s arms as he laughed-

Because yes.

Yes.

Of course.

Akaashi squirmed in the lap beneath him.

It was probably too soon for makeup sex, but Akaashi had missed them so, so much-

Tsukishima gasped against his lips, soft, and gentle. He felt like the center of Tsukishima’s world, and it meant everything to Akaashi. A slender hand worked him gently, and the other pressed into his back. He could feel Bokuto and Kuroo watching them; they had their eyes focused solely on Akaashi and Tsukishima, hands down each other’s pants. It was turning him on beyond belief.

Akaashi was trying really, really hard to focus on moving his hand in some kind of rhythm, but he was failing. He was already desperate- already close in Tsukishima’s hands. Their kisses weren’t perfect, but that was okay. They just wanted to be close, be together-

“Please.” Akaashi begged, and shivered when Tsukishima twisted his hand, “Let me ride you.”

Bokuto and Kuroo simultaneously let out a groan, as if that was the hottest thing they’d ever heard in their damn life- and Akaashi felt Tsukishima tremble beneath his fingertips.

“Fuck.” Tsukishima gasped into their open mouthed kiss, “Fuck, please-“

And really, Akaashi needed to make Bokuto and Kuroo riled up more often, because a bottle of lube was placed in Tsukishima’s hands instantly, like magic.

Akaashi didn’t want to laugh and ruin the mood, so he stole the bottle out of Tsukishima’s hands, and lathered it over his own fingers. Tsukishima raised an eyebrow, “What are you-“

“Shush.” Akaashi said, and leaned up a little bit on his knees. He didn’t have time for teasing- there was no time for taking this slow. He hadn’t seen them in weeks, and he was needy. With wet fingers, he reached between his thighs, staring down Bokuto and Kuroo as he did so. He sunk onto his own fingers, and the trio moaned.

Kuroo couldn’t help himself, he closed the short distance on the couch, and grabbed Akaashi’s
face in his hands. Akaashi gasped, kissing Kuroo as he stretched himself, straddling Tsukishima’s lap.

“I’m going to fucking die.” Bokuto whispered as he watched, and Tsukishima snorted. Although, the younger couldn’t look away either. He watched Akaashi and Kuroo kiss each other messily, and watched Akaashi’s fingers sloppily slide up into himself. He frowned, and searched for the bottle of lube.

Akaashi fucking cried when long, slick fingers joined his own. Kuroo sat back with a gasp, and watched Tsukishima take over.

“Shit- Tsuki-hahnn-s-hima, don’t.” Akaashi gasped, and pulled his own fingers out. He was going to lose his goddamn mind if he didn’t ride something in the next two minutes, “I’m good, I’m good st-nnnn-”

Tsukishima scissored his fingers twice, just to make sure Akaashi would be safe, and slowly pulled them out. Akaashi’s face was flushed, but determined. He was exhausted from the emotional rollercoaster that was the last twenty-four hours, and he needed Tsukishima. He needed him like he needed Kuroo and Bokuto, moaning and gasping as they watched Akaashi roll a lubed condom onto the model, and then sink down with no hesitation.

Tsukishima grasped onto Akaashi’s hips and trembled, mouth falling open, glasses nearly dropping off his pretty face. Akaashi panted, and reached behind Tsukishima’s head to dig his nails into the couch.

This position was somewhat familiar- Akaashi straddling his hips, hands clinging to the couch beside his head. This is the position that started it all; but so much had changed now.

Now he got to say, “I love you-“ as he drove his hips down hard, taking Tsukishima in to his fullest. He got to say “I love you, I love you-“ as Bokuto and Kuroo watched, shivering in each other’s hands.

“Fuck.” Tsukishima gasped, and moved his hands down to Akaashi’s thighs. “I love you too- all n-nnn-“ Tsukishima was breaking beneath Akaashi, and it was perfect.

Akaashi was ruthless as he rode the younger like a fucking champ. He gripped the back of the couch, and bounced, his own dick bobbing against his hip. Akaashi watched Tsukishima’s filter disappear before his own eyes; his head whipped back and his beautiful mouth opened, spilling words and nonsense.

“Ahh- ahnn-“ Tsukishima gasped, “-you’re too- fuck! Fuck!” His eyes drank in Akaashi, gold flickering across smooth skin. “Aka-“ He gasped.

Akaashi wasn’t holding up that great either; he was fucking himself on Tsukishima, completely ignorant to the long drawn out groans falling out of his mouth. There were two moans to his left, and he gasped as he watched Bokuto and Kuroo kiss and shiver apart in each other’s hands.

This couch was going to be a fucking mess, but Akaashi really did not give one single fuck. Bleach existed. It was fine.

Tsukishima tried to kiss him, but he was trembling; his mask was chipping away. Akaashi felt so damn proud of himself- but only for a moment, before he slid down on Tsukishima just right, and he saw stars.

Suddenly, there were more hands. Bokuto slid up to them, sideways, left hand loosely fitting
around Akaashi’s dick, as the other gripped his ass, and helped support his weight.

Bokuto pumped him in the rhythm that Akaashi rode Tsukishima, and he groaned.

“B-bokuto, you are a g-godsend.” Akaashi gasped, and let him grin into his shoulder.

“Sorry, I can’t help myself.” He hummed.

Meanwhile, Tsukishima was absolutely, one hundred percent falling apart as he gripped the thighs on top of him and watched himself disappear inside Akaashi. He let out a gasp when Akaashi rolled his hips, and nearly yelled, “Kuroo, talk.”

And that’s all he had to say, really.

“Do you like that, Tsukishima?” Kuroo purred from the other end of the couch. “Do you like being ridden like a goddamn horse? Look at you, you can hardly breathe- Akaashi is doing all the work. Just look at him, he looks so fucking good, and all you can do is sit there. Hell, Bokuto had to jump in to just give Akaashi’s dick some fucking attention. You selfish slut.”

Tsukishima groaned, and shivered beneath Akaashi’s thighs. He gasped, trying to roll up into him.

And really, Akaashi was doomed as soon as Kuroo opened his mouth. He cried out, and moved his hands down to Tsukishima’s shoulders. His entire body spasmed, and Bokuto worked him through it all.

“Aren’t you going to come, Tsukki?-” Kuroo hummed. “He was so good to you, after all.”

Tsukishima surged forwards, head rocking against Akaashi’s chest as he gasped, digging his nails into the thighs that squeezed against his own.

Akaashi was fidgeting in the chair. It had been a while since he’d been here, and he looked around the room nervously. His heart was beating out of his chest, and he wiped his sweaty palms on his jeans. He wasn’t sure what he was doing; he wasn’t really sure about anything, at this point.

He watched the man in front of him take a seat, and then look up at him with dark eyes.

“Akaaaaashi~” The familiar voice at his door sang, “We’ve come to help you pack!!”

The model blinked, and paused his work. He was cleaning the dishes, but dropped the plate back into the sink, and rinsed off his hands. He walked over and opened the door, greeting his boyfriends- boyfriends!!- with a smile. “Hey.”

“Sorry we didn’t call ahead.” Kuroo said guiltily, and hugged him when it was his turn. “It was kind of a spur of the moment thing.”

“Ah, that’s fine.” Akaashi said, and opened the door to let them in, “But most of the work is already done.”
“Oh, did you already-“ Tsukishima looked up, and stopped talking. He furrowed his eyebrows, and looked around his living room. Everything was as it was before, all the boxes long gone. Akaashi’s random pictures, his albums, his videogames- all his items were back where they used to be before.

“Uhh.” Bokuto blinked, and closed the door behind him. “Dude…this is like…the opposite of packing.”

Kuroo smacked his forehead, and Akaashi laughed.

“Bo, I’m staying.”

“What!” Bokuto blinked, and looked between Kuroo and Tsukishima. He turned back to Akaashi, “What?! Why?!”

“Because.” Akaashi shrugged. “I didn’t really want to go.”

“No, no. Listen.” Tsukishima began, “We need to talk about this.”

“Yeah. This is your future. Milan would be huge!” Kuroo whipped out his arms for exaggeration.

“I never really wanted to leave Mode, though.” Akaashi admitted. “There’s still so much for me to do here and…” He swallowed, staring at a spot on the wall, “I can’t just…leave. You know. After everything.”

“So…you…” Bokuto looked like he was trying to decide between standing still, and hugging Akaashi, “You already called them? You turned down the job?”

“Yes.” Akaashi smirked, “And I begged Ukai for my job back. You guys are stuck with me.”

Bokuto suddenly hopped forwards, blubbering into his neck, gasping about how happy he was. Akaashi was nearly knocked off balance, but managed to wrap his arms back around him.

“S-sorry.” Bokuto sniffed, squeezing him with strong arms. “I had already mentally prepared for you to leave, dude!”

Akaashi laughed, and looked up at his two other lovers. They were both looking at each other with very relieved expressions, and Akaashi knew he made the right choice.

“Okay, but do you think Michael Cera eats ass?”

“…Wow.”

“Those are four words that I never expected to hear in the same sentence.”

“I’m serious.” Bokuto leaned forwards, shifting Akaashi on his lap a little so that he could see Scott Pilgrim Vs. the World better. “He looks like he would.”

“I don’t even know what that means.” Tsukishima blinked, “What does someone who ‘eats ass’ look like?”

“Michael Cera!”

“I give up.” Tsukishima sagged back into Kuroo’s arm.
“Do you think, like-“

“Nope.” Akaashi turned around in his lap, and placed his hand over Bokuto’s mouth. “You’re forbidden from asking any more questions.” Bokuto licked his hand, and Akaashi stared him down— that elementary-school-tactic wouldn’t work on him.

“Chris Evans is in this movie, right?” Kuroo asked, reaching for the bag of popcorn.

“Yeah.” Akaashi said, as Bokuto made a mmhmmm sound against his hand.

“Do you think Chris Evans eats ass?”

“Dammit Kuroo!” Tsukishima reached in the bag, and flicked popcorn into his face. “I can’t trust either of you!”

Kuroo laughed, and raised a hand to protect himself from the popcorn onslaught. Bokuto was howling against Akaashi’s hand, and Akaashi had to move it away, in fear that he’d suffocate.

“You’ve always got my back bro.” Bokuto laughed, reaching over to bump fists with Kuroo.

“I’m confiscating Akaashi away from you.” Tsukishima said, and leaned over to wrap his arms around Akaashi’s waist. He tugged, and Akaashi let out a gasp as he was pulled into Tsukishima’s lap.

“Hey hey hey!” Bokuto pouted, and watched Akaashi settle into his slender thighs. “Not cool!”

Akaashi rolled his eyes, “What am I, a children’s toy?”

The elders to his left laughed, and Tsukishima said snidely, “Assholes do not deserve nice things.” He then squeezed Akaashi, as if to add to his point.

“Aww, come on.” Bokuto battered his eyelashes, and looked up at Akaashi. “It’s his decision, isn’t it?”

Akaashi stared down at Bokuto’s gorgeous eyes, and said, slowly, “Well…you are pretty…” He prepared to slide back over.

“No.” Tsukishima squeezed him, “Look away, he’ll trap you with his good looks, and then steal your soul.”

“Well, you’re not wrong.” Kuroo answered, picking popcorn out of his hair.

Bokuto wagged his eyebrows, and Akaashi laughed, carefree, and happy. He reached over, and grasped Bokuto’s face, kissing him sweetly.

“Yesss.” Bokuto sat back, “I win.”

Akaashi had to hide his smile as he worked. It felt really, really good to be back at Mode.

He tugged on the hem of the suit jacket and posed, giving the camera his all. He felt back where he belonged. Ukai was watching him from the doorway, a smile on his face.

When he walked down the hallway of Mode that morning, he was met by smiling faces and hugs.
He was surprised at how many people actually missed him. It made him feel good, and even more motivated.

“One more frame.” The photographer said, and Akaashi nodded. He placed his hands in his pockets, and sagged his shoulders- a pose that Tsukishima had taught him long ago. The camera clicked, and the photographer stood up straight.

“Perfect.” He nodded, and scrolled through the monitor. “This’ll do fine. Thank you.”

“No, thank you.” Akaashi bowed, and scurried off set. “Well that was quick.” Ukai winked, walking his way.

“Yeah, it kind of was, wasn’t it?” Akaashi shrugged the jacket off, and gave it to a stylist.

“You were out for two months, yet you come back better than ever.” Ukai rolled his eyes, “Of course.”

Akaashi chuckled, “Sorry. Again.” “I told you, don’t worry about it.” He waved his hand around, “Just know that I’m gonna’ make you work hard. We need to make up for all that lost time.”

“Yes sir.” Akaashi saluted him, and Ukai nudged his shoulder playfully. He turned to walk away, “Have a good day, kid.”

“You too!” Akaashi waved, and shrugged out of the designer suit pants. He slipped into his own jeans, and looked around for his stuff.

When he found his phone, he smiled at the names that popped up.

Bokuto ❤ (■▼■)♡ : babe text us when ur done

Bokuto ❤ (■▼■)♡ : actually come find us we’re in the cafeteria

Kuroo (^・ω・^)♥: wait we’re going to go sit in the lounge

Kuroo (^・ω・^)♥: wait

Tsukishima: Δ(¬■□■)>♡: holy shit we’re just going to come find you hold on

Akaashi shook his head, and placed his phone in his pocket. He was dating such strange people, but he loved them more than life itself.

He gave the director his thanks before leaving the studio. He spotted his lovers walking down the hallway- as soon as they saw him, they perked up. Bokuto and Kuroo waved, “Akaashi!”

“Hey.” Akaashi smiled- but he suddenly stopped walking. He frowned, and stared at Bokuto; he was holding something behind himself nervously. Akaashi glared, “What are you holding?” “Uhh….”

Akaashi loved him, but didn’t trust him- especially when he schemed with Kuroo. He stared as they got closer, and eventually stopped, a few feet in front of him.
“Hey….” Kuroo grinned, “Soooo….”

Bokuto fidgeted, and pulled out a simple bouquet of flowers. Akaashi stared, wide eyed and confused. “What-“

“We wanted to ask you out on a date!” Bokuto grinned, handing the roses to Akaashi. Tsukishima was looking at a spot on the wall, cheeks just a little pink. It was really cute.

“We’re going to a really nice restaurant.” Kuroo wrapped an arm around his shoulders, “So you have to dress up.”

“Oh wow.” Akaashi stared at the flowers, “T-thanks. But haven’t we already kind of…been on a million dates already?”

“Yeah, but, technically those weren’t dates.” Bokuto rubbed his nose.

“We wanted to take you out, for real.” Tsukishima shoved his hands in his pockets, and tried to look indifferent.

Akaashi grinned, and his heart did flip flops; he held the flowers to his chest.

“What time are you going to pick me up?”

Chapter End Notes

one last chapter ＾(´ཀ´▽´خاص).Networking thanks for all the incredible support, like holy shit, your comments and asks fucking killed me

Tumblr

edit: I recievied some beautiful art of the last scene! Check it out here!!
Akaashi looked himself over in the mirror once again. He adjusted the collar on his shirt, and pulled on his bowtie.

He’d worn garments worth thousands of dollars…

So why did he feel so overdressed?

He swallowed, looking himself over once more. Kuroo had said to dress up, so. Here he was. He licked his hand, and pushed down a stray hair. It popped back up, this time messier than before, and Akaashi sighed.

The knocking on his door about gave him a heart attack, and he clutched at his chest.

Holy shit, why am I nervous? Akaashi shook his head, and walked to the door, I literally was a Bokuto-Kuroo sandwich last night. This is just a date…

He stared at the lock on the door, before throwing it open.

“Hey!” Bokuto grinned, Kuroo and Tsukishima at his side. Bokuto looked really good in his button up. His suit jacket was rolled up to his elbows- he wore suits so well, it was unfair.

“Long time no see.” Akaashi joked, and closed the door behind him, locking it in the process.

“Wow. You look great!” Kuroo grinned. He was probably the most disheveled of them all; the top three buttons of his shirt undone, sleeves rolled up, pants sagging just a little- the annoying part was that he looked sexy as fuck.

“Thank you.” Akaashi stared, “I’m kind of dying over you guys right now.”

The three of them laughed, and began the decent down the stairs. Akaashi felt a hand grab his own, and he looked up at Tsukishima.

Tsukishima was so damn cute in his button up and soft sweater. He looked down at Akaashi with pretty gold eyes, and squeezed his hand.

“So, who’s driving?” Akaashi asked as they walked towards the car.

“Don’t worry, I am.” Kuroo smirked, and dodged the fist the flew his way.

“I’m a great driver!” Bokuto pouted, “You guys are so rude.”

“If you two fight during this date, I’m killing you both.” Tsukishima said, opening the door for Akaashi. The elder stared him down, as if to say you know I can open my own damn door- and Tsukishima smirked.

“Hey, I’m not the one that typically fights with Bokuto.” Kuroo purred. Tsukishima glared, and Kuroo was quick to shut up.
“There’s no way in hell I’m letting you guys pay for this.” Akaashi said blatantly. He looked at the menu with wide eyes.

“If I see you even try to reach for the bill, I swear.” Kuroo warned, not even looking up from his menu.

“Oh, what are you gonna’ do?” Akaashi rolled his eyes playfully, “Cuddle me to death?”

“Don’t try me.” Kuroo warned, and Bokuto laughed.

The restaurant was gorgeous; there was beautiful décor, large fish tanks, and dark mood lighting. Akaashi almost felt out of place, but he appreciated the trio bringing him here.

Akaashi was silent for another minute as he read the menu, before he gasped, “No way. You guys will go broke-“

“Do I need to put blinders on you?” Tsukishima rolled his eyes. “Also we have money, Akaashi.”

Akaashi squirmed in his seat, and placed the menu back on the table. He didn’t want to offend them, so he stayed quiet.

When the waitress came by, Akaashi tried to order something that wasn’t super expensive- Tsukishima and Kuroo glared at him from across the table, but it was fine.

Bokuto sat at his left, hand massaging up and around his knee beneath the table. It actually felt really good- Bokuto must’ve known that it was sore.

“So how are you feeling?” Bokuto asked in a low voice.

“Great.” Akaashi winked, and Tsukishima nearly hissed, “You better not be talking about-“

“Shh.” Kuroo elbowed him, trying not to laugh.

“My knees hurt a little, but it’s fine.” Akaashi said to Bokuto.

“Aww, babe.” Bokuto dug his thumbs into the tissue of his thigh, “I’ll massage them when we get back to our place.”

Tsukishima looked between the two of them, and narrowed his eyes. “Are you doing what I think you’re doing?”

Bokuto’s hand left his leg, and raised them both up above the table, to surrender, “I’m not!”

Kuroo snickered, and Tsukishima wanted to scream. Instead his growled, “We are in public, asshole.”

“See! I knew it wouldn’t be me that fought with Bokuto.” Kuroo laughed. Tsukishima pressed his fingers into the bridge of his nose, and sighed.

Akaashi smiled- he sometimes surprised himself by how well he could read Tsukishima.

“I’m having a lot of fun.” Akaashi stated, and Tsukishima looked up. Akaashi knew he was just
worried.

“Oh.” Tsukishima blinked, “W-well, good.”

“So,” Kuroo began, changing the subject, “did you guys hear that Kageyama and Hinata are coming back to town?”

“No!” Bokuto gasped, “My child is coming back?!”

“I heard.” Tsukishima looked away.

“Who are they?” Akaashi blinked.

“Oh! Sorry.” Kuroo shook his head, “Two guys we played volleyball with in highschool.”

“Chibi-chan is named after Hinata.” Bokuto winked.

“Oh.” Akaashi said. “Are you guys still friends with old team mates?”

“Mmhm!” Kuroo grinned, “I met up my best friend from my team a couple weeks ago.”

“Kenma?”

“Yes.”

“Do you still talk to Yamaguchi?” Bokuto asked Tsukishima.

“Yeah.” The blond sipped his wine, “We text a lot.”

“I want to see pictures.” Akaashi said, “Of you guys and your teams.”

“Of course. I can show you when we get home.”

“Man, all that feels like a lifetime ago.” Bokuto sighed.

“Mhmm.”

“Do…do you guys miss it?” Akaashi asked, hands between his knees.

“Nah.” Kuroo shook his head.

“It was fun, but, we’ve got a better life now.” Bokuto winked, and Akaashi smiled back.

He looked down at his plate as his food arrived, and thought, A better life. That club…Terushima… it all feels like forever ago. He looked up at the smiling faces around him. He thought- it’s just another life to hide away.

He didn’t mean to say his thoughts out loud- but his mouth spoke without his permission.

“Do your parents know?”

Three heads looked towards him, and paused their eating.

“What?” Bokuto tipped his head, like little bird.

Shit. Akaashi blinked. This isn’t exactly a dinner conversation topic. “I uh….”
“Do our parents know what?” Kuroo asked. He saw the nervous look on Akaashi’s face, and laughed, “It’s okay! You can ask us whatever you want.”

“Er, well… do they know about this.” He kept his voice down, and gestured vaguely to the four of them.

“Mine do.” Bokuto grinned, “But they don’t really give two shits what I do. Or, you know, who I do–”

Tsukishima shot him a glare, and he laughed.

“My mom knows.” Kuroo nodded.

“His mom knows a lot, actually.” Bokuto chuckled, and elbowed Akaashi, “They’re always on the phone.”

Kuroo rubbed his cheek, which was actually turning pink, “Um… yeah. I’ve told her a lot about you.”

That made Akaashi feel really, really good. He smiled, and looked over to Tsukishima, who had gone quiet. It dawned on Akaashi, and he immediately thought shit-

“I don’t talk to my parents anymore.” Tsukishima said, and stirred his drink with his straw.

Akaashi swallowed, “I’m sorry–”

“It’s fine.” Tsukishima waved his hand, “I don’t really care.”

“You talk to your brother, though.” Bokuto said gently. “He knows.”

“Right.” Tsukishima nodded. He didn’t look too upset, which was good. “He was more of a parent to me anyways.”

“What about you, Akaashi?” Kuroo blinked.

He sighed, “I’m sorry, but they don’t even know I’m gay.”

The table went silent for a moment, and Kuroo whispered, “Babe, I’m sorry.”

“No, I’m sorry.” Akaashi stared at his expensive meal, “I’d love to be able to bring you all home and proudly tell them how much I…” love you.

Bokuto tapped his leg with his hand, “But that doesn’t really matter! I have you, and Kuroo, and Tsukki, and that’s all I care about.”

Akaashi just stared, dumbfounded. How does he always know what to say?

Tsukishima nodded, “Same.”

“Yep!” Kuroo agreed, “So no more sad faces.”

Akaashi laughed, “Alright, deal.”

The rest of the date went good; well, as good as it could, anyways. At one point Akaashi spilled
wine on his pants, and almost cried, but Tsukishima came prepared. Apparently he carried a tide stick at all times, and was officially deemed Akaashi’s savior.

Other than that, nothing catastrophic happened. They just sat at that table, enjoying their food and the good company. Nothing was different; they were dating, but they were still *them*. They still made dumb jokes and laughed- even in that fancy restaurant.

At that moment, Akaashi realized that he had nothing to worry about. He knew these men- he’d seen them at their worst, and at their best, and he loved it all.

They made it back to his lovers’ apartment, giggly, and happy.

Akaashi discarded his suit jacket on the back of the couch, and stretched his arms far above his head. Tsukishima gripped the back of his sweater, and pulled it off his head in one swoop. It ruffled his hair, and tipped his glasses- which he was quick to right.

“Damn.” Bokuto said, as he slipped off his jacket, “Did I tell you guys that you all looked good as hell tonight?”

“You too, Bo.” Kuroo smiled.

“Aww shucks.” Bokuto pretended to blush, and the rest of them laughed.

“I think…” Tsukishima said, and walked up behind Bokuto, “…that there is a tailor out there that deserves an award.” He squeezed Bokuto’s ass, the elder jumped.

He turned around and grinned, mischievously, “Oh ho?”

“Oh ho.” Tsukishima replied slyly, and reached up and behind Bokuto’s head for a kiss.

Akaashi watched them with half the buttons on his shirt undone, completely breathless. He could sit and watch this for hours. Tsukishima kissed Bokuto soft, and sweet. It was interesting to watch; Bokuto was all tongue and force, while Tsukishima was soft lines and angles. They were a perfect Yin and Yang.

Kuroo slid up behind Tsukishima, and pressed a kiss against his neck. Tsukishima gasped, melting in Kuroo’s hands. Bokuto kissed him once, twice, and then took a step back, grinning as he watched Kuroo wrap his arms around Tsukishima from behind.

Well, this *had* been an innocent evening- but Akaashi didn’t expect any less from them. Kuroo pressed kiss after kiss against the back of Tsukishima’s exposed neck, and trailed his fingers down to untuck his shirt from his dress pants.

“Hey Akaashi.” Bokuto suddenly said, and the younger looked up.

“Hm?”

“Can I fuck you tonight?” Bokuto asked, blatantly, and Akaashi blinked.

Well.

“Uh, do you even need to ask?”
Akaashi gasped, and gasped, gripping onto the headboard as he bit into his lower lip. This felt like something out of some kind of sex dream, or porno, or something, but it was awesome.

Bokuto was a master at this; he knew his own body, and Akaashi’s body, well. He had a thigh thrown over his shoulder, and fucked into him at good pace. Bokuto snapped his hips forwards, driving himself in as far as he could go- and Akaashi cried.

“Fuuuck!” Akaashi gripped onto the headboard even harder. Bokuto’s body levitated above him, all perfect muscle and sweet beauty, and Akaashi groaned.

He then felt a hand prod against his own, and he turned his head.

Oh yeah, Tsukishima.

Kuroo was completely dominating Tsukishima, hands at his thighs, and his hips, and his stomach. He leaned forwards, testing Tsukishima’s flexibility, and fucked him as he bit into his throat.

Tsukishima’s hand prodded against his own, and Akaashi got the hint. He let go of the headboard, and tangled his fingers with Tsukishima’s instead. Long fingers threaded against his own, and held his hand, hard.

Bokuto was making beautiful moans above him, and Akaashi panted, squeezing his thigh that was thrown over his shoulder. Bokuto was merciful- he worked a free hand between them, and pumped Akaashi to each thrust. It was absolutely surreal.

“Fuck, Bokuto.” Akaashi gasped, “Do you have to be good at everything?”

Akaashi had said that honestly, but was pleasantly surprised when he remembered how much Bokuto liked praise. The elder shivered, hips pausing for a moment, before he could pick the pace back up.

“So good, Bo.” Akaashi encouraged, squeezing his other lover’s hand, “So, so good.”

“R-really?” Bokuto gasped, and looked up through gorgeous eyes. Next to them, Kuroo hesitated, a wide grin settling on his face, because Akaashi was learning.

“All I can f-feel,” Akaashi panted, seriously, “All I can feel is you.”

Bokuto gasped again, and moved his hand away from Akaashi’s dick to press into the sheets. He was losing it, and Akaashi loved every moment.

Kuroo sucked into Tsukishima’s neck, and the blond gasped. He was trying not to make too much noise- but of course, he was putty in Kuroo’s hands. Kuroo fucked him hard, but Tsukishima could take it. He could always take it.

Akaashi turned his head to watch them, and almost couldn’t handle the sight. Tsukishima was gorgeous, absolutely gorgeous, long legs spread, glasses gone- not to mention Kuroo. His body was practically designed for this. His hair was messy, his eyes dark and focused- sweat dripping down strong back muscles as he clutched onto Tsukishima.

He shouldn’t have expected any less from having sex with models- yet Akaashi was always surprised by their beauty.
Tsukishima let out a beautiful moan— one that started in his chest, and vibrated up into his throat. Kuroo *keened*, and moved to thrust faster.

Akaashi cried out, and squeezed Tsukishima’s hand, his filter long gone. His body was on fire, and his thighs were shaking.

He loved this. He *loved them*. He wanted to write it on his forehead, his arms, and his stomach. He wanted them to make so many marks that no one would ever hesitate to know who he loved. He wanted them to suck bruises, and leave teeth marks—

So he gripped Tsukishima’s fingers with his right hand, and the headboard with his left, and shoved back against Bokuto, crying out, as he was determined to give them his all.

Afterwards they sat, tired, messy, and sweaty, panting, and gasping into arms, and thighs. They laid together, lazy, and spent, and mumbled sweet *I love yous* into the pillows of that large bed.

It was still dark outside when Akaashi slipped out of bed, bare feet touching the cold floor. He pitter pattered out into the hallway, eyes scanning the apartment as he walked. He entered the living room, and spotted exactly what he was looking for.

There was a faint glow of a laptop, and the glint of glasses. He softly slid into the room, and gold eyes flickered his way. Tsukishima smiled, softly— a sight that not many got to see— and closed his laptop. He placed it on the coffee table, and opened his arms. Akaashi slid sideways into his lap like he belonged, sleepy, and slow.

"Why are you awake?" Akaashi whispered.

"Sorry, love." Tsukishima said gently. "Did I wake you?"

"Yes." Akaashi answered, "I turned over and realized that our bed was missing a pair of legs."

Tsukishima smiled, and pressed his nose against Akaashi's cheek, "Sorry. At least you know how I felt."

"How you felt?" He whispered.

"When you were gone." He kissed his ear, softly, and leaned back, "I couldn't sleep. I'd wake up and you just...weren't there."

Despite his groggyness, Akaashi still felt guilty. He opened his mouth to say *i'm sorry*- but Tsukishima whispered,

"But that's all water under the bridge, now."

Akaashi nodded slowly, "I didn't sleep much either, if that's any solace to you."

Lips smiled against his cheek, and Akaashi smiled back. They were quiet for a moment. The room was dark, only illuminated by the moon that seeped through the blinds. Akaashi reached up with his hand, and gently brushed his fingers through wavy blonde hair.

"Thank you."

"Hmm?" Tsukishima looked up.
"For the date." Akaashi trailed his thumb down and across his smooth cheek, and wiped away imaginary tears. "I enjoyed it."

Tsukishima hummed, "It seemed like you enjoyed the sex more than the food."

Akaashi laughed, whisper soft, and said, "I liked that too." He dipped his fingers down and around his neck, and thumbed across the skint there. "I love you."

"I know." Tsukishima breathed, "I love you too."

The next morning, Bokuto and Kuroo found them asleep, curled up on the couch together like kittens.

“..."Kuroo--"”

“No, im serious. This was a really, really good idea.“

“Shut. Up.” Tsukishima hissed, digging his nails into his arm. He watched a half-naked Bokuto speak to a half-naked Akaashi, who was listening to him very intently. Interns walked around the set, pushing lights, and fixing the studio.

“Goddamn.” Kuroo sighed. “Look at their thighs. Look at them. I get to hit that. I get to hit both of that.”

“This is Akaashi’s first underwear shoot.” Tsukishima elbowed him, “If you get us kicked out, I’m never having sex with you ever again.”

Kuroo snorted, “As if.”

Tsukishima raised an eyebrow. “Really? Because I’ve got two other boyfriends now.” He gestured to the models, “I think I can survive.”

Kuroo looked a little scared at that, so he shut up, quickly.

Meanwhile, Akaashi listened to all the advice Bokuto had to give. He was really excited to model with him; Bokuto was a master at underwear shoots.

“Suck your tummy in.” Bokuto pressed his fingers up against Akaashi’s soft stomach, “I know you already have a flat belly, but even I get little fat rolls when I sit down.”

Akaashi laughed a little, and nodded. “Got it.”

“Also!” Bokuto lifted his hands, and squeezed Akaashi’s naked shoulders. “If you feel uncomfortable at all, tell the director. You don’t have to do something if you don’t want to.”

Akaashi shook his head, “No, I’ve got you, I’ll be fine.”

And seriously, you might as well have told Bokuto he won the lottery. An amazing smile blessed his face, and it made warm butterflies squirm in Akaashi’s stomach.
He said in a low, excited voice, “Dude. Dude. I can’t kiss you now, but I’m totally kissing you when we get home.”

Akaashi laughed, “Fine with me.”

Kuroo pulled out his phone as they walked down the hallway. Bokuto and Akaashi still smelled like baby oil, and their hair was still slicked back from the gel. The shoot had gone well; Akaashi really enjoyed modeling with Bokuto. He saw a couple of the frames, and the pictures had turned out very well.

“So, I think I’ve been hard for…” Kuroo looked at his phone, “…two hours?”

Bokuto laughed, gorgeously, and slapped a hand on his back, “Hey hey hey! You’re the one who said you wanted to watch.”

“To be honest,” Tsukishima began, “I was fine until they did that damn pose with Akaashi on his knees.”

Akaashi threw a hand over his mouth, and Bokuto screeched, “No way! Are you-“

“Don’t touch me!” Tsukishima jumped, and shoved him away. He was smiling, so it was fine.

“Come on.” Akaashi tugged on Bokuto’s sleeve, ‘Ukai is waiting for us-“

“Wait, but I gotta see if Tsukki is actually hard-“

“Stop it!”

“Just let me-“

“No!”

“There you guys are!”

The four of them paused, Bokuto’s hand halfway towards Tsukishima’s crotch, Kuroo doubled over laughing, and Akaashi with his hand around Bokuto’s arm.

Ukai stared for a good three seconds, before he sighed, “You know…I’m just not even going to ask.” Ukai waved his hand, and turned around. “Come on, I’ve got an appointment soon.”

Tsukishima and Bokuto glared at each other playfully, before righting themselves, and following Ukai into the room.

Ukai’s office only had two chairs, so Bokuto and Kuroo offered to stand in the back. Akaashi accepted the seat, and Tsukishima crossed his legs next to him.

“Allright, so.” Ukai began, and took a seat as well. “You four were in the shoot, and missed the announcement, but-“

“We missed an announcement?”

“Yeah, Takeda came down and gathered everyone in the lounge and- hey! Don’t interrupt me.” Ukai snapped. “Anyways, I’m not going to beat around the bush here. You guys really liked New
York, right?”

“Are you kidding?” Akaashi blinked.

“Yeah, did you even check our snapchat stories?” Kuroo continued, and Ukai rolled his eyes.

“Anyways, Mode is doing great right now. We’ve got good mangers, good models, good work ethic- and Mode wants to expand.”

“Wait…” Tsukishima blinked as he put the pieces together in his mind.

“Mode is expanding to Los Angeles.” Ukai grinned, “And we’re looking for models who are willing to transfer. There’s a lot of models who have already said no, but I figured…you know…with your whole-“ he gestured to the four of them vaguely, “-thing you’ve got going on, that you’d like to get a fresh start in a place with less discrimination.”

There was yelling behind him, but it fell on deaf ears; Akaashi was frozen in shock.

Transfer?! California?!

“No way!” Bokuto jumped, slapping Kuroo’s arm next to him, “They’re opening a firm in L.A.?!?”

“Yep.” Uaki twirled his pen between his fingers, “In a year.”

“We…” Tsukishima looked at the shell-shocked Akaashi, before turning around to look at the excitable idiots behind him, “…we need to talk about this.”

“That’s fine.” Ukai raised a hand up defensively, “I wasn’t expecting an answer today. You’ve got time, we just wanted to let you guys know.”

Akaashi chose that exact moment to come back to the real world, because he gasped, loudly, and yelled, “California!?!?”

Bokuto and Kuroo busted out into laughter, and Tsukishima smiled too.

Akaashi trailed his fingers up and down Kuroo’s arms. He traced the vein that stretched all the way to his wrist, and back up to his elbow. Kuroo’s arms were long, and slender, but also quite firm. Akaashi prodded his hand open, and traced his fingers along Kuroo’s lifeline. He ran his nails up and down each finger, and back to his palm, drawing little circles.

Kuroo watched him sleepily, a warm smile on his face. Bokuto was tucked against his side, with Tsukishima happily curled up in Bokuto’s arm.

The T.V. was playing dully in the background, but no one was paying attention. They were just happy, and quiet, sitting together, and enjoying each other’s companies. Their bellies were full from dinner, and their eyes heavy from the day’s work.

Akaashi ran his fingernails back up Kuroo’s forearm, and watched the muscles strain as Kuroo balled up his fist. He smiled, and leaned his head back up against Kuroo’s shoulder. He felt a nose press into his neck, and at that moment, everything felt right with the world.

“So…” Tsukishima began, “We should probably talk about moving.”
“No.” Bokuto said sleepily, “Later.”

“No. Now.” Tsukishima said, and pressed his finger into his cute cheek. “We need to hunt for an apartment.”

Akaashi felt his heart soar. After some careful consideration, and many group conversations, they finally had made a decision. They were going to move to America, and they were going to share an apartment.

A fresh start. Together.

Nothing sounded better.

“My mom was mad when I told her.” Kuroo admitted against Akaashi’s hair.

“Oh man.” Bokuto blinked, knowingly, “Did she yell?”

“No.” Kuroo chuckled, “She said she’d miss me, but she’s actually happy for us.”

“I’m happy for us.” Akaashi stated, and the other three laughed.

“I will be.” Tsukishima said. “Once we finish packing.”

“I can’t wait for the beaches.” Kuroo smiled, “And the clothes.”

“Think of all the designers we’ll get to model for.” Bokuto closed his eyes.

“I’m just glad we get to stay together.” Akaashi said bluntly. There was a moment of silence, and Akaashi looked up from Kuroo’s palm. Bokuto’s eyes were big, and watery, and Tsukishima was looking down at his feet, tucked in beneath a pillow. “Err-”

“We’re happy too!” Kuroo squeezed him, hard, and grinned into his hair. “We’re really, really happy.”

Akaashi smiled, and turned around to squeeze him back.

Kuroo sighed into his hair, “I love you guys.”- And the three repeated it back, like happy love-struck parrots.

Akaashi woke in the middle of the night. A knee had landed right in his back, jolting him awake. He sat up a little, and looked behind him. Tsukishima’s long legs were both a blessing, and a curse— one pale thigh was currently pressing between his own. He gave a happy sigh, and looked ahead; Bokuto was on his back, snoring, as Kuroo curled up in his arm like a little cat.

He looked at their sleeping expressions, and smiled. There was so much promise in their young faces. They had such a bright future ahead of them, and Akaashi was nothing but excited to be a part of it.

He just… couldn’t believe all this was happening. He spent such a long time being unhappy, and now here he was— in a bed full of gorgeous men that loved him.

Bokuto let out a snore, and Akaashi hid his smile behind his hand.
He couldn’t wait.

He couldn’t wait to look up and see Kuroo walking down the runway- to watch Bokuto smile after a good shoot, or to see Tsukishima’s skilled body bend into amazing shapes. He couldn’t wait for the sandy feet that would trudge into their home; he couldn’t wait for the group showers, for the bad singing, and the cold toes that would wiggle beneath his thighs. He couldn’t wait to be woken again by knees in his back, and he couldn’t wait for the drunken laughter on Saturday nights.

They’d fight. They’d scream. They’d throw things. They’d punch holes in the wall. They’d bruise their knuckles, and they’d cry until their chests hurt-

But they’d always, always come back to each other, with wet eyes and the words I’m sorry, I’m sorry- falling off their lips.

This wasn’t supposed to be easy. Life wasn’t a free ride.

But Akaashi couldn’t wait to see it through.

He looked down at the sleeping faces, and smiled once more.

He loved them.

He loved his gorgeous mannequin men.

Chapter End Notes

and that's that!!

i just wanna take a moment to thank all of you guys, seriously. you were all so supportive, and sent me really nice messages, and idk, it was a great experience. Thank you all who drew me art!! I love all of it ;u; i still die over it. I loved writing this story, especially because its on a universe so dear to my heart

I also want to thank @stressedanime on tumblr. They listened to me talk about this 24/7 as i figured out my thoughts, and they're amazing

I'm going to write more for this ship, and have written 3 oneshots that are out already, so feel free to check those out!

And as always, my tumblr is zanimez

:)) love you guys!!

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