**A Study in Depravity**

**Summary**

A collection of oneshots in which you have sex with volleyball players. Additional tags/pairings will be added as each oneshot is posted.

**Notes**
Hey guys! Since I've had such a hankering to write smut lately I decided that I would start a book of oneshots where I could actually experiment with my writing and try to get more practice with writing a bunch of characters. Let me know in the comments if there's a particular character that you're dying to have a oneshot written for, because I'm trying to make this collection a mix between popular characters and some under-appreciated ones.

If you want to talk to me on my tumblr and see what characters I'm going to write for next, the link is sabbywrites.tumblr.com.

Hope you guys enjoy it! I tried to vary my writing style with this one, and I have to say that I think it worked out alright.

(MILD SPOILERS FOR RECENT EPISODES OF THE ANIME)

xoxo sabby

See the end of the work for more notes
The first time he sees you cry is after they've already lost to Karasuno. Iwaizumi is sniffling and he’s doing his best to comfort but not hover, his mind already in a thousand pieces after talking to Ushijima. Everyone else is watching them with wide, red eyes, their own tears held back at the sight of their ace letting out his frustration.

You come barreling out the doors, face flushed and eyes frantic. He can’t help the way that his breath hitches in his throat when he sees you skid to a stop. He’s just lost, damnnit, he should be beyond thought, but the sight of you with your wind-ruffled hair and panicked expression makes his broken heart flutter pitifully in his chest.

Your eyes are searching all of them for something that he realizes he doesn’t posses; slanted, serious eyes, tawny like tree sap. You find them and you launch forward, latching onto the arms of the ticking time-bomb himself.

“Kyōtani-kun!” You say, voice breathless in a way that is no way related to the fact that you ran all the way here. “Kyōtani-kun, you did so well, I’m so proud—”

Oikawa Tōru watches, already a little helpless, as the wing spiker shakes his arm out of your grip, turning to scowl down at you. It’s a mix of sadness and anger that causes him to do it, the same feelings that are currently swirling inside of all of them. It helps, usually, because then they go home and they practice. But this is something else entirely. Maybe it’s because he’s still new to all of this, or maybe it’s because he was incensed during the match, but Kyōtani Kentarō chooses that moment to take all of his sadness and anger, his devastation and his helplessness, and turn it into something destructive.

“Don’t touch me.” He grunts, and you recoil as if the words have manifested themselves and slapped you across the face. Oikawa watches, one of a handful of witnesses, as your heart breaks and Kyōtani gets on the bus.

The first time he sees you smile is a much nicer time. He’s already finished his first year of university and is currently eating in the cafeteria after a long day of moving back into his dorm when you pass him.

There’s a flicker of recognition on your face, which is replaced by a burn of embarrassment in your cheeks. Oikawa frowns, a little offended that his face is somehow related to your memory of being dumped by his kohai, and waves you over despite the fact that you look like you’d rather die.

“Hi.” He says. “I remember you, from the Spring High playoffs. I’m—”

“Oikawa Tōru.” You finish, and although it shouldn’t come as a surprise that you know who he is, he’s pleased nonetheless. That flushed expression is still on your face, but it’s much less frantic than he remembers. You’ve matured. “I’m [Surname] [Name].”

“Nice to meet you.” He laughs, hoping the sound will ease your expression. It does, just a little bit. He wonders how bright your face gets when you smile, then asks himself if his heart would really be able to handle that sort of beauty.

“Nice to meet you too.” You allow yourself to lapse into silence, shifting a little bit in the cafeteria chair. Oikawa smiles, determined to keep you here for as long as he can.
“So, [Surname]-san, what brings you here? Do you go here? Your boyfriend?” He asks, trying his best to keep you from noticing that he’s hoping you’ll say you’re single.

He wants to smack himself when you pause again. Did he get too personal? Were you creeped out? His inherent charm didn’t seem to phase you, did that mean—

You lean back in the chair a little bit and laugh, a slow smile stretching on your face. He’s awestruck, absolutely winded by how beautiful you are.

“No,” you shrug, “it’s just me.”

—

The first time he sees you angry— actually seething, hands flying and shattering things— comes almost a year afterwards. You’d gotten back together with Kyōtani shortly after formally meeting Oikawa, something he learned because of the secret fact that Iwaizumi has always been a little bit of a gossip. It pissed him off just a little bit but did nothing to deter your budding friendship.

After all, that’s what he wanted, right? A friendship with a girl, one who wouldn’t get in the way of him sampling all the others when he went to school. Not deeply buried feelings that arose once he learned that your personality was just as beautiful as your smile. Of course not.

He’s only here to witness your reign of terror because you called him to do so, and Oikawa Tōru will always, always come when you call. He sits on your bed between declarations of “He’s such an asshole, can you believe this!??” and “This is the last time I let him pull this shit. I mean it.”.

And he waits. Waits until the storm has passed from your eyes and you slump down into your desk chair. Waits for the perfect words to form on his tongue, ones that won’t excuse what his former teammate did nor incite more aggravated shrieks. He’s sure your neighbors will love him for it.

“You don’t deserve to be treated like that. You’re too good for him,” is what he decides on, watching as a little bit of the badly-hidden hurt drains from your eyes and you look at him— see through him, really— and give him a watery smile.

“I guess.” You say, punctuating your statement with a forlorn sigh. He has the urge to scoop you up in his arms and save you from all your troubles, no matter how impossibly large they are.

His stomach drops, though, when he fully takes in your words. He knows what they mean; he’s heard you say them so many times after every single fight.

“You’re going to take him back?” His asks, a little more incredulous than he should be. He thought this was the last time. Had hoped it was the last time.

“I don’t know anymore. I just. Love him. I think.” You stammer out, already looking like you want to break something again. Oikawa does too, and the image of kicking his former teammate in the stomach is oddly pleasing.

No, Tōru. How fucking weird is it that he thinks in Iwa-chan’s voice? You can’t do that. He’s your friend.

Oikawa frowns at the thought. Is he really? Is Kyōtani Kentarō actually his friend? Past issues aside, the fact still stands that Oikawa would sell his soul in an instant to be in his place, to be able to call you his and hold your hand and do all sorts of other things that couples get to do. It makes him sick, legitimately, and he thinks he might just throw up with how jealous he is.
Kyōtani Kentarō has an opportunity that Oikawa Tōru would kill for, and he’s throwing it away. He’s taking pictures with other girls, ignoring your calls, and brushing you aside. He’s letting one of the most beautiful creatures on this earth slip right through his fingers, and Oikawa isn’t even comforted by that. It’s clear that no matter what, you will love your boyfriend for a long time. Maybe even forever.

Suddenly his mind is filled with thoughts of you walking down an isle in a dress that was not picked out for him. An image of you holding a black-haired child that is not his. A blush spreading on your face that he did not cause.

He stands, ignoring your suddenly worried expression, and bolts to the door, some sort of lame excuse falling from his lips as he does so. You protest, but you do not chase him out.

He calls Iwaizumi on the way back to his dorm. “I’m in love with her.” He says, the statement caught somewhere between a pant and a wail.

“I know.” Iwaizumi says.

He never spends his Saturdays alone. It’s a perk of being on the volleyball team; they always go to parties together, packed in a cramped house like a school of fish. The beat of the music is so strong that it feels like it’s rattling his bones.

He watches, a little bored, as the contents of his cup slosh around. He’s never been much of a drinker, but he does like to indulge himself.

He watches as a pretty redhead walks by, shooting him a kind smile. Yes. Indulge yourself.

He wonders what you’re up to. Probably reading a novel or watching some new show; anything to procrastinate doing homework.

Pushing off from the wall and taking one last sip from his drink before setting it down, Oikawa steels his nerves for what’s about to happen. He’s going to try and forget about you, even if it’s only for a few minutes. You can’t continue to control his life like this. Even though you have no idea that you’re doing it, it’s still annoying as hell and he wishes he had never met you.

That’s a lie. He thinks it before he can stop himself. He scowls. The only thing that he’s wishing for is to be back in your dorm with you, laughing about some inside joke that he’s forgotten the origin of. He wants to be there, under your covers with you, telling you how perfect and amazing and wonderful you are, holding you to his chest and making you forget that you ever even loved someone else.

But he can’t. So he walks over to that redhead, tapping her on the shoulder and introducing himself. She smiles again, telling him there’s no need, she already knows who he is. She has nice green eyes. They aren’t as pretty as yours, though.

He manages to keep it together as they break away from the party, finding a room where they can be alone. He maintains his composure through the heavy petting, through the gradual loss of clothing, through grabbing a condom and putting it on. Through the guttural groans and moaning of names.

At least, he thinks he does. When they’re done he’s a little mortified to see her hurt expression,
doubly so when it morphs into one of understanding.

“My name isn’t [Name].” Is what she says when she’s dressed again. She leaves him there, alone in that room.

Oikawa Tōru cries.

—

The first time he sees you broken, one hundred percent shattered, is three weeks later. Your reunion with Kyōtani did not go well, that much is certain.

He finds you curled into a ball on your bed, still wearing your pajamas at five o’clock in the evening. He’s still feeling a bit guilty for moaning your name during his last tryst, so he’s kept his Saturday night escapades to a minimum since then. It’s a good thing, in hindsight, because it allows him to pick up the pieces of what might be your final breakup with the temperamental volleyball player.

“I can’t believe he drove all the way out here just to say that he met someone else.” You sniffle, hands balled into tight fists. “Why would he get back together with me in the first place if he knew he was just going to break my heart again?”

“Some people feel safer going back to something they’re familiar with.” Oikawa tries to soothe you but you just swat his hand away. He smiles, a little pained.

“Well that’s stupid.” You mutter, pushing yourself up to sit cross-legged. Your hair is a complete mess. He likes it. “People should do new things. People should take risks, y’know? Not go back to something just because it’s easy. Kyōtani is a coward.”

He makes a noise of agreement in his throat, but it’s cut short when he remembers his promise to Iwaizumi that he’d try to remain neutral. You don’t seem to notice, too absorbed in reassembling yourself to realize that Oikawa is right there and he would give anything—

“You’re not a coward.” You say. Your voice has an air of finality to it that’s a little bit terrifying.

“What do you mean?” He asks, a little afraid that you’re going to go off on a ‘you’re such a good friend. I’m glad I know you’ tangent because he doesn’t think he can quite handle coming to terms with being rejected by you.

“You and Iwaizumi-kun. You two are best friends, but you didn’t go to the same university with him. You branched off and did your own thing. You didn’t stay with him just because you wanted everything to be normal and easy. You took a risk.” You smile, wiping away tears that hadn’t even fallen yet. “I really look up to you, Oikawa-san. You’re brave.”

“Tōru.” He blurs. “Please call me Tōru.”

You blink. Then, slowly, like a butterfly emerging from a cocoon, you smile. “Tōru. I’ve always thought you had the prettiest name.”

“Thank you.” He says. He pulls you close, your face to his chest and his chin on your head. You breathe in— you always said he smelled good— and let out a shaky laugh. He strokes your hair, pressing a chaste kiss to the top of your head.

You don’t complain.
By now, there are no more firsts. He’s known you for two years now, through every up and down that the world has to offer. He’s seen you happy, sad, jealous, angry, bitter, reserved, even dazed. Each expression is like its own little secret, a moment that he could slip into his pocket and save for later. He sees them every time he closes his eyes, every time the sun shines a little too brightly in the sky, every time the wildflowers on campus bloom. You’re everywhere, so tangled up in him and the person that he is that he’s not sure he could ever stand to be apart from you.

He’s making progress. He’s been celibate— you laughed when he told you, saying ‘celibate’ was a word that old men used when women no longer wanted to sleep with them— and somehow, that seems to erase a lot of the guilt he feels. He doesn’t feel bad for openly appraising you when you grab lunch with him, or when you’re biting on the end of your pen while working on homework.

He doesn’t feel bad for overstepping his boundaries. Most people would give him a look of contempt for trying to woo someone who dated a teammate of his, but he’s found that he no longer gives two fucks.

“[Name]-chan, I—” He immediately comes to a stop when he hears two voices from inside your room. It’s odd; usually your door is open so that he can come and go as he pleases.

“I don’t know why you’re here, Kentarō.”

“[Name]—”

Against his better judgement he presses his ear against the door, hardly believing his own ears. Kyōtani goes to school on the other side of Japan, why would he—

“I’m not getting back together with you. You’re the one that said you didn’t want to see me again, in case you’ve forgotten.” Your voice is dangerously low and flat, betraying not a single emotion. Oikawa is proud, in a sick way.

He hears shuffling. Something on your desk rattles. A surprised grunt.

“You’re friends with Oikawa?” Kyōtani sounds like he can’t quite believe it. Almost like he’s offended. He must have seen the framed picture on your desk, from the night that you and Oikawa had dressed up as Star Trek characters in order to get half-off on your movie tickets.

“Yes. Tōru is my best friend.” You snap. He can almost picture you yanking the picture from his grasp, a scowl on your face.

“Tōru? You’re on a first-name basis with that guy?” Oikawa almost sends his fist through the door. That guy. As if Oikawa hadn’t given Kyōtani everything that he has.

“I don’t see how that’s any of your business.” You quip. More shuffling.

“I still. You know. Love you.” It must be painful for Kyōtani to say. Oikawa, never one for religion, suddenly prays that you won’t say it back.

You don’t. “Get out.”

“What?”

“Get out. I don’t want to see you ever again. I’m done with you. I should have been a long time ago.”
“You’re serious?”

“She doesn’t respond. In retrospect, you should have seen this all coming ever since that party he took you to, where you spent the entire night rubbing your body against the captain of the basketball team. The look in his eyes had been dark, like two little pinpricks of a void. You didn't know what it meant then. You do now.

“Tōru, please, I—” He cuts you short with a little nip to the juncture of your shoulder and neck, teeth scraping around a bruise that will be there for almost a week. He hums, pleased with his own work, fingers digging into the soft flesh of your hips.

You want to ask what’s gotten into him, why he’s suddenly all over you. You want to laugh and say that you thought he was celibate. You want to know why he chose you, of all people, to do this with, did he not know what this would do to your friendship, was he just using you for sex—

His mouth seals over yours and fuck it feels so right that you wonder why you ever wasted time on other men. He’s perfection personified, sending shocks through your system with every movement of his hips. You may not know his reasoning, but it’s clear that he wants you, and he wants you bad.
He pulls back. “Let me fuck you.” He whispers, eyes boring into your own with such ferocity that your knees knock together. You don’t trust yourself to speak, so you nod.

He picks you up like you weigh nothing, even though you are by no means the lightest person in the world. Your back hits the bed and you bounce a little, but you’re immediately anchored by his weight over top of you, his looming frame caging you in. You feel small compared to him, as you often do when you remember just how tall and muscular he is.

“Tōru.” You whisper, and he groans as if you’ve wounded him, pressing his hips into your own. Your eyes widen a bit at just how hard he is, how big he feels even through his pants. You grab at the front of his shirt and pull him down, mouths colliding with a fervor that has been building for two years.

He grits out your name when your hands wander south, fingers dancing over the tops of his pants. He’s absolutely floored by the haziness in your eyes, the pure want that’s directed at him. It’s an expression that he’s never seen, despite believing the contrary, and it makes the air in his lungs leave with a startled woosh.

“Please.” He says. If you didn’t know any better, you’d say that it was a command rather than a question. One of his large hands is already slipping under your shirt, grabbing your breast firmly, like he has to prove to himself that he’s actually doing this. You swat him away, ignoring how he pulls back with a mildly heartbroken look on his face, because it vanishes when he realizes that you did so just so you could remove your shirt and bra.

“Fuck.” He hisses, once more trapping you within his arms. “You’re goddamn beautiful, you know that?”

You swallow harshly at his words, trying not to think that he’s only saying these things so that you’ll sleep with him, trying not to imagine who else he’s said these words to. Right now it’s just you and him tangled in this moment, so absorbed with each other that thinking about anything else kind of hurts.

“I could say the same about you.” You say, placing a chaste kiss to the tip of his nose.

Just like that, the dark look in his eyes becomes something else. It’s no longer all-consuming. It’s something that is so warm and bright that you almost shy away from it. You know that look; it’s the look you used to give Kyōtani.

“Hey.” He says, noticing that you’ve stilled for a moment. “Hey, I’m not gonna make you do this.”

You blink. Then, you laugh, albeit a little bit uncomfortably. “No, it’s not that, it’s just. I dunno. I don’t want you to do this just because you want to get laid.”

You’ve hurt him. He recoils a bit, but there’s still a little bit of understanding in his eyes. “No, that’s not it. I want to do this. I have for a long time.”

You stare up at him. You’re heartbreakingly gorgeous, your eyes wide and a little disbelieving. He could have you underneath him every day for the rest of his life and he would never get tired of it, he thinks.

“You’re...” You trail off, then think fuck it and pull him back down, mouth meeting his in a harsh kiss that you didn’t know you were even capable of. He appreciates it, though, if the smooth roll of his hips is anything to go by.

You break apart once again so that he can pull off his own shirt, the rippling muscles in his arms
and chest absolutely drool-worthy. You’d feel self-conscious about your own body if you were with anyone else, but the way he’s looking at you now makes any thought of the sort vanish into thin air like smoke.

He pulls at your pants and you let him, sliding them down until you’re left in just your panties, already clinging to you with how wet you are. He slides his fingers along you apex, humming in a pleased way as he does so.

“Is this for me?” He coos, looking insufferably cocky. You roll your eyes but buck up into his touch regardless, especially because he chose that moment to press two of his fingers against your cloth-covered clit.

You nudge him, raising an eyebrow at the fact that he’s still half clothed. He laughs, a little breathless, and complies with your nonverbal wishes. His boxers do nothing to hide the fact that he’s absolutely massive, and you realize that all this time, his cockiness has been completely warranted.

You reach out and touch him before he’s even asked you to. He’s warm and hard as steel, feeling absolutely perfect in your hand.

He freezes, stutters out a curse, before kissing you again. It’s slow and a little sloppy, his tongue darting out to tangle with yours almost obscenely. He rocks his hips into your grip, letting out a small noise of appreciation when your hold on him tightens.

He suspends himself over you with one arm, leaving the other free so that his hand can wander south again. His fingers gently hook underneath the elastic of your panties, sliding over the warm skin the leads to the apex of your thighs. Now it’s your turn to freeze in anticipation as he starts to drag the fabric downwards, exposing more of you to him.

“You sure you want to do this?” He asks against your lips. You know it’s the final time that he will question it. You nod.

“Of course.” You whisper, squirming a little bit as he sits back and moves your legs so that he can fully remove your underwear. He tosses them to the ground. You snort and roll your eyes.

“Don’t even think about kissing me again until you’re naked too.” You warn, and he laughs, looking a little stupefied that he’s actually doing this with you. He gives you a mock salute, which makes you roll your eyes again, and pulls his boxers off with a grace that makes you a little jealous.

Then, he’s back on top of you again.

“A lot of back and forth, isn’t it?” He mutters, pressing a peck to your collarbone. You circle your arms around him, running your fingers up his back and down again, featherlight touches that make him shudder.

“I guess.” You muse, returning a peck to the column of his throat. You watch his adam’s apple bob as he swallows. He’s nervous.

“Ready?” His voice has gone a little hoarse. You smile up at him, a full on beam that makes his heart slam against his ribcage, and grab his cock again. He understands; you’re not in the mood for foreplay. Not this time.

He lets you guide him to your entrance and enters you slowly, his eyes glued on your face with rapt attention that would make you feel self-conscious if you weren’t too busy feeling like your mind
was shutting down.

“Finally.” He groans once he’s fully inside of you, “fucking finally.”

The pace he sets is languid at first, like he’s testing the waters to see what you like. To his absolute delight you’re a moaner, letting out appreciative sounds every time his hips slap into yours. Your hand goes back to running down his back, your nails leaving little trails of white-hot pain that coerce him into putting extra force behind one of his thrusts. You squeal. He grins, the expression looking a little unhinged, and quickens his pace.

Your hands fall to your sides, one gripping the sheets next to your head while the other settles next to your thigh. His pace is absolutely punishing, forceful enough to make you see stars behind your eyelids. You wrap your legs around his hips and he makes a pleased sound, one of his hands sliding home into yours.

It’s a gesture that takes you by surprise, and you open your eyes to see him staring down at you with that soft expression again, his tongue darting out to lick his lips before he presses them to yours again. There’s a thought wriggling around in the back of your mind, a discovery that Oikawa Tōru is most definitely not just using you for sex, and the intensity of it makes you clench up around him.

“Shit.” He hisses as you come undone, your eyes shutting once more and your mouth framing a long moan that he soon realizes is his name. His hips slam into yours again, the smack of skin-on-skin an absolutely perfect accompaniment to the sound of you reaching your peak. He manages a few more thrusts before he’s following you, his emission coating your insides and smearing between your thighs when he pulls out and you collapse together.

“Tōru.” You say once you catch your breath. Theres hundreds, maybe even thousands, of things that you want to say to him in that moment. You want to scold him for not pulling out, ask him why he chose now of all times to make a move. You want to figure out what this means for you and him, if he expects you to just go back to the way that you were.

He beats you to the punch. “I love you.” He says. It’s the first time he says it to you, out loud and without hesitation.

Neither of you know it then, but he will never say it to another girl for as long as he lives.
Had you been anyone else, the sound of shoes squeaking against the wooden floor and volleyballs slamming into the ground would’ve given you a headache. But you’re [Name] [Surname], manager extraordinaire, and this is the environment you do best in.

“He’s doing better, at least.”

Kuroo makes a noise in the back of his throat that you take for agreement, his mouth wrapped around the tip of the water bottle you just gave him. Kenma and Lev are slaving away in front of you, trying to match their movements up. So far it’s been pretty bad, but Lev has made contact with the ball more times than he usually does. It’s the little things.

“We have a long way to go before the preliminaries.” You sigh as you absentmindedly make a note to buy more of those sports drinks that Inuoka likes. Kuroo disengages his mouth from the bottle with a wet smack, his dark eyes peering down at you.

“I’ll say.” He mutters, looking at you like he wants to defend the newest member of the team but he knows he can’t. You click your tongue at him, eyes narrowing a bit when you realize that he wants to read what you’ve been writing down.

“Go back out there, Kuroo, unless you want to eat shit at the Spring High Tournament.” You sneer, hiding your clipboard against your chest. He rolls his eyes at you and sulks.

“I thought pretty girls were supposed to be nice.”

“I thought team captains were supposed to work hard.” You shoot back, raising an eyebrow. He sighs— you’re right, of course— and puts the water bottle down, jogging back to the court and
smacking Kenma on the back.

You continue making a list of things you’ll need at the store—apples for some apple pie, a bag of rice, some more hair ties (how do you always seem to lose them?) and toothpaste. You calculate how long it will take you to get to the store, how much each item will cost, and if you should buy the generic brand of rice that’s cheaper or if you should bite the bullet and buy the enriched kind.

All of this is done to distract yourself from the fact that you’re going to have to do much more work when the preliminaries roll around. Just because you’re only the team manager doesn’t mean that you’re immune to the stress and exhaustion that comes with playing the other teams.

You shudder when you think of Fukurodani. Of Bokuto, to be precise; the thought of one of his spikes going wayward and soaring towards your head is absolutely terrifying.

The practice continues on well into the evening, a blurred mix of “Lev, focus on what Kenma is telling you!” and a few well-aimed kicks when the half-Russian boy apparently refused to listen. You have to keep from smiling as you jot down a few more notes, lest the tall middle blocker think that you were amused by his misfortune.

You look out the window at the darkened sky and you let your mind wander.

It’s been a while—ten weeks and three days, to be exact, since you’d been on the floor of this very gymnasium, hiding away after what had to have been one of the worst nights of your life. The night you’d broken your own heart because you were tired of dating someone that always gave you grief for deciding to align yourself with a rival team and made you feel horrible with each of his jealous rants.

Suguru Daishō was a good boyfriend most of the time, but the distance between you two had done nothing to help the fact that he was always a little bit of a green-eyed monster in sheep’s clothing. He was always concerned about who you were with, about the fact that you managed a team full of hormonal teenage boys. You’d reassure him time after time but it never seemed to be enough.

Sometimes, you didn’t blame him. He knew what kind of person you were—ambitious to a fault, always seeming to get a little too excited when Nekoma won a match— but you were not a cheater. Him, on the other hand…

Well, he wasn’t either. But it still felt horrible to know that he was dating someone else already, after spending two years of his life with you. Kuroo had been the one to tell you, oddly enough, and he’d also been the one to comfort you after the initial breakup. You’d been suspicious at the time, wondering if this was one of the captain’s ploys to get you to sleep with him, but after logging on to Facebook and seeing the confirmation for yourself, you were ashamed to admit that you’d spent the night crying.

And now here you were. Fully expecting to catch a few glimpses of your ex while at the preliminaries, yet pretending that you didn’t care. Trying to decide between taking the plunge and dating your flirtatious captain or hoping that your broken heart will just happen to fix itself. Stuck in a crossroads that, surprisingly enough, will be resolved sooner than you think.

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You swear your heart is broken and rebuilt every time you watch Nekoma play. It’s not just the losses; it’s the injuries, the barely-missed receives, the blocked spikes. It’s the fact that no matter how hard they try, they will never be the perfectly functioning machine that they hope to be.
But then there’s the laughs. There’s the smacks on the backs, the high fives and the hugs. There’s
the blatant love shared between every member of the team. There’s the huddle on the bus over
what they’ll do next time, even if there won’t be a next time. There’s an unwavering confidence in
themselves and, by extension, you.

“We are literally ‘one step away’ from nationals.” Kuroo sighs, hands on his hips as he peers at the
rest of the team. They’re stock-still, faces serious in a way that you haven’t seen for a long time.
“We’re gonna play like we always have, just do our thing…”

“Roger!” They cry in tandem, and you have to fight a smile at how wide-eyed and excited they
look, almost as if they aren’t going against one of the toughest teams in Japan. Kuroo is such a
good leader. A good guy. Why weren’t you lucky enough to fall for him instead?

“‘Always have’, as in high-level defensive intensity and impeccable teamwork.” You freeze. You
weren’t expecting to see him so soon, nor even hear his voice. You thought that you’d only see him
from afar. “Along with a lack of ability to consistently put up points and close out matches. That’s
Nekoma-chan for you.”

You can feel the intensity of Yaku’s eyes on you. Don’t say anything. Please don’t say anything,
you can practically hear him say. Kuroo and Yamamoto, ever your saviors, jump to aid and
immediately start ripping on your ex boyfriend for his recent breakup with that other
girl.

Recent breakup. Why do those words somehow make you so happy? You clutch the pen in your
hands a little tighter then loosen your grip almost immediately, a little scared that you’ll snap it in
half and get ink all over your hand.

“Tetsurō.” You bark, sending a glare at the captain while Lev lumbers towards them and chimes in
with his own thoughts, “Don’t get so worked up!”

“Tetsurō, huh? First name basis? So you really are fucking around with this guy, then. I was right
all along.” Daishō muses, his sharp eyes boring into your own with an intensity that you thought he
no longer possessed. You have to fight to keep your lips from sliding into a malicious grin; you
know that look he’s giving you. He’s jealous.

Kuroo, deciding that now is the time to incense their potential opponent, slings an arm around you.
“We’re engaged, actually. The wedding will be held after we win nationals.”

And then he does something that you later realize will be the catalyst for what follows. He presses
a slow, chaste kiss to the top of your head. The players beside you are unfazed, already used to the
show of affection, but Daishō looks like Kuroo just murdered and disemboweled his entire family
right there outside the gymnasium. Your heart skips a beat almost painfully.

You recognize that look, too. It’s the same look he had on when you two broke up.

“Whatever,” he sneers a little too forcefully, then he turns his gaze to you with a “I always knew
you’d downgrade. This is pretty low, though.”

Kuroo has to physically wrap his hand around your wrist as you lunge forward, eyes blazing
dangerously. You stop short in front of the Nohebi captain, the scowl on your face threatening all
of the things you’d do to him to make him apologize for what he just said.

He just laughs, his bravado back in place. “Nice. Cute. I’ll see you later then, [Name]-chan.” He
diverts his attention back to Kuroo, who looks more than a little pissed off. But you realize with a
start that he isn’t angry at Daishō; he’s angry at you.
“See ya in the finals, scrub~!” They jeer at each other. Nekoma watches in silence as Nohebi turns and follows their captain.

The tension between you and Kuroo is almost painful. He lets go of your wrist when he decides that it’s safe to, and when you turn to face him fully you realize that he’s beyond pissed off.

“I know you didn’t just try to lunge at our opponent.”

“You heard what he—”

“Yes, I did. Provoking one-oh-one, [Name]. He was trying to piss me off, not you.” Kuroo sighs, and you feel like crawling into a hole and dying. “I don’t care what he said at this point. We’ve always been rivals; I was expecting it.”

“But—”

“[Name], if you had laid a finger on him, even just a soft slap, he could have used that to get us disqualified.”

You freeze, mouth a little ajar, then turn to the rest of the team. A few of them are nodding solemnly, while the others look like they’d rather be anywhere but here.

“Guys…” You sigh, any semblance of anger leaving your body. You’re ashamed. “Guys, I’m so sorry.”

“It’s fine.” Kuroo smacks you on the back in the way he usually does, but there’s a little more force behind it. He’s trying not to be pissed off, and he’s failing. “Just don’t let it happen again. If I catch you even looking at that snake for more than five seconds, I’ll ask coach to make you sit on the bus.”

“Tetsurō—”

“I’m serious. We can’t afford to complicate things here. We let one bad thing happen, and it’ll all be downhill from there. Just listen to me for once, okay?”

“…Okay.” You simper. Kuroo’s expression falters just a little bit, enough so that you can see he feels bad about yelling at you, before he steels it again.

“Let’s go.” He commands, turning on his heel to lead the team to the gymnasium. You follow behind, lagging a little bit so that you’re walking next to Yaku instead. He shoots you a sympathetic look but does not comment.

You bite your lip to keep from crying.

—

“Now? You need to go now?”

“It’s an emergency! Uh, girl issues…” You tell coach Nekomata who, at your reasoning, suddenly seems more than willing to let you rush to the bathroom in the middle of the match.

“Fine. Just hurry back, please.” He says and you nod, even though you have no intention of doing so. Instead, you plan on having a nice long cry and maybe a good session of musing about what happened earlier, and if you’re actually going to go through with what you have planned for today.

You rush out the doors in a way that’s supposed to keep you from garnering too much attention,
but you can still feel Kuroo’s eyes glaring into the back of your skull. Not good. You’ll have some explaining to do later.

You find one of the single-person unisex bathrooms after you turn a corner, and you almost cheer with joy. It’s better than one of the larger ones, where someone might walk in and catch you crying in one of the stalls.

You pull the door shut behind you quietly, as if coach Nekomata and Kuroo are somehow listening, and walk over to the sink, glaring at your own reflection in the mirror.

It isn’t as bad as you thought it was. None of your mascara has streaked. Your face doesn’t look oily. Hell, your eyes don’t even look pink, which is usually what happens when you’re about to cry. It’s not bad, considering—

“Did you seriously leave a match just to stare at yourself in the mirror?”

You nearly jump into the ceiling, turning suddenly to face the door. *Fuck*, you forgot to lock it!

Daishō seems to take a certain sort of pleasure in the way that you slap your hand over your heart and try to catch your breath after the sudden shock. Without a word he steps into the bathroom, shutting the door. You hear the lock *click* in an almost sinister way.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” You breathe. “Aren’t you supposed to be—”

“We won.” He says. Your heart drops so fast that it could’ve shattered the tile floor. “How about you guys? You lose?”

“S-still playing.” You stammer, a little unnerved when your former boyfriend takes a step towards you. He watches your reaction with those sharp eyes of his, his hair shining in the fluorescent lights.

He lets out a low whistle. “Seriously? Nekoma-chan must be putting up one hell of a fight then. Almost makes me not want to play you.” He shoves his hands into his pockets. “*Almost.*”

“Why… how did you know I was in here?” You try to muster up a glare when he takes another step forward.

“Saw you walk in. Thought I’d take advantage of the chance.”

“That’s creepy as fuck, Daishō, I could have been taking a piss.”

He laughs, and you’re stunned to find that it isn’t a malicious one. He honest-to-god still thinks you’re funny. It makes your heart flutter pitifully in your chest.

“Yeah, but I know you always try to go before games. That way you can sit through the entire thing.”

“You’re gross.” You scoff, a little crept out that he still remembers your bathroom habits. He reads the expression on your face and laughs again.

“We dated for two years, [Name].” He shrugs. “I know you better than anyone. Especially that weirdo of a captain you’re fucking.”

“He’s not weird!” You hiss, crossing your arms. Leave it to Daishō to make you sentimental one moment, then pissed off the next.
“So you don’t deny that you’re fucking him.”

“I don’t see how that’s any of your business!” You fight to keep your voice low, afraid that if someone catches you inside a bathroom with a rival team’s captain, Kuroo will somehow hear about it.

“Because you’re mine.”

You recoil instantly, not even realizing that you’d been taking small steps towards your ex.

“Excuse me? I don’t belong to anyone, Daishō, much less you.”

“You don’t get it, do you?” He sighs. You try to intensify your scowl to keep from softening at the crestfallen look on his face. “I didn’t want to break up, [Name]. You did. I wanted to make it work. Still do.”

“You’re trying to piss me off again.” You grind out, the words tasting bitter on your tongue. You wonder if coach Nekomata is questioning where you are.

“I’m not, but whatever. You never believed me when we were dating, anyways.”

“Daishō, you got a girlfriend right after we broke up. I think you and I can both agree that that’s reason enough for me not to believe you.”

“Shika-chan? I dated her cause I wanted to get over you. Obviously,” his eyes sparked dangerously, “it didn’t work.”

“I don’t care why you did it. In fact, I hope you’re over me. This has to end. I’m loyal to Nekoma now. To Kuroo.”

His face sobered up. You realize immediately that you chose the absolute worst words to use.

“Loyal?” He spits, “you’re saying you’re loyal now? You weren’t loyal to them your first two years of high school, or are you just going to conveniently forget that?”

“Daishō—“

“You know what, [Name]? I think this is all just a game to you. You know I still fucking love you, and you’re using it to your advantage. Loyal my ass. If you were loyal to anyone, it should be me. Not that oversized house cat.”

He’s dangerously close now, enough so that he can reach out and grab your wrists in his hands. You don’t flinch away from his touch; it’s surprisingly gentle. He’s giving you a choice, despite the harshness of his words. You can leave him behind here, or you can stay and listen to what he has to say.

A minute passes. You stay rooted to your spot.

“Are you fucking him? Are you dating him?” Daishō says. His voice is low and a little bit shaky. He’s just as nervous as you are, but he’s always been better at hiding it than you.

“No.” You admit. “He was just trying to make you angry.”

“Well it fucking worked.” Daishō’s grip on your wrist tightens a fraction, his light eyes boring holes into your own. Then, he grins in that snakelike way that he always does. “But not in the way he wanted, y’know. I was so angry that we destroyed Itachiyama. It was over before it even
“Shit.” You whisper. To anyone else you would looked worried about the fate of Nekoma, but Suguru Daishō knew you better than just ‘anyone else’.

He knew to look for the instinctive twitch of your thighs and the sharp intake of breath. He knew to look to see if your pupils dilated, if your fingers curled.

He knew what most people didn’t; not only did you love victory, but you got off on it too. The adrenaline, the sweat, the heavy breathing, All of it. That’s why you were always so concerned about Nekoma winning; you wanted to feel the rush of beating another team.

He had you now, and he knew it. The snake had finally cornered his kitten, and he was recoiling to bite.

“I love that look.” He croons, pulling you closer so that he can bend down and nuzzle his face into your neck. “I bet ol’ Kuroo never got you to look at him like that. Not for lack of trying.”

You swallow harshly at the feeling of his teeth grazing over your pulse. You blink, remembering all the times Kuroo pulled you close after they won a practice match, the moments he would spend staring down at you after they brought home a victory. You weren’t sure what those eyes were looking for then, but you are now. A shiver goes down your spine.

Daishō seems to read your mind. “Yeah, that’s what I thought. You should see the way he looks at you, [Name]. It’s the same look I give you.” He pulls back, looking a little too happy.

“No it isn’t.” You say, even though you know it’s a lie. Kuroo Tetsurō is, without a doubt, also in love with you. You’ve just been choosing to pretend that the feelings don’t run that deep, that he’s only interested in sleeping with you, because—

Because…

“You still love me too, right?” Daishō says. His voice is no longer teasing, and his eyes are searching yours in an almost pleading way. Say yes. Please say yes.

“I… yes.” You breathe, and that’s all he needs before his pushing you backwards so that your lower back is pressed against the lip of the sink. Your eyes widen, your face morphing into an incredulous expression, but his lips seal over yours before you can even think to protest.

They’re warm and soft, molding against yours in a way that’s so perfect that it makes you wonder why you ended things in the first place. His hands settle on your hips, pulling your lower body to his almost painfully, and you notice with a start that he’s already halfway hard.

“You jackass.” You seethe, pulling away. “You literally followed me in here to try and fuck me, didn’t you?”

“No.” He’s being honest, you can tell, but you’re still a little ticked off at how abruptly he’d made a move. “I wanted to reconcile. The fucking is just a bonus.”

“But—”

“We gotta be quick, [Name].” He says, pressing his mouth over yours once again. One of his hands slips under your shirt, going upwards towards you bra.

Or, at least where your bra would be.
“You’re fuckin’ kidding me.” He snarls, pulling his mouth away once he realizes that there isn’t a barrier where there should be. “You’re not wearing a bra? It’s like you were just asking that guy to fuck you.”

You want to retort, say that you can wear whatever the fuck you want, but his expression is angry, almost murderous, and it takes you a second to realize that it’s not aimed at you.

“That fucking guy. Seriously. I swear I’ll cut his hands off the next time I see him touch you.” Daishō yanks his hand out from under your shirt and uses it to yank down your shorts, his face going blank when he realizes that you’re not wearing underwear either.

“You.” You’ve never heard so much jealousy in someone’s voice before. “You were gonna fuck him, weren’t you?” One hand curls around your waist again and grips it until you’re sure there will be bruises for at least a week. He’s nearly shaking with rage. You can hear his teeth grind together.

“No.” You say, and you both know it’s a lie. Seeing how his expression gets even darker, you decide to throw pride to the wind and confess. “Well, yes. I was. I thought I’d need to do something after seeing you to help me get over you.” You don’t mention how spectacularly that idea had failed, and that you’d decided halfway through their first set that you didn’t have the guts to go through with your spur-of-the-moment decision that involved you forgoing undergarments.

“Well you don’t.” Daishō snarls, and before you have the chance to even open your mouth he’s plunged two fingers inside of you, curling them juuuuuuuust the way that you like, his thumb finding purchase on your clit. “You don’t need anyone else, [Name]. You’re mine.”

You don’t speak. You’re almost physically unable too, still stock-still from the sudden intrusion of his fingers. If you were any less turned on by his jealous ranting, it would have hurt. Instead, it sends shocks up your spine, especially when he begins to gently scissor them.

“I can’t believe you’d fuck that guy. You know how much that pisses me off?” He snaps, thumb starting to make languid circles that cause sparks to fly behind your eyelids. It’s too much, and he knows it.

“Daishō, I—”

“No, none of that ‘Daishō’ shit. It’s Suguru, you know that.”

You nod weakly, letting your head fall back and hit the mirror behind you. You know from plenty of fights before that it’s always best to let him get out all of his aggression first before you start to try and reason with him.

“I can’t believe you. Honestly.” He laughs. The sound is bitter, a little unhinged. “You’d fuck anything, wouldn’t you? Goddamn slut.” He adds another finger and you gasp. His words bounce off of you as if you’re made from elastic. They don’t hurt you; in fact, they turn you on more than just a little.

“But this,” he continues, suddenly curling his fingers again in just the right spot, “this is for me. This tight little pussy, that dazed face, this wetness. This. Is. All. Mine.”

You can’t help it. You come at his words, tightening around his fingers so much that he’s almost afraid you’ll break them. He knows you’ve always gotten off on dirty talk, always loved when he gets a little possessive of you. He grins, watching you come undone against the bathroom sink like it’s the best thing he’s ever seen.

You fall down from your high with a stuttered gasp. He’s already removed his fingers from you,
appraising the way that they shine in the bathroom light. Then, slowly as to make sure that you see, he brings them to his mouth, sucking them clean with a pained groan.

“You taste good.” He says once he’s done. You’re still absolutely wrecked, panting with your hands curled around the sides of the sink. He loves it, loves you. You can see it in his eyes, the way that his anger is falling apart into something a little more kind.

“Suguru.” You say, fighting to keep your voice from cracking. “Please. I want you.”

His grin is bright. It isn’t sneaky or cruel. It’s loving, the type of grin that he saved only for you and behind closed doors. The grin that told you he wasn’t quite done with you yet.

He pulls his shorts down just enough so that you can see his cock and the tops of his muscular thighs. A smear of precome is already on the head. You want to lick it, but you know you don’t have the time.

“Later.” He says in your ear, as if he can hear your thoughts. He leads you from the sink to the wall, which is a little more stable.

“You sure about this?” He asks. Always the gentleman; sometimes people tended to forget that his politeness on the court wasn’t always an act.

“Fuck me, Suguru.” You command, gripping his shoulders so that you’re stable enough for him to wrap your legs around his waist. He pushes your back onto the wall and starts to enter you, sucking in air between his teeth as he does so.

“You’re so tight.” He groans, almost as if the sensation of you wrapped around him is sucking the life right out of him.

“I haven’t slept with anyone else.” You admit through pants as he starts to move inside of you, the kinds of deep thrusts that he knows you like. “Only you. This is all for you.”

“You’re damn right it is.” He says, his fingers flying back to your clit as he thrusts. You squirm a little bit, still hypersensitive from your first orgasm, and he takes the opportunity to smash his lips against yours.

His tongue tastes like you. A little bitter, a little sweet, and a little salty. You’ve always thought it was unpleasant, but he seemed to enjoy it.

He bites down on your lip and you squirm again. Damn, he’s really not wasting any time; he knows what you like, and he’s using it all, the snakey little fucker.

You want to enjoy it longer, you really do. But he’s big and curved in just the right way that you’re already climbing towards your second orgasm. You grab his shoulders in a painful grip and he hisses, ironically enough, and it’s enough to send you over the edge.

You wail, suddenly giving zero fucks about the fact that someone could hear you, his name falling from your lips like a prayer. He grunts, finishing inside you while you’re still caught in the throes of pleasure, spitting out curses like they’re the only words that he knows.

You’re both silent. He carefully lets you out of his grip, sliding out of you slowly. He doesn’t want it to end either. You can see it in the way he tucks a sweaty, wayward strand of hair behind your ear.

You can barely stand. He helps, letting you use his arm as leverage as you try to catch your breath.
He’s staring at you as if he can’t quite believe what just happened. Neither can you.

“You’d better not try to fuck Kuroo.” His voice is back to it’s warning tone. You swallow, still a little winded from the intensity of it all.

“And why not?” You tease once you finally have enough air to speak. He glares at you, already pulling his shorts and briefs up and fixing his immaculate hair.

“Because you’re my girlfriend.” He says simply, that hard expression back on his face.

“Excuse me? Nowhere in whatever the hell it is that just happened did we say we were getting back together.”

“Well, we are.” He shrugs, daring you to challenge him. When you don’t, he strides over to the door, unlocking it and pulling it open. Before he leaves, though, he takes another look at you from over his shoulder. His mouth curls upwards again.

“You can’t just—”

“I’ll call you later. Love ya.” He shuts the door behind him and you sigh. Your pants are still on the ground. His cum is smearing around on the inside of your thighs.

“Love you too.” You mutter, wondering how the hell you’re going to explain all of this.

Chapter End Notes

find me on tumblr!
Kuroo Tetsuro- Right Here

Chapter Notes

LMAO GUYS. I felt so bad for what I did to Kuroo in the last chapter that I decided I would make up for it in nearly 7,000 words of fluff and smut. Seriously, this piece might be the most tooth-rottingly fluffy thing I've ever written in my life. I can't help it. Kuroo is one of my favorite characters of all time, honestly, and what's fluffier than two nerds losing their virginity to one another? Nothing, I tell you. NOTHING.

I dedicate this one to all of you guys who have read and given me kudos, especially Mslilian, who also felt pretty bad for Kuroo in the last chapter, and Chezzu, who was the one that requested I write for him in the first place!

I hope you guys enjoy the newest addition to the collection, and if you have any scenarios or characters that you really want to see, let me know in the comments or over at my tumblr and I might just make it happen! I'm considering writing something for Keishin, cause he's another fave of mine, and maybe even a little bit of Alpha!Yamaguchi, but honestly I'm open to whatever you guys suggest!

xoxo sabby

(Also, just a note that the driving age in Japan is 18. I don't condone breaking the law like 'ol Kuroo did, but hey, can you blame him?)

You remember a time when you were younger, with dirt caked under your fingernails and your hair in tangles, that Kuroo told you he would marry you.

“Right here.” He said, pointing at the map of Japan that your parents had carelessly left on the kitchen table the night before. The entire Aichi prefecture is under his finger, but you get the point; you both agree on a small wedding on the beach, surrounded by your family, friends, and the fifteen cats you were going to adopt. At the time, it seemed like a splendid idea.

Now, you’d rather do anything but marry him.

“Tetsu, you’re fucking gross.” You grumble as you carefully walk through his room, trying to avoid the dirty clothes and half-eaten granola bars strewn onto the floor. The volleyball captain gives you a nonchalant grunt, craning his neck to look at you from his seat at his desk.

“When did you get here?” He asks. You can tell he’s fighting back a yawn even though it’s barely past nine in the evening. You scoff.

“Fifteen minutes ago, which you would have known if you checked your phone.” You plop down on his bed, which is thankfully clean, and give him a well-deserved glare. He shrugs and goes back to his chemistry homework.

“Tetsu! I had to climb in through a window!” You scold, crossing your arms and trying to look intimidating. It doesn’t work; it hasn’t worked even once in the almost eighteen years you’ve
known him.

“Sorry.” Is all he says. You roll your eyes, feigning annoyance, but the both of you know better. He apologizes again, though, after a few minutes of you muttering curse words at him.

“It’s fine.” You sigh a little dramatically, shifting so that you’re laying down on his bed now, trying to discreetly sniff his blankets. He’s always smelled good, like aftershave and cinnamon, which is oddly a nice combination. “It’s just, I feel neglected, and being your best friend and all—”

“I wouldn’t go that far.”

“And being your best friend and all, I think it’s okay for me to tell you that I’m a little worried about you. I mean, you’re the captain of a volleyball team and you’re in a college prep class and you have a part time job—”

“Your point being?” He asks, running a hand through his hair.

“You’re a workaholic, Tetsurō! I barely get to see you anymore!”

“Go hang out with Kenma.”

“It’s not the same!” You whine, giving the third-year your most heartbreaking pout. He doesn’t fall for it, but he does seem to take your words to heart.

“You’re a workaholic, Tetsurō! I barely get to see you anymore!”

“Yeah, yeah. I guess you’re right. I’ll take some time off after graduation, okay?” He soothes, leaning back in his chair so that he can look at you. You look just as exhausted as he feels, head poking out of one of his old volleyball sweatshirts and legs clad in a pair of ratty sweatpants. It doesn’t take him by surprise, though; everyone always told him that the months before graduation would be some of the most stressful of his life, and he’s inclined to agree. He figures you’re in the same boat.

“Good.” You grumble. He slides out of his desk chair and collapses down next to you, the bed springs protesting the added weight. You curl into his chest out of habit, snuggling close to your dear friend with the intention of falling asleep in his arms.

He lets you, despite the fact that he kind of wanted to finish his homework tonight. He can’t help it, really; he’d do anything to make you happy.

—

“Let’s go on a road trip.”

You’re laying in your backyard between your two best friends, watching the distant stars twinkle in their varying colors. Kenma, who is surprisingly not engrossed in one of his games, shakes his head.

“No one is old enough to legally drive.” He points out. You frown, nudging him in the side, much to the amusement of Kuroo.

“That’s quitter talk, Kenma. We could probably pass for eighteen. I’m sure we wouldn’t get pulled over.” You counter. Kenma sighs, as if every word you say is another burden he has to carry.

“And by ‘we’ you mean Kuro.” Kenma retorts, “you and I both look like we’re still in junior high.”

“That’s such a lie, Kenma! I’ll have you know that my breasts have grown since then—”
“Gross.”

“Breasts are not ‘gross’, Kenma!”

“I have to agree with her on this one.” Kuroo says, obviously more than a little amused at your back and forth. “Breasts are pretty nice. Good pillows, too.”

“Don’t even think about it.” You warn when you see him feign a yawn. He chuckles, catlike grin threatening to break his face in two.

“Where were you even thinking of? And how would we pay for it?” Ah, Kenma. Always the reasonable one. Sometimes it made you sick.

“I dunno, Kenma! It was just an idea!” You huff. The setter gives a noncommittal grunt, obviously uncaring that you were getting upset with him. “Would it kill you to be a little more excited about things? I ought to replace you with Bokuto-san.”

“Then who would get your sorry ass out of trouble when one of your ideas went horribly wrong?”

“Kenma, you don’t have to be such an asshole!”

Kuroo listens to the two of you bicker, his large grin shrinking until it’s just a content little smile curling at the corner of his mouth. You really were a handful, sometimes, but he wouldn’t trade it for the world.

Which is what gave him his next idea. The gears in his head began to turn, already calculating costs and distances and other sorts of variables. How many hours he’d have to work in a week, and the amount of overtime he’d have to beg for. It might be a tight fit, considering his hectic volleyball schedule, but he figured that he could make it work between now and the time that he graduated.

He’d have to.

—

He’s always been a little enamored with how bossy you are. To most people it’s a turn off. Maybe it should be, he thinks, but he can’t help but admire the fact that your bossiness landed you one of the most prestigious positions in the school.

“We’ll miss you, president!” One of the girls from the student council says. She bows to you, sniffling a little bit as she holds out a hand-made card from the rest of the council.

“Thank you.” You say softly, taking the card from her hands and tucking it into your bag to read later. Kuroo can’t miss the fact that your eyes are a little misty and far-away, as if you’re here but not really.

It’s the last day of school, and it feels more like a funeral than a celebration. All of the third years are exceptionally silent today, as if they’re just now realizing that adulthood is waiting for them outside the walls of the high school. It’s a scary thought, and Kuroo figures that it isn’t just him who sort of wishes this day wouldn’t end.

“I didn’t know everyone liked me so much.” You sniffl e once the girl is gone. Kuroo frowns, always a little upset when you talk down about yourself, and puts a hand on your shoulder.

“What’s not to like?” He says, and you can tell that he really means it, that his words aren’t just to
try and make you feel better. You shrug, a little uncomfortable that he’s seeing you in tears this way despite having seen worse many other times, and turn to him.

“I’m going to miss you.” You say, and the emotion in your eyes suddenly makes him feel like he’s short of breath.

“Why? I’m not going anywhere.” He states. You frown up at him, sniffling again, and he can barely hold himself back from scooping you into his arms and running down the hall and off into some figurative sunset, as if doing so will prevent you from becoming any more sad.

“You know what I mean.” You say and he sighs, pained to see you so upset even though he knows that you’ll be over it in a couple more days. He considers for a moment, wondering if now is the right time to tell you that he’s so, so in love with you that it hurts, if he should admit that you’re practically his soulmate and he would do anything under the sun to keep you from frowning ever again.

Instead, he blurs, “I got us a reservation.”

“…What?” You say, suddenly looking too confused to be sad, and he bites back a laugh at the expression.

“What I meant to say is that I booked us a hotel room for a night. The night of graduation, actually.” And then, seeing your confusion mount even more, he sighs. “We’re going on that road trip you talked about. Even though I only have enough money for two days.”

You let the information process. You were always a little bit slower than he was, but by no means were you less bright, just—

“TETSU!” You shriek, garnering the attention of a few people down the hall. He doesn’t even have time to be embarrassed before you’re flinging yourself into his arms, your own wrapping around his neck in an embrace that raises a few eyebrows. He doesn’t care, honestly, because you’re smiling again and that makes him smile. “Tetsu, you’re the best!”

“I know.” He snickers, and you’re so happy that you don’t even swat him on the shoulder for being cocky. The students are talking now, a mix of “are they finally together now?” and “Jeeze, how can they be so happy?” that Kuroo doesn’t even care to listen to. He focuses on how you feel in his arms, the way that he can feel the faint thumping of your heart against his own, and how he really can’t wait much longer to tell you how he feels.


It feels weird, being more excited for what’s coming after graduation than the ceremony itself. You’ve waited three years for this moment and it’s already been overshadowed by what Kuroo was planning.

Aw, to hell with it though.

It doesn’t last long, maybe an hour and a half. Ends right before two in the afternoon, which you’re thankful for, because the only thing Kuroo has told you about your destination is that it will take a long time to get there.

You don’t know how you’re going to get there in the first place, but you’ll save the questions for later. He told you to pack a swimsuit, so you’re assuming that your hotel will have a pool, but hasn’t said much else. In fact, he barely said anything at graduation, but you could tell it was because of his nerves and not because he was upset, though he doesn’t have anything to be nervous
Your head is spinning. It’s been an exciting day and the feeling of finally graduating high school is beyond compare. Well, almost. The way Kuroo held you tight after the ceremony when you took pictures together felt pretty fantastic as well.

You finish packing your bag, making sure you have your phone charger and some chewing gum and some extra cash just in case, before nearly dropping it on the floor when a honk from outside startles you. You peer out the window and then do a double take, because Kuroo is in your driveway with a black convertible and a shit-eating grin.

You’ve never run down a flight of stairs faster, almost tripping and breaking every bone in your body. You can practically feel the smugness radiating off of him as you fly out the door with a brief ‘goodbye’ to your parents, wonder clouding your expression as you take in the sight.

“We’re driving?” You ask, almost breathless at the sight of him leaning against the hood of his dad’s sports car.

“Yeah, duh.” He’s fiddling with the keys in his hand, watching you. You beam at him, absolutely floored and a little bit excited at the prospect of breaking the law.

“You were the one who said I could pass for eighteen, y’know. I figured you were right.” And then he slides into the driver’s seat, jamming the keys into the ignition and you flounce after him, putting your bag in the backseat then grinning like an idiot at the way he looks. Sexy, with his hair messed up the way it always is and the first few buttons undone on the shirt he wore to graduation. You’re gawking and you know it and so does he, but it’s a damn great feeling to be able to be here with him and you both just kind of bask in it.

He’s a good driver, despite not being able to legally do so. You always figured he would be, for some reason. His long fingers drum on the steering wheel at every red light, thumping out a tune that isn’t familiar but you already love.

“How did you manage to get your dad to part with it?” You ask after ten minutes of not being able to contain your excitement anymore.

“I asked.” He shrugged, and you roll your eyes because you know that there’s more to the story, but for right now you’re just content to sit here and listen to him sing along with songs on the radio, his voice warming you from the top of your head to the tips of your toes.

It goes on for hours. You ask him more than a dozen times where you’re going, and if he’s sure that he knows what he’s doing, and every time he laughs and looks at you like you’re just the greatest thing he’s ever seen.

“You’ll see.” Is all he replies when you leave the borders of Tokyo, the lights of the skyscrapers a distant memory in the rear-view mirror as the day wears on into evening. You pass the time with jokes and stories, your favorite memories of high school and how excited you are for university, and somehow the discussion doesn’t feel bittersweet. It feels just sweet, like being around Kuroo has taken all the bitterness out of it. And maybe he has, because he usually does.

It’s only a matter of time before you fall asleep, really, with your face pressed against the window and your slow breathing fogging up the glass. Kuroo has to fight to keep his eyes on the road because, as creepy as it sounds, he loves looking at you sleep. Loves watching all the stress and discomfort from the day leave your face. You’re perfect to him even when you start to snore and he chuckles, fingers still drumming along to that tune as he drives and drives, wondering with each
passing kilometer how it was possible to be so in love with someone.

—

“Oi, wake up. We’re here.”

You blink a few times, surprised that it’s light outside. Or, at least you thought it was, but when everything comes in focus you realize that it’s still evening.

You just happen to be parked near a boardwalk. A beach boardwalk, to be exact, and the sign over the hotel in front of you confirms that you are indeed in the Aichi prefecture.

You curse aloud but it’s a happy sound, looking at Kuroo. You’re floored, absolutely beyond yourself, because you’re at the beach.

“You didn’t!” You screech, and he laughs that stupid laugh of his, ruffling your hair and unbuckling his seatbelt.

“I did.” He croons, and you have to keep yourself from physically launching yourself into his seat and planting a kiss on him. The lights of all the shops reflect in his eyes and you swear it’s the most beautiful thing you’ve ever seen in your entire life.

“You… Tetsu…” Your eyes get a little misty again but it’s not in a sad way. Quite the contrary, actually, and you can tell by the fact that his grin is getting wider that this is exactly the type of reaction he wanted.

“C’mon. Let’s go check in, okay?” He says and you nod, blubbering a little bit. He already has both of your bags in his hands by the time you get out of your seat and, like the perfect gentleman that he is, refuses to let you carry either of them. Even better is when he actually lets you win when you race him to your room, which is something that he usually never does.

“You’re the best, Tetsu. Honestly.” You squeal when he swipes the key card and you barrel into the room. It’s all creams and reds, with a comfortable-looking bed in the middle. There’s even a balcony facing the beach, the waves and lulls of the ocean clearly visible.

“If you say that any more, it’s really gonna go to my head.” He snickers, dropping your bags on the floor by the bed and stretching. To his credit he doesn’t look tired at all, even though you knew the drive was around four hours long.

“It’s true. I couldn’t have asked for a better friend.” You say, circling your arms around his waist and squeezing. He laughs, partially because he loves how easy it is to get you all sentimental, but mostly to hide the fact that he’s afraid you won’t want to be anything more than friends.

—

He shouldn’t have worried, honestly.

Somewhere between watching an Austin Powers movie and talking about your plans for the next day, you hear a loud popping from outside. You both scramble to your feet in an instant— like two cats, honestly— and rush to open the doors of the balcony because you know that sound, you hear it every time there’s a festival—

Fireworks. Kuroo snorts to himself. How cliche, but he knew how much you liked them.

You gasp and squeal in childlike wonder and he can’t help but grin as you rush out and lean over
the balcony railing as if it’ll somehow get you closer to the colorful explosions in the sky.

“I can’t believe it!” You say, though Kuroo can. He saw online that this particular boardwalk had a fireworks show every Friday night. Not that he’d admit that to you, though.

“Awesome.” He joins you, slouching over so that he can cross his arms on the top of the railing and peer out to the groups of people below. There’s a few families and a handful of couples that he can see, all watching the display with the same look of wonder that you have.

Super cliche, he thinks, but he looks at you out of the corner of his eye nonetheless, watching as your face is illuminated by the different colors of light.

“This is too perfect, Tetsu.” You groan, apparently so happy that it’s almost painful. “I swear to god I could kiss you on the mouth right now.”

“Maybe you should.” He says, his voice a little low to mask how nervous he is now that he decided to take a risk. You look at him, really look at him, and the way his teeth glint in the evening light is honestly something out of a cheap romance novel.

So you do. It’s slow and uncertain but he’s right there his hands on your hips as he pulls you closer to his body. You forget about the fireworks, the ocean, and the fact that this is your best friend. You throw away all of your inhibitions, your questions, and your insecurities for this one moment, the fact that his lips over yours is the most perfect feeling in the world and if you didn’t have to breathe, you could kiss him forever.

When you break apart he touches your forehead with his own, his dark eyes staring into yours with an intensity that you’d been ignoring for years. It’s plain to see how stupid the both of you were for not doing this sooner because this is the closest to heaven that you’ve ever been in your life.

He speaks your name with a reverence that is usually reserved for prayer, one of his large hands curling around the back of your neck so that he can pull you in again, the fireworks long forgotten as you lose yourselves in each other. His tongue is tentative, which is odd, because in all of the times you imagined doing this with him, you thought he’d be more aggressive. Maybe it’s the nerves or maybe it’s because both of you aren’t quite sure where this is going, but you don’t hesitate to let him lick into your mouth, tongues swirling languidly around each other as if you have all the time in the world.

When you pull apart for a second time he grabs your hand and you’re a little bit dizzy. There’s a question in his eyes that you’re all too ready to answer, and you pull him towards the room with a bit more confidence than you actually feel. He shuts the door behind him carefully, as if a loud noise might shatter the moment beyond repair. He looks like he’s not quite sure if he’s dreaming or not and you smile up at him, squeezing his much larger hand in your own and tugging him towards you.

You don’t know when you migrate to the bed. All you know is that one second he’s holding you against his chest and the next you’re underneath him, his lips pressing against your jawline as he mutters sweet nothings to you. You feel like every appendage in your body is about to melt into a puddle on the ground.

“You’re so beautiful.” He says, and your heart clenches up with how honest he’s being. Your hands curl into the front of his shirt, pulling him closer, and his hips shift a little bit. He’s hard, and he can tell that you know because of the surprised squeak you let out. He laughs, a little awkwardly, and gives you an apologetic smile. “Sorry.”
“Don’t be.” You whisper, and he’s a little startled that you aren’t making fun of him for it. Instead you’re looking up at him with hazy eyes, biting your lip in a way that really isn’t good for his health. He holds back a groan, trying to keep himself in check because he’s already kissing you like the world is about to end and he doesn’t want to push his luck.

You seem determined to make him break, though, because you hook a leg around him and bring his hips to yours, grinding them together slowly. Sensually. His heart almost tumbles out of his gaping mouth because the noise you make when he grinds against your clothed clit is something that he wouldn’t mind hearing on repeat.

“Tetsu.” You say, and it’s almost enough to make him snap, “I want you.”

He stutters out a sigh, pulling away from you. He looks unsure. Conflicted even, because you know he probably thinks this is moving too fast but the impressive tent in his pants is begging to differ. “Are you sure?”

“Never been more sure in my life.” You say, and then he’s back over you again, holding one of your cheeks in his hand as he presses another slow kiss to your lips.

You try to hide the way your breath hitches when his hand slides under your sweater, but it’s no use. He smiles down at you, fully aware of what he’s doing and what he’s capable of, but there’s a gentleness to it that he doesn’t often display, even off the court. It almost knocks the air right out of your lungs.

“You know…” He starts, “you don’t have to do this just because I drove you here, you know. We can cuddle or something.”

“Kuroo Tetsurō.” You warn, and he snickers at how serious your face becomes, “if you don’t make me come at least once tonight, I’m going to drown you in the ocean.”

“Yeah?” His hand travels further up, cupping one of your bra-clad breasts in his hand. You try not to look too pleased with the feeling of his warm hands on your skin, but the way he’s smiling down at you lets you know that you’re not doing a good job hiding it. His fingers pull your bra down so that they can circle around your nipple, and he delights in the way your breath stutters for a moment.

“Yeah.” You retort, pushing him off of you for a moment so that you can pull your shirt and bra off yourself, mostly just to see his reaction as you do so. He doesn’t disappoint, the look in his eyes going from playful to a little bit feral in an instant.

“You wanna take your pants off too?” He asks, though it’s not really a question. You smirk, pleased with the fact that he seems like he’s itching to touch you, and comply.

The underwear, though, does not come off. He frowns at you and you shrug nonchalantly, letting yourself fall back onto the bed.

“That,” you say, pointing to your crotch, “you’ll have to work for.”

His eyes light up again. Kuroo’s always loved a good challenge, maybe more than one person should. He’s over you again in an instant, cupping the apex of your thighs in his hand and pressing another fond kiss to your lips.

“Or,” he says, once he’s sure that you’re confident that you have him where you want him, “I could just pull them aside.”
“That’s not fair!” You gasp as he does just that, pulling the fabric to the side with his pinky finger and turning his hand so that he can rub tentative circles on your clit. Your back arches, and while you’re not unfamiliar with the sensation, having spent quite a few nights alone, it’s something else entirely to have the calloused pad of Kuroo’s finger applying pressure there.

“Feel nice?” He asks, and if you were anyone else you wouldn’t be able to hear the slight hint of uncertainty in his tone. It strikes you then that this could be his first time doing this too, and the notion makes your entire body feel ten degrees warmer.

“Perfect.” You say, and he takes that as a green light to push a little harder and move a little faster. Your toes curl instinctively, the sensations flaring from your sensitive bundle of nerves almost too much. You feel yourself getting a little bit wetter with every rotation, a fact that’s intensified by the fact that Kuroo has a look of concentration on his face that you’ve only ever seen on the court.

He takes initiative, something you’ve always liked about him, but something that you weren’t quite expecting in bed. If anything you expected him to be a little bit passive, so when you feel his finger leave your clit and circle around your opening, you’re shocked.

“Tetsu—”

“Can I?” He asks, and it’s another shock to hear how tentative his voice is. You nod, not trusting your own ability to speak, and he slides the appendage in slowly.

It feels weird and it kind of burns. Not in a horrific way by any means, it’s that you’re just not used to it. But the second the sensation is there it disappears, overwhelmed by the spark of pleasure that comes from him gently curling his finger inside of you.

“Oh!” You say, blinking a little bit. It feels so much different when someone else is doing it. Even better if it’s the guy you’ve been in love with for years.

“Good?” He asks again, and you grin.

“More.”

He snickers, already able to tell that he’s going to become addicted to the way you look right now, and gently pushes in another finger. He’s thought about this for a long time, especially during late nights, but his imagination didn’t quite do justice to the feeling of you squeezing around his fingers.

He leans back and sits on his knees so that he can better focus on the task at hand (literally). You watch as he uses his other hand to pull your panties aside, fully freeing the one that’s fingering you currently. Without missing a beat his thumb is on your clit, rubbing slow circles again while his fingers alternate between sliding in and out and curving against your sensitive walls.

“Tetsu!” You yelp as his movements start to get rougher. There’s a darkness in his eyes that you can’t explain, a severe curl in his mouth that’s sexy as hell. He bends down and before you can even ask him what he’s about to do he removes his thumb from your clit and seals his mouth over it, giving it gentle tug with his teeth.

It’s like the world has tilted and everything is rolling sideways, a flash of pleasure distracting you from the fact that he’s added yet another finger. He’s not naive; he knows this is the first time someone has ever done something like this for you, which means that if you let him, he’ll be your first. The thought terrifies him a little more than arouses him, because this is something new for him as well and he doesn’t want to hurt you and—
Your fingers grab at his hair and he groans, the sound sending vibrations through your clité that should be illegal with how good they feel. He can’t afford to worry now, not when you’re panting and rewarding him with light moans and the fact that you’ve just locked eyes from between your legs and honestly it’s the most erotic thing he’s ever seen.

He smiles a smile that looks more like a pleased sneer and you’re gone, back arching off the bed ever so slightly as he coaxes you through your first orgasm of the night, careful to slip one of his fingers out from inside of you before you come down from your high, lest the stretch be uncomfortable for you. Your bottom lip is caught between your teeth and your eyes are screwed shut and honestly if you keep making these cute faces Kuroo is just gonna come in his pants.

He doesn’t remove his fingers until he’s completely sure that you’re down from your high, a slightly sweaty and panting mess. You work to catch your breath as he begins to unbutton his shirt, his eyes still on yours.

“Do you want to go further?” He asks, suddenly a little bit unsure of himself and feeling a little awkward for assuming.

“If you don’t get naked in like, five seconds, I’m going to scream.”

“I think you’ll scream regardless.” He jokes, and you roll your eyes at his wink, your body still recovering from your orgasm.

But all amusement leaves you as he starts to undress. You’ve seen him naked before, the result of a few times that you forgot to knock before opening his bedroom door, but this is something else entirely. Every plane of his body is sharp in all the right places, the ‘v’ leading down to his crotch so finely sculpted that you suspect he might just be made out of marble. The boy you’ve grown up with has slowly but surely become a man, a fact that becomes apparent when he undoes his belt and slides his pants down his legs.

The tent in his boxers is impressive, to say the least, and you can’t help but shift over onto all fours and crawl towards him to get a better look. He quirks a brow at your sudden movement and then he’s swallowing hard, watching as your hand reaches out to grab his erection over the fabric of his boxers. You pause for a second, a little unsure where to go from here, and look up into his eyes.

“Tetsu.” You say slowly, “You’re really big.”

He groans, because those words are something ripped right out of one of his late-night fantasies, and so is the way you’re pulling at the elastic of his boxers to move them downwards. He’s more than willing to help you in your endeavor, tossing them to the side once he gets them all the way down his lanky legs, and before he can even say anything you’ve already pressed a tentative lick to the underside of his shaft, eyes still looking up into his own.

“Please,” he says, because his dick is so hard that it’s almost painful. You comply immediately, giving him another experimental lick before opening your mouth and sucking on the tip. A muscle in his leg twitches and one of his hands threads through your hair because he needs some sort of leverage, especially since you’re already working on taking more of him in.

“Fuck.” He hisses, and he wishes he could let his head fall back but he doesn’t, determined to watch your lips stretch around his cock, the eager-to-please look still in your eyes as you continue to suck him off. He’s almost certain this is a dream, because the sight of it all is a little too surreal.

You’re trying your best not to choke. You weren’t lying when you said he was big; even though you didn’t have much experience, you could still tell that he was something else. But the way he’s
looking down at you, eyes dazed and mouth open a little bit as he lets out appreciative noises, more than makes up for the ache in your jaw. You remove him from your mouth with a wet ‘pop’, using the saliva you slicked over his cock as lubrication as you slowly grip him in your hand.

He inhales sharply through his teeth, a sound that you will later figure out means that he’s close, and tugs on your hair to keep you from going down on him again. You look up at him, frowning and ready to ask what’s wrong, but the intensity of his gaze keeps the question from leaving your mouth.

“I don’t wanna get too close already. Get on your back.” He orders, and as you jump to follow his command he stoops down and digs around in his bag, pulling out a small foil square.

If it were any other time, you would have teased him—*Condoms? A little presumptuous, aren’t we?*—but right now you’re thankful for his foresight. He tears it open with his teeth and rolls it on, careful to make sure that it’s on properly, before he turns back to you and yanks your underwear down in a fluid motion.

“I think I earned the right to remove these.” He says, and you can’t really argue with him. He tosses them on the floor next to his own and crawls back onto the bed, his eyes staring into yours the entire time.

“You sure?” He breathes once he’s situated on top of you. Time seems to stop for a second as you consider the pros and cons of losing your virginity to the person that you love and, upon finding zero cons, wrap an arm around his neck and bring him down for a kiss.

“Of course.” You say, and he nods solemnly—almost too serious, for your taste—before guiding himself to your soaked entrance.

It doesn’t feel bad. You heard horror stories at school about how excruciating the pain is and how it feels like you’re being torn in two, but honestly it’s a far cry from that. It just feels uncomfortable, mostly because he’s so big, but you’re turned on and wet enough that the stretch is bearable from the start.

He freezes once he’s fully inside of you, his mouth pressed against your ear. You cock a brow, wrapping your other arm around his back.

“You okay?”

“Fine.” He wheezes. He sounds the same as he did that one time Lev spiked a volleyball right into his gut. Your eyes widen and frankly you’re a little surprised because it sounds to you like he’s—

“Are you a…?”

“Yeah.”

—a virgin.

“Tetsu.” You coo into his ear. “I never would have guessed.”

“Shut up.” He pants, pressing a kiss onto your cheek. His arms are trembling a little bit. You give him a kiss too, right on the shell of his ear, your hands shifting so that they’re resting on his shoulders.

He finally decides that he’s had enough of trying to be still and he moves, the shift causing sparks to dance between your thighs. He holds himself up with one arm and uses the other to cradle your
chin, pressing your lips together and prying your mouth open with his tongue. You let him, because he’s a damn good kisser, and because it heightens the sensations even more.

It isn’t long before he’s slamming into you with little semblance of mercy, biting at your lip as he does so. You squeal into his mouth, already sensitive from your previous orgasm, absolutely taken with the way he manages to fill you so perfectly, as if his body was made to do this with yours. His lips burn a fiery path down your chin and onto your neck, biting down on the juncture where your neck and shoulder meet. You’re absolutely squirming now, wondering if it’s possible to get off so soon after you came barely fifteen minutes ago—

You don’t find out. It’s to be expected, really, seeing as how he managed to last this long, and you’re thankful for that at least. He stiffens on top of you with a low groan and you can tell he’s gone even before he can. You stroke his hair and whisper sweet nothings to him—You’re so good, baby, you fill me so well—and he falls prey to the bliss that you felt earlier, spilling into the condom with that same sharp inhale from when you were sucking him off.

It takes him a minute to pull out of you. You suspect it’s because he wants to savor the moment but also because he’s a little embarrassed at having came before you did. You give him a warm smile as he ties the condom off and throws it in the trash, a little pink in the ears.

“Sorry.” He mutters, and you hold your arms out. He gets the hint and crawls back onto the bed, letting you hold him in the afterglow. You press a kiss to his forehead and he sighs, the sound filled to the brim with love.

“I came earlier, remember? Nothing to be sorry about.” He grabs one of your hands in his much larger one, threading your fingers together. His eyes are peering into yours again, and it makes you a little bashful to see how much care is in that gaze. “Besides, it was your first time.”

“Yeah.” He props his head up with his free hand, still playing with your fingers. “I saved it for you.”

“…What?”

“I wanted you to be my first.” He presses a slow kiss to your knuckles and you can’t quite believe it. You’re floored, actually, that Tetsurō Kuroo, the guy who’d been saving you from bullies and pulling your hair since you were both old enough to walk, had been waiting all this time for you. Had put part of his life on hold, even when he could’ve had any girl at Nekoma, in the hopes that he could share it with you.

“You’re such a sap!” You cry, and it’s mostly because you’re trying to hide the fact that you’ve gone a little misty-eyed. He sees this and snickers, pulling you close so that your bare chest is on his. You fall asleep like that, a little bit sweaty and a little bit in love.

—

“Right here.”

You’re up early the next morning, walking along the beach before the rest of the vacationers can get there. You hum, a little surprised sound, as he tugs on your interlocked hands.

“Right here,” he repeats, “I can feel it.”

“Feel what?”

“I’m gonna marry you right here on this beach.” He says, and even though his face is dead serious
You can’t help but snort. You might have forgotten the memory from your childhood, when he jabbed a chubby finger onto that map in your kitchen, but he hasn’t. He never will. “I promise.”

“Weirdo.” You say, and he grins at you in a way that rivals the rising sun behind you.

You have to hand it to him, though. Nearly six years later to the day, he makes good on that promise.
Heya guys! I was so inspired by your comments on the last chapter that I started working on this one immediately. I really loved all of your suggestions and I hope that I can do them justice in the next few chapters. I dedicate this one to all of you, though Msilian especially, because she gave me the idea for it! Oikawa wasn't as cock-blocky as I intended, but I still think that it turned out okay. Also, I seem to have a thing for writing student council!Reader and public sex. JUST U TRY AND STOP ME, OKAY?!?!?

(ALSO. Head canon that Iwa-chan loves when his s/o wears frilly things. I can totally see it. Can you guys, or am I just crazy?)

Hope you guys enjoy!

xoxo Sabby
There’s also part of him that wants to find these things out for himself. It’s one thing to have an arsenal of knowledge on a person, and another to have them slowly tell you over time, during easy conversations and late-night texting sessions. He wants that. He wants to be the reason you smile before bed, the person that gives you a peck on the forehead every morning, the—

“Ah, [Surname]-chan! What a nice surprise!”

Iwaizumi almost jumps out of his skin at the sound of Oikawa’s crooning, mentally cursing himself for spacing out when he was supposed to be eating lunch. Oikawa is leaning back in his chair with a shit-eating grin, staring at you. Iwaizumi knows that you aren’t completely sold on Oikawa’s charm— your smile is just a tad smaller than it usually is— but you give him a polite bow regardless, a few slips of paper clutched in your hands.

“Oikawa-san.” You say, handing him one of the slips. Iwaizumi feels his face turn pink as you turn to him, your smile growing just the smallest bit. It’s creepy how he notices that, honestly; just a testament to how much time he’s spent studying your face.

“Iwaizumi-san.” You hand him one of the slips as well, and he swears that the way you say his name will be the death of him. “The student council would love to know what events the students would like to see at this year’s festival. I’d appreciate it if you two could fill out those surveys and get them back to me within the next few days.”

“Anything for you, miss president!” Oikawa replies before Iwaizumi has the chance to, and if you weren’t right there he would have shot the setter his meanest glare. But your presence pacifies him a little bit so he just nods, digging around in his bag for a pen while you bow again and leave the room.

“She really is cute, Iwa-chan. If you didn’t have a crush on her I’d—”

“Don’t even finish that sentence.” Iwaizumi threatens, uncapping his pen and looking down at the survey. Dance? He’s a little uncoordinated when it comes to dancing. Concert? Well, depends on who would be playing. The school’s orchestra is pretty nice; he wouldn’t mind listening to them for a little while. He places a check mark in the appropriate box. His eyes scan a little bit further down the list, nothing really catching his eye, until—

Maid cafe? He pauses, pen still in hand. He pictures you, student council president and unobtainable crush, dressed in the frilliest skirt and a cute little headband, and fuck he was always a fan of those knee high socks with bows on them—

Needless to say, he adds another check mark.

—

Practice that evening is interesting. He gets hit in the face with a volleyball. Twice.

“Iwaizumi!” Coach Mizoguchi barks, and he winces a little bit. Oikawa, on the other hand, seems to be having a field day.

“It’s not his fault!” He sighs dramatically when the coach frowns at the ace for his unusually poor performance, “he’s just all distracted because he’s been thinking about [Surname]-chan in a maid outfit all da— GAH!”

Oikawa doesn’t even have the chance to finish his sentence before Iwaizumi jams his fist into his stomach with a particularly vicious ‘shut up, Shittykawa!’ The captain wheezes, a little bit winded from the excessive force, but Iwaizumi doesn’t care because Hanamaki and Mattsun are
exchanging a *look* right in front of him.

“I don’t care what it is. You need to focus yourself; our practice match with Karasuno is coming up soon.” Iwaizumi sighs, knowing he has a point and that practicing should be the most important thing to him right now, but Matsukawa is glancing at him with a bit of uncertainty and he knows his cover is blown.

“So.” He starts when they’re walking out of the gymnasium and into the crisp evening air. “You like [Nickname]-chan?”

Iwaizumi goes pink at the question, looking at his friend a little bit guiltily but also plotting Oikawa’s murder for spilling the beans. Matsukawa seems to regard him for a long second as they walk, a snickering Hanamaki and Oikawa trailing behind them, before he shrugs.

“Cool. She’s a really nice girl.”

Iwaizumi is floored, absolutely taken off guard, because this isn’t the teasing that he was expecting. Hell, he would’ve expected a stern talking-to before this, seeing as how Matsukawa has mentioned on more than one occasion that you’re like his sister.

“Are you…Am I—”

“I mean, I would prefer if you *didn’t* try to bone my childhood friend, but hey, it’s your life.”

And then they’re all kind of laughing, each one echoing as Hanamaki wiggles his eyebrows, and for once Iwaizumi feels like his goal of talking to you is actually attainable.

—

He shouldn’t have gotten ahead of himself, though, because whenever a person is friends with Oikawa things tend to get infinitely more frustrating.

“[Surname]-chan!” The captain says, easily brushing through the usual crowd of people that surround you every morning while Iwaizumi trails behind him. He insisted that he could return the surveys to you himself but Oikawa insisted on accompanying him for ‘moral support’. He should have just realized that was code for ‘excessive cock-blocking’.

You look over at the two, having been engaged in conversation with a boy who looks more than a little irked at being interrupted. Your face lights up once you recognize who it is, though, and is it just Iwazumi or are you looking *right at him*, as if you can’t see Oikawa at all?

“Oh! Iwaizumi-san! Oikawa-san! I imagine you have the surveys for me, right?” You beam, and again Iwaizumi feels like you’re the only two people in the hallway. How can someone even posses such a beautiful smile? It’s like you’re some sort of angel; you look so cute and huggable in that cream-colored sweater you have on over your uniform, and Iwaizumi’s hands twitch with the effort it takes not to reach out and touch you.

“Sure do! Right here.” Oikawa side-eyes Iwaizumi as he hands you the slips of paper, as if to say *see? She isn’t hard to talk to*, but Iwaizumi doesn’t register it because he doesn’t think he’s ever actually been this close to you before and he can practically count your eyelashes.

“Thank you so much! I hope you two are looking forward to the festival!” You gush, stuffing the surveys into your bag, smile still on your face. Oikawa grins back and Iwaizumi is irked to see that
it’s the most winning one he has, the one reserved for when he knows he’s going to be on television. The most charming one. When he’s confident that you’re not looking, Iwaizumi stomps on his toes.

You turn back to them when you hear Oikawa yelp, eyebrows knitting together in a concerned way that Iwaizumi finds almost too cute.

“Are you okay?”

“F-fine.” Oikawa simpers when he sees Iwaizumi’s cold glare. You blink at them, as if trying to find out why Oikawa was lying, beforeshrugging and once more turning back to the boy you were talking to earlier.

Not before Iwaizumi could see the amused smile on your face, though.

—

“Issei-kun!”

Iwaizumi narrowly misses getting hit square in the chest with a volleyball, completely taken off guard by the sound of your voice ringing through the gymnasium. Matsukawa looks over at the doors, water bottle halfway to his mouth, before a slow smile creeps onto his face. His eyes shift quickly to Iwaizumi, who has gone a shade of red that isn’t healthy, then back to you almost imperceptibly.

“[Nickname]-chan.” He lowers the water bottle, “what are you doing here?”

“You said I could come watch your practice after school sometime!” You jog onto the court and even Coach Mizoguchi seems to be a little taken with you because he doesn’t yell at you for doing so. You playfully swat the middle blocker on the shoulder when you reach him. “Or did you forget already?”

“Nah.” Mattsun ruffles your hair and Iwaizumi can’t help but be jealous. It looks so soft. You smack at his hand but you’re still smiling, looking up at him the way a kid sister looks at her older brother.

It only takes you a second to notice Iwaizumi standing there. “Oh! Hello, Iwaizumi-san!”

Suddenly the confidence that he got the other day seems to vanish like smoke through his fingers, because you’re looking at him expectantly and he wants to say something normal, wants to actually talk to you—

“How are hey you?” He blurts, and he’s horrified to realize not a split second later that he can’t even say ‘Hey, how are you?’ without royally fucking up, and Oikawa looks like he’s won the lottery.

You snort, a little bit amused. “I’m fine, and yourself?”

“Good.” It’s best to stick to one word. He can’t fuck that up.

It’s probably the worst practice of his entire life. You stay until the very end, offering to help the coaches clean up and commenting on how well everyone did. Everybody on the team (except for Mattsun, of course) is looking at you like they’re all a tiny bit in love, and while it fills Iwaizumi
with a slow-simmering rage, he can’t really blame them.

You fall into step with him while they exit the gym, pleasant smile still on your face. It’s a little humor-filled though, and he wonders if it’s because of his previous blunder.

“You did really well, Iwaizumi-san. I’m sure Karasuno doesn’t stand a chance.” You say.

It’s kind of ridiculous because the second he opens his mouth to thank you for your kind compliment, Oikawa nudges his way in between you two with a “You should have seen Iwa-chan last week! He got hit in the face with a volleyball twice!”

Iwaizumi nudges Oikawa a little harshly. “That’s because you were aiming for my face, Trashykawa.”

“Was not!”

Iwaizumi scowls as you move on from the banter to whisper something to Mattsun. His chance to talk to you is long gone now, and he’s suddenly filled with the urge to kick Oikawa’s ass so hard that he flies into orbit around the Earth.

—

Two days after their practice match with Karasuno, he finds out the results of the survey.

“Looks like it’s a maid cafe.” You sigh, showing the group of third-years the tallied votes after practice. Mattsun and Makki share a look with Oikawa, who snickers, and Iwaizumi wishes that they would stop making it so damn obvious.

“Really? I thought a concert would have been nice.” He lies, mostly to save face but also because you look like the type of girl to appreciate classical music.

Instead, you snort. “You’re telling me that you don’t want to see girls dressed as maids serving you? That’s the most blatant lie I’ve ever heard.”

He’s surprised to see a curious smile form on your face as you speak the words, your eyes betraying some sort of emotion that looks slightly out of place on such a gentle student council president.

Mattsun and Maki break into laughter at your jab, and Oikawa seems to find it slightly hilarious as well. Iwaizumi tries to act nonchalant and shrugs, but his face is reddening and he can feel it.

“I mean, it would be nice, but I also like the school’s orchestra.” He stammers, and you seem to take pity on him because your devious expression softens.

“Me too. I was going to go see them at their recital in a few weeks, actually. Maybe we could go together?”

Honestly, he doesn’t know what the fuck is wrong with him, because instead of agreeing he just blurts, “I’ll probably have practice, but thanks!”

It isn’t until Oikawa lectures him on the way home that he realizes you were hitting on him.

—

The day of the festival rolls around easily.
Actually, that’s a lie. He barely makes it to the festival, what with his grueling practices and the fact that Oikawa is constantly getting in the way of him trying to rectify his mistake from the other night. The only thing that’s keeping him going is the fact that he’ll get to see you all dressed up and ready to serve.

He’s never seen the school gymnasium like this before. There are tables set up, round with nice white tablecloths, and students and their families are either milling about or ordering from a menu that the cooking club prepared. It’s warm, given the sheer volume of people there, and Iwaizumi regrets his decision to wear a button-up and slacks today.

Nevertheless he scans the room for you, finding you standing next to one of the podiums that people line up at while they wait to be seated. You’re decked out in a red version of the traditional maid garb, contrasting with the black of all the other girls. It’s endearing, but it’s not as he imagined it would be.

It’s better.

“H-hey!” He’s taken aback to hear you stutter, your legs pressed together like you’re trying to protect your modesty. Which isn’t hard to do, considering that this is a high school and they weren’t exactly forcing you to wear lingerie, but somehow the innocent vibe you’re giving off is way sexier than he thought it would be.

“Table for four, please!” Oikawa has that stupid fucking grin on his face, swooping in before Iwaizumi can compliment you. Every. Time.

“Right this way!” You lead them through the crowded gymnasium, and it’s a struggle for Iwaizumi to not openly ogle your ass. From the way that Oikawa shares a glance with Mattsun and Hanamaki, he can tell that he hasn’t been very successful.

And then he notices. The socks. With the bows. The socks with the bows. Were you trying to kill him? Because it feels like all the blood in his body is rushing straight to his crotch.

No no no no no no— he tries his best to will it away but he can’t stop picturing you with your legs wrapped around his waist with those fucking knee high socks on and seriously the loss of blood to his head might make him pass out.

You show them to their table and he immediately sits down, afraid that if he has to stand in your presence much longer then he’s going to have a boner in a gymnasium where there are children present and he doesn’t think he’d be able to handle that shame.

“You did well, Iwa-chan! You didn’t even make a fool of yourself once!” Oikawa pats him on the back, and if he weren’t so worried that someone would call the police on him for it, Iwaizumi would have punched the setter in the nose.

Mattsun looks a little uncomfortable and Iwaizumi can feel shame bubbling in his chest. They all look at the menu— well, the others do, Iwaizumi is still watching you out of the corner of his eye — and Makki seems pleased to find that there’s creme puffs on the dessert list.

Unfortunately, it seems like you won’t be the one serving them. At the podium you remove your headband, running your fingers through your hair in order to get back to what it usually looks like, and smile at the girl who is going to take your place. Iwaizumi’s heart drops— partially because he won’t have any eye candy to look at, but mostly because he was hoping you’d stick around because that makes him so happy— and Oikawa seems to notice, because he kicks him under the table.
“Go.” He hisses as your form begins to retreat into the crowd. Iwaizumi panics a little bit, looks at Matsun and Makki (who were following Oikawa’s gaze), and suddenly Matsukawa looks at him with a serious expression that doesn’t suit his droopy face.

“I give you my blessing.” He says, and even though it’s partially a joke Iwaizumi’s heart still soars. He stands up without a second thought, weaving through the throngs of people being led to their tables, eyes on your red skirt.

(“Look at him go,” Oikawa sighs wistfully, like a proud parent.

“He totally had a boner.” Makki laughs.

Mattsun sighs.)

He manages to catch up to you in the deserted hallway outside the gymnasium, which was thankfully blocked off to make the flow of festival-goers more manageable.

“Hey!” He pants, already a tiny bit exhausted from having to skirt around so many people. You freeze in your tracks, turning with a surprised expression that makes Iwaizumi’s heart flutter.

“Iwaizumi-san!” You say, “I thought you were with—”

“I wanted to talk to you.” He cuts you off, his words lacking any semblance of stutter or mix-up.

You seem rather pleased at the development, a slight smile making your eyes squint.

“Me?”

“Yeah, there’s…” He trails off for a moment, wondering if he should go through with what he’s been planning for years now, then decides that fuck it, it’s now or never. “There’s something I want to tell you.”

“Is it the fact that you have a boner? Cause I can see that pretty clearly.” You ask, and time stops. The whole world stops, actually, and Iwaizumi wishes that the ground would disappear and some figurative void would just swallow him whole.

“Oh, fuck me.” He groans, realizing a bit too late that his little problem wasn’t so little anymore.

You’re looking at him like you have a million things that you want to say but no idea how to say them, before you settle on:

“Well, if you insist.”

“Wait, what—” He starts, but he doesn’t get a chance to finish the sentence because you’ve grabbed the sleeve of his shirt in one hand and are currently leading him towards one of the storage closets outside of the gym. He balks when you push him inside, closing the door behind you and flipping the lock.

“You asked me to fuck you.” You say, eyes glittering. You must be a sadist, because there’s no way any normal person would look this pleased in the current situation. He looks at you for a long moment, your sex appeal somehow magnified in the dim glow of the single overhead lightbulb. There’s towels and volleyballs and basketballs and even a field hockey stick in here but somehow the scene is still kind of sensual.

He’s still frozen. You sigh. “Iwaizumi-san, I know you like me.”

“You do?”
You internally roll your eyes at his obliviousness. “Well, yeah. Did you forget that I’m friends with Issei-kun?”

He scowls. “He told you?”

“I mean, to be fair, I kind of forced it out of him.” You smirk, and he suddenly realizes that you aren’t as angelic as you seem. In fact, he wouldn’t hesitate to say that you’re downright devilish.

You run the tips of your nicely-manicured fingers down his chest, stopping right above his navel and trailing them back up again. He swallows harshly, the sound serving to make your smirk widen, when suddenly your fingers go all the way up to the collar of his shirt and start working on the button there.

“What are you doing?”

“Trying to fuck you.” You hum, already starting on the next button. The world seems to go a little fuzzy around the edges. Is this really happening? Is he really going to have sex with the girl of his dreams in an old storage closet outside the gym?

Well. Beggars can’t be choosers.

You yelp when he suddenly grabs your cheeks and brings your face to his own, pressing your lips together in a kiss that’s basically everything you’ve ever wanted. It’s hot and frantic and a little bit painful, but it’s so completely him that you lose yourself in the moment, hands still lingering over his shirt.

“I’ve been wanting to do that for a long, long time.” He says once you break apart, and you smile because you know, because you’ve felt the same way all this time and you’re finally with him, even if it isn’t in the most optimal of locations.

“Me too.” You whisper, and you lean in to kiss him again while your fingers resume their work.

His body is something else. It really, truly, is like a bronze statue that’s supposed to be behind velvet ropes in a museum. You all but tear his shirt off of him when you finally get it unbuttoned, fingers itching to touch every dip and curve of his chest. His face is still pink and his eyes are totally glazed over, like he can’t really believe that this is happening to him.

You smirk.

“Ah!” He breathes in sharply when your kisses on his neck turn into bites. He wonders if he should stop you now, if this is going too fast and he should ask you why you’ve decided to come on so strongly, but this is a once in a lifetime opportunity if he’s ever seen one, so he settles for grabbing your hips and grinding them into his.

You squeal and it’s the sort of sound that could bring lesser men to their knees, but this is Iwaizumi Hajime and his determination eventually wins over everything else. He forgets all the nerves he’s felt around you. Forgets the times when he was mad at Oikawa for interfering. Forgets the time he’s spent pining. Because right now it’s just you and him tangled up in each other, and he’ll be damned if he doesn’t take advantage of the opportunity to have you to himself.

“I never knew you’d be so forward.” He says, placing a few kisses of his own on your neck. He can feel the way that you swallow at the rumble of his voice against your skin. It makes a little bit of masculine pride flare in his chest, seeing you like this. He wouldn’t mind seeing it over and over again.
“I never knew you were the type of guy to get a boner in public.” You shoot back, and he’s kind of delighted with how sassy you are.

“Not my fault that dress looks so good on you.” He muses, and you laugh. You’re having a good time, torturing him like this.

“Know where it would look better?”

He hums as he nips at your earlobe. He likes where this is going. “Where?”

“The floor.” You say, and neither of you can help the way that you laugh, the sounds mixing together in a cute little harmony. God, he’s so happy right now that he could die.

You gesture for him to take off his pants and he hurries to comply while you reach to your side and begin to unzip your dress. He wishes that you would have let him watch you undress yourself, at least so that he could prepare himself. Because when he’s finished removing his belt and is stepping out of his pants, he looks up and nearly drops dead.

Black lace thong. Push-up bra. Your lingerie matches your socks and if he wasn’t painfully hard before then he is now, like every last drop of blood in his body is rushing to his groin. He lets out a strangled noise and you raise an eyebrow, placing a hand on your hip.

“Like it? I figured I might be able to get some use out of them today.” You say, referring to the undergarments with a smile curling at your mouth. His mind goes really and truly blank, like the static between television stations. Then, it dawns on him.

“You planned this.”

“Kind of. I wouldn’t go that far. Just knew I was going to try and see that pretty cock of yours today.” You lick your lips as you stare at the tent in his boxers, a bead of precome making a small dark spot on the front. Before he can even say another word— or even appreciate your body fully, for that matter— you drop to your knees next to your discarded maid outfit, crawling forward so that you’re eye level with his painfully hard erection. He gulps, the sound blatantly clear in the silence of the storage closet, and his hands start to shake when you start to pull on the elastic of his underwear.

“Aw, Hajime-kun. I would’ve done this sooner if I knew you’d be so willing.” It’s a lot to process all at once; the fact that his longtime crush is starting to lick at the tip of his dick, the way you say his name with such reverence, the thought that if he’d just made a move before he could’ve been doing this with you a long time ago.

You take him in fully and without warning. Had he been able to think coherently, Iwaizumi might have gotten a little jealous thinking about where you learned such a skill. He’s partially down your throat within seconds and fuck you aren’t even gagging much. Just staring up at him with those beautiful eyes of yours, lips nearly touching the very base of his cock. He lets out a noise that doesn’t sound quite human, one of his hands steadying himself on the wall next to him while the other goes to your hair in an instant.

“Fuck.” He breathes, the soft strands of your hair tangling in his fingers. He pauses for a second, thanking whatever higher power there may be for the predicament that he’s currently in, before slowly moving his hips.

You seem more than willing to let him face-fuck you, one of your hands going to cup his balls while the other trails down your stomach and disappears into your underwear. He doesn’t notice
this little fact until he starts to feel the vibrations of your moans on his cock while you fuck
yourself with your fingers.

It’s like a bad porno, in a way. ‘High School Jock Gets Sucked Off by Student Council President’;
if Iwaizumi wasn’t busy currently living it, then he certainly would be watching it on repeat. It’s
deprravity at its finest, the way a string of drool leaks out of the corner of your mouth and the slight
shimmer of sweat on your breasts in the low light. With every thrust into your mouth he feels
himself slowly losing it, barely holding on to the threads of his sanity. You’re so warm and you’re
sucking him so perfectly, letting out small noises of enjoyment as the sound of your fingers
pumping inside of you joins the wet sound of your lips around his dick.

It’s over too soon. Right as he thinks he’s about to come you pull off of him with a wet pop, more
saliva leaking onto your chin. He doesn’t even find it gross, and it’s almost supernatural how you
manage to make even something as weird as drool suddenly seem sexy.

You wipe it off with the back of your hand, peering up at him with those wide eyes of yours.
You’re trying to look innocent on purpose, but there’s no denying the fact that your mouth is
smiling in an almost sinister way. You remove your fingers from your panties and they’re
glistening, evidence of your arousal. You bring them up to your lips ever so slowly, tongue darting
out to lick at them as your eyes stare straight into his own.

“Wanna fuck me, Hajime?”

Were you trying to give him a heart attack? He nods, the sight of you lapping away at your own
juices robbing him of the ability to speak. Your grin gets even bigger as you shakily get to your
feet, and he can see that you’re absolutely soaked even through your panties, the inside of your
thighs glistening the same way your fingers did.

You slid the thong down slowly and he fights not to pass out when your bra comes next, nipples
hard from arousal. He takes his time appreciating your body now, every dimple and curve that he
can, because knowing you things will move fast and he just wants to savor the moment.

You grab his upper arm, marveling slightly at how the boy seems to be nearly six feet of pure
muscle, and pull him close so that you can kiss him again. It’s slower this time and it tastes like
you, a little sweet and bitter all at once. He has half a mind to just drop to his knees and lick you
until his tongue falls off, but the fact that your hand is grabbing at his cock makes him decide that
it’ll have to wait for next time.

You manage to find a comfortable way to position yourself. Your legs wrap around his waist and
he presses your back against the wall, though you’re pretty sure that he could still hold you up even
without the added support, and he slowly slides into you with his eyes still locked on yours.

And then he stills, because your cunt feels better than anything he’s ever experienced, and if he’s
not careful he’s afraid that he’s going to come early and ruin the whole thing.

You wrap your arms around his neck, taking pity on him and pressing your lips to his. It’s a sweet
kiss, somewhat out of place given the magnitude of what you two are currently doing, but it’s a
gesture that he appreciates and accepts wholeheartedly. His tongue darts out to tangle with your
own, his grip on your thighs tightening. It’s in that moment, that tiny fraction of a second where
your legs shift and he feels the drag of knit along his back, that he realizes you still have those
fucking socks on.

He doesn’t know why he’s so turned on by them. Maybe it’s because you have a nice pair of legs.
Maybe it’s because you look just as sluttly and depraved as he imagined you would be in all of his
fantasies. Whatever it is, it makes him tentatively thrust into you, and the reaction is immediate.

“Hajime!” You croon, and he could get lost in the way his name tumbles from your lips. He kisses you again while he sets a slow and languid pace, though moans and mewls still fall from your mouth against his own.

This is hands down the most beautiful thing he’s ever done. He can see why people kill and fight wars over things like this; it’s like he’s reaching out to heaven and grabbing fistfuls of it in his hands, wrapping himself in the warmth of the sun. The feeling of your skin sliding against his is beyond divine, the gentle tug of his hair making him double his efforts. Your hips meet with a chorus of absolutely sinful smacks, a few strands of hair sticking to your sweaty skin. It’s perfect, so perfect—

“My.” He grumbles, nipping at your neck. He thinks about all the boys that crowd around you, all the men that must have been gawking at you in your costume. “Mine.”

Your open your mouth to respond to his claims, but at that exact moment his cock hits something in you that makes your thoughts scatter into little pinpricks of light, like fireflies on a summer night. “Oh! Right there!”

He grins and it’s absolutely feral. You arch your back as he adjusts his hips, your breasts pressing into his chest as his fingers imprint bruises onto your thighs. You know you’ll have to wear tights to hide them later but right now you don’t care, your thoughts absolutely hazy as he mercilessly pounds into that one spot.

“H-Hajime!” You squeal, body trembling a little bit. It’s almost too much, the pleasure too blinding, and before you know it you’re tumbling over the edge, your vision going blurry as you clench around him.

He groans, fucking you through your orgasm like a well-oiled machine, his body tensed and his hips slapping into yours without any semblance of mercy. He keeps snarling into your ear—mine mine mine mine— and you inhale sharply, jaw trembling a little bit as a few broken moans escape your mouth.

“I don’t want any of those other guys to touch you.” He snaps, one of his hands leaving your leg so that he can jab his thumb onto your clit, moving it in circles that make a few muscles in your body jump. It’s too much, way too much, but he seems to get off on the over stimulation, watching you pant and wriggle in his grasp.

“Look at me.” He says, hips slowing their pace in favor of making deeper thrusts, his dark eyes misting over ever so slightly as he struggles to keep his own release at bay. You do just that and he marvels at how your own expression is glazed over, a testament to how badly you still want him even after you already came. He presses his thumb a little harder on your clit and you jolt, before he’s back to brutally fucking you.

It doesn’t take long for you to reach the edge again, between the filthy things he’s saying into your ears and the way that his thumb and cock are working so perfectly to bring you to the brink. You claw at his shoulders and try to pull him even closer, absolutely wrecked as your second orgasm blindsides you.

He crashes his lips onto yours as he follows, a groan starting in his chest and vibrating against yours. He spills inside of you without a second thought, curses falling off his tongue as he finally lets go.
The storage closet falls silent. His head drops to your shoulder and he slowly, slowly slips out of you and allows you to steady yourself on your feet. You’re both spent and looking at each other like you’re not quite sure what to say, but he can’t help himself from blurting:

“Please don’t let that be a one-time thing.”

You laugh, breathless, and smile up at him. “With the way you just fucked me? I’d be stupid to not let that happen again.”

“It’s not just that.” He continues. Surprisingly, he has a look of earnestness on his face. “I meant what I said. I don’t want you to be with anyone else.”

You smile at him. He’s a little miffed to see how easily you’ve gone back to being your regular gentle self so soon after getting the fucking of a lifetime. “Really?”

“Really.”

“I should be free tonight around eight, if you wanted to do something.” You say, and he laughs a little hoarsely, pressing a kiss to your sweaty forehead. Neither of you have moved to get dressed again, opting instead to bask in the afterglow of your mutual orgasms.

“On one condition, though.” You continue, grimacing when you feel some of his come drip out of you.

“Anything. Anything.” He says, and you have to hold back a snort at how cheesy he is.

“You bring condoms this time.”

“Fine. I have a stipulation too, though.” He says, grinning as he hooks a finger around the elastic top of your socks. “Keep the knee-highs.”

Chapter End Notes

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Ennoshita Chikara- Muse

Chapter Notes

DAMN, SABBY, BACK AT IT AGAIN WITH THE EXCESSIVE FLUFF.

Seriously. You guys thought my Kuroo chapter was long? This one right here is over 8,000 words and most of it is just the corniest, fluffiest fluff that I'm able to write. I've had this idea for a while and I even considered making it a series at one point, but I think it's a lot better as a oneshot. Also, seriously, who can resist a little bit of a celebrity AU?

The school described in this story is actually very similar to a high school that my friend went to. We both happened to live in a city where some people with pretty big names had decided to settle down and teach their crafts. Unfortunately, I only went to public school and DIDN'T get to learn about film or photography or painting from an accomplished artist. Sigh.

But yeah, this story is also based on my headcanon that Ennoshita becomes an accomplished director later on in life after starting by making some documentaries. Welp.

Thanks for all the lovely comments! You guys never fail to make me smile every day!

xoxo sabby

Despite all its trials and tribulations, adulthood isn’t that bad.

Sure, there’s the pressure of living by himself in a city that he’s only moved to within the last three years, and the constant stress of having to make sure he wakes up early enough to get to work on time, but other than that, Ennoshita Chikara’s twenties haven’t been so bad. He managed to graduate from his university with high marks, land a teaching job at a prestigious art school in Tokyo after releasing a string of über-popular documentaries, and rent a penthouse with a glass wall that looked out onto the most beautiful parts of the city. Pretty nice, he had to admit. And while he’s not playing volleyball professionally like Nishinoya or Kageyama or Hinata, he really wouldn’t trade his life for anything.

Especially because the teacher in the room next to his is absolute eye candy.

“Thanks for letting me borrow your camera, Chikara. I really appreciate it.” Ennoshita looks up from the stack of papers he’s grading, his typical sleepy smile widening just a tad when he recognizes your voice.

“Anytime, [Name].” He watches as you gingerly put down said camera— one that cost more than his monthly rent— on his desk. Your hands are surprisingly clean, free of paint and clay, and it makes him happy to know that you must have taken extra care with his equipment. “How did the session go?”

“Pretty good.” You pull one of the chairs from the student’s desks over towards him, plopping
down in it and running a hand through your hair. He tries not to focus on the movement, or the way your lips move as you consider your next sentence. “Couldn’t figure out all the buttons at first. I swear you must be a wizard or something.”

He laughs, placing his pen down so that he can give the conversation his full attention. It’s not too often that you two can talk freely after school, seeing as how he’s usually out roaming the streets, filming tidbits of city life for his newest documentary or you’re in your studio, painting another masterpiece.

“Nah. Just been using the same camera since high school. The pictures turn out okay?”

“They were fine. Got some pretty good ones of that sakura tree over by the school gate; I’ll have to show you later.”

“I’m looking forward to it.” He says, and there’s a genuine earnestness in his voice that makes you smile as well. While both of you got along well with the other teachers at the school, you seemed to find a special connection in each other, one that was only strengthened by your shared passion for your respective arts. You were always one of the first people to see his newest projects, and he was always your model of choice when you needed a male figure for a painting. The other teachers joked, asking when the wedding would be, but neither of you had actually crossed the line from friends to lovers yet despite the light flirting here and there.

He wondered if you ever would.

“Heard a few girls in my class today talk about how much they would love if you were the nude model for one of their paintings.” You say, and he laughs a little bit, leaning back in his chair with a raised eyebrow.

“Yeah? Well, I don’t even want to think about the types of ‘movies’ some of my students want to make with you.” He says, and although you probably think he’s joking, he’s not. It’s no secret among the staff or students that you yourself are a work of art.

“Ew. Gross.” You snort, and then you’re both kind of sitting there, smiling like idiots at each other.

“So.” He says, after a moment of silence, “you’re thinking of having nude models in your class?”

You shrug. “Yeah, actually. My kids are pretty mature for high schoolers, so I’m not worried that they’ll be constantly giggling. Why, you have someone in mind?” You wiggle your eyebrows.

“Gah, no! Don’t look at me like that. I was thinking more along the lines of Watanabe-sama.” He replies, laughing a bit when your joking expression turns into a horrified one at the thought of painting the school principal in the nude.

“Eek! No, I’d rather paint you, thank you very much!” You huff, which makes him laugh harder, a little elated that you aren't entirely repulsed by the prospect of seeing him naked.

Being a relatively unknown artist in a school of well-known ones was a little bit daunting.

That isn’t to say you didn’t like it. In fact, you were beyond thankful that the principal had seen your potential in the portfolio you submitted instead of just glossing over it to hire a more accomplished artist. He gave you the opportunity to prove yourself and you did just that, garnering a place as one of the student favorites in just over a month and mingling with the bigwigs of your department as if you were just as high-up as them.
Ennoshita Chikara, though, was another story.

When you first heard that the school was hiring the rising documentarian to teach in the room next to yours, you didn’t blink. After all, this was a prestigious academy, and teachers with well-known names weren’t uncommon. No, your problem only arose when he came to introduce himself and you realized that he wasn’t a balding middle-aged man like the rest of them.

Oh my god. Oh no. He’s hot! You remembered thinking as you shook his hand, looking into those dark and sleepy eyes as if they were a Monet painting. Surely he had to be a jerk like those other filmmakers, right? There was no way he could be hot and nice.

Well, you were wrong again. As time passed and your bond with the teacher next door grew, you found that he didn’t really care much for the money and slow rise to fame that his work was getting him. He cared more about the art itself, about capturing everyday things and turning them into something beautiful. He cared about teaching his students, who seemed to watch his documentaries religiously, about how to take risks and find their own way to make unique pieces. He cared about them all so much that it didn’t surprise you how much time he spent at his desk, hunched over and grading their scripts or proposals until his eyes started to droop even more with how tired he was.

It was no wonder that you started to fall for him. That easy smile, those long nights; you started to stay after school longer too, just so that you could pop into his room and try to ease the tension building in his shoulders. You liked to think that it worked, for the most part, and even if it didn’t, the way his eyes lit up every time he saw you in the doorway was enough for you.

“I was reading a blog today.” You say, absentmindedly scrolling through your phone as you picked at your lunch, which you had unceremoniously plopped down onto his desk at the beginning of the period, “a lot of people are really excited to see what you’re going to put out next.”

“I’ve heard.” Ennoshita grumbles, though you can hear the happiness underneath the tone. He’s barely touched his lunch today, too busy typing away in his laptop to eat. You snort.

“You’ve gotta eat, Chikara. You know that you won’t have any energy to teach for the second half of the day if you don’t.” You point out, and to your delight he sticks his tongue out at you.

“I’m busy.” He says, but he picks up a carrot and bites into it regardless.

“Oh? Whatcha doing?” You try to crane your neck to see his screen, but he tilts it away at the last second.

“Writing.”

“Well obviously, but what are you writing?”

“Rough draft of a script.”

“A script?” You clap your hands together, eyes suddenly wide. “Chikara, that’s awesome! Are you going to be making blockbusters now?”

He laughs. “Maybe. We’ll see. How was class today?”

“Good.” You flop back into your chair, “But I was wrong about my students. They wouldn’t stop laughing at the model. He looked like he wanted to cry.”

Ennoshita let out a low whistle as he typed a few more words. “That’s rough. Sounds like me in university; all the girls used to laugh at me when I got naked.”
You scoff. “As if. I bet they were so impressed that they just couldn’t handle it.”

“…T-thanks.” Ennoshita says, a little taken aback by your sudden compliment. It seemed real too, like you weren’t just being playful. You seemed to notice that as well, because you suddenly became a little bashful.

“Well! Er… you set a release date for your next documentary yet?”

“N—not yet.” Damn it! Why was he stuttering like he was some pre-pubescent boy who couldn’t take a compliment?

You seemed to want to alleviate the tension a tad, so you went back to your phone, aimlessly logging into your e-mail to see if the principal had sent you anything regarding your request for more easels. Instead, the unread message at the top of your inbox made you nearly drop your phone.

“What’s up?” Ennoshita’s eyebrows knit together at your sudden sound of surprise, the flush in his face still there. You blink at your screen a couple of times, stunned, before letting out a rather loud yelp.

“Chikara! It’s from the Moriagi Art Museum!” You nearly screeched, flipping your phone around so that he could see the opened e-mail.

Miss [Surname]:

On behalf of the Moriagi Art Museum, we would like to thank you for submitting your impressive collection of works to us. Your willingness to contribute to the gallery is what helps us to constantly grow and showcase the works of talented artists such as yourself.

We are pleased to tell you that your pieces have been accepted to the gallery, and will be showcased alongside the works of other artists starting on May 1st of this year. We hope you will be able to attend the party that will be held in honor of this exhibit, the details of which will be e-mailed to you within the next few days.

Stay in touch,
Yamamoto Kenji
Director

“[Name]!” Ennoshita exclaims after scanning the text, “that’s amazing! I can’t believe it! You’ve been working so hard—”

But whatever he was about to say next was cut off by you flinging your arms around him, crushing him to your chest as you laugh a little breathlessly. He knew better than anyone that you’d been trying hard to get galleries to take your work, and so far it had been unsuccessful. In fact, he remembers the two-month period where you would spend your lunches glued to your phone or laptop, refreshing your emails in the hopes that you would positive feedback.

You hadn’t, until now.

“Oh, this is so great!” You pull back from the hug to rub at your eyes, and he can see that there’s already tears of joy there. “I have to call my parents, oh they’ll definitely want to come to the exhibit, even if they’re all the way in Hokkaido…” You trail off, sniffing a little bit.

“[Name], I’m so proud of you.” Ennoshita takes one of your hands into both of his, smiling earnestly at you. You smile back, even though it’s a little bit watery, because you’ve never had
someone other than your parents be so proud of your accomplishments. Not any of your exes, who always told you that being a painter was useless. Not your friends from high school, who thought that you were wasting money on art school.

You lean in, then, so happy that it feels like the world around you is exploding with color, and he sees it because he leans in as well, and your eyes are just starting to close when—

“Ennoshita-sensei, I— oh!” You both jump apart to see a student standing in the doorway, a little pale in the face and wide-eyed at what he must have just witnessed. You share a look with the film teacher, who looks a little caught off guard as well.

“I-I’m sorry, did you need something?” He says to the student.

“I… Uh. No, I’m okay. I’ll come back later.” And he scurries into the hallway before either of you can fit in another word. Ennoshita stares at the door before turning his attention back to you.

“That was. Uh. Close.” He says.

“Yeah. Maybe a sign, I guess.” You sigh, running your fingers through your hair and grimacing when you realize that there was a few flakes of dried paint in it. How long were those there?

Ennoshita looks like he’s caught between amusement and concern, eyes trying to search yours for something you’re not willing to give. The speakers in the ceiling crackle to life, emitting a few chimes that signal the end of the lunch period. Before you know it, students will start to filter in.

“I guess I should go back to my own room, then.” You say. You gather your lunch and he watches you go, inwardly cursing at himself for not asking what just happened between you two.

—

“I know, mom! I can’t believe it either!” You laugh into the phone as your mother lets out another excited shriek, talking to both you and your father, who is in the background muttering other words of praise. “The exhibit opens on May 1st. I’m sure I can get you on the guest list for the party with no problem!”

“Dear, that’s so wonderful. Your father and I are beyond proud of you.” Your mother says, and you don’t have to see her to know that her eyes are probably full of tears like yours were earlier. “And we wouldn’t miss it for the world. Have you told anybody else yet?”

“Just the principal and Ennoshita-san.” You say, petting your cat as she brushes against your leg. She lets out a mewl of appreciation, butting her head against your palm.

“Ennoshita? That young hotshot filmmaker?” Your father buts in, and you hold back another laugh.

“Yes! He teaches in the classroom next to mine. He’s really nice.”

“And handsome, too!” Your mother croons. “You should see the pictures she’s painted of him. No wonder you have a crush on him!”

“Mom! I don’t… well okay, I do, but you can’t blame me!” You consider telling her that you almost kissed him earlier today, but decide against it. It must have only been a spur-of-the-moment thing, right? There’s no way he returned your feelings; you were a rookie in the art world, and he was already carving out a space for himself at the top. He could do better than you, that much was certain.
You stood up from your couch with an almost imperceptible sigh, deciding now that it was probably time to feed your cat some dinner. Well, you didn’t decide it, really. She did, with a few incessant meows.

“I don’t, honey! So, May 1st? Your father and I should be able to make it out for the party, too. Just give me a few more details when you have them, alright?”

“Sounds good to me!” You scooped out some of the dry cat food that your little Kimiko seemed to go crazy over and put it into her bowl, bidding farewell to your parents and hanging up the phone. As soon as you did, you let out another sigh.

You were excited. That much was for certain. You had some of your best work in the collection that you had sent to the gallery, and you were already getting a little bit nervous thinking about what some of the critics would say. Add that to the nerves you were already feeling after one of Ennoshita’s students had almost seen you kissing and, well… you were more of an anxious wreck than you would like to admit.

“It’s been a weird day, Kimiko.” You scratch the cat between her ears in the way that she likes, placing her bowl in front of her. You were rewarded with a small mewl, making you smile.

Well. ‘Weird’ is just another term for ‘Exciting’, I guess.

—

Word that you were being featured at one of the most unique galleries in Tokyo spread across the school like wildfire, and by Friday nearly one hundred different students had all stopped by your room to congratulate you, even if you weren’t their teacher. It made your heart swell even more at the genuine excitement and sincerity behind their words. The teachers were much the same way, most of them complimenting all your hard work and telling you that they had figured it was only a matter of time before your talents were recognized.

“I told you, [Name], you really deserve this.” Ennoshita says, smiling at you from behind his computer screen. You smile back at him, mouth closed because you’re still chewing on a bit of your lunch.

Despite your ‘incident’ earlier in the week, you’d decided that you would try to act as normal as possible, which meant that you again found yourself eating in Ennoshita’s classroom during your lunch. Besides, ignoring him would probably make him ask questions that you weren’t ready to answer, even to yourself.

“You’re just trying to soften me up so that I’ll invite you to the after-party.” You say once you’ve swallowed your rice, sending the filmmaker a faux-accusatory glance. He chortles.

“You caught me. But hey, can you blame me? The afterparties are the best part.”

“You say that because that’s when all of the beautiful women clamor around you, asking you if they can be in the next film.” You joke, grabbing a piece of meat with your chopsticks.

“Nah, I’m saying it because there’s always alcohol there.”

You snort. “Of course. Well, this party probably won’t be like the fancy film premieres you’re always going to. It’s mostly just people close to the artists that are being featured in the exhibit. Which reminds me…” You feign innocence, popping the meat into your mouth, “you wanna go with me?”
He balks immediately, and you have to fight from laughing out loud. The man is accomplished—a 'master of film', as some critics have put it—yet he seems completely intimidated by the fact that you may or may not have asked him to attend a party as your date. He opens and closes his mouth a couple of times, seemingly trying to search for words, when you suddenly feel a little bit insecure. Was he going to reject you? Had you gone too far?

“I mean, you don’t have to—”

“No! I’d love to!” He blurts. You blink a couple of times at him.

“You know I’m asking you on a date, right?” You clarify. The last thing you wanted was to get excited over the fact that he said yes when there was the possibility that he thought you were asking him to go ask friends.

“Yeah! Yeah.” He clears his throat. “I, uh, just wasn’t expecting it. I thought you weren’t really into me like that.”

“Puh-lease.” You say, more than just a little bit thrilled. “Have you seen yourself?”

He snorts. “Have you seen yourself? You’re so out of my league it’s like we’re on different planets.”

You can’t help but let out a peel of laughter, eyes scrunching up in the corners in the cutest way. “You’re so corny!”

“What, ever.” He mutters, though you both end up spending the rest of the lunch period smiling at each other like idiots.

—

“Mom! Dad!” You cry, flinging your arms open. Your mother, the more excitable one, drops her bags on the floor for your father to pick up as she runs towards you.

It’s a typical airport scene; the people moving around you barely flinch at the display, instead choosing to go about their own business. You smile, having missed the warmth of your mother’s hugs ever since you moved to the city. Your father, shaking his head at her antics, smiles at you nonetheless as he picks up the other bags.

“We’re so happy for you, sweetheart.” Your mother says when you two break apart.

“Where’s your boyfriend?” Your father jokes, and you scoff playfully.

“Dad!” We’re not dating!”

“You sure?” He raises an eyebrow.

“…Well…” You say, and your mother looks like she’s about to burst into tears with how happy she is.

“So you are dating.” Your father tries to clarify. You hold up a hand and wiggle it in a so-so motion.

“Kind of? I asked him to come to the party tonight with me and he said yes. Not sure if that counts as dating.”

“Well it’s wonderful news either way.” Your mother says. You grin at her as the three of you begin
to walk out of the airport and to your car, your father giving you the directions to their hotel that he printed off. You chatter a little aimlessly as you drive— about the weather here, how your job has been, how many other artists are being featured in the exhibit, if your cat still has that ear infection—and your find yourself smiling more and more with each word, happiness replacing your nerves at the fact that the party is tonight.

“We’ll see you tonight honey. You said eight in the evening, right?” Your father asks as you park outside their hotel. You smile, shooting him a smile.

“Yep! Do you want me and Chikara—”

“Chikara?"

“Er, Ennoshita-san to pick you up?”

Your mother looks amused at your little slip. “No, we should be fine. We’ll take a taxi, you should focus on having fun with your date.”

You roll your eyes playfully. “If you insist. I’ll text you when I get back to my apartment, okay?”

—

Ennoshita is outside of your apartment at 7:30 sharp, already dressed in an immaculately-pressed black suit and a deep green bowtie, hands in his pockets as he stares down at his shoes. He told himself hundreds of times not to be nervous on his way here, that it was just you, but that was his problem; it was you.

It feels like ages before he gets the courage to knock, but when he does you answer almost immediately, adjusting the strap on your dress with a small scowl that immediately vanishes when you see him.

It takes him a minute to process it. An actual 60 seconds. He’s never liked those cheesy movies where the guy is always blown away by how the female love interest looks in a dress, because he’s never had a moment like that in his life and, frankly, he never thought he would. But he’s eating his own words now as he looks at you, in a black dress that’s doing just the right things in all the right places. Maybe it’s because he’s never seen you without your signature paint-stained smock on, or maybe it’s because he’s already a little nervous at the fact that this is your first official date, but he is literally at a loss for words so he just settles for openly gaping at you.

Your eyebrows furrow. “Uh, Chikara?”

“Yeah?” He says, finally meeting your eyes.

“Do I have something on my face?”

“No! You just. Uh. Look good. Really good.” He says, and it’s kind of embarrassing how badly he wants to just skip this whole party and fuck you into oblivion. You must agree, because there’s nothing innocent about the way you’re looking at him now.

He doesn’t hesitate. He knows it’s not proper etiquette to attack your date’s mouth at the beginning of the date and not at the end, but he’s waited so long and he can’t really help himself. Your lips are soft and you have some sort of fruity chapstick on that is making his mind go blank, though that doesn’t last long because you bite down softly on his lip and he lets you slide your tongue into his mouth with a groan.
Your hands clutch at the lapels of his jacket, bringing him closer and it’s a wonder that his brain is still functioning at all. You’re a damn good kisser, and his heart is pounding a rhythm against his ribcage that he’s sure you can hear.

You break apart and he smiles, the expression a little pained because he knows he has to control himself. He straightens out his jacket and holds out his hand for you to take, and you do so with a grace that makes him smile even more.

He doesn’t let go, even when he’s driving. Instead, he laces your fingers together and intermittently places kisses onto your knuckles. You almost wish that you could stay in this car with him for the rest of the night, driving around Tokyo with your hand in his. But the drive unfortunately comes to an end, and you find yourselves outside of the gallery right before the party is set to begin.

“Ennoshita-san.” The valet says, apparently recognizing your date without having to even ask his name. He smiles, handing over the keys to his sports car while his hand once again searches for yours. You let your fingers thread together once more as you lead him to the entrance, and he sort of lets himself lag behind just so he can get a look at your ass.

Nice.

There’s more people than he expected there to be once you two go inside. A few people immediately recognize him just like the valet had, and they whisper among themselves with star-struck expressions. His grip on your hand tightens as you weave through the crowd; you told him in the car that the first people you wanted to see were your parents.

Your parents. It was only your first date but it felt like you’d been together since day one. Was it weird of him to be excited at the fact that you would introduce him to your parents? You seemed to think so, because you let out an amused snort whenever he insisted that he was more than happy to talk to them instead of breaking away to socialize with others.

But his excitement soon faded into nerves once you saw them, because you let go of his hand to wave them over and suddenly he felt a little too insecure. What if you were going to introduce him as your friend? Of course, you had every right to— you’d only just had your first kiss with him, and he hadn’t asked you to be his girlfriend yet— but thinking about it makes his heart clench painfully in his chest. Maybe that’s why when they come to meet him, he cuts you off.

“Mom, Dad, this is Ennoshita Chikara, my—”

“Boyfriend. It’s nice to meet the both of you.” He bows, and while they look completely taken with him immediately, your expression morphs into one of mild shock.

“I knew it!” Your mother squeals. “She gushes about you all the time, it’s no wonder—”

“Mom!” You squeak, and Ennoshita is positive that he has the dopiest grin on his face right now but he can’t find it within himself to care. You gush about him. You talk about him. You like him just as much as he likes you. His hand finds yours again, fingers interlocking, and it just feels so right.

—

“She really is fond of you, you know.” Your father says as he sips on his flute of champagne. You’re across the room, chatting with another one of the artists, and Ennoshita can already feel pride swelling in his chest. He’s proud of you, so so proud of you, and not just because he’s now your self-proclaimed boyfriend.
Well, maybe he is a little bit biased.

“I’m glad. She’s fantastic.” He says, and he can tell that your father knows that he really means it because he smiles and pats him on the shoulder.

“You don’t know how good that is to hear. It’s been a struggle for her to get to where she is today, but I’m sure you know that. What matters now, though, is that she’s happy and that she’s found someone to share that happiness with. “

Ennoshita nods, a little bit pink in the face. Your father looks at him for a long second, before laughing a little bit under his breath.

“Her mother and I should have known that you two were together ever since we saw that painting.” He says, taking another sip of his drink.

“What?” Ennoshita asks before he can even process what your father said, and the man gives him another long look.

“The painting around the corner. You haven’t seen it yet?” He asks, and when Ennoshita shakes his head your father grabs him by the arm and guides him out of the main room, toward one of the gallery’s little niches.

His mouth goes dry.

He has seen this painting before. It’s the first one you asked him to model for; a simple portrait of him sitting cross-legged under that sakura tree you loved so much, leaning on the trunk with his eyes closed and the corners of his mouth turned up. He always loved the painting, the way each brush stroke seemed to breathe life into the scene and the petals around his legs seeming so delicate that you could blow them away with a small exhale. He was stunned when you first showed it to him, but that was nowhere near how stunned he is now.

He never noticed how much care and attention had gone into his face. How you had practically painted on every single eyelash, every freckle and high plane of his cheeks. He stares at it, transfixed by the accuracy with which you captured him, half expecting to see the painted version of himself blink his eyes open with the amount of realism that there is.

But that’s not what makes his mouth go dry. It’s the little card next to it, bearing a few printed words. Your name. The month and year you painted it. The medium. And then, in italics, the title.

_Muse_.

He knows your parents would think that the painting was titled in such a way because he looks so deep in thought, but he knows better. This is a testament to your affection for him, a sign that you inspire him just as much as he inspires you, and he’s pretty embarrassed to find out that his eyes are stinging a little bit with unshed tears.

“She’s something else, isn’t she?” Your father says.

“Absolutely.” He breathes, “she’s my world.”

__

He’s been stuck to your side ever since your father pulled him aside to talk, and you have half a mind to ask what’s going on with him. He’s looking down at you with a startling amount of affection in his eyes too, and you know it’s not from the alcohol because he told you he wouldn’t
be drinking tonight.

“Chikara.” You say when you’re both in his car and he’s tipped the valet almost double what he usually would. “What’s up with you?”

“What do you mean?” He hums, and it might just be the couple sips of champagne in your system but the sound makes a few sparks of fondness flare up in your chest.

“First you told my parents that you were my boyfriend, even though this was our first date. And then after you talked to my dad you were practically glued to my side.” You reach down and start to wiggle your heeled shoes off as you talk, a slight grimace on your face from the way they’d been pinching your toes the entire night.

“Well.” He sighs, “I don’t think it should come as a shock to you that I like you. I mean really, really like you. I have for a while.”

“I know, but—”

“And I want to be your boyfriend. I know it’s only our first date but I’ve never felt like this for anyone before. I want to be with you, if you’ll have me.” He parks his car outside of your apartment complex, turning to look at you as he turns the engine off. Even in the dull light of the streetlamp you can see how intense his expression is.

“Of course.” You breathe, and then he’s leaning towards you and you meet him halfway, lips slanting against one another almost desperately. He decides to take the lead this time, one of his hands coming to rest on the back of your neck while his tongue flicks across your bottom lip. You let him in without hesitation, allowing the wet muscle to slide against yours.

He groans, just like he did the first time you kissed, and it’s a sound that makes your thighs clench together. If his kisses alone are doing this to you then you don’t know what else he’s capable of, but fuck do you want to find out. The hand on your neck curls itself into your hair, as if to anchor you there. Then, you start to laugh.

“Huh?” He pulls away, and you can tell that he’s worried about you laughing about his kissing, so you try to reassure him by grabbing his shoulder as you giggle.

“Chikara… I’m sorry, I’m just… remember that one time we almost kissed and that student walked in?”

He snorts. “Duh. How could I forget? I wanted to give him an ‘F’ on his project for ruining the moment.”

You shake your head at him, still laughing. “I don’t know why, but I just thought about him. And it’s funny, because I thought that it meant I was never gonna get a chance to kiss you again.”

He rolls his eyes, shifting so that his back is against his seat again. “Way to ruin the mood.” He fake-grumbles, and from his position he misses the way that your smile goes from humored to seductive.

“The mood is ruined? Does that mean you’re gonna say no when I invite you to stay the night?” You say sweetly.

Never before in your life had you seen someone scramble to get out of a car so fast.

—
“You’re not good for my health.”

You hum pleasantly, skimming your fingers down Ennoshita’s bare chest only to wrap your hands around to his back when you reach the top of his trousers. He sighs reverently, allowing you to pull him closer for another searing kiss.

Half of your clothes are already discarded; your dress is somewhere on the floor, accompanied by his shirt, bowtie, and jacket. Thankfully your cat is asleep in the living room, because you would actually be somewhat embarrassed if she came into your room and found your body intertwined with Ennoshita’s on the bed.

Even now, when he’s still partially clothed, his body is doing something to you that almost makes you a little bit bashful. You knew he used to play volleyball, of course, but you had no idea that it would have made his chest so defined or the muscles in his arms so strong. You have half a mind to ask him if he’s still playing, given the shape that he’s in, but you didn’t want to risk legitimately ruining the mood so you keep your mouth shut while his works on pressing a searing line of kisses down your neck.

“I mean it. You’re perfect.” He says, one of his hands skimming your thigh. It stops at the crook behind your knee and wraps around, pulling your leg up so that he can more easily press his hips into yours, the growing hardness in his pants grinding into your cloth-covered clit with just the right amount of pressure.

You let out a squeak and he grins, though it’s not the typically sleepy expression that he has on. It’s something a little more focused, a little more primal. Like a predator that finally caught its prey.

“Can I touch you?” He asks, and you want to snort and say you’re already touching me, dummy but you know what he means and so you just nod at him, not really trusting your voice. He lets go of your leg, letting it fall back onto the bed, and hooks a finger around your underwear, shifting himself out from between your legs so that he can take them off easily. He tosses them over his shoulder carelessly and you snort, but the look he gives you next takes all humor out of the situation.

“You’re pretty wet.” He says, and although his tone is frank and not at all seductive, it still somehow turns you on. You move to close your legs out of sheer embarrassment from the way he’s leering at your exposed pussy, but his presence between them stops you from doing so.

He sits back on his knees so that he has a better view, and you swear you’re going to expire with the way he’s looking at you. You weren’t aware that those deep brown eyes could even be so heated, and while it looks a little bit out of place you won’t deny the fact that it’s sexy as all hell.

One of his hands skims up your thigh, fingers reaching your apex and tracing around your opening. Without warning, he uses his thumb and forefinger to spread your lips, your arousal evident in the way they glisten.

“Chikara!” You squeal, but he pays you no mind as he appraises you, laid out for him like an offering to some sort of god. His eyes are tracing you, looking for something that apparently he finds in the way you bite your lip.

He brings his other hand to his mouth, lips wrapping around his middle and ring finger for a brief moment to supply them with extra lubrication— not that he really needed it— before releasing them and bringing them to your opening.

He slowly slides them in.
You inhale sharply and grab at the bedsheets when he does so, teeth biting down even harder on your lip as your hips squirm a little bit at his touch. His eyes are glued to your cunt, watching with dilated pupils as his fingers slowly begin to slide in and out of you, shining in the light with a mixture of saliva and juices. He has that look in his eyes, the same one he has when he’s looking at one of your paintings, like he’s seeing one of the few truly beautiful things in this world.

“So responsive.” He croons, admiring the way that your hips are rocking into his touch. The hand spreading your lips releases them in favor of gliding along your clit, pressing down firmly. His grin gets a little wider when your thighs twitch from the added stimulation.

He does this for a while, alternating between rocking his fingers in and out of you and scissoring them inside, the pads of his fingers brushing against your walls in the most delicious way. His other hand moves in slow circles on your clit. It’s torture, pure torture; he’s not doing it to get you off. He’s doing it to make you so aroused that you can’t even think straight.

“Chikara.” You moan brokenly after spending way too long at the mercy of his fingers. “Please. Please.”

“Please what?” His tone kind of thrills you. You never figured that he would be one to tease, but the greatest thing about Ennoshita Chikara is that he never ceases to surprise you.

“Please let me come.” You say, and your voice is almost pitiful with the way that you beg. He loves it, loves everything about you, and so he speeds up his ministrations with a look in his eyes that tells you he’d give you whatever you wanted.

It doesn’t take long. His fingers are long and they touch all the right places inside of you, skimming over one spot in particular that makes you clench your eyes shut. He sees this and uses it to his advantage, licking his lips before snarling out a single command.

“Come.”

And you do. It’s mind-blowing, really, like nothing you’ve ever felt with anyone else. He works you through it like a seasoned pro, as if he knows exactly what he needs to do to get your body to respond to him, like it’s a fine-tuned instrument that only he can play.

You come down from your high too soon, in your opinion. The whiteness behind your eyelids fades as you open them, blinking a few times when you realize that Ennoshita has removed his fingers from inside of you and is greedily lapping at them, in a depraved way that borders on being wrecked. He’s wanted this for a while, you can tell, because the look he gives you next tells you that you’re far from done.

“Condoms?” He asks, taking advantage of the fact that you’re breathless in your post-orgasm state to slide off of the bed and start working on his belt. He smears the buckle with a little bit of his saliva and your juices as he undoes it, and the sight is somehow sexy.

“Top drawer.” You pant, referring to your nightstand. He nods, yanking it open and plucking out a silver packet, placing the edge of it between his teeth as he starts to pull down his pants.

He always did strike you as a boxer-briefs kind of guy. They’re black and straining against his erection, though you can also appreciate the fact that they make his ass look amazing. He follows your line of sight and scoffs playfully.

“Stop ogling me.” He says, and now it’s your turn to roll your eyes and scoff.

“You were the one who was staring at my…” You trail off, because he’s yanked down his
underwear and his cock is probably the most impressive one you’ve ever seen, flushed and hard with a smear of precome traveling from the tip to the underside of his shaft.

“Your what?” He muses, one of his hands coming to wrap around his length, languidly moving up and down as he stares at you. His other hand plucks the condom out from between his teeth so that he can give you a mock-condescending look.


“Your wish is my command.” He says, and although you know he’s being the same cheeky Ennoshita that you always love, there’s a sort of desperate undertone to his tone. He opens the package and slides the condom on, giving himself another quick pump with his hand, before he’s back on the bed with you.

He opts to settle on his knees again instead of suspending himself over top of you, grabbing your hips and tilting them up so he has better access. You let him, a little unsure as to if this positioning will work, but when he slides inside of you all of your worries vanish.

“Fuck.” He mutters, leaning down to give you a quick kiss. It’s fleeting but affectionate, and it’s almost too much given the fact that he’s inside of you so soon after your first orgasm. He stays like that for a moment, allowing you to adjust while he pulls down your bra, the cups of it folding underneath your breasts and pushing them up.

His mouth travels to a pert nipple soon after, his hips starting to thrust experimentally. You immediately regret ever doubting the way that he positioned himself, because he’s reaching spots inside of you that you didn’t even know existed.

“Chikara!” You breathe, clutching at the bedsheets even tighter. You’re worried that you might just rip them to shreds at this rate, with the way he suddenly leans back, grips both of your hips, and thrusts.

His usually immaculate hair is a little messy. His eyes are glazed over. He’s watching you with a little bit of a desperate look on his face, licking his lips as he does so. You’re completely at his mercy here and he likes it that way, likes seeing the dazed expression in your eyes as he fucks you as hard as he possibly can.

But it’s not hard enough. He pulls out, enjoying the way that you suddenly seem panicked, like he might not enter you again.

“Get on your hands and knees.” He says, and you scramble to comply. He grabs his cock in one hand as you do so, his smile stretching wide when you’re finally face down and ass up for him.

“Good.” He sighs, lining himself up with your core again and pushing in, the sound of your choked moans absolute music to his ears. He can tell that you feel how deep he can go now, and you almost shout when he picks his brutal pace back up again. His hands find purchase on your hips once more, aiding in his quest to fuck you into the mattress.

“You like that?” He says, voice gone a little bit raspy with how aroused he is. You groan out a distended version of his name and he grins, one hand leaving your hip to land a stinging spank onto your ass.

“I asked if you liked it.” He sneers, and you’re quick to reward him with a chant of ‘yes! Yes!’ before going back to your regular moans, some of which are interrupted by the force in which he’s fucking you. He spanks you again, just because he likes the way it makes you yelp, and his other
hand goes to your clit once more.

Overstimulation is the last thing on his mind, but he should have taken it into account because you’re clenching around him almost painfully now, still sensitive from your previous orgasm. He shudders a little bit at the feeling, knowing that there isn’t much time left before he’ll be racing towards euphoria.

“You gonna come again?” He asks, grabbing a fistful of your hair and tilting your head back a little bit so that he can see your face as he fucks you. You whine, apparently thinking that was a good enough answer, and if both his hands weren’t busy then he probably would have spanked you again.

He’s everywhere, and you love it. Love the way that he’s speaking to you, love the fact that he’s more dominant than you expected. Love the way that he’s fucking you, as if your bodies were made to do this with each other, and you’re absolutely sure in that moment that you’re never going to want anyone else again. You could be like this forever, having his perfect cock sliding in and out of you while his nimble fingers work on your clit, but you know it isn’t possible because you’re racing towards your second release at an almost blinding pace.

You thought your first orgasm was good, but it’s nothing compared to your second. You feel like all the bones in your body have disintegrated, like the only thing that’s keeping you stable is the way Ennoshita moves inside of you. Your head falls back and you nearly wail his name, loud enough so that your neighbors know exactly who’s fucking you, and his pained groan as he follows you into bliss is something that you won’t ever forget.

He doesn’t let up until you’re both spent and sweating. Your arms wobble and then they’re bending, the top half of your body falling forward into the sheets with all the grace of a newborn fawn. You hear him laugh a little breathlessly as he pulls out, but you can’t even be bothered to tilt your head and look at him, you’re so spent. Instead you allow your legs to fall as well, the light sheen of sweat on your body sticking to the sheets.

“Fuck.” He says after he’s disposed of the condom and flopped down next to you. He looks just as wrecked as you feel, eyes staring straight up at the ceiling as he searches for the right words to say. *I love you? No, too soon. Don’t ever leave me? Yikes, a little clingy.*

“That was perfect.” He settles for, and he turns his head to look at you as you shift onto your side. You’re meeting his gaze like you can’t quite figure him out but also like the prospect excites you, like you’re looking forward to exploring his capabilities over and over again.

“It was.” You agree. His hand searches for yours in the covers and it finds it, fingers spreading yours apart so he can grip it like he had earlier in the night. You let him.

“I saw your painting. Saw the title.” He blurs. You laugh, a little awkwardly, and he cuts you off before you can voice any insecurity over it. “I feel the same. I have ever since I met you.”

Your eyebrows raise. “Really?”

“Really. You’re one of a kind. You’re *art.*” He says, and he doesn’t even mind when you flick his cheek and tell him that he’s the corniest bastard you’ve ever met, because he’s your *boyfriend* and he’s allowed to be corny with you. The thought makes his signature smile spread on his face, and you must feel it too because you pull him closer and press a kiss over his lips, telling him without saying a single word that you’re all his.
Most people have plans on Friday nights.

Drinking. Smoking. Usually with a group of friends and often in someone’s dingy basement, the smell of weed and other illicit pastimes permeating the air. You're no stranger to it yourself, having quite a bit of a rebellious streak, but lately you’ve turned down those offers of getting shitfaced well into the morning because you’ve found something more worth your time.

“Fuck. You’ve got the tightest cunt, you know that?”

Any reply you may have is stifled by the fact that a pair of your own underwear is crammed into your mouth, saliva dampening the material as you buck your hips up to meet Terushima’s. It’s an attempt to keep you quiet, given the fact that you’re not one to be silent during sex, and while he usually loves hearing all the noises you make, he would rather not get caught by your parents when you two are supposed to be ‘studying’.

“Seriously. I’ve fucked you so many times, yet you always feel so good.” He groans, and you glare up at him, ready to lecture him on how a vagina doesn’t loosen after a woman has had lots of sex, that’s a myth, but you’re stopped by a combination of the fact that you’re still gagged and that he just hit your g-spot.
He can tell, mostly because of the little sound you make in the back of your throat, but also because your nails start to drag down his back. He has to hold in his own sounds at the feeling; he always liked when you were rough with him.

He angles his hips just ever so slightly, knowing immediately that you’re close from the way you clench around him. He grins, loving the way your eyes are starting to roll back and your legs tighten around his waist, loving how he knows he’s the only one that sees you like this. He braces himself over you with one hand and uses the other to lightly pinch your clit, pulling it gently the way that he knows you like, and to his delight you’re gone, an orgasm crashing around you like waves on a beach. He’s always adored watching you come undone because it’s the most erotic thing he’s ever seen in his life.

He follows you soon after with a groan. He wants to lean down and kiss you but he knows that you’d slap him if he tried; you were clear from the start of your little arrangement that it would be no strings attached, that something like kissing was too intimate for you. He always thought that was stupid, especially because you always look so damn kissable after sex, but he doesn’t like arguing with you so he keeps his distance.

“That was amazing.” You say once he’s pulled out of you and you’ve removed the undergarments from your mouth.

“I know.” His teeth shine in the low light of your room and you roll your eyes. You almost want to toss your underwear at his head for being so cocky, but you know from experience that he’ll just catch them and slide them into his pocket before he leaves.

You both get dressed in silence. He tells you that he’ll text you when he gets home, even though he always forgets to. You promise that one day you’ll actually study.

Lather. Rinse. Repeat.

—

Murata Tatsuya scowls down at you, his blond eyebrows furrowed so hard that it looks like they’re almost touching.

“Where did you get that?” He snarls, and you blink slowly up at him, a little irked that he’s interrupted your recording of today’s scrimmage scores.

“Get what, my pen? It was in my bag.”

“That.” He jams his finger onto your neck, and your eyes widen in understanding.

“Oh. Yeah, Terushima.” You say, remembering the hickey he placed there a few days ago. You look back down at the scores, writing in a couple more.

The basketball captain crosses his arms, and you have half a mind to tell him to get his ass back on the court and practice. He’s been irritating you a lot lately, a little peeved ever since he found out about your trysts with the captain of the volleyball team, and you’re really not in the mood to talk to him. Especially because it’s painfully obvious that he wants to fuck you as well, and he thinks that by trash-talking your current lover you will somehow find him more appealing.

“Terushima. The douchebag who thinks his team is better than ours?”

“No. The other Terushima.” You deadpan, trying your best not to stab Murata in the dick with your pen. He blinks at you, trying to decide if you’re fucking with him or not. He always was a little bit
on the slow side.

“Yes, that Terushima. Now are you done being a fuckhead? Because you’ve been doing pretty awful in games lately and you need all the practice that you can get.”

“You’re a bitch, you know that?” He seethes, though you can see the flicker of lust in his eyes as he appraises you. Gross.

“Yeah, but I’m the best fucking manager this team has ever seen. Get your ass back on the court.” You snap, tone immediately shutting down any retorts that the captain may have. He looks at you for a long moment, stuck between wanting to slap you across the face and fuck you until you can’t feel your legs. He chooses neither, instead turning on his heel and doing as you commanded, and you watch him go, a spark of dread in your stomach telling you that this guy might just snap at you if you’re not careful.

—

“Terushima!”

Said boy grins as he bites down on your thigh. Hard. It’s sure to leave a mark, that much is for certain, but he’s always loved painting your skin with his affection.

Wait. Did he think affection? He meant lust. Yeah, lust.

“You seem stressed.” He murmurs, noting that you aren’t as relaxed as you usually are. “Wanna talk about it, babe?”

“Oh, fuck you.” You seethe, but your snarky tone gives way to something more frantic when Terushima’s tongue darts out to lap at the teeth marks embedded in your thigh.

“You sure? I’m a good listener.” He coos, one of his hands coming up to spread your lips apart. You inhale sharply and he grins even wider at the sound.

“I’m s-sure!” You stammer, because at that moment the wet muscle changes courses to lick at your entrance and you can feel the cold metal of his piercing sliding against the sensitive skin. Your fingers tighten in the sheets underneath you, skirt flipped up to expose your dripping pussy as if you’re in some schoolgirl porno.

It’s the moments like these that he loves. Your parents aren’t home and you’re free to be as loud as you want. The noises are like music to his ears as he licks you again, then sinks his tongue inside of you as far as it’ll go because he knows that gets the most reaction out of you.

He loves this, too. Loves fucking you on his tongue because he can see firsthand how his ministrations help you. Your thighs relax on his shoulders as he hoists them up, your face going soft around the edges. All those sharp expressions and irritation in your eyes fade when he’s servicing you, and he’s absolutely crazy over it. Adores seeing you squirm under his touch, adores watching you beg for more. It’s in these moments that he feels like you’re actually his, and that’s the best part of it all.

Terushima Yūji can’t fool anyone. He’s so in love with you that it hurts, even without the added pain of you keeping him at an arm’s length. He feels like he practically lives for the small smiles that settle on your face after he’s coaxed you to your first orgasm of the night, like he could die happy when you start to chant his first name. It’s intoxicating, truly, better than any drug he’s ever had the (mis)fortune of trying.
“Yūji.” You croon, and he grins at the sound, spreading your legs a little bit further so that he can more easily eat you out. You’ve always tasted a little bitter— a reflection of your personality, he supposes— but he likes it. Always liked bitter things, he guesses.

He knows exactly where to lick inside of you, exactly how to position his hands, exactly what pressure to use on your abused little clit. Your body is his and he’ll be damned if he doesn’t try his hardest to satisfy you, to leave you wanting more and more from him until he has nothing left to give.

It’s with this thought that he pulls his tongue out from inside of you, almost purring at the way you whine his name. One of his hands leaves your thigh to palm his erection, trying to soothe it by allowing himself some friction.

“Can I fuck you?” He asks, even though he knows the answer. He just can’t get enough of the way your eyes brighten when he pulls down his pants, like you’re absolutely starved for his cock and you can’t wait for him to be inside of you.

You pull off the rest of your clothes while he works on his own, and it makes his ego grow even more when he realizes that you’re openly staring at his dick, eyes following the prominent vein in the underside with barely suppressed interest. He knows you want to blow him, and he kind of wants you to as well because you give the best head he’s ever received, but for some reason there’s an urgency in him today that makes him want to skip any additional foreplay.

He sits on the bed and you climb into his lap without preamble, that same cock-starved look in your eyes that always makes him shudder. Your arms wrap around his neck and his hands go to your hips. You might technically be on top but he’s still in control, evidenced by the way he pulls you down and enters you in one smooth stroke.

You clench around him and his eyes nearly roll back in his head. He could fuck you forever, honestly, because this is the single best feeling in the world. Not winning a game. Not getting a perfect score on a test. Not even getting high. Those feelings are all useless next to this, just absolute garbage compared to the feeling of your hips meeting his. You’re panting, head tilted back and breasts rubbing against his bare chest, and he doesn’t hesitate to take one nipple into his mouth.

“Yūji.” You breathe, and he can’t help the salacious grin that spreads on his face at the sound of your voice. He bites down gently, just enough to keep from hurting you, and adjusts his grip on your hips so that he can thrust up harder. You squeal, a truly helpless sound, and bite your lip in the absolute cutest way possible.

You’re close already, he can tell. You’ve always been so sensitive, and he’s not helping with the fact that his cock always happens to brush your most sensitive spots. It’s almost too much, really, being at his complete mercy like this, but you wouldn’t have it any other way. Not with anyone else, either, but that wasn’t something you were quite ready to admit.

You don’t see the way he’s staring at you, because if you did you probably would have yelped and tried to squirm off of his lap. He’s giving you that look, the one that guys always give girls in movies, the one that you’ve been trying to avoid with this whole no-strings-attached arrangement.

He doesn’t know why he does what he does next, honestly. You’ve been adamant right from the start that you don’t want to kiss him, mostly because you don’t want either of you to get feelings for the other, but obviously that didn’t fucking work and he’s already pretty desperate to know what your mouth feels like over his. Usually he can hold back the urge; after all, he doesn’t want to upset you, and usually being able to fuck you is good enough for him.
But he wants more. He wants you to tell him why you’re stressed. He wants you to look him in the eye while you’re fucking, because frankly he doesn’t know if you’re picturing someone else or not. He wants to be able to hold your hand at school instead of constantly fighting the urge. He wants you, even though you’ve told him countless times that anyone would be crazy to want to date you.

And with that thought, one of his hands comes up and grabs the back of your head. You look startled, as if you know what’s about to happen, but he doesn’t give you time to voice your concern or trepidation because his mouth is on yours, lips sealing together as his hand tangles in your hair. You let out a noise of protest around his mouth but he doesn’t let you go, instead trying in vain to lick past your lips.

You don’t let him. He tries again but he can tell that you’re pissed, so he lets you go and tries to act like your rejection didn’t feel like a punch in the gut. You’re glaring at him now, even while he’s still fucking you, and he knows that you probably want to slap him across the face.

Thankfully, though, he still gets you to come, though it takes a lot of clit-pulling and neck biting. Usually he doesn’t want it to end because he likes doing it so much, but right now he’s wishing it because he’s afraid to see what you’re going to do to him. Hit him? Scream at him? Cut his mouth off?

It’s none of the above.

“I think you should go.” You say, and it’s quiet in a heartbroken way. He opens his mouth to defend himself but he knows that he can’t, because he can see in your expression that you know. You know he’s in love with you, know how badly he wants to be with you, and his heart almost stops in his chest because he doesn’t see any amount of reciprocation in those bright eyes of yours. You don’t even care enough to get angry about it or ask why he did it; you just sigh in a resigned way.

“Okay.” He says, and getting dressed is probably the most awkward thing he’s ever done in his life. You watch him, expression unchanging, and he kind of wants to drop to his knees and beg for your forgiveness. But he made his decision and now you’re making yours.

“We’re done.” You say when he’s sliding on his blazer, and he nods as if to show you that he’s not upset when you can both clearly see that he is. He doesn’t even trust himself to talk, angry words and confessions of love balling together in his throat until he’s not sure which ones he would say if he opened his mouth.

You don’t walk him to the door. It’s another blow to his pride, really, but it’s to be expected. He shuts it softly behind him and begins his walk home, wondering why he couldn’t have just controlled himself.

—

Murata seems to know instinctively that you’re no longer fucking around with Terushima. Maybe it’s because you don’t look up from your clipboard when the volleyball team passes by the gymnasium doors on their way to practice. Maybe it’s because the hickeys on your neck have faded and not gotten replaced. Maybe it’s because there’s a spark missing from your eyes that you hate to admit Terushima put there.

“Rough week?”

“Piss off.” You glower, pen absentmindedly tracing doodles on the corner of your page. You don’t have to look up to know Murata is towering there, blue eyes probably squinted with how widely
he’s grinning.

“Aw, come on, [Name]. That guy was a douche anyways.”

“And you’re not?”

“I’m a hell of a lot better than he is. Probably could get you off better, too.” He says, and his words are so blatantly untrue to you have to keep from laughing in his face.

“Whatever. I’ll think about it.” You say, more to shut him up than anything. You wouldn’t touch this guy with a ten-foot pole, never mind your bare hands, but you had the feeling that he would punch you in the mouth if you said as much.

“Awesome.” Murata leans forward, probably to kiss you on the forehead or some dumb shit like that, but your body instinctively moves out of the way and he’s left standing there, gaping like a fish out of water.

—

Terushima Yūji is close to snapping.

He knows you’re close with the basketball team. You’re their manager, after all, and while the volleyball team and the basketball team have always kind of been rivals, he never once thought that your dedication to them was a bad thing. Sure, it made him a little jealous while the two of you were still an item, but it also excited him. If you could fully put your all into something like managing a team, then he was sure that you wouldn’t be half bad in a relationship like you kept telling him you would be.

But now, the fact that you’re so involved with a group of hormonal teenage boys is driving him absolutely insane.

Especially with that captain. Murata Tatsuya, one of the biggest shitstains to ever go to Johzenji. (And that was coming from Terushima himself, who knew that he was also no model student). The guy was practically the personification of the term ‘jackass’, especially because he kept shooting Terushima those stupid shit-eating grins that practically haunted his dreams. It was bad enough that you rejected him, but from the way that guy was smiling at him, he was beginning to wonder if you had already moved on.

“Go talk to her or something.” Futamata sighs after nearly three weeks of watching Terushima glower as they pass the gym where the basketball team is practicing.

“No.” He snaps, and although he tries hard not to, he sneaks a glance over at the open door. You’re sitting on the bench, watching the team while scribbling something down. You look intense. Focused. He stops dead in his tracks when he sees one of the players approach you— not Murata, thank god— and say something that makes you laugh. His heart clenches almost pitifully inside his chest at the sight. You never laughed much around him, always so desperate to contain your emotions and keep him at a distance, but he ended up falling for the sound nonetheless. Ended up falling for you nonetheless.

“Stop staring, she’s going to notice.” He feels Bobata tug on his arm and he sighs, obeying the middle blocker with a scowl. He’s in class seven, for Christ’s sake, supposed to be a genius, and he still can’t figure out an intelligent away to articulate how he’s feeling. His two friends share a look, caught between wanting to berate him for sulking and feeling his pain because they know how bad he’s got it for you, but they settle for dragging him along.
You noticed him stop. You always do, even if you’re not looking at the door. You can feel the way his eyes stare at you, like some sort of sixth sense that exists only for him.

You try not to focus on the fact that it’s making your heart beat almost painfully. You try not to think about how heartbroken he looked when you told him to leave. You try to push down the realization that you are just as in love with him as he is with you.

—

Another week goes by. Terushima feels like he might just drop dead with how much his heart hurts, even with the fact that he’s gone back to drinking beers and smoking weed on the weekends. There’s no cure, he realizes, for unrequited love, and he wonders if he’s always going to carry this ache around with him, wondering if he could have just done something different.

“Stop trying to touch me!”

“Aw, come on! It’s just us, you don’t have to pretend to be all bitchy anymore.”

Terushima stops in his tracks on his way past the gym. Even with the doors closed he can still hear what is obviously your voice, along with another, more annoying one.

Murata.

He debates what to do. The basketball practice should have ended an hour ago; he has no idea why the two of you are still in there. He decides to shuffle closer to the door, his mission to refill his water bottle totally forgotten as he strains to hear what you’ll say next.

Maybe you will drop the act. Maybe this is a way for him to finally get closure by knowing that you’ve decided to be with someone else.

Instead, he hears the tell-tale sound of skin smacking against skin. “I told you to knock it off!”

“Babe,” Terushima winces; Only he got to call you that. “you can't just stay hung up on that Terushima guy forever. It’s time for you to move on. You know I can make you feel good, just give me a chance.”

He waits. There’s a pause. Please don’t agree with Murata please don’t agree with Murata please—

“Get lost, asshole. I’m tired of you constantly coming on to me. I’m telling the coach, I’ve had enough.”

“Listen, [Name]—”

Terushima yanks the door open without a second thought. “Hey, bud, sounds like she wants you to leave her alone.”

He doesn’t know what he’s enjoying more; the expression that Murata’s making, like Terushima just kicked him in the nuts, or the fact that your entire face lights up when you see him, a relieved smile curling your mouth. He tries not to smile back.

“I don’t remember this being any of your business.” Murata glowers as Terushima steps closer, putting his body in front of yours as a means of protection. You seem thankful for it, one of your hands gripping the back of his shirt as if to anchor him there.
“It’s my business when it involves her.” He says, fighting to keep his voice low. He’s never gotten a good feeling around Murata, even before he started falling for you, and now he knows why. The captain looks a little bit unwell, his eyes almost dangerous. Terushima used to see that look all the time in junior high, in the eyes of the boys who couldn’t stop trying to fight one another.

“As if!” Murata barks, taking a step towards him. “She’s done with you, obviously, or are you just blind?”

“Just because she’s done with me doesn’t mean I can ignore it when I hear a douche like you start to creep her out. Lay off.”

“Whatever.” Murata says, and a few flecks of spit fly from his mouth and land on Terushima’s shoes. He grimaces, though the expression becomes deadly when he sees Murata reach for your arm.

“Hey! I said piss off!” Terushima barks. He doesn’t want to think about it but he already knows how this is going to end. Murata isn’t like a regular guy, one who would bolt at the first sign of confrontation. Murata is the type of guy who thrives on it, who wants to control a person who cannot be controlled—you—and doesn’t seem to care about hurting people in his way. He’s really, truly unwell, and the thought should make Terushima more cautious, but all of his rational thinking goes out the window when he sees the basketball captain try to grab at you again.

He lands a solid right hook right on Murata’s nose, a combination of the fact that Murata is approximately his height and that he’s gotten close enough for Terushima to do so. The reaction is immediate, blood spurting out from between his nostrils and getting all over Terushima’s fist. The captain recoils, eyes livid, but you’ve grabbed Terushima’s arm before he can retaliate.

“Let’s go.” You plead, and he nods at you, allowing you to steer him out of the gymnasium while he watches and waits for Murata to come after him.

He doesn’t, and Terushima knows why. He wants to play it off like he’s been attacked, and the fact that Terushima had obviously broken his nose is probably going to work in his favor. But in that moment Terushima doesn’t care. It doesn’t matter to him, not even if he gets expelled or kicked off the volleyball team, because he was able to protect the person most important to him and that’s all he cares about.

“You didn’t have to do that.” You’re already halfway to your house when you speak up, eyes filled with both worry and aggravation. “I can take care of myself, you know. I’m not totally defenseless.”

“I know.” He says. You look at him out of the corner of your eyes and he can tell, even in the dark of the evening, that there’s also worry in them. “But you know how I feel about you. I wasn’t going to let that slide.”

You grow quiet again for a moment. It stretches on into minutes, until you’re on your porch and can appraise his hand in the light above. It’s covered in blood and his fingers twitch a little bit when you touch them. Murata’s face wasn’t exactly the softest surface in the world, and you wouldn’t be surprised if there was light bruising on Terushima’s knuckles for the next few days.

“Thank you.” You finally say, dropping his hand and looking up at him. He swallows hard at your expression. You’ve never looked at him with such a soft gaze before.

“Anytime.” He says, and he means it. He takes your words as a farewell—a thanks, but you can leave me alone now—so he’s surprised when you speak up again as he turns to leave.
“Come in. Uh. If you want. You can wash your hand.” You say, and while he knows it’ll probably hurt to go back into your house under different circumstances than usual, he can’t help but accept your invitation.

It’s quiet. Eerily so, and he can tell without even asking that your parents must be away on another business trip. Had this been weeks ago, you two would already be getting undressed, grinning at the thought of having the house all to yourselves. Instead you sigh, walking over to the sink and turning the tap on.

He walks over and puts his hand under the running water, watching as the slowly-drying blood on his fingers starts to wash off in streaks, turning the water pink as it runs down the drain. He nearly jumps when your hands cover his, soap on your fingers as you start to work on the stubborn spots.

“You don’t—” He starts, but the look on your face shuts him up.

“I know.” You say.

The act of having his hand washed is weirdly intimate. Your fingers are gentle over his own, soft and careful like you’re handling a precious stone. He looks at you while you do it, notices the fondness in your eyes that you’d been trying to hide since the first day you met him. It makes his heart flutter pitifully.

“Why’d you leave me?” He asks when you’re drying his hand in a towel. You pause almost immediately, then start back up again as if nothing happened.

“I didn’t ‘leave’ you. We were never together.” You say. Satisfied with how clean his hand is, you toss the damp towel onto the counter. He gives you a long look, the seriousness in his expression not quite fitting his face.

“We could have been.” He says without hesitation, and you shoot him a look that is oddly pained. His hand falls down to his side.

“That’s exactly it.” You admit to him. He frowns. “You wanted to be together. You kissed me, and I told you from the very first time that something like that was too intimate for me.”

“It was just a kiss!”

“No, it wasn’t.” You say, and he swallows his next argument. You’re right. There’s no denying it, not at this point, not after what just happened.

“Please.” He says, and it’s almost embarrassing how desperate his voice is. “Please just give me a chance.”

“No.” You say, though the firmness in your tone is obviously faked. “I told you I didn’t want a relationship. I’m not good at them. You know how I am; Murata said it himself. I’m a little too bitchy for something like this.”

“You’re acting like I’m asking you to be any other way.” He says. His hands twitch with how badly he wants to grab your face and pull his mouth to yours. “I love you. You know that. I don’t expect things to be perfect. Hell, I don’t want them to be. I just want to be with you, no matter how poorly you think of yourself. You don’t see yourself the way I see you.”

“You’re delusional.” You say, but he can tell he’s slowly starting to chip away at your tough exterior.
“Maybe.” He says. “But that doesn’t stop me from wanting you. Just please,” he repeats, “give me a chance. I know you love me. I know it.”

You’re silent. He wonders if you’re going to kick him out again, tell him that you never want to see his face for as long as you live. But you just stand there, as if you’ve been glued to the spot, and refrain from saying anything until he’s starts to think that his words have broken you.

“Yūji.” You say slowly. “Kiss me.”

He doesn’t have to be told twice. He pulls you close immediately, lips sealing over yours softly, like he’s a little afraid that if he applies any more pressure you’ll change your mind. He shouldn’t have worried, though, because your hands grab the front of his t-shirt and pull him closer, like you can’t bear to keep him at a distance anymore. He’s successful this time when his tongue darts out, because you grant him access immediately and his tongue is sliding along yours with an odd amount of grace.

He can tell where this is going almost immediately. When you two pull apart for air he can see it, that telltale gleam in your eyes that makes him go a little bit weak in the knees. There’s lust and something else in your gaze, something that makes his heart soar.

He kisses you again. It’s slower, this time, like he’s trying to commit every inch of your mouth to memory. His body is pressed against yours and his mind is absolutely spinning, like the entire world around him has ceased to exist. Nothing matters anymore. Not the trepidation. Not the dull ache in his hand. Not the fact that he’s going to have hell to pay when he gets back to school on Monday. Nothing but this right here, this feeling of having you reciprocate his affections. It’s intoxicating, truly, and you seem to feel the same way because when you break apart there’s a question in your eyes that he already knows the answer to.

You can tell without asking, but you do regardless. “Bedroom?”

“Yeah,” he breathes, and then you’re pulling him along, and he sort of wants to lace his fingers in your own but he knows that it’ll be pointless.

You immediately start to take off your clothes and he can’t help but smile wolfishly as he closes your bedroom door behind him. He’s missed this, missed seeing your skin and feeling it underneath his fingers. Missed the way you give him a smirk over your shoulder as you undress yourself, as if you know exactly what you’re doing to him. Maybe it’s because of the fact that he’s missed you, or maybe it’s just because he’s filled with confidence at the fact that you might just be his by the end of the night, but he comes up behind you after you’ve shimmied out of your skirt and places a warm kiss on the side of your neck.

“Gorgeous.” He says, resting his hands right about the waistline of your panties. “You know you’re absolutely gorgeous, right?”

“You’re so cheesy, Yūji.” You snort, but there’s an underlying tone of affection that makes him grin. He pulls you back a bit, grinding your ass against his clothed erection, and delights in the blissful sigh you let out.

He kisses you again. His fingers are moving slightly, migrating towards your crotch, and you almost want to ask him if he’s seriously going to finger you while you’re standing up.

He doesn’t. He runs two fingers across your apex, happy to find that the cloth covering you is a little bit damp to the touch.
“Have you really missed me that much, or did you just get turned on by me punching someone for you?” He can almost hear you roll your eyes at him, but to his shock you don’t make another jab.

“Both, actually.” You admit, and he presses his fingers over your clit just to hear that sharp intake of breath that he loves. You crane your neck to scowl at him, though it’s a little difficult because he’s resting his chin on your shoulder. “Are you going to keep doing this or will you let me get undressed?”

“Always so feisty.” He mock sighs, but he lets you go and immediately you miss the warmth of his body. But you continue to get naked, encouraged by the fact that he’s also starting to remove his shorts and shirt.

You’ve always loved his body, though you would never admit that out loud and especially not to his face. He’s built in a lithe way, all the muscles under his skin rolling into one another perfectly. Volleyball may not seem like the type of sport to really get someone in shape, but the proof otherwise was standing right next to you.

He all but tackles you to the bed, mouth over yours again as your back hits the mattress. You used to squeal in surprise whenever he made such a move, but you’ve grown to love his unexpected signs of excitement.

Usually this is where he’d be calling you a dirty slut or a filthy whore or some other variation that would make your toes curl, but he’s so preoccupied with kissing you that he seems to forget. You can’t say you mind it, either, not with the way his tongue is passing over your teeth, his piercing clacking against them, and one of his hands is grabbing one of your breasts and squeezing.

It’s a little more gentle than usual, though. Almost like he’s trying his best to take it slow, to savor the moment. His fingers glide over your exposed cunt, though they hover over your opening as he breaks away once more.

“You sure about this?”

“No. I got naked because I wasn’t sure if I wanted to have sex or not.” You fire back, and then he’s laughing, absolutely delighted, and you want to laugh too but he sinks his fingers inside of you and robs you of the ability to speak.

He knows how to get you off. He’s done it so many times that you couldn’t even begin to count, but that’s not what he’s going for. He’s exploring you again, like this is the first and last time he’ll be able to touch you, and it makes your heart do funny things in your chest.

He’s working your clit and twisting his fingers with his wrist and it makes you see stars, makes you wonder why you ever thought it was a good idea to stop doing this with him. He’s the only one for you, you’re sure, because the way he’s touching you and looking at you is absolutely ruining any desire you might have to be with anyone else.

“Feel alright?” He asks. He knows the answer, of course, because you’re absolutely soaking his hand, but he wants to hear you say it. You know that as well as he does, because you nod up at him.

“Feels amazing.” Even though it’s so much slower than you’re used to, it’s the truth. Your eyes go from his face to his cock, flushed and hard and huge and perfect, and your mouth waters. He follows your gaze and smiles, and although it’s mostly a kind look, there’s an edge to it that you love.
“You can touch me, if you want.” He says, and he doesn’t have to tell you twice. Your hand wraps around him as he continues to languidly move his fingers in and out of you, thumb spreading the trickle of precome leaking from his slit. He’s smooth and warm in your hand, and that vein you like so much looks a little bit strained, standing out from his skin.

His movements falter a little bit at your touch and now it’s your turn to grin. You remove his fingers from you, gently so that he knows it isn’t because he’s hurt you, and slide off the side of the bed. He watches you, momentarily frozen, before your reasoning dawns on him when you get on your knees.

“Yūji.” You say in the begging tone that you know he likes. “Let me suck your cock.”

He doesn’t need you to ask again. He scrambles to the edge of the bed, sitting with his legs open so that you can situate yourself between them, eye-level with his erection. You lick your lips; you’ve always loved doing this for him.

It starts with a long lick, right from the base to the tip, and he shudders. His eyes are glued to your mouth, the way your tongue darts out to lick at him like he’s some sort of delicacy, and you can tell even without him saying anything that he’s completely enraptured with the way you look right now. One of his large hands tangles in your hair as you start to suck on his tip, eyes locked on his, which are half-lidded.

He’s big, but you’re used to it. You manage to get most of him into your mouth with ease, and although there’s a minimal amount of discomfort in having him brush past your uvula, the way he groans when you hollow out your cheeks and suck more than makes up for it.

You’ve done this in the past with other boyfriends—part of that rebellious streak, you supposed—but none of them ever reacted as well as Terushima does. He’s not loud, per say, but he is by no means quiet while you go down on him. He lets out little pants and groans, especially when one of your hands starts to stroke his balls. His perfect teeth sink into his bottom lip, eyes moving like they want to roll back but he’s determined to keep them trained on you.

You alternate between taking him all in and just working on the tip, with the occasional long lick mixed in between. You know exactly how he likes it, what you need to do to get his legs to twitch and his hold on your hair to tighten, and you practically live for it.

He’s conflicted. It only takes a couple of minutes for him to tell that he’s rushing towards his end, especially when you keep working his cock like that, and it’s with a face of pained regret that he pulls on your hair, making your mouth disengage from his tip with a wet pop. You smirk up at him.

“You almost done already?” You ask, and he groans, partially because you’re teasing him and partially because you look so good that he almost can’t stand it.

“Yeah. Get on the bed.” He commands, and you actually comply without another comeback. You’re still staring at his cock and it’s doing funny things to him, knowing that you want him just as badly as he wants you. He climbs on top of you without any hesitation, his lean frame suspended above yours.

You expect him to thrust into you like he has so many other times before, but apparently tonight is a night full of surprises because instead of his usual rough handling, he kisses you. Gently. You wonder what’s gotten into him, why he’s being so lax, but then you can’t wonder any more because he’s slowly, slowly entering you.

You groan against his mouth and his mind goes a little bit fuzzy. He’s never put much stock in the
words ‘making love’, because to him it was just a corny phrase that people used when they were too innocent to say ‘fucking’. But he was wrong, so wrong, because this time with you is different than all the rest, and he knows why. It isn’t just about getting off anymore. It’s about pleasing each other, exchanging affection and searing touches, erasing all the nervousness and questioning from your minds. All that matters to him is you, the way your legs wrap around his hips and fully press him inside of you, the little gasps and moans that fall from your lips when he starts to thrust with a gentle rocking movement.

His lips move from yours to your neck, sucking at the exposed skin there until he’s sure that the collection of bruises will be anything but inconspicuous. He’s missed this, missed seeing how you fall apart under him or try to hide the marks of his affection under your makeup. Missed seeing that dazed look in your eyes when he starts to thrust deeper, missed the way your lips frame his name like it’s the only word you know.

You grab onto his shoulders in an effort to anchor yourself, but you know it’s useless. He’s pulling at your clit, sucking on your neck, and it’s like he’s all around you and inside of you at once, eclipsing everything around you with the beauty that is his existence. You want to tell him, want to let him know just how absolutely perfect he is, but he’s moving in and out of you in such a way that you’re incapable of creating words.

He sees it in your eyes. You know he does.

“I love you.” He groans, resting his forehead on yours while he thrusts. Your nails dig into his skin and it’s the best kind of pain, the kind that keeps him rooted to what he’s doing instead of allowing his body to succumb to pleasure before you do. “I love you so fucking much, babe. You don’t even know.”

But you do know. You do know. And you feel horrible, completely awful, for ever trying to pretend that you didn’t love him too. That the only reason you two were apart was your own insecurity, your own stupid bravado. You want to tell him this too, tell him everything because he deserves to know it, deserves to hear how wonderful you find him, but—

“I love you too.” You say, voice a hoarse whisper. He grins at you and it’s like looking into the sun, basking it its warmth as he presses his mouth to yours and you can’t help it. You squirm against him as you come, legs tightening their hold on his narrow hips. You feel him moan rather than hear it, the vibration of the sound buzzing against your lips, and just as you’re falling down from your high he’s reaching his own, pulling out just fast enough to coat your stomach with his emission, the heat of it almost searing against your skin.

He doesn’t collapse on top of you like he usually does, and while you think it’s partially because he doesn’t want to get his own come on himself, there’s also a look in his eyes that tells you he just wants to gaze at you for a minute. So you let him.

“You’re with me now, right?” He asks, as if this was all some sort of elaborate prank you had planned. You raise an eyebrow up at him.

“Is Terushima Yūji, of all people, unsure?” You scoff, though you give him a small smile to know that you don’t mean anything by the jest. He rolls his eyes.

“I don’t know. I feel like this is all a weird dream and I’m going to wake up with come on my blankets.” He says, and you can’t help it. You laugh, and so does it, and it’s sweet yet disgusting because he’s still hovering over you while you’re both glossed with sweat and your stomach is all sticky.
“You’re a weirdo, you know that?”

“You’ve told me a few hundred times.” His smile drops a little bit into something more reserved. He presses a kiss to your forehead and allows you to slide out from under him, grabbing a tissue from your nightstand and beginning to wipe away his come.

“Yeah. I guess I have. And to answer your question, yes. We are together.” You ball up the tissue and toss it across the room. It lands into your wastebasket and Terushima lets out a whistle.

“Nice shot. They should have you join the basketball team.”

“Maybe they’ll let me. After all, they’re gonna need to have someone replace Murata after I report him for harassment.” You say. “Though you’re probably still going to get in trouble for punching him, Yūji.”

“Worth it.” He sighs when you roll over next to him. He slings an arm around you and pulls you close so that your foreheads are touching again. “Nobody pisses off my girlfriend and gets away with it.”
Matsukawa Issei- Pretty in Punk

Chapter Notes

Please get your holy water out.

Originally, I wanted this to kind of cheesy like the Kuroo chapter. But. Uh. I happen to have a huge daddy kink myself and honestly I figured what the hell. So I did a Punk!AU, daddy kink, choking, and a little bit of hair-pulling and biting. If that's not your thing, then you might wanna skip this chapter, cause I know some people aren't super fond of daddy kinks. Ahaha.

ALSO the 'Honesty Game' is a game my friends and I play every weekend. It's pretty fun, we actually have a set of rules and everything that I might post to my tumblr. Good thing to play if you're getting drunk with a group of friends somewhere. 8)

Anywho, I hope you guys enjoy what I did with this chapter. I love Mattsun, so writing for him was an absolute blast. Punk!Mattsun was even more fun to write, because I got to make him a little bit snarky.

(PS- Be sure to find me on my tumblr (sabbywrites.tumblr.com) to see what I've been up to lately.)

xoxo sabby

If anyone were to ask a student on campus who the scariest person they’d ever met was, they’d all answer with the same name: Matsukawa Issei.

Not because he was menacing in personality; it was the exterior that they based their answer upon. Nobody could really argue that the mix of piercings, tattoos, and black nail polish made the volleyball player a rather menacing sight, not even the boy himself. He knew how he must look to the other students, a looming figure with hunks of metal in his ears and face, but he kind of liked it. Liked the way eyebrows would raise at the sight of him walking across campus, the way that looks of trepidation would form in their eyes once they realized that a boy who was just over 19 already had two full sleeves of tattoos.

But there was one student in particular who was an exception.

“Issei, if you don’t give me my pencil back right now I’m going to kick your ass.”

Said boy raises his eyebrows at you from across the table, trying his best to look innocent despite the fact that he very clearly has one of your pastel-pink mechanical pencils clutched in his tattooed knuckles.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” He says, and while most people at this point would shy away because hey, this guy looks like he could send you flying into space with a solid punch, you don’t because you’re not most people.

“Issei.” You repeat, folding your arms. Your hands disappear into the folds of your oversized sweater which, ironically enough, is the same color as the pencil you’re fighting over. “Hand it
over, pencil thief. I had to order those online, they were expensive.”

He stares at you a moment before shrugging, sliding it across the table. “That’s pretty dumb, if you ask me. You always spend a shit-ton of money on things that fit your aesthetic.”

You stare at him for a long, long moment after you snatch the pencil up. “Issei, you’ve spent over a thousand dollars getting your skin either marked up or punctured. I don’t want to hear how you feel about my ‘aesthetic’.”

“Valid point.” He says, pulling out another pencil from his bag and continuing to work. Your eyebrow twitches when you realize that he must have stolen one of your beloved pastel items for the sole purpose of pissing you off, but you remain silent and go back to your work as well. It’s why you came to the library, after all.

You’re an odd pair, you and Issei. While most people were scared of his rough appearance, the same could not be said of you; you were a fan of all things light and frilly, with an extensive collection of hair bows and fluttery skirts that could rival even the most seasoned pastel-aesthetic blogger. Within moments of meeting your best friend, people usually gave you the same look—a how is someone like you friends with someone like him? type of expression, one that never failed to piss you off. Every time, you gave them the same answer.

You and Mattsun went way back. So far back, in fact, that your friendship probably started before you were even conceived. It was the typical ‘childhood friends’ scenario; your mothers were close, you practically lived next door to each other your entire life, and even decided to go to the same university together once you graduated high school. You gave Oikawa and Iwaizumi a run for their money back then, with the antics you two were constantly part of.

At this point, most people nodded in understanding. Ah, so you’re like siblings, right? And you would tell them yeah, pretty much, even though you were one hundred percent sure that you weren’t supposed to want to fuck the daylights out of someone that most people saw as your older brother.

That was typically the answer Matsukawa gave when people asked how many piercings he had. Four in one ear, five in another, one in his eyebrow, one in the back of his neck, a bar through his left nipple, and two hoops in his lips. Spider bites, they were called, and they were his favorite of the bunch. Well, apart from another one that he happened to have, but that was his own dirty little secret and he wasn’t keen to let people in on it.

That was how many sessions he went to at the local tattoo parlor in order to complete his sleeves, plus the gigantic piece on his back that had yet to be colored in. Though he’d been second-guessing whether or not he even wanted to finish it in the first place, because the Friday afternoon that you spent coloring sections of it in with your glittery gel pens had been kind of cute and he wouldn’t mind if you did it again. Even though it had been a pain in the ass to clean.

Makki snickers when he sees it. The way that you’d made the kraken purple and the water lime green reminded him of something that a first-grader would draw, but he didn’t dare mention that to Mattsun because he knew that the middle blocker would just glare at him for it.
“Help me wash this off.” He pleads as soon as you’ve left the room to go meet up with some of your other friends. Makki takes pity on the guy, really, because he assumes that it would be hard to get laid when you have enough glitter-filled ink on your back to drown a small child.

“Dude, you’ve got it bad for her.” he whistles, wetting a paper towel and trying to rub away at your handiwork. It works, for the most part, but there are still specks of glitter there that probably won’t leave Mattsun’s skin until the day he dies.

“Shut up.” Mattsun snaps, though Makki can tell it’s more out of embarrassment at being called out for liking you than from actual anger. “Just clean me up, okay? I’m not trying to have some girl laugh at my naked body tonight.”

“Oh, I’m sure they’d laugh even if you weren’t covered in gel pen.” Makki says, laughing when Mattsun smacks him on the side of the head. “I jest, I jest. You might wanna rethink that whole ‘fucking random girls’ thing, though, ‘cause I don’t think [Name] is a huge fan.”

“I can do whatever the hell I want.”

“Believe me, I know. You’ve got the body to prove it.”

This time he dodges the hit aimed for his head. “Oi! Watch it, or I won’t clean you up and you’ll have to explain to some chick why you’re sweating glitter all over her.”

“Fine.” Matsukawa snaps. His cheeks are a little bit pink, something that Hanamaki doesn’t miss.

“So.” He continues after grabbing another paper towel. “When are you gonna tell her? And don’t pull that ‘tell who?’ shit on me, because it’s so obvious that you wanna fuck [Name] that it’s kind of embarrassing.”

“Never. You know I’d be shitty in a relationship. She deserves better than that. ‘Sides, we’re in university. I should get my fill of life before I have to settle down and do some boring-ass job.”

Hanamaki sighs. “See, I know where you’re coming from, but all I heard you say is ‘I fuck random girls on the weekend because I’m too chickenshit to admit to another girl that I like her.’”

“Makki?”

“Yeah?”

“Shut the fuck up.”

Friday nights were made for getting shitfaced and laid. Saturday nights, however, were meant to be shared between you, Makki, and Mattsun on the floor of the boy’s dorm room, passing around a few bottles of beer and confessing to weird things.

The ‘Honesty Game’, Mattsun called it. It started back in high school, when he’d just gotten his first piercings and Makki had discovered that he could smuggle a few bottles of alcohol from his parent’s collections and they wouldn’t notice. Back then, you asked each other questions like ‘did you cheat on that math exam?’ and ‘How much do you wanna bet that Oikawa wants to fuck Iwaizumi?’ . Now, though, the questions were a little bit different.

“Biggest kink.” Hanamaki asks, taking a sip from the bottle and passing it to you. You could all have your separate drinks, of course, but the three of you had never been traditional in your antics.
You swallow a mouthful, trying not to cringe at how bad it tasted. You weren’t a huge fan of alcohol and usually abstained from parties, but you could never quite say no to getting buzzed around your two closest friends.

“Being called daddy.” Mattsun answers after a moment, and you swear you could have choked to death right there and then. He gives you a look when you start to cough, snatching the drink away from you with a frown. “What?”

“N-nothing.” You sputter. Thankfully the the boys had only left their desk lamps on to illuminate the room, because if the overhead lights were on you were sure that they’d see the fiery blush creeping up your neck. “Just unexpected, I guess.”

Mattsun doesn’t look convinced, but his questioning gaze is torn away from you by the sound of Hanamaki roaring with laughter.

“You little freak!” He teases, laughing even more when Mattsun scowls. “I always knew you were into some weird stuff!”

“Being called ‘daddy’ isn’t weird.” Mattsun mutters. He takes a sip of beer and you can’t help but watch the way his throat moves when he swallows. You want to nip at his neck, feel his pulse under your tongue—

“Whatever you say, dude. How about you, [Name]?”


“Oh, come on.” Mattsun glowers. “You can’t just get out of it that easily! You have to like something.”

Hanamaki leans back, supported by the edge of his bed. “I’ll go first if it makes you feel any better. I like spanking girls.”

“God, Hanamaki. That’s so vanilla.”

“Maybe for you, you sexual deviant, but not for me! I’ll have you know, I—”

Maybe it’s the fact that there’s already a decent amount of alcohol in your system. Maybe it’s the fact that you kind of want Matsukawa to know, just because you want to see if it sparks his interest in you. Maybe you just want to see Hanamaki balk. Either way, your next confession tumbles out of your mouth before you can think to stop it.

“I like being choked.”

Both boys freeze, mid banter. “What.”

“I said,” you clear your throat, already a little bit embarrassed at having to repeat yourself, “I like being choked.”

“What the fuck.” Makki laughs, stealing the drink from Mattsun’s hands. He allows him, because his grip has gone a little bit limp as he stares at you. His eyes are searching yours, trying to figure out if you’re just fucking with them or not, and you divert your attention away from the heat of his gaze by turning your attention to Hanamaki, who has polished off the contents of the bottle and is reaching for another.

“Figures.” He snorts when he sees you looking at him. “It’s always the soft, quiet ones. Pray tell,
“Who’s been choking you lately?”

“Yeah.” You don’t miss the way that Mattsun suddenly seems to be a little bit irked. “Who?”

“Oi, you can’t ask another question. It’s my turn to ask.” You counter, crossing your arms. The boys share a look, one between discomfort and wonder, then go back to staring at you.

“Okay. Fine. Ask away.” Mattsun says, though you can tell that he’s going to try and get the information out of you one way or another.

“Alright. Since I guess we’re on the topic of sex, tell me how many people you’ve slept with.”

“Seven.” Hanamaki says without hesitation. You let out a low whistle.

“Nice.”

“Six.” Mattsun says. They both look at you expectantly.

You answer truthfully. Hanamaki nods, as if he respects your answer, then passes the bottle to you. You take the tiniest sip that you can without looking like a chicken.

“Okay, my turn.” Mattsun looks at you, the piercing in his eyebrow glinting as they knit together. “Who the fuck—”

“You can’t ask me a personal question, Issei. It’s against the rules.” You point out, smiling a little bit smugly. “They have to apply to everyone.”

“No, they—”

“She’s right. It’s the golden rule of the game, dude.” Hanamaki moves to take the bottle back but Mattsun is quicker, stealing a gulp before the pink-haired wing spiker can.

“Are you guys serious? We invented the game, we can change the rules whenever!”

“Nah.” Makki finally gets his hands on the drink. “It’s sacred, man. We’ve been doing it like this for years.”

“Exactly.” You agree, a little bit hastily, though the searing gaze Mattsun shoots you almost makes you want to comply.

“Whatever.” He mutters. “I pass then. You can ask another one, Makki.”

Makki’s eyes light up. “All right then, you freaks, how often do you masturbate?”

You pretend that Mattsun’s stare isn’t doing weird things to you. Nope. Not at all.

“Black clothing is for funerals, Issei.”

Mattsun clicks his tongue at you as you sift through your closet for the perfect outfit to wear for your interview tonight. Everything is too light and frilly, certainly giving off a ‘you can’t take me seriously!’ vibe, and it’s making you feel a little bit frantic. It’s times like these that you wish you had more female friends, because you sure as hell can’t ask to borrow one of Mattsun’s button-
downs.

Said male is currently sprawled on your bed, flipping through one of his textbooks. His presence is almost surreal here, because his marked-up and lanky body certainly looks out of place when contrasted with your sky-blue comforter. He turns the page of the book as you frantically look for something a little less girly.

It’s been two weeks since that Saturday, and while he’s been trying to be discreet, you know that he’s still dying to figure out who introduced you to the whole choking thing. And while you would honestly tell him if he asked enough, you’re actually sort of bitter that some girl that isn’t you has been calling him daddy. So you settle for brushing off the question in an act of petty defiance while knowing that your jealousy is unfounded because hey, you’re not actually dating Matssun or anything.

Still pisses you off, though.

“You still haven’t found anything?” You nearly jump out of your skin when his voice is right behind you. He’s close, his chest brushing against your back. If he feels the tension then he doesn’t say anything, choosing instead to reach into your closet and pull out a lilac dress, his arm nearly skimming your ear as he does so. “Wear this. I always liked the way it looked on you.”

You’re flushed from both his closeness and his compliment, gingerly taking the dress from his grasp. It’s a nice cotton one. Comfortable. More on the modest side. If you pair it with a nice set of heels then you’re good to go.

“Ugh. What would I do without you?” You groan. Matsukawa snickers, letting you brush past him so that you can sit down and start on your makeup.

“I dunno. Probably have a lot less sexual tension in your life.” He jokes, but he doesn’t miss the way that you fumble with your mascara at his words.

—

You get the job. It’s nice, even though all you do is answer phones and give people their coffee. Surprisingly stressful, too, because you’re trying to cram in hours between your classes and homework. You can tell Matssun and Makki are getting a little restless without you around as much, and you keep promising that you’ll treat them to dinner or something whenever you get a day off, which never seems to happen.

Well, actually, it does happen. You get a free Sunday, void of work or studying or anything else that could prevent you from napping, and because it’s the only time this week you’ve gotten to settle down with time to yourself, you decide that there’s only one thing to do to ease your stress.

At least, that’s your intention. But when you rifle through your underwear drawer and find, to your dismay, that the battery in your vibrator is dead, all plans of getting off quickly and efficiently are dashed. You’re not fond of using your fingers, really, not when a steady buzz to the clit can do the job just as well, but you haven’t gotten laid in a while and you actually feel kind of desperate.

You sigh. You’ll make do with what you have, you suppose, and right now that’s your fingers.

You adjust yourself into a sitting position, back against the wall while your legs are spread in front of you. They dangle off the end of the bed, leaving you facing the door. This is your first mistake, in hindsight, because your legs are open a lewd amount.

Your second mistake is not checking your phone before you decide to start fingering yourself,
because if you had then this whole thing could have been avoided.

**Mattsun (7:41):** Hey, I’m going to stop by your room in a bit. Missed you lately, hopefully you’re free tonight.

You rest your head on the wall and close your eyes, picturing something else. Someone else to be exact, with longer fingers that bear the marks of rebellion.

“Issei.” You sigh, just loud enough that you can hear. You add another finger then, your mouth forming another word that you’ve been thinking about for weeks, “daddy.”

You think about him licking you, fingering you, fucking you. How his body would feel pressed against yours, hands around your throat and teeth biting at your lip. Your toes curl, bliss coming towards you faster than expected.

“Issei!”

“Well, talk about a warm welcome.”

You nearly scream. It takes you all of five seconds to pull your fingers out of yourself and yank your blanket over your lower half, less caring about your bra-clad breasts.

He’s standing in the doorway, leaning on the frame of it with his arms crossed. Nonchalant, almost, like you hadn’t been saying his name while getting off. Your heart is beating so hard that it’s painful and you want to cry, you’re so fucking embarrassed—

“C’mon then.” He says, walking towards you slowly. “Let’s see it.” You know what he means immediately.

“W-what?” You shriek, clutching the blanket even tighter. Mattsun frowns, shaking his head at your bashfulness.

“[Name]. I heard you getting off.”

“Exactly! So get the fuck out!” You cry, even more mortified at the fact he’s using such a frank tone with you when asking to see your most intimate parts.

“Nah. I’m done pretending.”

“Excuse me?”

He reaches the bed. You can tell he wants to lift your blanket away, but to his credit he refrains from doing so. “This is a golden opportunity, right? Shit like this only happens in pornos. I know you wanna fuck me, [Name]. You’re not very discreet. So just lemme see.”

If possible, your face burns even more. “Mattsun—”

“Let me see you.”

“Mattsun!”

“Please. Please.” He says, and you can tell that he’s just seconds away from snapping.

You move slowly. So, so slowly. The blanket glides along your thighs as you pull it to the side, and then it’s gone, leaving you exposed to your best friend.
He whistles. Drops to his knees so that he’s at eye level with your glistening pussy, and you squeal, moving to shut your legs. He’s fast, though, and has both of his hands on your knees within seconds, spreading them apart lewdly so he can leer at your open cunt.

“Pretty. Looks nice and tight.” He muses, as if he’s just talking about the weather, and you whimper, especially when he uses his grip on your legs to pull you closer to the edge of the bed. Your hands prop you up, your quivering lip caught between your teeth as he continues to appraise you.

“Bet it tastes good too. You gonna let me lick it, baby? Or do you want me to finger-fuck you first?”

“Issei.” You breathe. “Issei, this isn’t a good—”

“‘Good’ what, exactly? Good idea? ‘Cause I think it is. Been wanting to see this since high school, y’know. Tired of pretending that I don’t.” His eyes briefly flick up to meet your own, and you’re absolutely shocked by the amount of lust you see there. It’s smoldering, fiery, and looks like something that is barely being contained.

“We’re friends, Issei. I don’t know if you should do this.” You try to muster a serious voice, one you might use with him if he wasn’t currently spreading your legs. He shrugs, leather jacket crinkling a little bit.

“What, you think this’ll ruin our friendship? ‘Cause I’ve got some news for you.” One of his fingers, still donning a black-painted nail, tentatively pushes on your clit. “Our friendship was officially over when I fell for you.”

“Wait, what?” You yelp, and you would have wiggled out of his grasp had you not been so enthralled with the way his finger was moving in slow circles over your clit.

“Mmmmmhm. Don’t tell me you didn’t notice. Even Makki did, and he’s dumb as shit.” Mattsun snorts, and you try not to quiver at the way the action sends a rush of air across your soaked folds.

“I just…” You trail off, and you’re a little ticked to see that he’s rolling his eyes at you.

“[Name], you don’t have any more excuses. Now you’ve either gotta let me get you off or tell me to go away.”

You don’t say anything for a moment. Then, tentatively:

“Make me come, daddy.”

“Shit.” He curses, looking a little humored that you remembered his favorite kink. “You’re something else, you know that?”

You move to respond but you can’t, because at that moment he decides to spit crudely on your cunt, and your words morph into a high-pitched keening when he spreads the saliva over your clit, making it glide more easily under his fingers. Why was that hot? Could someone tell you why that was hot?

His lips press softly into the flesh of your thigh. At first, you assume that it’s a reassuring movement, a sign that he’ll be gentle with you, but in typical Matsukawa fashion he decides to toss gentleness out for a little bit more of a ‘firm’ approach. He clamps his teeth down on the inside of your thigh hard, probably enough to bruise, and only lets go when you squeal.
“W-what the fuck, Issei?” You pant, and the middle blocker takes a long look at you from his spot between your legs, raising his pierced eyebrow at you as he releases your abused skin.

“Hm?” He asks, kissing the spot in an attempt to soothe it, somewhat. The gesture is nice, but the pain is still there.

“You’re so rough.” You mean for your words to sound like a complaint, but you can’t really hide how breathless and excited you are. He picks up on it immediately and grins, the fingers on your clit pressing down just a little bit harder.

“Seems to me that you like it.” He says, and you’re absolutely mortified to admit that you do like it. His mouth moves to your other thigh and he bites down again. You’re expecting it this time, and without the aspect of being startled by it, it’s pretty enjoyable.

“Fuck.” You whimper, tilting your head back just a tad. He lets go of the flesh and starts to lap at it, the feeling of his tongue skimming over the tingling skin making you squirm just a bit. He does this for a little bit, alternating between licking at your thighs, nipping at them, and full-on bites, and you know you won’t be able to wear a skirt for another week, at least. He’s barely touched you yet, save for the slow fingers on your clit, and you know he’s just building up the anticipation so that you’ll squirm even more when he does.

And squirm you do when he suddenly jams his entire tongue into your opening. You nearly shout in surprise, shuddering a tiny bit when the cold metal of his lip piercings comes to rest on your outer folds. He’s still staring at you, those dark eyes of his taking in your reaction to his sudden invasion, and it makes the situation feel more lewd than it already is.

“Daddy!” You squeal, one hand tangling in his hair and yanking. He groans, the sound making his tongue vibrate ever so slightly, and you’re surprised you haven’t completely melted with the amount of heat that’s spreading through your body.

It’s such a contrast, really. The sight of your much softer looking body giving way to his marked and modified one seemed odd, even a little bit unnatural. But you loved it, loved the fact that he was eating you out better than any boy had before, loved the glint of his piercings in the light and the roll of muscles under his tattoos, loved how he was leering at you, like he was trying to completely dissolve you with his gaze, loved—

He slides a finger in alongside his tongue. Just barely, not even fully obscuring the tattoo on his knuckle, but it’s enough so that he can bend it a little bit, slide it against your sensitive walls. You almost clamp your legs around his head but they’re stopped by his shoulders. He laughs a little bit, and usually something like that would humiliate you but it just serves to further excite you, the fact that you’re completely spread open and at his mercy.

He knows it, too. He has to. He pulls his tongue out of you with a crude slurping sound, taking the opportunity to slide two of his fingers all the way inside of you while he licks his lips and seems to savor the taste of you.

“You taste good as hell.” He murmurs, and if his ministrations weren’t currently rendering you speechless, you would have berated him for how casual he was being. But you could also see in his eyes that there was something brewing, something that he couldn’t quite keep down. It excited you and scared you at the same time, but you didn’t really get to mull it over because the way his fingers were working inside of you made coherent thought incredibly difficult.

He leans back in, fingers still pumping and twisting and curling inside of you, and seals his mouth over your clit. You’re kind of afraid that he’s going to bite down there, too, but he just gently sucks
on it, humming a little bit so that there’s a steady thrum of vibrations on the bundle of nerves.

“Oh! *Fuck,* daddy!” You squeal, and you don’t miss the way his mouth spreads into a wicked grin. He sucks a bit harder, his teeth just barely skimming over the flesh, and it’s *too much,* enough to send you flying over the edge with a surprised moan.

You’ve had orgasms before, obviously, but this was something different. Almost an entirely different realm. It was like the entire world had just ceased to be anything other than the feeling of Matsun curling his fingers inside of you, that smile still on his face as he looks you dead in the eyes. He likes watching you fall apart, you can tell, because there’s a delighted gleam in his expression that you only ever see after his volleyball team wins a game.

It’s over so soon. Too soon, in your opinion, and it feels like you come crashing back into reality at a breakneck speed. The muscles in your thighs relax. Your grip on his hair loosens. You feel like your entire body is made of jelly.

He yanks his fingers out of you and it makes you jolt just a tiny bit.

“Feel better?”

You can’t even speak. He seems to get the gist of it, though, because a smug grin curls on his face as he inserts his fingers into his mouth.

“You wanna fuck?” He asks, words muffled by the fact that he’s speaking around his fingers. His tone is casual, like he’s asking you what your favorite color is.

You nod. Rather enthusiastically, too, which makes his eyes brighten just a tad bit. “*Yes.*”

He doesn’t waste any time. He shrugs off his jacket and yanks his black t-shirt over his head with ease, and you have to practically clamp your mouth shut to keep from drooling. He’s *built,* muscles formed from years of volleyball, and the sight is actually made better by the artwork spanning from the tips of his fingers to his lower back. You bit your lip as he runs a hand through his hair, eyes scanning over the piercing in his nipple with mildly hidden interest.

“Stop gawking.” He snorts, and you stick your tongue out at him.

“Can’t. You’re just that good looking.” You retort, even though it isn’t far from the truth. You’ve seen him shirtless quite a few times, but those were back in high school when all he had was an upper-arm tattoo and two studs in his ears. For some reason it reminds you of seeing a caterpillar and then a butterfly, and while most people weren’t too fond of Matsukawa’s decision to embrace the alternative lifestyle, you had a special appreciation for it that made you rub your thighs together again.

“You’re ready to go again?” He asks, fingers having already finished with his belt. He yanks his skinny jeans down with more grace than one might expect, seeing as how removal of skin-tight pants wasn’t exactly an easy thing to do, but he manages and it’s kind of cute.

Black boxers. They’re cute too, and completely expected. He seems hesitant to take them off, though, but you don’t mind so much. Right now, you’re focused on the fact that you’re both practically naked and you haven’t even kissed yet. You grab at his shoulders when he comes closer, and he doesn’t complain when you pull him down.

It’s soft, tastes like your come, and is kind of sloppy. You adore it. The cold metal over his lips lets you know that this is real, that one of your fantasies hasn’t just turned into a full-blown hallucination. It doesn’t feel weird like you kind of expected it to. It just feels *right,* despite your
contrasting exteriors. You let him lick into your mouth, wet muscle swirling around your own and
you swear you could get lost like this.

He’s pushing you down slowly, adjusting your body so that your head hits your pillows and your
hair fans behind you. The look he’s giving you is smoldering, like he’s trying to absolutely devour
you with his eyes.

You break apart. His hand slides under your back and you arch it, giving his fingers ample room to
work at the clasp of your bra. You giggle a little bit when it takes him a few tries because he’s
obviously not the sex god that he’s been made out to be, but when he finally gets it off of you, you
stop. One of his hands, large and warm, cups your right breast and squeezes. You squeak.

“Cute.” He muses, and you can’t tell if he’s teasing or not, but frankly you don’t care because he
ducks his head and his tongue licks a broad stripe over your left nipple, then again. And again. The
tip of his tongue dances over the hardening nub. He’s good at this, and it’s making you squirm.
That in itself seems to make him excited— he’s never really gotten such a strong positive reaction
this early on from anyone— and especially because it’s you. He knows he should be feeling
conflicted right now about that fact that you two are childhood friends and a bunch of people
would assume that this was taboo, but he doesn’t care. He’s liked you for too long, wanted you for
too long that he can’t find it in himself to give a flying fuck what other people will think.

You’re pulling at his boxers. He freezes a little bit, nerves starting to spark in his system, because
he knows what you’re about to see will either turn you on or make you laugh, and he’s really
hoping it’s the former but knowing you it might be the latter.

You stop. He knows why immediately.

“You’re not serious.”

“Does that look like a joke to you?”

You’re staring at his dick. He swallows.

“You. Uh. Have a piercing.”

“I’m aware, yes.”

“In your dick.”

“…Do you like it?”

“Fuck yes I like it.” And he almost breathes a giant sigh of relief right there. Thank god, because he
wasn’t sure that his ego could take you laughing at his Prince Albert.

You push him back a little bit, so that you’re both in a sitting position. “Can I get a closer look?”
You ask, and the look on your face is so fucking cute that he’d practically let you do anything at
that point.

You lean down to tentatively lick around the metal ring. He shudders, unused to the sensation
because most girls didn’t care to do use their mouths on him once they see that he’s got a hoop
through the tip of his dick. But you seem utterly fascinated by it, and while you’ve always been
intrigued by the way his body looked, this was something else entirely. You’d never been good at
hiding the little pinpricks of lust in your eyes around him, but the way your pupils were dilated and
your tongue was working on him actually took him by surprise.
His hand wove into your hair. He wondered if you were into it being pulled, because you obviously liked it a little rough if you enjoyed being choked, so he yanks. You squeal, and he’s pleased to find that it’s in a good way.

“I wanna—”

“Lay back down.” He snaps. Usually he would be all about getting head, but right now he just wants to fuck you until you’re walking funny for the next few days. You comply, licking your lips when you see one of his hands wrap around his shaft and languidly pump, eyes openly staring at the way you’re sprawled on the bed for him. The insides of your thighs are smeared with your come and his saliva. It’s pretty fucking erotic, if he had to say so.

He suspends himself over you, mouth immediately going to your neck and nipping. You make a pleased little sound, hands resting on his back with your fingers splayed over the artwork tattooed there. Satisfied with his work he pulls back, smirking once he sees the deep purple bruise. He makes another one. And another one. Trailing down your chest and finally ending right above your breast because at that point you got too impatient, wrapping a smaller and softer hand around his cock right above where his is.

“C’mon.” You say, and he knows it’s meant to be a command but it sounds like a desperate little whine, your tongue darting out to lick at your lips. He grins, takes his hand off of his cock, and lets you guide him to your entrance.

“Jesus fucking Christ.” He groans when he slides into you. You seem to agree with him because the sound you let out is such a pretty little moan that he’s convinced you’re trying to drive him crazy.

You’re tight. Unbelievably so, and it’s actually a little bit of work to get himself the entire way inside of you, piercing included. But you don’t seem to mind, so he doesn’t mind either. Instead, he just leans down to kiss you, relishing in the fact that this has been a long time coming. High school Mattsun would be so stoked, he thinks. Hell, current Mattsun is stoked.

You’re a good kisser, too. He feels like he should be jealous, just like how he was when he found out some other guy had been doing things to you that he wanted to do, but he can’t find it in himself to be. He’s reaping all the benefits of your previous experience now, so he honestly has no room to complain.

He lets one of his hands roam down your body. Perfect. Your skin is so soft, soothing under his calloused palm. He almost doesn’t want to be rough with you. Almost.

“Oh!” You moan when he starts to thrust into you. The metal ring in his cock provides an unusual sensation against your inner walls, something that you slowly find yourself liking even more. Sure, you’d heard on Tumblr that piercings like that were supposed to feel good, but you weren’t expecting it to feel this good.

“You like that?” He croons, grinning even wider when your nails begin to dig into his back.

“Yes! Issei!” Your toes are curling and your fingers begin to rake downwards, your eyes clench shut, he’s so big—

“Don’t call me that.” He sneers, and you open your mouth to reply but you’re cut short by the feeling of his large hand wrapping around your throat and pushing. Not hard enough to knock you out, of course, but hard enough that it nearly cuts off your ability to speak.
“Yes, daddy.” You try to croon, but it comes out more like a wheeze. The blood in your body is rushing every which way. You open your eyes again and you nearly come right then and there because the way he’s looking at you is dark.

“Good girl.” He croons. His eyes flick down to your chest and he stares at the line of purple love bites there, allowing a little bit of pride to rush through his veins. Even if you only get to do this once, at least he can walk away knowing that he’s marked you enough to keep other guys away from you for a while.

“Daddy.” You say again, and he pins his attention back on your face. “Touch me. Please.”

“Anything for you, babe.” He grins, using two of his fingers to press onto your clit. Your eyes roll back and he laughs, a breathless little noise, before pushing down a tiny bit harder on your neck.

The reaction is immediate. You tighten around him like a vice, a garbled moan leaving your throat. He swears in a voice that makes your body go a little bit warmer, angling his hips and thrusting into you with the most punishing pace he can manage. You keep crooning— daddy daddy daddy daddy— and he knows he won’t last much longer.

He pinches your clit and pulls on it in time with another particularly hard thrust, and you’re done. Maybe it’s the overstimulation. Maybe it’s the way he was choking you. Maybe it’s because you were actually more than a little turned on by calling him daddy. Regardless of what it was, your orgasm blindsides you with a rush of color, tearing an almost inhuman sound out of your throat as Mattsun’s hips continue to smack into your own. He’s leering down at you, cooing words of praise at you— how beautiful you look, how you’re such a good girl for coming on daddy’s cock— and you swear you could float away with how weightless you feel.

Unlike you, he knows exactly what causes his undoing. It’s the way your face looks, like you’re so completely wrecked for him; it’s the same face he always imagined in the shower but better, because it’s not just a fantasy anymore. He bites down on his lip as he follows you into bliss, spilling inside of you and coating your walls with his come. The feeling seems to add to your enjoyment, because you give a small noise of appreciation while he does so.

Interesting. You’re into risky sex too, apparently. He’d have to remember that for next time.

He gently releases your throat when he’s done, and you take a few shaky breaths in before beaming up at him.

“Huh.” You say. “You are good in bed.”

He glowers down at you. “Are you saying that you didn’t think I would be?”

“Nah. Just saying that you went above and beyond my expectations.”

“Nice, you gonna give me a gold star for it?”

You smack him on the shoulder, but he can see that you’re laughing. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Nah.” He kisses you. He can tell you weren’t expecting it but you let him do it all the same. It’s gentle this time, un-rushed and a little bit loving. You’d ask him why he was kissing you like that, but you already know. He mentioned it before.

“I’m pretty into you, too.” You say when you break apart. He rolls his eyes but you can see the poorly-hidden smile spreading across his face. He might dress like a punk, but you know he’s a
huge softie underneath it all.

“I’m glad. Because that means you’re gonna say yes when I tell you that I’m taking you on a date in a little bit.”

You blink. “Like, tonight?”

“Yeah, that’s part of the reason I stopped by. I wanted to finally see if you were actually into me or if I was just imagining things.” He grimaces as he pulls out of you, rolling so that he’s on his back next to you. You snuggle into his side instinctively, knowing he won’t mind. He doesn’t.

“And instead you walked in on me masturbating.”

“Hey, I’m not complaining.”

“Couldn’t you have just waited for me to finish?”

“That’s no fun.”

You swat him on the arm but you’re both giggling, a mixture of happiness at finally getting to sleep with one another and the hilarity of how cliche the situation was.

You two lay there like that for a while, basking in the afterglow. He’s warm and happy and he’s all yours. You could be like this forever, uninterrupted with his arm wrapped around you, but fate decides that you need something else to top off the entire night.

“Hey, [Name], have you seen— Oh my god.”

“Makki!” You shriek, “get the fuck out of my room!”

“Hey, I was just— I’m going, I’m going!” he says, dodging the pillow that you toss at his head. He shuts the door behind him but you can still hear him laughing all the way down the hall. You sigh, the moment ruined.

“He’s never going to let us live this down, is he?”

“Nope. Not for as long as he lives.”

And somehow, you’re okay with that.
Hey guys! Long time no see, huh? (Even though I literally just updated my Sugawara series lmao)

Originally, I was going to publish a Makki chapter next, but some of you may know (if you've seen my tumblr) that I had a little bit of a setback with that. However, I was also working on this one at the time, and I'm pretty okay with how it turned out (even though it might feel rushed :/)

I hope you guys enjoy this one! I love Ushijima and his tsundere self, so it was pretty enjoyable to write. Also, if you've never read 'Polarity' (my Ushijima series), Emiko is an OC- just the manager of Shiratorizawa, nothing major. Just letting you know so that there's no confusion!

xoxo sabby

There’s not many things that Ushijima Wakatoshi dislikes. Sure, he’s never been a fan of baseless self-confidence, nor does he like whenever strangers swarm around him after matches. He hates seeing his father upset and he’s not fond of watching Emiko spend all of her money on *Shōnen Jump*, but these things aren’t exactly the bane of his existence. Ushijima likes to think of himself as fairly neutral, and while some people would disagree, he doesn’t see anything wrong with being the way that he is.

There is one thing, though, that grates on his nerves like no other.

“Wa~ka~to~shi.” He grimaces when he hears the familiar singsong voice behind him in the gymnasium. He stayed late to practice again, despite Emiko’s insistence that he needed some rest, and now he was paying for it.

“What do you want.” It’s not really a question. The last thing he wants to do is humor you; he only ever responds because of the fact that his father raised him to be polite.

“Can’t I come see my favorite ace without being grilled about it?” He hears your footsteps advance and it’s kind of pitiful how his instinct is telling him to run, as if you’re a cheetah and he’s a gazelle. He always feels this way around you; hunted, and a little bit vulnerable.

“You’re only here because you want to bother me.” The volleyball in his hands is sturdy. It grounds him, reminds him that he can’t lose focus just because you’ve come to irk him again. It’s just another trial, one that he needs to overcome. He tosses the ball in the air and smacks his palm against it, sending it soaring across the net with a force that would make even Oikawa wince. You let out a low whistle as you seat yourself on one of the benches, crossing your legs and peering at him coyly.

He allows himself a single glance at you from the corner of his eye. You’re still all dressed up, hair styled immaculately and eyeliner winged sharply. You’re the perfect embodiment of a cheerleading captain, from the pom-poms at your side to your blindingly white tennis shoes. He hates to admit
that he actually finds it attractive, the way that the cheer uniform clings to you in all the right places and the fact that your skirt is almost too short. You look good in maroon, too.

“I’m here because I have nothing better to do.” You say, blinking slowly. He grunts in response, picking another ball up off the ground so that he can practice his serve again. He knows your eyes are following his every move, taking in the way his legs look in his shorts and how his shirt does little to hide the fact that his body is in peak condition. He wants to pretend that the way you lick your lips is innocent, because it’s easier than admitting to himself that he wants someone who also happens to be the most annoying person on the face of the planet.

“Then go home. I don’t want you here.” His words might have stung were they directed at anybody else, but you’re [Surname] [Name], the toughest cheerleader to ever exist, and you take his retorts in stride. He wonders if you’re some sort of masochist, because no matter how many times he tells you that he wants nothing to do with you, you keep coming back for more.

“Aw, don’t lie to yourself, Wakkun. You like having me here.”

“You’re delusional.” The impact of his serve rings through the gymnasium. It seems louder when there’s only two people to watch it.

“Nah. I see the way you look at me. You want me, you’re just too chickenshit to admit it.”

“Go home.” He repeats. All the balls are on the other side of the net; he ducks under it to have easier access. Your eyes watch him change sides, the smoldering gaze amplified by the fact that you’re biting your bottom lip. He wills away any inappropriate mental images that it conjures, instead focusing on the fact that they have a practice match with one of the local universities coming up.

“So harsh~” You coo. Yep, definitely a masochist.

He serves again. Your eyes trail the ball, watching how his brute force sends it slamming into the ground across the net, and your expression lights up. He’s so strong. You bite down even harder on your lip to keep from saying something lewd.

He knows it as well as you do. No matter how much he insists that you’re his least favorite person at the school, there’s an unholy amount of sexual tension between the both of you, and it’s stretched like a rubber band to the point of breaking. You can see it in his eyes, even when he’s trying to keep from looking at you. Part of him wants you, and it wants you bad.

“I’m serious.” He says after a moment of silence. “Leave.”

“You’re just saying that because you want a chance to gawk at my ass.” You huff as you pick up your pom-poms. He watches you stride out, head held high, and doesn’t mention that you’re actually right.

—

“Look, I’ve seen some weird relationships, but you and [Name]-senpai really take the cake.”

Ushijima grunts, ignoring the way Emiko is prattling on in favor of focusing on his ice cream cone.

“I’m serious. I know she’s a little quirky, but that whole ‘I hate her blah blah blah’ thing is a little overdue. I don’t even know how this whole thing started!”

“I do hate her.”
“No you don’t!” Emiko cries, her own ice-cream forgotten as she gestures wildly. Ushijima has half a mind to tell her to stop it, because last time she did her entire cone went flying out of her hand. He doesn’t, though, figuring that at least this time she would deserve it.

“I do. She’s annoying. She’s arrogant. And she’s always trying to corner me when I practice alone.”

“But that’s the thing! If it really bothered you that much, you could just practice in a different gym! You know she can find you, so you—”

“Emiko.”

“I’m just saying.” The manager licks some melted ice cream off of her hands. Ushijima watches a few people pass them on the street, hoping that nobody they know walks by the ice cream parlor. The last thing he needed was a rumor that he had a thing for the Shiratorizawa cheer captain, despite how true said rumor might be.

“I know, but what you’re saying is wrong.”

“No it isn’t!” Emiko snorts. She has a sticky streak of chocolate on the side of her mouth now. “You two have been wallowing in your sexual tension for nearly two years now. It’s time for you to either make a move or just let some other guy get her.”

“I don’t have time for a girlfriend.” He says, causing his manager to balk.

“Wait. So you’re admitting that you want to date [Name]-senpai?”

“That information does not leave this conversation.”

“Yeah. Sure! Your secret is safe with me.” Emiko says, and Ushijima doesn’t miss the victorious smile that she shoots him. “But I’m sure you do have time for a girlfriend, you’re just saying that you don’t because you—”

“Emiko.”

“Sorry, sorry! I’ll shut up now.”

“Thank you.”

Ushijima doesn’t really get a chance to decide what he wants by the time the practice match rolls around. It’s mostly decided for him.

You’re lurking around like you usually do when they’re playing even though both his coach and yours have scolded you for it. He wonders briefly how you even have time to be the cheer captain when most of your after-school hours are spent watching him, but he doesn’t want to ask lest you think he was actually interested in your life. *Even though he is, but that’s beyond the point.*

Someone else does the asking for him, anyways.

“So, you’re the head cheerleader?” One of the university guys is leering at you after the match, sweat matting his hair against his forehead.

“Yep! Got voted captain my second year.” You’re not wearing your uniform today— thank god, because Ushijima knows that if you were, there would definitely be more than one guy interested
in you— but you still have on your megawatt smile and your charm has definitely been dialed up. He thinks he even sees you bat your eyelashes a couple of times, but he hides his jealousy by striking up a conversation with one of the other university players about energy drinks.

“Bet you’re super flexible then.”

“I sure am~!”

His fists clench at his sides. Emiko shoots him a look, something between concern and exasperation, but before his irritation boils over he simply swallows it down and pretends he can’t hear the university boy ask for your number. He acts like he isn’t bothered when you give it to him, or say that you’re looking forward to getting dinner with him this weekend.

“Wakatoshi.” Emiko whispers to him once everyone in earshot has left. “She’s just doing it to make you jealous. You know that, right?”

“It’s working.” He grumbles. He watches you practically skip out the door with a ‘I better go to my own practice~’, and he sort of wants to run after you and grab you by the collar. Demand that you tell him why he’s feeling like this, why he hates you so much yet likes you at the same time. Why he wants to hold your hand but never talk to you again.

Emiko must see this and more flicker across his face. To the rest of them he looks impassive, but she’s known him long enough to figure out how he’s feeling.

“Seriously. Don’t let it get to you. I can talk to her for you, if you’d like.”

“No.” He grunts. “I’ll do it myself.”

The opportunity to do so arises the following Monday. You hadn’t been to see him after practice since their match, and while he should be relieved, he wonders if it’s because you’ve been spending time with that university boy.

You can’t stay away for long, though. He hears the telltale squeal of the gymnasium door open once the rest of the team has gone home.

“Heya, Wakkun.” You chirp. He doesn’t bother to look over his shoulder at you; he’s afraid that if he does, his angry veneer will crumble to bits.

When he doesn’t reply, you snort. “You’re that pissed off at me, huh? Guess I went too far this time.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” His serve flies right into the net. That hasn’t happened to him since middle school. It’s more telling than anything he could have said.

“Yeah? What’s on your mind, then?”

“Nothing that involves you.”

He can practically hear you shake your head at him. He watches from the corner of his eye as you take your usual seat. Your uniform is on again today; he hopes that the university boy didn’t see you in it.

But why? Why does he hope that? You’re annoying. You’ve been bothering him like this since the
start of high school, constantly watching him. He used to think that it was because he was so expressionless most of the time, and that you wanted to be the one to get him to show emotion, but he knows that can’t be the case anymore. You seem to have your own hidden agenda, and while he once believed that it was an attempt to garner his affections, he isn’t quite so sure anymore.

You’re unpredictable, and it’s driving him crazy.

He doesn’t bother to pick up another volleyball. He can’t practice anymore, not with you here, so he storms off in the direction of the locker room, knowing that you can’t follow him there and cloud his judgement.

At least, that’s what he thought. He hears you get up again, trotting behind him, and he doesn’t want to see your expression. Are you smug? Happy that you’ve finally managed to truly piss him off?

You’re concerned, actually, but he doesn’t need to know that. You’re scared that your obnoxious flirting with another guy pushed him over the edge, afraid that you’ve ruined everything. You always knew he was a tsundere, but this irritation seemed out of place. Was he going to tell you once and for all to leave him alone? Was he going to give you the cold shoulder for the rest of your high school career?

You follow him into the locker room, uncaring that there could be teachers around to see you do so. You’re determined to smooth things out, and even apologize if you have to, because the last thing that you wanted to do was actually hurt Ushijima.

He spins around and you freeze. “Stop following me.”

“Hey, I just wanted to talk!”

“About what? How you think there’s something between us? The fact that you have a boyfriend now? Really, [Surname], I’ve had enough.”

It dawns on you. You may not know him as well as that manager of his, but you certainly weren’t blind. “Ushijima, you’re actually jealous, aren’t you?”

“You’re insane.”

“Oh, Wakkun, you should have just told— oh!” You say, and your voice goes from teasing to breathless in an instant as he pushes you against the lockers, the cold metal sending a shiver down your spine.

“Stop doing this to me.” He snarls. He’s pissed, and if you weren’t so turned on by the whole dominant-masculine thing, it would’ve scared you. You’ve never seen him react so strongly to something you’ve said, and for a moment you wonder if you went too far, if this was the breaking point and he was about to tell you to never talk to him again.

But you can’t help yourself. It’s almost like taunting him is in your blood.

“Why, Wakkun? Did I strike a nerve?” You’re still breathless and it’s arousing in an almost haunting way. Both of his hands rest on either side of your head, caging you in a weirdly intimate position. He tries not to focus on that, or the way he can see your pupils dilate and your tongue dart out to lick your bottom lip.

“You’re relentless.” He snaps. “I don’t know what you’re trying to do, but I can guarantee that it isn’t going to work.”
“It won’t?” You coo. One of your hands comes up and grabs the front of his shirt, pulling him closer. He grunts, displeased, but doesn’t fight it. “You’re saying you don’t wanna fuck me? That you don’t feel the sexual tension too?”

“You’re disgusting.” He doesn’t move. His eyes are sharp, full of lust and irritation, and you almost start laughing with glee. You have him right where you want him, whether or not he knows it. It’s dangerous, and you might get burned in the process, but you want him so badly that you almost can’t think straight. All of your concern leaves your body, replaced by the warm desire to finally settle your differences and just bang already.

“Yeah? Then tell my why you’re still here.”

He doesn’t respond. Just glowers down at you, olive-colored eyes almost searing. You feel that familiar ache between your legs, the one that always flares up when you’re around him, and you rub your thighs together. He doesn’t miss it.

“I’m here because you keep insisting that something is going on between us, and I want to set you straight.”

“Am I wrong?”

He keeps staring at you. He looks like he’s waiting for something, maybe, like someone to burst into the locker room and find you, or for his phone to ring. Almost like he’s giving ample amount of time to a higher power in order for there to be a distraction, but when one doesn’t come, his gaze falters. He wants you. You can see it. You can see how he’s slowly forgetting that he’s supposed to be angry, how you’re supposed to have been going on dates with another guy.

“No.” He says, slowly. “You’re not wrong.”

And then he’s kissing you. His lips are warm and a little rough but it’s okay because that’s just what you expected. They’re harsh, too, and you know that if your lips weren’t in the way then your teeth would probably have clacked together.

It’s almost bruising, honestly. He’s kissing you like he just can’t stand it anymore, like it’s impossible for him to keep holding back just how much he wants you. You feel the same way; your free hand goes to the back of his head and tangles in the short strands of his hair, pulling him closer even though there’s barely space between you two as it is. He doesn’t protest it. In fact, he seems to like the added roughness, the desperation behind the way that your lips move together.

You didn’t realize that your eyes had closed until they fly open again. There’s a foreign feeling on your thigh; a rough and calloused palm, sliding slowly up to the edge of your skirt. The two of you break away, a string of saliva connecting your mouths. Neither of you move to wipe it away. You’re focused on the heat of his skin against yours, the feeling of his fingers inching closer and closer to the apex of your legs.

“Wakatoshi.” You say, and it’s the first time he’s ever heard you say his name without a teasing tone to it. You sound reverent, almost. Not smug. Not wicked. Eager. Breathless.

“[Name].” He’s always loved your first name. Loved the way it rolled off his tongue, how it just seemed to suit you. His palm slides a little bit further but his fingers stop once they reach the edge of your panties. He leans down a bit, resting his forehead on yours.

“You drive me crazy, you know that?” If you didn’t know any better, you’d say that his words were almost endearing. He kisses you again, but it’s slow this time. Unhurried. As if you have all
the time in the world, despite the fact that some of the school staff could find you at any given moment.

“Yeah.” You say when you break apart again. “But you love it.”

“Not really.” His fingers trace along your thigh and you bite your lip. You want him, bad. You can see he must be feeling the same way, because his volleyball shorts do little to hide that he’s slowly been getting hard. “But I have to say, you caught my attention through it. Even if it was the bad kind of attention.”

“Can’t be all that bad, then.” You muse. He’s staring at you again. You wonder what he’s thinking, if he’s suddenly regretting what he’s doing, but then you don’t wonder at all. Your mind is wiped clean, completely blank, because he suddenly pulls your panties aside and one finger traces around your opening.

“You’re wet already.” He says, tone as frank as ever. You smirk up at him.

“Duh. Look at you. I always get wet when I see you.” And although you’re trying to make it sound like you’re teasing, you can tell that he knows it’s the truth.

“Is that so?” You squirm a little bit as his finger continues to skim your folds, spreading your legs a little bit to give him access. He doesn’t seem satisfied, though, because he stops and withdraws his fingers. You make a noise of protest.

“Take off your underwear.” He doesn’t need to ask twice. You yank them down, stepping out of one leg. When you go to do the other, however, he grabs it, sliding the cloth down himself and lifting your leg a little higher. Had you not already been leaning against the lockers, the sudden movement surely would have knocked you off balance. It makes you balk a little bit, too, because he’s keeping your leg raised, enough so that your skirt bunches up and he can see your cunt spread open for him.

“What—”

“You said you were flexible.” He murmurs. You feel heat spread across your cheeks at his words, though he’s right. You were cheer captain for a reason, after all.

Having tossed your underwear onto the floor, his hand goes back to its previous spot, middle finger dragging over your clit as it goes. You inhale sharply, watching as his eyes suddenly shift, displaying a focus that you’ve only ever seen when he plays in a game.

“You must’ve thought about this a lot.” His thumb mimics what his middle finger just did, pressing against your clit just enough to make you squirm. The feelings are magnified by the fact that you’re spread open, unable to clench your legs together. You’re at his mercy, and Ushijima knows it.

“I did.” There’s no use lying to him. “Thought about how good your cock would feel inside me. Thought about sucking you off, right here after practice.” You almost purr when he adds another finger, spurred on by your confessions.
You always figured he was into dirty talk; it was pleasing to see that you were right.

He’s never done this before. His movements are a little bit unsure. But he’s absolutely enthralled with the way your walls are clenching down on his fingers, and the way you’re soaking them is making him almost painfully hard. He’s thought about this too, fantasized about working you open with his fingers, and you’re just as responsive as he hoped you’d be. Maybe even a little more so, and the way you squirm is something straight out of a porno.

“Want you to come inside me.” You continue, panting when he begins to scissor his fingers.
“Want you to fill me up. Make me yours.”

He’s so aroused that it feels like his body is burning and your words are ice. He has to physically bite back a groan, wondering if you’re serious, if he’s actually going to sleep with you in the middle of a locker room—

“Fuck me, Wakatoshi. Please.” You say, arching your back a little bit. He yanks his fingers out of you as fast as he can, not even bothering to care at the way you whine in protest, because in that same moment he uses that hand to pull down his shorts.

“Oh, fuck.” You breathe when you see him. He’s big, which you fully expected, but he’s also a little curved and you know it’s going to feel good. You don’t get to look for long, though, because he’s already guiding himself into your opening.

You wish he didn’t have your leg still raised. Not because it hurt or anything, but because it made you that much more sensitive, and the feeling of him entering you is almost too much. You groan, the room going a little fuzzy, and he sighs when his hips meet yours. It’s a moment that’s been in the making for a while, and the both of you sort of relish in it for a moment.

Then he gives a shallow thrust and your toes are curling. His eyes are still narrowed, watching you as if you’re the only thing left on this planet. Like everything else has ceased to exist and he likes it that way.

“Oh! You feel so g-good.” You moan. Your hand finds its way into his hair again, pulling him towards you for another kiss. The movement of his body makes his thrusts falter for a moment and it strains your leg a tad too much, but you wouldn’t trade it for anything. His lips slant over your own just right, like two puzzle pieces that fit perfectly together, and he must feel it too because he picks up his pace. His thrusts are a lot deeper now, hitting you in places that have never been explored, and you’re already seeing stars. His tongue pries its way into your mouth without a modicum of hesitation or uncertainty. He tastes good, like spearmint.

You nearly yelp when he thrusts against a spot inside of you that makes the whole world go white. You tear your lips away from his, head tilting back as you pant.

“Again!” You half-sob half-moan. “Please! Again!”

He knows what you want immediately and shifts his hips, re-adjusting his grip on your leg to get into a better position. You swear you could die right now with how good your body feels, like every single nerve ending is on fire. You’re buzzing from your head to your toes, seeing white and rushing towards bliss—

His tongue licks a stripe onto the side of your neck, followed by the sensation of his lips closing over the juncture of where your neck and shoulder meet. His teeth scrape over the sensitive flesh as he sucks on it, and while you should be telling him that isn’t a good idea, everyone will be able to see it if he gives you a hickey, you don’t. You’re almost gone, teetering on the precipice of release,
trying desperately to anchor yourself while he continues to pound into you, that brute strength you’ve always admired aiding in his mission to throw you over the edge.

He releases the skin of your neck with a wet popping sound and licks over it. It’s a surprisingly gentle action, given the fact that he’s currently fucking you so hard that you won’t be able to walk right for a week, and it sends a jolt of pleasure right through you.

With a strangled cry of his name, you come. *Hard.* The force of it almost knocks the wind out of you and you’re so caught up in it that you miss the way his mouth twitches into a smile. You coming undone is the most beautiful thing he’s ever seen, and he coaxes you through it by thrusting upwards even harder, but even Ushijima Wakatoshi doesn’t have unlimited stamina, and so he follows you with a pained groan.

Just like you asked, he fills you. The warmth of it spreads through your entire body and it’s like you’ve short-circuited, because it feels like everything in the world had dropped away and become nothing. Your hand tightens in his hair and his grip gets almost painful, and you two share your last few seconds of bliss in total silence.

You blink a few times when it’s over, trying to re-orient yourself. It wasn’t a daydream or a fantasy. Ushijima Wakatoshi is still inside of you, his forehead resting on yours as he takes a few ragged breaths. His eyes are shut; he looks almost like he’s in pain.

“Fuck.” You whisper.

“‘Fuck’ is right.” He murmurs. His tone isn’t harsh, but it isn’t gentle. It’s just contemplative. “We shouldn’t have done that.”

He misses the way a disgruntled expression forms on your face. Was he seriously regretting this already? He hadn’t even pulled out of you yet!

“Excuse me?”

“We could have gotten caught.” He cracks one eye open. “And then what would your new boyfriend have said?”

“Please.” You snort, relieved that he wasn’t trying to deny what just occurred between the two of you, “I never even texted him back. That guy isn’t my boyfriend.”

Ushijima slowly pulls out of you, frowning a bit when you whine at the loss of heat. His eyes rake over your body—messy hair, purple hickey, wrinkled uniform—and this time, he doesn’t hide the fact that it gives him a rush of endearment.

“Good.” He says, “because *I* am.”
Daisho/Reader/Kuroo- Three's a Crowd

Chapter Notes

LMAO the title is so unoriginal but whatever. It's not like you guys are here for my titling skills.

This one was so. much. fun. to. write. Seriously, I almost got a little carried away with it, but I like to cap these oneshots off at around 7,000-8,000 words, so I made it a little shorter. Regardless, I think it turned out pretty decent, so there! Also, I went through and made it a little fluffier in places, because originally it was a complete angst machine. Now it's just a confusingly cute little monster. If that makes sense. I dunno, I'm tired... Finals, man.

Regardless, I hope you guys enjoy this installment. A three-way is something I've never written before, so I hope I did alright for my first try!

xoxo Sabby

PS- I'll be replying to comments soon, but I'm way too tired to do it at the moment. Hope you guys understand!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When someone told you that high school would be over before you knew it, you hardly believed them. After all, it felt like those three years would drag on for eternity, yet here you were, holding back tears as you and your friends hugged for what felt like the last time.

The graduation ceremony had ended only moments prior, and now everybody was either sobbing in their friend’s arms or looking around for their families. You tried to keep it together, you really did, but once you all released each other you could feel the familiar sting behind your eyes.

“I’m so proud of you.” There’s a warm hand on your shoulder. You know immediately before you turn who it belongs to, and despite your sadness you manage a smile.

“Suguru.” Your boyfriend is smiling down at you, a genuine curl of the lips that only you get to see. “Thank you so much for coming.”

“Wouldn’t miss it.” He says, even though you both know that he’s been getting glares from Kuroo, Yaku, and even Kai. It’s to be expected, really, given the fact that he’s easily recognizable and he hasn’t really been hiding the fact that the two of you are together again. You couldn’t care less at this point, though, because he pulls you into a hug and allows you to inhale deeply, fingers clutching at the weave of his sweater as you try not to stain it with tears.

“You’re too good to me.” You mutter, and although it’s muffled, you know he still hears it. He sighs, running a hand through your hair and pressing a kiss to the top of your head. You could float away at this point, let him guide you through your mix of emotions, but the moment is short-lived because you feel him tense up when someone clears their throat behind you.

“Hey. Mind if I talk to her for a minute?” Your blood freezes in your veins. Kuroo hasn’t spoken
much to you since finding out that you resumed dating his rival, and although you still retained your position as team manager, you got the feeling that most of the boys— save for Kenma and Lev, who really didn’t care— wanted nothing to do with you anymore.

“Piss off.” Daishō snaps. You almost smile at the protective tone to his voice, but you still feel like there’s a lump in your throat. Kuroo wouldn’t have approached you unless he really needed or wanted to, and you dread finding out what his reasoning might be.

“It’s fine.” You push away from Daishō gently. “I’ll talk to him for a minute. Go and tell my parents that I’ll find them in a little bit, alright?”

Your boyfriend looks down at you again, a little irked and confused, but you give him a small reassuring smile and he sighs. He looks between you and the former Nekoma captain, resigned but wary.

“Fine. Just for a little bit, and if you even try to touch her I’ll break every single one of your fingers.” Daishō says. His voice is quiet but it is far from insincere; you know he means every word he just said.

“Fair enough.” Kuroo shoves his hands into his pockets. You can see Yaku and Kai through the crowd, watching the two of you with interest, but you pay it no mind. Your eyes trail after Daishō, watching as his body slips through the throng of people in order to find your parents, and it isn’t until he’s completely out of eyeshot that Kuroo decides to speak.

“So.” He says. “You and him. You’re serious, aren’t you?”

“I love him.” You say, mustering up as much conviction as you can. Kuroo has a slight crack in his voice, like he wants to cry, and you aren’t sure that it’s just because of your graduation. “I’m happy with him.”

“I’m glad to hear it. You deserve to be happy.” He says. “Sorry I’ve been so shitty about it. You know how I feel, though.”

You want to ask him if he means how he feels about Daishō or about you, but you bite your tongue. It must’ve been hard enough for him to even approach you, much less tell you how he feels. He knows that you know he’s in love with you, and while the realization used to make you feel completely confused, it now just saddens you.

Kuroo isn’t a bad guy. Not by a long shot. He’s just not the guy for you, because that guy is currently exchanging laughs and hugs with your parents. That guy is the one who, when passing you one day on the street, said you were the most beautiful girl he’d ever seen and he wanted to know if he could have your number. That guy is the same guy who’s been with you for just over two years now— break not included— and who came to watch your graduation ceremony, even though he knew he wasn’t welcome by your classmates.

You don’t have to tell Kuroo this. He already knows. You feel awful, completely awful, because you’re assuming he came here for closure that he’s never going to get. Because while Daishō is, undoubtedly, the love of your life, part of your heart is still beating pitifully for Kuroo. Part of your heart keeps asking what if. Part of your heart is in love with him too.

You stare at each other. He can see that in your eyes, the fact that a little sliver of you wants to reach out to him. And then he’s hugging you, and your face is pressed against his chest and you’re absolutely bawling, arms wrapped around him, and you can feel something wet land in your hair. He’s crying too.
It makes you love him a little bit more, but that love is still eclipsed by what you feel for Daishō who, despite his earlier promise, stands by and lets you get it all out without saying a word.

A lot of times, you wish you were still back in high school. University is beyond stressful, a constant blur of caffeine and late-night cram sessions, and it makes you long for the simpler days of not having to rush across campus or buy hundreds of dollars worth of textbooks.

It’s manageable, though. Partially because of the fact that you get the hang of it after your first year, and partially because of the fact that Daishō has chosen to go to the same university as you, securing a spot as the volleyball team captain by his second year. And even though you’re still prone to fights— he’s not exactly fond of the fact that you stay up late texting Kuroo every night— you love each other, and that’s more than enough.

“I can’t figure this out.” You grumble, face in your hands to hide your eyes from the offending textbook in front of you. It was a mistake to take one of the Advanced English courses here, because both the professor and the material sucked, but you’d already paid for the class. There was no way in hell you were going to waste your money.

“Babe, you’ve been at that for hours.” Daishō is busy typing away at his laptop, trying to finish his paper before the midnight deadline. You know he wants to take a break, but the minutes are ticking by and he still has an entire page to go.

You groan, tilting your head back so that it rests on the side of his bed. You’re currently sitting on the floor next to each other, legs touching in a small show of support in your individual endeavors. You work best like this, cooped up in his dorm room and away from the talkative groups in the library, but you’ve both been so stressed lately that even being near each other takes effort. You haven’t touched each other for nearly a week, save for the chaste kisses before class and the hand-holding that he loved so much, and it’s been taking its toll on your nerves. You have a perfect outlet for stress right in front of you, yet you can’t take advantage of it.

You look at the clock. Half an hour until midnight. You can wait.

You daydream while he works. About high school, when you were the volleyball manager. Universities had no such position— you asked their coach, who turned down your offer— and without the extracurricular, you felt a little lost. It used to be so much fun, watching after the boys and being able to regularly attend matches from a court-side seat. You went and saw Daishō play all the time, of course, but it just wasn’t the same.

Daishō has his eyes focused intently on the screen of his computer. His face has gotten a little bit more mature since high school. While he was never chubby by any means, he’s completely shed any baby fat on his cheeks. His eyes look a bit sharper and his body is more muscular than ever. He’s even gotten a bit taller, just barely under six feet, though his neatly-parted hair has always remained the same.

You’ve changed too, you suppose. You wonder if Kuroo has as well. You’ve seen him only a handful of times since you went off to university, and each time you can’t take in any subtle differences because you’re too caught up in the way he looks at you. You expected him to move on after graduation, but it seems like he’s done the exact opposite. Even Yaku has told you, during your minimal texting sessions, that the former captain is more hung up on you than ever.

You look back at the clock. Fifteen more minutes, and then Daishō will be free. He’s typing frantically now, muttering about not being able to proofread before submitting the paper, and you
bit back the urge to tell him that he deserves it for procrastinating so long. After all, you’ve done your fair share of rushed work.

Kuroo goes to school an hour away. You know he was always a spectacular student, so he’s probably never been in the same sort of time crunch as you or Daishō. He probably would have been a good influence too, if you’d given him the chance—

No. No, don’t you dare think that. Daishō is your soulmate, [Name], you can’t be hung up on what could have been with Kuroo.

Ten minutes. You wonder if Daishō will be in the mood at all, or if he’ll be stressed enough to want to go to sleep immediately. While he does definitely need his rest— the bags under his eyes are ridiculous—you can’t deny the fact that you’re horny as hell and you need a release.

Five minutes. His eyes keep flicking between you and the screen. He can tell you’re getting restless, and he’s known you for so long now that he can see exactly why. He licks his lips and types out his last few sentences.

With three minutes left until midnight he submits his paper, slamming his laptop shut and sliding it to the floor beside him. You waste no time in climbing into his lap, wrapping your arms around his neck and pressing a kiss to his forehead.

“Someone’s horny.” He purrs. You beam at him, because you can hear the exhaustion in his voice yet you know he’s putting your needs first.

“I’ve missed you.” You say, and he knows exactly what you mean. He pulls you in for a kiss, his arms wrapping around you so that your chest is flush with his.

“Can’t say I don’t feel the same way.” He murmurs against your lips. “It’s been a while, hasn’t it?”

“Too long.” You agree, and then he’s picking you up, muscles in his arm twitching, and gently lays you on the bed so that he can crawl over you.

It feels good just to be able to kiss him, to know that the spark that started your relationship is still burning strong. You love this boy, you really do, despite all the sarcastic comments and the manipulative volleyball tactics. He’s like an umbrella on a rainy day, protecting you from gloom. You love him for it. You love everything about him.

You shed your clothing with practiced ease. He rummages in his drawer for a condom, rolling it on while you nip at his neck.

He belongs inside of you. It’s a perfect union, something that you’ll never get tired of. He must feel the same way, because he always lets out a groan of appreciation whenever he slides home, feeling you take him to the base. You’ve always fit together so nicely, since the very beginning. It reminds you why you stay with him, even through the jealous rants and the easy agitation. No relationship is perfect, yours included.

“Fuck, I love you.” He exhales, sending air ghosting across your cheeks. You capture his lips with your own, sucking on his bottom one. His thrusts are slow and a little torturous, but you know that it isn’t because of the fact he’s tired. He wants to spend his time on you, be able to truly indulge in the moment, and you aren’t one to complain about it. His fingers skim over your body— brushing along your nipples, tracing the curve of your hips, palming at the flesh of your stomach— like he can’t quite believe that you’re here with him.

“I love you too.” You’re almost blinded by how true the statement is, how much you mean it when
you say it. He smiles down at you, angling his hips, and thrusts hard.

“Oh!” Your hands scrabble for purchase on his back. It’s a little sticky with sweat, given the balmy spring air that’s rolling in through the window, but you love it. You love every single dip and curve of his body, from the rolling muscles in his arms to the sturdy build of his legs. You wrap your own around his waist, giving him a bit more leverage to pound into you, and he does.

It’s not long before you’re seeing stars behind your eyelids. He closes his mouth over yours, teeth tugging at your lip, before releasing it so that he can rest his mouth beside your ear and whisper words of endearment to you.

“I love you, baby. I love you so much. You’re so perfect, fucking beautiful—”

The rest of his words get lost to you as you reach your peak, blood rushing in your ears and mouth falling open to let out a long moan. His fingers slide down to your clit in an effort to heighten your pleasure, and you squeeze your eyes shut at the assault of sensations. You love this man. You love him so goddamn much.

He knows. He can see it in the way your mouth fails to form the words as you coast along in satisfaction. He follows suit, groaning your name like there’s nobody else in the world, and spills into the condom with a satisfied sound.

You’re both still in the aftermath. He presses a kiss to your nose, which is a tad sweaty, and peers down at you with those narrow eyes of his.

“[Name].” His tone is serious. It almost scares the hell out of you, because the last time he looked this way was when you were both reconciling in that bathroom—

“Yeah?” You ask.

“I’m getting an apartment next year.” Your eyebrows knit together. Was he seriously trying to start small-talk before even pulling out of you?

“I know.” You say. Your tone is concerned; you’re unclear as to where this is going.

He sees that and sighs, pulling out of you and peeling the condom off, tying the end so that he can toss it in the wastebasket. You watch him closely, heart still racing from your orgasm. It nearly stops, though, once he turns back to you and you can see the look in his eyes.

“Move in with me.”

“What?” You cry, sitting up. He seems a little amused at your reaction.

“Yeah. There’s more than enough room for two people at the place I’m looking at. We’ve been dating for over three years now. I think it’s time.”

“You’re serious.” You say after a moment in which neither of you speak. “Suguru, this is a huge deal—”

“I’m not going to spend my life with anyone else. I wasn’t planning on proposing until after we left university, though, so this is the next best thing.”

“Oh. Oh my god.”

“Think about it, alright?” He says, even though you both know what your answer will be.
“Why do I have to do all the heavy lifting?”

“Because you’re a big, strong man.”

“That’s enforcing gender roles, you know.”

You laugh, flicking Daishō’s ear as he pushes your sofa into place. It’s not difficult—he is strong as hell, after all—but you know he likes complaining because that means you’ll reward him afterwards. You probably will, given the fact that the bed is all nice and made and you need to break in your new sheets, but your plans to tell him that you’ll do so are interrupted by a knock on your apartment door.

“I’ll get it.” You sigh, figuring it’s one of your new neighbors or your landlord, but when you open the door, you see a familiar mop of black hair and a catlike grin.

“Yo. Heard you got a new place. Thought I’d come check it out.”

“Kuroo!” You grin, launching yourself into his arms. It’s been a few weeks since you saw him last, given the fact that moving into your new place has taken up most of your time, and while you can hear Daishō practically hiss in the background, you don’t care because seeing Kuroo always brings back your best memories from high school.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” Kuroo and Daishō are finally at eye-level after all these years, and it actually startles you a bit. Kuroo has definitely matured as well—his conniving smirk isn’t nearly as wide, and his hair is a tad less mussed-up—but Daishō has slowly caught up to him. You haven’t gotten the chance to compare their developments side-by-side yet, so you disengage yourself from the hug and take a few steps to the side.

“Aaw, come on. High school is over. You’re really still hung up on that volleyball rivalry?”

Daishō rolls his eyes at Kuroo. “Actually, I’m still hung up on the fact that you tried to steal the love of my life out from under me.”

“Really? Because if I remember correctly, she was the one who dumped you back then—”

“Boys.” You grumble. Your happiness at Kuroo’s surprise was already draining; of course Daishō wasn’t going to be as thrilled as you were. They both look at you like two scolded puppies. “Kuroo, it’s nice to see you, but I’d appreciate if you didn’t antagonize my boyfriend. Suguru, you know Kuroo is my friend. Don’t be a douchebag.”

Both boys launch into a round of excuses, but you wave them off. “I don’t want to hear it. Suguru, go start on lunch or something. I’ll give Kuroo a tour.”

“Stay out of the bedroom.” Your boyfriend sniffs, but he complies with your wishes, going to the kitchen with a scowl on his face. You turn to Kuroo, a little apologetic, but he simply shrugs and reaches out to ruffle your hair as he slides his shoes off.

You gesture for him to follow you down the hall and he does, past a few of the boxes you had stacked up.

“Sorry for the mess.” You say as you open the door to the office—which would have been your bedroom, had Daishō not insisted that you two share a room. “You caught us right as we were moving in.”
“‘Us’, huh.” Kuroo shoves his hand into his pockets and looks around. There’s a desk against the wall, holding yours and Daishō’s laptops. There’s a couple framed pictures on the wall, of you and him—a family picture that your mother had insisted he join in on, a candid photo from your first date, the two of you side-by-side at a festival—and Kuroo drinks it in. “You’re serious with this guy, aren’t you? Already moved in together.”

“He says he wants to get married after we graduate.” You say, voice dropping a bit. Kuroo doesn’t seem interested in a tour as much as he is in looking at you, his grin morphing into a serious frown.

“And you? What do you want?”

You glare at him. “What’s that supposed to mean, Tetsurō?”

He holds up his hands in an amicable way, but you can tell he’s pleased that you called him by his first name. “I didn’t mean anything by it. If you wanna marry the guy, then be my guest.”

“Fine.” You say. You pretend to swipe away imaginary dust on the desk. There’s a few pictures there, too; they’re much smaller, in plain metal frames, and Kuroo picks one up to inspect it.

“You still have the team photo?” He asks, a tinge of surprise in his voice. You look up at him.

“Of course.” You know what he’s looking at; it was taken right before graduation. Nobody on the team but Lev and Kenma wanted to be near you, given the fact that you had admitted to them that you were back together with Daishō. Lev has one gangly arm around you—usually how you and Kuroo used to pose in pictures, but the captain had chosen to stand far away from you—while Kenma was stone-faced next to you. Despite the fact that you could practically feel the tension radiating off of the photograph, you kept it. It was a reminder of all the good times you used to have, before adulthood robbed your life of ease.

“I was such a jackass.” Kuroo snorts, putting the picture back where it was, next to Daishō’s own team photograph. His was by far happier looking.

“You were pissed because I was dating your rival. That’s fine.” You say. Kuroo shakes his head.

“No, I was being a crybaby about the fact that I lost you to another guy. I should have just sucked it up and spent time with you when I had the chance to do it on a regular basis.”

His words make you a little uncomfortable. You know Kuroo has never been a sore loser, and there’s a sourness to his words that’s uncharacteristic.

You clear your throat. “How are things at your school?”

“Fine.” He snorts, bitterly amused by your sudden change in subject. “I’ve been doing a research project with a group in one of my chemistry labs. It’s going pretty well.”

“That’s good to hear.” Your words are sincere. They make a dagger of pain go through his heart.

“Hey.” He says after a pause. “At least just tell me why.”

“Why what?” You know exactly what he means.

“Why this couldn’t be us. Why you couldn’t have picked me.”

“Kuroo, come on—”

“I’m serious.” He’s looking at you with those same eyes he used to give you in high school. You
bite your lip, a surge of unfamiliar emotions tangling in your chest. “You should be with me. You would be so much happier—”

“Get out.” You’re both startled to hear Daishō’s voice join yours, his tone clipped and clinical.

“Hey, I was talking to her.” Kuroo says, eyes narrowing dangerously.

“I don’t care. Get the fuck out of my apartment.”

“She lives here too, you know.”

Daishō’s eyes narrow even more. He’s staring at the both of you from the doorway, his arms crossed and a sneer dragging his mouth downwards. “Yeah, but the lease is in my name, jackass. Leave before I drag you out by your neck.”

You recoil a bit, and both men see it. There’s a heavy pause. The atmosphere is thick enough to choke you. Kuroo’s hands tighten into fists.

“Fine.” He grinds out. He shoves past Daishō with a little more force than necessary, though to your boyfriend’s credit he doesn’t retaliate. He just watches him go, his stern expression in place until you hear the front door slam.

“So much for being ‘friends’ with the guy.” He snorts at you, though his expression softens just a bit when he realizes that you’re frozen, absolutely terrified by the emotions running through you.

“Hey.” He continues, “don’t worry about it. Lunch is ready.”

—I

“I swear to god you’re going to kill me one of these days.”

You giggle, fingernails skimming Daishō’s bare chest as you straddle his lap. He’s not usually one to indulge in a ton of foreplay, so tonight seems to be a special occasion.

It’s your four-year anniversary. You two decided that it would be a low-key night, spent in the apartment watching movies and sharing kisses on the couch. A nice idea, but not one that you really got to go through with. You two started making out before the opening credits had even finished, which led to him eventually carrying you to the bedroom.

“Yeah? Then maybe I should stop.” You tease at the waistband of his boxers, trying your absolute best to look innocent. It doesn’t work, and he uses one hand to grab the back of your head, pulling you closer.

“Don’t you dare. I fully intend on fucking you through this mattress by the end of the night.” He murmurs, bringing you into a searing kiss that you accept fully. His tongue darts between your lips to tangle with your own, and his other hand reaches up to one of your bare breasts—

There’s a knock on the door. Loud enough that you can hear it all the way in the bedroom. Daishō pulls back for a moment, glaring in the general direction of the living room.

“Fuck off.” He mutters. You giggle, pulling him back for another kiss—

Three knocks. Louder, this time.

“It better not be a Jehovah’s Witness again.” Daishō sneers. He moves to get up, but you press him down with your palm.
“I’ll get it. I can just throw on my robe.” You say, “I don’t want anyone to be scarred by the sight of you yelling at them in your underwear.”

He rolls his eyes but allows you to go, watching with that keen gaze of his as you remove your robe from its hook on the back of your door and slide it on, tying the front of it in a little bow. It’s red and silky, and will hopefully tell whoever it is on the other side of the door that they’ve interrupted something.

Another round of knocks. “Hold on!” You call down the hallway, and they suddenly stop. You share a final shrug with Daishō— who is, unfortunately, getting a little soft in your absence— before marching to the door, wrenching it open with a scowl on your face.

“Look, we don’t want to buy anything—”

“Woah. Hey there, didn’t mean to interrupt whatever it is that you’re doing.”

Your entire body freezes. A fierce blush creeps up the back of your neck.


“Heya, it’s been a while. Mind if I come in?” You don’t even get the chance to respond before he’s brushing past you into the living room.

“Kuroo!” You snap. You haven’t talked to him since the last time he was here, and the reunion is anything but sweet. “Get the hell out! I’m in the middle of something!”

“Yeah, I can see that.” He muses, and you realize with a start that your nipples are definitely prominent under the material of your robe. You cross your arms in front of them.

“If that’s the case, then why—”

“Oh hell no.” Daishō, recognizing Kuroo’s voice almost immediately, comes storming out of the bedroom. “Who the fuck do you think you are?”

“Ah, wow. Looks like I really did interrupt something.” Kuroo’s shit-eating grin drops into a frown when he sees your boyfriend, clad in his boxers and sporting a semi-hard erection.

“Why did you let this asshole in?” Daishō seethes at you, and you shrug, eyes wide with your hand still on the door.

“He just walked in!” You exclaim.

Daishō looks conflicted. On one hand, you can tell that he wants to shield your body with his own. On the other hand, there’s a glint in his eye that tells you he wants to hand Kuroo’s ass to him.

“Hey, no need to get upset. I just stopped by for a visit.”

“Yeah? Well, visit’s over. I’d like to go back to screwing my girlfriend, thank you very much.”

You want to pinch the bridge of your nose in your fingers, but you don’t. They’re glowering at each other from across the living room, and while the situation is undoubtedly tense, the fact still remains that your boyfriend is in his underwear and Kuroo may or may not be… checking him out? You shake your head.

“Kuroo, get out.” You sigh. “I’ll talk to you later.”
“Why? Seems to me like I came at just the right time.”

“You did not just imply what I think you just did.” Daishō snaps.

“Aw, come on.” Kuroo looks between the two of you; Daishō, who looks absolutely murderous, and you, who looks scandalized. “A little variety never hurt anybody.”

“What are you trying to get at?” You want to focus on Daishō’s words, how pissed off he sounds, but you’re also a little confused as to why he hasn’t gone completely soft yet.

“Well, I came here for a chat, but I wouldn’t mind getting a piece of the action myself. I mean, a guy’s gotta take what he can get.” Kuroo takes a step towards you. His eyes are half-lidded, barely concealing the growing lust there. He’s openly leering at you now, the way your body looks in your flimsy robe, and you’re absolutely horrified to realize that it makes your skin tingle.

“No. Absolutely not.” Daishō says. He’s walking around the armchair, headed straight for Kuroo —

“Wait.” You say. “Maybe—”

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.” Daishō looks between the two of you. “No.”

“Hey, man, if she wants it…” Kuroo shrugs in a what-can-you-do sort of way.

You feel kind of guilty for saying anything at all. Daishō looks hurt, unbelievably so, but your mind is racing. This might be your only chance to get rid of all the ‘what-ifs’ in your mind. You can’t fool yourself any longer into thinking that part of you doesn’t want Kuroo, despite your most recent falling-out, and everybody in this room knows it.

You kind of expect Daishō to break up with you right then and there, with the way his eyes are narrowing. He’s flustered, his expression losing some of its hard edge and his hands loosening from their fists. Hell, you half expect him to start crying. You don’t expect him to open his mouth and say his next words:

“Fine.”

—

“She tastes good.”

“Yeah, I know.” Daishō snaps, adjusting his grip. He has your legs pried open, watching with a scowl as Kuroo drags his tongue over your slit with a grin on his face. You don’t say anything, allowing your head to fall back onto Daishō’s shoulder, your chest heaving from the fact that Kuroo is very, very good at what he’s doing.

You didn’t expect them to play nice. Honestly, you wouldn’t have been shocked if Daishō had punched Kuroo in the face while he was stripping, especially because his cock rivaled his own impressive girth. But to his credit he hasn’t done anything of the sort, instead resigning himself to passive aggressive comments when Kuroo insisted on eating you out.

You squeal when Daishō clamps his mouth over yours in a kiss that’s fairly aggressive, even for him. The sight, while intended to make Kuroo jealous, instead serves to make his assault on your pussy even more hurried. His tongue plunges inside of you, the rough surface dragging against your walls as his thumb rubs tight circles into your clit. You’d squirm a bit if Daishō’s grip on your thighs was a little bit less rigid.
You feel his cock along your back, smearing a little bit of precome over your spine as he shifts his hips. For as disgruntled as he is, Daishō hadn’t become any less aroused. In fact, you might even think that he was turned on by the sight of another man going to town on your cunt.

Your legs start to shake a little bit. You’re slowly closing in on your orgasm, the anticipation building—

“Don’t you dare get her to come.” Daishō snarls. Kuroo disengages his mouth from you with a grin on his face, peering up at you two from his kneeling position on the floor with your juices smeared all over his chin.

“And why not?” He asks. His mouth goes to seal over your clit again, but Daishō releases one of your legs to smack him on the side of the head.

“Because that’s my job. Don’t get too ahead of yourself.”

Was it just you, or did Daishō actually have a bit of an amused lilt to his voice?

“Fine, that’s fair.” Kuroo stands, his impressive body coming into view. The sight of it almost makes up for the fact that you’ve just been robbed of an orgasm. “How are we gonna do this?”

“Spit roast.” Daishō answers for you, and when Kuroo looks at you for confirmation, you nod.

“Alright. All fours.” He says, and you scramble out of Daishō’s lap, fingers digging into the comforter. He moves as well, his hands finding your hips in a show of dominance; he wants to be the one that actually gets to fuck you.

You don’t see how Kuroo’s shoulders droop a little at the action, but you can’t miss the way his hand tangles in your hair, bringing your face to his cock. You reach out to tentatively lick it just as Daishō positions himself, sliding into you the way he has hundreds of times before. His hands dig into your hips in an almost bruising way, and you hear him let out a stuttering breath as you wrap your mouth around Kuroo’s cock.

“Jesus.” He breathes, tightening his grip in your hair. You groan, the sound sending vibrations down his shaft, because Daishō has started to slowly thrust in and out of you.

“You like that? You’re a fucking slut, you know that?” Daishō sneers. It’s not cruel, seeing as how he’s been known to indulge in calling you names during sex sometimes, and it actually serves to turn you on even more. “You really wanted this, didn’t you?”

“She’s got a mouth on her.” Kuroo groans, his head lolling back a little bit when one of your hands cups his balls, your tongue flicking into his slit to taste his salty precome. He tastes a little bit different than Daishō does, but you like it all the same.

“I know she does.” Daishō probably meant for his words to come out as a hiss, but they have an undercurrent to them that betrays how good he’s feeling right now. “Best goddamn head I’ve ever gotten.” He pulls at your hips a little bit, thrusts getting deeper as one of his hands migrates to your clit. You squeal, but the sound comes out a little choked due to the fact that you’ve taken Kuroo to the base, the length of his shaft sliding down your throat with a little bit of resistance.

“Is she tight?” Kuroo’s eyes are glued to the way Daishō is fucking you, watching his cock slide in and out of you as your hips meet and separate. Surprisingly, you don’t see jealousy in his eyes; just pure, raw lust.

“Like you wouldn’t believe.” Daishō lets out a breathless laugh, and you don’t have to see his face
to know he’s grinning that snakelike grin in front of Kuroo, flaunting the fact that Kuroo is second best. You want to scold him a little bit, but you’re otherwise occupied by the fact that Kuroo is pressing down on the back of your head, letting out a heavy groan when you hollow your cheeks and suck.

“Fuck, babe.” He hisses, and while you’re completely lost in the sensation of being fucked by two rivals, you can’t miss the chill that goes up your spine. Daishō is probably glaring at him now, but instead of retorting with words, he grabs your hips and absolutely pummels into you, causing your free hand to tangle in the comforter as you try to find purchase.

Kuroo’s other hand—the one not grabbing a fistful of your hair—comes to rest on your shoulder in an attempt to stabilize you, but Daishō won’t have it. He doesn’t let up, driving into you with enough force to send you forward just a tad. You squeal, unable to continue bobbing up and down on Kuroo’s cock, and disengage your mouth with a wet popping sound.

“Suguru!” You wail, “be gentle!”

“Nah.” He tightens his grip even more—you’re going to be bruised for weeks, at this rate—and resumes slamming into you.

Kuroo fists his length, eyes flicking between staring at Daishō’s cock entering and leaving you, the way your breasts bounce, and your blissed-out expression. His gaze lingers on you as he jerks himself off, though when your own eyes meet his, he feels a familiar sensation start to wash over him.

“Shit, shit.” He hisses when he realizes that your lips are forming something. He knows what it is but he wants to hear you say it, wants Daishō to have to listen. “Say it, [Name]. Please.”

“Tetsurō.” You moan, and Daishō’s eyes turn dark. “Tetsurō!”

He can’t help it. Between the way you’re calling his name and the fact that Daishō looks murderous when pounding into your naked body, he reaches his peak. You squeal when you realize, because sticky strands of his release start to coat your face. You open your mouth, grinning a little bit when more of his come lands on your tongue.

Daishō hears him groan before it fully registers that his high school rival is letting out his load all over his girlfriend’s face, and goddamn does he wish that he didn’t find it hot as fuck. But Kuroo is grinning like he just won the lottery while he strokes his cock, and you’re looking like such a pretty little come slut, and why the hell is this turning him on so much—

He follows Kuroo with a pained groan, filling you up as he yanks your ass back to meet his hips. You tilt your head back to look at him, face painted with the release of another man, and it’s almost too much. He doesn’t think he’s ever come this hard in his life, and he can tell by the glint in your eye that you know it. The sensation of being used by two of the most well-endowed men you knew is a little much, and watching your boyfriend bite his lip as he came inside you was a catalyst for your own orgasm. You yelp, taken off guard by the sensation and also by that fact that Kuroo is once again kneeling, grabbing the back of your head and slamming his lips against yours, uncaring that his come is on your lips. His tongue forces its way into your mouth, almost distracting you from the way that Daishō is working your clit to coax you through your release.

It’s over too soon. Daishō pulls out of you almost immediately after you’ve finished, flopping onto the bed and throwing an arm over his eyes. Kuroo releases you and you take a moment to collect yourself, the world turning straight and sideways and almost flipping upside-down as you get re-oriented.
Kuroo lays down next to Daishō, leaving a space between them that you crawl into. The magnitude of what you’ve just done is slowly starting to sink in, and you rub at the emission on your face.

“Here.” Kuroo hands you his shirt to use, and when you balk at the gesture, he rolls his eyes and does it for you. He’s surprisingly gentle.

“We should have a towel nearby next time.” He says once he’s finished, tossing the shirt to the floor. Daishō snorts, obviously more than spent, but still aware enough to wrap an arm around you and pull you closer to his side than Kuroo’s.

“There won’t be a next time.” He snaps, but you can tell from the undercurrent in his voice that what he’s saying is far from the truth.

Chapter End Notes

ALSO my personal headcanon for this story is that D/R/K eventually either becomes a polyamorous relationship OR Kuroo becomes a somewhat regular fixture in the reader and Daishō’s relationship.
Rain beats mercilessly against the walls of the foothill store, a soothing remedy that could almost put Ukai Keishin to sleep if he wasn’t the one working behind the counter.

“A pack of smokes, please.”

He looks up from his newspaper with a bit of a glare in his eyes. It’s not often that they get customers with weather like this, and the ones that they do get tend to be a real pain in his ass. You don’t seem to be very different; he can tell immediately by your smaller stature and the clip in your hair that you’re nowhere near old enough to smoke.

“I.D.?” He asks, more to humor himself than anything else. You sigh, pulling something out of your raincoat that he knows will obviously be a fake. He doesn’t even bother to look at it.

“What high school do you go to, kid?”

“C’mon. Can’t you cut me a break?” To your credit, you don’t whine. You sound like an exasperated adult, actually.

He waits a moment. There’s nobody else in the store, and he can’t help but remember his own high school years. He sighs and shakes his head with a “What do you want?”
“Whatever you’re smoking. I’m not picky.”

“It’s not good to have low standards.” He says, but he retrieves a pack for you anyway. You toss the money onto the counter, already removing the plastic film that’s around the pack and shoving it into your pocket.

“Later.” Is all you say, and he goes back to reading his newspaper.

—

He forgets about you, or at least he thought he did. He forgets about most customers that aren’t regulars, which is why it comes as a shock to him when he immediately recognizes you voice one week later.

“Pack of smokes, please.”

He looks up, flicking ash off the end of his own cigarette, and scowls. “I remember you. I cut you a break last time. Go on and do your homework or something.”

You frown down at him and it’s creepy how old that expression makes you look. He almost laughs.

You sigh, squinting at him like you remember him from somewhere but you can’t exactly place it. It makes him a little bit disgruntled, because a teenage girl shouldn’t be looking at a full-grown man like that, but the moment passes and you click your tongue in mild annoyance.

“Please.” Your tone is softer. He glares at you.

“No.”

“I’ll pay you double!”

“What part of ‘no’ don’t you understand, kid?”

You huff again.

“What’s your name?” He’s secretly pleased by the fact that you look a little taken aback by his question.

“[Surname].”

“Well, [Surname]-san, I suggest that you quit smoking while you can.”

“You worried about my health, Ukai?” He’s a little startled when you use his name, but quickly remembers that he’s wearing a name tag. Of course.

“No.” He turns the page of his newspaper. “It’s an expensive habit. Save up for university.”

You snort, looking out the window. It looks like another storm is brewing, and this time you don’t have a jacket or umbrella. Ukai almost feels bad for you. Almost.

“How d’you even know I’m in high school?” You ask after a moment. A raindrop lands on one of the windows.

“Call it a gut feeling.” He says, scanning the sports section for anything new. Besides a picture of Seijō and some blurbs about a local baseball team, there’s nothing good. He turns the page again.
“Nice. Cool. Well, if you aren’t gonna give me a pack then I’m gonna head out before the rain fucks me up. Later.”

“Later,” he says, trying to sound as disinterested as he can. He’s slightly terrified to realize that he’s checking out your ass as you leave, and for the rest of the night he has to keep telling himself not to be a dirty old man. You’re in high school, probably. He thinks. But you’re kinda cute, with those old-soul eyes, and maybe—

Nope. Not even gonna think about it.

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Coaching the volleyball team isn’t such a bad gig, all things considered. It at least keeps him from being bored to death every evening at the foothill store, because god knows these kids are anything but boring.

“Hinata, you dumbass!”

“One more, Kageyama!”

“Rollinggggggggg thunderrrrrr!”

It’s all he can do to keep from sighing and pinching the bridge of his nose. Takeda seems to be in the same boat, his brown eyes scanning the group of rowdy teenage boys as if they’re a pack of wild beasts. Ukai is inclined to agree with that description.

“I’m gonna go get more towels.” He says, partially because they actually need some with the way Nishinoya is sweating and partially because he just wants to leave the gym for a few seconds. Just because it’s a good gig doesn’t mean he can’t get a little bit sick of it.

“Okay!” Takeda is trying to be chipper. What a nice guy.

He goes to one of the storage closets right outside the gym because… well, he doesn’t need an excuse. He just wants to. He’s a little miffed, though, to see that there’s a girl already inside, rummaging through the towels. He can’t see her face, but she has a nice—

God damn it, Keishin, could you stop being a creep for like, five seconds? His conscience screams at him, and he actually cringes, wondering if he should just walk away and pretend that he wasn’t gawking at a teenage girl again.

She turns around before he can make that decision. His mouth goes dry, and the deeper, more creepier part of his brain guffaws, I knew I recognized that ass from somewhere!

“Yo, Ukai.” You don’t look shocked in the slightest, your words slightly muffled by the fact that the tip of a water bottle is in your mouth.

“What are you doing here?” He sputters, hoping he isn’t loud enough to catch the attention of the boys in the gym. You smirk, and it’s really unnerving how cute the expression is.

“‘Here’ as in Karasuno? I go here.” You say, shrugging a little bit. “Or did you mean ‘here’ as in the supply closet, cause I left one of my towels from home in the gym by accident and now I can’t find it.”
He shouldn’t find your deadpan way of speaking to be cute. Hell, he shouldn’t be finding anything about you cute, because now there’s a guarantee that he’s at least eight or nine years older than you. But here you are, the poster child for nonchalance, and he’s wondering what it is about you that’s so endearing, because he barely even knows you.

“What’re you doing here?” You ask, and it snaps him out of his little trance.

“I’m the boy’s volleyball coach. Temporarily.” He clarifies, brushing past you to grab a couple of towels like he had meant to.

“Nice. Cool. That mean you aren’t gonna be selling me cigarettes anymore?”

He snorts, despite himself, because you’re just that freaking weird.

“No, [Surname].” He says, and if his back wasn’t towards you he would see the shock that flicks across your face when you realize that he remembers your name, “looks like you’ll have to find another foothill store.”

“Fine by me. The customer service was shitty, anyways.” You say. He can hear you suck on the end of your water bottle. He tries to think of something funny to say, something that would impress you or make you laugh or something, but you cut him off before he can.

“Gotta go back to practice. Later.” Your footsteps retreat and he lets out a breath he didn’t even know he was holding, grabbing even more towels as if that’ll make up for his long absence.

Thankfully Takeda isn’t one to ask too many questions, and he settles back into his seat after stacking the towels on the ground. He knows he’s supposed to be watching these kids practice, but instead he spends the rest of the evening asking himself how low he had to stoop to have a schoolgirl crush on someone who was nearly a decade younger than him.

—

“We meet again.”

He nearly pisses himself, honestly, because you’ve been poking around the corners of his life too much lately that frankly it’s making him a little bit miserable. If it’s not the glimpses of you he gets when you walk past the gym during practice it’s the occasions that you come into the store in the morning, grabbing a snack before school and rewarding him with a bit of small talk.

But this is different.

“Why are you here?” He snaps, that same feeling of disgust creeping over him that he always gets when he realizes that he’s pleased to see you.

“ Came for a jog. Great minds think alike.” You say, referring to the gym shorts and T-shirt he has on. He scowls down at you; he’d come to the park for some peace and quiet after a hectic week with the team but you, in your typical fashion, just had to crop up at the most inconvenient time. “Wanna run with me?”

He sputters a little bit. The corner of your mouth lifts up in a smile, and he tries to ignore the fact that it’s making his stomach do funny things.

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

And then you’re off, jogging at a leisurely pace that he can easily catch up to, all his hopes of
peace and self-introspection dashed by the way your ass looks in those shorts.

He sighs when his conscience doesn’t even butt (ha!) in this time. It’s like every component of his mind that is capable of rational thought has relented to the fact that yes, Ukai Keishin is indeed a creepy old man with a crush on a high school student. But as long as he doesn’t make a move, as long as he keeps his distance—

“So what sport do you play?” He blurts, and then he immediately wants to kick his own ass. He’s not supposed to be interested in your life, not supposed to wonder things about you. You snort, and he’s absolutely disgusted by the twinge of pleasure that the noise brings.

“I do track, actually.”

“And you smoke?”

“Yeah. Weird, isn’t it?” You’re not even breaking a sweat, not even panting between your words. Just running with your eyes ahead, the contours of your face softened by the light of the setting sun.

“And—”

“My turn to ask a question. You already got two.” You point out.

“What’s your given name?”

“My what?”

“Keishin. huh? Nice. Suits you.”

“Yours?” KEISHIN GODDAMN IT STOP ENCOURAGING THIS.

“[Name].”

Honestly he’s fucked, truly fucked, because you have the most beautiful name in the world.

—

“Pocky isn’t a good choice for breakfast, you know.”

“Okay, mom.”

He shakes his head as you hand him your cash, opening the treat before he even has the chance to count it. He doesn’t need to, though, because you always give him exact change and even if you didn’t he’d probably just pay for it himself.

“How’s the volleyball team?”

“Good.”
“Yeah? I used to have a crush on that Daichi guy, back in the day.”

“Don’t say back in the day like you’re some sort of old maid.” Ukai snorts, taking a jab at you mostly to hide the fact that he’s kind of jealous of a teenage boy. Like, really, is his life going to be that much of a shitshow now?

“What, Ukai.”

“You still like him? I could try and, you know…” He jokes, and to his delight you burst out laughing.

“Fuck no! I was like, fifteen! He’s not even my type!” You guffaw, and you both kind of laugh. At each other, at the sexual tension, at the fact that you’re eating pocky for breakfast. He doesn’t quite know what it is you’re finding so funny, but your laugh is really something else and he’s not going to complain.

“What’s your type then? Bodybuilders? Guys with scalp tattoos?”

You chew on your pocky, feigning thoughtfulness. There’s still a smile on the edge of your lips but its gotten a little bit mischievous, and he can’t help the way that his stomach churns when he sees it.

“Nah.” You take a look at your watch. You’ll be late for school if you wait much longer. “I’m into older guys, actually.”

And then you spin on your heel, your uniform skirt twirling about your thighs, and march out the door. He feels conflicted, honestly, and he has half a mind to chase you out there and demand to know if you were flirting with him or not.

Instead he just flicks ash off the end of his cigarette, watching as the smoke from it curls towards the ceiling and thinking that you’re going to be the death of him.

—

“It’s raining again.”

Ukai clicks his tongue. It always seems to rain on the days that you spend the most time with him. Not that he minds it, though, because a little bit of precipitation is totally worth being able to talk to you freely.

A week has passed since your little comment about liking older men, and neither of you have brought it up. He can’t decide whether or not he’s grateful or annoyed; obviously, crossing the line from friendship (?) into something else would be frowned upon, given your age gap, but at the same time he’s been caring less and less with each passing day. You’re mature for an eighteen-year-old. Maybe too mature, actually, because you always seem interested in politics and real estate and other things people your age usually aren’t, but goddamn it he likes that about you and he doesn’t care if that makes him a creepy old man anymore.

“So it is.” He replies. The store is pretty vacant for a Saturday, the only patrons being you and an older lady that seemed to take an hour deciding what she wanted to purchase. He blames the lack of customers on the foul weather, which has been brewing all week, and part of him is thankful for it because that means you and him can chatter to each other without worrying about people giving him accusatory glances.

Right. As if he’s corrupting you. If anything, you’re the one doing the corrupting here.
His shift is over in two minutes and you still haven’t left. You blame it on not wanting to walk home quite yet because hey, the rain might let up, but there’s a glint in your eye that he can’t quite place and he’s not sure that he wants to. It’s almost as if you’re taunting him, begging him to ask about what you said the other day, and he’ll be damned if he gives in to your charms that easily.

But he does give in, because once his shift is over and he’s locking up he offers you a ride home and you accept it a little too graciously. Like you were waiting for him to do it.

You look even smaller in the passenger seat of his car. Your legs are pressed together, like you’re a little bit nervous and don’t want to move. You promise to give him directions to your home and thank him for giving you a ride but he waves you off, choosing instead to light a new cigarette and let the smoke filter out the small space that he creates when he rolls the window down just a tad.

“Can I bum one off of you?” You ask, and he considers saying no but honestly he just can’t. He shrugs and you pull one out from the pack, popping it between your lips and grabbing his lighter to light the tip.

Despite knowing that you do so, he’s never actually seen you smoke before. It’s oddly sensual, the way your lips wrap around the filter and the smoke curls from your mouth. You’ve been doing it for a long time, he can tell, and the thought makes his heart seize painfully in his chest because he knows that there’s a reason behind every smoker. Even the ones that do it in order to look cool have some deep-seated insecurities.

“Left. Right. Go straight at this intersection.” You say, your voice soft and nearly drowned out by the merciless pounding of rain against the roof of the car.

He’s surprised by how close you live, but then again you always do seem to walk there, so it makes sense. But what doesn’t make sense is the somewhat shocked and worried expression you make when he pulls closer and there’s a green car parked outside your house. You stare at it for a moment and then, seemingly unable to stop yourself, you mutter:

“My dad’s home.”

And there’s something about the way you say it that makes the hair on the back of Ukai’s neck stand up. You don’t sound incredibly fearful, just a little pensive and resigned, like you were sort of hoping that your father wouldn’t be home.

He doesn’t stop in front of your house. He keeps going down the street and you turn to look at him, a little taken aback with your eyebrows knitting together, and he shrugs, not quite able to meet your gaze.

“Let’s go for a drive.” Is all he says, and you don’t reply but he can sense the gratitude rolling off of you in waves.

“So. Older men, huh.” He says when you’re driving by a park and the rain has let up a little bit. He notices with a start that it’s the same park that he jogged with you at. There’s a rush of fondness in the discovery that he wasn’t prepared for. He comes to a stop under a large tree, isolated a little bit from all the other empty cars parked on the street.

“Yeah. And I have daddy issues too. Go figure.” You pull another cigarette from the pack and he doesn’t stop you. He watches from the corner of his eyes as you light it again and it all makes
sense now. All of it; the surprising maturity, the smoking, the way you always seem to be anywhere else but your home. He wants to reassure you, tell you that things will be better, but he knows that he can’t and he knows that you won’t believe him, anyway.

You lapse into silence. There’s not much to be said and neither of you are willing to say it, so you both settle on listening to the rain come down through the leaves and the scraping noise of his windshield wipers.

“Ukai.” You say, and he jumps a little bit in his seat. He turns to look at you and you have one eyebrow raised, the cigarette clamped between your fingers and your head tilted to the side as if you’re contemplating something. He’s not sure he wants to know what it is.

He finds out regardless, though, because you lean across towards the driver’s side and give him a firm kiss on the lips. It’s so short and simple and sweet that some might have seen it as a chaste one, a thankful one, but he knows better. You retract back into your seat, bringing the cigarette to your lips again and taking a drag.

“[Name].” He says. You look at him again, exhaling smoke, and he frowns at you. “You don’t know what you’re doing. You’re confused.”

“But I don’t see you complaining.” You say. The cigarette is burned down to the filter now; you roll down the window and flick the butt out into the rain before quickly rolling it back up because it’s absolutely pouring outside.

“That’s beyond the point.” He’s fighting to keep himself from lecturing you because he knows that’s the last thing you want right now, and maybe he’s gone a little bit soft but the thought of hurting you even more is heartbreaking. So he settles for giving you a disapproving glare, which seems to incite some sort of mirth in you.

“I don’t see how. You think I’m cute. I’m pretty into you. No harm, no foul.”

He gawks, and not just because you’ve called him out on having a thing for you. It’s because you said it so lightly, as if all he cares about is the way you look when really it runs much, much deeper than that.

He wants to hear you talk. Wants to hear what you think about the newest makeup trends or the fact that your running shoes are getting a little bit ratty. Wants to know what you plan on studying in university, if you have any pets, how many times you’ve snuck out of your house in the middle of the night. He wants you to talk his ear off, wants to know every minute detail of your life until he can recite them all from memory, and it’s so painful because he’s transitioned from being a creepy old man to a creepy old man who happens to want to date a girl who’s nearly a decade younger than he is.

Maybe that’s why he does it. Maybe he thinks that by leaning over and kissing you back he’s somehow conveying all of that in the smooth glide of his lips over yours, somehow reassuring you of something that you hadn’t even considered.

It takes you a moment to kiss back. You’re not startled by his decision but you do contemplate it, wondering if this is the right thing for you to do. But his lips are pretty warm and he tastes like smoke and honestly you like this guy so much that you’re really not going to complain.

When you break apart there’s a string of saliva that stretches between you. You snort, amused, and he kinda laughs too but in this pained way that lets you know he’s also weighing the pros and cons of this decision.
“I don’t want you to think I’m trying to take advantage of you.” He says, one large hand coming to rest on the side of your neck. It’s a sweet gesture, one you weren’t expecting.

“It’s okay. I’m fine with being taken advantage of.” You reply and he shakes his head with a scowl on his face.

“That’s not okay, [Name]. None of this is okay. You’re eight years younger than me.”

“So?”

“So, this isn’t appropriate. We shouldn’t be doing this.”

“You still want to, though.”

He sighs. “Yeah. I do.”

You’re both pensive for a moment, seemingly unable to decide where to go from here. His lips are tingling something fierce and he really, really wants to kiss you again. But you’re suddenly looking at him like you’ve finally figured out what he’s about, like you know that he doesn’t want to just use you for sex or to satisfy some weird kink. He likes you. He actually, genuinely likes you, and he tells you so.

“Oh.” You say. It’s not a happy sound or a sad sound. It’s neutral, like you’re not really sure if you’re okay with this. He gives you your space and takes the car out of park, continuing to drive on the deserted streets. One of the benefits of driving during such awful weather is that nobody else is around to see him struggle with his morals.

A few minutes pass. “Keishin.”

“Yeah?” He doesn’t comment on the fact that you’ve used his first name. In fact, he likes it. It sends tingles from his brain into the tips of his fingers.

“Will you hold me?”

He parks the car again. It’s a deserted enough area, he thinks.

“How?”

“Backseat. I just kind of want to be held.”

“Sure.” He says, because there’s no way he’s going to say no to a request like that.

You both rush into the backseat, trying hard to avoid the rain as you do so. When you’re settled in you let out a breathless laugh because it’s a little bit cramped and he’s closer than he’s ever been and that makes you kind of happy. He slings an arm around you and you nuzzle on his chest, enough so that you can hear the beating of his heart.

“You’re too young for me.” He mutters.

“I know what I want.” You reply, and then he’s kissing you again, as if doing so will fix everything that’s wrong with the situation.
"I’m not going to university.” You say. You’re painting your toenails on Ukai’s living room floor, careful not to get any of the red varnish onto his carpet. He’s sitting on the couch, reading the paper, but he immediately folds it shut upon hearing your declaration.

“What?” He asks. You almost laugh with how scandalized he sounds.

“No money, Keishin. And before you say ‘but you’re so smart!’ , consider the fact that I’m not smart enough to get a scholarship.”

“But—”

“Believe me, I’ve applied for them.” You screw the cap onto your nail polish, wiggling your toes a little bit. “I’ve done everything I possibly can to get out of my house. No dice.”

“[Name], couldn’t you have gotten a scholarship for track?”

“Nah.” You frown; your polish application was a little bit streaky on a few toes. Oh well, you didn’t really feel like fixing it now.

Ukai gets up from his couch, settling down next to you on the carpet. His has that contemplative look on his face, the one that you find utterly adorable, so you press a soft kiss to his jawline. It’s stubbly.

“Keishin, you need to shave.”

“Whatever.” He grumbles. You can tell that he’s not pleased with your decision to give up on pursuing a higher education. You nudge him in the side, but even that doesn’t make him crack a smile.

“Keishin, don’t be so upset about it. Are you trying to get rid of me or something?”

“No!” He balks, and you giggle. It’s a sound he doesn’t get to hear often, yet it does little to reassure him. “I’m just thinking about your future!”

“This might come as news to you, but people can still be successful in their lives without attending university.” You blow on your toes in order to busy yourself.

“Yeah, but—”

“Besides. As long as I get to spend time with you, I think I’ll be fine.”

He clamps his mouth shut and looks at you. You look back, a serene smile on your face. He seems like he wants to kiss you, then, but he holds back. He always does, even though the two of you have come to a somewhat silent agreement that you’re dating. Kind of. He’s hesitant to do anything couple-y, though, and you can’t say that you blame him.

“Why do you have to be so young?” He asks. You shrug.

“I mean, I’m not that young. I happen to be one of the oldest third years.” You reason, and while you’re right— you’re one of the few eighteen-year-olds at the school— that does little to help his moral struggle. No matter how old you are, you’re still in high school and he’s still eight years older than you, and sometimes thinking about it for a long time makes his brain hurt. He wants things to be simple. He wants to be able to hold your hand in public and have it be socially acceptable. He wants to have you meet his parents and go on silly dates with him. He wants to get married to you, have a family of his own, and these are all things that he knows you’re not ready
for. He wonders if you ever will be.

“Hey.” You continue when you see that his serious expression hasn’t eased. “Stop thinking so much. You’ll hurt yourself.”

“Ha.” He snorts. He pokes at the hole in his pants, the one right over his knee. “You’re so funny. Very original.”

“I try.” Satisfied with how dry your toenails are, you stretch your legs back out and lean back on your palms. The entire apartment smells of cigarette smoke but there’s something else there, something musky and masculine that you absolutely love. You smile at Ukai in the most brilliant way that you can.

“C’mere.” You say, and he complies, leaning over to press a kiss on your lips. It’s a small peck, but at least he didn’t look around feverishly before he did it.

“When do you need to be home by?” He asks, ignoring the fact that the question once again draws attention to how you’re young enough to have a curfew.

“I don’t.” You reply, resting your forehead on his. “I told my mom I was spending the night at a friend’s. I can leave whenever you want, I already told one of the girls on the team that I might be over later.”

“You don’t have to go.” He says. “I don’t mind if you spend the night.”

You stare at him. He stares back. You wonder if this will finally be the night where the both of you can finally shed your inhibitions, but you also don’t want to assume. You don’t want to push Ukai and make him do something that he’ll regret, especially because you know that he already thinks he’s been taking advantage of you and your issues at home, which you still haven’t told him about.

They stand between the two of you like a wall of glass. You know he wants to ask about them, wants you to let him in, but he’s also been trying to give you room.

You get the urge then, to tell him. This is a man who you know won’t shy away from the stories you tell. This is someone who will take you for better or for worse.

“My dad and I don’t get along.” You say. He blinks, mouth dropping open and forming a question, but you cut him off. “We never have. That’s just how it is.” The weight of your words is massive, and it takes some time for them to sink in. You’re finally opening up to him.

“How can I help you?” He breathes. You smile at him, trying to make the expression less heartbroken than it is.

“I don’t know.” You answer truthfully. “But at least you’re willing to try.”

—

You graduate high school on a bright and sunny day, surrounded by your classmates and smiling widely.

Ukai is there— for Azumane and Sugawara and Daichi, of course, but also for you— and he can’t tear his eyes away from you. You look so bubbly and happy, even if it’s a little bit faked, and the way your uniform looks on you is practically divine.

His eyes scan the crowd. A few people have come up to talk to you, of course, and he’s kind of
shocked at how popular you are. He’d always seen you as [Name], the bitter teenage girl who always smelled of smoke and soap, but your fellow classmates must see you differently. They hug you, ruffle your hair affectionately, and even press chaste kisses to your forehead and cheeks. Your smile is less rigid now, growing even more when Daichi comes by to say a couple words to you.

It’s stupid. Ukai knows it. But he’s jealous, even though you’ve told him hundreds of times that you no longer have a dumb crush on the former captain. The way your face lights up is so pure that it makes his stomach drop. That is the type of person you should be with. One that’s your age, one that doesn’t have to worry about if they’re using you or have to hide your closeness. Ukai swallows down his bitterness, though, because he knows that you’ve made your choice and he has to make his.

You don’t talk to him until most of the attendees have already filtered out. It takes him by surprise, though, when you skip up to him and give him a warm smile in front of all the people still milling about.

“I’m happy you’re here.” You say, and while your tone is chipper there’s an underlying thread of bitterness. “Neither of my parents showed up.”

“Looks like I’m driving you home, then.” He says, and you nod. There’s something different about you today, and while it isn’t unnerving him, it doesn’t calm him either. Your eyes are like the middle of a hurricane, emotions twisting and washing away behind them.

“So.” He says, allowing his voice to drop a little bit lower once you two have left the gates of the school, walking towards that yellow car of his. “You and Daichi, huh? Getting a little bit buddy-buddy.”

“Keishin.” You snort, “I swear I’m going to kick your ass one of these days. Are you seriously jealous of a guy that I barely even know?”

He doesn’t hesitate. “Yeah.”

He can practically hear you roll your eyes at him. “Don’t be. You know I love you, dipshit.”

He freezes. Time stops. His thoughts suddenly go fuzzy and cascade through his mind like a handful of dropped marbles, his eyes frantically searching your face for any sign of mirth. You’re completely serious. He feels like he could cry right now, on this sidewalk, with how fucking happy he is.

“You love me.” He repeats, just in case he heard you wrong.

“Uh. Yeah. Thought you knew that.” Your mouth slides up into a crooked grin.

He wants to stare at you forever. Wants to rip this moment out of time and shove it into a jar so that he can replay it for as long as he lives. You love him. You love him.

“You okay—”

“I love you too.” He blurs. You laugh.

“Duh, Keishin. You’re not very good at hiding it.” You say. You grab his arm—not his hand, just in case other people are watching—and tug him along, once again resuming your journey to the car.

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If Keishin Ukai could wish for one thing, it would be the ability to live without needing to breathe. That way, he could kiss you forever and not have to worry about trivial things like oxygen intake. You seem to want the same thing, if the disappointed mewl you make when the two of you break apart is anything to go by.

He still hasn’t slept with you, even though you’re now about to reach twenty years old. He knows that you want him, due to your lingering touches and heated stares, but he still can’t shake the feeling that he’d be taking advantage of you. That he would feel disgusting afterwards.

That doesn’t mean, however, that he’s completely opposed to seeing you in your underwear. You were the one who suggested that you strip in the first place, and, when he didn’t complain, you yanked down your shorts and practically tore off your T-shirt, climbing into his lap with a spark in your eye that could have burned him. He’s holding you, almost too tightly, close to his body.

“You’re gorgeous.” He says, admiring the way your body looks. Your underwear is plain, a pale cotton set, but it fits you. You’ve never been one for all the bells and the whistles, and somehow that makes it all the sexier.

You roll your eyes. “You’re such a freaking sap, Keishin.”

“It’s true.” He presses a kiss to your collarbone and you squirm a little bit in his lap, your hands resting on his broad shoulders. He’s still fully clothed, something that you’re openly bitter about, but he’s never rushed you so you won’t rush him.

“Yeah, right.” You try to sneer, but your voice is breathless as his calloused fingers skim over your back, tracing the bumps of your spine and pressing against your hips. It’s like he wants to memorize every detail that he can, out of fear that you might just fade away right when he’s so close to having you.

“I mean it.” He nibbles at your neck and you inhale sharply through your nose. His eyes flick up to meet yours. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” You breathe, your fingers carding through his hair. He goes back to lavishing your neck with attention, smearing it with little love bites and saliva.

Your hips rock into his and you could nearly cry because he’s so hard. You don’t think you’ve wanted anything more in your entire life than him, but he feels like he’s so far out of reach that satisfaction isn’t even possible. You let our a hum of appreciation, though, because even with the added layers of clothing you can tell that he’s well-endowed.

“Please.” You say, and you can tell he knows exactly what you’re asking for. It isn’t like he’s never gotten you off before, but he can tell that this time you want to actually go all the way. You’re almost twenty, for christ’s sake, have been putting up with him for nearly two years, and he knows that he needs to finally shed his inhibitions. You really want him. You’re in it for the long haul, through all the tears and the laughs that you two have already experienced, and he knows that he doesn’t want to spend his life with anyone else. Age gap be damned, you’re the greatest thing that has ever happened to him.

“Okay.” He says, and you nearly fall out of his lap with how shocked you are. You look at him expectantly, as if thinking that he can just vaporize his clothes or something, and he bites back a smile when he sees the glimmer of eagerness in your eyes.

You slide off his lap when he gestures you to do so, allowing him to stand and yank his shirt over his head. You’ve always admired his body, which is incredibly fit for someone who calls himself
an ‘old man’, and you feel privileged to be able to see it in person. Your fingers twitch with the urge to reach out and touch him, but you don’t because you’re not sure if that would somehow make him change his mind.

You watch him undress with barely-veiled anticipation. Your eyes scan the sturdy structure of his thighs and the dips of muscle in his arms. Appreciation feels like such an insignificant word to describe what you’re feeling in this moment. Maybe worship is a better one.

“You okay?” He asks. You must be making a funny face while lost in your thoughts. You nod, smiling brightly at him.

“More than okay. I’ve been waiting a while for this.” You admit, and you delight in the fiery blush that spreads over his face from your honesty.

“Me too.” He admits. He pulls his boxers down and you inhale sharply, eyes transfixed on his cock. It’s a work of art in itself, and you’re absolutely dying to have it inside of you. He must be able to tell, because he’s gotten a lot better at reading your expressions over the last year and a half.

“Whose fault is that, though?” You point out, and he rolls his eyes at you. You almost say something else, something a little bit snarkier, but at that moment he grabs his cock and gives it a languid stroke.

Neither of you speak for a moment. In the faint light coming through the window you can see a bit of precome leaking from his slit, and you lick your lips with anticipation. The only thing keeping your thighs from being smeared with your own arousal was your panties; he always managed to turn you on a ridiculous amount, and while usually it was a little bit embarrassing, you were thankful for it now because the last thing you felt like doing was engaging in foreplay. You’ve waited too long for this moment, and you’ll be damned if you have to wait any longer.

He seems to be in the same boat as you, because he yanks his nightstand drawer open and rifles around for a condom. You can’t help the giddy smile that spreads on your face, and Ukai seems absolutely floored by your enthusiasm. You unclip your bra and throw it carelessly to the floor, yanking your panties down next. His eyes immediately go to your exposed cunt and he strokes himself again, his adam’s apple bobbing.

“Keishin.” You say once you realize that he’s a bit dazed. “Come here.”

He does as you ask. He always does, because he loves you. He loves you enough to let you be in charge. He loves you enough to try and see past the differences that could have torn the two of you apart. He loves you enough to let his home be a safe haven for you, to be there for you when others haven’t been, to hold you on the bad days and smile with you on the good. You know it hasn’t been easy, but none of the best things in life are.

This man isn’t just your boyfriend. He’s your best friend in the entire world. He’s the feeling of a warm blanket on a cold afternoon. He’s the stars on a dark night.

He’s your soulmate.

He suspends himself over you, leaning down to press his lips over yours. It’s slow and languid, but the passion behind it burns like the coals of a fire. He’s wanted you for so long and you know he couldn’t wait much longer, but the fact that he was willing to do so makes it that much sweeter.

You take the condom from where he’s placed it on the mattress, and you two break apart so that he
can watch you tear open the gold packet and roll the latex over him. You’re smiling up at him again, the bright one that reminds him of sunflowers and spring days. *God,* he could just stare at you forever.

“Do you—” He asks, his fingers stroking the inside of your thighs.

“No.” You say. You’re a tad breathless. “I’m ready.”

He takes a moment to compose himself. You’re not a kid anymore. This is what you really and truly want.

He allows you to guide him inside of you with a somewhat pained groan. You’re tight and warm and being joined with you is almost enough to make his thoughts spin. He hears you breathe in sharply, eyes going a little unfocused, before your arms are wrapping around him and his lips are pressed against yours once more.

“You feel so good.” He groans against your mouth, and you almost laugh with how distressed he sounds.

“Fuck me.” You say instead, and he complies in an instant.

One of his hands goes up to grip the headboard as he thrusts into you. It’s hard and deep, enough to make you squeal, and now it’s his turn to laugh a little breathlessly, though his reaction is more from wonder. You look amazing underneath him, like you truly belong in his bed, and the knowledge is absolutely driving him wild. He’s been picturing this for a while now, much longer than he would care to admit, but those images have nothing on the real thing.

“Keishin!” You breathe, nails digging into his back. They rake down the length of his spine all the way to his hips and he groans, screwing his eyes shut as he sets his pace. He intended to go nice and slow but you’re so wet and willing that it’s a little difficult to do so. You don’t seem to mind at all, though, if the appreciative noises spilling from your lips are anything to go by.

You lose yourselves in each other. You forget the stress of home, the exhaustion of working full-time instead of going to university. He forgets his trepidation, his uncertainty and his concern. There’s nothing else in the world but the two of you, joined each time he thrusts his hips into yours, and every breath you take makes you feel like you’re inhaling stars.

Neither of you are particularly vocal, but that isn’t really an issue. It’s plain to see that you’d rather just take in each other’s expressions, rather see the way the other feels. Your kisses are a lot more sloppy and tongue-filled than they usually are, as if the precision and refinement that you usually have has been melted away by the sheer heat of passion.

He’s done this before, but he had no idea that it could feel so *good.* He doesn’t know if it’s because your body is just made to do this with his or if he just loves you so much that it intensifies everything he’s feeling, but the act of thrusting into you might just unravel him. His other hand grips your hip tight enough to bruise, anchoring him here while his mind is in twenty different places, and he doesn’t even care that his neighbor will probably complain about how loud the headboard is hitting the wall.

Your legs wrap around his waist and immediately you know you made the right decision in doing so. He’s going even deeper now, exploring parts of you that make you feel like your skin is on fire, and after a particularly hard thrust you feel something like electricity in your veins.

“Oh!” Your legs tighten and he grins that grin you love so much, looking at you like you’re the
only reason he’s alive right now. “Again!”

He complies. Your head tips back and your spine arches, little pants falling from your lips as a haze of pleasure draws nearer. He seems to know it too, because the hand on your hip migrates to your clit and his fingers roll over it.

You don’t stand a chance. You come with a breathless rendition of his name, staring into his eyes for a brief moment before all of your nerve endings meet rapture. He gapes at you openly, unaware that something so beautiful and perfect could happen right in front of him, before he follows you with a surprised groan.

The room falls to silence. His hand releases the headboard so that it can cradle your cheek, your eyes opening when his thumb caresses the soft skin of your face.

“Happy?” He asks. Your lips quirk into a smile.

“Yeah. More than.” You tell him, and he leans down to kiss you once more, relishing in the rush of endorphins that comes with sex.

Four months. Only four months until you finally turn twenty. Only four months until you’re old enough to get married. Only four months until the age gap between the two of you is more socially acceptable.

He can wait for four months. He’d wait forever, if he had to.
SURPRISE! If you haven't looked at the chapter before this, you might want to- because this one is part of a double update! (If you follow me on tumblr, then you'll know this was the surprise I've been mentioning).

This oneshot is brought to you guys thanks to a few very lovely people on tumblr. Two of which are my babies, Optimus Prime Anon and Cobra Commander Anon, who really came through with some awesome ideas. Like I've been saying over there, I really want ASID to be reader-controlled, and it just goes to show that a few lines of input can really get the ball rolling!

This chapter has to be one of my personal favorites so far, just because I love Delinquent!Semi. I had LOADS of fun writing this AU, and I hope you guys like reading it as well!

***SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TIME***

I know quite a few of you were hoping my 'surprise' would be another three-way oneshot, and I'm sorry to disappoint! I do hope, though, that you'll be excited to learn that there will be plenty more of those coming, including a Iwaizumi/Reader/Oikawa chapter that will focus on a polyamorous relationship, as well as a Seijo third year group sex scenario~

If you have any questions, comments, concerns, or just wanna tell me about your day, be sure to visit me over at sabbywrites.tumblr.com!

xoxo sabby

PS- Just a warning to those of you who may be sensitive to the topic- in this fic, the reader's father has passed away. If doesn't happen DURING the course of events, but it is mentioned a couple of times throughout. Just thought I would mention that just in case.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Semi Eita has never been one to start major confrontations.

Don’t get it wrong; he loved joining in on a good brawl, and he could never turn down the opportunity to back Ushijima up during one of his many conflicts, but Semi himself did not enjoy starting them. He hated the drama that came with riling someone else up, hated the effort that went into coaxing them into a fight. He preferred clean-cut skirmishes, ones with no emotional undercurrent and minimal chance for heavy bodily injury. Always has, always will.

But there’s something to be said about the power of affection, no matter how little of it there is. It can prompt people to do things they normally wouldn’t, which is perhaps why he finds himself standing over a crumpled body in the shadow of an alleyway, wiping away a river of blood that is leaking from his left nostril. He doesn’t care about the groans of the boy under him, or the
throbbing pain in his ribcage. There’s adrenaline coursing through his veins, accelerated by each rasping breath he draws in, but he’s slowly winding down.

He stoops down into a steady crouch so he can look the boy in the face, using his hand tug at his chin so they lock eyes.

“Did you learn something today?” His voice isn’t teasing, nor is it cruel. It’s flat and a little bit irritated; one thing that Semi will never do is gloat after a fight.

“Fuck off.” The guy responds—Semi doesn’t even know his name—and he can see, in the small puddle of blood on the asphalt, a lone tooth. He debates reaching over and plucking it up, pocketing it to show to Ushijima or Tendō later, but he doesn’t. That isn’t what he came here for.

“I asked you a question. I expect you to answer.” He’s certain now that he’s done his job; if his opponent was lucky, he’ll only be on crutches for a few weeks. The thought should make Semi smile, but it only serves to remind him of why he’s doing this in the first place.

When he doesn’t get a response, Semi sighs. He hates sore losers, hates guys who talk the talk but don’t walk the walk. He wonders if that’s why the boy on the ground stooped so low as to steal from an innocent girl’s locker; to try and prove that he was a badass, that he was just as rebellious and Semi and his friends. He almost clicks his tongue at the thought.

Okay, let me try again. Which pocket is it in?” He doesn’t want to have to dig through them all. The sun is already setting, and he promised Ushijima that he’d stop by after his little detour.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Semi resists the urge to throw another punch. His hand hurts enough as it is, and any further bruising on it will surely prompt Tendō to lecture him on how he needs to wrap his fingers before fights.

“If you don’t answer me, I’m going to have to force it out of you.” He releases the guy’s chin to wrap his fingers in his hair, bringing his head up with the intent of slamming it back down into the asphalt, nose-first.

“Shirt pocket! Shirt pocket!” His opponent exclaims, words slightly slurred by the fact that one of his cheeks is slowly swelling up. “It’s in my shirt pocket!”

“Good. That wasn’t so hard, was it?” He doesn’t wait for a reply, releasing his hair and rolling the boy over so that he’s no longer on his side. He ignores the pained groan that comes from the movement, focusing on shoving his hand into the breast pocket of the guy’s uniform shirt. The feeling of a dainty metal chain is immediately recognizable against the calloused skin of his fingertips, and he pulls it out.

It shines in the muted light of the sunset. It’s gold, with a heart-shaped pendant. He’s seen it hundreds of times out of the corner of his eye, resting around your neck or hanging on a hook in your locker. He doesn’t have to know you well to be aware of the fact that it’s one of your most prized possessions, and the instant he heard that one of the wannabe delinquents from school had stolen it, he knew he would go to the ends of the earth to get it back.

“Let this be a lesson.” He stands back up, stepping over the body as he pockets the necklace himself. He steps in a little bit of blood but the fact doesn’t even phase him as he begins to walk away.

He stops at the end of the alleyway, though, craning his neck so he can see behind him. The guy is still on the ground.
“Next time you or one of your shitty friends upsets her, I won’t be so kind.” He says, and then he’s off again, hands in his pockets and nose still leaking blood.

He knows where you live. He figured it out within a week of you catching his interest. On the days that he skips class (which is almost every day, mind you) he likes to sit on the sidewalk across the street and make sure that you get home safely. You live alone in that tiny rental house—unusual for a high school student, he thinks—and that makes him all the more protective.

You see him every time. You have to, because he’s not trying to be discreet about it; he plants himself on the curb, chain-smoking and staring straight ahead until he’s sure that you’ve closed and locked the door behind you. You never say anything to him. In fact, you never openly acknowledge his presence at all. But he’s seen the way your curtains shift once you get inside, and he can practically feel your eyes watching him from the other side of the window. It makes his whole body tingle in a way that is so not fitting for a guy like him, but you make him happy and he can’t say that about much these days.

Being on your front porch, though, is almost nerve-wracking. He’s sure his palms would be sweating right now if not for the fact that he’s been desensitized to most things. His posture is straight and sure, and he rings your doorbell without a lick of hesitation.

It takes you a moment to answer. He can hear your footsteps walking closer to the door, hear your body press up against it as you look through the peephole, and for a second he’s not sure that you’ll open it. But you do, and he’s surprised to see that you’re still in your school uniform despite classes ending hours ago. It looks odd without the addition of a gold pendant around your neck.

“…Yes?” He can tell you’re unsure as to why he’s here. It isn’t often that a notorious delinquent shows up on your doorstep, especially one that’s been standing guard outside your house for weeks now. He can also tell, though, that you’ve been waiting for him to contact you in some way; there’s barely-hidden interest in your eyes.

“I think I have something of yours.” He says, pulling the necklace from his pocket and holding it out. You stare at it for a moment, trying to process what he’s showing you in the dim light of your porch, before your mouth drops open.

“My necklace!” You exclaim. He gently places it into your now outstretched palm, his fingers brushing over the surface of your skin. It’s the first time he’s ever touched you, and while he wants to savor it, he also doesn’t want to scare you.

“I know.” He says, because he isn’t sure what else to say but he also didn’t want to remain silent. You’re still staring at it, eyes getting a little bit misty.

“I thought it was gone forever.” You say. You actually sound a little bit choked up, and even though it’s because you’re happy, he still feels those protective urges flare up. “My dad gave this to me when I was younger, before… Oh god, and then that guy stole it, I know he did—”

You pause then, because you’ve torn your eyes away from the necklace and you can see in the light from inside your house that his hand is dirty. There’s a bit of grime on it, and even though it dried to a muted russet color, there’s no mistaking the fact that there’s blood smeared all over his knuckles. Your gaze travels to his face, where a bruise is forming on his cheekbone and a line of blood has dried right above his lip, and it all clicks.

“You…” You say, and he waits for you to recoil, or scream, or run inside and slam the door behind
you. He knows that you know what he did; after all, nobody hangs out with Ushijima without acquiring a little bit of infamy.

A yankii is on your doorstep. He’s covered in blood. He’s handing you something that some asshole from your school stole. What transpired is obvious.

“You did that for me?” Your hand curls around the necklace, as if to shield it from him. He almost regrets his decision to not shower before coming over, because then there wouldn’t be that sliver of fear in your eyes as you look up at him, mouth agape. “You took care of that guy?”

“Of course.” He says, partially because he doesn’t want to lie to you, and partially because his tone says more than his words do: And I’d do it again in a heartbeat.

You stare at him. He stares back, the harsh thumping of his heart exacerbating the throbbing pain in his ribcage and the feeling of dried sweat and blood on his skin making him shift with discomfort. When you don’t reply he takes it as his cue to leave, his stomach clenching with the knowledge that he’s scared you. He didn’t want your first official meeting to be like this, but he was just so angry that someone had upset you, and one thing led to another—

“Wait.” You don’t find your voice until he’s already halfway down your walkway, moving to shove his hands into his pockets. He pauses, because he’ll do absolutely anything that you ask, and turns back towards you.

“Yes?” He says, and your face flickers with surprise at how gentle his tone is.

“You can come in, if you’d like.” You say. “You can use my shower. And I was just starting on dinner, y’know, if you were hungry or anything.” You bite your lip. You always do that when you’re nervous, and it sends a wave of endearment crashing over him.

You shouldn’t be offering. You should have raced back into your house and dead bolted the door behind you. You should be fearful and desperate to be away from him; it’s no secret that he’s one of the most dangerous people around, but the knowledge doesn’t phase you.

He should ignore you. He promised Ushijima that he would be over tonight, and if he takes you up on your offer then he’s sure he won’t leave for a long time. He should be walking away, cursing himself for making such a bad impression and letting his distant crush on you getting the best of him. He’s dangerous, and even though you’re everything he’s ever wanted, he’s resigned himself to watching you from afar because he doesn’t want the trouble that seems to follow him to creep up on you as well.

But he’ll protect you. He’ll fight tooth and nail until his last breath if he has to, just to make you smile that gentle smile he loves so much.

“That sounds good.” He says, voice quiet but still raspy. The nervous look on your face dissipates slightly, and he’s actually pleased to see that you’re shooting him a shy grin as you move to the side, gesturing him indoors.

That moment of time, when he’s still bearing the marks of his fight and you’re pressing down the nerves in the pit of your stomach, is when it all begins.

—

“You’re going to give me a heart attack one of these days.”
Semi winces as you use your tweezers to remove a piece of gravel from the scrape along his back; your touch is gentle, but it still stings a little bit.

“I don’t even know how you got this in the first place.” You grab another piece. He flinches again, and this time you pat his uninjured shoulder in a gesture of apology. “Did one of those guys drag you around on the ground by your feet?”

“Something like that.” He says, even though that’s exactly what happened. It wasn’t one of his best moments, but those guys from Karasuno were tough.

However, he can’t really complain that Tendō got him involved in that skirmish with that Tsukishima guy and his pals. Ever since he returned your necklace, your home had become sort of a safe haven for him. You always cleaned him up, offered him food, and didn’t ask many questions. He thinks that you like the company, and while it might seem insane on the outside for such a gentle and polite girl to hang out with someone as brutal and bitter as him, he likes to think that you actually see something in him, something that isn’t cold or dark or dangerous. Surprisingly, you seem like you enjoy taking care of him, and the bond that it builds more than makes up for a few cuts and scrapes. He knows more about you now; your favorite color, your best school subject, how many pets you’ve had, what kind of soap you use. As mundane as those things may seem, they make him fall even harder for you. You’re not just a light shining in the distance anymore. You’re a flesh-and-blood woman, one who shows him kindness and affection even though you know what kind of person he is, and although he was afraid his friends would discourage such a thing, they actually seem happy for him—

“I’m going to put some ointment on it.” You warn. He nods, gripping the sheets of your bed and trying to pin his focus on something in your room in order to prepare for the inevitable sting. There’s the textbooks on your desk and those cute bunny slippers of yours, but he settles on the framed picture of you and your father on your dresser.

He feels the familiar slide of healing ointment on his back, and he breathes in sharply through his nose. It burns, but you always insist on applying it so that his wounds don’t get infected. Besides, the sensation of it is nothing compared to the feeling of getting knocked down and dragged over crumbling asphalt.

He bites his slightly swollen lip, eyes tracing the curve of your smile in the photo. You’re young in it, balanced on your father’s knee while he’s looking down at you with absolute adoration. It’s a little heartbreaking, because he knows what happened just months after this picture was taken, but —

“Fuck.” He hisses when the ointment coats a particularly deep part of the scrape. You mumble an apology and he immediately forgives you, trying to focus on how good your fingers feel against his bare skin rather than how much pain he’s in. The cracked rib from his altercation a few weeks ago doesn’t help matters, and you seem to read his expression without actually seeing his face.

“I’m almost done. Just let me put gauze over it.” You say. He grunts, and you reach over to your nightstand to rummage through the first aid kid you have resting there, pulling out a few squares of the white material and a roll of medical tape.

He’s thankful, not for the first time, that you’re willing to do this for him. Cleaning up after fights was always such a hassle, especially because Goshiki was the only one competent enough with first aid to help them. Having three or more boys to clean up, though, seemed a bit taxing. By the time he got to Semi he always seemed to want to get it over with, so his touches were usually rough and hurried.
But you take your time. You lay the gauze over the wound and tape it down with such a soft touch that he’s convinced you aren’t human. An angel, perhaps.

“Thanks.” He says when you’re finally done. At this point he’s usually reaching for his shirt and trying to distance himself from you lest he allow his emotions to control him, but the fabric on the back of his shirt is completely shredded and your fingers are still lingering over his skin.

He thinks he can feel affection in them, but he pushes down that hope as soon as it’s born. He’s liked you for a while; he’s assuming that you know, because you seem to be quite observant, and the fact that you haven’t reacted to it squashes any hope of reciprocation.

But your fingers are still there. They skim over the surface of his uninjured skin, tracing tiny scars and lingering over the start of the tattoo on his hip. He doesn’t say a word, afraid that he’ll ruin the moment if he does.

But then you legitimately rob him of the ability to speak when you press a gentle kiss behind his ear. His entire body heats up, and he forgets about the pain. Forgets about the bruises and his split lip and the fact that he’s going to have to walk home shirtless. His entire body seems to boil down to that one spot behind his ear, where he can still feel your lips even though you’ve already pulled back.

“I worry about you.” You say, and your voice lacks the typical humor. It’s soft and for his ears only, and suddenly hope blooms in his chest like hundreds of flowers on a summer day, because he knows you’re telling him the truth. You care about him immensely.

He turns, ignoring the spark of pain that the movement causes, because he’s waited so long and he cares about you so much that he can’t contain himself any longer. You open your mouth to speak but his hand is already behind your head, fingers tangling in your hair as he presses his lips to yours.

It tastes metallic, due to the dried blood on his lip, but he doesn’t mind because he never thought he would gather the courage to actually kiss you. Your lips are soft and he finds with a jolt that they’re moving against his. You’re kissing him back. He pulls away, though, once he realizes exactly what he’s doing.

“You shouldn’t.” He pants.

“Worry about you?” You look dazed, delightfully so.

“No.” He wants to kiss you again, but he also wants to dart from your room and never return. This is exactly what he kept telling himself not to do, but for some reason his emotions always overruled his coherent thinking when it came to you. “You shouldn’t be doing this with me.”

“What?” Your eyebrows knit together, and he has to admit that you have every right to be confused with what just happened.

“I’m just…” he sighs, running a finger through his hair. “God, I’m so fucking stupid.”

“What?” You repeat, “don’t say that, Semi—”

“I don’t know why you’re doing this.” He blurts, “I hurt people, you know that, I’ve almost killed —”

He doesn’t see you roll your eyes, but it’s impossible to miss the fact that you’ve leaned forward once more, sealing your mouth over his. He has half a mind to break away again and ask if you’re
insane, but he can’t because the way you’re kissing him steals his conviction. All the toughness
and the anger and the resentment at life seems to melt away when you rest your hand on his cheek
in a sign of reassurance that he didn’t know he needed.

“Shei.” You say, pulling apart so that your lips still brush against his when you speak. “I know.”

“We shouldn’t do this.” He tries to force conviction into his voice but it falls flat. “You deserve
better.”

“You’re the best.” You say. Your thumb strokes the top of his cheekbone, and the movement
makes him close his eyes for a moment. He can’t remember the last time someone has spoken to
him with such affection in their voice.

“[Name].”

“Do you want to be with me?” You ask, and his eyes fly open because you sound so unsure, like
you don’t know if he actually likes you. Like you’ve missed the fact that he practically lives for the
hours he spends in your home, eating dinner with you and gradually opening up. Like you haven’t
noticed that he’s tried to quit smoking just because he doesn’t want the air you breathe to be toxic.
You’re one of the few people in this world that he actually gives a damn about, and the fact that
you don’t know that makes his heart stutter painfully.

“More than anything.” He says.

And then you’re kissing again, and he feels like he isn’t broken as he thought he was. In fact, he
might just be whole.

—

You were never a traditional person.

You got that personality trait from your father. He was always running around, doing unusual
things and trying to make the most out of life. You suppose that’s what he was doing on the night
he died, but nobody has clarified that for you. All you know is that his car was completely
destroyed and he didn’t have a chance of survival.

It was agreed to by your relatives that you would inherit your old home once you started high
school. You were a mature girl, they reasoned, one that could probably fend for herself all alone,
and you didn’t have the heart to tell them that the last thing you wanted was to be left by yourself in
a house full of heartbreaking memories, so you braced yourself for years of passing by your dad’s
old room with your eyes screwed shut as if that was enough to shut out the pain.

But then a delinquent started following you.

The first night, you were unsettled. You knew who he was immediately, and not only because he
hung around Ushijima. He was distinctive in his own right, the boy who hated everyone but a
handful of his friends, with a glare that could make a full-grown man throw himself on the ground
and beg for mercy. You were afraid, seeing him there and knowing his eyes were on you as he
exhaled smoke.

But then you got used to it. You got to know him, got to see the quirk of his lips when they pulled
into a smile, got to hear his rough voice smooth out and go gentle. You got to run your hands over
his skin when he was injured, mending his scrapes and rubbing his bruises, falling in love ever so
slowly with a boy who was probably too crass for his own good. He kept you company here,
filling the house back up with good memories and providing you comfort in ways that were slowly
starting to mend the crack in your heart.

You didn’t want to think what your relatives would say to you about it, but you take comfort in knowing that your father would not have minded, because his untraditional view on life extended to other humans as well, and he had the same way of seeing the good in people as you did.

You could even see the gentleness in Semi during times like these.

“I’m going to ruin you.” His fingers are pressing bruises into your hips as he bucks into you mercilessly, his chest rubbing against your back while his lips brush the shell of your ear. You’re panting, eyes a little bit unfocused as he pummels into you, hips smacking against your ass with each thrust. “I’m gonna fuck you until the entire goddamn prefecture knows you’re mine.”

Your arms are a little shaky as they try to hold you steady, a surprised gasp leaving your mouth as he sinks his teeth into your shoulder, sucking at the skin to create a deep purple mark that you’ll be forced to hide under high collars. You don’t complain when he does it, though, because it feels fantastic and the look in his eyes when he’s done is more than worth it. He loves you and you know it, even when he’s fucking you almost hard enough to break you.

“Especially that guy who was eye-fucking you today.” He sneers once his mouth is free. Your eyes widen when that warmth of his body over yours is gone, replaced by the sudden feeling of his fingers knotting in your hair and tipping your head back so that your eyes meet his.

He has a cut along his cheek and a few bruises dotting his chest, evidence of what he was doing before he came to pick you up from school and saw one of your classmates flirting with you. You wish you cold be scared at the sight like any normal person would be, but there’s something so raw and masculine about the way he looks, his skin smelling like smoke and leather. You love Semi Eita with all your heart, even though most people would be quick to judge him, and even when his grip on your body is brutal and unforgiving, you know he would stop if you asked him to.

But you don’t want him to stop. You want all of him, even the rough and unfinished parts, because he wants all of you. And maybe you don’t complete each other in the traditional sense, but you can’t imagine there being anybody else in the world that could make you feel this way.

He sees it, and although you know he’s still royally pissed off that someone else was making a move on you, there’s a glimmer of affection in his eyes. He licks his lips and you know he wants to kiss you, but the position would make doing so impossible. So he settles for staring down at you as he continues to slam into your cunt, watching your eyes slip in and out of focus and breathy little moans fall past your lips.

“You take my cock so well.” He purrs, the hand that isn’t in your hair slowly migrating downwards. You inhale sharply when it finds purchase on your clit, rubbing languid circles that don’t quite match his unforgiving pace. “And you’re always so wet. God, I could fuck you forever, you know that?”

He laughs a little bit when your mouth tries to form words but no sound comes out. There’s a little bit of drool leaking past the corner of your lip and it’s driving him absolutely crazy, seeing how depraved you get while he’s fucking you. You’ve never once protested his rough treatment, never once had a modicum of hesitance in your eyes. He knows that he shouldn’t be jealous that other people see beauty in you as well, but he can’t help himself. You’re the one thing in this world that he absolutely adores, and he’ll be damned if someone tries to take that from him.

You’re close. Oh god are you close, and your fingers tighten their hold on your bedsheets. Your eyes are closing and you’re ready to lose yourself to bliss—
He pulls out of you. You balk, immediately panicking, but you can’t leave your position because his hand leaves your hair and presses down on your back, telling you without words that he doesn’t want you to move.

“You didn’t seem to mind when that boy was flirting with you, though.” He muses. He stops pressing down on your clit, hand going to his cock. You can hear him start to slowly rub himself, the lewd sound of your juices against his palm making you want to cry.

“No!” You nearly wail, but if it’s an answer to his statement or just you mourning the loss of your impending orgasm, you’ll never know. You wiggle your hips almost pitifully, the promise of white-hot bliss fading away.

“Now imagine how I felt,” he muses, still languidly stroking himself, “when I saw another guy talking to my girl like that.”

“Eita.” You whimper, “please.”

“Please what, baby?” Oh god, is he trying to kill you?

“Let me come.” Your words are barely more than a breathless whimper, and he laughs again. You should be bitter about that, but somehow it just serves to turn you on more.

He hisses a little bit when he feels a familiar spark in the base of his cock. You know that sound, and you’re almost horrified to think that he might not finish fucking you and just come all over your back instead.

“Please.” You try again. “Please, fuck me.”

“I dunno.” He purrs. “How badly do you want it?”

“So bad.” You whine. “I want your cock more than anything.”

“Not that other guy’s?”

“No.” You answer immediately. “Nobody else.”

“Are you gonna come all nice and pretty for me, baby?”

“Yes.” You tip your head back to meet his eyes, but you almost wish you hadn’t. His gaze is feral and it seems to burn a hole right through you. It makes you clench up a little bit, but without him inside of you the movement is useless. “I wanna come all over your cock.”

“And you promise that it’s all for me?” He’s practically purring at this point, dragging the head of his cock over your slit with a lopsided grin. You want to scoff at him, because the both of you know that his jealousy is unfounded, but you’re too focused on trying to get him back inside of you to do so.

“Of course.” You try to move back a bit to slide him into you, but he knows you too well. The hand on your back gently pushes you forward again, preventing you from any semblance of relief.

“Well,” he lets out a shuddering breath, “I guess I can give you what you want.” He wants to keep this going longer, but the way you look right now is making him crazy and he knows he won’t last either way.

“Well if it’s such a chore then—” you don’t even get to finish your sentence before he’s slipping
back into you, buried to the hilt within seconds. He resumes his previous pace as if the interlude hadn’t happened in the first place, and you would turn around and kill him if you weren’t so busy letting out little moans of enjoyment.

“Who’s fucking you?” He asks. His fingers finally go back to your clit— still coated with your essence— and press down hard when you don’t respond immediately, too focused on taking in a few shaky breaths.

“Eita.” You pant, and he pinches your clit between his index and middle finger, rolling it slightly.

“Louder.” He snarls. He’s not going to last much longer, not with the way your lips are forming his name.

“Eita!” You inhale sharply when he rolls your clit again, eyes rolling back slightly.

“Who’s gonna make you come?” He slams into you one final time, as if he’s trying to force his name into you.

“Eita!” You all but sob, and he watches as you come undone below him. The sight never really fails to render him breathless, because he knows that it’s because of him. He doesn’t want to be possessive, honestly, because he knows that you’re not a thing to be bought or sold, but he can’t help the pride that rushes through him when you wail his name through your orgasm.

He screws his eyes shut and finishes as well, coating your insides with his emission with a strangled curse. A rush of fondness courses through him— endorphins or something, but he doesn’t go to class so he’s not really sure— and he doesn’t let go of you until he’s fallen from his high.

He slips out gently, watching as your arms fold and you collapse onto the sheets, letting out a breathless noise. He settles down next to you, wrapping a sweaty arm over your equally sweaty body.

“I need to go on birth control.” You sigh after a moment. “Because I swear you’re going to get me pregnant one of these days.”

He should be terrified at the notion, but instead he smirks a bit and presses a kiss to the back of your neck. “And what’s wrong with that? You’d be a great mom.”

“Besides the fact that we’re still teenagers, I think I would get kicked out of school.” You roll your eyes at him; you know he wants a family someday, but this is just ridiculous.

“Nah.” He gives you another kiss. You snort into the pillow. “Besides, then everyone at school would know you’re with me.”

“You fucking freak.” You laugh. “You’re still upset about that guy earlier?”

“Well, yeah.” He pulls you closer into a very familiar position. You don’t complain, because Semi is the greatest big spoon that anyone could ask for. “Either he was making those eyes at you or my motorcycle.”

“Probably the motorcycle.” You say, and he fights the urge to roll his eyes.

“I was joking, [Name].”

“I wasn’t. That thing is sexy as hell.”
Now it’s his turn to snort, but it’s a pleased sound. It always made him happy that you appreciated his bike, because most people saw it as just another rebellious choice.

“Yeah, but—”

“Eita.” You groan, and he knows that he needs to drop it. You’re here with him, after all, and that’s what matters.

“I love you.” He mumbles, and to his absolute delight you say it back.

—

He moves in with you. It’s a natural occurrence, one that takes place in the years following your high school graduation. One day he’s just your boyfriend who visits, and the next he just doesn’t go back to his own place. His toiletries compete for space with yours in the bathroom. His ratty sneakers are lined up next to yours by the front door. His friends come and go as they please, filling your house with rounds of laughter and joy that it hasn’t seen since your father passed.

Things get a little more domestic. He starts forgoing long nights at Ushijima’s in favor of wrapping his arms around you and resting his chin on your shoulder as you make dinner. The scraps and cuts and bruises on his body slowly fade and aren’t replaced like they used to be. He stops getting random tattoos, instead using the money to help you pay rent, though he slipped up last month and spent a good amount of cash on an upper-arm piece. You couldn’t stay angry with him for long, because when he peeled back the gauze and revealed an arrowed heart with your name in the center, all you could do was giggle.

You told him it was the corniest thing you’d ever seen, but he saw the pinpricks of flattery and delight in your eyes.

“I swear you’re the best cook in the entire world.” He groans, pulling you closer. You peck him on the nose, your stomach pleasantly full and the heat of his body making you a little giddy. You came in here to make the bed but Semi had other ideas, tackling you to the sheets and pressing warm kisses over every inch of skin that he could.

“I doubt that, but thank you.” You laugh, grinning as he threads his fingers through yours.

He’s smiling at you, that kind grin that nobody else—not even his friends—gets to see, and it fills you to the brim with affection. You swear you could burst open right now with how happy you are, how adored you feel and how completely whole—

“My dad would have liked you.” You blurt, and he goes still. You feel an embarrassed blush burn your skin once you realize what you’ve said, and how uncomfortable he must feel, but he takes you by surprise when his smile takes on a smaller and much sadder form.

“Yeah, I’m sure he would have been crazy about his daughter dating a yankii.” He says. You gape at him for a moment, taken aback by the bitterness in his voice.

“Former yankii.” You remind him, and he gives you a forlorn little chuckle. It isn’t often that he lets down his guard so completely, even around you, and you wish you hadn’t said anything. The uncertainty in his eyes reminds you of the night you first kissed, when he said he wasn’t good enough for you and you had to convince him otherwise.

“That doesn’t change much.” He says. Your hand goes to the back of his head and pulls it closer, so that his forehead is resting on yours and your eyes are looking straight into one another’s.
“He would have adored you. I know it.” You say. He gazes at you for a long moment, a little taken aback by how serious the mood became in the last few moments, but he sees the determination written all over your face. “You make me happy, and that’s all he ever wanted.”

You feel one of Semi’s fingers run over the chain around your neck. He always likes looking at that pendant, seeing that reminder that you carry around with you. It’s a token of both the men who love you dearly; your father, who gave it to you, and him, who returned it. There’s words on your tongue, ones of devotion and adoration, but he steals them from you when he kisses you again.

It’s slow and unhurried. You feel like you could be here forever, wordlessly exchanging affection, but he has that look in his eyes that you know all too well. He pulls you even closer, rolling so that he can suspend himself over you and lick into your mouth, and you accept it immediately.

He’s not always rough, though it’s a rare occasion for him to be passionate like this. His hand cups your clothed breast, giving a gentle squeeze, and you arch your back at the touch. He breaks apart for a moment, giving you an affectionate peck on the tip of your nose.

“Thank you.” He says. You’re not quite sure if he’s thanking you for reassuring him that your father would have approved, or if he’s thanking you for just being with him in general, but the affection in his words is overwhelming. You close your eyes, letting him slide your shirt over your head and unclip your bra, only opening them once the familiar sensation of a mouth wrapping around your nipple overtakes your senses.

“Eita.” You breathe, your hand still on the back of his head. His eyes meet yours, half-lidded and lustful, and you see his mouth pull into a smile while his teeth gently scrape over the hardened nub. He switches after a moment, though, and the gleam of saliva on your chest is strangely arousing.

“I could stare at you forever.” He says, suddenly pulling back so that he can remove his own shirt. He’s already starting to get hard, evidenced by the bulge beginning to strain the front of his skinny jeans, and your eyes scan over him with fondness.

There’s scars and ink and even a small birthmark on him, but you don’t think you’ve ever seen anything more perfect in your entire life. You don’t see the rough exterior when you look at him; you see the kind soul of the boy who protected you, who visits the cemetery with you and takes you for long rides on his motorcycle. You see the boy who likes to stop and talk to dogs on the street, who lets you call him pet names in front of his friends and always runs a warm bath for you when you get home from work.

You see the man you love, and you see that he loves you just the same.

You let him tug your skirt down, your panties following suit, and watch as he makes quick work of his own lower half. He’s always loved the sensation of bare skin against bare skin, so undressing will always be a hurried affair no matter how rough or gentle he’s being.

He wastes no time in scooting down the bed, laying on his stomach so that he’s eye-level with your cunt. You’re already wet, of course, but he still likes to look. In high school, you used to get embarrassed and clamp your legs shut, but you’ve since come to appreciate the glint in his eye when he’s about to eat you out.

He doesn’t lean forward instantly, though. Instead, one of his hands comes up and his fingers spread your lips apart, his tongue darting out to lick at his lips as he stares openly at your glistening folds.
“Pretty girl.” He coos, other hand spreading your legs a little bit more. You rest on your elbows, watching as he licks a stripe up your cunt the same way one would lick an ice cream cone. “And you taste good, too. I could do this for hours.” He murmurs, and you don’t doubt what he’s saying because he has.

You don’t say a word, just watching with labored breaths as he slides his tongue inside of you, flicking it upwards the way he knows that you like. It’s breathtaking, really, how one person could turn oral into an art form, but Semi continues to surprise you with each passing year and frankly, he’s just gotten better and better at it. Both of you know that he could turn you into a complete mess within seconds, but he’s taking his time tonight. He wants to savor you, and the thought makes your mind go a tad numb.

“Always so wet for me.” He pulls his tongue out for a moment to tease at the tip of your clit, but then he shoves it right back inside of you before you can respond. You nearly shout when his fingers prod at your saliva-covered clit, rubbing slow circles as he blatantly stares at you. Your juices and his saliva is smeared across his lips and down his chin, gleaming in the dim light of your room as he curls his tongue again. The rough texture of it slides against your inner walls in the best way possible, and if your arms weren’t needed to support you then you’d have already grabbed a handful of his hair. He seems to know this, too, and it makes him grin wider as he eats you out like a starved man.

“Oh!” His tongue is long, but it still can’t reach that one spot inside of you, so he slides his middle and ring finger in next to his tongue when he’s decided that you’re sufficiently wet enough. They search for a moment before sliding along a sensitive patch of tissue, and you almost come right then and there. “Jesus!”

He chuckles, the sound sending small vibrations into you. You think he’s going to touch your g-spot again, but you suddenly get worried when he removes both his tongue and his fingers from you in order to sit back up.

“What—” Your frantic question gets cut short when you see him hold out his fingers to you, his other hand wrapping around his cock and stroking it languidly. You know what he wants you to do and you do it without hesitation, licking at his glistening fingers happily. You really don’t taste that bad, and he always seems to be pleased when you lick his digits clean.

You want to ask him if you can return the favor, but he seems to want to fuck you more than anything. It’s not like you’re complaining, either, because his cock is nothing short of impressive and you’d do just about anything to have it inside of you right now.

He must know that, because he eases himself inside of you without preamble. You fall back, using your now-free arms to wrap around his neck and pull him in for a soft kiss. Your wetness is still on his lips and the slide of it between your mouths is nothing short of erotic. His tongue finds yours once more and his hands curl around your hips and he gives his first thrust, scattering shocks of pleasure throughout your body.

It’s not often that the two of you fuck missionary-style. His penchant for rough handling is more suitable for doggy-stye or with you on top, so you savor the unusual feeling of having his chest slide against yours. You’re still sensitive from being on the edge of release, so your hands migrate to his upper arms and your fingernails sink into his skin, right above the tattoo that bears your name.

He groans as he sets his pace, which isn’t insanely fast but is still enough to pull the air from your lungs. You break apart then, eyes locking and hips smacking together, and the way he’s looking at
you is the same way your father used to look at your mother. It’s almost too much, and it brings a certain stingling sensation to your eyes, but the overwhelming pleasure that comes from him also pulling at your clit is enough to battle the sentimentality for now.

“You’re so perfect.” He mumbles, words low enough so that only you could hear them. “You’re so, so perfect.”

“Eita!” You tighten your grip on his arm, feeling the roll of sinew and tissue under your fingers, but instead of speeding up, his thrusts slow down. He circles them slowly, rolling his hips against yours, and you almost cry out with impatience, wondering if he’s trying to torture you.

But that look is still in his eyes, as is a sliver of uncertainty. He swallows hard in an attempt to remedy his labored breathing, though his next words are incredibly soft.

“Do you love me?”

You stare up at him, thoughts mildly interrupted by how his cock is still moving inside of you, and you nod. His expression doesn’t ease, though, and you can tell that he wants to hear you say it.

“Yes.” Your voice cracks with the effort it takes not to cry out. From emotion or pleasure, you’re not sure. “More than anything.”

“Say it.” He speeds up once more, and now he’s desperate.

“I love you!” You can’t imagine being with anyone else.

“I love you!” He’s always been there to protect you.

“I love you!” He’s the only thing that makes you feel whole, like life might just be worth living. He’s spurned on by your repeated declarations, pressing down on your clit and thrusting hard enough to make the entire world go fuzzy around the edges, and you feel like the air around you is crackling with static and something else that has no name.

You arch your back as you come, his first name falling from your lips like a prayer, and he follows you with a hiss, spilling inside of you without abandon. The warmth from it seems to reach your fingertips, the thought that he’s inside you and around you and that the happiness of his smile is imprinted behind your eyelids is almost too much.

He falls to your side with a pleased sound, and your hands skim over his sweaty skin as you try to pull him closer. He hums and allows you to do so, his arms wrapping around you and moving you so that your chests are touching.

“Marry me.” He murmurs. You’re so busy trying to catch your breath for a moment that you don’t fully register his words, but when you do you look up into his face with awe, mouth agape.

“What?”

“I’m serious.” He says. His voice is so quiet that you could mistake it for the wind blowing outside. “I know I’m not really a catch, [Name], and I don’t even have a ring yet, but—”


It takes a minute. He’s looking at you, eyes wide. And then, for the first time in your life, you see Semi Eita cry.
“Well I’ll be damned. The first time I see you wearing a decent outfit and it’s on your fucking wedding day.”

Semi smacks Tendō on the arm, but the look on his face has no hint of malice. “Don’t be a douche. Be thankful that I picked you as best man.”

“Yeah, yeah. I have to hand it to you, though. You’re really lucky.”

Tendō’s grin is far from sardonic, and it makes Semi all the happier. They stand there for a moments, sipping their flutes of champagne side-by-side as Semi watches you talk to a few of the guests. The reception, much like the ceremony, is very intimate. Everyone knows everyone else, and there isn’t a person in the building without a smile on their face.

You’re absolutely glowing. Everyone must think it’s because you’re now a newlywed, but Semi knows better. You lock eyes from across the room, beaming at each other the way that couples do, and your hand rests over your stomach.

It’s a gesture that looks innocent and nonchalant, but he knows just as well as you do that you’re cradling the beginning of a bump that will slowly but surely grow over the next few months.

“Believe me, Tendō, I know.”

Chapter End Notes

LMAO In case you guys wanted to know- the person who dragged Semi around through cracked asphalt was none other than Delinquent!Tanaka.
OKAY, SO: I know this took a while, and I'm so, so sorry about that. I've been so busy ever since I got home that it's kind of ridiculous. Those of you who follow me on tumblr know that I've had quite a rough time. I've been busy with work, a car accident, and dealing with some serious writer's block. But finally, I managed to finish this update, and I hope you all enjoy it, despite the fact that it's kind of... ugh, angsty with a little bit of a weird ending. I might post a longer explanation of everything that goes on in this chapter if anybody is confused by it, but for right now all I have to say is that 1) this is a mixture of Supernatural lore and my own sort of demon AU lore, and 2) the flashbacks start out as chronological, then are out of order towards the end. Ha.

I won't say much else, because I don't want to spoil the whole thing, but just know that this isn't as happy as the other chapters. I really wanted to experiment/take risks with this one, so... this is the result. It's almost 14,000 words, and most of that is plot. But, uh, I hope you guys enjoy it regardless!

xoxo sabby

The first thing you register when you wake up is that your throat is burning. It’s a dry burn, like you just swallowed a sheet of sandpaper, and it makes you blink your eyes open with a gasp.

There’s an odd feeling in the air, like you’ve just been ripped from something pure and clean and dropped into mud. Your entire body is tingling in the absolute worst way possible, every single bone feeling like it might just snap if you aren’t careful. Despite having your eyes wide open, it’s pitch black. You wonder if you’re blind.

But then a light comes on right in front of you and a loud ringing floods your ears. You want to slap your hands over them but you can’t move. You’re not sure if it’s because your body is useless or if you’ve been restrained, but you don’t spare much thought to it because the ringing is now so loud that it’s physically paining you, making you clench your eyes shut again and actually pray that you go back to whatever state you were in before this—

And then it stops.

“Did it work?”

“Does it **look** like it worked? She’s almost exactly the way that she was when she died. You can’t get more pristine than that.”

You hear a scoff— **why is this voice so familiar?**— and a rustle. The light is still on, making the insides of your eyelids glow a peachy orange color. Your throat still feels rough despite the painful ache in your body having dissipated. The thought of water almost makes you want to cry, but you’re not sure that you’d even be able to create tears. You feel dry and shriveled, like all moisture in your body has evaporated and just left you with your bare bones.

The light dims a little bit. You crack an eye open and see someone leaning over you, his dark eyes
searching you. You want to reach out and touch him, but again your desire is squashed; you know
now that you’ve been restrained.

He’s familiar. Dark hair, broad shoulders, catlike gleam in his eyes. You remember him but you
don’t, a name playing around at the tip of your tongue that your brain refuses to register. The look
of concern that he’s giving you is uncharacteristic— that much you know for certain— and for
some reason you want to reassure him.

“Well I’ll be damned.” His voice is choked up. It sounds a little miserable, though. “You weren’t
just scamming us.”

“Of course I wasn’t.” Your head feels too heavy to move but your eyes still flicker over to your
right. There’s someone standing there with his arms crossed, not looking at you. You feel like he
should be, but his eyes are angry and directed at the man still leaning over you. You do not know
this man’s name, even in the deepest recesses of your mind. “And for that, you’re going to really
owe me.”

“We’ll talk about it later.”

“No, I think we’ll talk about it now. Just because I raised her doesn’t mean I can’t send her back
to… wherever it is that she went.”

The boy leaning over you straightens up. The light is bright again. You shut your eye.

“Alright. Fine. What are your terms?”

“We’ll discuss this outside. Let… whatever your name is handle her.”

“I want to be here!”

“We’re doing this on my terms.”

Footsteps. Door opening. Slamming. You try to swallow and it’s excruciating.

The light dims again. You wait a moment before opening your eyes. There’s a new boy now, with
blond hair. You know him. You know him. The roots of his hair are black. An image passes over
your mind, one of this boy with shorter hair and a less ratty sweatshirt. He didn’t have those bags
under his eyes, either.

His name leaves your mouth before you process it. Your voice is raspy and cracks, but it still
makes his eyes widen.

“[Name].” Your name. That’s what does it; your name triggers something in you that makes a
bunch of gears all turn at once. If you could picture them, they’d be rusted and coated in cobwebs.
But they still get the work done, flooding your mind with images and feelings and emotions and
what’s happening how did you get here you’re not supposed to be here you’re supposed to be—

“You have dirt on your teeth.” He says. You don’t care. You don’t care that there’s grime under
your fingernails or that you can feel ants crawling on your skin. You want to burst into tears.

“Kenma.” You rasp. He leans a little bit closer. “Why am I here?”

“We needed you back.” He says simply, though there’s a look of pained wonder in his eyes that
mirrors the man from before. Kuroo. You know his name, and it sends a flurry of thoughts through
your head. You’re eight, coming home to an oddly silent house. Ten, finding two boys along the
side of the road and asking them why they’re crying. Fifteen, eating at a diner and scanning a map
that Kuroo laid on the table. Seventeen, leaving salt on windowsills. Twenty, driving a knife into
the skull of a creature that no regular human will ever be damned enough to see. Twenty one,
feeling hands sliding against your skin and looking into red eyes that should be making you feel
fear unlike anything else. Twenty-two and there’s a bright light, scared shouting, a white-hot pain
in your stomach—

“Where was I?” You ask. Kenma stares at you for a moment that feels like an eternity.

“Dead.” He says. “Oikawa killed you.”

—

"Did it hurt?"

“Did what hurt?”

“When you fell from heaven.”

His mouth pulls into a humorless smile. You wonder if you’ve gone too far, but he doesn’t look
angry. More like resigned.

“It did, actually. It hurt a lot.”

You frown. He doesn’t sound bitter, either. He should be, but then again you suppose that he’s had
thousands of years to think over the whole situation.

That bothers you. The man in front of you is not a man at all. He’s seen nations rise and fall—
some of them his own doing— has seen creatures on this planet that you could hardly ever dream
of. You know he would tell you more about them if you asked, but that knowledge might serve to
remind you of just how different you are to the crowned king of hell.

“I’m sorry.” You say. His smile gets a bit kinder at your words. He sits next to you on the bed and
you almost want to laugh because the most powerful demon in the entire universe is having a
casual discussion with you. Never in your wildest dreams did you picture something like this
happening when you joined Kenma and Kuroo on their mission to avenge their parent’s deaths, or
when Oikawa cornered you in your motel room one fateful night.

But here you were, asking questions of a fallen angel-turned-demon in a shitty motel room. Kuroo
is blasting classic rock in the room next door, something that would typically annoy you but
tonight serves to make you feel a bit better; the noise of it drowns out the sound of your talking.
The last thing you need is for the boys to know that you’re meeting with Oikawa behind their
backs.

He mulls over your apology for a second, those awful red eyes of his trained on you. Then he has
an arm around you, pulling you to his side so that he can press his lips onto your forehead. They’re
colder than ice.

“It’s okay.” He says. “If I hadn’t fallen, I wouldn’t have met you.”

“Do you say that to all of your conquests?” You snort, rolling your eyes in an attempt to hide the
fact that you’re a little bit bitter. You know what kind of creature he is. You’re an expert in the
lore, after all.

“No.” The sincerity of his voice does funny things to you. “Never.”
You don’t get the nerve to ask about Oikawa until two weeks after your resurrection. It makes sense, seeing as how Kuroo is busy dealing with the moody necromancer that brought you back—you didn’t even know that they could do that—and Kenma has tirelessly been doing research for a case somewhere in Kansas.

It goes a bit deeper than that, though. There are still holes in your memory, gigantic stretches of darkness that make you draw a blank during the most mundane things. You can’t tie your shoes anymore. You don’t know how to drive. Beyond that, you’re kind of frightened to know why the king of hell murdered you in cold blood; by all accounts, you were the only one in your little trio of hunters that was on good terms with the guy.

“Why did he kill me?” You finally muster up the courage to address the issue when Kenma and Kuroo are fighting in the front seat over which diner to eat at. They stop immediately once they hear your question, though, and Kuroo peers into the back seat through the rear-view mirror with an unsettled look in his eye.

“I don’t know.” He looks a little pained, and part of your brain screams to you that he’s lying. You nearly call him on it, too, but at that moment you’re a little confused as to why your subconscious is telling you not to trust his words. Isn’t this the guy that had you brought back to life? You should be taking his words as gospel, but you just can’t. Every time you think about it, a distant memory of bright red eyes flicks through your mind.

“How do you not know? It seems like I would have had to do something pretty bad in order to get the king of hell to personally murder me.” You reason. Kenma turns as well, allowing Kuroo to give his full attention to driving once more.

“You didn’t. That’s why we keep telling you that he did it in cold blood.” Kenma’s words are a bit more convincing but you can still tell that they’re not telling you the entire truth. You cross your arms but don’t say anything else.

The car falls to silence. Kenma and Kuroo both seem to agree that they’re no longer hungry, so Kuroo switches courses to the motel. You’re not looking forward to it, because being alone means being subject to your thoughts and fractured memories, but these boys apparently know what’s best for you.

—

"Do you ever get lonely?"

Oikawa cracks an eye open. His air is still immaculate and the sheen of sweat on his skin from your prior activities has since dried. He looks like a model, stretched out on the dingy and stained motel sheets, and it makes you a little nervous for some reason. Maybe it’s because you know other people have seen him this way.

“You ask a lot of questions, don’t you?” He murmurs. He doesn’t sound irritated at all, though.

“I can’t help but be interested. Besides, I have nobody else to ask; I’ve never had a secret relationship with a demon before.” You muse. You poke him on the tip of the nose and he sticks his tongue out at you.

After a moment of consideration, he answers you. “I used to. Now I can just come and talk to you if I get lonely.”
“First of all,” you roll your eyes, “I wouldn’t call what we just did ‘talking’. Second of all, why me? I’m sure you’ve had thousands of other people in your lifetime.”

He gives you a crooked smile. It’s incredibly pained.

“You don’t believe me, do you?”

“No offense, Oikawa, but you’re a demon. Lying is sort of your ‘thing’.”

Another pause.

“You’re the love of my life, you know that?”

You roll your eyes for a second time. “Oikawa, I’ll have you know that it sort of kills me inside when you say that. I know I’m not the only one you’re fucking around with.”

“There’s nobody else. Believe me.” He grabs your hand in his own and you fight the urge to yank it away. His skin is so icy that he feels like a corpse.

“I want to.” You sigh, swallowing the lump in your throat. He stares at you for a second before bringing you close to his chest, laughing just a little bit when you shiver at the cold contact.

“I can prove it.” He says. You quirk an eyebrow at him and he laughs again. “I’ll tell you my name.”

Your eyes go wide. He’s staring openly at you, drinking in your reaction with that same amused smile on his face, and it’s almost enough to make you jump out of the bed and run into the room next door. His name. That’s something that no other living creature would know. He’s giving you the power to actually kill him, should you so choose, and that in itself is absolutely unfathomable. Knowing a demon’s name is the highest power a human being can possibly possess over them.

He can tell that you’re not going to ask yourself, so he continues. “It’s Tōru. You can call me that, if you’d like. Or you can kill me, too. I’m sure those boys of yours would be thrilled beyond belief to know that you could finally do away with me.”

“No.” You say without a second thought. Oikawa muses over your answer with a more genuine smile now. “I would never.”

“That’s because you love me too.” The truthfulness of his words actually stings at your eyes a little bit. You pull back and he lets you, watching you process the information just given to you.

“I guess I do.” You laugh. It’s incredibly bitter. “Figures, huh? A hunter falling in love with a demon. There’s no way that’ll end badly or anything.”

He snorts. “It’ll be hard, but I think we can manage. I’m not going to let anything bad happen to you.”

“Yeah, but even then I’ll eventually die.” You sigh.

“Yes, you will.” He agrees, “but that doesn’t mean you’ll cease to exist. I don’t care if you go to heaven or purgatory. I’ll come find you if I have to. I’ll look through every single soul until I find yours.”

“And what’ll you do then?” You ask.

“Drag you down to hell with me, of course.”
Here’s what you remember about Oikawa:

He’s not the first demon. He just happens to be a special kind of demon, one that was born from an angel that fell after Lucifer. Kenma tells you that he’s the king of Hell— Lucifer’s most prized soldier, one that governs over damned souls and keeps them locked in the fiery depths while the former archangel is busy trying to bring about the apocalypse— and that they haven’t been in contact with him in the two years since you died. They’re suspicious about that fact, he continues, because it might mean that you were a lot closer with the guy than you let on. You swear up and down that you have no memory of it, even though short flashes of long, pale fingers dragging down your bare skin manifests itself behind your eyelids every time you try to go to sleep.

What you don’t know is where he is. Kuroo made a map of the world, putting red dots on places that experience traumatic events because he thinks that the crown king of hell has gone downright destructive since you died. There’s no connection between the dots, though, and Kenma argues that Oikawa might have just killed himself and been replaced by a more volatile presence. The idea shouldn’t make you flinch, seeing as how you can’t even remember what the guy’s face looks like, but it still does. If they notice, they don’t tell you.

“I see you guys haven’t changed much since I’ve been gone.” You sigh, thumbing through a book of basic Latin phrases. Ironically enough, the things that you can’t remember seem to be the most important.

“No need. Things were fine the way they were.” Kuroo takes a sip of his soda as he types something into his computer. They’re doing some pretty heavy detective work for this case. You used to be able to do that too, but now you often times find yourself left alone in their motel room inside a circle of salt. Sometimes you even have a flask of holy water clutched in one hand. It’s incredibly boring.

“If that’s the case, then why’d you find someone to bring me back to life?” You ask. His hands freeze. You even hear Kenma inhale sharply. Your eyebrows furrow together.

“We missed you.” Kuroo says, a bit of forced nonchalance in his voice. You want to question it, want to know why they don’t seem to be as excited to have you back as they say they are, but you don’t. You just acknowledge the fact that you’ve been lied to and store that information away for later.

—

”So what’s your deal?“

You nearly jump out of your skin when you hear the voice behind you. Damn demons and their ability to teleport. You swear that’s the worst thing about them.

Oikawa stands next to you, leaning on the railing of the motel balcony. You swallow hard, looking around as if you expect Kenma and Kuroo to have hidden cameras around the premises. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“What’s your tragic backstory? Why’re you with Sad and Sadder?” Oikawa asks, gesturing with his head to the general location of your companions. “I know their parents got killed by a rogue demon; that’s why I met you in the first place, after all. How about yours?”

“Hunters.” You say. “Died when I was sixteen, though they weren’t around much in the first
“So you’re telling me that the daughter of two hunters just happened to stumble upon two boys who dealt with demons? Nice little coincidence, isn’t it?”

You scoff. “I’ve been doing this long enough to know that there’s no such thing as a coincidence.”

“You’ve got that right.” Oikawa shoves his hands into his pockets and looks out onto the horizon. The sight before you isn’t quite majestic—just the scummy motel pool and a chain-link fence—but somehow it’s absolutely breathtaking with him next to you. “All part of Father’s plan, or something like that.”

You swallow hard—something you do every time you’re reminded that the man you’re secretly seeing happens to be as old as time itself. Also of the fact that his dad is God.

“You think we were part of that plan?” You joke, nudging him. He doesn’t seem to be in the mood for humor tonight, though, because his frown deepens and his eyebrows furrow together.

“Yes, I do.” He says. “I think Father made you to punish me for falling. I’m doomed to love something so fragile for the rest of my existence.”

You scoff a little out of both disbelief and flattery. “I wouldn’t go that far. I’m sure you’ll meet someone—”

“There will never be anybody else for me. Not after you.” He turns his gaze towards you and you almost recoil with how intense his eyes look in the light of the early morning. It’s uncharacteristic of him to be so serious when talking to you.

“Tōru.” You say, reaching an arm out. Your hand curls over his shoulder and he relaxes a bit at the touch. “Why do you always act like we can’t be happy together?”

“We’re on opposite sides of a war, [Name]. The aide I was giving to you and your buddies wasn’t supposed to be so frequent. I didn’t know at first that we were soulmates.”

“We’re—”

“At least, that’s what you things call it.” He sniffs. “Bonded. Star-crossed. Soulmates. Whatever. All I know is that my soul was tainted by yours. Do you understand what that means?”

The gravity of his words is almost unbearable, but you know that now is not the time for questions. He seems like he needs to tell you something.

“No.” You say.

“When two humans are soulmates, that means they’re supposed to be together. Right?” You nod. “And when they die, their souls go to the same place. Usually heaven. But our souls are different. Mine will remain in hell. Yours will go to either Heaven or Purgatory.”

“But—”

“You’ll forget me when you die, I’m sure. My Father will make sure of it. But I’ll never forget you. That’s the punishment; I’ll have you for just the tiniest sliver of time, and then you’ll be gone.”

“You said you’d get my soul after I died.” You say. Your voice cracks on the last word and his frown softens a bit. He fully turns to you, wrapping his icy hands around your hips and pulling you
close so that he can rest his chin on your head.

“I did.” He admits. “But sometimes I think you would be better suited to a happy afterlife. Hell isn’t made of onyx pillars and mahogany furniture. It’s all fire and brimstone. The place reeks of sulphur.”

“I’ll get used to it.” You say, and his laugh rings out into the early morning like a crisp gush of wind.

—

For two people who say that they missed you terribly, Kuroo and Kenma sure are absent from your life.

You get it. You really do. You’re still a little weak and unsure, unable to hunt and kill supernatural creatures with the same rhythm that you used to. Apparently, you were easily the most skilled of the three, and it came as a real surprise to the community of hunters that you were friends with when you were the one that died.

That notion alone should have made you suspicious. It doesn’t, though, and maybe that’s why you’ve been naive enough to not ask questions when you move from state to state with the boys. You don’t beg for answers when the two of them share long looks. You don’t demand to know exactly how you died— they tell you that the scar above your belly button should tell you enough. You sit down and listen when they choose to talk, and help them with research when you can.

You can’t stand it, though. You can’t stand knowing that there’s more to the story. You can’t stand being cooped up in a motel room while they go out and exterminate whatever monster is out there terrorizing the town. You can’t stand knowing that some of your memories aren’t fully back.

So you do something about it. It’s a little moment of rebellion that drives you to sneak out of the motel and to the bar across the street, even though it’s barely past noon and the only thing you have to arm yourself is the salt in your purse and the knife that you snuck from Kenma’s bag.

It’s surprisingly crowded inside, though, something that you’re thankful for because then you can at least blend in. You take a seat at the bar next to a dark-haired man who is already nursing some whiskey, and order yourself a rum and coke.

The guy shifts in his seat. You glance at him from the corner of your eyes once the bartender puts your drink down in front of you, then do a double-take because his face is one that you couldn’t forget easily.

“What are you doing here?” You hiss. He looks at you for a moment with an eyebrow raised, before holding up his drink.

“Same thing you are, [Name].” He takes a sip. Your entire body feels a bit funny for reasons that you can’t explain. “You look different without all the maggots crawling around on you.”

You swallow the lump in your throat. “I never got to thank you. For, uh, you know—”

“Raising you from the dead? Yeah, don’t mention it.” Wow, his eyes are blue. Like, sky-on-a-clear-summer-day blue. You’ve never seen that sort of eye color on another human being before. “It was worth it. Those guys you were with gave me some pretty important stuff.”

You stare at the man. Neatly-parted hair. Slim, snakelike face. There’s an aura around him, and it reminds you of something you’ve seen before in the distant past, but you can’t place what it is.
Silence stretches between you two, broken only by the aimless chatter of the patrons around you. They don’t seem to pay any mind to the conversation between you and the very person who brought you back to life.

“So what did they have to do to get you to bring me back?” You ask, almost dreading the answer. Kuroo and Kenma weren’t exactly known for abiding by the laws, especially when making deals, and while this man was apparently a necromancer and nowhere near some sort of demon, you knew they probably paid a hefty price.

“They kept calling for me. For a year and a half, actually, until I got sick and tired of hearing their desperate voices. Besides, it was about time I did some charity work. My brothers sometimes say I’m a little too conniving.” He downs the rest of his drink. “Hoping that it was worth all the trouble, y’know.”

“They said they’re really happy to have me back.” You say rather lamely. He stares at you for a moment, hand still circled around his empty glass as he regards your words. Then, he leans in, close enough that you can see a few freckles across his cheeks.

“You think they brought you back because they missed you?” He asks. His voice isn’t teasing or condescending, it’s genuinely surprised. You get the feeling that this man doesn’t use that tone very often.

“Why else?” You lean back a bit, a spark of anxiety forming in your chest. “They’re like my brothers, of course they’d search for someone to bring me back—”

“Look, kid, I don’t know what bullshit they’ve been feeding you, but I’m not just someone. Anybody who calls for me has to have some sort of major plan. No offense, but I’m sure that they didn’t have be bring you back just because they missed you.”

You bristle a little bit, but your interest is piqued. “Why do you think they brought me back, then?”

“It’s obvious. You were fucking around with the king of Hell, weren’t you? They assumed that you knew his name before you died.” You blink, the statement rattling a loose memory inside of you. “And their desire to finally kill him apparently outweighs their desire to have you remain dead.”

“Wait, what?” You yelp. The man winces, looking around to see if your outburst attracted any attention.

“You didn’t think that Oikawa actually did you in, did you? You must be a special kind of idiot. Those two guys you travel with might be do-gooders, but that doesn’t mean they aren’t liars.” Your hands start to shake and he notices. With a bitter sigh he raises one hand and snaps his fingers.

The world stops. Literally. Every person around you in the bar freezes where they stand, eyes staring blankly ahead. You gape, words forming in your throat but failing to fall past your lips.

“There. That’s better. Can’t have you freaking out and blowing my cover, you know?” The man says. He takes the opportunity to switch his empty glass with the almost-full one of the man sitting on his other side. Your mouth moves but no words come out.

He seems to get a little more relaxed once he’s sure that nobody can listen to you, because he continues. “You were sleeping with the king of hell. They found out right before you died. Neat little coincidence, right?”

“What are you trying to say? Who are you?” You’re horrified to find that your voice is absolutely trembling at this point.
“Look, kid. What I’m telling you is that those boys aren’t stupid. They put two and two together. The only reason you’re still standing here is because you’re their only chance at killing Oikawa once and for all. I don’t blame them, really. He’s been creating so many disasters these past two years that someone has to do something.”

You can’t speak. You're feeling a little lightheaded, actually, because the only people you can call family are only using you. The man you once loved is the king of Hell— and he’s trying to destroy the world, apparently. Your heart is telling you not to believe him, but your mind keeps you rooted to the spot.

“You’re very… informed for a necromancer.” You say once you find your voice. “What else do you know?”

Now it’s the man’s turn to be silent. He takes a sip of his stolen drink, eyeing you with those unnaturally blue optics, before a slow smile curls his mouth.

“They told you I was a necromancer?”

“Well, yeah. Aren’t you?” You’re really not liking where this is going.

“Not even close.” He takes another sip. “Necromancers can’t fully raise the dead, dear. They only talk to them. I’m an angel of the Lord, if you must know. Call me Daishô, because I’m not stupid enough to give you my real name like my brother did.”

You keep staring, fighting the urge to laugh out of nervousness and confusion. This is ridiculous, Kuroo and Kenma would never go as far as to contact an angel. The ones that talked to humans weren’t exactly known for their charity work.

He seems to know what you’re thinking— he might be able to read your mind, actually— because he gestures around the room, to all the people frozen in time.

“Think, [Name]. How many necromancers can stop time? How many of them can perfectly restore a body that’s been decomposing for two years? You really need to stop listening to those guys.”

“But—”

“But nothing. You think they’ve stayed the same these past two years? Don’t be stupid. You were dead to them the very second they found out about your secret little trysts. And a whole bunch of other things, but this is neither the time nor the place to talk about it. You’re nothing but a tool for them now, and I would even dare to say that they’ll kill you again once they’re done with Tōru.”

“Wait a second.” You reach out to grab Daishô’s arm out of pure reflex as he moves to slide off of his bar stool. “You can’t just leave now. They were the ones that killed me? You have to tell me everything!”

“I don’t have to do anything for you. I prefer to not meddle in the affairs of humans, you know? Greasy little scumbags. I don’t know why Father loves you all so much.”

You snort when he shakes out of your grasp. “Nice coincidence, then, that you happen to be surrounded by them when I find you.”

He rolls his eyes at you. “Really, kid. You’ve been doing this long enough to know that there’s no such thing as a coincidence. Now go… find your true love, or whatever the fuck it is that you vermin do. He’s caused enough trouble since you’ve been gone.”
And with a snap of his fingers he’s gone, the room once again buzzing to life around you. You gape for a second before turning your attention back to the bar and realizing, with a short curse, that he’s left you with the bill.

---

Kenma and Kuroo realize that something is off when they return later that night. You don’t jump up and run to the door as you usually do, demanding to know how the latest hunt went. In fact, you’re nowhere to be seen.

“Shit.” Kuroo shouts when he realizes that the room is almost in shambles. The bags that they left behind are completely empty, contents thrown around the room. He drops his suitcase and moves a few of his shirts and notebooks aside, cursing again once he realizes that the handgun and ammunition he’d packed are missing. Kenma swallows hard, scanning the scene with the growing suspicion that his hand-written notes about Oikawa are similarly absent. There’s more things gone, too—a ritual knife that they’d gained a few years back, some salt and dried herbs that they carried for summoning, and their entire remaining stash of holy water.

“You think he came back for her?” Kuroo asks, a little frantic. Kenma sighs, defeated. He knew they couldn't keep up the act any longer, and at this point they only have a couple of options—and none of them end with you getting out alive.

“No. I think some of her memories must have come back or something. Maybe she went to go look for him herself.”

“Yeah, right. I think that little shit of an angel we enlisted had something to do with this.” Kuroo looks absolutely murderous, the same way he did when—no. No. Kenma can’t think about that night. It'll make his stomach hurt. He can still picture the way that you cried, the way that his hands were soaked in blood.


“You think I don’t know that? Daishō was our only option to get Oikawa’s real name. We didn’t have a choice.”

“We could have just… not killed [Name].” Kenma reasons, but Kuroo is already tossing his stuff back into his bags and searching for his car keys.

“That wasn’t an option, Kenma. You know that. Especially after that… thing was created.”

There’s poison in Kuroo’s voice. He’s not the same man that he once was, but then again neither is Kenma. They’re two bitter vigilantes now, ostracized from their community of hunters once some of them started to grow suspicious of your sudden death. They’re desperate, ready to hunt you down again despite owing their lives to you, and for once Kenma realizes that maybe Oikawa isn’t the bad guy here after all.

Maybe it’s them.

---

"Are you sure I’m not going to die?"

Oikawa smiles softly at you, running a hand down the expanse of your stomach slowly. The motel room is silent, thanks to the fact that Kenma and Kuroo went out to lunch at the nearby diner. You
and the king of Hell— god, what a sentence— take advantage of the peace and quiet. He teleported into the room the very second the two boys shut the door behind them.

“I’m sure.”

“Are you really? Because I haven’t read anything about a situation like this in any sort of book. I’m a little concerned.”

“It’s happened before. You’ll be fine. Demon-human hybrids are more common than you think. Take Donald Trump, for example.”

“Tōru.” You want to scold him but you know that you can’t. You’re laughing a little too much for him to take you seriously.

“What? Fine, fine. It’s not that common. But it’s happened before, I promise. The mothers are always fine.”

Mother. The word makes you smile and look down to where Oikawa has rested his hand. There’s not a bump yet, but he knows. He knew the very second it happened, actually, which was both an amusing and awkward conversation.

But your smile falters when you hear the telltale sound of Kuroo and Kenma’s boots in the hallway. Oikawa sighs, a little miffed that his time with you is being cut short.

“I’ll be back later for the two of you.” He says, gesturing to your stomach. You give him a peck on the corner of the mouth as a farewell, and then he’s gone.

Just in time, too, because the motel room door swings open. You turn to the entrance with a grin, expecting to see the two of them carrying a box full of diner food for you. Instead you’re greeted by Kuroo scowling at you with his hands in his pockets and Kenma twirling a knife in his hands.

“Just had to be sure.” Kenma murmurs. Your eyebrows crease together in confusion.

“What—”

“Hey, [Name].” Kuroo has a stained nonchalance to his voice that makes your heart drop. Out of instinct, you put your hand to your stomach and back away from them. There’s a look in their eyes that you’ve never been on the receiving end of.

“Mind telling us why you let the king of Hell knock you up?”

City lights bleed into long stretches of country road. You’re not exactly sure where you’re going, only that you need to drive as far away from the two of them as you possibly can.

Your muscle memory still seems to be intact, though, because you remember how to drive Kenma’s car perfectly. You’re even navigating yourself well, going down streets that tug at the edges of your memories and passing landmarks that make you smile to yourself.

At the back of your mind, though, all you can see is red. A pair of red eyes. Blood leaking through your fingers. Rage boiling over. It’s like there’s maggots crawling all over you, and you have to pull over a couple of times to both vomit and reassure yourself that you aren’t a corpse once again.

Your phone rings almost constantly. Sometimes it’s Kuroo. Sometimes it’s Kenma. Once, it was a
telemarketer. You almost picked up on that one, just to hear the voice of another human, but pure fear makes you keep on driving like the boys are right behind you.

You only stop once you’re at least two states away, in the back parking lot of a motel that you somewhat recognize. You check in under a fake name, pay entirely in cash, and dash up to your room as quickly as possible.

There’s a dirty balcony, one that looks out onto a lonely road. The beige wallpaper is peeling and stained, the bed lumpy and disheveled, but somehow this room feels like home.

Your muscle memory kicks in again once you’ve locked the door behind you. You pull out the supplies that you’d been able to knick from Kenma’s bag, scraping together the latin phrases that you remember and hoping it’ll be enough.

It doesn’t work the first few times, but you know you’re close. There’s something like static in the air, making the hair on the back of your neck stand up and your throat go a bit dry. Sigils. Do you need to draw sigils or something? Or does the Latin work? You can’t remember even though you should, and it’s driving you mad—

Your body moves of its own accord. You grab the knife you stole and bring it across your palm, letting drops of your blood drip onto the bowl you’ve placed on the floor. Your other hand touches the cut, gathering blood on your fingertips that you then use to draw some sort of circle. The motel owners will probably charge you a small fortune for ruining the carpet, but at the moment you seem to be in a trance.

Another circle. A line. A… zigzag? This means something, you know it does. You finish the sigil with a bit of a flourish and then scramble to your feet, yanking open one of the drawers in the nightstand and grabbing a pack of matches. How did you know this motel had complementary matches?

You strike one and drop it into the bowl. The dried leaves catch fire immediately, sizzling when the heat encases the wetness of your blood. You watch it for a second, mouth moving with Latin that you somehow know, and it strikes you then that this might be the hundredth time you’ve done this ritual. It has to be.

You finish your sentence and you immediately know that you’ve done it right.

The lightbulb over your head shatters, sending broken glass down to the floor. None of it hits you but you flinch regardless, a little startled at the sudden noise. The mirror across the room cracks and falls out of its frame. You hear the pipes in the wall groan. Then—

“You called?” There’s a man standing before you. He’s tall, with chocolate brown hair, and his eyes are absolutely piercing.

His eyes.

Immediately he has you by the throat, mouth drawn into a snarl. Blood from your cut is still dripping onto the floor and your eyes are wide, like saucers, because his face is bringing back so many memories—

“You think this is funny?” He sneers, grip around your throat tightening. Wow, you’re losing a lot of oxygen. “Who sent you, huh? At least tell me before I make you wish you’d never been created.”

You don’t answer. You can’t, actually, because he’s blocking your windpipe, but he doesn’t seem
to realize that.

“What are you, then? A shapeshifter? I’m so fucking tired of your kind trying to trick me like this. I’ll wipe every single one of you out with my bare hands, I swear—”

You rest your bleeding hand over his, smearing it onto his skin. Your face must be purple by now, and with a start he seems to realize something, because he lets you go.

You take in a rasping breath and rub at the spot where his hand was. Your face must be purple by now, and with a start he seems to realize something, because he lets you go.

You take in a rasping breath and rub at the spot where his hand was. You’re a little frightened, because you know now that he could have easily crushed your entire throat in a second, but he didn’t. You know a lot of things, actually. It’s all rushing back to you in the same way oxygen fills your lungs.

He brings the back of his hand to his nose and inhales deeply, pupils dilating then shrinking as he does so. Glass crunches under his feet as he steps back, face suddenly softening to the point where he looks like he might cry.

“Oh, fuck.” He whispers. “It’s you.”

“Oh.” You laugh, still rubbing your neck. Had he ever choked you that hard before? No, probably not. He was never that rough in bed. “Gimme a second, okay?”

And then you drop to your knees and start crying. Bawling, actually, because you remember everything. Every touch, every secret meeting, every sideways glance and the feeling of something warm and pure budding in your abdomen. You were pregnant. Oh god, you were pregnant.

You were in love with the king of Hell. He was in love with you too. He was your soulmate. He still might be, too. He was the father of your child.

Kenma and Kuroo killed you because of it, not Oikawa.

“Oh my god.” You clutch your head in your hands, each memory rolling over you and adding another layer to what feels like the worst headache in existence. Something inside of you feels so fragile and exposed that you suddenly wonder if you’re dying all over again, feeling your soul being torn from your body and thrown into the giant mouth of some terrible unknown creature.

You don’t realize that Oikawa has stooped down next to you until you’re being crushed to his chest. Something hot and wet is landing in your hair—are demons supposed to be able to cry?—and he’s whispering something to you that you can’t quite hear right.

“I can’t, I can’t—” You’re absolutely sobbing now, though you’re not sure what is making you do so. You can smell the burning bowl and the metallic blood and it’s making you sick to your stomach. You want to vomit but you haven’t eaten in such a long time that you know nothing will come back up.

—

“This better work, or I just sliced my palm open for nothing.”

You shoot Kuroo a mildly irritated look as you rifle around in the dresser drawers for the complementary matches that this motel carries. “I’m sure it will, you asshat. Have I ever steered you wrong before?”

“Well, there was that one time you used me as bait for a vampire nest—”
"I don’t count that as a failure. We got the job done."

"Yeah, after I nearly bleed out on the ground!"

"Guys." Kenma spins his knife around in his fingers, watching with a wry expression as Kuroo uses his blood to draw sigils on the cardboard you had laid out. "Make sure both of you have holy water. And salt, for good measure. We don’t know what this guy is capable of."

"Typical demon things." Kuroo catches the matches when you toss them to him. "He just has an over-inflated ego, I’m sure. Or maybe he just won an arm-wrestling competition with the other demons, so they crowned him as king."

"I swear you get less and less funny the longer I travel with you," you mutter, sitting on the edge of the bed and watching as Kuroo lights a match and drops it into the ceramic bowl. The dried herbs inside of it catch fire immediately, causing both you and Kenma to jolt a little bit.

"Good thing I’m a hunter and not a comedian." Kuroo remarks dryly, watching the flames curl for second before shutting his eyes and beginning the Latin incantation that he’d been memorizing for the past two weeks.

Kenma joins in, but you don’t. You swallow hard, shifting your position a little bit as they chant. You have a bad feeling about this, and not just because the three of you are summoning the strongest demon to currently exist; this is finally the night where the three of you will get some answers, and you’re not sure if you’re going to like them. You almost want to stop Kuroo, actually, because this suddenly seems like the worst idea he’s ever come up with, but you know that both he and Kenma have been searching for the reason behind their parent’s deaths for years.

They’re both cut short by the sudden screeching of the old radio sitting on the wobbly desk in the corner. You look over, mouth agape as you watch the dials turn on their own, before your attention is stolen by the fact that one of the lightbulbs in the shoddy bathroom has shattered. A gust of wind tears apart the room, ripping thumbtacked articles off the walls and sending your belongings crashing into one another.

"Fuck," you say dumbly, because there doesn’t seem to be a better word to articulate how you’re feeling right now. You cast your eyes over to the two of them and see, much to your horror, that a black mist is solidifying right before your very eyes.

"Make this quick." It’s the first time you ever hear the great demon king Oikawa speak, his voice like velvet against your eardrums. He has his back to you at the moment, his hands on his hips as he regards your two companions. "I mean it. I can assure you right now that neither of you is worth my time."

"We want answers." Ah, Kuroo. Even with his dirt-encrusted fingernails and ratty flannel, he still looks the part of intimidating and badass hunter. "And we know you know everything that goes on down there."

"I’m going to ignore the opportunity for an innuendo at your choice of words and just assume that you want to know who killed your parents, right?"

You’re still not moving at this point. Hell, you’re not even sure that you’re still breathing, because you can tell just by looking at the back of his head that this man— demon!— is probably the most beautiful thing you’ll ever lay your eyes on.

He seems to take a great joy in the look of unease that passes over Kenma’s face. "Oh come on.
You two have killed more of my men than I can even count at this point. Of course I know a little bit about you. You’re Kozume Kenma—horrible dye job, by the way—and you’re Kuroo Tetsurō. I’d say that it’s a pleasure to meet the two of you, but just last week you killed one of my best men and I’m still a little angry over it.”

“He was murdering innocent people.” Kenma snaps. He seems a little hurt over the hair dye comment; he runs his fingers through his newly-bleached stands with a bit of self-consciousness.

“Hanamaki was an excellent demon and he didn’t deserve to be exorcised by two fleas such as yourself.” Oikawa scoffs. The jacket of his suit folds as he crosses his arms.

“Whatever. Are you going to tell us who killed our parents or not?” Kuroo seems a little less uneasy than Kenma, but then again he was always good at hiding such things.

“Not with that attitude, no. Both of you seem to be a little insufferable, in my opinion.” He suddenly turns on his heel and you jump backwards, even though you’re fully aware of the fact that his movement is limited by the sigil he’s trapped in. “You, however, I might talk to. [Name], right? You’re as beautiful as they say.”

Kenma looks like he wants to murder someone. You gulp.

“Uh. Hi. Your highness.” You say, trying to take the path of least resistance here. He might tell you what you want to know if you butter him up enough, though the look on Kuroo’s face when he processes your words makes you want to crawl under the tattered motel bed and die.

They seem to work, though. He cracks a smile, and you can’t help but note that you were completely right—he’s devastatingly good-looking, from his perfect complexion to his blood-colored irises (so different than Hanamaki’s entirely black ones), his lips full around his grin. The suit is doing him plenty of favors as well. Not needed, but it’s a nice touch.

“Please, call me Oikawa. I’ll call you [Name].”

“Like hell you will—” Kuroo starts, but Oikawa holds up a hand, silencing your friend. If it’s because the demon has employed some supernatural ability or just because Kuroo knows he needs to shut up and listen, you’ll never know.

“So, [Name]. You and your friends have called me here under the pretense of finding out who killed your loved ones. Am I right?”

“Yes.” You breathe.

“And if I were to tell you, how would you know that I’m even telling the truth in the first place?”

Kuroo and Kenma share a look, causing you to note with slight bitterness that even though this was their idea, you’re still more prepared for it than they are.

“Because angels can’t lie. And that’s what you were, weren’t you?” You reply, keeping your tone light and airy. The smile falls off his face for a second before it returns, much wider and faker than it was.

“Someone did her homework. Pray tell, though, what’ll you and your band of fools do when I tell you who did it?”

“Kill them.” Kuroo cuts in again. Oikawa sends him a withering look.
“I’m afraid to inform you that that’s next to impossible.” Oikawa says, though there’s not a single shred of regret in his voice. “But because your lady here seems to be taking this seriously, I’ll tell her.”

You nod, though balk a bit when he waves you closer. You look to Kenma and Kuroo, who are once again sharing a look, before doing as you’re told. You almost jump back when a set of cold hands comes to rest on your shoulders, your breath shuddering in your lungs when Oikawa’s lips ghost against your ear.

“Iwaizumi.” He mutters, voice almost rattling your bones. “He killed them for sport and dragged their souls down to hell just because he could.”

And then the coldness is gone. Oikawa himself is too, leaving you standing outside the crudely-drawn sigil with a rather dumbfounded expression. Kuroo and Kenma immediately jump to their feet, swearing and exclaiming that there’s no way the king of hell could escape such a safeguard so easily, but you’re more focused on the fact that there’s still a chill resting in your spine and an odd tingling between your thighs.

—

You don’t remember blacking out, but you must have at some point; you’re tossed back into reality with such force that it feels like all the air has been squeezed from your lungs.

Oikawa has his arms around you, your body pressed into his chest as his chin rests on top of your head. One of his hands is combing through your hair while the other keeps you close to him. If he were human, you’d be able to feel his heart thundering behind his ribs. You’re on the floor, surrounded by broken glass and burnt herbs, a slight whiff of sulfur stinging your nose.

“Who brought you back?” His voice is cracking and hoarse. It’s nothing like the smooth sound you’re used to.

“Daishō.” You say. Oikawa sniffles, and it makes you incredibly unsettled to know that the king of hell is still crying.

“Those boys, did they—”

“They didn’t hurt me.” You cut him off, pushing on his chest a little bit. Oikawa takes the hint and lets you go, allowing you to push back so you can take a good look at him.

There’s horrible circles under his eyes, dark enough that you might think they were twin bruises at first glance. His skin is pulled taught over the shape of his skull, his hair waving and curling in no particular style. He’s not wearing his signature suit; instead, it’s a stained shirt and torn slacks. You almost want to laugh, seeing a powerful creature in such disarray, but the knowing thought in the back of your mind takes over.

“They told me, though. They said you’ve been hurting people while I’ve been gone.” You search his face for any sign of denial, but all he does is stare blankly back at you. You suck in air through your teeth, fighting to keep your voice level.

“Please tell me it wasn’t because of me.”

“Even if I could lie to you, I wouldn’t.” Oikawa reaches out for your hand but you snatch it away, disbelief written across your face.

“Innocent people, Tōru!” You snap. “You thought that just because I was dead you could go back
“[Name].” His voice still sounds choked, and you almost feel bad for him. “[Name], I had just lost you. I had just lost everything.”

“That doesn’t excuse going on killing sprees!” You scoot backwards and the movement seems to actually wound him, because the corners of his mouth wobble.

“I know.” He says, looking very much like he wants to reach out and touch you. “I know. But you were gone. Our daughter was gone. They left you in that motel room for me to find, [Name]. Like you were garbage that they were just throwing away.”

“I know that.” You sneer, swallowing hard to try and fight back the tears stinging at the corners of your eyes. “But you’ve just become exactly what Kuroo and Kenma thought you were.”

There’s silence. You’ve struck some sort of nerve, you know, but at this moment you don’t care. You’re caught between wanting to bolt from the room and take him into your arms, and the worst part is that you can’t decide which one to pick.

He must see it in your eyes, because his expression suddenly softens and his mouth turns into an uneasy grimace.

“We can be together.” He says. “I’ll keep you safe this time. I promise.”

“Kuroo and Kenma.” You say, and you don’t have to elaborate because you know that he knows. His expression gets even more uneasy, but that doesn’t hinder him when he replies.

“I know how to end this.” He says.

—

The boys summon him often. Sometimes it’s to grill him about what happened to their parents or what Iwaizumi’s whereabouts are— as if he’d willingly give those up— but other times it’s when they need help. A cluster of rogue demons might be giving the three of you more trouble than it’s worth. A shapeshifter might be a little too clever to be trapped. Hybrid werewolves might be immune to your typical silver bullet routine. Whatever the situation may be, Oikawa seemed to take great pleasure in helping you eliminate all opposition to his regime, enough so that Kuroo and Kenma stopped reaching for their holy water on instinct every time he moved.

It’s not friendship, the three of them tell you. It’s business. Their focus still remains on Iwaizumi, Oikawa’s second-in-command, but in the meantime they’d be stupid to turn down the aid of one of the most powerful creatures in existence. He’s not fond of humans, you know, but the three of you often lead him rouge creatures that would love nothing more than to see him fall.

(“There’s a lot of politics in Hell.” He tells you once.)

He has no qualms with admitting that Kuroo and Kenma are nothing but pawns to him. The two of them are well aware of this, too. What makes them the most wary, however, is that Oikawa never says the same thing about you.

You don’t know what that means until he appears behind you in another motel room one night, nearly giving you a heart attack when you see his reflection in the mirror as you’re getting ready for a night out at the bar.

“Jesus fuck.” You snap, lowering your knife once you recognize who’s behind you. “You can’t just sneak up on me like that, Oikawa.”
This isn’t the first time that he’s done such a thing— he loves taking you off guard, apparently— but it is the first time that he doesn’t have a witty retort at the ready. Instead he just stares, making you turn around and regard him with a raised eyebrow.

“Are you here looking for Kuroo and Kenma? Because they’re in the room next door, your teleportation magic might be getting a little wonky—”

“You’re really playing with fire, here.” He says, and to your sudden horror his voice sounds more like a snarl. You couldn’t see it in his reflection, but you can see it now; there’s a raw and primal look in his eyes that you’ve never seen before, and it makes your heart nearly drop onto the floor.

“Excuse me?” You try to keep your voice level.

“This is getting old.” He takes a step closer to you and if you didn’t already have your back pressed against the edge of the dirty motel vanity, you would have moved backwards. “I want to know what you think you’re doing.”

You wish you had a nice comeback, but in all honesty you’re scared to death. Despite knowing of him as a volatile creature, you’ve never once had his anger directed at you. It’s always at the runaway demons or Kuroo and Kenma. Never at you, not even once.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” You finally say, and it’s the truth. He seems to know this, but frowns at you nonetheless, those horrible eyes of his still locked onto yours. He takes another step closer, his hands coming out to rest on either side of your hips as he looks down at you, his face only inches from yours. He’s close enough that he can probably see your pulse strain against your neck.

“I’m talking about the looks.” He starts, fingers twitching over the chipped wood of the vanity. “I’m talking about the ‘accidental’ touches. The small smiles.”

Immediately you freeze, hyper-aware of the fact that your subtle gestures weren’t so subtle after all. To your surprise, he doesn’t seem to take glee in your reaction; instead, he seems to get even more frustrated.

“You’re a human being.” He says. “With an incredible allure to them. Tell me, [Name], what were you hoping to accomplish here?”

“I don’t—”

“You know exactly what I mean.” He cuts you off. “You know what you’re doing to me.”

“I’m not trying to do anything to you.” You say, and he must know it’s the truth because he frowns.

“But you are.” He says, and his voice is so light that it’s almost like a feather being dragged across your skin. One of his hands comes up to trace along your jaw, thumb resting on your chin as his eyes glare into your own. Then, they soften.

You don’t know what he’s about to do until it’s too late, his mouth slanting over yours with a softness that catches you more off guard than his sudden appearance did. Your first instinct is to push back against him, grab your holy water and douse him in it, but you find that when your hands rest on his chest, they only curl into the lapels of his suit and pull him closer.

He isn’t smug about it either, which is sending a funny emotion through you. His hand goes from under your chin to your side, forcing your hips to press against his. You almost contemplate the fact that you can feel him starting to become aroused already, but then his teeth sink into your
bottom lip and your mind goes fuzzy in ways that aren’t directly related to his supernatural abilities.

The only reason that you break apart from him is because you desperately need air, but even then he doesn’t let your lips stray far from his own. They’re gleaming with saliva and his eyes and looking into your own with a fierceness that you’re ashamed to admit turns you on.

“What are we doing?” You blurt suddenly, and to your mild annoyance his lips twitch into a small smirk.

“Kissing.” He says, and you roll your eyes when his lips come down to rest on the side of your neck. You bite your lip when he presses a soft line of kisses there, because you want answers more than anything right now.

“That’s not what I meant, Oikawa.” You retort, knowing full well that if he slips back into his normal composure, you’ll be putty in his hands. It’s at this moment, where he’s still a tad vulnerable, that you need to ask. “What’re you getting at, here?”

“I thought that was obvious.” He coos, and before you can lace your voice with even more bitterness, his other hand suddenly comes to rest on the apex of your thighs, your cunt cupped in his nimble-fingered hand.

You swear the blush on your face could rival the color of his eyes right now, your planned reply falling apart before it ever gets to reach your tongue. He seems to know this, because you can feel his smug expression grow even more against the sensitive skin of your neck. The hand between your thighs squeezes a little, the heel of his palm pressing against your clit even through the material of both your dress and your panties.

You don’t even realize you’re arching slightly into his touch until his laugh vibrates against the column of your throat, and it makes you even more humiliated that the sound dampens your panties. His hand leaves you for a moment just so it can dip under the hem of your dress and resume its previous position, and to his absolute delight you allow it. Your eyes, though, are telling another story.

“We can’t do this.” You say, already panting. He pulls his head away from your neck for a moment to appraise you, hand once again applying a slight pressure to your clit that almost has you squirming. The sharp edge of the vanity is digging into your lower back, reminding you what you’re doing and who you’re doing it with.

“And why not?” There’s still an amused lilt to his voice, but you could say that you almost hear a tinge of hurt laced into his words. You frown, narrowing your eyes as his mockingly innocent question.

“If you haven’t noticed, we’re on the opposite sides of a spectrum. Hunter. Demon. I don’t think I have to say anything more than that.” You try to reason, but your stern words are robbed of their seriousness when you sharply inhale: he’s pulled his hand back a bit to let the blunt edge of his fingernail gently drag across your slit. Even with the layer of fabric still between the two, it feels divine.

“You’re acting like demons and humans have never fucked before.” He says. He ducks down again to lick at the shell of your ear and you nearly squeal, the feeling a tad uncomfortable. His teeth close around your earlobe for a moment and tug before his mouth migrates back to your own, his tongue forcing its way past your lips to slide against your teeth and tangle with your own. You want to protest again, reprimand him for tossing aside your concerns so carelessly, but you can
feel the tent in the front of his slacks against your thigh and once more your mind goes completely blank.

He takes advantage of this and uses his hand to pull the fabric of your dress up until it’s bunched just above your underwear, then goes back to where it was. You’re a little ashamed of the fact that your legs spread a tad of their own accord, but surprisingly he doesn’t make a comment about it. He’s too focused on kissing you, on pressing himself a little closer until the pain in your back is nearly unbearable.

Then he breaks away again to continue. “And it’d be stupid of you to say you don’t want me. I can read minds, you know.”

You feel like your mortified expression is enough to give him secondhand embarrassment, but instead he just grins like a cat that finally caught the canary. Hell, you can practically see feathers sticking out from between his teeth. “What, you didn’t know?”

“N-No.” You say, and it finally all makes sense. The small chuckles when nobody was talking, the pained glances while Kenma and Kuroo were grilling him for more information, the uncomfortable shifts when he positioned himself to aid in your attacks; he’s known this entire time, and it’s been aggravating him.

Fuck.

“Well I can. And I know everything, [Name]. Like how you wanted me to bend you over that table at the diner and fuck you into oblivion. Or how you wanted to suck my cock at the library when Kenma and Kuroo insisted I help with research,” he clicks his tongue in mild annoyance at the memory, and if you weren’t embarrassed enough to die right now, you might have laughed at the memory of him grumbling about how stupid books were.

“I—”

“And I know that you’re about to tell me that this isn’t a good idea.” He continues, and you swear your heart stops for a moment when you feel him use a finger to slowly move your panties aside. You don’t protest, though, and the feral gleam in his eyes gets even worse. “But tell me, [Name], what’s so bad about getting fucked so hard that you can’t walk right?”

You bite back a groan, trying to will away the mental images that his words conjure, but it’s useless. You want him. He knows it, and the two of you have been deprived of each other for too long. You almost want to hiss in frustration when two of his fingers trace lazy circles around your opening, gentle and not giving you anything that you crave.

“What’s so bad,” he muses, “about giving in to your desires? You can wax poetic about the difference in species all you want, but you’re no saint.”

“Bite me.” Your words are meant to sound strong but they almost border on a plea. He chuckles, though the sound is a little strained. You suppose that it has something to do with how painfully hard he is, but you aren’t the mind reader here.

“I can, if you’d like.” He says, and as if to demonstrate that he’s willing to make this the best lay you’ve ever had, his lips go back to your throat and his teeth nip gently at the skin there. “I can do a lot of things for you. You just have to ask.”

You open your mouth to speak again, but his laugh cuts you off. “And by that, I mean sexually. Don’t ask me to kill Iwaizumi for your friends.”
You close your mouth.

He shakes his head a tad, almost as if he’s in awe. “You really are a spunky one, aren’t you?”

“It’s sort of my thing.” You say, fighting to keep your voice level.

“Huh. I guess that’s why I like you so much.” He says, and you don’t get a chance to ask him to elaborate because the two fingers that had been teasing you are now sinking into your entrance. You bite your lip, almost glaring as Oikawa straightens back up in order to drink in your expression.

“Cute.” He says, and it’s a little embarrassing to know that he isn’t making fun of you. He curls his fingers inside of you just a tad, giving you a crooked smile when you squirm, before starting a leisurely pace that already has the edges of your thoughts going fuzzy. Your bottom lip falls from the confines of your teeth and you know you must look kind of odd, propped against the motel vanity with your mouth slightly ajar, but his fingers are long and his expression is beyond smoldering right now. The coldness of his digits feels good as well, though you’d never admit that out loud.

“Feel good?” He asks, and you’d kick him if your thoughts were just a tad more coherent. Instead, you just nod dumbly, inhaling sharply once he begins to scissor his fingers. He’s so unaffected looking, even with that gleam in his eyes, so you lift one hand and let it gently slide across the front of his slacks, where his prominent bulge strains against the zipper. His reaction is immediate; a small groan passes his lips, the sharp look in his eyes going slightly hazy.

You want to actually grab him, to draw even more of a reaction out of him, but then he twists his fingers and suddenly they’re brushing against something inside of you that makes you almost jump. His eyes focus again, zeroed in on your expression as your breathing becomes slightly more labored.

“There?” He says, as if he doesn’t already know. You nod, muscles in your legs tightening as he does it again. It doesn’t strike you that he’s only just started and already he’s making you feel this good; instead, you’re more focused on the fact that he’s leaning in again, kissing you once more while his fingers pick up their pace.

It’s a little softer this time. The implications of that are, for now, absent from your mind, but you do register the fact that this is a little out of character for such a snarky being. He’s working tirelessly, apparently wanting nothing more than to bring you to your peak, and you allow him. His fingers keep working at you until you’re biting your lip once more, containing the noise of satisfaction that’s ripped from your throat when the entire world around you goes white.

And then it’s over. You don’t register this until he yanks his fingers from inside of you with a rather harsh movement, bringing them up to your lips with an oddly stern expression on his face.

“Open.” He commands, and you do without hesitation. He slides his fingers into your mouth, tainting your tongue with your own taste and watching with open interest as you lick your own come away. His adams apple bobs as he swallows harshly, apparently not expecting you to be so eager to clean up.

“Still think this is a bad idea?” He says hoarsely. You feel spent already, a little unusual from just a little fingering, but you’ve come this far and you’ll be damned if you don’t experience everything he has to offer, even though you know you’ll be overstimulated.

You yank your panties down, tossing them carelessly onto the floor. His eyes immediately flick to
your exposed cunt, gaze sharp enough to almost cut, but he can’t look for long because you’re already turning, pulling your dress up around your waist even more before propping your elbows on the surface of the vanity, eyes meeting his in the mirror. You’re presenting yourself to him at this point, and you can tell by the awestruck expression on his face that he didn’t expect you to do so.

His hands immediately go to your ass, squeezing and roaming the surface like he’s never touched a human being before and he can’t quite get over how your skin feels against his palm. You’re almost afraid he’s going to spank you, but instead he just swallows again and shakes his head.

“You’re really something else.” He says. His voice isn’t teasing. It’s dead serious, and the sentence is punctuated by the fact that one of his hands has left your body to pull down his zipper and undo the button of his slacks. You nearly wiggle your hips in anticipation because even in the mirror you can tell he’s well-endowed, the red of his underwear doing nothing to conceal how substantial his bulge is.

“Oikawa, fuck me.” You say, watching in the mirror as he lifts a brow at you.

“Don’t think just because I’m being nice to you that you’re the one in control here.” He says, and if his tone weren’t so strained than you might have taken him completely seriously. But in that moment he tugs his pants and underwear down just enough so that he can free his erection, a smear of precome at the tip that nearly makes your mouth water. You almost regret turning around now, because you’d like nothing more than to be on your knees for him. He groans. You blink, then it dawns on you.

Oh, yeah. The mind reading thing.

You conjure up another image— him forcing himself down your throat, pulling out only to paint your face with his release—and he looks like he’s both amused and annoyed at how you’ve turned the tables on him for the moment. All coherent thought in your mind ceases, however, when he grabs your waist in both hands, positioning himself for a moment before shooting you a serious look in the mirror. His mouth has barely formed the words ‘be quiet’ before he’s burying himself to the hilt inside of you, biting his lip as you let out a surprised yelp.

Immediately, he stops. You think it’s because he’s upset with you, but then you hear shuffling from the room next door and a knock on the wall. “[Name]? You okay in there?”

Kuroo. You cast a panicked look to Oikawa in the mirror, but he just shrugs as if to say hey, I told you to be quiet.

Your initial silence must bother Kuroo—you don’t blame the guy, though, because silence is never a good response in your profession—because he knocks again. “[Name]?”

“F-Fine!” You say. God, you can feel Oikawa throbbing inside of you as he adjusts his grip on your hips, his gaze contemplative. It’s a little too out of place for what the two of you are currently doing. “Just dropped something on my foot!”

A pause. “Ah. Well, be careful, alright? And get some sleep, we’re heading out to Maine tomorrow morning.”

“W-will do!” You reply, voice a little wobbly because Oikawa has started to thrust into you with shallow movements. One of his hands leaves your hip, a fact you don’t register immediately until you see it moving towards his neck to slide his tie off.
“You really need to be quiet.” He says, pulling the loop of fabric over his head. You want to question him, but he moves before you can do so, balling it up in his hand and cramming it into your slightly ajar mouth. Your first instinct is to push it out with your tongue, but he holds it there until he’s certain you won’t do so.

With a glare, you bite down on the patterned silk, though your harsh expression drops once he grabs your hips again and starts to mercilessly thrust into you, his pelvis meeting your ass with a slightly muted smack each time. Your hands scrabble for purchase on the wooden vanity before giving up once you find nothing, instead laying your palms flat on the surface while Oikawa pounds into you. You’re thankful the structure is at least attached to the wall, because if it wasn’t you’re certain that the noise of it moving would alert your companions. Oikawa leans forward a bit so that his mouth is closer to your ear, the slightly new angle making you cry out against the fabric of his tie.

“Look at yourself.” He sneers, eyes flicking from your face to his own in the mirror. “You like this, don’t you? Getting fucked by a demon with your friends in the other room.”

You don’t reply. You can’t. He doesn’t expect you to be able to.

“You could pretend all you wanted, but I knew.” He continues. “You wanted me since day one. I bet you even touched yourself thinking about me. Didn’t you?”

You nod vigorously, and that’s more than enough for him because he slides a hand underneath you to roll your clit with his fingers. Your eyes roll back for a moment, both from the overstimulation and the fact that he’s already taking you towards your second orgasm in less that ten minutes—perhaps his supernatural abilities have a hand in that—and he seems thrilled with himself over it. His eyes find yours in the mirror, that terrifying scarlet hue almost beautiful, before he blinks and you nearly balk.

They’re completely black, just like the standard demon eyes that you’ve come to recognize over your lifetime. A little bit of fear courses through your veins at the sight just out of pure instinct, and you tighten around him like a vice as he continues to completely wreck you.

“I’m going to ruin you.” His voice is almost a growl now, his eyes like two black holes that might just swallow you up if you aren’t careful. “You’re never going to want anybody else after me.”

You want to cry out. You want to tell him that you’ll belong to him forever, because he’s fucking you so well that you’re almost certain you’re going to pass out. You want him inside of you forever, want to feel this way for the rest of your life.

He knows this. He can see it all. His hand presses down even harder on your clit, his face becoming more serious than you’ve ever seen it. He leans in just a tad more.

“Come.” He snarls, and although his voice is quiet, it still makes you feel like the entire world is falling away around you. Your entire body nearly freezes at his command, immediately complying. You cry out against the silk, squeezing even tighter around Oikawa until you’re nearly worried that you could hurt him. The almost strangled noise he lets out, however, assures you that it’s quite the opposite, and with a particularly brutal thrust he’s following you into bliss, his all-black eyes never once leaving yours. You hate to admit it, but that just makes the pleasure all the stronger, your muscles jumping and twitching as you almost lose all sense of coherency.

He was right. You’re never going to want anybody else.
“You can’t kill them.” You say. He looks at you for a long moment, before shaking his head slowly.

“I won’t.” He says. “But Iwaizumi will, if I ask him to.”

His fingers thread through yours and you allow it, too busy thinking to really comprehend what he’s doing. You think of Kenma and Kuroo, always so solemn on the anniversary of their parent’s deaths. You think of those late-night diner conversations, of Kenma rolling his eyes as you and Kuroo blow straw wrappers at one another. You remember Kuroo tucking you into bed after you wake up from another nightmare, Kenma jumping in front of you to save you from a werewolf, Kuroo stitching your wounds—

Kenma stabbing you in the stomach without a hint of hesitation. Kuroo watching you bleed out on the floor as he rifles though your things to see if you’ve made any note of Oikawa’s first name. The two of them deciding that leaving you there for Oikawa to find would make more of a statement than burying you. The sound of receding footsteps as they leave, as casual as one might be when going out to buy groceries.

Your eyes find Oikawa’s. And then, ever so slowly, you nod.

“Tell him.” You say. Your voice is flat. Your hand runs across the jagged scar over your stomach. “They deserve it.”
HEY GUYS! I have a few things I wanna say, so this A/N is gonna be a little on the longer side. Feel free to skip it if you would like.

First of all- I did a shit job proofreading this, so please forgive me for any mistakes. Also, this is the first oneshot that has very minimal plot, so if it feels rushed then I'm very, very sorry.

Secondly, I'd like to address something that a lovely commenter made me aware of recently. This is the ONLY place I post my work, so if you see it ANYWHERE else, please report it. Someone plagiarized the Mattsun oneshot and posted it on wattpad. Thankfully, it's been taken down, but it was still incredibly angering and hurtful to see. I'd like to think that the person who did it is just a kid and had no idea how rude their actions were, and I hope it doesn't happen again.

There's a few people I'd like to thank. First of all, I want to thank everyone who comments, even if I don't respond: i see them, and they ALWAYS make my day. You guys are the reason that I keep on writing. You all mean the world to me.

I'd like to thank Tessisbest as well for mentioning me in her work 'Miscellaneous'. Tess is hands down one of my favorite authors on this website so of course I was a little starstruck by the mention (and her wonderful comments on here), so please go check out her work. You won't regret it, I promise!

I'd also like to thank my dear friend Peachy, who this oneshot is written for. I really hope you enjoy it and that I did his character justice.

Without further ado, here's the latest update! I hope you all enjoy!

xoxo Sabby

(P.S.- CC eats ass. Please don't ask.)

For most of the boys on the team, there’s no feeling comparable to losing a match.

It’s the knowledge of putting your all into a game that doesn’t end in your favor. It’s being aware that every single person in the room has seen you fail. It’s letting down the people that put their faith in you, who counted on you to pull through and score. And although Kuguri is very much aware that the feeling of losing is a sting that doesn’t go away, there’s something even more painful on his mind.

Unrequited love.

And while yes, loss can be like a prick to the skin, the feeling of loving someone who doesn’t even know you exist is like a knife to the heart. It’s the gazes he’s seen you share with someone who isn’t him, the flash of your smile that he caught when he saw the picture of you hanging in Numai’s locker, the fact that you’ve always been so close but so far away, an unobtainable work of
art that he’s been resigned to watch from behind a wall of glass.

None of this is helped by the fact that you’ve been his neighbor for years now. The privilege of seeing you almost every day doesn’t make up for the tight hugs you and Numai shared after games, the way he can sometimes hear the former ace’s voice through the walls of his apartment followed by your laughter, how the two of you have graduated and he feels left behind. So he’s left to do what he does best; he remains silent, watching you from the corner of his eye as he exits and leaves his apartment, living for the brief seconds he can hear your voice in the hallway or smell your perfume as you pass by him, offering a curt nod in response to your sunny smiles.

He does this for so long that he can’t even remember when it all began. He does it while you attend Uni and he practices hard after school. He becomes the ace, as predicted, and faces off against schools from prefectures hours away. He plays every game as if you’re there in the crowd, cheering for him even when he knows that if he looks he’ll just see an empty seat. Usually it’s enough to get him into the right mindset, but not today.

They lost at nationals. Of course they did. And they were so close, too, just a few points behind. His hands shake as he goes to enter his apartment that night, the key glinting in the overhead light of the hallway, and he swallows harshly as he tries not to remember the faces of his teammates on the bus ride home, the way he wasn’t able to take you into his arms after their loss like Numai used to, how he couldn’t—

Your door creaks open and he stills, hoping that it’s just your father leaving for a night out with his friends. When he doesn’t hear the telltale sign of his boots on the carpeted floor of the main hallway, a lump forms in his throat.

“Uh, hey.” It takes him a minute to realize that you’re talking to him. When he does, he slowly lowers his hand, resigned to the fact that it isn’t steady enough to get the key into the lock without fumbling. He turns his head just a fraction, looking at you from the corners of his eyes; he’s afraid that if he fully turns to face you, you’ll see just how sad he is. The very thought makes him uncomfortable.

“I… heard. Y’know, about nationals. Uh,” you seem unsure where to go with your sentence for a moment, but you finish nonetheless with a very uncomfortable, “Kazuma-kun said you played really well. He saw it on television.”

If he had the energy to do so, Kuguri might’ve snorted. Of course Numai was the person you were talking to about the game. Not him, who’d been your neighbor for the past five years. The thought sends a hot flash of jealousy through him that he knows is completely unfounded— you’re not obligated to talk to him, after all— and for some reason it makes him square his shoulders and turn to you, bowing slightly.

“I tried my best.” He says, and he’s actually pretty relieved when his voice doesn’t crack or falter. When he straightens back up he sees you looking at him with a funny expression, like there’s something that you want to say but you’re afraid to say it.

Instead, you settle on something else. “Would you like to come in and talk about it, maybe?”

Had he been a more expressive person, Kuguri might have balked at your offer. Instead, his surge of emotions is contained to inside his head; his face remains impassive as he considers his reply. On one hand, he’s not quite sure he’ll be able to control himself once he’s alone in the same room as you, but on the other he really doesn’t want to deal with the pitying looks his parents are bound to give him when he walks through his front door.
He nods. He tries to battle down the surge of curious excitement that he feels when your eyes suddenly brighten and the corners of your mouth curl into a small smile. You duck back into your apartment for a moment, opening the door wider. Your head pops back out after a moment when he hasn’t followed you, a brow raised as if to beckon him inside.

He shoves his hands into his pockets and allows his feet to carry him past your door, shutting it quietly behind himself and immediately going to remove his shoes like his mother taught him. You’re watching him, looking up into his eyes with a little bit of amusement that seems more warm than it does condescending. He knows his expression is still stony, but you’re still looking at him like he isn’t the most frigid person you’ve ever met. For some reason, that makes him happy beyond belief.

You lead him to your kitchen and gesture for him to sit at the small table there. The layout of your apartment is the exact same as his, but you and your father have obviously done more with the place than he and his family have. There’s colorful pots and pans stacked next to the sink, cheery yellow curtains framing the window, and some sort of patterned paper covering your refrigerator. There’s a picture of you and Numai taped there; Kuguri averts his gaze as soon as the fact registers in his mind, but he can’t help but cast a few glances at it as you go about filling a kettle with water and picking out tea leaves, as if to remind himself that he’s trespassing on something.

“So.” You finally say once everything is in place. “Kazuma-kun tells me that you’re the ace of the team now.”

Kuguri nods, not quite trusting himself to speak at the moment, out of fear that he might express his distaste for your relationship with the former player. You don’t seem to find this response acceptable, though, and raise an eyebrow at him in a way that implores him to speak. When he doesn’t, you look defeated for a brief moment.

“You don’t talk much, do you?”

He shakes his head and you laugh, relieving him because he doesn’t sense any bitterness in it. You shake your own head as well, as if in disbelief.

“You’re something else.” You turn back to the kettle and he lets his eyes roam over your back. You’re wearing an old Nohebi sweatshirt that almost obscures your gym shorts, he realizes with a start, and his hands twitch involuntarily as the mental image of him pulling it off of you flashes by. He realizes a little too late that he’s going down that path again, the one that leads to more inappropriate thoughts, and it’s especially dangerous because you’re right here, but for some reason he can’t help himself. He thinks about going up behind you, pressing his body against your back and letting his lips linger over the shell of your ear. He imagines getting to run his hands down your sides, fingers skimming over soft skin and cotton undergarments. He wants to hear you giggle, wants you to scold him for distracting you, wants to press a soft kiss over your lips in response, grab your hand and tug you towards the nearest bed—

“—Kuguri?”

He blinks in surprise, almost startled by the fact that he let his mind wander so much. If the faint excitement in his groin is anything to go by, he’s already in trouble. He shouldn’t be thinking things like that about you, especially when you’re right here in front of him. It isn’t just wrong, it’s also sort of embarrassing.

“Yes?” He says, almost wincing at how husky his voice sounds. You stare at him for a moment, seemingly forgetting what you were about to say, before turning back to the kettle. Curiously enough, the tips of your ears are starting to redden. He pockets this information away for later.
“I asked if you wanted sugar in your tea.” You say, clearing your throat. You suddenly sound a little self-conscious. He’d ask why, but at this point he’d rather die than unintentionally pry into what may be a private matter. He settles for watching you reach for a little jar and spoon.

“Oh. No, thank you.” He says, and then for no reason other than the fact that he feels the need to know more about you, he asks, “do you take sugar in your tea?”

“Just a little bit.” You reply, opening the small jar and scooping out some of the sweet crystals, adding them to your teacup. He watches, almost as if in a trance, because the movement of your fingers is doing something to him that it really shouldn’t be. He doesn’t know at what point he became so enamored with you that even such minor things could affect him, and the realization that he has it this bad for you would be frightening had he not already known it in the back of his mind.

He hums in reply because he’s not exactly sure what to say to that. He’s not good with words—that much is certain, at least. His eyes follow you as you set his teacup in front of him, then take your own seat across the small table from him. You look so… domestic right now, in your too-big sweatshirt and with that gentle smile across your face. He’s sure that if he put enough thought into it, he could actually picture this as his life; coming home to you after a long day, watching you put sugar in your tea, looking at you across the table from him. It’s almost heartbreaking on its own.

And then he remembers. You’re his neighbor and he doesn’t know you as well as he tells himself he does. There’s still a picture of Numai taped to the refrigerator, the image of the former ace’s arms wrapped around you. You’ve always been just out of his reach and it’s ridiculous of him to think that simply having tea with you will change any of that. While it’s never been specifically addressed, he’s sure that you belong to someone, and that person will never, ever be him.

He stares down at his own cup as you take a sip from yours. The movement of you putting your elbows on the table causes little rings to radiate from the center of his drink, and he almost wishes that he could dive head first into it, drowning himself in the warm liquid so that he didn’t have to address the intrusive thoughts swirling around in his mind.

He can tell you’re shooting him an inquisitive glance even before he looks back up, so when his eyes meet yours he’s mentally prepared for it. You look ready to ask him about it, so he figures that he can beat you to the punch.

“I’ve been thinking.” He says. You tilt your head, gaze expectant, and that’s what takes him by surprise. He can’t really contain himself, because honestly he’s still a little on edge both from losing and having you so close by, so he blurs “about life. Some things are really hard to deal with, aren’t they?”

You blink at him. He’s almost afraid that you’re going to start laughing, but instead you reach across the table. He tenses up when he feels your smaller hand over his, unprepared for the sensation of feeling your skin against his even in such a chaste way.

His first name falls past your lips and he has to fight the urge to clench his fist at the sound of it. It’s filled with such kindness, such warmth, that it’s like he truly is a snake that has just shed his skin. Even the pain from losing today, of being resigned to watching you from afar, feels dulled in the wake of this new feeling. He’s actually almost frightened of it, because he’s not sure if the warmth spreading to his fingers is affection or a sign of some sort of heart attack.

“They are.” You agree. “Some things in life can be difficult to go through. But I think that’s what makes the good moments so good, right?”

He looks at you for a little bit, still a little numb from hearing you say his name. Your response is
something off of a get-well-soon card, but for some reason it sounds… actually motivating when coming from you.

“You know,” you continue, “The past few years were hard for me. My parents got divorced, my mom got remarried… and for a while I acted like a child about it. I made things a lot harder for myself than I should have.” You say. He feels bad about it, but his attention is still split; your fingers are unconsciously drumming over his, and he’s so pleased by the feeling that he almost can’t focus on what you’re telling him.

“I kind of didn’t care about anything. But then I met my step-brother. And he’s… well, you know how he is. He was a good influence on me. He made me realize that things in life will always be shitty, and I just need to look forward to the good things to get myself through.”

Kuguri pauses. His mind kicks into the next gear, memories flashing past. You and Numai talking at lunch. How Numai always seemed to know every minute detail about your life. You coming to walk home with Numai after practice. You calling Numai by his first name, the fact that Kuguri never saw you actually doing anything couple-like with the former ace, despite being so sure that you were dating—

“Your stepbrother.” He repeats. You nod.

“Yeah. I don’t know what I would have done without Kazuma.” You sigh, and you lean back in your chair. Your hand goes with you, resting at your side. He realizes with a jolt that you’ve finished your tea; in an attempt to not seem rude, he takes a sip of his own. It’s lukewarm.

You watch him as he drinks, that same curious smile curling at your lips. He tries not to let his happiness and— dare he say it— excitement show, because you not dating Numai doesn’t mean that you’d want to date him, but he honestly can’t help it. He almost wants to smile at you, because it’s like he’s seeing you in a more radiant and attainable light.

You seem to sense that there’s a change in him, because you send him another soft smile as he places the cup down.

“Did you even taste that?” You ask, and he realizes with a little bashfulness that he downed the entire thing in under half a minute.

“Yes. It was delicious.” He replies, and then because he wants to get a little bit farther in his discussion with you, he adds a “you’re very good at it. Brewing tea, I mean.”

“Well, I’d sure hope so. It’s hard to mess something like that up.” He swears your gaze gets a little bit mischievous as you pluck the cup out from in front of him, grabbing your own as well and standing to put them in the sink. He might’ve been embarrassed had he not been so busy processing the fact that he’d misread the situation between you and Numai all this time.

“So. The game.” You say as you start the tap, rinsing out the cups with your back towards him. He hears a little bit of unease in your voice, as if you’re not sure if asking about their loss is acceptable. He’s more wounded by that than the mention of losing once again to Nekoma; the fact that you can go from joking around to being hesitant around him is another example of the fact that beyond what you can take at face value, neither of you know much about the other.

“Nekoma was brilliant this year. Their ace was leagues better than me.” He answers you truthfully, contemplating the gangly limbs and catlike eyes of Lev Haiba. He’d grown since the first year they faced off, and while Kuguri did as well, he was still of a lesser caliber than the silver-haired ace.
“I doubt that’s true.” You say, and it kind of breaks his heart because he knows that you believe what you’re saying.

“We lost, didn’t we?” He says. You freeze for a second, and he’s almost afraid that you’re going to turn around and yell at him or something, but instead you resume cleaning.

“You lost two years ago, too.” You say. “I remember. I was there. It was Kazuma’s last game.”

You sound a little bit lost in your thoughts all of a sudden. Kuguri isn’t quite sure how to respond.

“And I remember that you cried.” You pick up a rag from the counter and start drying the cups. “And you know what Numai told me? He said you were going to be the best damn ace that school had ever seen. So yeah, maybe you guys did lose today, but I don’t think he was wrong, either. You’ve changed so much these past years.”

For a second, Kuguri doesn’t think straight. He just takes in your words and what they mean. You’ve been watching him over the last few years. You paid attention to him at nationals two years ago. You might not feel the same way about him that he feels about you, but god damnnit it’s something. He’s been pining after you for so long that it’s embarrassing to think about, and maybe that’s what compels him into action.

He pushes his chair back and stands. You’re alerted by the sound and turn, but the words your mouth is forming are lost because in two large strides he’s crossed the small kitchen, one hand wrapping around your waist and the other tangling in the hair at the back of your head, yanking you close so that he can seal his mouth over yours.

It doesn’t immediately occur to him that you’ve responded to the touch. Only the facts that your lips are soft and you taste a little sugary register with him, followed by how you’re pressing yourself against him and your hands are curling into the front of his shirt.

At this point, his common sense rushes back to him. He should be breaking away from you and apologizing profusely, but he just can’t bring himself to do it. Not when you let out an appreciative moan at the way he slides his tongue into your mouth or press yourself against him so tightly that he thinks he can feel your heartbeat against his.

The taste of tea overwhelms the sugary tinge of your lips, but he doesn’t mind at all as his tongue glides against yours. Once again you respond in an instant, the two wet muscles fighting for dominance inside your mouth. He considers letting you win for a brief moment before deciding that he doesn’t need to lose twice in one day.

He’s barely even aware of the fact that he needs air until his lungs are practically screaming at him to disengage from you. When he does, he’s pleased to find that your eyes are hazy and you’re looking up at him with an expression that he’s only thought about when he’s alone in his room at night. Again, you speak his name with a reverence that should be saved for something a little more holy, and he shuts his eyes for a brief moment to let the warm flow of happiness wash over his body.

“I’ve been wanting to do that for a while.” He admits, his mouth slightly grazing yours as he speaks. You smile up at him like you’re a little awestruck and a little bit enamored, and he can’t help but try to swallow down the excited lump forming in his throat.

“Me too.” You reply. You give him a chaste peck that quickly morphs back into something slower and sensual. One of the hands in the front of his shirt releases the fabric in favor of tangling into the hair on the back of his head, threading through the auburn strands as if he’s an anchor and
you’re afraid of being swept away in a current.

He’s so focused on the feeling of your mouth over his that he doesn’t realize you’ve been leading him out of the kitchen until your back hits the doorframe. You break away and look like you’re about to apologize for the slight interruption, but your words die in your throat when he presses an open-mouthed kiss to the crook of your neck.

“Were we going somewhere?” He asks against your warm skin. He feels you swallow and he has to fight back a grin when you inhale sharply as his teeth graze your skin.

“B-bedroom.” You say, voice breathy. He almost freezes for a second, because he knows exactly what you’re insinuating, and pulls back from his assault on your neck.

“Already?” He says, in a tone that really asks are you sure? Your eyes meet him and you nod without hesitation, and all of a sudden he feels like he’s in his first year again, longing after something that’s just out of reach, unsure what he can and can’t take from you. He’s never done anything like this before— hell, he’s only ever kissed a few people in his lifetime— and for some reason, he suddenly feels like he’s taking advantage of you in some way. However, he knows—

“Kuguri.”

“Yes?”

“Please.” Your hand travels from his hair to his cheek, cupping it in your palm. “I want you.”

—that he’s ready for this.

He nods in response and then you’re kissing him again, pushing away from the doorframe and walking backwards through your living room, down the hall, until your back is once again pressed up against something.

He takes full advantage of it this time, his hips trapping your own as he resumes what he was doing earlier and nips at the delicate skin of your neck, delighting in the fact that you’re trying to squirm but can’t because of the pressure of his body against yours. You’re panting, taking in ragged breaths right next to his ear and he suddenly feels like he’s on top of the world with you here.

The thought has him fumbling for the doorknob, finding it within seconds and turning it fast enough that you would have fallen into the room had his other arm not circled around your waist at the last second. You’re beaming at him, with messed-up hair and unfocused eyes, and you speak with an amused lilt to your voice when you say “eager?”

“You don’t even know that half of it.” He mutters, not stopping as he leads you to the bed. Later on, he’ll appreciate the decor—a few pictures of you and your family (Numai included) arranged on your dresser, some textbooks stacked onto your desk, a lone goldfish in a glass bowl that you probably won at a festival—but for right now he only has eyes for you and the way you let yourself fall gracefully onto the bed, resting on your elbows and giving him what must be the most seductive gaze that you can muster.

It works, and he’s dropping to his knees without a second thought, shooting you an amused half-smile as he reaches up and starts to tug at your shorts. You balk for a moment, eyebrows raising as he yanks the elastic-waisted garment halfway down your legs.

“You don’t wait, do you?” You say, a little amused and a little taken aback.

“I’ve been waiting long enough.” He says, pulling them down the rest of the way and pressing a
kiss to your ankle. You shake your head, half in disbelief and half in astounded affection. He tosses
the shorts over his shoulder, eyes meeting yours from between your legs as he moves up to better
situate himself near the apex of your thighs.

You watch him move, your legs still resting on his shoulders as he presses his chest into the edge
of the bed, his face now just inches from your skin. You can’t battle down the anticipation that
races through you at the look he’s giving you, eyes half lidded while his tongue darts out to wet his
bottom lip. You’ve only ever seen a look like that a few times during his first year, when he’s on
the court and his opponent is rather formidable; there’s absolute fire in his eyes, burning bright
enough that you actually have to blink rapidly.

“How long?” You ask. He quirks an eyebrow at you and you inhale sharply when one of his hands
comes over your leg, his middle and ring fingers pressing down gently over your clothed clit.

“Years.” He admits, slowly starting to move those two fingers in a tight circle, eyes sharp in order
to take in your reaction. You inhale deeply once more, already fighting the urge to let your head
roll back and allow your legs to squirm. There’s some unknown force keeping your eyes locked
onto Kuguri’s.

“You should have said something.” You reply softly. Your legs shift as he shrugs, though his
fingers don’t stop. In fact, they traverse downward, where your opening is, and he seems pleased to
find that the fabric covering you is slowly dampening.

“I thought you were dating Numai.” He says truthfully, and you would roll your eyes at him if he
wasn’t currently making the hairs on your arm stand up with his almost torturous touches. He must
know this, because his mouth quirks up into a crooked rendition of a smile.

“Gross.” You say, and then you’re both laughing a little bit, equally amazed at the fact that you’re
here with the other. His fingers skim the edge of your panties and your breath hitches in
anticipation, you’re sure he’s going to pull them aside and—

He removes his fingers. You nearly balk when he slides your legs off of his shoulders as well, your
mind racing with the thought that maybe he’s changed his mind, maybe this was all a huge joke,
maybe he isn’t attracted to you. You open your mouth to apologize but he cuts you off.

“I want you to do something for me.” He says, voice much huskier than you expected. You blink
at him, nodding dumbly for a moment before you find your voice.

“Of course.” You say, trying not to sound too frantic to get him back on his knees.

He contemplates you for a moment and you swear your entire body is going to be covered in a
nervous sweat at any second. He searches for words before deciding on a command that makes you
swallow harshly.

“Touch yourself.”

“W-what?” You sputter, all at once relieved and appalled at his wish. “Why?”

“I don’t know what you like.” He says, tilting his head to the side a bit. His eyes go from looking
into yours to looking at your still-covered crotch. One of your hands twitches, instinctively wanting
to obey his command. “And I want you to show me.”

“Really?”

“I wouldn’t be asking you if I didn’t want to see.” God, you can tell he’s a little bit amused with
how flustered you are, but your thoughts are swirling around in your head too fast for you to be properly indignant over it.

You pause for a moment, deciding what the next course of action should be, before deciding *fuck it, the guy just wants to see me masturbate, not an entire staged production*, and scooting up on the bed a bit until your back is supported by your pillows and you can use both of your hands freely without laying flat. His eyes brighten almost immediately, the telltale excitement of a teenage boy bleeding through his usually apathetic expression.

You start with your underwear, hooking your fingers through the elastic waist and dragging them slowly down your legs. He watches with rapt attention, his adam’s apple bobbing as he sees you slide the fabric down your thighs and calves, until you finally pull them over your feet and toss them to the side of the bed. He watches them fall for a split second before his eyes fly back to your crotch, lingering on your exposed cunt like he’s trying to devour it with his eyes.

You wait for a moment, willing your hands to not be so shaky. Already he seems like he’s completely taken with you, like you’re the most beautiful thing he’s ever seen. You don’t want to disappoint him; you’re sure now that this is the first time he’s ever seen a girl partially naked before, much less been in a situation like this one, and you don’t want to half-ass it.

So you spread your legs open, enough so that the stretch of it just barely starts to register. Immediately his eyes widen, his mouth parting just slightly as he looks at your now open cunt with impossible-to-cover reverence. You swallow thickly, debating if he wants to just stare at it longer or if you should get started.

He answers for you; his eyes flick upwards to yours, and he nods almost imperceptibly. You take a deep breath at that, lifting your other hand to your mouth and taking your middle and ring finger past your lips, licking them for extra lubrication just in case. He watches the motion with fascinated eyes, the interest in them spiking even more when you bring those two fingers downwards and slowly, slowly push them inside of yourself.

He’s torn already. This is something he thought he was never going to be able to see, so his instinct is telling him to immediately dive in, to take advantage of the situation in front of him. But the more rational part of himself wants him to take his time, to admire how cute you look in just your sweatshirt while you bite your lip. He wants this burned into his memory for as long as he lives, because not only is it erotic; he’s seeing you at your most vulnerable right now, and the power that fills him with is almost frighteningly exhilarating.

You let go of your outer lips— satisfied that the sight of you now fingering yourself is more than sufficient for him— in favor of using that hand to skim over your clit, circling around it for show before pressing down firmly. He watches for a second before his focus goes back to the sight of your two fingers slowly sliding in and out of your cunt, covered to the knuckles in a sheen that makes him unconsciously lick his lips.
He was right in one aspect; he has no idea what you like. You do, however, having spent many nights thinking of the redhead in front of you (many, many more times than you'd like to admit), so finding a satisfying pace and set of movements isn’t hard at all. You curl your fingers inside of you with every pump, pinching your clit as you search your inner walls for the one spot that makes you feel the best.

You pass over it and shudder, a movement that he doesn’t miss. You watch his pupils contract and dilate at the breathy little moan you let out, watch as his hands twitch a little bit with the restrained urge to touch you as your hips gently buck upwards. You try not to close your eyes at every pass over your g-spot, but you’ve worked yourself up to the point that you know you’re going to come soon. Surprisingly, you aren’t embarrassed of that fact; you know your body well enough to bring yourself to the brink within minutes, so it isn’t unusual for you. What is unusual, however, is the feeling of Kuguri’s hand sliding around your wrist just as your eyes start to close.

“Wait.” He says. Your eyes immediately fly open, curiosity apparent in them. Whether or not Kuguri knew you were getting close or if he just grew impatient, you’re not sure. All you know is that he’s looking up into your eyes with a smoldering gaze that is enough to make your skin feel like it’s on fire.

“You don’t—” you start, but your words die out as he presses a gentle kiss to the inside of your thigh.

“I think I get it now.” He murmurs, causing you to swallow harshly. He uses the hand circled around your wrist to slowly pull your fingers from inside of you, openly marveling at the slick wetness that coats them. You watch him, almost afraid to breathe at his point, as he finally releases your wrist and moves to push two of his own fingers inside of you.

They’re larger than yours. That much is very, very apparent as he slides them into you as far as he can. You’re already squirming and he hasn’t even done anything beyond that, but the stretch of having him touch you is almost beyond compare.

“You’re tight.” He murmurs, and you know it’s just an observation but it still makes your body tingle immediately. You wonder if he’s able to tell that, because he looks right into your eyes as he continues. “You’re going to feel so good around me.”

Could someone tell you why that was hot? Because his face is still nearly blank, his tone is flat and almost analytical, but—

“I’ve wanted to fuck you for so, so long.” His voice is a little bit hoarse as he curls his fingers inside of you, planting his thumb on your clit in a way that makes a muscle in your leg twitch. “I thought about it all the time.”

You shudder, then, because you know what he means by that. The thought of him touching himself sends an almost supernatural feeling through your body. You’re about to respond in kind, about to tell him that you’ve spent enough nights with your hands between your legs and the image of one of his half-smiles burned into your mind, but he seems completely wrapped up in the moment and continues.

“You’re so beautiful.” His expression lifts for a moment as his fingers continue to explore, searching for something that seems to escape him for a moment. You’re almost stunned, seeing so much softness in the contours of his face, and a tingling flush sweeps over your skin at his words. You see a rare sort of awe in his eyes, one that only seems to bloom during times of intimacy, and you almost want to squeeze your own eyes shut and take yourself away from the overwhelming amount of emotions that crash over you.
He isn’t quite sure why, but he knows all of this. He knows you’re at your most vulnerable and yet here you are, allowing him to have a privilege that other people would probably kill for. He falters in his movements for a split second, enough so that he sees a question form behind your lips, but then he’s resuming them almost frantically, like his life depends on you coming undone around his fingers, like he’s never been more determined to see something through in his life.

His name stutters past your lips and it’s so raw, like every useless emotion has been scraped from it, that he almost chokes on thin air. It’s like he’s rushing towards something that he’s wanted all his life, like everything he’s ever done has lead to this moment. Your back arches and you’re saying something to him, something that he should be proud of and savoring, but he feels like time itself is unraveling here with you underneath him, and he can’t afford to let another second go by without properly worshipping you.

He leans forward and presses his mouth over yours, slanting your lips together with surprising ease, and with a particularly hard press onto your clit you’re gone, crying out against his mouth as if the force of your orgasm physically ripped sound from your throat.

He doesn’t stop, not until your muscles are twitching and you have to place a hand on his arm in order to tell him that you’ve had enough. Even then, though, he’s hesitant to remove his fingers from inside of you, sacred that if he does then everything will be over. The worry must be evident on his face because you give him a slow kiss on the lips, your end goal of reassuring him becoming apparent as you do so.

Slowly, slowly he removes his fingers from inside of you, and immediately he’s enthralled with the way they shine in the dim light filtering through your window. You take in a few ragged breaths as he examines his fingers, an embarrassed wave of heat sinking into your cheeks.

“You can just… wipe it on the sheets—” you begin, but the mere idea of letting the wetness on his fingers go to waste seems to offend him, because he slides his fingers into his mouth without a second thought.

“Or you could do that, I guess…” You murmur, watching as he leans back onto his heels and runs his tongue through his parted fingers. The display isn’t supposed to be lewd— you know he’s legitimately curious— but it still does something to you that takes you a little by surprise. You just came moments ago but already you want more of him, want to see what else this boy can offer you. He seems all too eager to comply with those wishes. When he finally removes his fingers from his mouth and passes his tongue over his bottom lip, his gaze flies to the hem of your sweatshirt and then back up to your face as if to say well?

You give him the sweetest, most excited grin that you can muster as you pull the article of clothing over your head, almost laughing in delight at the way his eyes immediately zero in on your chest. It spurs you to remove you bra as well, being past the point of teasing him, and as the discarded cups fall to the bed you swear his eyes are going to burn a hole into your skin.

You’re about to ask him if he’d like to do more than just look, but it seems that all trepidation has left your partner. One of his hands goes to cup a breast and you’re a little amused to find that his saliva still coats his fingers. It’s a little chilly, and the way he drags them over your nipple sends a shiver through your body that you can’t quite contain. He might note this. He might not. You’re not exactly sure what he's taking in right now, because his gaze seems to flicker from your exposed chest to your cunt and back to your face, but you know for sure that he must really likes what he sees. There’s nothing else but raw adoration and lust in his eyes, and it instills a sort of fearlessness in you that makes you speak up.
“Your turn.” You say. You remove the hand on your chest and he looks a little disgruntled, but
complies with your wishes nonetheless. He pulls his shirt over his head with a nonchalance that
tells you he isn’t quite aware of how incredible his body is; the smooth roll of muscles, the sharp
angles of his chest, the narrow lines of his hips. You want to reach out and touch him, simply to
reassure yourself that he isn’t made out of marble. He’s real, his chest moving with each excited
breath he takes, and you almost slap yourself to prove that this isn’t a dream.

He pauses after his shirt lands on the floor, looking at you with an inquisitive expression that might
even be laced with a bit of insecurity. You know his question before he even gets to vocalize it, and
you nod.

“Pants too.” You clarify, and he nods back, his eyes still burning bright as he moves to stand and
yank down his training pants.

Frankly, you wish he had given you some sort of warning, because his legs are of the same caliber
as his chest. You think it would be a great way to die, having your head crushed between the
defined muscles of his thighs, and the thought causes a giggle to slip past your lips before you can
quite stop it.

“What?” He asks, and although he tries on an amused expression, you can still hear the threads of
insecurity and doubt laced into his voice. You crawl over to him and he watches, with those sharp
eyes of his, as you slide off of the bed and onto your knees in front of him.

“Just happy to be here.” You say, and it’s not a lie. He raises a brow at you and you laugh again,
esturing for him to sit on the bed. He complies with your wishes, though there’s a slight confusion
in his gaze that reminds you that you are, in fact, working with a virgin here.

You grab at the waistband of his boxers and his eyes widen almost comically. He looks like, for a
split second, he wants to ask you to stop pulling his underwear down, but he swallows harshly
before his lips get a chance to part and just watches you do it. You want to ask him what he thought
you were going to do, because obviously he’s taken a bit by surprise, but the sight of his cock in
front of you forces you to focus your attention elsewhere. It’s large and flushed and there’s already
a bead of wetness forming at the tip that you don’t hesitate to lick away when his underwear is
safely discarded over your shoulder. He shudders almost immediately, inhaling sharply through his
teeth.

“You don’t—” He starts, but trails off when you settle between his open legs and lick a long strip
from his base to his tip, flicking your eyes up to make contact with his.

You don’t reply to his objection, mostly because your actions do all the talking for you. You swirl
your head around his tip once before deciding that you may as well get started, opening your
mouth and taking him fully into your mouth with a smooth motion of your head.

You haven’t even taken half of his shaft before he lets out a small strangled noise, hand
instinctively going to rest on your head and thread through your hair, fingers brushing against your
scalp with a shaky gentleness that makes your heart clench. One of your hands comes up to grip
what you can’t fit into your mouth, the other gently cupping his balls, and you can tell by the
twitch of his thigh that he’s already enjoying himself very much.

You think you hear your name in the way his breath hitches when you begin to bob your head,
hallowing out your cheeks in a way that draws out another thigh twitch. You move your hand in
tandem with your head in a way that you’re nearly certain he’ll love, and once again you’re treated
to the sound of him failing to find words, nothing falling past his lips except for an extremely
content sigh. His grip in your hair tightens just a bit, his eyes finding your own and staring, almost
in bewilderment, at the sight of you with saliva coating your lips and his cock jammed into your mouth. You look freakishly good like this, and he wishes he could have you on your knees like this every day for the rest of your life. It’s better than any porno or picture or even imagined image that he’s thought up. He adjusts his fingers just to make sure that this is real, and he’s rewarded with a small moan from you as he tugs at the roots of your hair.

“F-fuck.” He murmurs when you release his dick from your mouth with a satisfying pop, and although he’s scared for a moment that you’re going to stop now, all you do is give him a few licks from his balls back to the tip of his shaft, not once breaking eye contact with him. He resists the urge to squirm uselessly at your ministrations, choosing instead to watch you as keenly as possible in the hopes of memorizing this moment until he can replay it again and again in his mind. He’s almost tempted to say something, to praise you for making him feel better than he’s ever felt in his life, but words are useless now because you’ve removed your hand from his shaft and seem to be preparing yourself for something.

He doesn’t get a chance to ask what that is. Rather, he witnesses you take a deep breath before opening wide and descending back down on his cock again. He expects you to stop halfway like you did before but you keep going, grimacing only a tad as the tight feeling of your mouth on his tip gives way to the even more constricting feeling of your throat.

“Jesus.” He hisses, his other hand clenching your bedsheets with almost enough force to tear right through them. You still for a second, just to get used to the feeling, before once again bobbing your head up and down on his shaft, your eyes flicking back up to meet his.

He’s sure they’re absolutely hazy, filled with open adoration and lust for you. The way you’re looking at him is driving him absolutely crazy, like you’re determined to please him, and it’s something that he thought he would never see even in his wildest dreams. His tongue darts out to lick at his lips and he’s surprised at how dry they are, at how he seems not to notice anything other than the way you’re bringing him closer and closer to the edge. A tornado could tear through the room at this moment and he doubts he would even notice it was there.

He closes his eyes just for a second, only to remind himself that you have to breathe and no, he can’t just cram his entire cock down your throat. But you seem determined to do just that, taking a majority of his shaft into your mouth before deciding that any more would be a little risky. Not that it matters much to him; he’s already feeling so good that he’s even lasted this long. But the promise of release is so close that he practically feels it passing through his fingertips, and with a sudden jerk of his hand he removes your head from his painfully hard shaft, trying not to focus on how a string of saliva connects your parted lips to the tip of his dick. You look at him with furrowed brows for a moment before a slow and wicked grin spreads across your face.

“You close, Kuguri?” You ask, and he swallows thickly before nodding. You bite your lip, effectively breaking the line of saliva, before speaking again. “You wanna cum in my mouth?”

“No.” Had his mind not been so clouded, he might’ve been embarrassed at how raspy his voice sounded. “Inside you.”

Your pleased expression only grows at the slight tinge of desperation in his voice, the kind that only comes from moments of depravity such as these, and with a gentle grip on his wrist you remove his fingers from your hair. You rise to your feet again and he appraises your body once more, toes curling as he realizes that he finally has you. Years of waiting, of wondering, have led up to this moment, and so he doesn’t hesitate to grasp your hips in both hands as you crawl into his lap.
You might have intended to push him onto his back, but his patience wears thin and he decides that enough is enough. He’s been waiting so long, pining so hard, that he guides himself to your entrance with no preamble and pulls your hips down towards his own. You let him with an excited expression on your face, one that melts almost instantly into bliss when he finishes sinking the entirety of his cock inside of you.

“God,” He grinds out, afraid for a moment that he’s already done for, “you feel so good.”

You, on the other hand, seem incapable of words at this point. Your hands find purchase on his shoulders and your nails bite at his skin, as if you’re trying to anchor yourself here in this moment. He takes advantage of the lack of movement on your part to move a slightly shaking hand to your chest, palm skimming over a nipple as he places a light kiss to your collarbone. The corners of your lips turn into an adoring smile and although he feels undeserving of such an expression, he returns it. Because he’s here with you, sharing a moment that he’ll remember for the rest of his life, and that knowledge is something that sends a wave of tingles down the staircase of his spine.

He palms your breast gently, his lust-hazed eyes taking a second to clear as he does so. Regrettably, he doesn’t get to touch them for long because you seem to come to a silent decision that you’ve been waiting long enough as well. You lean forward and capture his lips with your own, tongue finding his after a brief moment as you shift your position in his lap. Just the slight movement alone makes him groan softly into your mouth, and perhaps that empowers you because you use your knees to push yourself up once and then sink back down onto him.

His wandering hand immediately goes back to your hip but then skims over to your clit as he tries to awkwardly figure out what to do while his mind is already clouding up. He uses his middle finger to push down on the bundle of nerves with a small amount of uncertainty that clears once he hears your sharp inhale. Maybe if he was as experienced as Daishō or suave as Hiroo he would make some comment or give you a sultry smirk; but he’s Kuguri, and all he can do is break away from your lips and let a plea fall softly against your skin.

“Please.” He says, and he doesn’t have to elaborate for you to know that he wants you to do that again. So you do, holding yourself steady with the hands on his shoulders as you try to keep a pace that allows him to keep his hand on your clit. He realizes after a moment that it’s futile, though, so his hand moves once more. You don’t seem to mind the repositioning of his hand back at your hip, though, because it allows him to grip you more steadily as he suddenly bucks his hips up into yours. Your sounds go from breathy whispers to pleased moans immediately, his name falling from your lips in a chant.

His fingers press into your hips with enough force that they might leave bruises in their wake, but you can’t bring yourself to care as he pulls you back down on his shaft again, nearly stealing all the air in your lungs as he does so. You can tell he’s getting more comfortable with this already, if the way he plants his feet on the ground for more leverage and his eyes scan your bouncing tits is anything to go by. There’s a look in his eyes that you can’t quite decipher but at the moment you’re not particularly concerned with doing so; your entire world has become the feeling of him thrusting up into you, filling you so completely that you can’t imagine how you lived without him for so long.

He fucks you with the precision and force that you would expect from an ace; he’s hitting spots inside of you that make you feel like your entire body is jelly, though one in particular draws a startled noise from you. He smiles up at you, as if to say found it, before his fingers are re-adjusting for what feels like the hundredth time and he’s putting all of his force into pounding into you. You’re almost certain your fingernails are cutting into his skin by now, maybe even drawing a fleck of blood, but you can’t bring yourself to care because release is suddenly rushing towards you.
as if you’re in a tunnel of white light, heat washing over your skin like the waves of a molten sea. You try to tell him but you absolutely cannot form words. Maybe he knows this instinctively, because then there’s a sudden pressure on your clit again and you’re falling over the edge, bliss stealing all of your senses.

He watches you come undone with a sense of satisfaction that he so rarely feels, and in that moment he feels like king of the world. You’re here with him, grinding in his lap and stealing another desperate kiss from his lips, and the moment is only intensified by the warm, exciting realization that he loves you. He loves you. And you’ve chosen to be here with him, chosen to let him make you feel this way, and he suddenly understands why people have always held lovemaking in such high regard. Nothing else compares.

He lasts for a few more thrusts before he’s spilling himself inside of you, toes curling against the floor as his groan vibrates against your lips. You tighten your hold on his shoulders as he does, skin sliding against his own, and he marvels at how the touch only furthers the sensation of it all.

He comes back to reality easily, and it only takes him a second to realize that his legs are trembling. You must realize too, because you’re giving him a smile that’s soft but holds a tinge of amusement. He wants to comment on it, wants to tell you he loves you, wants to say that was the best experience of his entire life, but all that comes out of his mouth is two words.

“You’re wonderful.”

And you smile wider at him, eyes crinkling at the edges as you press a small kiss to the tip of his nose.

“So are you.” You say, and for the first time in long time, Kuguri absolutely beams.
Hey guys! I know, I know- it’s been forever since I updated this anthology, and for that I really do apologize. It’s been hard for me to really sit down and write anything of substantial length lately, but today I just woke up and decided to finish this chapter. It’s still pretty short, by my standards, but I hope you enjoy it nonetheless.

However, before we go on, I’d like to address some potential triggers in this story. This is a Yandere AU, meaning that Akaashi is NOT like his typical self in this, and with that comes a few additional things; extremely possessive behavior, stalking, and a pretty decent amount of violence (though I did try to make it not as graphic in this installment). Additionally, the reader is bullied pretty badly in this chapter (called names, taunted, people do shitty things to her). Additionally, the relationship between the reader and Akaashi is pretty far removed from any sort of conventionally healthy relationship, though all contact between them is 100% consensual. If any of the above things will get to you, please do not read this chapter. I in no way intend to make my readers uncomfortable, but I did want to write this AU. You have been warned.

On a lighter note, this chapter is dedicated to Luna, who has been waiting so patiently for the Nishinoya chapter of this anthology (and it’s coming, believe me), and CC, who took the time to beta read this for me (and for whom this is an early Hanukkah present). You guys, and ALL of my readers, rock, and I’m so happy that I got to update this story again. Hopefully, more will follow.

xoxo Sabby

UPDATE: check out the amazing fanart inspired by this chapter!

There’s something wrong with Akaashi Keiji.

Now, if you were to say that sentence aloud— and you’ve tried, though the words never seem to make it past your lips— you’d be met with a round of disbelieving and irritated expressions.

“Are you delusional?” They’d ask, which, while better than what the people usually said to you at your school, would still carry the same tone of disdain and disgust that people usually had when addressing you. You could see it now, the way the whispers and laughs that followed you in the hall would just increase in volume, how the amount of malicious notes left in your locker and on your desk would double. And while you knew for certain that there was something off about one of the most popular boys in school, given your current situation it would be much wiser to stay silent than raise any sort of alarm.
“God, do you even try anymore?” Fujiwara Ame— whose name you only knew because of how relentlessly she pursued your misery— asks, splaying a beautifully manicured hand on your desk in a show of dominance. You swallow thickly before looking up at her, into the green eyes that you’d mistaken as kind on your first day of school.

“Fujiwara-san.” You say, almost wincing at how thinly-veiled your plea is. “Please leave me alone.”

“Aw, is the little piggy upset with me?” She coos, letting out a little snort to punctuate her sentence. You keep looking up at her blankly, hands balling into fists underneath your desk, but the shrill bell that warns everyone to take their place in homeroom interrupts you. You say interrupts rather than saves because you know that it’ll just resume in the downtime between your next class.

Ame settles into the desk in front of you, shooting a smug smirk at you over her shoulder, but you barely register it. There’s heat spreading along the right side of your face, a familiar feeling that makes the rest of your body stiffen. You want to look over but you can’t, already aware of who’s looking at you, how they’re looking at you.

Which brings you back to your original statement: there’s something wrong with Akaashi Keiji. He might be one of the most well-liked people in school, but there’s something about him that only you seem to notice.

It’s his eyes, mostly. They’re dead. Flat, like motionless pools of blue water, and they only ever seem to come alive when they’re looking at you. Sort of like how they are now; you know that if you cast a glance to your side you’ll see him out of the corner of your eye, watching you with that expression that he always has when it comes to you, which is unusually reverent given the fact that you’ve barely spoken to the boy in your life. He does this every day now— watching you as the group of tormentors take turns trying in vain to make you cry before the school day begins. He never says anything. Never moves to stop them. But he watches like an owl watches a mouse, perhaps waiting for the correct moment to swoop down and crush them between his claws.

No high school student should have a gaze like that. It’s not right. It’s too predatory, too aged beyond his years, too cunning, that you know it must only be the tip of the iceberg. There’s something underneath the surface of the mild-mannered and polite boy, something itching beneath the mask he displays; trying to get out and escape the most whenever he lays his eyes on you.

And that’s why, even though you’re miserable, even though you’re dreading every morning you have to go to school, you’re almost relieved for the bullies that abuse you on a daily basis. They keep the unknown side of Akaashi at bay. They add a layer of protection between you and him. And though you may be the most tormented person attending Fukurodani, you wouldn’t change that for anything, especially not when you’re aware of much more dangerous things lurking around
The locker rooms always smell like mildew and desperation— old towels and scent of the perfumes that girls sprayed on themselves after class in order to mask the foul odors of sweat and dirty gym clothes. It makes your stomach churn and your eyes water just a bit, but you powered through the class just like you did with everything else. You ignored the snickers and the backhanded comments that followed you as you jogged past your fellow students. You tried not to look at yourself in the mirror, in the tiny gym uniform. You tried so, so hard to stay away from the boy’s class, where you knew Akaashi would be watching. Waiting.

You’re one of the few girls that takes a shower after class. The rest would rather not ruin the makeup they applied that morning and the hair they styled, and you don’t really blame them. You used to do that, too. But because nobody takes a shower after class anymore, you have the stalls all to yourself. It’s one of the few places in this school that you have any sort of reprieve from the constant insults tossed your way.

You pass through the lines of girls, who have already changed back into their school uniforms, using the remainder of the period to shoot the breeze. You ignore their laughs. You ignore their malignant banter. You pull your towel closer to your body and keep your gaze on the floor, knowing that’s the most effective thing you can do. They’re laughing a little more than usual today at you; you figure they must be in an especially cruel mood or perhaps have something special in store for you.

And you’re absolutely right. You get to your gym locker and find that it’s wide open. Your gym uniform is gone. Your school uniform is gone. Your underwear is gone. You made sure you locked your locker; even checked twice. You know you did. How did they—

The laughter seems to grow louder around you, like a wave about to crash to shore. This is too much. You haven’t done anything to these girls. You haven’t done anything to deserve this. Nothing. They pick on you, they belittle you— for what? A sense of satisfaction? Putting you down to cover up their own insecurities? You’ve done nothing but be polite to them, allowed them to walk all over you, and yet they still seem to have the capacity for cruelness beyond what you can comprehend.

It doesn’t even register in your mind when the bell rings and they filter out around you. You’re staring at the blank void that is the inside of your locker, knowing that one of the girls passing you by has your clothes in her bag. You sit on the bench in the middle of the aisle, still staring at it. You can’t go to class and you most certainly can’t leave this locker room. On top of that, you’re going to get a detention for skipping.
You sit in silence for what feels like hours. Thinking, mostly, about how this has escalated past what you thought it would. You think about how, just earlier on in the day, you’d felt solace in the way they taunted you, how they put you down to the point where you could never build yourself up again. You thought, in your own way, that it was protecting you from something much, much worse.

You think of dead, flat eyes. You think of your face heating up, of long looks in your direction. You think of curly black hair and an impassive face.

You finally stand after you mull over your decisions. You walk to the locker room door and peek out, checking to make sure nobody will catch you, before walking across the narrow hall to the trash can. Your clothes are stuffed in it. You pull them out, go back in the locker room, and put them on.

You walk home that day smelling like garbage. You barely even notice; you spend the whole time planning, mulling over your options.

It’s funny, really, how one day changes everything.

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The next morning you arrive in homeroom later than usual. Before the first bell, at least, but you’ve severely cut into Ame’s time with you, and she takes offense to that. She makes sure you know that when you enter the room, scoffing and glaring at you as if to will you back to your seat so she can launch into a round of verbal assault.

But you don’t sit down. At least, not at first. You pause on the way to your desk, knuckles gripping the strap of your bag so tightly that you’re sure they’re bone-white, and steel yourself for the next couple of moments.

You turn, facing the desk to your side. The boy looks up at you, his dark blue eyes undoubtedly interested but his mouth still firm in a fine line. Nobody takes note of this interaction at this moment, though you know they will in just a few seconds. You take a deep breath.

“Akaashi-san.” You say, and the people in the immediate vicinity whip around to look at you. His lips twitch, like he wants to smile. “Would you like to eat lunch with me today?”
The room goes silent. Ame looks like she’s about to pass out laughing, like she’s about to witness the greatest moment of her life— you being turned down by one of the most popular boys in school. But you’re not afraid.

You see a little bit of a thrill pass over his eyes, manifesting in a tiny, tiny smile. He continues to look up at you for a moment, through his beautifully curled eyelashes, before he nods.

“I would love to.” He says, and it feels like the tension in the room has snapped, like you’ve fallen into an alternate dimension where time stands still. This is it.

You nod back at him, then you take your seat.

Ame says nothing to you.

—

He finds you under the stairwell of the art wing, where you always eat lunch. You’d ask how he knows but you already have the inkling that he’s known for a very, very long time. Perhaps since the day he first looked at you with that lively expression. He sits down next to you, his own lunch in hand.

“Hello.” He says. You nod in reply, chewing on your food. He watches you, not touching his own.

“Hello yourself.” You say once you’ve swallowed. He looks amused at your reply.

“I’ve been meaning to ask you to eat with me, though I suppose you being the one to ask doesn’t make much of a difference.” He says. He unwraps his bento. You study him.

“Why?” You say, and he knows you aren’t just asking about lunch. You’re asking about everything. About the long looks and the pressing interest, the knowledge of your life that you’re sure he hasn’t gained by just asking around about you.
“I can’t explain it.” He says. He’s studying you right back.

“Why me?”

“Because you’re you.”

You tilt your head at him and take another bite of your lunch. This feels much more casual than it should, given the fact that he’s practically admitted to stalking you. You chew thoughtfully but you don’t taste it.

“Would you do something for me?”

“Anything.”

“Make it stop.”

And instead of a small smile, you’re rewarded with a full-blown grin. It’s dazzling and it belongs on the cover of a magazine rather than behind a stairwell, but it’s directed at you and it makes your heart do something funny that catches you off guard.

There’s something wrong with Akaashi Keiji. And instead of being scared, you’re thrilled about it.

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You haven’t given in fully to him. Not yet. You don’t let him walk you to class. You don’t let him kiss you. You barely even look at him. But you know something has changed, a dynamic has shifted, and now the two of you are working in tandem. You’re together, in a way, no matter how much you put down his advances behind the stairwell or when he pins you against the lockers in a back corridor between classes. Your red strings of fate have become tangled and knotted and there’s no hope of ever straightening them out again. You marvel, occasionally, at how it only took one day for this shift to occur, one day for your opinion of the man to completely change.

He stalks you. He watches you at night, from the sidewalk across the street. The flowers in the bed beneath your living room window have been trampled, crushed under his feet as he takes in your
daily life. He’s been doing this for so long. You know he has. And ever since he admitted it, he’s been doing it even more.

Maybe he looks at your acceptance of him, at your knowledge of what he really is, and uses it to put you on this impossible pedestal. You know you’re the only one who knows what goes on in that head of his— not Bokuto, not Konoha, not anyone else— and sometimes you wonder if that’s a privilege or a curse. Either way, you don’t have the chance to regret your decision to let him into your life, not with him or with anyone else.

The girls have become especially unforgiving since it got around that you eat lunch with someone they believe to be out of your league. You find yourself looking more and more at Ame’s hand when she slams it on your desk, at her mauve nail polish and the dainty silver ring on her index finger. It’s a pretty hand, but it belongs to an awful person.

You barely even hear what she says to you anymore. It’s all blocked out by the rushing of blood in your ears, the tingling of your skin that always happens when Akaashi looks at you. He does it a lot more openly now, like he wants everyone around you to know that you and him are connected in some way. It works, to an extent, but you can tell that he wasn’t expecting your torment to increase because of him. You know he wants to protect you, in his own way, and the fact that he has failed to do so gives you a peek at the sort of restlessness that resides under his calm demeanor.

“I don’t know who you think you are.” Ame seethes at you, her red hair falling like a curtain around her face as she leans closer to you. She really is beautiful. It’s a shame you’ve allowed darkness to creep up into your life and sink into your veins. “Or how much you paid him, or blackmailed him to go along with your little stunt—”

“Leave her alone.” Akaashi’s voice cuts through the room like a razor blade through cloth, leaving a very obvious tear in its wake. “She hasn’t done anything to you.”

His eyes are smoldering, and not in a good way. He’s getting upset. He wants to protect you openly, wants to make it known that he’s not faking his connection to you, but with a sharp shake of your head, he closes his mouth again.

“Are you serious?” Ame snorts. It seems to be the only thing she can say. She looks at you for a long moment, at your blank face, devoid of sadness or offense or anything else she might deem fun, and sinks into her seat. It takes her a moment to turn around, because you can tell she’s dying to say something else to you, to see your face crumple or your eyes water, but you remain impassive.
And then, when she’s not looking, your eyes meet Akaashi’s.

You nod. He smiles.

Fujikawa Ame lives fifteen minutes away from your house. Approximate thirty-five on foot, if Akaashi keeps his pace consistent. He takes a couple shortcuts on the way, cutting through backyards with his eyes narrowed the entire time, like a predator closing in on its prey. He supposes that’s what he is. Top of the food chain. Relentless. Cold-blooded. This isn’t the first time he’s come close to directly taking your situation into his own hands, but he always held off. He wasn’t sure if he could risk his life, his freedom, for something like this. He may be unhinged but he’s also always been a careful planner, weighing the outcomes of his decisions in a logical way. Being in jail would mean never seeing you again. He couldn’t risk that, not when you were the only thing that kept him going.

But this was what you wanted. You wanted this to end, and even though you may only be using him as a means to that end, he still can’t turn you down. You’re connected now. He knows you know it. You’ll never be able to distance yourself from him, not after this. You’re in this together.

Together. It’s the first time he’s been able to apply that word to you and him. He likes the way it sounds.

Ame’s house is settled between two others on the street. It’s small and was probably once unassuming, but it’s been painted and the garden laid out in such a way that it reminds him of the girl herself. Always needing to be seen, craving the knowledge of being noticed.

Not for much longer.

He stalks her almost as much as he stalks you, though the reasons could not be more opposite. He knows she’s home alone for another hour, that one of her neighbors is a senile old man who can barely hear and the other is a mother who spends the day catching up on sleep while her toddler is at daycare. He also knows where the spare key is, how to push open the gate to the backyard without making the rusty hinge screech, and which windows are the best ones to go through if he wants to catch her off guard.

He picks the one to her living room. It only takes one try to hoist himself up (despite his gloves
making it a little difficult to grasp the ledge) and slide through it— she’d stupidly let it open to allow the spring air to roll in— and he lands on the couch with a barely perceptible noise. Ame is in her bedroom, singing along to a song on the radio as she does her homework. Perfect. He walks past her open door, smiling wryly at her back as he does, and enters the kitchen as if it’s his own.

Her father is a chef. This used to not matter to Akaashi, because he could not possibly care less about Ame or her life story, but today it comes in handy. There are plenty of instruments in here for him. Would he use a meat tenderizer to shatter her skull? A frying pan to render her unconscious? He notices a rolling pin made of stone, and the thought crosses his mind to use that, but he decides not to at the last second. He needs to make this quick. He has no room for error.

He pulls a knife from the block next to the sink. It’s a good eight inches, non-serrated, and it gleams in the light from the kitchen window. It has a glimmer to it that reminds him of your eyes. He turns the handle in his hands, memorizing the weight of it as he curls it in his fingers, before he turns on his heel and sets out of the kitchen, back into the hall and into her doorway. She’s still singing.

He only pauses for a second to think about what he’ll do, before he decides that he doesn’t need theatrics. He doesn’t need a monologue of how she had this coming, doesn’t need to see the fear in her eyes as he takes her life. She doesn’t get the privilege of being regarded with any extra amount of his time. She is an insect. She is dirt. She is an inconvenience, and that’s the end of it.

The first time Akaashi Keiji kills, it is anticlimactic. He slaps his hand over her mouth and, before she even has the chance to scream, to showcase her vocals in a way different than singing, he digs the side of the knife into her throat and pulls, slitting it. She falls back into her chair, blood gushing down her front that matches the color of her hair, and he steps back. It’s over. It’s done.

The ring on her hand, which hangs by her side, off the arm of her desk chair, gleams in the light much like the knife did. He pauses, rethinking his statement.

It’s over, but not *quite* done.

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It’s completely dark when he rings your doorbell. You don’t bother looking through the peephole, not wanting to waste any more time. You have no doubt that there’s guilt written all over him, and not in his expression. You’re glad that your parents are both out of town, because when you open the door, your suspicions are proven correct.
He’s covered in blood. It’s on him from head to toe, from speckles to full-on drenched parts. It almost doesn’t look real, the vivid redness of it, and you blink a few times before allowing him in.

“You did it.” You say. The words sound foreign on your tongue.

“I did.” He looks exceptionally pleased with himself, searching your face for something to validate himself with. He finds it in the way your lips twitch into a slight smile as he pulls out the knife, still coated with blood, but it’s much drier and it flakes a little bit onto the hardwood floor.

“She’s—”

“Dead.” He speaks the word with a finality that makes everything seem alright, like it was just another chore he crossed off his list. “She won’t be bothering you any more. I made sure of it.”

“You did that for me?” You step closer to him.

“I would do anything for you.” He says, and you don’t stop him when he bends down just a tad to press his lips over yours. They’re a little dry. They’re the lips of a killer. But they’re warm and accepting and eager to meet yours, and you can’t deny that they send a wave of comfort through you that feels better than what you imagined.

“I got you something.” He says when you pull apart, his words causing his lips to drag against your own. You step back, looking at him expectantly as he reaches into his pocket, the one that has a ring of blood radiating out from under it, and carefully pulls out your gift.

A severed finger. Fujikawa Ame’s ring is still attached to the bloody stump of what was once delicate and beautiful. You hold out your hand and he gives it to you, an expectant look on his face.

“Thank you.” You breathe. “It’s lovely.”

Your fingers close around hers. It’s cold. His grin is almost blinding.
You place the finger on your bathroom counter, on top of a tissue just in case. Akaashi watches you do it, expression still bright like a praised child, before you turn to him.

“We’re going to have to burn your clothing.” You say, watching as he places the knife next to the finger. He smiles at you again, stepping a little closer.

“I don’t mind.” He says, an arm resting on either side of you, his hips pressing you into the counter.

You look at him for a long moment. “You need to get cleaned up.”

His grin dies down into a sly smirk as he bends to nip at your earlobe. His hand— blood-covered and powerful— comes to rest on your hip as he licks the shell of your ear.

“Only if you help me.”

You know the implications of his words. Weeks ago, you would have been repulsed. Disgusted. Now, you find that a shock of arousal courses through you, trembling through your legs and running through your heart. You push him back so you can look him in the eyes.

“I will.” It’s a simple sentence but he looks infinitely more excited; he steps back so that you can turn the shower on, pulling the curtain closed to trap just a bit of the steam in there. He watches with those sharp eyes of his as you take a deep breath and turn back to him, your posture hesitant but not scared.

He pulls his shirt over his head, letting it fall to the ground with a soft flutter of fabric, before he looks at you expectantly. You swallow, following suit, your own joining his on the ground. He already has a reverent expression on as he looks over your top half, from your collarbone to your breasts to your navel and back up again. He unbuttons his pants, yanking them down with barely contained excitement, never taking his eyes from your body as if he’s afraid that doing so will make you disappear. He even takes off his underwear and you try your hardest not to look at his naked body, at how impressive his length is even though he’s not even close to being fully hard.

When you pause in removing your own bottoms, he takes a step towards you and does it himself,
pressing a kiss to the top of your thighs once you step out of them. He looks up at you from his kneeling position, an unholy amount of love and adoration in his eyes, and you swallow hard. He pulls at the elastic of your underwear, leaving kisses down your entire leg as you nod for him to proceed, the cold air of the bathroom making you shiver.

“Bra, too.” He murmurs. He stands, his hand cupping your cunt with no warning, and you might have squirmed away had his middle finger not pressed on your clit. You breathe in sharply, looking at him with a bewildered expression that he meets with a smug one, pulling you closer so that your bodies are nearly flush. You gape a little when you realize that he’s getting hard, his hips canting a little bit as if in search for some friction.

You allow him to touch your clit in small little circles for a moment, then shake yourself out of your trance to remove your last garment. His eyes immediately go from your face to your breasts, at your hardened nipples and the way they tremble with each ragged breath you take.

He finally stops tormenting your clit in favor of sliding his fingers further, to your damp slit. The pad of his middle finger dips inside of you and his chest rumbles with satisfaction when he realizes how wet you are already. He slides his finger in further, bending it a little to brush against your walls, and the little whimper you let out is almost enough to drive him crazy.

His blood-covered arm holds you up as he inserts another finger, afraid that your legs might buckle a little bit. They do, but he keeps you upright, his eyes once more meeting yours and his expression growing more feral and clouded with lust by the moment.

“You like that I did that for you, don’t you?” He murmurs, his erection almost painful at this point. You look so helpless in his arms, so beautiful as you slip into pleasure, that he almost can’t help himself. “You like that I’ll do anything for you. That I’ll kill for you.”

“Y-yes.” Your voice is barely above a whisper but that’s all he needs to hear, his thumb resuming where his middle finger left off and pressing on your clit.

“I’d do it again, you know. I’d kill anyone who makes you unhappy.” It’s the raw truth. You squirm. “Nothing can come between us being together. Not anymore.”

You nod at him, using a trembling arm to pull him into a kiss, and he reciprocates tenfold, his tongue forcing your lips open to tangle with your own. It’s almost too much for him, the way you respond so enthusiastically, the way you pant when you pull apart. The steam from the still-running shower is dampening the rest of your skin so he pulls back.
“Shall we?” He murmurs. You blink the haze out of your eyes and whine a little when he pulls his fingers out of you.

“Oh. Yeah.” You say when you orient yourself again, as if you’d forgotten why you came in here in the first place. He smiles down at you as he pulls back the shower curtain, allowing you to step in before he does.

The first thing you notice is that there’s streaks of red running down his chest as the blood is washed away. They’re like little rivers disrupting the map of his body, carrying his devotion to you down the drain, and a weird part of you almost regrets seeing them go. He slicks his wet hair back from his head and you realize that you’re here, enclosed in a small space with a killer, and you’re about to have sex with him.

The thought does not scare you. You grab the bar of soap from its dish hanging from the wall, looking at him pointedly. He seems to know what you want him to do because he sticks his arms out, allowing you to run the soap over them and wipe away the dried flakes of blood that remain there. His feral lust has subsided to adoration again, though it looms under the surface of his skin, awaiting your permission to come out again.

That part of him waits until you’ve eliminated all traces of blood from his body, leaving him looking like the innocent boy that he is in school. He lowers his arms a little bit just to pull you closer, to kiss you like he had outside the shower. Your arms wind around his neck and he smiles into the kiss, moving you backwards just a bit until you’re out of the direct path of the water and pressed against the cold tile wall of the shower.

“Are you ready?” He asks, his voice barely audible over the sound of the running water.

“Fuck me.” You say, and it thrills you how much power sits behind those words, the extent of influence you have over such a man. Now it’s his turn to take in a deep breath, not daring to look away from you as he grabs his cock and guides it to your opening, his exhale hissing out past his teeth as he slowly, slowly slides inside of you.

He lets out a low groan once he’s fully sheathed inside of you, his arms once more finding a position on either side of you. You keep yours around his neck, letting out a pitiful sound at the way he fills you to the brim, stretching you almost to the point that you can’t think coherently. He buries his face in the crook of your neck as he pauses, though with a sharp snap of his hips, he once again robs you of any tangible thoughts.
“You feel so good.” He coos against your skin, his voice husky. “So tight. I thought about this so much, thought about fucking you until you can’t stand anymore.” His hips press against yours almost painfully.

You don’t reply— you can’t, honestly, because he’s setting a pace, languidly thrusting into you with barely silenced groans. He pulls his head back and it takes you by surprise, how far gone he looks already. His expression is lax, his eyes glassy as his body seems to move on its own. His thrusts seem to build more power as he goes, hips meeting yours with little semblance of mercy, his breathing ragged. You almost balk when you see a line of drool escape past the corner of his mouth, proof of how unhinged he’s becoming in his pleasure.

“You love me.” He groans, punctuating the statement with a sharp thrust. “I’m going to keep you forever. You’re mine.”

You gasp as he keeps pummeling into you, adjusting his position just so his movements can become a tad more brutal. You love it. You love the feral glint of his eyes, the way that he almost can’t seem to control himself.

“No one can ever take you away from me. Not now, not ever. I’ll kill anyone who tries.” He times another thrust in tandem with his lips closing over the juncture between your neck and shoulder, sucking your skin into his mouth to leave a purple bruise there. You yelp, squirming against him, but his body is leagues more powerful and lithe than yours, so he keeps you pinned in your spot as he fucks you hard, every muscle in his body working to bring you to the edge, his fingers brushing against your clit in order to aid with that fact.

You let out another loud sound, this one more drawn out, and it’s absolute music to his ears, the way you call out for him to fuck you harder, tell him that he’s the only one for you. It motivates him to go harder, to give you everything that he has in him, to prove to you that he’s the only one that can make you feel this way. He’s the only one allowed to.

You come suddenly, body arching against his as a moan is ripped from your throat. He nearly snarls at the feeling of you wrapped tightly around him, the sight of your eyes going hazy and the desperation laced in your voice. He stutters out another broken confession of love as he follows you to his own peak, spilling inside of you with his fingers almost crushing your hip.

He stays inside of you for a while after that, savoring the feeling of you in his arms and his cock still inside of you. You’re still panting, looking up at him with a mixture of adoration and wonder, and he bends down to kiss you again.

His embrace could be considered almost suffocating, on a bad day. He still has you caged in, and although you might be the one in control emotionally, there’s no question as to who comes out on
top physically. His lips skim across the sensitive flesh of your neck, above your breasts, nibbling at your collarbone, as he whispers praise and adoration to you. You’re all he’s ever wanted and all that he will ever want, the only one who gets to see him as he is, who he will fight tooth and nail to protect forever. You’re perfect, you’re beautiful, and he will make sure that anyone who disagrees doesn’t live to see another day. He loves you, *He loves you.*

“I think I love you too.” You whisper to him.

“You don’t have a choice.” He reminds you.

—

There’s something wrong with Akaashi Keiji. But there’s also something wrong with you, too.

That’s why you’re such a perfect match, after all.
Hey guys! I told myself that my first update of the new year would be to this anthology— so I’ve been writing for a couple different characters until finally, I finished this chapter. I was pretty surprised with myself, seeing as how I thought I would never write for Kenma, yet here I am, a couple thousand words later.

I don’t have much to say for this chapter— it’s pretty tame except for some angst, but we all know I’m a bitch that can’t resist a happy ending. Anyways.

Special thanks to a few people today: To Zen/CC, for being my beta reader (who I put through the damn wringer with how demanding I am with that stupid temperamental personality of mine), to Luna who is STILL waiting for her chapter (your day will come, I promise), and to all of my perfect readers out there who put up with the fact that I’m the slowest writer on the face of the Earth. I may not be able to respond to all of them anymore, but I absolutely do read and love everyone’s comments on my works. You guys really kept me going through 2016, and I have no doubt you’ll help me through this year as well.

xoxo Sabby

There’s something undoubtedly special about your first friend. It’s your first non-familial connection, your first foray into life outside what you know to be safe, and it opens the door for all sorts of things to follow. More friends, better social skills, and a heightened understanding of relationships between two people. Even if you can’t remember their name, their impact will last a lifetime.

This rings especially true for Kozume Kenma, who, as a principle, doesn’t exert much effort into making friends. He’s always preferred to sink into his own little world and carry on conversations with his own thoughts than try to please someone whose opinion won’t matter to him anyway. Keeping others happy is too much work, he thinks; everyone should just focus on their own problems and needs and wants instead of making him go along with them. It’s just too much effort. Too much of a hassle.

You, however, are in a different realm entirely. Of all the things that Kenma can never, ever forget about you, it’s how effortless friendship with you was. Even in first grade you had the patience of an absolute saint, always smiling at him despite the amount of times he would shut down your attempts at conversation, never minding when he didn’t want to play with you on the jungle gym or eat the half of your lunch that you so graciously offered him when his mom had (again) forgotten his on the kitchen counter at home. You didn’t latch onto him, either, nor did you start to fuss when he would blatantly turn away from you. Instead, you’d always watch him with an easygoing smile on your lips, a small curl that betrayed no weariness on your part.

That smile has been carved into his memory for years; a sunny spot that he can recede into on bad days. It’s beautiful, perfect, so inherently you that there’s no mistaking it when it catches his eyes during his first year of high school, years and years after you had supposedly moved to the Fukushima prefecture.
“What’re you looking at?” Kuroo bumps him with his shoulder as he takes a sip from his water bottle. The gym around them is full of life, of shoes squeaking against the waxed floors and chatter between teams as they scrimmage. Training camps usually left Kenma with something akin to a headache, but that barely registers with him as he stares, a little slack-jawed and wide-eyed across the room.

It’s you. It has to be. There’s no mistaking the glimmer in your eyes, the iconic laugh that seems to be bubbling in your throat as you throw your head back at something a sandy-haired kid said to you. Kenma feels like everything is moving in reverse, like he’s suddenly the little black-haired boy sitting behind a plastic desk, looking at the back of your head and wondering why you smell so good. There’s a flash of anxiety that ripples through him, too, mirroring the one that he felt when you pulled him aside during recess on your first day of second grade and told him (tears in your eyes and snot in your nose, of course) that you were moving far, far away and you couldn’t play with him anymore.

He was robbed of comfort for months until Kuroo moved to his neighborhood. And now it’s all rushing back to him, the dull ache of losing his first friend, of having to start over on something that he was bad at to begin with, and suddenly he’s seized by the urge to run outside and puke up his lunch.

Kuroo, nonplussed, follows his gaze. Then, his mouth slides into that sly grin that so suits his scheming nature.

“Her?” He says, and if Kenma weren’t so shocked he might have berated Kuroo for being too loud. “That’s Fukurodani’s manager, I think. She’s a first year like you. Cute, isn’t she?”

Yes, Kenma thinks, his throat dry. Something like that.

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That training camp is the first time that Kenma meets Bokuto. For as loud and obnoxious as the ace is, Kenma barely remembers their introduction; the entire time his eyes had been trained on you, still across the gym and still talking to that light-haired boy. He fights the urge to run his hands over his own jet-black strands, which hang over his forehead and brush the shell of his ear in the way that an overgrown head of hair usually does. He hasn’t gotten a haircut since last year, when he was about to finish middle school.

The guy you’re talking to has hair a bit on the longer side. Suddenly, the idea of growing out his own locks doesn’t seem to bad to Kenma.

Who am I kidding? He thinks to himself. You haven’t even cast a single glance in his direction, too busy talking to a guy that appears to be your senpai. Kenma doesn’t know what’s worse-- the fact that you might recognize him but don’t think he’s worth a second glance, or the chance that you don’t even remember who he is in the first place. Both options leave him equally disheartened as he runs laps with the teams after a scrimmage, so caught up in his thoughts that he has half a mind to keep running down the streets of Tokyo and not look back. Kuroo is too busy to notice, too busy chatting up the second-year captain of the other team with a vivid flush on his cheeks that Kenma knows isn’t from exercise.

To keep himself sane, he turns his attention to the older guy that you’d been talking to earlier. Konoha, he thinks his name is; he’s handsome in a very traditional way, with a pearly smile and high cheekbones. Kenma can’t even resent him for getting your attention, not with how much charm and humor he exudes. Maybe your taste in people had matured just like you had, and you prefered the outgoing boys over the ones that spent their time in a dark room playing video games.
Konoha says something to a fellow second year—Kai—and they both burst out laughing. Kenma finds himself wishing that he could be a part of it, that he could know what Konoha said and did that made him so magnetic, but Konoha seems to have challenged Kai to a race because they take off without warning, leaving the two teams in the dust.

Not for the first time that day, Kenma is left behind.

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Kuroo and Bokuto seemed to have hit it off, enough so that the entire team packs themselves up and takes a train over to the school every weekend in order to practice with him and his team. Kenma has the inkling that it’s due in part to the lingering looks between Kuroo and Bokuto but he doesn’t vocalize his opinion. Instead he spends the rides over to the private school tapping away at one of his games, trying in vain to hide the fact that his hands are shaking just the tiniest bit at the thought of seeing you again.

You’ve locked eyes a couple times with him during the scrimmages your two teams take part in, but he can never decipher the smile that you give him. He can’t tell if there’s a glint of familiarity in your eyes or if he’s just imagining it, just superimposing his own desire to be acknowledged by you onto your being. He thinks he’s been making baby steps, though, exchanging a couple words with you as you hand him a towel after practices or making an effort to gently brush his fingers against yours when he takes a water bottle from you. You seem unaffected but it’s things like that that get him through the week until he sees you again, the hope that your next meeting will be the one that changes things.

Which is why he can’t help but feel the threads of distraught take root in him when he enters the Fukurodani gym behind Kuroo and you’re not there. Your absence is like a gaping hole that he can’t ignore, spikes of anxiety filling him and making him swallow hard.

Kuroo seems just as confused. “Where’s [Name]?”

“Hm?” Bokuto, who met them at the doors, looks around as if he hadn’t noticed. With how scatterbrained he is, Kenma wouldn’t be surprised if he hadn’t. “Oh. She must still be in the hall talking to Konoha.”

Kuroo shrugs, as if that’s a good enough answer—*it isn’t*—and proceeds to drop his bag on the floor, pulling out his kneepads and starting to put them on. The rest of his team follows suit, though Kenma feels strangely empty as he does so. He can’t put his finger on it but he feels like there’s something wrong.

“Hey.” Kuroo says, right before they’re set to do warm-up stretches. Kenma is afraid for a moment that he’s going to call him on his strange behavior in front of the other guys, but when he pulls his bottle out of his bag, Kenma nearly breathes a sigh of relief. “Would you mind filling this up for me? I forgot to before we left.”

Kenma nods and takes the bottle, turning towards the gym doors that lead to the hall. He’s aware that you and Konoha are out there, most likely bantering or doing something else that will make Kenma’s heart feel like it’s dissolving in his chest, but he wants to act normal. Maybe seeing him will prompt you and the wing spiker to come back on the court, where the scrimmage will separate the two of you for the time being, and he can—

He’s not prepared for what he sees when the gym door clicks shut behind him. The sound is like a nail in a coffin to him but he barely registers it at all.
You’re out here and so is Konoha, a few dozen feet away from the door in a somewhat shadowed section of hallway. But you’re not giggling at each other or sharing little glances and smiles across the court. In fact, he can barely see your expressions at all; your lips are pressed together so hard that he can’t tell where Konoha ends and you begin, the older boy’s hips slowly sliding against yours as you arch against the wall you’re leaning against. You’re clothed, obviously, but there’s something so unmistakably sensual about the way your bodies move against each other as you kiss that Kenma knows in his heart this can’t be the first time you’ve done this with Konoha. Your hand tangles in his sandy hair and you let out a small noise of appreciation that sounds like absolute music. Konoha’s hand dips beneath the waistband of your cotton shorts and you pull apart to look at him with a hazy grin on your face, a string of saliva connecting your lips.

You may be out in the open, blatantly grinding against your senpai, but there’s a softness to your expression that lets Kenma know he was absolutely not supposed to see this. The two of you are tangled up in each other in the way only young lovers could be—after all, you didn’t even notice the gym door open and shut—and Kenma is once again stuck by the fact that you haven’t noticed him, you won’t notice him, even when he’s making no effort to hide himself, because as long as Konoha is around, you can’t see anyone else.

He feels sick.

He turns on his heel and strides right back through the door from which he came. Kuroo notices him immediately and jogs over to take his bottle back, though once he does he seems to notice that there’s something very, very wrong with Kenma.

“Oi…” He says slowly, his dark eyes widening a bit as he looks down at him. Kenma’s expression doesn’t change. “The bottle is still empty. Kenma…?”

Kenma keeps walking, brushing past him and looking down at the waxed gym floor. He hardly looks up, even when he hears the gym doors open again a few moments later and your hurried apologies to Bokuto—perhaps you and Konoha had been startled by the sound of Kenma leaving—and even without looking at you Kenma can tell there’s no mistaking the breathless quality of your voice.

They lose the practice scrimmage that night.

He gets the idea on the train ride home from Fukurodani.

There’s a woman sitting across from him, flipping through some glamor magazine, the pages glossy in the overhead lights. On the cover is some member of a boyband that Kenma can’t name (they all sound and look the same to him), donning a brown leather jacket and a plain T-shirt that probably cost ten times more than it should have, hair bleached to platinum perfection.

He looks kind of like Konoha, in a strange way. Same easygoing expression, same lively eyes… Kenma resists the urge to reach out and grab the magazine from the woman’s hands and stare at it even closer, as if doing so will reveal some sort of secret to gaining your attention, will somehow allow him to be equally as intimate with you.

It doesn’t. But something in his mind clicks and he keeps looking at the magazine while he slips his jacket on, the familiar thrum of the tracks under the wheels of the subway seeming to count down to the next stop.

He exits the train a few miles from where he’s supposed to, fully aware of the 24/7 convenience
store that will greet him across the street from this particular station. He walks in with his hands in
his pockets, the only patron at this late hour, eyes scanning back and forth until he finds the aisle
marked “beauty”.

There’s a woman regarding the shampoos lined up on one side, eyes scanning the bottles with little
cartoon fruits and promises of shine and volume printed on their labels; she doesn’t look away as
Kenma sidles past, aware of his inky black fringe brushing against his eyelashes. Beyond her are
the hair dyes, ranging from ashy brunette to daring reds with a few boxes of purple and green
sticking out like sore thumbs. The selection isn’t huge, but that doesn’t matter much to Kenma.
They’re not what he’s looking for.

He finds them at the very end of the aisle. A few plain-looking bottles lined up next to a box of
powder-filled packets. He rakes a hand through his hair as if to judge how much he’ll need, before
grabbing one of each, plus a little bowl and brush that they sell next to them, and turning on his
heel.

To the counter he goes, the hair bleach clenched in his hands with a grip that’s almost too tight.
The cashier at the front-- a homely-looking woman who’s probably on the tail end of her shift, if
her bored expression is anything to go by-- rings him up and accepts exact change from him,
handing him his bag with a lackluster “have a nice evening”. He doesn’t say it back.

He boards the next available train, thankful that it seems to be sparsely occupied. He sits his
purchases on the seat next to him, trying his hardest not to look at them every five seconds. He
fails. He can’t seem to decide if the glossy gleam of the bottle is menacing or inviting; maybe both.

He gets off at the correct stop this time, just a couple blocks from his neighborhood. The walk to
his home is uneventful, as is his entrance. It’s silent and dark inside his house, which he supposes
is good. His parents aren’t home to ask him questions. He makes a beeline for the bathroom,
turning on lights as he goes, before unceremoniously dumping his purchases out of the bag once he
gets there. He pauses once to look at his own face in the mirror, then looks down.

He stares at the bottle on his counter with a blank expression, as if he has no idea what to make of
it despite being the one who bought it. 40 Volume, it says. The purple plastic of it matches the
packet that lays next to it. He wonders for the hundredth time if this is something he should do, if
he really needs to go this far in order to try and grab your attention. Then he thinks about you in the
gym, talking to Konoha with that wonderfully humored expression on your face, and without
actually paying attention to his actions, he opens the bottle of activator and dumps some into the
little plastic bowl he also purchased.

The powder comes next, the smell stinging his nose and making his eyes prick just a tad. He mixes
them together, briefly wishing that there was better ventilation in his apartment, until they’re a
thick paste. Then, he stares at it again, at his mother’s hair clips that he’d snagged for the purpose
of sectioning off his hair and the little foil sheets that were supposed to make the process a bit
easier and even. He sighs, looks at his all-black hair one last time in the mirror, and gets to work.

The next day goes about as well as Kenma expected.

Kuroo, who has bragged numerous times about being able to recover well in bad situations,
immediately drops his coffee onto the sidewalk when Kenma comes to meet him outside before
school. He doesn’t even seem to process the bags under Kenma’s eyes— a side effect of not being
able to sleep, on account of seeing you and Konoha every time he closed his eyes— and Kenma
knows exactly why.
“W-what the hell?” He stammers. His eyes don’t leave Kenma’s newly-golden strands, not even to acknowledge that his morning beverage is currently spilling out into a giant puddle on the pavement. He looks equal parts horrified and intrigued by the change, and one of his hands lifts as if he wants to touch it. It stops halfway, however, when Kuroo thinks better of it.

Kenma adjusts his grip on his bag straps, not quite meeting his best friend’s gaze. It’s hard to be nonchalant when Kuroo looks like that. “I wanted to try something different.”

“What?” Kuroo nearly hollers, suddenly able to find words. “You? Wanted something different?”

“Yeah.” Kenma self-consciously cards his hand through his hair. It feels a lot dryer than he expected. The color isn’t as blonde, either. Instead of a nice sandy shade like Konoha’s, it came out as more of a shocking yellow. It doesn’t look bad, per say, but he’ll admit that he grossly underestimated how hard it would be to lighten his hair.

Kuroo seems to recover after a moment, following after Kenma as he walks. His coffee is still on the ground.

“What were you trying to do? Look like that guy you like from Final Fantasy?”

“Tidus?”

“Yeah, whatever his name is.”

“No.” Kenma fights the tiny smile that threatens to crack on his face at Kuroo’s comment. He does look a little like Tidus, especially with the way his hair is getting longer. It makes him feel a tiny bit better about the situation.

Kuroo continues to pester him the entire way to school— he seems to have a hundred different questions pertaining to the process of one bleaching their hair, and if Kenma hadn’t been so used to Kuroo’s inquisitive nature then he might have just remained silent— and Kenma is only granted reprieve when he and the upperclassman go their separate ways to their shoe lockers.

Despite it being a complete one-eighty from his standard look, Kenma’s new hair doesn’t seem to grab much attention from his own classmates, save for a shocked look from his homeroom teacher. He doesn’t mind, really, because they’re not the ones he needs attention from. He can feel his anxiety mount throughout the day, however, every time he catches a glimpse of his own reflection. He looks different, almost abnormally so. He doesn’t think it’s that bad, but the looks that the rest of the team gives him when he joins them for lunch makes the small shreds of confidence that he was clinging to dry up and crumble in his fingers.

“What’s up with your hair?”

“I’ll tell you what’s up with it.” One of the third years says. “He totally did it to impress a girl.”

“Kozume likes a girl? No way, he’s totally married to his games!”

Kenma doesn’t even care that they’re talking about him like he isn’t there. He picks at his food as per usual, trying once more to act nonchalant about the situation. It’s hard to, though, when Kuroo is now looking at him suspiciously and he can see the gears working in his head as he slowly starts to put two and two together.

—

Kenma sees you again that weekend. If you notice his new hair, you don’t say anything about it.
You do, however, seem courageous enough to kiss Konoha in front of everyone once the joint practice is over; Bokuto makes a loud joke about it.

Kenma is the only one who doesn’t laugh.

The years seem to drag on in one giant blur. There’s only a few memorable things that really made it all worthwhile, in Kenma’s opinion; meeting Hinata (and Lev, though he’d never say that out loud), a few new installments of his favorite games, and Kuroo finally coming out of the closet (apparently, thanks to Bokuto’s irresistible ass).

But he’s somewhat glad to leave his high school life behind in favor of university; he tested into the same one that both Kuroo and Bokuto attend, and it hardly took any convincing on their part to convince him to enroll. There’s even the added bonus of having the two help him move into his dorm; Kenma’s thankful that the couple seems to like competing over who can carry more stuff into the room, because it means he’s free to arrange it all while they do the heavy lifting. And for a while, Kenma is filled with an excitement for the future that he hadn’t been before.

His last year of high school had been almost hell without Kuroo; he’d spent it all locked away in his room or pining after you. While Konoha had graduated the year before the two of you, there was still an untouchable air about you that prevented him from giving you a nod of the head in passing. And while his heart still shuddered pitifully in his chest every time he thought of your face, the feeling was more manageable now.

“That’s the last of it.” Kuroo’s voice snaps Kenma out of his musing, and he gives the middle blocker a half-smile.

“Thanks. Any chance you’ll help me unpack everything?”

“Ah, we would…” Bokuto slings an arm around Kuroo, “but I promised a friend of mine that we’d help her move all of her things in today too. We’ll see you tonight, though, right?”

“Tonight?” Kenma looks at Kuroo for confirmation.

“Yeah. Kōtarō’s frat is having a party tonight, and you’re coming.” Kuroo raises a brow in a way that challenges Kenma to deny him. He considers it for a moment, but then remembers what he kept telling himself the day he accepted enrollment at university:

I need to try new things.

So he nods, figuring that this can’t possibly be worse than the parties Kuroo made him attend with the team back in high school. Kuroo grins, then escorts his boyfriend out of the room, swatting at his ass as he does.

“See you later!” Bokuto exclaims, though it’s muffled only a tad when Kenma shuts the door behind them. He waits for a few moments, until he’s sure that the two have taken off down the stairs, before sighing and turning back to the boxes that litter his currently-bare room.

He’ll have to carve out some time to hang up all his movie and gaming posters, plus reassemble his PC on the desk. But for right now, all he wants to do is find a pair of scissors.

There’s a mirror hanging above the sink in his dorm’s cramped bathroom. He flicks the light on and stares into it, at his own flat expression. His hair hangs like curtains around his face, the bleached ends brushing at his shoulders. He hadn’t bleached his hair since high school, and the
contrast between yellow and black has certainly turned a few heads. He almost laughs to himself, remembering how he had expected you to notice the change; he might not be much older than he was when he had done it, but the desperate attempt to get you to look his way seems so stupid when he looks back. He shouldn’t have changed himself for your sake. That’s not who he is.

He grabs the ends of his hair and, in a fluid motion that prevents him from overthinking it, snips off the ends. Golden strands flutter into the sink, catching the fluorescent light in an oddly pretty way. He does the same to the other side, careful not to cut it too short. It’s a little lopsided; he’ll have to even it out.

He spends a good half an hour trimming his hair until it, admittedly, looks pretty damn nice. Satisfied with his work, Kenma puts the scissors on the counter and sweeps the trimmed ends into his hands, tossing them into the waste bin. He runs his hands over his scalp a few times to get any stray bits, smiling a little to himself at how much lighter he feels. His hair is entirely jet-black again. It’s soft, lacking the brittle bleached ends he was so used to.

He likes it. He likes it a lot. And apparently so does Kuroo, because he nearly shouts when he sees Kenma again later that night.

“Holy shit.” He exclaims, and Kenma is almost instantly transported back to high school, when he’d met Kuroo outside after bleaching his hair. But this time, Kuroo looks a lot more pleasantly surprised. So does Bokuto, who asks him when he had time to go out and get a haircut.

“I did it myself.” He says, running his hand through it. The ends are a little damp from the shower he took an hour before. His clothes smell nice. He feels crisp. Clean. New. Bokuto grins at him.

“There?! It looks awesome!”

“You think so?” Kenma bites back a grin. He’s almost weightless.

“Yeah, and you’re even dressed nice. Are you sure you’re Kenma and not, like, some weird clone from another dimension?”

“Alright, first of all, I’m flagging you on sci-fi movies if that’s the first thing you think of when I get a haircut.” Kenma snorts at Kuroo. Kuroo shrugs.

“What? This isn’t the first time you’ve nearly given me a heart attack with your hair, don’t be surprised when I freak out!”

“I’m sure he just wanted to do something new!” Bokuto, the surprising voice of reason in this moment, slings his arms around the both of them as they start to walk. Bokuto’s frat house is thankfully not far from the dorms; Kenma can almost immediately hear the music blaring from it the second they get outside. Trap music. Not really his taste, but he figures he’ll only be there for an hour or so before Kuroo allows him to leave and go back to the games waiting for him in his dorm.

Bokuto only takes his arm off of him once they’re inside. It’s exactly how the media portrayed college parties—bodies meshing together and loud music and the sickly-sweet scent of alcohol—and although Kenma’s immediate reaction is to turn around and leave, he stays rooted to the spot. He promised Bokuto and Kuroo that he would come, after all, and it seems rude to blow them off when they helped him move earlier in the day. Besides, he needs to learn how to live a little, he supposes, and not freak out during every social situation thrown his way—

He freezes immediately, thoughts pausing when he hears a familiar laugh.
And as if there’s some sort of holy light shining from above, Kenma sees you. You’re clutching a red cup in one hand, gesturing wildly with the other as you talk to another girl over the thrumming of the bass from the speakers.

You look happy and carefree and— oh god, the dress you’re wearing is definitely working for you. Kenma doesn’t think he’s ever seen someone wear the color black so well in his life.

And suddenly, he feels self conscious in his skinny jeans and flannel, not to mention the ratty shoes he’d pulled on last minute. He can’t hide behind his hair anymore so he turns, hoping that you didn’t catch him gaping. He almost can’t believe it; it seems that his three years of pining after you will be extended even longer.

Bokuto and Kuroo are busy chatting up guys who also appear to be members of the frat, and a quick scan around the packed house tells Kenma that he doesn’t know anyone in the immediate vicinity. There’s a plastic keg to his right that’s dripping something that looks sticky and orange, so he grabs a cup and fills it up just a tiny bit. He takes a sip. It tastes like garbage, but he knows the protocol at these sorts of events is to at least look like you’re having fun, so he fills it up a little bit more to at least have a prop to carry around.

He regrets it immediately when someone bumps into his elbow. The contents of the cup slosh around dangerously, threatening to spill over the lip of the plastic. Kenma looks up out of habit rather than indignation and nearly has another heart attack because there’s a familiar face right in front of him, sandy hair falling into dark eyes—

“Hey, sorry!” The guy exclaims. Kenma takes a moment to calm himself down once he realizes that it isn’t, in fact, Konoha Akinori. The guy still squints and looks down at him, though, as if trying to place his face to a memory. Kenma waits.

“Kozume Kenma.” He says, once he realizes that the boy in front of him won’t make the realization on his own. He watches recognition blossom in those dark eyes—

“How’s it going?” The guy asks. Kenma shakes his hand. It’s clammy, but he suddenly doesn’t feel as strong of an urge to leave now. “Nice to see you again, too. Did you move in today?”

“Sure did. My RA has a stick up his ass, though; I’m surprised he didn’t yell at me and Ennoshita when we left our dorm to come here.”

“I haven’t met my RA yet.” Kenma says. Unconsciously, he looks over at you again. You’re alone, sipping your drink with a look of mild disgust on your face. Your eyes flick upwards the same moment he turns; immediately, he looks back over at Kinoshita. The taller boy is grinning.

“Do you know her? Or are you trying to know her?” He wiggles his eyebrows at Kenma, who swallows.

“I actually know her.”

“Then call her over!” Kinoshita says.

“I’d rather not.” Kenma takes another sip of his drink without thinking about it, then swallows with a grimace.
“Why not? She’s cute, and she keeps looking over here.”

Kenma keeps his expression neutral, hating the fact that his heart immediately lurches. “She does?”

“Yeah.” Kinoshita gives him a small grin. “I know that look. She’s probably digging the haircut too.”

“Or maybe she’s just trying to figure out why I look familiar.” Kenma reasons, his hands unconsciously tightening on his cup when Kinoshita looks over in your direction and gives you a large smile.

“Maybe. Either way, I think you should—”

“So are you on the volleyball team here?” Kenma cuts him off. Kinoshita immediately lights up, previous statement forgotten.

“No, but I’m gonna try out! How about you? Their previous setter just graduated last year, I think you have a good shot!”

“Really?” Kenma entertains the idea. Playing on the same team as Kuroo again won’t be so hard, but his patience is barely at the level that Akaashi’s was when he dealt with Bokuto. Maybe he’d have to call the other setter for a few tips.

“Yeah! And besides, I’m pretty sure that girl over there is going to be the manager. I saw her talking to the coach about applications.”

“…Nice.” Kenma hates how much his heart flutters at the idea of having a reason to see you every day. He needs to accept that you’re not interested, that you’ll never be interested.

“Yeah. Might draw some people to the games, too. She’s super cute.”

Kenma can’t deny that.

The song changes into something even more bass-riddled and headache-inducing, causing Kinoshita to toss back his head and down the remaining contents of his cup. He looks back at Kenma when he’s done, a little bit of the orange drink remaining on his lips. He licks it away.

“I love this song, so I’m gonna…” He gestures with his head to the mass of bodies grinding against each other. “Dance, and stuff. You wanna join?”

Dance. As if that’s what it could be called. Kenma thinks with a little bit of disdain. He does consider it for about half a second though, before his eyes seek you out for a third time and his throat goes dry.

You’re still in the same place, but instead of looking mildly curious, you’re wearing an expression of obvious disgust, looking between two guys on either side of you—and although Kenma can’t hear a word they’re saying, he can tell that it’s not something you want to hear.

“Oh, I see.” Kinoshita slaps Kenma on the back in the most encouraging way that a buzzed freshman can. “Go save your girl, Kozume.”

Kenma nods absentmindedly, his feet already starting to carry him towards you. He doesn’t apologize to the people he brushes past, too focused on your expression. One of the guys reaches out to touch your shoulder and you visibly grimace, looking very much like you want to smack his hand away.
Once he’s a few feet away, he can practically feel his heart lurch in your general direction. Your
eyes meet and your relief fills him with a sense of stupid accomplishment.

“Babe!” You squeal, and even though it’s been a while since you and Kenma have had any
prolonged conversation, he can still tell when you’re putting on a performance. He tries not to
falter when you curl an arm around him and pull him close to you. “Guys, this is the boyfriend I
was telling you about.”

“Yeah?” One of the guys looks Kenma up and down with poorly hidden disdain. “Kinda small,
isn’t he?” The other boy nods in agreement.


“You say that, but he fucks better than the two of you ever could.” You’re still speaking in that
sickly-sweet voice but there’s an edge now that makes all three of the boys around you freeze.
Kenma is certain his face is slowly turning red, if the heat creeping up his neck is anything to go
by.

He musters the rest of his courage in order to look up at one of the guys. “Piss off,” he says,
because it seems appropriately tough but also because he knows he’s probably not capable of more
than two words.

The two boys share a look then, seemingly deciding that you’re not worth the trouble, before they
turn and take off in search of another girl to pester. You wait until they’re gone in the crowd before
letting go of Kenma with a sigh and an expression that begs his forgiveness.

“Sorry I did that, Kozume-san.” You say, “but I saw an opportunity to get out of that situation and I
took it. Thanks for playing along.”

He’s almost stunned into silence by the fact that you actually remember who he is. “… it’s fine.
I’m glad I could help.”

“Talk about a way to reconnect.” You snort, taking a sip from your drink then regarding him again
with a lopsided smile. “You got a haircut. I like it.”

“Thanks.” He says, looking down at the ground with a little bit of his trademark bashfulness
written in his expression. When you see it, your smile gets wider.

“You look more like the old Kozume-san now.” You muse. “It’s cute. I always liked how dark
your hair was. It suits you.”

Kenma doesn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

—

When Kuroo and Bokuto finally get around to finding the two of you, you’re two cups of jungle
juice (as he learned it was called) in, and he’s actually chuckling openly at your anecdotes. Kuroo
and Bokuto share a look, one with plenty of raised eyebrows, before turning back to him.

“I see you guys have caught up.” Kuroo remarks.

“Yeah!” You hiccup, much more inebriated that you were an hour ago. “He saved me from these
two guys, it was awesome—”

“I just told them to go away.” Kenma elaborates. Kuroo raises an eyebrow at him, able to see his
blush even in the darkness of the room. “It wasn’t a big deal.”

“That’s Kozume-san for you!” You giggle. “He’s always so modest! You were like that in second grade the time you told those two bullies off, remember? You told me it was no sweat, but I was so happy!”

Bokuto and Kuroo share an incredulous look with Kenma this time, who suddenly looks beside himself.

“You… remember that?”

“How could I forget?” You say, taking another sip from your cup. “I thought I was going to marry you back then! I even had it all planned out in my diary!”

You smile at the memory, swirling the contents of your drink around absently. “I wish my parents had sent me to Nekoma. Then maybe we’d have gotten close again, Kozume-san.”


“That’s t-true! Kozume, we should hang out!” You say, looking at him with a grin. He blinks at you for a moment, at a brief loss for words. Taking his silence as an invitation for further coercion, you add, “I just got the new Final Fantasy game, too!”

“Well, there you go!” Kuroo says, as if that’s the best idea he’s ever heard. Bokuto nods in agreement. “You two should head out and play!”

“You think?” You ask. God, it should be illegal for someone to be so cute when they’re tipsy, Kenma thinks.

“Yeah! This party is boring as all hell, anyway.” Kuroo snorts, and Kenma narrows his eyes at him. He’s an awful liar. You seem to believe him, though, because you tug on Kenma’s arm.

“Let’s go! It’ll be nice to get into pajamas anyway.” You say. Kenma wants to say no, because god forbid you change in front of him and he gets a boner, but it’s practically impossible to say no to you so he allows you to tug him along, weaving through the crowd and leaving a chuckling Kuroo and grinning Bokuto behind.

The air outside is pleasantly chilly against Kenma’s overheated skin. You seem to think the opposite, however; the second you leave the house you press into Kenma’s side, shivering a little for emphasis. He tentatively puts an arm around you and tells himself it’s because he doesn’t want you to stumble and fall. You smile over at him again.

“You’re such a sweetheart.” You coo at him. He sighs, suddenly remembering the most important thing about you that he had shoved into the back of his mind when he’d been catching up with you.

“I’m sure your boyfriend wouldn’t think so.” He says. You immediately pause, almost losing your balance as you erupt into giggles at his serious expression.

“My what?”

“Konoha.” The name tastes funny to him. He’s seized by the sudden desire to step away from you, but you won’t allow it. Your hand comes to rest on top of the one slung around your shoulder.

“Kozume-san, Konoha and I broke up over a year ago.”
“What?” Now it’s his turn to falter. You shake your head, smiling even though you sigh.

“We broke up at his graduation. It was amicable. No drama or anything; I just figured when he got to university that he’d want to be single to, uh… explore the campus, if you catch my drift.”

“I do.” Kenma says. The both of you continue walking to the dorms. “I didn’t hear about it, though.”

“I don’t think anyone really cared. They all expected us to break up, anyway. I was just the team manager, and they all kind of knew Konoha was bound for someone a little more… exciting, I guess.”

“That’s stupid.” Kenma says it without thinking. You snort out a laugh, and it spurs him on. “You’re exciting. You’re beautiful. You’re a great person. If Konoha couldn’t see that, then you shouldn’t have dated him.”

“Oh, Kozume-san.” You tut. “Why can’t more men be like you?”

“I’m like me.” He reasons, unsure as to what you mean. You smile at him.

“That’s true. I might just have to come after you next.”

You stop again, this time in front of the staircase leading up to your dorm building. Despite the later hour people are still coming and going. Kenma hardly sees them at all. He just sees you, with your lips gently parted and your hair a little messy and—

“I wouldn’t mind that.” He says, feeling exceptionally brave in the moment. You’re facing him now and one of your hands is curling around the back of his neck, against his soft hair.

“Good.” You say. He’s not quite sure what you’re about to do until it’s already happening; you use your hand to pull him close and then you’re kissing him, lips soft against his own and your eyes fluttering shut while his remain wide. He’s frozen, unable to comprehend if this is a dream or he’s just been teleported to a weird alternate universe. After a few moments, you pull back.

“That’s for helping me out tonight.” You breathe. There’s a playful glimmer in your eyes, though. “But there’s more where that came from.”

“You’re drunk.” He blurts. You laugh.

“No, just courageous, Kozume-san.”

“Kenma.” He corrects. “Call me Kenma.”

“Well, Kenma. Shall we?” You gesture to the doors of your dorm building. He thinks for a moment, then nods.

It takes much longer than needed to get up to your room, on account of the fact that you keep pulling him in for kisses every so often. He obliges happily, wondering if it’s possible to be drunk on happiness alone, savoring the feeling of your body against his and your cold hands against his warm skin as you smile against his lips.

You don’t play Final Fantasy that night. You don’t have sex, either. Instead, you pull Kenma into your bed and promptly start to drift off into slumber despite still being in your dress. Kenma pulls
your heels off for you and you mumble something about how cute he is before he’s laying next to you, gathering you in his arms and pressing a small kiss to the top of your head.

You fall asleep like that, in your own little bubble of affection and wonder for the future.

He wakes up to you smiling at him in the early morning light. He notices that you’re dressed differently, in some sweatpants and a T-shirt. You still look perfect.

“Let’s go get breakfast.” You say, and before he can answer you, the growling of his stomach says everything for him. You giggle.

You also hold his hand the entire way to the cafeteria. Somehow, it’s less embarrassing to him than the grumbles inside his stomach.

You’re lying on your bed— something that’s become routine since the two of you started dating a month ago— your body pressed into his side as he taps away at a video game. One of your legs is practically wrapped around his own and your chin rests on his shoulder as your fingers absently drum on his stomach. It’s casual and easy, but he can’t shake the feeling that something is off, that there’s some sort of tension within you that’s very close to snapping.

There’s something different about you tonight that Kenma can’t quite put his finger on. It sets him a little bit on edge, which is why he immediately stiffens when your fingers stop beating a pattern on the fabric of his sweatshirt and instead migrate downwards, skimming over a sliver of skin exposed by his shirt riding up when he first laid down. His eyes immediately search for yours. If you noticed his reaction, you’ve chosen to ignore it.

Tentatively, he goes back to his game. He’s losing against the final boss pretty badly, caught between wanting to use all the healing items he stockpiled throughout the game or continuing to hoard them for no reason other than his own trepidation; he opens his mouth to ask you what you think he should do when he feels the pad of your index finger swipe below the waistband of his pants.

He freezes. His eyes go back to you again and this time he can see that slow smile that he loves so much spreading on your face, accompanied by a familiar spark of mischief in your eyes. His brow furrows in curiosity.

“What are you doing?”

“Hm?” You ask, continuing to run your finger along the skin of his hip, dipping into the ‘v’ muscle at the top of his leg. “Nothing, really. You can keep playing.”

He heeds your suggestion but his mind is already going a little fuzzy at the edges. The touch itself is far from being overtly sexual, but the promise behind it is what startles him. Kenma isn’t an idiot, and the fact that you may start to initiate something with him makes his mouth immediately go dry.

Satisfied with the fact that he’s gone back to playing, you sneak the rest of your hand into his pants. His skin is warm under your fingers and you delight at the little shudder you feel once you move even more downwards until your palm is halfway over the elastic of his boxers.

His fingers freeze and his eyes stay glued to the black and red “GAME OVER” that flashes onto
his screen. He’s not upset with your meddling; in fact, he’d be borderline elated if he could just get over the question of whether or not he’s imagining this.

“Nothing?” He repeats your earlier statement, turning his head so he can look at you. He doesn’t dare move the rest of his body out of fear that you’ll stop.

“Well, not really _nothing_. ” You say, as if he’s finally caught you. That teasing lilt is back in your voice and that alone is enough to drive him a little crazy, never mind the fact that you’ve started to palm him over his underwear. He swallows, slowly setting his game onto your nightstand.

“What are you trying to do?” He says, and it’s almost embarrassing how low his voice gets. Arousal laces through his body like fine, silk threads.

“Anything I can get away with.” The low lighting of your room paints you in an almost angelic light, and for a second Kenma is seized by the desire to reach out and touch you, to feel your skin under his fingers in some way. He gently runs his fingers over your cheek, a signal that he wants you to kiss him. You do.

And all at once, he’s hit by the sensation of you around him. The heat of your fingers as they work him into a state of arousal, the scent of your skin and your clothes and your hair and god, you’re just so _beautiful_--

“Kenma.” You say once you break apart. “We don’t have to do this if you don’t want to.”

He rests his forehead against your own, holding back another shudder. Your hand hasn’t stopped; he’s already half hard, and that might have been embarrassing had you not looked so pleased with yourself.

“I want to.” He says, fighting to keep his hips steady so that they don’t arch into your touch. Instead, he repositions himself slowly so that he’s on his side and it’s easier to pull you close to him. His nerves are practically on fire under his skin but he keeps himself calm by kissing you again, thinking with a little bit of mirth that there’s no way he’ll ever be able to get enough of you.

Your hand leaves his pants only for a moment so that both of them can snake under his sweatshirt, bunching it up until he has to pull away to yank it off. His undershirt is much thinner and doesn’t protect him from the slight chill of the room, so he immediately presses his body against yours again. The tent in his pants grinds against your thigh and you smirk up at him, eyes half-lidded.

“You _are_ like a giant cat.” You say, noting the way he seems to curl into your body with his own. He lets out a little huff of indignation but doesn’t say anything to contradict your statement, instead tentatively sliding his hand up the back of your shirt and resting it on the small of your back.

You let out a little hum of contentment and he takes the moment to nuzzle his face into your neck. His short black hair, still so starkly different to his hair in high school, tickles the bottom of your jaw and you giggle. His lips curl into a smile against the skin of your neck.

A gasp escapes your lips when he nips at the delicate skin. He lets out a noise of appreciation at the sound you make, already committing it to memory for moments that he’s alone without you. You let out a little hum of appreciation at the sound you make, already committing it to memory for moments that he’s alone without you. Your body moves on its own when the hand at your back slides to your front, moving upwards to bunch up your shirt the same way you had with his. You take it off with an eagerness that doesn’t make his ego any more humble, and he presses a soft kiss to your collarbone.

This is, surprisingly, not the first time Kenma has seen you getting undressed. But this is the first time it’s been because the two of you are about to get intimate; you’re well aware of the fact that
your boyfriend is perfectly content to take in your body without touching it in the same way one would look at a work of art in a museum, so you haven’t been shy changing around him.

“You’re beautiful.” He says. It may be the hundredth time he’s told you but you smile just like you do every time. His lips move downwards towards the top of your breasts and you immediately arch into his touch. He’s feeling your body with apparent ease, but you can feel the way his fingers are trembling against your skin. You smile at him as he pulls himself up to kiss you again, the tent in his pants rubbing against your thigh as he does so. You groan against his mouth, hips moving upward of their own accord. He does it again just for a repeat of your reaction, drinking it in like he’s absolutely starved for it. You want him, and the knowledge is intoxicating.

“Touch me.” You say, and he knows what you mean immediately. His hand still stalls though, and you take it into your own to slide it down your stomach and to the waistband of your pants. Then, you give him a pointed look.

Now it’s his turn to touch you over your underwear. You unbutton and unzip your pants in order to help him and he tentatively slides his fingers down to cup your crotch in his hand. His breath hitches when he feels a slight dampness to the cloth and you smirk up at him, as if you know exactly how he’s feeling.

His fingers are still hesitant to touch you immediately, but he starts a slow rhythm that goes from your clit to your dampened slit and back up again. Your head tilts back as you arch into his touch, the methodical friction almost torturous. He’s unaware of that fact, too busy being mesmerized by the glazed-over expression in your eyes and the way your thighs unconsciously rub together around his hand.

You’re beautiful. You’re perfect. He’s so, so lucky.

You seem frustrated with his slowness, though, because you push him back so that you can sit up and remove your pants, as if to invite him to touch you even more. He doesn’t complain, having found that your pants limited his movement anyway.

He can see the damp spot in your panties now and it does things to him that make him wish he was in just his underwear as well. The skin of your legs is smooth against him and he debates taking his shirt off just so he can feel more of it against his own. You seem to be on the same page, because before he can even move you start yanking it up, smirk still curling your mouth upwards. He allows you to remove the garment, taking your decision as permission for him to do the same to you.

He hooks two long fingers around the sides of your underwear, waiting until you nod at him to start sliding them down your legs.

The sight of your bare cunt is something that will be imprinted on Kenma’s mind for as long as he lives. Your folds glisten in the light from your windows, and when you spread your legs for him he’s almost certain that he’s fallen into some sort of trance. He’s never been an especially sexual person but in this moment, he wants nothing more than to be inside of you, to taste you and commit everything about you to memory until he’s absolutely bursting at the seams with how spectacular you make him feel.

“Kenma.” You breathe when he hasn’t moved. “Please.”

He nods once, mouth dry and eyes still glued to your cunt, before he decides on his next move. Slowly, he grabs both of your ankles and lifts them, not registering the little noise of surprise that you make when he rests them on his shoulders. You look bashful, suddenly, and your eyes meet his
from between your legs.

“You don’t have to—” You start, but your voice falters when one of his fingers skims over your clit. He relishes in the shudder of your legs.

“I want to try.” He says, slowly moving in tight little circles over your clit. You nod, apparently unable to form words as he works. He pauses after a moment so that he can run his fingers down the expanse of your slit, dipping the pads of his index and middle finger into your opening so that they shine with lubrication when he removes them. He laps at them with his tongue and, finding your taste pleasant, lets out a low groan of satisfaction. His eyes briefly meet yours before they focus again on your cunt; he uses his saliva-coated fingers to spread you as he leans closer. The exhale of air on your exposed slit makes you squeal. He grins, a little stupidly in his opinion, and then licks one long strip over your cunt.

“Oh!” You exclaim, hands immediately fisting the sheets beneath you. He repeats the motion, drinking in your soft mews, then starts to push the wet muscle into you on his third pass. Your reaction is immediate, a breathy sigh of his name that coaxes him to curl his tongue upwards and against your walls. His other hand comes around to touch at your clit again, rolling it in tandem with another curl of his tongue. He pulls the wet muscle back only to slide it forward again, enjoying the lewd sounds it makes almost as much as he enjoys seeing your reaction to the way he’s working you. Your muscles twitch of their own accord and your eyes screw shut as he starts going faster, pulling his tongue out fully just so he can suck at the skin around your opening lightly, before inserting it again and starting all over.

Somewhere in the back of his mind, he thanks his hours spent with a game controller in his hand for giving him absolute precision while he plays with your clit, rolling it and tugging it and even gently twisting it in order to pull more beautiful sounds from your mouth.

You’re getting even wetter now, your sweet emission coating his lips and smearing onto his chin, but he pays that absolutely no mind. He’s completely enamored with how you chant his name, how your legs wrap around his head in an effort to pull him as close as humanly possible. Pleasing you fills him with a sort of animalistic purpose to claim you as his own, to make you feel so good that you can’t possibly want to be with anyone else. He’s waited so long for the opportunity to do this with you that he’ll be damned if he doesn’t get to do it over and over again for the rest of his life.

He’s not quite sure for how long he’s lost in you; only when you let out an elongated moan of his name does he finally snap out of his trance.

“Please.” You take in a ragged breath. “Please, fuck me.”

He doesn’t need to be told twice. He allows you to slide your shaky legs off of his shoulders as he wipes his chin with the back of his hand. Then, at your urging he removes his pants and his boxers, stroking himself gently as you rummage frantically in your side table for a condom.

You practically tear the latex itself in half with how fast you rip the package open, scrambling to roll it onto him. He watches you, a little winded by how eager you are to be with him, and once you’ve finished he tugs you upwards to share a slow kiss. His shaky hands skim along your back, taking a full minute to actually unhook your bra—you tell him that he’ll have to practice that more later—and then you’re wrapping your arms around his neck and falling back onto the bed, pulling him so that he’s on top of you.

“You’re sure?” He knows you are but he just wants to be sure, wants to hear you say it.

“I want you.” You say, and that’s enough for him. He takes his cock into his hand and runs it down
your slit the same way he had with his tongue, before slowly sliding it into you.

He freezes, almost paralyzed with pleasure, the second he’s fully inside of you. You feel so good; no amount of locker room talk or conversations with Kuroo could have prepared him for the sensation, magnified tenfold by the fact that he gets to share it with you.

He slants his lips over yours, one hand resting next to your head as the other goes to grip your hip. He thrusts experimentally, transfixed by your expression.

“Yes!” You say, voice shrill with pleasure. Your hands slide from the back of his neck to the flesh at the back of his shoulders. He groans as your nails sink into his skin in tandem with another thrust of his hips, your fingers leaving tracks of white-hot pain as you rake them down his back.

Your parted lips and dilated pupils do nothing to keep him from losing control over his movements. If anything, they prompt him to let his instinct take over his carefully calculating mind, to slide his chest against your own and relish in the sensation of skin on skin. His nerve endings feel like they’re on fire and his mind is clouding up more and more every moment, thoughts swimming with how amazing you are and how much he adores you. He wants to make you feel good, wants to be the reason you see stars.

You seem to return the sentiment, crying out his name in a broken mantra as he moves, increasing in pitch once he resumes touching your clit with the hand previously on your hip. You pull him almost impossibly close, his mouth against the column of your throat as he rests his face in your neck. He bites down to muffle his own groan of appreciation as you briefly tighten around him, your breasts pushing into his chest as your body arches. Your legs wrap around his waist and he barely registers what that means until you’re cooing into his ear, telling him he’s already the best you’ve ever had, how he feels so good inside of you, how you never want him to stop.

And he doesn’t intend to, at least not until you’re a gasping mess underneath him. His hips are separating from and meeting yours with a brutality that he didn’t even know he possessed, his groans overlapping with yours as you both seek out your finishes. He glances down just to see that place where the two of you are joined and it makes heat creep up his spine, knowing that he’s inside of you, that you’re a complete mess for him.

“I’m close.” You pant, and he swallows hard before nodding at you, doubling his efforts. His back must be nearly scratched raw at this point he couldn’t possibly care less. His attention is taken up by the fact that you suddenly tighten up like a vice around him, your moans turning into outright cries of his name as you come, pulling his body flush against yours so that you can kiss him with a fervor unmatched by anything he’s felt in his life. The intimacy of the act is what pulls him over the edge after you, his chest rumbling with a suppressed groan as he he comes into the condom, his hands grabbing at your skin as your limbs tangle together as if you’re his lifeline.

The afterglow is almost as good as the sex itself. He stays inside of you for a few moments before, regretfully, pulling out so that he can dispose of the condom in your wastebin. When he lays back down next to you, you still haven’t moved. You’re breathing hard and looking at him like he’s just changed your entire life.

The thought makes his cheeks heat up.

“That was… holy fuck.” You breathe, pulling him close as soon as he lets you. He allows it, smiling softly when you start to play with the short black strands of his hair.

“...I can’t believe I got to do that with you.” He replies. You laugh, though the sound is a little hoarse.
“I can’t believe you’re so naturally good at fucking.” You say. He doesn’t respond immediately, too busy trying to process what just happened to him. You take that as a cue to continue.

“Who would’ve thought that I’d actually get to be with my first crush.” You muse. He turns to look at you, remembering how much attention you gave him in second grade. It makes a little more sense now.

“You’ve… always been…my only crush.” He admits. It feels childlike and he almost immediately wishes he hadn’t said it, but you grin at him.

“I wish I would have known. I wouldn’t have fucked around with Konoha then.” You say. He sighs.

“Don’t remind me.” He exhales, but to you in sounds like a little huff.

“Ah, sorry.” You pause again. “Did it really bother you that much?”

“Only every day of my life.” His tone is flat but you still find a little bit of humor in it.

“Well, then. Consider this a system upgrade for the both of us.”

“You’ve been waiting to make a nerd related joke, haven’t you?” The edge of his mouth curls into the start of a small smile.

You kiss his cheek softly. The room smells like sex, but you still smell fantastic. “Maybe.”

“You’re lucky I like you so much.” He sighs, contently.

“Yeah,” you say, “I really am.”
Heya, guys! I finally cobbled together a sequel to the first Mattsun chapter— which, if you guys want, may turn into a trilogy that’s uh… inspired by the last line of this chapter, you could say. Let me know if that’s something you’re interested in!

This chapter is pretty much the definition of porn without plot, which was somewhat difficult for me to do seeing as how I LOVE plot; I couldn’t really think of anything plot-wise other than sexual shenanigans, though, so here we are. I hope you guys enjoy it nonetheless!

As always, a big thank-you to Zen, who beta reads endlessly for me. This chapter is dedicated to you and the beautiful momothesweet, whose piece “Nothing Comes As Easy As You” easily blows my entire porn writing career out of the water (as do like, all of her works TBH). Go check her out if you haven't already!

xoxo Sabby

(fun fact when u stir mac n cheese it sounds like someone gettin fucked)

There’s not much that you enjoy more than a lazy Saturday.

Everything feels so at ease; the soft sunlight that streams through your tiny apartment, the gentle hum of the open flame as you cook on your stove, the softness of the bathrobe that you’d pulled on because you were too lazy to get dressed— you make a content sound as you stir the contents of your pot, stomach grumbling a bit at the thought of eating for the first time that day.

You look up when you hear heavy footsteps on the kitchen floor. A pair of lips meet your cheek as Matsukawa slides behind you on his way to start a pot of coffee. The dark circles under his eyes almost perfectly match the color of his boxers.

“Morning.” He says, voice still thick with sleep. You’re not surprised; the two of you were up all night.

“It’s the middle of the afternoon. Long night, Issei?” You joke. Your boyfriend raises one of his pierced eyebrows at you, an amused grin on his face.

“Something like that. Feels like I need to replenish all the liquids in my body.” He pulls his favorite mug out from the cabinet— one Makki painted for him at one of those ceramics places, with a surprisingly beautiful penis painted on it in red— and you shoot him a withering look. He looks at your face, then at your still-damp hair.

“Oh, yeah. Sorry about the whole coming in your hair thing.”

“You know, I’d believe your apology if this wasn’t the fifth or so time it happened.” You say, sighing dramatically as you stir your food again. Matsukawa leans over to peer into your pot as the coffee maker sputters to life.
“Mac and cheese. Nice.” He says. You smack at his hand with your wooden spoon when he makes to reach in and grab some.

“Issei, keep your filthy hands out of my food.” You quip. He looks at you with mock offense.

“The only reason my hands are so dirty is because my fingers have been—”

“I know where your fingers have been!” You look away when a heat completely unrelated to the warm food in front of you crawls up your neck. Mattsun snickers.

“Besides, you can’t blame me for wanting some,” he reaches for your spoon now, stirring it slowly. The wet sound of noodles and cheese together fills the kitchen, “because it sounds just like your—”

“You got up ten minutes ago, could you maybe cool it with the vulgar thoughts?” You snatch the spoon back and take the pot off of the heat.

“Nope.” Matsukawa laughs, wrapping his arms around your torso and pulling you flush to his chest. He smells like deodorant and toothpaste, a smell that only intensifies when he bends down to nibble at your earlobe. You snort out a laugh, food momentarily forgotten in favor of you turning your head so your lips can meet his. He grins into the kiss, his pleased hum almost lost in the sound of coffee beginning to trickle into the pot.

“We’re gonna have sex again, aren’t we?” You ask when he pulls back. He snickers, one hand sliding low to the apex of your thighs, lazily palming you over the fabric of the robe. The collar slips as he does so, the tops of faded and vivid splotches of maroon dancing over the top of it. He looks pleased when he sees them, but you’re well aware that you’ll have to wear a turtleneck to work for the next week.

“That depends,” he regards your question, “did you make any food for me?”

You snort. “Of course I did; you can’t even make cereal for yourself without there being some sort of fire hazard.”

He laughs into your ear, the sound a few pitches lower than normal. Instinctively, you want to pull your thighs together, but his hand keeps them apart. He rests his chin on your shoulder.

“You’re so good to me, you know that?”

You roll your eyes. “Flattery will get you nowhere, Issei, we already fuck every single day.”

“I’m hurt.” He coos, “that you would think I only compliment you to get in your pants.”

“I-is sex not your endgame here?” You breathe, your accusatory tone dashed by the way his hand parts the front of your robe. The kitchen air is cold, and the rush of it against the exposed sliver of your thigh makes goosebumps erupt all over your skin. He notices, because one of his long fingers drags against the soft skin before pressing against your bare clit. You bite your lip, trapping a pathetic sound behind your teeth.

“It might be, but what’s the fun in fucking someone that you don’t love unconditionally?” He nips at the cuff of your ear while you let out a huff of indignation.

“You did back in university.” You remind him as his spare hand unties the sash holding together your robe. He laughs a little at your matter-of-fact tone.
“I was just biding time until I got to be with you. You know that.” One of his tattooed fingers—the middle one, with the black heart on the first knuckle—slides against your slit, collecting the beginning of the wetness there. He smears it back over your clit and you make an embarrassingly needy sound.

“And now look at us.” He continues, as if the two of you are calmly discussing property values. “We have our own place, our own jobs, and I get to fuck your tight cunt every night.”

You all but groan as he slides his finger into you, leaving your clit unattended as he motions for you to slide your robe off. You do without a second thought, uncaring that you’re on the ground floor and it’s very possible that one of your neighbors could see you while walking outside. It’s not like they haven’t heard the two of you, anyway.

“Issei.” You whine, head falling back onto his shoulder as he lazily moves his appendage around inside of you. He makes a disapproving noise and you almost want to roll your eyes at him.

“Daddy.” You whimper instead. You can practically feel his grin grow.

“Yes?” He purrs. You open your mouth to answer as he slides another finger inside of you, though it takes you a moment to catch your train of thoughts. He’s semi-hard already, grinding against your back lazily as you squirm in his hold.

“Please.” He knows what you want. He shakes his head. “Not yet.” He soothes. You shoot him a scowl that quickly melts as he scissors his fingers inside of you, chills settling in your spine from the cold of his nipple and lip rings pressing into your skin. You hardly notice when he sucks yet another deep purple mark into the collection on your neck, smoothing over the irritated skin with his tongue once he’s finished. “You have to be a good girl for daddy and come first.”

You nod, eyes fluttering shut as his fingers work you open. Had you thought the situation through a bit more, you might have complained about the fact that you’re going to have to take another shower; but this is Issei, who came in your hair “on accident” last night, and you’re pretty sure that he gives zero fucks about your water bill as long as he gets laid.

He moves you forward, slowly pushing you down so that your chest is pressed against the cold countertop. You feel his unoccupied hand slide downward on your leg as he crouches, using the two fingers inside of you to spread your folds open. You hardly even consider the indecency of it, your feet also sliding apart to give him easier access.

He takes his time, pressing a few light kisses to the backs of your thighs, peppering a couple nibbles in between that make you squeal. You can feel his grin against your skin, a promise that he’s never once broken, and that’s all the warning you get before he crams his entire tongue inside of you, curling it against your walls so that the texture of it stimulates your nerves. Your eyes immediately roll back and your hands curl against a surface that offers you no anchor against the smooth roll of his wet muscle. You cry out when two of his fingers pinch lightly at your clit, gently rolling it in time with the movements of his tongue.

He eats you out like a man starved (and maybe he is, because he hasn’t eaten all day), practically cramming his entire face into your crotch so that he can get as much of his tongue inside of you as possible, pulling your hips away from the drawers under the counter just a tad so that he has more room to work. One of the fingers holding you open slips inside of you to tangle with his tongue, the pad of his finger reaching slightly farther than his tongue can so that he can slide it against the small expanse of tissue that he knows garners the most reaction. It almost isn’t fair, given how well
he knows your body by now, but it’s not like he particularly cares about fairness in your current situation.

“Daddy!” You squeal as he curls his tongue inside of you again, almost to the point where he pulls it out of you. It’s a futile attempt at stimulating your g-spot with his tongue as well, and he lets out a small frustrated noise that translates into a pleasant vibration inside of you. You make an incoherent sound, wondering if it’s possible for someone to actually fuck someone into insanity using just their tongue and fingers.

You seem to be on the right track to find out. He slips another finger inside of you, his pace on your clit increasing as he digs his tongue in again, the cold press of his lip rings on your outer folds making your squirm just a little in his hold. You groan as his two fingers incessantly slide against your g-spot, his tongue tirelessly working to stimulate the rest, and it isn’t long before you’re crying out against the countertop, a repeated chant of Issei’s favorite nickname falling from your mouth until you’re absolutely sure that you’ve mentally scarred your neighbors. Your vision goes absolutely white and Mattsun doesn’t waste a moment of your peak, pulling his tongue out and licking flat stripes against your slit as his fingers work inside of you so that he doesn’t miss a single drop of your orgasm. When he finally, finally pulls back, you feel like your entire body has been turned to liquid.

The sound of Matsukawa’s boxers falling to the ground is hardly audible over your labored panting, a thin sheen of sweat sticking your skin to the counter. You shoot a glance over your shoulder at him, at the shine of you on his lips and his chin, at the crazed look he has in his deep brown eyes that would almost strike fear into your heart if you didn’t know what was coming next. He doesn’t look tired anymore; if you were a little more clear-minded, you might have made a joke about him not needing the coffee he’d been making. However, your attention is otherwise occupied by his cock, veiny and beautiful and leaking slightly at the tip. He swipes his thumb over it, smearing it onto the metal hoop that you’ve thanked god for countless times, before guiding it to your entrance without any exchange of words.

The two of you started dating, he’d always asked. Always needed to know if you were too stimulated, if you needed a couple minutes before he fucked you, but now the both of you had come to appreciate the discomfort in your own sadistic and masochistic ways— however slight they may be— so he doesn’t bother preparing you for the small sting that accompanies him sliding straight into you so soon after you finished, nor does he announce the sort of pace he’ll pick up. Five years has given the two of you ample time to test your limits, with varying results, and the removal of awkward during-sex discussions has made the experience that much better for the both of you.

“Please.” You repeat your request from much earlier and he readily obliges, an arm curling around you so that his hand can rest on your throat. He slides in and out of you slowly, experimentally, pulling your body back so that your back nearly rests against his chest.

Like this, your weight is held by the hand on your throat and the hand at your hip. The familiar start of pressure around your windpipe already has you shaking just a bit, a broken whimper of ‘daddy’ falling from your throat as you wait for him to give up his leisurely pace and just fuck you already. He doesn’t seem so keen, though, if the merciless grin that curls against your skin is anything to go by.

“What do you want?” He purrs. You bite your lip at a particularly sharp snap of his hips, the feeling of the piercing inside of you sending a firm shiver down your spine.

“Fuck me.” You say. He laughs.
“You’ll have to do better than that.” His last word comes out a little breathy as he again buries himself completely inside of you. You’re so full and spent at the same time that you feel like you’re about to fall apart, melt out of his hands and into a puddle on the floor.

He seems displeased with your silence. The hand on your throat twitches as a warning, and you immediately balk at the thought of him taking it away.

“I want you to make me come, daddy,” you wheeze out, “make me yours. Fuck me until I can’t move.”

“Yeah?” He snickers, though it’s a low sound. “You gonna let me fill you up, princess?”

“Yes!” You say, at a loss of anything else to say to him without embarrassing yourself. “Please! Anything you want!”

He pauses for a second. You can almost hear him formulate an idea, then push it to the back of his mind. Your eyebrows furrow but you can’t speak once he decides to start pushing into you with vigor, his palm pressing down slightly on the front of your throat while his fingers press at the sides. Your reaction is immediate, warm tears pricking the corners of your eyes as you let out an involuntary shout, the hand at your hip wrapping around to hold you in place with his forearm as he slides his middle and ring finger against your clit.

“Anything?” He pants into your ear. “You’ll let me do anything I want?”

You nod as best as you can, your ability to speak hindered by both the hand around your neck and the bruising pace he’s set. The slide of his chest, sweaty and warm against your back, feels too good against your sensitive nerves.

“I might have to take you up on that.” He muses, and had you been in a better state of mind, an alarm would have rang inside your skull; even with as long as the two of you had been together, Mattsun was still prone to surprising you every once in awhile. You should have easily been able to see the events of this evening coming from around the corner.

But your mind couldn’t connect the dots. Instead, it spent those telling moments in a flurry of color as your boyfriend practically fucks you into another dimension. You squeeze your eyes shut and the warm tears of satisfaction seep out from under them, sliding down your cheeks to your neck, where they pool in the crevice where his fingers meet your skin. He grips your throat just a little bit tighter, enough to make you wheeze but not enough to cut off air completely. You tighten like a vice around him and he chokes out something that sounds like ‘good girl’ before you’re gone, your light moans tapering off into something even more desperate as he continues to fuck you, only letting his tight grip on you loosen once he’s completely emptied himself inside of you.

The second he pulls out and releases your throat, you sputter for air, falling forward and catching yourself on the edge of the counter as you try and take in as much air as humanly possible.

“God…” You mutter, wincing when some of his emission starts to leak out of you, falling in slow rivulets down your inner thighs. A couple drops land on the floor. You scowl.

“We need to start using condoms.” You say. It feels like the hundredth time you’ve said it; both of you know you don’t mean it.

“You said that five years ago.” Mattsun answers you, but his voice doesn’t sound as teasing as it normally does. You look over your shoulder at him as he pulls on his boxers. He has a pensive expression on, his shoulders moving back and forth slightly the way that they usually do when he’s
deep in thought. The tattoos there— two sparrows on his collarbones, one of them dangerously close to the tip of a wrapped-around tentacle of the kraken on his back— roll along with his muscle. You shoot him a half-smile.

“Something on your mind? The fact that we’re inevitably going to have to deal with a kid one day, perhaps?” You gesture to your inner thighs, where he’s still leaking from you. Mattsun snorts at you.

“Nah. We’ll deal with that when it happens.” He says breezily, and before you can ask him what the hell that’s supposed to mean, he continues. “Did you mean it?”

Your eyebrows furrow. “Did I mean what?”

“You said you’d do anything.”

You scoff at him. “As one usually tends to say when held at the brink of orgasm.”

He grins at you and it’s bright but also dangerous, a little bit of that sly Mattsun charm glimmering in his eyes. You hate that it makes any semblance of irritation in you dissipate.

“I want to try something, then.”

“What is it?”

“I’m not telling.” He says. You don’t even bother trying to force it out of him, instead choosing to roll your eyes and turn back to the counter. Out of the corner of your eye, you notice the pot from earlier; your hunger for a substantial meal instantly rushes back to you. You use the spoon to scoop some of it up and take a bite, though you immediately spit it back in.

“It’s cold!” You whine.

“I’ll make it up to you.” He says, and although you glare at him, that look in his eyes lets you know that he’ll keep good to his word.

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Him ‘making it up to you’ comes a lot sooner than you expected it to.

You’re sandwiched between him and Makki on the couch— a typical Saturday night occurrence for you, given that both men liked to spend time with you before your hectic workweeks took over — holding a bowl of popcorn in your lap to share. Some lame action movie, grainy because Mattsun couldn’t pirate a better copy, flickers on your television. As little as you care for the boy’s taste in movies, you have to admit that the idea of sharks in a tornado is indeed, a terrifying one.

You’re so embarrassingly engrossed in the film— now a guy is using a chainsaw while inside a shark?— that you don’t immediately notice the weight of a warm hand on your bare knee. When you do, though, you nearly fling the entire bowl of popcorn out of your lap, because that is most definitely not your boyfriend’s hand.

Makki has his eyes trained on the movie just like Mattsun does, though you can see his dark eyes flick over to briefly meet yours. He’s keenly aware of what he’s doing, and the thought alone makes you swallow harshly. He’s just fucking with you, right? He’s not actually making a move on you while Mattsun is sitting right there, is he? Maybe he’s just being… weirdly friendly! Yeah, that has to be it—
His hand begins to slowly slip upwards, over the bare skin of your thigh, though it stops right at the edge of your shorts. You’re frozen, absolutely petrified, because you’ve never actually prepared for a situation like this. You look over at Mattsun quickly, almost in disbelief that he hasn’t noticed what’s going on right in front of him; Makki is hardly being discreet. You swallow harshly again, absolutely mortified when you squirm as Makki swipes his thumb under your shorts for a second, though when his whole hand moves to slide underneath, you find that you can’t keep quiet anymore.

“Um.” You aren’t sure what words can properly convey your confusion, so you settle for a broken, cracked syllable that’s much louder than it needs to be. Both boys look at you then, then at each other. Mattsun smiles.

“And you were doing so well.” He tuts at you. Your eyebrows furrow and your mouth falls open slightly as you look between the two. Makki hasn’t moved his hand from your leg, but it stays where it is instead of moving up further.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?” You scoff, your confused expression morphing into a little bit of indignation. “Are you guys fucking with me? You almost gave me a heart attack!”

Makki snorts out a laugh, but Mattsun looks at you with a raised eyebrow. You look right back, until Makki butts in.

“You didn’t tell her?” He shakes his head. “And here I thought she was just playing it really cool. I should’ve known.”

“Known what.” You say. Your eyes are still narrowed at Mattsun, who shrugs nonchalantly.

“I said I wanted to try something new earlier.”

You put two and two together immediately.

“And you didn’t think to ask me?” You snap. “Fucking you and your best friend is a bit of a tall order, Issei, and you didn’t even consider finding out if I was even attracted to him in the first place — No offense, Makki.”

“None taken.” Makki finally removes his hand to take some more popcorn. “Besides, I know I’m one ugly fucker.”

You shoot him a sour look. “That’s not true and we all know it.”

“So you are attracted to him?” Matsukawa doesn’t look insulted in the slightest— in fact, he looks borderline excited, though his forced nonchalant facade would have hidden that from you had you not been so familiar with every emotion that passed over his face over the years.

“That’s not the question, Issei, the question is why you didn’t think to ask me before scheduling a three-way!”

“I didn’t.”

“You sure as hell did, because there’s no way in hell I just imagined—”

“Not a three-way.” He cuts you off. “Something else.”

You stop mid-sentence, tilting your head at him out of habit. Once he’s satisfied that he has your attention, Mattsun shoots you a sly grin.
“I want to watch.”

“You... oh, my god.” You feel like your heart is leaping out of your mouth with how simultaneously mortified and intrigued you are. “You want to watch me fuck Makki?”

He nods and had there been anything but a plea in his eyes, you might have thought he was still yanking your chain. But his eyes move between you and his best friend at the same moment his tongue swipes over his bottom lip, and it sends your blood rushing up into your cheeks. You look over at Makki, who’s eyeing you with very thinly veiled interest that you hate to admit is not foreign to you. You wonder how long the two of them have been talking about this, if they texted about it before Makki arrived just like they would any other conversation. For some reason, the idea of Makki not hesitating to take the chance to be with you makes your entire body feel funny. It takes you a moment, but then you numbly nod.

The smile that spreads across Mattsun’s face is almost stupidly excited.

“So you are attracted to me.” Makki’s voice is in your ear in an instant, his arms curling around your waist to pull you closer to him. He smells like something musky and spiced. You bite your lip and look at Mattsun.

“Are you, princess?” He asks. He wants you to say yes. You want to say yes. So you do.

Makki snorts. “You call her princess? That’s cute.”

You tilt your head to glare at him but he’s right there, his lips barely inches from your own. You freeze again, unsure as to how to proceed. Mattsun licks his lips again as he watches the two of you.

“Kiss him.” he says. His voice is pitched low, demanding and breathless. You consider for a moment, thinking of the possible repercussions of such a situation, before deciding that if you have a free pass to kiss one of the most attractive people you know, you may as well take advantage of it.

Kissing Makki is very, very different than kissing Mattsun. He’s much less forceful in favor of being languid, prying your mouth open slowly with his tongue and sliding it past your teeth to touch yours. He groans into your mouth when you press yourself a little closer to him, a sound that Mattsun mimics in appreciation as he shifts in his seat to get a better view of the scene before him.

Hanamaki pulls back after a couple moments so that he can nip a little at the juncture where your neck meets your shoulder, though he doesn’t dare add to your collection of hickies there. One of the hands curled around you moves to slide up under your shirt, warm against the chilled skin of your stomach. He grabs your left breast in his hand, shamelessly groping you over your bra and urging a small sound out of your mouth.

“Fuck.” Mattsun mutters to himself, inhaling sharply through his nose when he watches your gaze flick in and out of focus. The closing credits for the movie roll silently across the screen, though none of you pay them any mind. The world seems to be in Makki’s fingertips as he slowly starts to drag them over your skin, wasting little time in prompting you to pull your shirt off.

You tilt your head to the side to kiss him again as he grabs your chest with both hands now, pulling you almost flush against him. His hips rock up into your body as he slowly pulls you into his lap, grinding his slowly-hardening cock against your ass. You shiver a little bit, wondering if you’ll actually have the nerve to go through with this. You can’t even spare a moment to think about how your boyfriend even thought something like this up in the first place, though, because at that
moment Makki bites down lightly on your bottom lip and sucks it into his mouth, giving your chest a firm squeeze with both hands as you moan.

“Hey.” Mattsun interjects, and you both break away immediately. Slight panic shoots through you as you think he might call the entire thing off, but instead he makes eye contact with Makki and grins that lopsided grin you love so much. “Finger her.”

“I can do that, yeah.” Makki breathes. His heart thunders against your back and you’d grin at the effect you have on him had you not been so preoccupied with how his right hand moves downward, to the elastic band at your waist. “Can you take these off for me?”

You nod dumbly, wiggling out of your shorts and then, after additional thought, your underwear. The deep breath that you take as you spread your legs wide betrays just how nervous you are. Makki presses a short kiss to your temple.

“Comfortable?” He asks. You nod, squealing just a tad when he traces over your slit with two of his long fingers, dipping the tips of them inside you just to pull them out again. He holds them up so that he can see them, coated in your essence. He touches them together just so he can pull them apart again, letting out a pleased sound at how the action creates a small little string that spreads as he widens the gap between his fingers.

He doesn’t say anything like you expect him to. Instead, he lowers his fingers to slide them back into you. He’s slow and languid, the exact same way that he kisses, and immediately he skims your inner walls with his fingers in search of something that Mattsun probably told him to find. You jolt in his hold when he does, a surprised half-moan, half-shout leaving your lips. His other hand leaves your breast in order to keep you in his lap as your hips move of their own accord.

“Cute.” He snickers. You want to scold him but he’s curling his fingers in you at different intervals, straightening one out just as the other slides against the texture of your inner walls. It’s different than the way Mattsun touches you, more rhythmic and teasing. You bite your lip and tilt your head back, letting it rest on his shoulder as he works another finger inside of you.

Mattsun runs a palm over the tent in his pants as he watches, eyes trained on the way Makki’s long fingers disappear inside your glistening cunt and how your face twists into arousal in a way that only he’s seen before. Surprisingly, jealousy doesn’t find its way into his veins; just blatant arousal and excitement. He shifts in his seat once he notices your expression morph into something a little more familiar; he holds up a hand. Makki immediately stops.

“She’s close.”

Makki’s lips split into a borderline sadistic grin and he removes his fingers without a second thought. You make a noise of frustration, lifting your head to glare at your boyfriend across the couch.

“You’re mean.”

He shrugs, moving to stand. You’re almost afraid that he’s about to pull the ultimate dick move and end the entire thing just to see you squirm, but instead he just seats himself in one of the armchairs diagonal to the couch in order to give the two of you more room. He undoes the front of his jeans without tearing his eyes away from the two of you, shoving his pants and boxers down just enough to free his cock. The piercing gleams in the low light as he grabs his cock in his hand, languidly stroking. Both you and Makki sit, transfixed by the sight. Mattsun grins.

“Oh, by all means, continue.” He drawls. Makki laughs but it’s a little tight, like he’s
uncomfortable with how aroused he is.

“I guess we should, then.” He says, sliding you off of his lap so that he can yank his shirt off, letting it crumple on the floor. His belt buckle chimes as he pulls it out of the loops, stepping out of his pants so that he’s left in his boxer briefs. He looks at you pensively for a moment as you pull your bra off. You look back at him.

He then turns to Mattsun. “Pick a number.”

You’ve never seen such a wicked expression on your boyfriend’s face before, not even in the midst of all the depraved (and sometimes questionable) things the two of you have done. Mutual understanding flows between him and his best friend, silent yet heavy. You squirm.

“Ten. I don’t want to make it too difficult on her.”

Makki nods, then looks at you.

“Hand or belt?”

The realization takes a second to dawn on you, and you immediately squeeze your thighs together as sharp arousal courses through you. Your fingers curl into the fabric covering the couch.

“Belt.” You say. Makki laughs a little hoarsely, raising a brow at you.

“Atta girl. Hands and knees, then.”

You nod, doing as the wing spiker instructs with very little hesitation. Mattsun sighs contentedly as he watches you position your hands on the armrest of the couch, nodding at you in the most reassuring way that one can while simultaneously masturbating.

“Count.” Makki orders you as he folds the belt over. That’s all the warning you get before he brings it down against your right asscheek, the smack of leather against sensitive skin ringing through the room. You cry out, the sting unlike anything Mattsun has ever delivered before. It hurts, yes, but it does more for your arousal than anything.

“One.” You whimper. Your boyfriend and his best friend share a laugh. The other cheek is next, and this time you bite your lip to keep from wailing at the treatment. “Two.”

“You sure I’m not hurting you?” Makki asks, pausing for a moment. You shake your head, missing his growing grin. “Good.”

Three and four are delivered with much the same intensity, leaving behind a certain numbness in their wake that make five and six bearable. Wetness smears the inside of your thigh with each smack against your ass, and you don’t even have to look to know how discolored the skin is becoming. It hurts so good that your head is swimming and your eyesight goes a little blurry, though that may be the white-hot tears of satisfaction that threaten to spill onto your cheeks.

“Seven.” You croon once you hear the whistle of the belt through the air. It meets your ass in that same moment. Mattsun squirms a little in his seat as he watches, his tongue darting out to wet his bottom lip. His pace as he jerks himself off is still languid, but the look in his eyes is almost frantic.

“Eight.” Makki slips a single finger inside of you as he hits you with the belt again. You’re all but sobbing at this point, hot tears streaking paths down your face as his hand comes back down again for the ninth. The finger inside of you does little to stimulate you other than providing you pleasure just by being there, but you clench around it nonetheless when Makki brings his belt down against
your ass for the final time.

“Ten.” You pant as he tosses the belt to the floor. The hand that held it comes back to rub soothing circles on your ass; you’re sure he’s bruised it, but at the moment you don’t care much.

“You aren’t gonna use that to choke her?” Mattsun jokes, using his foot to point to the belt while he strokes himself.

“Nah.” Makki presses a gentle kiss to the top of your spine. “I’m not gonna be too harsh. She’s been good.”

“Huh.” You say, using your wrist to wipe the tears off of your face as you catch your breath. “Makki’s a sweetheart after he gets all his frustrations out. Who would have guessed.”

“He’s only being nice to you because he’s about to be balls deep in you.” Mattsun points out. You stick your tongue out at him, as if the fact that he’s currently jerking off and Makki is removing his underwear aren’t factors in your conversation. He gives you a lopsided smirk, his thumb sweeping over the head of his cock.

“You sound like you’re speaking from experience.” You tease. He raises an eyebrow at you.

“Who says I’m not? The locker rooms were a weird place in high school.” He says, and you want to ask him if he’s toying with you or not, but at that moment you feel Makki’s bare cock rub against your stinging ass.

“You ready?” He asks, voice low and a little husky. You look at him over your shoulder, then back to your boyfriend, who nods, his grin dropping into something more serious as he swallows in anticipation.

You nod as well, deciding that words don’t really do a situation like this justice. Makki grabs your hip with one hand as he guides himself into you with his other, a gasp stuttering out of him when he finally buries himself inside of you.

“Jesus fuck.” He mutters. “You’re tight. Fuck, Mattsun, how’d you get so lucky?”

“Good karma.” Mattsun grunts, picking up his pace a little as he stares blatantly at where you and Makki meet, the way his cock shines with your wetness as his hips slowly meet and separate from yours. While Makki lacks the cock piercing that you’ve come to adore for its stimulation, there’s no denying that he’s huge, filling and stretching you to the point where it nearly hurts. You let out a choked moan.

His other hand, now free, curls under you so that he can press your clit down and move it in tight circles. You groan, back arching, and Makki reciprocates the sound when your cunt tightens even more around him.

“Fuck.” Mattsun mutters, the sound caught between a frantic groan and a pleased sigh. His hips buck up into his hand slightly as he watches, enjoying the noise of Makki’s hips slamming into your raw ass. He’s never been this far away when witnessing your face contorted in pleasure, never been able to take in your entire body as you’re lost to bliss; the way your hands tremble, how your toes curl, the bumps of your spine in your arched back. Makki isn’t too bad to look at either, with his hair tousled and his teeth sinking into his bottom lip as he absolutely rails into you.

“God, you feel so good.” Makki groans, pausing from his brutal tempo so he can slowly grind into you, inhaling sharply through his nose. “I’m gonna come like a virgin.”
Mattsun laughs airily as he fists his cock. “Not in her, though. That’s my job.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Makki leans over you so that his chest skims your back. Without the telltale nipple ring, it’s almost painfully obvious that you are, by some definitions, cheating on your boyfriend. But how can something so morally grey feel so damn good?

Makki licks at your shoulder blade before deciding on a spot to bite down on; you cry out his name like a long-forgotten prayer, voice climbing with every syllable as whiteness starts to blur the edges of your vision. You’re climbing higher and higher, towards the precipice that promises you mind-numbing pleasure, and Makki seems determined as hell to bring you there. The stimulation on your clit is almost too much but it works, timed perfectly with a brutal, precise thrust that robs you of all ability to speak. Your eyes meet with Mattsun’s as you topple over the edge, a garbled sound in your throat is all that you can manage. His expression immediately, his eyebrows arching upwards and a muscle in his leg twitching as he too finishes, spilling into his hand with a groan that seems to settle into your bones.

Hanamaki finishes just a few moments after the two of you do, pulling out of you with a strangled noise and coating your back in his come. The hand still on your hip trembles as he does, a satisfied noise rumbling in his chest. Silience overtakes the room. It takes Mattsun a little bit to clear the fogginess of post-orgasm bliss from his eyes, and longer still to trudge to the kitchen to get something to wipe his hand off with. Makki, still panting, sinks back into the couch with a noise of disbelief. You stay stock-still, afraid that if you move you’ll end up staining your couch with the emission on your back.

“So?” Mattsun reappears with a paper towel in hand, carefully cleaning off your back. You smile thankfully at him when he finishes, allowing yourself to drop onto the couch.

“So, that was… different.” You muse.

“Good different or bad different?”

“Good.” You reassure them. “Just… wow. I can’t really believe I did that.”

“I’m glad you did.” Makki wipes a hand over his face, a stupidly satisfied grin appearing immediately afterwards. “I’ve been waiting to do that since high school.”

“Oh my god.” You roll your eyes. “Have you guys been like, planning this since then?”

“Something like that.” Mattsun tosses the crumpled towel into the wastebin. “But it wasn’t just us.”

“Nah, it wasn’t.” Makki and Mattsun share a look and a knowing snicker. You raise your eyebrows.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I don’t know.” Mattsun drawls as Makki smirks. “Maybe next time we’ll have to call Oikawa and Iwaizumi over to talk about it.”
Heya, guys! By (very) popular demand, here is the Miya Atsumu installment of ASID! Ever since his first introduction, he’s been highly requested on my tumblr, so I figured I could pull something together for him— and the result was very different than what I usually write.

While everything in this chapter is completely consensual and NOT forced OR coerced, I do want to say that the reader in this chapter and Atsumu have a very antagonistic outlook on each other, and Miya is rather frank and bold in trying to get what he wants. If that isn’t your cup of tea, then by all means feel free to skip this update! I did really want to explore different types of relationships in this pornthology, though, not just ones that are mushy or pining- if I had to label this one, it would surely be 'enemies with benefits'.

I also apologize that this is largely plotless. I promise more substantial updates are to come!

xoxo sabby

(PS- a thank you, as always, to Zen for beta reading).

TAGS ADDED: Hatefucking, enemies to lovers, enemies with benefits, rough sex, outdoor sex

If anyone were to ask you what the hardest part of managing the Inuka boy’s volleyball team was, your answer would not be what they expected.

It isn’t dealing with the aftermath of a devastating loss. It isn’t looking after a group of excitable and hormonal teenage boys like a mother hen. It isn’t waking up extra early for morning practices, or having to entertain yourself on long bus rides to other prefectures.

It’s the training camps.

Not them as an idea, per se. In fact, the concept of a training camp used to entice you in an odd sort of way. Meeting other managers and players had always been fun for you when you managed your middle school team back in Tokyo— you assumed it would be much the same way when you moved to the Kansai region. That’s why you'd signed up to help out in the first place. Fun, friends, and a sport you enjoyed watching; what could possibly ruin that?

Well, you’d come to learn, a lot could ruin that. And ‘a lot’ came in many forms— but nothing really incensed your fury quite like one in particular.

“I can’t believe he had the gall to call me a bitch today!” Your words are sharp enough that the boys around the room all flinch, even if they aren’t completely paying attention to your rant. After nearly three years, most of the upperclassmen have come to terms with the fact that you’ll always be in a sour mood when you make the trek for your prefecture to Hyōgo for the annual summer
training camp, and there’s only one person to blame for it.

“This is far from the first time Miya-san has called you that, [Name]. Maybe you should just ignore him.” Suzuki Gin—your captain and the closest thing to an authority figure that your team has—gives you a halfway sympathetic look that you know is supposed to portray helpfulness, but instead just serves to make you all the more bitter.

“He’d just take that as a victory, then.” You say, and it’s not wrong. For as long as you’ve been managing your team, you’ve hated Miya Atsumu—and he’s hated you right back. You’d say it’s unjustified, but you’ve been known to fling his insults right back at him with enough venom to make a lesser man cower. Where and when this hatred started, you can’t say for sure; just that it almost feels like a part of you now, like you’re meant to trade bitter words with the Inarizaki High setter every time your team joins his at camp. It feels akin to a competition at this point, and you’ve never really been good at losing.

“So? At least he’ll be off your back then.” Gin reasons, fiddling with the small bag of chips that he has in his hands. The team is in varying states of exhausted, scattered around the club room that had been converted into a sleeping area for the duration of your stay at the camp; some of them are already trying to doze off after a long day of practicing receives and serves, while others listen halfheartedly to you go on and on about Miya the way you always do when you’re around the Inarizaki boy’s volleyball team for longer than five seconds.

“Like she wants him off her back.” Abe Mikado chimes in, pulling open a bag of popcorn with his trademark devilish grin plastered across his face.

“Save the provoking for the court, you dick!” You huff at the libero, “I’d rather eat my own foot than have to deal with him any more than I need to, and you know that!”

“Right,” Mikado snorts at you, tossing a piece of popcorn in the air so that he can catch it in his mouth, “you’re not fooling anyone, you know.”

“And what’s that supposed to mean?” You snap, grabbing the rest of his snack from his hand as a form of punishment. He looks at you for a moment, quirking a black brow as if the answer should be obvious.

“You and Miya.” He states. Your stare begs for him to continue. “There’s some tension there.”

“Yeah, no shit.” You scoff, taking a handful of popcorn and cramming it into your mouth. “Haven’t you heard a word I’ve been saying? I want to skin the dude alive.”

Gin makes a noise of distaste from next to you. Whether it stems from the fact that you’re talking with your mouth full or openly discussing murderous intentions, you’re not quite sure. Mikado rolls his eyes, reaching out to grab his bag of popcorn back from you, but you’re quick enough to keep it out of his reach. He tuts at you.

“Different kind of tension. Y’know, the kind where you secretly want to have heated, rough, ball-slappery sex.” Mikado elaborates. You immediately freeze—long enough for him to retrieve the food that you’d stolen—the expression on your face a cross between incredulity and pure, visceral rage.

“Excuse me?!” You’re well aware of how strangled and pitched your voice sounds leaving your lips, how guilty it must sound, but you find that you can’t really focus on that when the weight of Mikado’s words sink in. “Me? And Miya?”
“Yup.”

Gin sighs, a worn-out sound that doesn’t befit a boy his age, and runs his fingers through his unruly hair as he looks between you and the libero. “Can we not do this right now? We have to be up in a few hours to start practice again, and I’d prefer if I didn’t have to spend my precious sleeping time mopping up a puddle of blood or somethin’.”

The humor of Gin’s request is lost on you as you stare Mikado down. He’s smiling now, in that stupidly self-assured way that he always does, dodging the halfhearted smack you send in his direction.

“Why? It’s the truth.” He says. A few of the first years seem on edge from the practically murderous aura that your radiate.

“It’s not the truth and you know it!” Gin winces, putting a soft hand on your shoulder.

“Hey, [Name], Mikado’s just trying to—”

“Yeah, sure. Then why are the two of you always looking at each other?”

“Because we want each other dead, Mikado!” You snap. “He’s an arrogant prick and I’ll never see him in any other way!”

“You sure about that? Because this has been the norm for almost three years, so—”

“Can you stop trying to ruffle the feathers of everyone you know, Mikado?” Gin tries again, this time with a little more success. “One night. I’m asking for one night this week where I don’t have to worry about you killing our manager by raising her blood pressure.”

“Fine, fine. I’ll leave the ‘ruffling’ to Miya-san then, I guess.” Mikado relents, and you roll your eyes before jabbing at him with your foot. He snickers, and you find yourself unwittingly wanting to laugh as well— after all, that’s usually how your good natured squabbles with the fellow third-year end. The two of you laughing, him promising to buy you a popsicle or something the next day so that you’re even, and the teasing being buried until a different after-school practice.

But this isn’t an after-school practice. This is a training camp, and Mikado has made a startlingly accurate observation. You and Miya Atsumu do look at each other for a little too long, nearly to the point where it seems like you’re indulging in the attention of the other—

No. No! You can’t follow that train of thought. It’s dangerous, it’s crude, and most of all, it’s wrong. There’s nothing more to your relationship with Miya Atsumu than pure hatred. He’s a rat bastard, intent on making you feel like garbage, and that’s the end of it. There’s no other thoughts, no undercurrent of desire or wanting that can be uncovered.

Or is there? A small, treacherous part of your mind thinks as Gin stands to turn off the lights of the team’s makeshift boarding room, the sound of polyester swishing together signifying that most of the other boys are now settling into their sleeping bags. Even Mikado, who had been so lively with his prodding moments prior, has turned in for the night, fluffing up his pillow before unceremoniously plopping his head down onto it. Had your thoughts not been wandering, you might have snickered to yourself.

Instead, all you can think about is those long stares, those sharp eyes, and the implication behind them. You’d be lying to yourself if you said you’d never seen him look at you with some semblance of lust, but you’d always attributed that to him being a hormonal teenage boy. But Mikado’s taunt, however joking it might have been, strikes some sort of truth within you that had
been very far buried in your subconscious. Were you... attracted to Miya Atsumu?

No! You think again, though even to yourself your thoughts sound unconvinced. We hate each other, and it’s going to stay that way!

You think it over and over again like a mantra until your eyelids feel heavy, but you can’t help the fact that it’s peppered by the memories of an annoyingly familiar smirk.

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The night is still when you jolt back into consciousness, nearly silent save from the soft snores that float into the air around you. You shift a little in your sleeping bag, suddenly aware of how uncomfortable the floor is against your back. After tossing and turning for a couple of minutes in an attempt to slip back into your slumber, you come to terms with the fact that you’re not getting more rest any time soon. Not with the way Miya Atsumu’s face keeps flashing behind your eyelids, at least.

You have half a mind to nudge Gin until he’s up with you; the lateness of the hour kind of puts you on edge, and you’d like to have some company. But you remember the tiredness of his voice earlier and you know you’d feel guilty if you did— instead, you think back to all the water bottles that were lined up at the edge of the court after practice. You’d forgotten to clean them in your haste to get away from Inarizaki, you realize, and so you slide from your sleeping bag as quietly as you possibly can.

The gymnasium is at the end of the hall. You push the door open slowly to keep it from squealing, conscious of the fact that the other teams are likely sleeping in the other club rooms around you. You’re not too keen on the idea of another captain scolding you in the middle of the night for waking up his team, and so you make sure your retrieval of the bottles careful and silent.

There’s a large sink along the outer wall of the gymnasium directly next to this one; you know this from your last training camp, when a few of the boys from the assembled teams filled up the basin to dunk their heads in after they ran laps. The memory, fleeting as it is, makes you smile as you open the side doors of the gym, propping it with a doorstop. The air that immediately meets your skin is balmy with summer yet carries a slight bite to it that almost makes you wish you hadn’t worn just a tank top and shorts to bed.

Nevertheless, you exit out into the night with the water bottles gathered into your arms. Directly across from the side door is that sink, a small shelf above it that you arrange each of the orange bottles on as you search for soap— which you find next to the outermost faucet in the line. As you squirt a little bit of soap into the first bottle, you find your thoughts wandering again into dangerous territory.

You’re not fooling anyone. Mikado’s words echo in your mind as you turn the tap on, creating bubbles that overflow into the large silver basin. You click your tongue absentmindedly, your annoyance rehashing itself as your mind gravitates towards the thought of Miya Atsumu. That stupid smirk, his annoyingly persistent confidence— you tip the contents of the bottle into the sink with a sigh. It’s almost pitiful, you think, that you hate him so much and yet you can’t deny the magnetism that he has, the pull that makes your skin prick with heat every time he stares at you from across the court.

The first bottle is done. You put it back up on the shelf and grab the next one.

Who does he think he is, anyway? You think to yourself as you turn the tap back on. All those long glances, the way he licks his lips— Some of the more easily intimidated players are right when
they say that his presence is unsettling. But for you, it’s unsettling in a different way, one that isn’t attributed to how good of a setter he is.

And that’s why you suppose you can feel him behind you before you actually see him. It’s like his presence is announced by a change in the air, a new weight in the atmosphere, and it makes you freeze for only a millisecond before you resume your task. This is unavoidable, and you know it.

He’s unavoidable.

“Go to bed, Miya.” You say, not even bothering to turn around and face the setter. You hear him make a small noise in the back of his throat— amusement, annoyance, you can’t really tell— and the sound of gentle footfalls that tells you he’s blatantly ignoring your command. You sigh in irritation, a muscle in your jaw jumping as you dump the soapy water from the water bottle and fill it back up to rinse it out.

“Kinda late to be cleaning out water bottles. Thought you woulda done that earlier.” He drawls, and you can practically picture him leaning against the doorjamb, those cruel eyes of his glittering in the moonlight as he watches you. You feel something like anticipation tinge the blood in your veins and it makes you uncomfortable.

“Can’t sleep. I figured I’d do something useful— y’know, that concept that you can never seem to grasp.”

He laughs once, a short sound that flings itself out into the night. “What, you get nightmares or somethin’?”

“Don’t see how that’s any of your business.” You shake a few droplets off of the bottle in your hand, gently placing it on the ledge before grabbing the last one and unscrewing the cap.

“It’s my business when it concerns you.”

“I never have been and never will be ‘your business’.” You bite out, putting soap in the bottle. He laughs again but it’s lower, more dangerous, and it takes you by a certain sort of surprise that immediately has you looking over your shoulder at him, mouth slightly parted and brow furrowed.

“Yeah?” He sounds thoroughly unconvinced. You’re close to being consumed by the sudden urge to spit at him, to punch him hard enough that you ruin his annoyingly perfect face. You wonder if he can see that in your expression, because his condescending smirk falls into something a little more subdued as he tilts his head at you. His arms are crossed against his chest and you see them tense a little, like he’s forcing himself to hold the position of nonchalance.

“What are you getting at?” You say to him, locking your gazes. It feels like you’re pushing some invisible boundary, addressing your tension directly like this.

“Am I not allowed to have a friendly conversation with a rival manager?” He says, completely skirting the implications of what you’ve asked. Now it’s your turn to make an aggravated sound, turning with a glare back to your task. You should have known better than to expect anything less than complete irritation from Miya Atsumu.

“There’s a handful of them inside that I’m sure would love to talk to you.” You point out. “Go wake one of them up.”

“Nah.”

“Well, I don’t want to talk to you, so get lost.”
It’s so quiet that for a moment, you think he has left. It’s both a relieving and surprisingly forlorn thought. You think, for a moment, how odd it is that you seem to somewhat thrive on the tension between the two of you, stretched close to breaking like a piece of elastic; but then you hear him exhale and all annoyance returns to you. Your grip on the bottle in your hand makes your knuckles turn white, bone straining against skin.

“We don’t have to talk, then.” His voice is right there all of a sudden and you can’t help but flinch slightly, so caught up in your internal frustrations that you hadn’t heard his approach.

“Yeah, okay. We can just sit across from each other and glare for hours.” You snort, inwardly praising yourself for keeping your voice level. Closer up, you can hear the soft rumble from his chest that signifies a laugh—dangerous and observant and enough to make you swallow thickly.

“Actually, I had somethin’ else in mind.” One of his arms skims over yours as he brings it upwards, hand curling around the lip of the basin in a way that effectively traps you in on that side. You look at it for a moment, at his long fingers and the delicate muscle of his bicep, and the realization dawns on you. Your thoughts immediately fly to Mikado, wondering if he’s some sort of prophet, before the sensation of someone breathing on the soft skin of your neck rips you from any sort of lengthy introspection.

Your grip on the bottle slackens and it falls into the large sink with a plastic-on-metal clatter that seems to echo off of the few trees that surround the gymnasium; you spin on your heel to face Miya, tilting your head up so that you can glare at him directly with the most menacing sneer that you can muster.

“You’re not fucking serious.” You all but snarl, hands immediately flying up to his chest in a way that keeps his body distanced from yours. The side of his lip quirks upward at your reaction, as if he’d planned for it, and his other arm leisurely comes up at your side to mimic the position of the first one.

He practically looms over you like this, caging you against the sink in a way that can’t be mistaken for anything other than predatory, a show of dominance rather than passion. Had he not been so accustomed to them, Miya might have withered under the intensity of your glare; instead, his smirk just becomes more severe.

“I am.” He replies.

“You’re a pig.”

“You’ve mentioned that before.” His face dips down slightly and you’re thankful that you know what he’s about to do before he does it; you jerk your head to the side to avoid kissing him, delighting a little at the bemused expression that flits across his eyes.

“And I mean it, Miya, so I don’t know in what universe you think I’d agree to willingly touch you.”

“This one.” He answers simply, and you’d laugh if you weren’t busy dodging his attempt to kiss you again, pushing at one of his arms in an attempt to get yourself free. He doesn’t budge, and you consider for a split second just dropping to the ground and crawling out under it, but at that moment his other hand flies up, his fingers suddenly digging into the side of your face with no small amount of pressure as he grabs your chin and forces your head forward so that he can look you in the eyes again.

“Let go of me.” Your voice is dangerously low, full of a promise that you’ll have no issues
carrying out, but he doesn’t budge. You attempt to pull away the hand that grips your face but it’s in vain; his hold is too strong, and he uses your momentary distraction to push his body against yours, pinning you down hard enough that the lip of the sink digs into your lower back. It’s anything but comfortable.

He doesn’t seem to care.

“*Just let me fuckin’ kiss you.*” He snaps, all traces of mirth gone from his face. It’s a command and the both of you know it.

“Get your hands off of me. I’m not going to ask you again.” You counter, though your words sound insincere to even your own ears. His sneer becomes more daunting at your statement, and his grip tightens even more.

“Good. It’s a waste of breath.” Is all he says before he practically smashes your lips together. You can feel the pressure of his fingers on your cheek against your teeth, and the roughness of his mouth is enough to make you slightly uncomfortable. But there’s something there, something that goes hand in hand with the anticipation that you felt earlier, that makes you want to tangle your fingers into his hair and pull him even closer.

His tongue skims against the crease of your lips not long after his initial kiss, and you keep them sealed. He makes a sound of annoyance that vibrates against your skin as he uses his tongue to all but pry your mouth open, holding it that way with his hand. There’s no battle for dominance or smooth dance inside your mouth like some romance stories would have you believe; the wet muscle all but invades you, sliding over your teeth and your gums like he has something to prove, like he wants to show you exactly how much leverage he has in the situation. You almost want to bite down just to see him bleed.

But you don’t. And when he breaks away from you to rest his forehead against yours, you focus on not feeling the weird sort of intimacy that stems from it.

“That wasn’t so bad, was it?” His voice is somewhere between a pant and a rasp, his eyes searching yours in the dim light for something that you unfortunately know is there. When he sees it, he grins.

“It was awful.” You say, just to irk him. He kisses you again after that, and it lacks the rushed quality of the first one. He has you where he wants you, and the both of you know it.

His grip on your jaw softens. You move it a bit, conscious of the ache, and he refuses to let go fully. A little bit of understanding flows between the two of you. It’s foreign and almost as painful as the way he holds you.

“If this happens,” you say, voice low, “nothing is going to change between us. I’m always going to hate you.”

“And you’re always gonna be a bitch.” He says in return. “Don’t get the wrong idea from this.”

“Oh, fuck you.” You spit, and now it’s your turn to grab at him, your fingers tangling into the bleached part of his undercut so you can crash your mouths together again. Your teeth clack together and he groans, low and deep against your lips.

“You’re gonna.” He promises once the two of you separate again. You scoff at him but there’s no ignoring the fact that you are. As if to remind you of that, one of his knees forces itself between your legs and slides upwards, pressing against your clothed cunt. Unwittingly you let out a soft
gasp, the fingers in his hair instinctively tightening.

He finally completely releases your face in favor of immediately palming one of your breasts, squeezing it through both your shirt and your bra. He keeps his eyes locked on yours as he does so, again searching for a crack in your composure. When he finds it, you can read his intentions clear as day; he wants to split you open, wants to dominate you and change you and own you just to assert himself.

And you want to let him.

“You’re cute when you’re like this.” He muses, slowly rubbing his knee back and forth against you. You don’t reply, instead shifting your hips just slightly so that the pressure of his thigh becomes more intense, your nerves buzzing under your skin like live wires.

“You’re such a— ah!” You gasp when he squeezes your breast again and allows his lips to fall to your neck, where he wastes no time in grazing his teeth against your skin. “Such a cocky bastard!”

“I have every right to be.” He counters, lips dragging against the juncture where your neck meets your shoulder as he speaks. The slight midnight chill pricks at your skin almost as much as his teeth do.

“You think so?” You spit. He laughs, and you can practically feel the sound reverberate throughout your entire body.

“I know so. And,” the hand at your chest suddenly inches upwards, grabbing the neckline of your top and the cup of your bra in his fingers and yanking downward to expose your breasts, “you’ll know it too, soon enough.”

“As if.” You say, but your voice is soft. It lacks conviction and purpose, which the setter delights in. He runs his thigh against the apex of your legs as he inches forward, pinching a nipple between his fingers and pulling slightly harder than he should, yanking a sensual, throaty noise out of you.

“Stop bein’ a bitch for once.” He coos in a way that tells you he doesn’t want you to stop, that he wants you to do anything but. Your emotions are dangling somewhere between annoyance, fury, and lust. The strongest of the three wins out and you grind yourself down on his thigh, eyes threatening to flutter closed.

“Make me.” You pant back at him and he groans, somewhat helplessly, against your skin. The challenge is enough for him to momentarily abandon your chest, his fingers practically flying to the waistband of your shorts as he pulls his leg back. He yanks downward on one side and you immediately go to help, shoving the other side down as you ignore his blatantly amused expression. Your underwear is all that’s left to protect your cunt from his hungry gaze, and you go to remove them too when he stops you.

“Leave them on.” He says, kissing you for a third time as he all but jams his knee between your legs. You let out a sound that reads partially like a yelp and partially like a hiccup, but it’s all pleasure and it’s all anticipation, your head tipping back and away from his kiss as he lazily moves his leg against you. It feels better like this, with less fabric, but there’s still the delicious grind of woven cotton against your sensitive slit.

“You’re enjoying yourself.” He murmurs against your lips.

“Don’t let it get to your head.” You say, though the flippant tone to your voice gives way to a soft groan as he increases the pressure.
“Yeah, yeah.” he scoffs before diving in for your lips again. And although the movement is slower, more lethargic than the first two times, he hasn’t lessened any of the pressure or the intensity.

A single hand snakes upwards and presses small circles onto your clit in time with the movements of his leg, collecting dampness in your underwear that would embarrass you had your head not been spinning. Your hand goes from the back of his head to his shoulder so that you can steady yourself, curling your fingers into the stretch of his T-shirt. His expression drops from arrogant and amused to focused— something you recognize a little too well from watching him play in games—and the determination that you see there holds a promise that you’re not quite sure that you can handle.

He doesn’t seem to care. His fingers press harder as his leg slides faster against you, and you know what he’s trying to do without him even trying to vocalize it: to humiliate you, to make you live with the fact that he got you to come on his leg. You open your mouth to tell him that you aware of what he’s doing and that he’s a jackass, but all that comes out is a pitched moan that seems to float all the way up to the stars.

“Feel good?” He says, but you’re fully aware that he’s not just asking because he cares about your comfort. He wants to hear you praise him, wants to rub it in your face that you’re already at his mercy. So, you clamp your mouth shut. He smirks down at you, his free hand going back to your chest and cupping one of your breasts. You bite down on your bottom lip as the circles he presses to your clit gain speed, hoping to trap any more moans before he can hear them.

“I asked you,” Miya says once he recognizes what you’re doing, voice strained with the effort he exerts, “if it feels good.”

“Feels fine.” You want to sound disinterested, focusing on the uncomfortable way the sink digs into your spine, the fact that you’re out in the open—

Oh god, you’re out in the open!

“Miya—” You start as the fingers on your clit get almost frantic in their pace, and the sentence jumbles itself in your throat as pinpricks of warmth gather in your crotch. The familiar sensation overwhelms you before you can properly vocalize what’s going on. Your entire body feels like it’s lighting itself on fire, the stimulation to your clit proving to be too much as your head tips back, a pathetic-sounding moan falling from your lips while your muscles clench and spasm, your body subconsciously grinding back down on his leg for more of that friction until you feel like you’ve snapped, like you’re drowning and yet breathing for the first time.

The babble on your lips dies down as you slowly wind down from your peak, your body immediately relaxing and feeling almost gelatinous in his grasp. He laughs to himself; it isn’t lost on you how helpless you must have looked, using his leg to get yourself off. You scowl up at him, chest heaving, and make an indignant sound as his eyes latch onto your breasts in the moonlight.

“We,” you inhale deeply, still slightly winded from your orgasm, “are outside, you fucking idiot.”

“Look at you.” He tuts, looking as if he wants to laugh right in your face. “Gettin’ what you want, and then goin’ back to being absolutely insufferable. Haven’t ya ever learned to be gracious?”

“You’re—”

“Besides, how are we gonna fuck anywhere else?” He interrupts, something akin to a victorious smile threatening to split his face. “Unless you wanna go inside and run the risk of someone from your school walkin’ in on you gettin’ boned.”
You cringe at the thought of Gin accidentally bearing witness to something that you’re pretty sure you won’t be able to explain.

The setter lowers his leg slowly, heightening your feelings of exposure with the chilly night air breezing over the dampness of your panties. You try not to let any more vulnerability show on your face, perfectly content to just pick up the remaining pieces of your composure and reassemble them. However, it seems that Miya has other ideas.

In one fluid motion, he yanks you away from the sink only to slam you against the open space of wall next to it. You yelp, the brick digging into the sensitive skin of your back, and he peers down at you as he presses your bodies flush together. You can feel his hardened length pressed against you, heavy and warm against your thigh.

“If you’re worried about gettin’ seen out here, I’ll just cover you.” He murmurs, though the softness of his voice in no way translates to emotional leniency.

“How sweet of you.” You scoff. Atsumu rolls his eyes.

“Not really doin’ it for you.” He clarifies, punctuating his statement by grinding his hips into yours.

Oddly enough, you’re somewhat glad for the fact that he’s already gotten you off; without the haze of lust immediately clouding your judgement, you’re able to glare up at him and properly stand your ground. “Are you always this selfish in bed?”

“You?” Miya bends down and nips at your earlobe, chuckling as a squeal escapes your lips. His breath is hot against the shell of your ear. “I just got you to come, don’t ya remember?”

On cue, one of his fingers traces the damp patch on your underwear; skimming along the edge and dipping inside to collect some of your release. Your breath hitches and you squirm against the wall, watching as he removes the digit and holds it up closer to his face.

“Yeah, that’s…” the side of his mouth curls into a salacious grin as he inhales, “that’s what I like.”

“You’re gross.” You say when his tongue darts out to lick at the finger, and he laughs again under his breath.

“Yeah, yeah. Take your underwear off, alright?”

“You’re gross.” You say when his tongue darts out to lick at the finger, and he laughs again under his breath.

“Why, so you can sniff those too?”

“Not a bad idea.”

“God, I’m going to gag.” You scoff. Miya raises a brow at you in what you assume is some sort of irritation bastardized by lust.

“Off.” He says, hands toying around the elastic of your underwear.

You wait a beat before deciding that yes, you really want to do this, and yes—you’ll probably regret it later on when he’s shooting you shit-eating grins in the gym. With a sigh that you force to sound reluctant and bored, you yank your underwear down your legs and allow them to fall at your feet. Almost immediately, Miya grabs the tops of your thighs and brings them to his waist; the movement catches you by surprise and you cry out, your legs instinctively wrapping the rest of the way around him. He grins, teeth bright in the darkness, the tip of his clothed erection prodding against your slit as he shifts. It’s enough to distract you from the feeling of brick digging into your
The material of his shirt sliding against your breasts while he pauses to free his cock from his pants feels foreign, distant, and it’s enough to remind you that you can’t get too invested in this. He doesn’t like you, you don’t like him— this is the result of pent-up frustration and teenage hormones, not even close to being intimate—

He jams himself inside of you without any preamble, and a shout rips itself from your throat immediately. It doesn’t hurt in the slightest, but he’s substantially sized and made absolutely no effort to ask if you were prepared.

“You fucking asshole.” You seethe, dodging his lips as he sets about to kiss you just like he had earlier. Instead of chasing it again he simply laughs, and it’s cruel and heartless and so incredibly hot that all you can do is sneer at him, “what if I wasn’t ready?”

“Oh, you were fuckin’ ready.” He coos, sliding himself out just a bit so that he can snap his hips right back onto yours, the slick sound of him penetrating you reaching your ears. “You’re wet as hell.”

You have no response; he’s right, after all. Instead, you opt to roll your eyes at the bastard despite the fact that you very much feel like you’re about to melt around him. He really does have every reason in the world to be cocky, you think; not only is he just about the best setter in this prefecture — and all the surrounding ones, for that matter— but he’s hotter than the devil’s dick and he fucks like an absolute sinner, too.

You clench your eyes shut as his fingers once more find purchase on your swollen clit, your own arms slinging around his shoulders. Without the distraction that his face brings, you’re able to think just a tad more clearly about your predicament, about how he was basically able to catch you off guard and get your panties on the ground with minimal convincing, how he was going to hold this over your head every single time you saw him.

It pisses you off, and there’s nothing you can do about it. It’s the price you pay for carnality, you suppose.

Your fingernails dig into the back of his neck and you feel the muscle shudder slightly as he moves, his form nearly smothering you as he groans low in his throat. You tighten around him, eyes still shut while you pant. He’s hitting you in all the right places, giving it to you exactly where you need it, and all you can do is gasp and writhe in the setter’s grip while he pummels into you. He’s surprisingly quiet, you note, and it makes you feel a little better that he’s so invested in fucking you that he can’t even scrape together a few insults to toss your way.

A smile twitches the corner of your mouth. A low hum lets you know that he sees it, and suddenly he goes from ramming into you to making slow, languid strokes.

“Open your eyes.” He murmurs. You crack a single one open to peer at him.

He’s a lot more wrecked looking that he probably thinks he is. There’s a fine sheen of sweat covering what’s visible of his skin, making his shirt stick to his chest and his hair plaster to his temples. His tongue peeks out to swipe across his lips as he peers into your eyes, something strange hidden in the depths of his own.

“Look at me,” he rasps, “when I’m fucking you.”

And all you can do is nod, opening your other eye at the same moment he slaps his hips against
yours again, filling you so fully that you think you might burst. You spare a quick glance downward to look at where the two of you are joined and the sight of his cock disappearing inside of you is enough to make you shudder.

“So demanding.” You pant whenever you can find words, swallowing hard to keep your throat from getting too dry.

“You’re willing to listen.” He retorts, starting to pick up speed again. Any coherent thought on your tongue becomes long forgotten when he shifts his hips ever so slightly and the tip of his cock slams into something that makes you see more metaphorical stars than physical ones. You try to keep eye contact with him but it’s hard when all they want to do is roll back.

“Yes! Right there!” You wail, nails nearly puncturing his skin. “Right there!”

The noise he makes when you continue to tighten around him is low and guttural and masculine. The hand at your hip tightens into your skin almost impossibly, past the point of bruising and just downright painful, but you don’t even notice as he continues to thrust into you, his breathing labored as he stares you down.

Frankly, you can’t believe that he’s coaxing you to finish again until warmth blossoms under your skin once more, your tank top nearly drenched with sweat as you cry out into the night, vision momentarily flickering from normal to pure white and then back again as he fucks you through your orgasm. His expression goes from hazy to severe in a heartbeat.

You’ll reprimand yourself later for coming apart so easily with him inside of you, but in the moment you can hardly think at all. He’s everything and nothing all at once, the cause of a pleasure that simultaneously eclipses his entire being. You’re not even sure if you’re alive at this point— in fact, you think it could be very possible that he’s fucked you to death.

Coherency begins to bleed back into you after a few long moments of you nearly sobbing out his name, and the second that it does you’re aware of something warm inside of you, something foreign that you had forgotten to consider. Your eyes widen as he stutters out a curse, punctuated by a strangled rendition of your name as he finishes inside of you.

And then, it’s silent.

“Fuck.” He groans after a long pause, catching his breath like he just ran a marathon.

“You…” You trail off as he rests his forehead on your shoulder, still breathing heavily.

“God, that was good.” He mutters, mostly to himself, but you can still hear him clear as day. However, there’s blood rushing in your ears, a furrow to your brows, and a scowl back on your lips.

“You…” You start again, anger seeping into your words, “you came in me, you jackass!”

He pulls back a little to look at you again, and you can tell from his expression that he’s not even slightly remorseful.

“Oops.” He says, tone flat. You make a sound of frustration, pulling one of your hands from his neck so that you can shove his shoulder. He’s wholly unaffected by this, instead focusing his attention on pulling out of you and yanking his shorts back up.

“‘Oops’? Really?” You snap. He shrugs, his post-sex smirk the most infuriating thing that you think you’ve ever seen. “You’re lucky I’m on birth control!”
“Yeah, yeah.” He runs a hand through his sweat-dampened hair, grinning at you as he bends down to pick something up. You pay the motion little mind, your focus on the fact that you’re currently leaking out onto the cement. “You good?”

“I’m fine.” You bite out. “Still hate you.”

“That’s what I like to hear.” He sighs in the most self-satisfied way that he possibly can, shoving his hands into his pockets. “That was pretty fun. We’ll have to do that again sometime, sweetheart.”

“In your fucking dreams!” You’re somewhat glad that the cover of night masks the way your skin flushes. He snorts.

“We’ll see about that. G’night.” He turns and strolls away from you, back through the gymnasium doors, with a nonchalance that temporarily renders you speechless. You almost can’t believe what just transpired, can’t believe that you let him touch you like that, can’t believe that you want to do it again—

Your thoughts are halted once you think of him stooping towards the ground. You look down, eyes straining in the sparse light, and immediately a realization dawns on you.

He took your fucking underwear.

Your frustrated shout rings out into the night. You don’t care enough to be silent in this moment, not with your underwear in some jerk’s pocket and his come streaking down your legs, and especially not when you can practically hear him laugh to himself as he continues the trek back to his team’s room.
*airhorn noises* it's finally the hanamaki update, bitch

this chapter needs a little bit of a preface:

1. I'm sorry I haven't updated this anthology in over a year. Life began getting in the way a bit last year, and now this year I've been extremely busy with graduation and grad school and the likes.

2. This update is over 27k words long. I am well aware it is a behemoth of a fic, but I wanted to write it as a oneshot rather than a series because I didn't want to start a new series when I have so many already. This fic is almost entirely plot, so beware if that's not what you're here for.

3. This fic was started back in October. I was going to post it for halloween, but you can tell it got away from me a little bit.

4. My prompt for this chapter was this: "How did Oikawa injure his leg?" as you can see, i picked the most convoluted way possible to explain it.

A big, warm, and special thank-you to ActuallyAndroid, Blue Simba, Luna, Peachy, and Tabs for beta-reading this absolute monster of a fic and for giving me their honest feedback. There is absolutely no way I could have gotten this out to you guys as soon as I have without their help.

I hope you guys enjoy this update, and I'm going to try my best to be a little more consistent with this anthology as summer comes along.

TAGS: Enemies to Friends to Lovers, Supernatural AU, Mild Injury, Blood, Unrequited Crushes, Mentions of Terminal Illness, Mentions of Death, Mild Femdom, Jealousy, Doggy Style, Outdoor Sex

PS - this fic is also based on this song and this song, in case you wanted some listening material.

PPS - as a fair warning, there is blood during the sex scene, but absolutely NO graphic description of injury. There's also implications of parental death and mentions of a terminal illness.

You suppose, in the most abstract sense possible, that you could blame the following events on Oikawa Tōru.

His smile, to be more specific. Those pearly white teeth that light up every room he’s in, that stupidly cute dimple on his right cheek— wars could be fought over a single flash of that devastating grin, and you would be on the front lines. It didn’t take a genius to decipher the fact that you, like ninety percent of the student body, were under his thumb.
Unlike the rest of his suitors, though, this would ultimately lead your life down a path that it would never return from.

“I don’t know why you’re doing this.” Your best friend, Nanako— ever the “cheerful optimist”— sighs for the millionth time as she watches you carefully wrap your newest creation in orange cellophane. “He’s just going to thank you, take the bread, and then promptly forget your name.”

“You don’t know that. Milk bread is his favorite, and we both know I make the best loaves in the club.”

“That’s not hard,” Nanako points out, her raised brow looking more motherly than condescending when paired with the bandana on her head, “nobody else bothers to make milk bread. Especially for their idiot crush in October. Why couldn’t you just wait for Valentine’s Day like everyone else?”

You shoot her a sour look as you tie off one end of the cellophane with black ribbon.

“Because,” you sigh, “that’s exactly the problem. Everyone else piles him with gifts on Valentine’s Day. But if I give it to him randomly, he’s more likely to remember my name!”

“Don’t you think it’s a bad omen that you two have been classmates for three years and he doesn’t know your name?”

You huff, tying off the other end. Nanako sighs, reaching up to undo her bandana. There’s a spot of flour on her shirt sleeve that you decide not to tell her about out of pettiness.

“Look, [Name]. You know I love you, but we both know this isn’t going to work out. I mean, I’ll give you brownie points for decoration with halloween colors, but the dude is going to eat the bread and go on with his merry life. You need to start looking at your other options.” She props her elbow onto the table in front of you as she watches you add your finishing touches— writing Oikawa’s name onto the cellophane and curling the ends of the ribbons— her bobbed hair swinging slightly as she lays her chin onto her palm.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” You snort, not bothering to look at her. You’d hate for her to see the insecurity in your eyes; she’s halfway to talking you out of your confession, and you’ll be damned if you put it off any longer. Just garnering the courage to make the milk bread today while everyone else in the school’s cooking club had been making anmitsu— which was a clear indication that you were up to something— was tough. You weren’t about to let your effort go to waste.

“I mean, there’s plenty of other cute guys in this school. Hell, Oikawa isn’t even the only good-looking one on the team,” Nanako points out, “look at Iwaizumi for example. What I wouldn’t do to feel those arms—”

“Gross.”

She blows a raspberry at you. “Me? Gross? Never. And speaking of gross, the things I would let Matsukawa and Hanamaki do to me—”

“Done!” You say while patting your loaf of bread loudly enough to cut her off. She sends you a knowing smirk regardless, but you roll your eyes in return.

“So you’re just going to lie and say you don’t think the other third years on the team are hot as hell?” Nanako presses.
“I never said that. But Oikawa-san is the most handsome one, in my opinion. And kind, and smart, and skilled—”

“You’re drooling.”

“Am not!” You nonchalantly wipe the back of your hand against your lips. Shit. She wasn’t wrong.

“Okay, sure. My point is, you barely know the guy and you’re somehow idolizing him as some great dude. Which,” she holds her free hand up defensively when you frown at her, “may not be entirely wrong. But you’re so focused on him that you’re missing out on other opportunities.”

“And what would those be?”

“You could get with an equally hot guy with half the effort if you just allowed yourself to admit that Oikawa isn’t the only decent-looking dude here. And you’re kinda limiting yourself to just men, y’know?”

“I like him, Nanako, that’s not something I can easily ignore.”

“So? I like Arashi, but that doesn’t stop me from listening to the music of other groups.”

“You can’t compare crushes and pop singers! That is a completely different logic!”

“Not in theory, no.”

You roll your eyes for the second time as you untie your apron and set it on its designated hook within the club room. Nanako follows suit, dusting her hands off on her own apron. You love her, you really do, but sometimes you wish she’d stop trying to purposefully derail your love life in favor of telling you to sleep with every attractive guy and girl under the sun.

“Okay, whatever. Either way, I’m giving him this bread. If he rejects me or forgets me within a week, that’s fine—”

“Is it?”

“— and if he’s actually interested, even better.” You push on, ignoring Nanako’s interjection.

“Just don’t get your hopes up, alright?” Her tone dips into something slightly more serious for a moment. “Are you sure you don’t want me to go with you?”

“Positive. It’s late, anyway. And… I kinda wanna do this on my own.”

Nanako bumps your shoulder with hers lovingly, sliding on her blazer and picking up her bag as the two of you walk into the hallway. The bread is clutched almost too tightly into your hands, the cellophane crinkling under the pressure of your fingers.

“Godspeed, my dear. Call me later, okay?” Nanako says once the two of you reach the divide in the hallway that separates you; she turns to the right to make her way to the school’s front gates, while you go to the left on a route that you know will lead to the gymnasium. You shoot her one last smile over your shoulder— one that you hope is reassuring— before taking a deep breath, pushing your shoulders back, and marching with purpose towards your destination. You try not to dwell too much on the negative outcomes that you feel looming over you like a rain cloud, instead trying to cling onto the small shreds of hope that you have. But as you get closer and closer to the double doors, you find it harder to do so.
Your entire body feels sweaty. Did you remember to put on deodorant this morning? Oh god, what if someone else decided to confess to him today? Will that skew your results? What if he thought you picking out halloween-themed cellophane was childish? You’d rehearsed everything you wanted to say to him in the mirror this morning, but with every step you find yourself forgetting another line—

The gym is silent when you finally arrive. You’re too busy catching your breath at first to notice, but once you do, your heart jumps in your chest again.

No…!

You practically push the door down with how hard you slam it open, eyes scanning as quickly as possible. The gym is empty except for one boy who holds his phone close to his face, as if he was about to leave but got distracted. He looks up when he hears the door open; although his severe expression drops slightly, there’s a natural pinch to his brows that does nothing to alleviate your nerves.

“...Hello?” He says, tilting his head slightly as he slides his phone into his pocket.

You mean to be polite, you genuinely do, but all that comes out of you is a sputtered screech of “w-where’s Oikawa?”

Iwaizumi glances from your face to your hands, still tightly clutching the milk bread. Although a look of annoyance flits across his face for a moment, it drops into something more sympathetic. You’re not sure which is worse.

“Practice ended a little bit ago. He told me he was going to go ask his teacher a question about his exam tomorrow then head home.” The wing spiker grimaces a little, “he told me to leave without him. Sorry.”

“Oh. I see.”

“Do you want me to…” he clears his throat, “... take that for you and give it to him? It looks like you worked pretty hard on it—”

“Ah,” you cut him off “I did. B-but that’s okay, thanks for offering!” You take a step back as Iwaizumi slings his bag strap over his shoulder. The bread feels like a brick in your hand and it isn’t helped by the second kind look that Iwaizumi gives you before he heads to the doors across the gymnasium. You watch him go, listening as his sneakers screech against the polished floor and echo in the mostly-vacant room. Your muscles only seem to unlock when he finally shuts the door behind him.

“Stupid…” you mutter to yourself, “stupid! Stupid, stupid, stupid!”

You turn on your heel and leave out of the door through which you came, the one that led into the back hallway and the locker rooms. You’re not sad, not really; you just feel like this is the biggest sign you could have gotten. In your mind, you’d imagined two scenarios, and in both Oikawa was actually present. Being intercepted by Iwaizumi almost feels worse than the imagined rejection.

There’s a garbage bin at the end of the hall that you’d passed on your way in. It seems like the most sensible place to toss the bread at this point. Carrying it home with you just doesn’t seem like it’ll make you feel any better, nor does eating it. After a sigh you begin to wander over to it, wondering what you’re going to say to Nanako on the phone later—

Thud.
You stop immediately. The sound came from your right, you’re pretty sure. You don’t even have to look to know that it’s the boy’s locker room. While the sound itself raises no real alarm in you—it could have just been something falling off a bench, you reason—something in the back of your mind tells you to wait a moment. You bite down on your lip, only slightly aware of the fact that you’re holding your breath as you tiptoe closer to the door.

This is ridiculous. You’re imagining things, the more rational (and frightened) part of your brain says. You swallow hard, your ear nearly pressed to the metal door as you wait. Someone’s going to walk by and assume you’re some sort of pervert. Get out of here while you can!

But you don’t. It’s a decision that you’ll come to regret for many weeks, one that changes the entire rest of your life. At the time, however, your thoughts are far from wondering about the outcome on your own behalf; what if someone fell in the showers and hit their head? What if one of the gym teachers was having a heart attack on the ground? You’d seen enough of Nanako’s favorite soap operas to have your imagination go wild—and yet, none of the scenarios you imagine could have prepared you for what happened after the second thud.

This one is sharper, accompanied by a faint rattle; it sounds to you as if something hit one of the lockers. You take a deep breath, hold your milk bread closer to your chest, and slowly inch the door open.

You can’t see anyone—at least, not at first. The locker room requires you to turn a corner before you can peer into the vacant rows, and you hate how ominous it feels. It’s a locker room, not a serial killer’s apartment, you remind yourself, and yet your heart refuses to calm itself in your chest.

“Hello?” You call. You don’t necessarily expect a response, but the lack of one still unnerves you. You get the feeling that whatever made the noise you heard is purposefully trying not to get caught. The thought makes the hairs on the back of your neck tingle. Although it feels like you’re walking into a trap, you press forward.

The space is even smaller than the gym, causing your footsteps to echo like cannon blasts. One of the lights over the lockers at the far end flickers slightly, buzzing like a small insect and making your shadow shift ever so slightly with each step.

“Hello?” You repeat. If Nanako were here, you think, she’d yell at you for sounding like typical horror-movie prey. “If someone’s pulling a prank, it isn’t funny—”

You pass by the second to last set of lockers and freeze. It takes a long moment to realize that you’re seeing something abnormal, and even longer to decipher exactly what that is. You recognize Oikawa with a stupidly excited jolt of your heart, but his body is partially slumped against a locker and his head is lolled to the side, mouth ajar and eyes softly closed. You continue to scan down his body; his shorts are down, perhaps to give more access to his thigh—where the mouth of one of his teammates is clamped, blood running in rivulets down his pale skin.

“Y-you’re… drinking… his…” Words don’t seem to form in a way that’s appropriate to convey how you feel.

Hanamaki Takahiro looks at you blankly while you stammer, his jaw never unlocking from Oikawa’s thigh. Something in the back of your mind is relieved that you haven’t wet yourself at the sight of his face smeared with blood—Oikawa’s blood—but the majority of your thoughts fail to really register with you. Someone’s screaming.

You don’t realize until you’ve bolted from the spot that it’s you.
“What’s your emergency?”

“Hello?” Your voice is ragged from the amount of effort you exerted running out of the school, “I—I’d like to report a crime.”

“What’s the address?”

“Aoba Jōsai. But there’s this boy, and he—”

“Slow down, miss.”

You take in a deep, shuddering breath. “I saw a boy in the locker room. He was injured.”

“Okay. Do you know what happened? Is he conscious?”

“He was a—attacked. By another student. He was…” you trail off, holding the payphone even tighter in your grasp.

“What was he doing, miss?”

“... he was sucking his blood.” Your voice sounds small. There’s silence on the other end.

“Is this a joke?”

“No!” You all but screech, “it happened, I saw it!”

“Let me guess,” the operator says, sounding unimpressed, “he had long white fangs?”

You swallow hard.

“I don’t know, I didn’t see them.”

The line goes dead.

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Nanako calls you at least a dozen times over the weekend. You feel bad for not picking up, you really do, but you’re still so shell-shocked that talking to anyone else about what you saw doesn’t seem like an option. It was hard enough to convince your grandmother that you were just feeling ‘under the weather’; Nanako would surely insist on bringing you soup or a heating pad.

“Do you need anything, pumpkin?” Your fingers tighten in your duvet when your grandmother knocks on your bedroom door, “I hate seeing you cooped up in bed like that.”

“I’m fine, thank you,” You call back, words muffled by how you’ve pulled your covers up over your entire body, “I’m just going to take a nap!”

“If you’re sure, dear—”

“I am! Thanks!”

The guilt you feel for being so aloof with your grandmother is fleeting. It’s for the best that she doesn’t worry too much. There’s no saying that what you saw in the locker room wasn’t just an elaborate hallucination, and making your loving grandmother take care of that on top of everything
else seems unfair. You pull your covers tighter with one hand, using your other to grab your phone.

From: Nanako [14:12] Hey, pick up the phone jackass

From: Nanako [14:15] seriously

From: Nanako [14:15] r u dead

From: Nanako [14:21] youre worrying me. Like actually worrying me

From: Nanako [14:30] dont think i wont call your house. did everything go ok with oikawa? have you two eloped and thats why you arent calling me back

From: Nanako [14:43] if so thats a dick move

You want to laugh. Really, you do, but every time you start to feel some sort of normal thought enter your brain, the image of Hanamaki digging his teeth into Oikawa’s skin flashes behind your eyes.

SENT [14:55]: yea I’m fine! Just feeling a little sick, sorry :( Didn’t actually run into Oikawa, Iwaizumi said he left early

From: Nanako [14:56] oh my god youre alive !!! why couldnt you just text me that??? I was worried you bitch

SENT [14:56]: Been sleeping a lot, grandmother said being on my phone would make it worse. You know how old people are.

From: Nanako [14:57] lame. hope you feel better soon. Also are u going to matsukawa’s halloween party with me? heard from a reliable source that oikawa will b there

From: Nanako [14:57] and by reliable source i mean he rsvped to it on facebook

The usually-thrilling jolt that runs through you at the possibility of seeing Oikawa in person is accompanied by something that makes your muscles tense up. You can’t quite separate the memory of his smile from the sight of Hanamaki drinking from his thigh, blood streaking down his chin.

SENT [15:03]: yeah, I will. Need to get a costume though. Any luck finding out what Oikawa is gonna be? i wanna “accidentally” match him

From: Nanako [15:03] not yet, u freak

You sigh and slide your phone out from under your covers and onto your bedside table. That weirdly excited-yet-anxious feeling is still stewing in your stomach; you screw your eyes shut in an attempt to will it away. No luck.

You’re pretty sure that what you saw in the locker room wasn’t a hallucination. Of all things you’d be inclined to imagine, Hanamaki going to town on Oikawa’s leg wasn’t one of them. But there’s still the fact that Hanamaki didn’t say anything to you when you stumbled upon them, and he didn’t chase you out of the locker room either. He just let you go— and that might be the strangest thing about the whole situation.

You slide your blankets off of you, sitting up and resting your back on the headboard. Your laptop
is on the same table you put your phone onto, so you grab it and begin booting it up. During the few moments that it takes, you nearly laugh at yourself for what you’re about to do.

Google’s homepage floods your screen when you open your browser, bathing your face in white light. You click on the search bar, fingers hesitating before you finally give in and type.

*Vampires.*

You hit ‘search’.

~*~

Lacing up your shoes on Monday morning is probably the hardest thing you’ve done in a while. You’d spent almost the entire night falling further and further down the rabbit hole that is the internet, reading all that you could about vampires—or any sort of blood-sucking creature, for that matter. You aren’t willing to rule Hanamaki out as a chupacabra, either.

You hoped that your grandmother, with as loving and patient as she is, would still believe your sickness ruse, but it only took a palm to your forehead for her to usher you out of bed and into the shower, which you exited to find a freshly ironed uniform laying on your bed. When you tried again to protest, she just shot you a knowing smile.

“Your mother used the same excuse all the time when she was your age.” She replied, and you dropped the subject. You weren’t sure what would be worse; facing a potential supernatural creature at school or pissing off your grandmother by skipping.

You’d take your chances at school.

“Have a good day!” Your grandmother calls after you as you pull the door shut. You frown, but nonetheless shout back an ‘I love you!’ before beginning your trek to school.

The air is still warm, but there’s a typical chilly bite from the early morning hours that makes you glad you’d pulled on your sweater vest before your walk. Your messenger bag bounces against your leg while you think, thoughts running in every which direction. Was it possible for you to avoid Hanamaki at school today? You weren’t in the same class, so that would be easy enough, but sometimes you crossed paths with a few members of the team when you were in the hall.

Maybe you could trick the school nurse into sending you home, but that would mean you’d miss seeing Oikawa today—

“Hey! You’re here! How are you feeling?”

Nanako’s voice cuts into your thoughts like a machete, cleaving them in two with the realization that you’ve reached the front gate of the school. You shoot her the most reassuring smile that you can, but you’re certain that it doesn’t reach your eyes. Luckily enough for you, Nanako doesn’t seem to notice.

“I’m alright, just a little bit of a sore throat.”

“I can make you some soup, if you want! You’re coming to the club meeting after school, right?”

“Yeah. What did Mayumi-san want us to make today?”

“I think we’re just making stir-fry. Lame as always.”
“Meh,” you shrug, eyes darting around as the two of you make your way to your shoe lockers, “it’s easy enough, right?”

“Yeah, but I didn’t join cooking club to make easy meals!”

You snort. “Isn’t your favorite part just cutting fruit into fun shapes?”

“Touche.”

Satisfied that Hanamaki isn’t anywhere close by, you untie your shoes and slide them off. Nanako gives you a long look, and for a second you’re scared that your emotions are written all over your face.

“Hey,” she starts, “what happened to the milk bread you made? You didn’t give it to Oikawa, right?”

Your mouth goes dry. What did happen to it? You don’t remember having it when you reached the payphone.

“Oh, yeah. My grandmother and I ate it.”

“...And she didn’t question why Oikawa’s name was on the wrapping?”

“...No?”

“ Weird.” Nanako shrugs, sliding her own shoes off with a mildly disbelieving expression on her face.

“Yeah, well...” you trail off, wondering how you can change the subject without alerting her, “how was seeing your cousins this weekend?”

Nanako beams. “Really great! You know how my uncle is— volleyball this, volleyball that— but Erika just got a Switch, so we played that new Zelda game for hours—”

It feels strange, engaging in such meaningless conversation after what you witnessed last week. It also feels strange having not told Nanako or your grandmother what you saw, but you doubt they’d be any more receptive to the story than the emergency operators.

The first bell of the day rips you from your thoughts and effectively silences Nanako’s long tangent about how she’s “soooooooo hot for princess Zelda”. You only feel a slight twinge of guilt for the relief that washes over you, closing your shoe locker and adjusting the strap of your bag. Nanako shoots you a quick lopsided grin and a peace sign as you separate to go to your respective classes.

Your own smile in return is half-hearted, but luckily you’re able to duck into your classroom before she notices.

You’ve never been more grateful in your life that you didn’t test into a lower class than you are right now; that’s saying something, too, because you’re usually very thankful that you get to spend hours staring at the back of Oikawa’s head. However, even the sight of him sliding into his seat at the front of the class isn’t enough to abate your nerves.

But then he turns around, eyes scanning the room before they land on you.

And he smiles.

You feel warmth blossom underneath all of the skin on your body, momentarily washing away the
anxiety in your blood and the lingering image of Hanamaki’s teeth embedded into your crush’s skin. Your mouth curves into a wobbly smile and you lift your hand to give him a small wave, but he turns back to the front before you can. You let your hand fall back into your lap, already slightly sweaty. You wipe it on your skirt, clearing your throat slightly and shifting in your seat.

How the hell did one little smile manage to distract you from the fact that he was attacked by his teammate just a few short days ago? You wonder if Oikawa knows exactly what Hanamaki is doing to him, or if he just constantly wonders what the puncture marks on his body are. The cycle of thoughts plagues you throughout the first half of your lessons; even your teacher’s lecture on the mitochondria isn’t rousing enough to keep you from replaying that day over and over.

The sound of the lunch bell, however, is.

You scramble to grab your bag as fast as you can, again worried about the possibility of running into Hanamaki. Before you can bolt to the door and run towards the school exit where you usually meet Nanako, you feel someone tap your shoulder.

“Hey,” Oikawa says, his most winning smile plastered across his face, “want to walk with me for a bit?”

You’ve read about this moment countless times in romance novels and fanfiction. The protagonist’s mouth always goes dry, butterflies always erupt in their stomach, and their face flushes pleasantly. None of these reactions are what you feel.

You start to sweat again. Could he have asked at a worse time?

“Oh,” you swallow harshly, “uh. Yeah, sure? I thought you’d be eating with your f-friends, though?”

Your voice cracks horribly. Oikawa’s eyes glimmer in a knowing way, and your embarrassment feels like it multiplies tenfold.

“Great.” He ignores the last part of your statement and ushers you gently into the hallway. A few of the girls who like to hang around outside your classroom in the hopes that Oikawa will talk to them shoot you dirty looks. You stare at the floor, at the fake marble pattern interrupted by skid marks.

You’re silent for as long as possible. This isn’t exactly what you imagined when you thought about your first time talking to Oikawa alone; in fact, it’s the complete opposite. In those daydreams, you’re calm and collected, self-assured and charming. Now, you’re just worried about whether or not you’ll get pit stains from the amount of sweating you’ve been doing.

Inwardly, you curse Iwaizumi. He must have told Oikawa that you’d been looking for him, which is just as embarrassing as having given him the stupid milk bread in the first place—

“So,” Oikawa starts, “do you know Hanamaki?”

You stumble over your feet. Oikawa shoots you a concerned look, but you right yourself with the most assuring expression that you can conjure up when it feels like all of your intestines are about to fall out.

“Hanamaki? He’s your teammate, right?” You feign genuine ignorance to the best of your ability.

“No!” Oikawa beams down at you, looking a tad more excited. The two of you turn a corner. You don’t even register that this isn’t the direction he usually goes. “Awesome guy. A really good
friend of mine, y’know?”

I didn’t know good friends sucked each other’s blood. You think. It’s a struggle to maintain an upbeat attitude, but you manage to smile.

“Seems like it.” You sound insincere, but Oikawa buys it.

“Well…” He trails off, looking at you from the corner of his eyes, “I overheard him talking about you to Iwaizumi this morning, so I was thinking you could talk to him!”

“...What?” You stop almost immediately, realizing immediately that there’s been a horrible lack of communication here. “You think he—”

“Don’t be nervous!” Oikawa’s entire expression becomes sunnier than usual, “he’s a great guy! I told him you two could eat lunch together today, maybe get to know each other? He hasn’t really shown interest in anyone until now. Don’t worry, I put in a good word for you!” He nudges you gently. You’re seized by the sudden urge to punch him.

“Oh, no… I don’t think that’s a good idea.” You try. Oikawa’s excitement doesn’t falter; instead, it seems to grow.

“Like I said, don’t be nervous! Just give him a chance, alright?”

That winning smile is back. Your fight-or-flight response is telling you to run as fast as you can in the opposite direction, but your stupid teenage brain keeps you rooted to the spot.

“I’m really not—”

“Please?” Your words die in your throat for what feels like the hundredth time, though this time it stems from the unusual pleading tone leaking out from under Oikawa’s words. “I was so happy to hear that he was interested in learning more about you. You seem like a really smart girl. I liked the presentation you gave on global warming to the class last month.”

“O-oh?” You know his compliment is just to sway your answer, but you flush nonetheless. One of your (stupidly sweaty) hands rakes through your hair; you don’t even notice that Oikawa has stopped in front of one of the club rooms. “Thank you, that’s very—”

“Well, it was great talking to you but I have to catch up to Iwaizumi! Let me know how it goes later, alright?” Oikawa gives you a wink that simultaneously melts your insides and makes a spark of fear flare up in your chest. You realize a second too late that Hanamaki must be inside the club room, because Oikawa opens the door and ushers you inside.

“Wait, I’m—!”

He closes the door the second he’s able to. You stare at it for a long, long moment, even after the sound of his footsteps walking away has begun to fade.

In a way, it feels like you’re in some sort of superhero movie, where the protagonist has finally reached the horrible lair of the main villain and hasn’t realized they’ve fallen into a trap. You can feel him behind you, feel the sensation of his pupils boring into the back of his head.

Your whole body begins to tremble as you turn.

The volleyball club room is by no means large, but it feels even smaller as you stare at Hanamaki as he leans against the table in the center. His posture isn’t overtly threatening but you still find
yourself bracing for any sudden attacks.

Nothing of the sort happens.

“Hi,” he says.

You don’t respond.

“Sorry about that,” he continues when he realizes you aren’t up for immediate conversation, “I hadn’t meant for Oikawa to overhear me ask about you this morning. He means well.”

You continue to stare at him, body tensed. It strikes you that this is probably the first time in your life that you’ve paid attention to what he looks like; every other time you’ve been close to any members of the volleyball team, you’ve been too busy focusing on Oikawa. Hanamaki wouldn’t be unpleasant to look at if the mere sight of him didn’t remind you of all the disgusting things you’d seen and read during your research session the other night. He has a similar glowing complexion to Oikawa, save for the unusually dark circles under his eyes.

“I have something of yours. You, uh, dropped it in the hallway, I think.” Hanamaki unzips his backpack, which rests on the table, and you recognize the orange cellophane inside immediately. It’s crinkled even more, now, and the ribbons on the ends have lost their curl. It’s a laughable sight, almost, seeing the thing that you’d slaved over for longer than you needed to reduced to a pitiful lump inside a vampire’s backpack.

The humor, however, is lost on you in that moment.

“You wanted to… give that back?”

“Yeah,” Hanamaki doesn’t seem nervous, but there’s a bit of trepidation in his voice.

“Does he know?”

If he’s startled by your unrelated question, Hanamaki doesn’t show it. His lips straighten out into a grim line. He doesn’t reply right away.

“Does he know?”

“That you have a crush on—”

“Does he know you did that to him?”

“No, he doesn’t.”

Another large pause.

“He’s your friend.”

“He is.”

“So how could you do such a thing to him?” You’re taken aback by the amount of passion that suddenly inserts itself into your voice. “How could you just…”

“Suck his blood?” Hanamaki says it so matter-of-factly that you’re almost nauseated by it. He releases his schoolbag in favor of crossing his arms loosely in front of him, the position one of indifference rather than defensiveness. “How could I’ suck his blood?”
“How could you *hurt* him like that?”

Your tone immediately has Hanamaki searching your eyes with his own; squinty and sharp, looking for something that you’re not sure of. When the find it, he slowly shakes his head, punctuating it with an eye roll. The instinctual flush all over your body that bloomed when you were around Oikawa now feels shameful as you realize that your crush seems to annoy the boy in front of you.

“I’m not hurting him.”

“You’re sucking his blood!”

“He doesn’t remember it. The incisions are smaller than you’d think, and they... uh, heal fast. Nobody’s getting hurt.”

“You’re sucking his blood!”

“Look— [Surname]. Listen to me for a sec.”

You say nothing.

“I understand that you like him. I really do. Great guy and everything. It’s noble of you to think about his safety, but this isn’t any of your business.”

“Excuse me? I stumbled upon you pretty much *eating* his leg—”

“That’s *not* what I was doing.” Hanamaki corrects.

“Oh, I’m so sorry! I forgot drinking someone’s blood until they pass out is so much better than that!”

“For fuck’s sake!” Hanamaki snaps, finally showing some irritation, “that’s not how it works!”

A brief memory of Oikawa’s smile— that trusting, beautiful, smile— fills you with a sort of determined anger that actually takes you by surprise. “So you knock him out *before* you start opening his veins! That doesn’t sound like ‘not hurting’ him to me!”

“Does it matter? Does it *really* matter to you what order it’s done in? We shouldn’t even be talking about this in the first place!”

“Yeah, because normal people don’t—”

“I’m not even going to entertain this conversation with you right now, okay? I’m sorry you got dragged into this, I really am, but this is a matter that hardly concerns you. I just wanted to make sure you wouldn’t say anything, alright?”

You remember the emergency line operator hanging up on you and your expression sours even more. Hanamaki takes your silence as a sign to continue.

“What you saw happened. It was real. I’m not going to deny that. There’s a lot of things that you don’t know, though, and I can’t explain them to you. It’s not fair and I’m sorry about that, but you have to take my word for it that everything is okay. I’m not hurting him. It won’t kill him.”

“You’re a fucking *freak.*” The insult passes your lips before you’re even aware it’s formed. To his credit, Hanamaki doesn’t look particularly hurt by the statement.
“Let me phrase it in a way that might make you listen, then. Oikawa would be better off not knowing.”

You hate how easily his words make you want to swear to silence. “You want me to believe that?”

“Do you want to see what’ll happen if you tell people?”

He doesn’t seem like he’s bluffing. Your pause, which stretches on for more than a few moments, gives him an opening to continue.

“Listen. I tried to be nice and return your bread or whatever, okay?” He zips his bag back up, obscuring the gift from your view. You’re actually slightly glad to see it disappear. “But I’m not here for any other reason than to tell you that you need to forget about what happened.”

“You know I can’t do that!”

“Then I don’t know what to tell you. You weren’t supposed to see what you did. For that, I’m genuinely sorry. But I have to do what I have to do to keep it a secret. I asked Iwaizumi this morning if you were the type to gossip easily. He wasn’t sure, so…” he gestures to himself, than to you, “here we are. With me asking you to keep your mouth shut.”

“You could have worded that a little nicer.” You mutter to yourself.

“Doesn’t matter how I word it. Just listen to me. You don’t know what sort of shit you’d get into if you talked.”

“Oh, are you threatening me now?”

“No, but maybe I should.” Hanamaki scowls— an expression that doesn’t suit him well— and slides his backpack back on. It strikes you quickly that the lunch period is almost over. “Whatever. Do what you want, I guess, but just know that you’d essentially be gambling with Oikawa’s life.”

The claim, as vaguely as it’s worded, sends an immediate streak of panic through you. “You’d kill him?”

“What? No, Oikawa’s one of my best friends.”

“Then—”

Hanamaki sighs. Your irritation grows.

“If you care about Oikawa, you’ll be quiet. Okay?”

And there it is. The ultimatum. It reminds you of those superhero movies too, when the hero has to give up to save the person they love— but this isn’t some cheesy action film, and Hanamaki is far from a typical villain. The look in his eyes is truthful, almost earnest, and it frightens you that he really does seem to be telling you the truth. And if he isn’t, then his ability to manipulate you is terrifying.

Either way, you’re not in a good spot.

“Fine! Fine.” You relent, mostly because you see no other way to argue, “I know I don’t have a choice.”

“Great. I hope this is the last time I have to talk to you about this.” Hanamaki says, though the bitterness in his voice implies there’s something more he isn’t saying. Before you can retort with
something as equally as snippy, he glides past you and exits with an odd amount of grace that you never noticed before.

The thought is soon overridden, however, by the bell signifying the end of lunch.

“...Nanako’s gonna kill me for ditching her.”

~*~

“Y’know, you could’ve let me know you weren’t coming to eat lunch with me. I sat outside, alone, like a complete loser for the whole period.” Nanako shakes her head at you in an almost disbelieving way when she meets you at the end of the third year’s hallway, her words nearly cut off by the final bell of the day.

“Sorry. Got caught up with something.” You sigh as you shoot her what you hope is a somewhat ashamed look.

“It’s fine. I’m just a little concerned about you, [Name]. You’ve been kinda... off these past few days.” Nanako continues, her voice dipping a little lower as the two of you begin to walk towards the cooking club room.

“Just the whole ‘being sick’ thing, I guess.” You’re surprised at how easily you lie. Nanako gives you another disbelieving look and at least this time you feel some guilt for it. You shoot her a sheepish look. “I’m sorry.”

“Well you’d better not be sick for Matsukawa’s party. I’ve been thinking about a billion different costumes for us this year.”

There it is again, the mention of Matsukawa’s party. Even with the events of the day having transpired and the combination anger-sympathy you feel towards Oikawa, you still inwardly swoon at the thought of him in a costume that requires him to go shirtless.

“I’ll try. Hit me with those ideas.” You try to sound as enthusiastic as you can in the moment when the two of you arrive at the club room, dumping your bags with the others by the door.

Thankfully, the cooking club room is so drastically different from the volleyball club room that you can momentarily distract yourself from the events that occurred at lunch.

“Okay, well first of all is, of course, the Dick in a Box guys.”

“Absolutely not.”

“Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy?”

“We did that three years ago.” You snort, taking your apron off its hook and tying it on. A few of the other members of the club greet you as they grab their own, and you give them each the most convincing smile that you can.

“Minions?”

“I’d rather fucking die than dress like a minion.”

“Ugh. You’re so hard to please.”

You laugh a little despite your constantly-fluctuating mood, striding over to your usual station. The room is large— almost too large for the small size of the club— with greyed checkerboard
flooring and counter space wrapping around one entire half of the room. A long, plasticky pink table occupies the other half, littered with schoolwork and returned exams rather than the dishes it is supposed to support. Nanako slides next to you, opening the drawer next to your right hip.

“D’you want vegetables or meat duty today?” She asks, prying open the case that holds the station’s more heavy-duty knives.

Instinctively, you want to answer meat. But then your eyes flick over the raw chicken breasts that the club president had graciously laid out on your countertop, and you get a mental image of Oikawa’s pale thigh. You wonder if it’s easy for Hanamaki to bite into him, to use his teeth to cut through his flesh like your knife might cut through the raw meat.

“Vegetables.” You answer, holding out your hand. Nanako raises a brow but doesn’t protest, instead pulling the paring knife from the case and handing it to you.

“I think there’s some cabbage in the fridge over there.” She gestures with her chin to one of the refrigerators on your left. You smile, retrieving it while she locates a few carrots.

“So,” she begins as you start to peel the first carrot, “did you wanna tell me what you got caught up doing during lunch?”

You’d at least expected this much. You take a deep breath as you peel the first strip from the carrot, watching the bright orange scrap fall onto the beige counter with feigned interest.

“Oikawa started talking to me when I was trying to leave.”

“What? No way! Did Iwaizumi tell him that you’d gone to confess to him? Why didn’t you text me immediately—”

“Huh? No, no! It wasn’t like that!” You whisper, acutely aware of the fact that everyone’s ears tend to perk up when Oikawa’s name is mentioned. “He actually just pulled me aside to tell me that one of his teammates was looking for me.”

Nanako’s eyebrows nearly collide with how hard she furrows them. “What? That’s weird. Which one?”

It only takes you a moment to think of a lie that won’t completely unravel. “Hanamaki. He had a question to ask me about a school project.”

Nanako’s confusion doesn’t ebb. You realize too late that your lie wasn’t as solid as you thought.

“School project? But he’s in my class, and we haven’t had any projects…”

“Oh! Um, that’s because…” you scan the room nervously, as if the key to backpeddaling in a convincing enough manner is written on one of the cabinets, “…because it’s college prep work he’s been doing!”

There’s a long pause. You almost feel nauseous.

“Huh,” Nanako finally snorts, resuming her cubing of the chicken breasts, “I wouldn’t have expected that from him. He’s pretty, but doesn’t seem super bright. Y’know?”

Oh, you think bitterly, remembering the ease with which he pressured you into silence, you’d be surprised.
The week following your confrontation with Hanamaki is suspiciously free of the supernatural. No coven of vampires steals you away in the night to ensure your silence. No spells have been cast—to the best of your knowledge—onto you in order to render you mute. In fact, you have the lingering feeling that you’re very, very free to share the information that you gathered from talking to Hanamaki.

And yet, you’re quiet.

It’s a mix of multiple things, you come to realize. Firstly, Hanamaki never really detailed his reasonings behind drinking blood, and for some reason that deters you. You’d find it much more believable for others if there were some sort of explanation behind it; without one, it sounds more like a crazy rumor concocted to scare underclassmen around Halloween time.

Secondly, you value your reputation to a near fault. Sounding like a crazy person, especially when Oikawa has just started to notice your presence, would be counterproductive. You assume Hanamaki knows as much, though his gaze still lingers on you for a beat too long when you pass him in the hallway. To others, it must look like the two of you are exchanging longing glances; you want more than anything to clarify that the notion is the exact opposite.

But you choose silence.

“So, word on the street is that the third years on the team are matching their costumes.”

“Please don’t tell me they’re going as minions.” You groan, leaning back against one of the willow trees on campus. Despite the chilly autumn air, Nanako insisted on eating lunch outside in order to ‘preserve costume secrecy’. Frankly, you’re ready to just march into the nearest party shop and grab the first prepackaged costume from the shelves just so that you don’t have to talk about it any longer—plan to “conveniently” match Oikawa be damned.

“No! That would be cute, though…”

“No, it would absolutely not be.” You bite into your cafeteria-purchased sandwich viciously. The weight of knowing that one of your crush’s best friends uses him as a fuel source has drained you to the point of oversleeping. You hadn’t had time to pack lunch this morning, something Nanako chided you for the entire first half of the lunch period.

She rolls her eyes at you. “Yeah, yeah. Anyway, they all decided to go as a classic monster. Iwaizumi is apparently going as Frankenstein, Mattsun is gonna be a werewolf—”

“Let me guess,” you sigh bitterly, “Hanamaki is going to be a vampire?”

Nanako blinks at you once. “No. Oikawa is going as a vampire. Why would you say that?”

You cough nervously. “No reason. Uh, I just thought I heard a rumor… or something?”

Your best friend shakes her head, sighing like a worn-out parent. “Well, you know better than to trust anyone else with your volleyball boy gossip!”

“Yeah,” you put your sandwich down, suddenly losing a bit of your appetite for an inexplicable reason, “I forgot.”

“Meh. Anyway, Oikawa is going to be a vampire, and Hanamaki is going as a ghost. The theme is dumb but kind of brilliant at the same time, y’know? Everyone always thinks those costumes are
overdone, but that’s the beauty of it. Because of that, nobody else will be dressed like them!”

“I see,” you say, pretending to follow Nanako’s logic. “So did that give you any costume ideas for us?”

“Us?” Nanako’s brows furrow, “I thought the plan was for you to dress similar to Oikawa so that you’d have a conversation piece between you two! Don’t you want to dress like a vampire?”

You answer without a second thought. “Hard pass.”

Nanako tilts her head. “Are you sure you’ve been alright? First you were sick, then you got your gossip from someone else, and now this? You don’t want to dress like Oikawa in an attempt to force conversation between the two of you?”

“Yeah. It seems a little childish, doesn’t it?”

“I… what?!” Nanako yelps, “every year you beg me to find out what Oikawa is going as so that you can ‘accidentally’ match him, and now that I actually found out, you don’t want to do it? What happened to your pride?”

“I got it back, apparently.” You snort, though in amusement or defeat you’re not entirely sure.

Nanako immediately slaps her palm onto your forehead. “You feel feverish! You must be ill enough to be talking crazy!”

You swat her hand away. “Nah. I just realized this week that purposefully matching with someone without them knowing is kind of creepy.”

“Well, yeah!” She says, “but you’ve never been worried about being creepy before!”

A long pause.

“…What? It’s the truth!”

You roll your eyes, heaving a sigh that must sound far too bitter for her interpretation of your recent behavior. “Regardless, I don’t want to anymore. I thought you’d be happy— now we can do matching costumes.”

Luckily, this seems to immediately distract her. “Playboy bunnies!”

“Really?” You raise a brow.

“Yeah, why not? Sexy costumes aren’t bad if you want to catch someone’s eye.”

“I get that. Sounds cute, but won’t it be cold that night? And Matsukawa lives near the woods…”

“What does that have to do with the weather?”

“Not much, really. But I always thought the woods seemed cold. It was when we went to the party last year.”

“That’s because you spent all night on his back deck wistfully staring into the trees and praying that Oikawa would notice how ‘mysterious’ you were being.”

“Okay, maybe I spent the whole night on the deck, but that’s not why.”
Nanako makes a sound of disbelief, but doesn’t embarrass you further. “Mario and Luigi?”

“Could be cute. Any other ideas?”

“What about…” Nanako trails off for a second, thinking intently, “that’s it! Mummies!”

“Huh?” You tilt your head at her, amused.

“Mummies,” she continues, “it’ll be perfect! They’re such classic monsters, y’know? It would fit in with Oikawa’s theme without being too obvious.”

You sigh. “Didn’t I just say I wasn’t as keen on—”

“Using your costume to talk to him. Yeah, yeah, I get it. But come on, the costume would be so easy and cheap!”

What’s with everyone convincing me to do shit this week? You think to yourself. Nanako looks beyond proud of her idea, and you can’t argue with it being cheap. You shrug your shoulders.

“Sound good enough, then. At least we won’t have to do as much costume prep as we did last year.”

Nanako squeals, clapping her hands together. “Awesome! Oh man, we’ll have to really stock up on gauze though…”

As she chatters, the phone next to her leg vibrates and lights up, an alert to remind her of an unopened text message. You spare it only a second of notice— Nanako texts during school hours all the time— and wait patiently while she flips it open and reads the message.

In a moment, her expression goes from elated to serious. You feel a cold pit of anxiety bloom in your stomach immediately at the change.

“Oh… oh no.”

“What? What is it?”

“My uncle texted me almost half an hour ago. Apparently something’s happened with Oikawa.”

Your mind flashes to the absolute worst case scenario immediately. Oikawa, cold and lifeless on the floor, with Hanamaki standing over him and sneering—

“What happened to him?” Nanako jumps a little, startled by the sheer intensity of your voice, before sighing and snapping her phone shut. She stands immediately after that, leaving her schoolbag and lunch half-discarded on the grass. Instinctively you mirror her action, staring at her with a face pulled between panic and irritation at her slow response.

“He said something’s happened with his knee. His leg gave out or something. Iwaizumi texted him a couple minutes ago, but he wants me to go check on Oikawa myself. I think he’s with the nurse.”

Nanako turns to go back into the school, and you follow.

His leg gave out. You’re nearly tempted to ask Nanako which one, but you’re afraid that may arouse some suspicion from her. The image of Hanamaki drinking the blood from Oikawa’s leg, however, comes rushing back to the front of your mind. There’s no way Oikawa, who appears to be in peak physical condition, would have his leg just randomly give out on him.

Unless, of course, he’s been suffering repeated trauma to it.
Nanako leads the way while you think. Guilt and fiery anger replace most of the anxiety in your stomach, your fists clenching and unclenching at your side. This couldn’t have been prevented by you speaking up, you remind yourself. The damage to his leg had already been done.

Or had it? Another part of you speaks up. Hanamaki was probably feeding on him this whole week after you said you wouldn’t tell, and now—

Nanako pushes the door of the nurse’s office open with very little flourish— surprising, for her, but it only makes you realize exactly how worried she is— and the two of you are met with an uncharacteristically serious-looking nurse.

“Girls, he can’t have visitors.” She says. You blink once, realizing that news must have already spread. If so, you wouldn’t be shocked to learn that some of his admirers might have tried to come see him. Thankfully, Nanako does the talking.

“I’m coach Irihata’s niece. He asked me to check on Oikawa for him, since he won’t be arriving at the school until last period. I can show you the text, if you’d like.”

“Don’t worry about it.” Surprisingly, it isn’t the nurse that answers. Iwaizumi leans out from behind one of the drawn curtains around the cots in the room, his expression tired and devoid of initial panic. “He’s already out like a light.”

“That fast?” Nanako asks. The nurse sighs.

“I gave him a few painkillers. It was for the best, seeing as he kept insisting that he was ‘fine’ and tried to walk on what could very well be a torn ligament.”

You hardly pay attention to the rest of the update the nurse gives Nanako, because at that moment someone else steps out from behind the curtain: the exact person you know is the reason for all of this.

Hanamaki at least has the decency to look pained when he sees you glare at him, though you’d prefer him to look ashamed. It strikes you now that he may be the same height as Oikawa, but there’s a difference in the two that makes you even more protective. Hanamaki is predatory in built, with natural definition to his body that Oikawa just doesn’t have. His eyes are sharper, his hands larger; he seems immovable. He’s a force to be reckoned with.

And you’re the only person who can make him answer for what he’s done. You try to convey that in your expression.

Infuriatingly enough, his gaze passes over you easily.

“Did you tell coach Mizoguchi?” Nanako asks Iwaizumi. He shakes his head.

“No. Just your uncle.” Nanako purses her lips.

“Okay. I’ll call Mizoguchi, then, if my uncle hasn’t already.”

“I’ll go get Oikawa’s things from where we were eating outside. He’ll have a conniption if he doesn’t have his schoolwork with him.” Iwaizumi adds, walking towards the two of you. He gives you a pointed look, and for a second you’re afraid he’s going to say something about your botched confession.

“You’re in his class, right? Maybe you should go tell your teacher not to expect him.”
You nod numbly. The atmosphere of the room suddenly seems like it’s crushing you a little.

“I’ll go with you.” Hanamaki says. You shoot him another sour look, this time diluted slightly so that it isn’t so obvious. He seems unaffected; he must be aware of the fact that you protesting would be pointless and—if anything—raise questions from the others in the room.

He follows you out. The four of you part at the first fork of hallways; Nanako and Iwaizumi go right, while you and Hanamaki go left. There’s a heavy silence between you two, one only broken when you’re certain the other two are out of earshot.

“Let me guess. You wanted to come with me to insist that what you’ve been doing has nothing to do with Oikawa’s leg giving out.”

The shame that you had hoped for earlier flickers across Hanamaki’s face. Strangely, it doesn’t fill you with the satisfaction that you thought it would. Instead, it just makes you more guilty.

“I can’t deny it.” He says after a long moment. You’re nearly halfway to your classroom already, but you can tell now that he’s more vulnerable now than you thought he was. You immediately stop, looking up at him in the middle of the hallway. Thankfully, the lunch period will last a few more minutes; you have some moments of privacy.

“You said you weren’t hurting anybody.” You say, perhaps more quietly than you need to. Hanamaki seems suddenly unable to meet your gaze again.

“I didn’t think I was.”

There’s a strange thickness to his voice that borders on grief. Despite yourself, you feel your steely facade slipping a little bit as you shoot him a surprised look.

“Are you—”

“He won’t be able to play for weeks. This is his last year, and— god damn it!” Hanamaki’s voice warbles up a few octaves as he screws his eyes shut. You step back out of instinct, not sure if you should keep walking without him or not. After a short pause, he sighs and opens his eyes again.

“This is a fucking mess,” he says, voice much quieter this time. You force your expression into something more neutral.

“I’m sorry this happened to Oikawa.” You say evenly, reminding yourself that this could very much be a ploy to get you to sympathize with him when you’re not ready to do so.

Yet.

“You don’t understand.” Hanamaki mutters, swallowing hard and averting his eyes to a blank space down the hall.

“I think I do. You drank his blood, his leg gave out—”

“Not— oh my god, I know you got that part!” Hanamaki laughs once, breathless and incredulous. “I know you’re not an idiot!”

It’s a compliment phrased like an insult. You raise an eyebrow at him.

“Then tell me,” you say, “what I’m missing.”

“The blood part. Look, I know you already think I’m crazy, that I’m a freak, but you have to
believe me when I say that I needed that blood.”
“You need it?”

Hanamaki rubs the bridge of his nose with his fingers. “Did you think I was drinking it for fun?”

“I didn’t, but…” you swallow, unsure how to proceed, “I did a lot of research on vampires—y’know, after I walked in on you—and you don’t really…”

Something like genuine amusement crosses Hanamaki’s face. You’ve seen the expression on him before plenty of times, when he’s walking around with his teammates or when he nabs a point during an important match, but you realize now when his smile curls upwards that any sort of happiness has been very absent from his face lately.

Then, it’s gone. “Let’s not talk about it here. Can I walk you home tonight?”

“Excuse me?”

“Like. You and I meet after our club activities. I walk in the direction of your house with you.”

“Ugh. You know what I meant.”

“I’d be more comfortable talking about this whole thing in a place where there isn’t a high chance of someone eavesdropping.”

“Wait, so now you’re willing to tell me everything? Earlier this week you were so adamant that you wouldn’t tell me anything!”

“Given the circumstances, I feel like you’ll lose your mind if I don’t at least tell you something.”

You rub your forehead. “I think my mind already skipped town.”

“If you want, meet me outside the gym around five-thirty. If not, then don’t. The choice is yours.”

“How do I know this isn’t some ploy for you to, like, murder me so you can get rid of your only living witness—”

“You’ll just have to trust me, alright?”

“I don’t know if I can do that.”

“I understand. Just think about it, then.” He says, and before you can really formulate a proper retort, he walks away.

~*~

You do think about it.

You think about it for the rest of the school day as you stare out the window, hardly even remembering that Oikawa isn’t there. You think about it while you and Nanako work on some stupid American dessert during cooking club, your eyes glazed over in thought while Nanako chatters mindlessly. You think about it when you say your goodbyes to her at five, starting your walk home alone. You think about it until you realize that you’ve turned around, halfway to your house, and that you’ve begun sprinting back towards the school with enough speed to put last week’s run for the payphone to shame.

You get to the gymnasium at a little past five thirty. The last of the team is filing out of the
massive double doors, chatting amongst themselves. Underclassmen. You look around, certain
your eyes are wide and frenzied, and barrel past the underclassmen when you spot the back of
Hanamaki’s head a few meters away.

“Hey!” You call, a little louder than you intended to. “Wait up!”

He’s walking with Iwaizumi and Matsukawa; the latter turns around first, seems to recognize you,
and tugs at Hanamaki’s sleeve. He too turns around, as does Iwaizumi, and had you not been so out
of breath you might have been able to focus on how embarrassing you’ve made the situation. You
jog over to them before pausing to fully catch your breath, only slightly worried that you might
have pit stains at this point.

Hanamaki turns around completely to look at you, his expression nonchalant but his eyes glittering
with some sort of amusement.

“Oh,” he replies, “hey.”

Oh, hey. Like it had conveniently slipped his mind that you were the single witness to his blood-
drinking habits.

“Did you wanna…” You trail off, a little flummoxed by the fact that Matsukawa and Iwaizumi are
still standing there, looking at you too. Iwaizumi doesn’t seem entirely shocked that you’re there,
oddly enough, but Matsukawa’s gleeful expression as he looks between the two of you catches your
attention even more.

Thankfully, he doesn’t make you finish your question. With a gentle nod in your direction,
Hanamaki steps away from Iwaizumi and Matsukawa.

“Told [Surname] I’d walk her home today. I’ll see you guys tomorrow.” He says, gesturing for the
two of you to start walking in the direction you’d come from. Mattsun’s grin stretches almost
impossibly wide as he wiggles his eyebrows in a knowing fashion. Iwaizumi crosses his arms and
shrugs, though his face betrays no real emotion. You assume the stress of what happened to
Oikawa today is getting to him more than he’d like to admit.

You tear your gaze away from them when you realize that Hanamaki has taken off without you,
already several meters away by the time you turn to catch up to him. When you do, the two of you
fall into stride with one another, a silence settling around you that isn’t necessarily uncomfortable.

You’ve always loved Miyagi in the autumn. The changing leaves were your favorite as a child; you
remember your mother plucking a few from the tree in the backyard of your old home, letting you
hold them by the petiole up to the sunlight so that you could see all the little veins crisscrossing
outwards from the center. Those were the best days of your life, you think, when your mom was
still—

“Anywhere specific you want me to start?”

You look up at Hanamaki. He has his eyes ahead, his hair almost the exact color of some of the
leaves on the sidewalk around you. His feet crush a few acorns, the sharp sound bringing you out
of your reverie.

“I guess with last week.”

“Good. That’s easy.” He says, though he continues before you have time to question the cryptic
statement, “I was drinking from Oikawa’s thigh.”
“Okay, smartass, I knew that much. I want to know why.”

Hanamaki snorts, as if he might ruffle your hair to placate you. Thankfully, he doesn’t.

“Okay, okay. But you already know why. You said you looked it up.”

“Looked it… wait, you’re an actual vampire?”

“Are you seriously shocked?”

“Not really, but it’s still surprising to hear you admit it.”

He laughs. “I guess. I mean, it depends on what you mean by ‘actual vampire’. I’m closer to Barnabas Collins than I am Edward Cullen, in my personal opinion. Don’t let the extreme good looks fool you.”

You want to laugh, but you don’t. Up even closer than you were a few days ago, it’s easier to see how dark his veins look under his skin, how hollow his eye sockets appear. His lips look dry. The skin around his fingernails has very obviously been picked at. His frame is still large, still daunting, but it is perhaps less predatory than you first assumed. You step away from him slightly. If he notices, he says nothing.

“So you have any… powers?” You feel silly even saying it aloud. He considers the question for a moment.

“Nah. Nothing.”

“No super speed? Mind reading? Hypnotism?”

“Fuck, I wish.”

You pause for a beat. “What about, like, weaknesses?”

“I’ve always been weak for a good cream puff.”

“Hanamaki,” you snap, “you can’t threaten me one day and then joke with me the next. You know I meant stuff like garlic and wooden stakes.”

“Whatever. And no, neither of those bother me.”

“What about crosses and holy water?”

“I wish they had an effect on me. If they did, mom wouldn’t force me to go to Christmas mass every year.”

“Your mom knows?”

“Well, duh. She’s known from the very start.”

The nonchalance unnerves you. A thought crosses your mind as you turn onto your block, one that you’re shocked you hadn’t considered before.

“How can I be sure that you aren’t just a psycho who thinks—”

Hanamaki sighs and, in one quick movement, pulls up the front of his shirt. You make a noise of surprise before you realize that you’re still outdoors; you clap a hand over your mouth as he yanks
his shirt back down and looks around to make sure nobody saw the very disturbing sight on his chest. Something black, dark, with equally inky veins twisting outwards towards his limbs—

“That’s… uh…” You say after slowly moving your hand down, “that’s…”

“Gross, yeah. It happens when I don’t get enough blood.” He explains. When you don’t respond, still frozen in place, he shakes his head at you. “ Doesn’t look pretty, but that’s far from the worst it’s been.”

“How is that humanly possible?” You sputter. He shrugs.

“You’d be surprised what’s possible.” He replies, nudging you gently and looking quite unoffended when you recoil from his touch. “Let’s keep walking, okay?”

Another thought crosses your mind, this one somehow a little more panic-inducing. “Can it kill you?”

“Well, yeah. I wouldn’t drink blood if I didn’t have to.”

“But you can’t feed from Oikawa anymore.”

“Yeah,” he says, and now it’s his turn to look uncomfortable, “about that.”

“Oh, absolutely not.” You hiss at his sheepish expression, “you can’t be serious.”

“Look, he’s the only person who I know for sure has the type of blood I need to drink. I can’t just willy-nilly go around trying to drink people’s blood until I find another source. I won’t last that long.”

“No.” You say a little more firmly, “you’ve already done enough to him.”

“It’s a matter of survival.” Hanamaki goes from joking around to vaguely annoyed, just as he had been in the club room, in a matter of seconds. “I wanted to explain it to you so that you might understand better. I figure I owe you that, at least. But I’m not going to stop doing what I have to do to survive. I can’t.”

“But he’s—”

“Yeah, he’s my friend!” Hanamaki rakes a hand through his hair, “but I have a right to be able to survive too!”

“Then tell him at least!” You snap, a little louder than intended. You look around again to make sure nobody in the neighborhood can hear you argue with Hanamaki on the street corner.

Thankfully, the coast is clear.

“I can’t do that, either.”

“Why? I’m sure he’d—”

“Understand? Yeah, okay. And if he doesn’t decide to hate me for what I’ve been doing to him, then he’d let me keep doing it.”

“Exactly! He’d let you keep… oh. Oh.”

“Right. He’d be willing to give up his own leg if he had to. His whole volleyball career. That’s the sort of guy he is.”
You know this about Oikawa. It’s why you like him! His selflessness, his…

Stupidity.

“What kind of blood type do you need?”

Something like surprise flickers into Hanamaki’s eyes, but he blinks and it’s gone.

“O negative.”

You should have expected this. Nonetheless, your decision is quick.

“That’s my blood type.”

“Nope.”

“Excuse me?”

“Nope.” He holds his hands up, “Not going there.”

“Hanamaki, when was the last time you… uh, drank?” You say, even more aware of the fact that he looks worse for wear when you look at the dry skin of his palms. He frowns down at you.

“[Surname].”

“I’m serious!”

“I know you are.”

“Look, the way I see it is this: I have the blood type you need, you won’t have to hurt Oikawa anymore, and maybe you’ll feel better knowing that your vict— uh, source— is okay with you drinking from them.”

You know he’s aware of how valid your points are. Still, he hesitates.

“If you don’t drink from me, I’ll tell.”

“You’ll… tell? What are you, six?”

“Hanamaki!”

“You can call me Makki. Feels really formal if you don’t, now that we’re, like… cool.”

You cross your arms at him. He shrugs, letting his hands fall back to his sides as he turns to keep walking. You scowl and follow him.

“I mean it. I’ll tell the police, doctors, the fucking fire department if I have to… I’m gonna keep talking and talking until someone believes me!”

“How are you simultaneously so annoying yet so cute?” Hanamaki asks. Your scowl deepens.

“Stop trying to distract me!”

“No.”

“Come on!” You all but shout, gritting your teeth in an attempt to keep your volume down, “just do it, okay? We can meet in that club room tomorrow during lunch and get it over with. That… thing
in your chest doesn’t look too good, and even if you wanted to drink from Oikawa— I don’t know if you’ll have access to him in the next few days because of his injury.”

Hanamaki’s face morphs from annoyed, to entertained, and then back again. But this time, your argument is stronger than anything he can counter.

“Just this once.” He says as the two of you finally reach the front of your house. You give him a thankful smile.

“Okay. I’ll meet you for lunch, then.” You say, turning.

“I’m only doing this because you’re my type!” He calls as you begin to walk up the path to your house. Your face flushes immediately.

“Wh—”

“Blood type. We have the same blood type.” He clarifies. You roll your eyes at his joke, though you can’t help but peek out the window and watch him walk away when you get inside.

*I’m doing this for Oikawa. You tell yourself. And with that thought in mind, you pull the curtains shut.*

~*~

Surprisingly, you feel no sense of dread before lunch the next day. In fact, it actually seems to be shaping up to be a nice day.

Nanako doesn’t seem offended that morning when you tell her you have other plans during lunch. A few of the volleyball club’s underclassmen smile at you in the hall when you walk past them. Oikawa, who returns to class a little late and on crutches, pauses to give you a chipper wave and one of his beautiful smiles before he sits down. And, most importantly:

You may not have all the answers you want from Hanamaki— Makki, you remind yourself— but you have something.

“Thanks for coming to check on me yesterday.” Oikawa catches you just before you leave for lunch, looking a little exhausted but otherwise decent despite his current situation. “Sorry I wasn’t awake to thank you then.”

“No problem.” You’re practically floored by how smooth and even your voice comes out, how little you feel like puking in such close proximity to the setter. “I hope you’re feeling better!”

“Eh, not really.” He says, shifting his good leg for more balance on his crutches, “I still have to have a couple more tests run to see what happened, so I’m out of commission until then.”

“Don’t worry,” you reassure him with a confidence you didn’t even know was hiding in you, “I’m sure everything will be fine soon.”

He laughs, albeit a little bitterly. “You seem pretty optimistic.”

You shrug, playing it off. “Just call it a gut feeling. I’ll see you around, alright?”

“I mean, of course. We’re in the same class.”

Instead of blushing with embarrassment you simply giggle, grabbing your fully-packed bento and heading for the door. It strikes you only when you’re outside the club room that you’d previously
talked to Hanamaki in that you could have offered to carry Oikawa’s lunch for him, or even his bag; you don’t feel much guilt, though. You feel that offering your blood to a vampire for his sake is enough of a good deed.

Hanamaki is already in the room when you arrive, seated at the table in the center and looking a little worse off than he did yesterday. He looks up at the sound of you entering, then makes a gesture that you assume tells you to lock the door. You nod in reply, heeding his silent instructions.

“Oikawa doesn’t seem like he’s as bad off as he could have been.” You say in an attempt to break the ice. Your chipper mood from earlier in the day abates slightly at Hanamaki’s ingenuine smile.

“Actually, it’s worse than we thought.”

Your brows knit together. “He told me he still needed tests done.”

“Which means it’s more complex than just slapping a knee brace on him and having him sit out for a game or two. Bastard’s hiding it, but he’s in a ton of pain.”

You gently place your bento on the table and take the seat across from Hanamaki. “What happened to the joking, annoying guy I walked home with yesterday?”

He grunts. “It took a few hours for it to sink in that I might’ve accidentally sabotaged one of my best friend’s volleyball careers.”

“You sound like a life coach.” Makki’s words are muffled by his hands, but you still catch the near-groan behind them.

“Thanks. Giving dramatic pep talks is something I learned from all the dramas Nanako makes me watch.”

Hanamaki removes his hands from his face. “Is that deliberate?”

“What, the dramas?”

“No, your friendship with Irihata’s niece.”

You frown. “No? Why would it be?”

“I dunno. You’d be surprised at the type of stuff girls do to get close to Oikawa.”

Your frown deepens even more. “Okay, but I’m not one of those girls. Nanako and I go way back. I’m not shallow enough to fake a friendship just to look at one guy from afar.”
“I know you’re not shallow. If you were, I don’t think you’d be offering yourself up as a snack.”

“Then why bother asking?”

“Honestly? I don’t know.”

A pause settles into the club room. Makki glances over at the analog clock mounted above some of the cabinets. You have more than enough of the period left for— well, whatever it is that he needs to do— and you’d rather not waste much more time talking. You push your bento to the side and climb up onto the table.

Hanamaki’s eyes widen for a brief moment. “What are you doing?”

“Did you want me on the floor?” You tilt your head. Hanamaki shakes his head.

“No, I guess not. Just let me…” he digs around in his pocket for a second before pulling out something small and red. A pocket knife.

“Wait, wait a sec!” You say when he flicks the blade open, “what the fuck—”

“If you haven’t noticed, I don’t have fangs. Unless you want me to bite down hard enough to make you bleed— kinky, by the way— I usually just make tiny incisions with this.”

“...You don’t have fangs?”

“Well, duh,” He says, standing from his seat, “it’d be pretty obvious if I had fangs.”

The way he looms over you isn’t predatory, but it makes you nervous nonetheless. You swallow hard and he notices, his mouth twitching downward in one corner for a moment.

“You know, you don’t have to do this.”

“And let you die?”

“I’ll be fine.” The lie is so painfully obvious that you almost want to roll your eyes.

“Let me see it.”

“See— what? No.” He shakes his head.

“Makki,” you repeat, “just let me see the damn thing.”

To his credit, Makki doesn’t argue again. Perhaps it’s the tone of your voice, or maybe he’s just seeking to placate you, but the wing spiker slides his blazer off with no additional retort and begins to unbutton his shirt. It’s the first time, ever, that you realize he doesn’t wear his tie with his uniform.

The black mass on his chest is still there like it was yesterday, though today it seems even darker and more foreboding. You’re not sure if it’s the lights or your own imagination, but it seems to be pulsing, almost, like a manifestation of shadows creeping under his skin. It spans out to just shy of the side of his torso in thin, wispy lines that remind you of dead tree branches.

It’s his heart. His veins. There’s something wrong with his body, something terribly wrong. It fills you with the same resolve that it did last night.

“Are you going to be drinking from my thigh?” You ask. He nods.
“It’ll be easiest for you to cover up, in case the area bruises.”

“Okay,” you breathe, scooting closer to the edge of the table, “how should we do this? Do you want my legs over the edge or…?”

“That’ll work, yeah.” He says. You give him a wobbly smile and it seems like he wants to protest, but you don’t give him much time to do so, sliding yourself forward until both of your legs are hanging over the edge of the table, feet swaying just barely above the tiled floor.

“Left or right leg?”

“Doesn’t matter,” he says, dropping into a crouch. Your first instinct is to flush at how close he is to your crotch, how strangely intimate this position feels, but the sexual undertones you initially feel are easy to beat back. There’s a strange closeness included in what you’re doing, yes, but this is something born more out of necessity than desire.

He decides on your left leg, slowly sliding his palm from your knee to your upper thigh, taking your skirt with it. He stops just shy of the crease where your leg and torso meet, using his fingers to gently fold the fabric of your skirt up.

“So I don’t get blood on it.” He explains when you make a small sound. You appreciate the thought but also feel cautious at how much of you is exposed. The weird, bizarre thought enters your mind at that moment that perhaps you should wear nicer underwear next time, should he accidentally see it. Then, you mentally punch yourself for such an assumption.

“Breathe in when I make the cut, okay?”

“Uh, alri—IGHT!” You yelp as he immediately presses the tip of the knife into your skin. It’s gentle, barely enough to pinch, but he pushes it a little deeper to coax more than just a single bead of blood out. You bite your lip, reminding yourself again that you’re doing this for a noble reason.

Satisfied with his cut, Makki pulls the knife from your leg and sets it on the table beside you. His eyes are dark but you can still see the way his pupils constrict at the sight of blood weeping from the open cut. As if in a trance he leans forward, sticking his tongue out and dragging it up your skin.

“Hey,” you say weakly, “that’s weird. Don’t do that.”

“Sorry.” He mutters, focused mostly on the blood source. He spreads your legs a little wider so that he has easier access to your thigh, using both hands to gently squeeze the surrounding area of the cut. More blood pools out and he immediately latches onto your leg, almost as if to plant an open-mouthed kiss onto it. The feeling isn’t as unpleasant as you thought it would be. In fact, beyond the initial prick of the knife, it borders on nice; the inner skin of your thigh is sensitive, the feeling of his lips is warm, and his tongue—

“I told you to stop licking me.” You mutter.

“Sorry,” He says, though he doesn’t sound sorry at all. He resumes drawing the blood from your leg in the same fashion that he had earlier, pinching your skin lightly and sucking on it and ew, why are you kind of enjoying this?

You pin your focus onto something, anything other than the feeling of Hanamaki’s mouth on your skin. The cabinets, the floor— his chest.
The darkness spanning across it has already begun to recoil towards the center, like origami crane wings folding back on themselves. You watch in near-awe as they collapse and fade into something a little less daunting than before. The darkness is still present when he finally pulls away, but you marvel at how quickly it’s changed during the few minutes he drank from you.

Then, he spits on your leg and your attention moves elsewhere.

“What the...f-fuck?” You say, watching as he rubs his saliva into your wound. You watch your flesh start to close back up right before your eyes, smoothing out as if he’d never cut it in the first place. “How did you...?”

“Not really sure what it is,” he says, rubbing his saliva away with the cuff of his shirt and pulling your skirt back down for you, “but my loogies are good at healing.”

“You said you didn’t have powers.” You say. Makki laughs as he begins to button his shirt back up.

“I mean, would you call that a power?”

“Being able to heal cuts? Uh, yeah, I would.”

Makki slides his blazer back on. “Huh. Then yeah, maybe I do have supernatural abilities or something.”

You look back up at the clock. Ten minutes of lunch still left; you grab your bento and take the lid off. Makki watches you with thinly veiled interest as he wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

“So,” you say over a mouthful of rice, “is that all you needed to take from me?”

“Nah. I could have taken more. Probably should have. I just didn’t want to take too much on my first go.”

You can understand his nervousness. “I see. How often do you think we’ll need to do this, then?”

Makki hums thoughtfully, swiping a baby carrot from your lunch and ignoring your protest. “Never really thought about that. I always took from Oikawa so sporadically. Maybe every other day?”

You smile slyly to yourself, inwardly triumphant that you’ve gotten him to forget his ‘only once’ promise.

“I can do that,” you say.

And so it begins.

~*~

Although you can sense that Nanako is suspicious, you manage to keep your lunch “sessions” with Makki a secret. You’re not quite sure what he’s telling his own friends, but a few of them have taken to waving at you in the hallway. You’re not quite sure what to make of it, but you surprise yourself by not actually caring too much.

You surprise yourself even more with the newfound knowledge that you’ve come to enjoy the lunch periods you spend with Hanamaki.

Granted, the circumstances are strange and there’s still your ever-present crush on Oikawa looming
over— well, whatever it is that Makki does, flirtatious or not— but he’s much different than the urgent, near-aggressive boy who demanded your silence after you initially caught him. Perhaps it’s the absence of guilt that he feels, knowing that his blood source is consenting. Perhaps him being able to quench his need for blood has put him in a better mood. Perhaps he actually enjoys the small talk you make in the final minutes of the lunch period.

Either way, you somewhat look forward to those moments. In, you know, a totally sick sort of way.

“So, question.” Hanamaki says, about a week after his first feeding from your leg, while your newest cut is healing. He’s leaning back in the club room chair, eating a slice of bell pepper while you shovel some berries into your mouth. You make a motion with your hand, something like *go ahead*, and he snorts out a laugh before continuing.

“What do you like about Oikawa?”

You expected this, at some point. You wait until you’ve chewed and swallowed before answering.

“I’ll tell you if you answer something for me.”

“Fine, fine.”

“Well,” you start, tapping your chin, “I guess I started liking him because he’s handsome. I know, I know, that’s shallow, but you’d have to be blind to deny it. The more games I went to, then, the more I saw him in action and how much effort he put into his team, how much he cared about the game... It’s endearing, I have to say.”

Makki pauses, taking in your answer. He looks a little disheartened, but you’re sure you’re imagining it. “Yeah. You always seem like you’re cheering for him as loudly as possible in the stands.”

You don’t know what makes you flush more— the fact that Makki thinks you’re loud, or that he’s noticed you in the stands before. You’re pretty sure that even Oikawa hasn’t, and you sit only one seat behind his in class.

“I guess... yeah, I guess I am.” You clear your throat, shaking your head, “anyway, it’s my turn to ask you something.”

“Let me guess: how’d I become a vampire?”

“You.” You pick up a few more berries, “I figure I know you well enough at this point to unlock your tragic backstory.”

“Ha. Funny.” Makki says, taking a sip from his water bottle. “My answer’s gonna be a little longer than yours, though. Might have to wait.”

“I don’t mind being late to class.” You say. He raises an eyebrow at you, though he doesn’t smile like you’d expected.

“Huh. Guess I have no choice then.”

You wait patiently while Makki seems to mull over where to begin.

“I wasn’t born like this. I was normal for a while, but it’s been so long that I almost can’t remember what that feels like.” He starts, eyes immediately going a little distant.
You silently wait for him to continue.

“It started when my dad and mom got divorced. Mom hadn’t been working for a while, so it was hard for us to get on our feet for a few years. Couldn’t do normal kid stuff. Never got to go on school trips, always wore secondhand clothes, barely ate enough at home. Mom was trying as hard as she could, but there were things we had to give up. I couldn’t get braces, she couldn’t get a new car… I even missed a few checkups with my doctor. Mom just couldn’t afford to pay, even if the government took care of most of it.”

You feel a strange sinking feeling in your stomach, like you know where this is going before it does.

With a soft sigh, Makki begins to unbutton his shirt. The sight isn’t new to you— after all, he’d done it the week before to show you his chest— but this feels different. More deliberate. He stops once he’s halfway down, pulling the shirt open a little further.

With how much he’s been drinking from you, the blackness branching out from his heart is minimal. In fact, you can hardly see the shadowy imprint of the organ under his skin anymore. The revelation makes something else much more apparent to you, something that was easily lost, eclipsed by blackened veins.

A single black dot near the center of his chest.

It makes no sense to you and yet, in a strange way, it does. You know what that dot means. Your mother had one just like it when she was in the hospital. You remember looking at it, as if it were a beacon of hope, as if she wasn’t going to perish in that cold, clinical room.

A radiation therapy mark.

“You had cancer.” You say numbly. He nods, buttoning his shirt back up quickly. You have the impression that he enjoyed showing it to you just as much as you enjoyed seeing it: not at all.

“Acute lymphocytic leukemia. By the time mom realized there was something wrong with me and begged for money to take me to the doctor, it was too late. I had to start radiation therapy right away in the hopes that I could receive a bone marrow transplant.”

“Fuck,” you breathe despite yourself.

“Yeah. ‘Fuck’ is right. Doctors pretty much told my mom in the nicest way they could that even with aggressive treatment, I probably wouldn’t make it another two months. Then suddenly, she pulled me from their care. Found out that night that she’d been approached by some guy who said there was an experimental drug test being done in Portugal. Seemed shady from the start, but mom was desperate for something, anything, to help keep me alive. She begged for money again, and we were in Portugal a few days later. The guy met us at the airport. I must’ve spent a week there, maybe two. I hardly remember.”

Makki takes another sip from his water, this time more from nervous habit than any need to hydrate.

“I’m sorry,” you say, realizing that he’s been pointedly avoiding your gaze, “I shouldn’t have—”

“It feels good talking about it.” He says simply. You close your mouth immediately as the final lunch bell rings. Next class be damned.

“I took part in the drug experiment, and by the time I was done I was like a new person.
 Completely, entirely cured.”

“Wait,” you blurt despite yourself, “seriously?”

“Yeah, seriously. The only downside was the fact that the thing that reversed the process of my
cancer cells was another disease entirely. Some genetic mutt of a disease. Unpredictable and
unstable, but it can coexist with the rest of my body in a way that would keep me alive. They
weren’t certified by any government agency in the world to use it.”

Something in the back of your mind clicks into place.

“My body doesn’t process nutrients— or blood— like it used to. Therefore, I have to ingest it
myself and allow my body to function that way— or else it starts to slowly shut down. Luckily, I
can always tell when that’s about to happen; my veins start to darken. It spreads out larger and
larger the longer I go without blood.”

You know this part, at least.

“When I returned to Japan, my mother and I were under the impression that I could just inject
blood, like with a transfusion. No dice. I have to drink the stuff. Mom moves on to plan b— gets a
job working for a blood bank. Works alright for a while, though the packaged blood never worked
as well for me as it does getting it from the source. Either way, mom gets caught stealing the blood
d bags and that route goes down the drain. It’s pure luck that I found out Oikawa’s blood type at
school that week. It’s such a rare type that I didn’t want to bother trying to find out if someone else
had it. He was right there, it was so easy, and I began using him as a source at the end of first
year.”

You grumble slightly, to show your disapproval, but otherwise say nothing.

“I wanted to tell him. I really did. But I couldn’t risk being reported to the government, and I didn’t
want to risk his future, either. Being part of that experiment saved my life, but I came back into the
country carrying an entirely new disease, one not even the people who made it could control.
Beyond the fact that it’s a disease that requires me to drink blood, the government would have
every right to quarantine me for an indefinite amount of time. For being my source and possibly
being exposed to the disease as well, they could quarantine Oikawa too. Indefinitely. His entire life
as he knew it would be changed.”

“That’s a good point,” you relent, “and a good question. How do you know Oikawa hasn’t been
exposed to the disease and you just don’t know it? I mean, he’s being exposed to your bodily
fluids…”

“I suspect it works something like this.” Makki puts his hands on the table, touching the tips of his
fingers to each other intermittently. “My immune system is perfect. So perfect, in fact, that the
fluids my body creates can heal small wounds. It needs an input in order to keep the system in
working order, though. The normal human body can ingest a healthy diet and maintain their
immune system well enough, but I guess that my body processes these things at an extreme rate.
Somewhere along the line, my own blood is deconstructed, and so I need to consistently replace it
through ingestion. Since Oikawa isn’t ingesting any of my blood, just my saliva, he’s likely not
very exposed to the disease.”

“Something doesn’t add up, though. Why blood?”

“If I knew, I wouldn’t be speculating.” Hanamaki reminds you. You frown but concede. Something
still doesn’t sit right with you, though.
“I just don’t see why you wouldn’t want to tell people.” You say after a long pause. You think of your mother, slowly fading away in her hospital bed. The last few days of her life were the hardest to swallow, for you; you’d spent weeks crying alone in your new room at your grandmother’s house after she passed. And yet here Hanamaki is, living and breathing despite a prognosis not too different from hers. “The people who cured you… they know the cure for cancer. They have you, and others like you. Your bodies produce medicine, for god’s sake! Isn’t that something like a miracle?”

You regret it the moment you say it. Hanamaki’s expression sours immediately as he leans back, his eyes losing focus in a way that tells you he’s actively trying to distance himself from you now.

“Nobody would ever choose to live this way, believe me. It’s constant suffering. People who received this treatment would be regulated to predators and everyone around them would be prey. Food sources. I live with it, now, but there were a lot of times when I was younger that I wish I had just died.”

You’re not quite sure what to say, other than a whispered apology. Makki shakes his head.

“No, no. I’m just bitter about it, is all.” He sounds as if he’s genuinely forgiven your question, but that distant look in his eyes still lingers. “I’m tired of always thinking of people as food first, humans second. I just want to be one of you guys.”

The sentiment makes you feel more guilty than it should. “You don’t have to be one of us. You don’t have to feel bad for wanting to survive.”

“I know,” he sighs, “I don’t. But I still wish it was different. For Oikawa. For you.”

“You’re a nice girl. I appreciate what you’re doing for Oikawa.”

“I’m not just doing it for him.” You blurt. One side of Hanamaki’s mouth quirks upwards, but it seems like an ingenuine smile.

“Yeah.” He says. “That’s what I was afraid of.”

~*~

Weird remarks aside, you finally get around to exchanging numbers with Hanamaki. Just in case, you insisted, he found himself needing blood over the weekend or after a game or—

He told you he got your point. The interaction leaves you with an unsettled feeling not unlike the one you had when you first caught him in the act, but this time the emotions are focused more on your own thoughts. In less than half a month you’ve gone from being terrified of Hanamaki to hating him and then to… sympathizing with him?

“How was your day?” Nanako asks, grinning at you as she digs a carton of strawberries out from one of the cooking club’s refrigerators. You smile at her gently.

“Pretty decent.”

“You gonna tell me what you’ve been doing during lunch this week?”

“Oh, it’s really not important.” You say, hoping you come across as nonchalant as you’d hoped. Unfortunately, that doesn’t seem to be the case; Nanako sighs like an exasperated parent, shaking
her head with a disbelieving smile.

“Okay, cut it out. I know you’ve been sneaking around with Makki.”

You nearly lose your grip on the pineapple in your hands. “W-what?”

Nanako rolls her eyes with another sigh. “I saw Oikawa and Iwaizumi in the hall during lunch today. No Makki. They also told me something very interesting: he hasn’t been doing any college prep work that they know of. So…”

You swallow hard. “So?”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” She wails, “I thought I was your best friend!”

“You are, you are! It’s just… it’s not like that.”

“Then what’s it like?” She says, “because I think you’re lying again. You haven’t talked about Oikawa in days, despite the fact that he’s got a bum knee—”

“So? I can go days without talking about a dude, Nanako!”

“Yeah, but the old [Name] would have insisted on making him stuff for lunch, or carrying his books— anything to get closer to him!”

“I guess my priorities have changed.” Even as you say the phrase, Oikawa’s beaming face is eclipsed by the memory of Makki’s distant expression. Your stomach twists suddenly and violently; you place the pineapple on the counter and take a deep breath.

“To… Makki?”

“Like I said, it isn’t like that. He just… needed someone to talk to, after the whole Oikawa thing happened.”

“Why not Mattsun?”

“I guess he doesn’t want to be too sensitive around him. You know how men are.” You say. The lie is feeble at best, and Nanako goes from amused to genuinely worried in an instant.

“He’s not hurting you, is he?” She whispers. If you hadn’t placed the pineapple down, you’d have surely dropped it at the seriousness in her gaze.

“No,” you answer immediately. To your own internal shock, you genuinely mean it. “He’s not. I’m just helping him out a little.”

This seems to placate Nanako, and she resumes washing her strawberries. “Good. Y’know, I never expected you to lose interest in Oikawa so quickly. Two weeks ago, you were making him bread and getting ready to confess.”

You want to insist on the fact that you still have feelings for Oikawa, but the words get lodged in the bottom of your throat. You can’t deny that the thought of him sends a familiar lurching feeling through you, but the feeling seems more protective than anything. Worried. Not so much full of adoration as it had before. You’d been so preoccupied with the whole Makki situation that Oikawa had taken a back seat, and now that you’re in a more objective place…

Maybe you don’t feel the same way about him the day you made him the bread. Nearly three years of pining after the setter, of wishing that he would just look your way in class— and now you
hardly care when he waves at you. Maybe you can attribute it to the stress of your current situation, but something deep inside you is very, very aware of what’s caused the change.

“Yeah. I mean, I still think he’s cute and all, but I guess I’ve just started to realize that there’s no use in pining after someone when it takes them three years to realize you’ve been sitting behind them. He’s a really nice guy, but what’s the point?”

“Are you *sure* that fever you had isn’t messing with your brain?” Nanako jokes. You snort.

“Yeah, I’m sure. And, before you get any funny ideas,” you threaten, pointing at her, “don’t start acting like I have a crush on Hanamaki now. I promise you, it’s platonic.”

“I’m sure it is.” She teases, narrowly missing a sharp jab to the side from your elbow.

~*~

You don’t hear from Hanamaki over the weekend. Not that you entirely expected to, really, but going so long without seeing him fills you with a sort of dread that you’re not sure is entirely misplaced.

That dread only multiplies when you arrive at school the following Monday. You can’t even focus on Nanako’s enthusiastic rambling about Mattsun’s halloween party next week, or how there’s a piece of leaf stuck in your hair that she pulls out for you while you’re sliding your shoes off.

The feeling of there being something wrong follows you the entire day. In a strange way, you’re both dreading and looking forward to lunch; Hanamaki had said earlier the week before that you would meet up today. When you arrive at the club room, however, you know exactly what you’ll find—nothing.

He’s not seated at the table or leaning against it as per usual. You sigh, unwilling to face your own feeling of disappointment, and seat yourself. It’ll be nice to eat in some peace and quiet, you suppose.

You unwrap your bento and peel back the plastic lid, grabbing an apple slice and crunching down on it thoughtfully. You think back to last Friday, when Nanako pointed out your dwindling interest in Oikawa. Even without her present, you feel slightly defensive over your feelings— and embarrassed. Did you really waste hours and hours of your life chasing after someone that barely remembered you exist? It’s not his fault, of course; you know he’s a busy person, and wasn’t actively trying to ignore your attempts to grab his attention. Still, though, you wonder why you were so blind, how you never stopped to think while you cheered at his games or walked purposefully past his desk that you should have been focusing more on yourself. You expended a lot of effort, and even Makki noticed you at those games—

Makki.

You swallow your apple slice and stare down at the rest of your food with mild disinterest. You know you need to eat, especially after the past week of giving him blood, but the thought of Hanamaki spoils your appetite just a little. Unlike the first time you thought of the vampire during a meal, this doesn’t stem from disgust. You’re worried.

Hanamaki’s attitude towards his condition fluctuates too much for you to be able to pin it down. One moment he’s happy, cheerful, making jokes about sucking your blood, and then next he’s completely shutting you out. You can’t blame him, not really; you’re sure if you had to deal with exactly what he did, you’d be scared too. Afraid. Alone. It must be hard for him, having to keep
this part of him hidden from the world. You hope your friendship with him—if that’s what you can call it—has been cathartic in at least some way, even if—

The club door slams open.

You let out a screech that you, thankfully, have enough sense to muffle with your palm as Hanamaki kicks the door back again with his foot and locks it. His eyes are wild, wide, and he licks his bottom lip as he looks at you.

“Table,” he rasps, “now.”

You don’t even bother with a retort, pushing your bento aside and scrambling up onto the table. He’s in front of you in a second, wrenching your legs apart and carelessly flipping your skirt up. There’s no time for you to complain about the fact that he’s completely exposed your underwear or that he hasn’t even greeted you; the cold metal of his pocket knife pricks you and then his lips are on the cut, tongue jamming against it as if he wishes to pry it open. You squirm in his grip but relent once his attempt to draw blood from you becomes less fervished and more gentle.

“Y-you’re late,” you chastise. He doesn’t respond, instead releasing your legs so that he can hold onto the thigh he’s drinking from. You watch him with a dazed expression on your face, reflecting again on the fact that this act carries much more intimacy than you expected. Especially now, with your skirt flipped up and the hungry look in his eyes; this time feels more sexually charged than the others.

In a sick way, you enjoy it.

Some of your blood falls past the seam of his lip against your leg and slides downwards, clinging to your skin until it drops softly onto the floor. You pay it no mind, watching with dilated pupils as Makki laps away at your skin, a groan rumbling up from the back of his throat. The cut begins to heal slightly before your eyes, and with an annoyed sound he actually does pry it open with his fingers. You gently swat at the side of his head.

“Be gentle!” You reprimand.

“No.” The words are muffled by your skin, his saliva, and the pinkish mix of your blood falling down onto the floor. Your skin is bruising already, the capillaries around Makki’s incision bursting like fireworks in your flesh. It hurts, but not much.

Still, his urgency compels you to grab a fistful of his hair, yanking his head back so that you can scowl down at him. His teeth scrape your skin when you pull, irritating the cut further.

“You’re hurting me.” You say in an attempt to get him to pause. His pupils look like pinpricks.

“You’re enjoying it.” He snaps. You immediately let go of his hair, recoiling back slightly as if you’ve been burnt.

“I’m not!” The lie is pitifully weak and you’re almost expecting him to laugh right in your face because of it. He doesn’t, and yet you still search for some sort of humor in his face. There’s none to be found, only desperation and seriousness in those dark eyes of his.

“What’s gotten into—” you start, pausing only when he allows his mouth to fall back to your thigh and resumes drinking, “—you?”

Of course, this question garners no response. With a sigh you allow yourself to lean back, suspended by your hands. You fight the urge to squirm again when he drags his tongue on the
underside of your leg in order to swipe up the blood he’d missed during his forced intermission. You’re hyper-aware of the fact that he can feel you shudder, can feel the goosebumps on your skin and maybe, just maybe, he can feel the metaphorical electricity crackling in your blood.

He drinks for a long time. Longer than he ever has before, enough that you feel the very start of lightheadedness begin to creep in. Concern bubbles up with it, and you again swat at his head.

“That’s enough,” you say, and when he doesn’t immediately stop you hit him again. “That’s enough.”

He pulls back voluntarily this time. He swallows hard, first, then takes a finger and pushes it into his mouth, collecting enough saliva to rub into your wound. Something like a broken groan rumbles in your throat but it doesn’t leave your lips; Hanamaki looks thoroughly offended by the sound, pulling away from you.

The two of you stay there, staring at each other and breathing hard. Some of your blood is streaked down his chin, his hair is wild where you pulled on it, and you’re sure you don’t look any more put together than he with your glistening thigh and lewdly positioned skirt. The sexual charge is impossible to ignore now, and you know he’s well aware of that. He stands, stepping back from you and rubbing at his chin.

“What was that about?” You ask once you’ve caught your breath.

“I tried,” he says, sounding exhausted and irritated all at once, “I tried. I told myself I couldn’t do this to you anymore.”

“Are you serious?” You ask, “you need to keep drinking from me! I told you I’m okay with it!”

Hanamaki shakes his head almost violently. “No. No. This was all easier when you thought I was a freak—”

“I still think that! Just a sympathetic freak—”

“—That’s the issue!” He snaps. Your words immediately die in your throat, falling lifelessly back into the pit of your stomach. He’s never raised his voice like this around you before.

“What are you talking about?” You ask, raising your voice more out of the urge to seem just as aggressive rather than any actual anger.

“This! You! You should have just…” he makes an irritated noise and rakes his hands through his hair, “... I shouldn’t have agreed to this. I got too excited.”

“I don’t blame you!” You say, exasperated, “if I were in your place, I’d be pretty damn excited to have consenting sustenance too!”

“Stop that! That’s not it, [Name]!”

“You’re acting weird.” You lower your voice, “Makki, tell me what going on.”

For a moment, you don’t think he will. He stands stock-still, looking at you as if you’re simultaneously the worst and best thing in the entire world. He seems to be trying to quell his temper; when he speaks next, his voice is much softer.

“I’ve known who you are for a long time.”
The measured, careful quality of his voice feels familiar. Rehearsed, even. In the back of your mind, you know what this means.

“You’ve been around for a while. At our games. I’ve seen you talking to Irihata’s niece, seen you looking at Oikawa from across the hall. I always knew you as the girl who was always so sunny, always putting the best side of herself out for people. Especially him. It’s hard not to…”

He trails off. You hope your expression is inquisitive enough to finish that train of thought, but he doesn’t. Instead, he picks up somewhere else.

“I can’t keep doing this to you. I don’t know why I agreed. I knew it would hurt you— that I would hurt you— but I wasn’t in a good enough state of mind to decline. I want to live, I really do… but not like this. Not when it’s you.”

He leaves you there. Turns on his heel and quietly walks out the door, pulling it shut gently behind him. Maybe another time you would have laughed at the stark differences in the way he entered and exited. Teased him for his cryptic language, snorted and jokingly called him a stalker for having watched you over the last three years.

Instead, you look at the closed door and you cry. Soft, silent tears that you hardly notice, but tears nonetheless. You cry because he thinks so low of himself and so highly of you. Cry because you know he’s shutting out someone who only wants to help. Cry because you know the boy that he was— scared and alone in a hospital, given no choice but to die or to succumb to a different life-changing disease as his only other options— never asked for any of this to happen.

Cry because you know a botched confession when you hear one.

~*~

He spends the next few days pointedly ignoring you.

You never realized until this whole ordeal started how often your path tends to cross with his. Every time you pass him in the halls he looks away, as if the sight of you physically pains him. You keep a close watch on him, at all the skin he shows; the next Monday, he arrives at school wearing a high-necked undershirt under his button-down and blazer. Easily written off as a necessity of the weather, but you know better. You can almost picture the darkened veins that he’s hiding, twisting and turning under his shirt like lines of lightning.

Nanako seems concerned by your unwillingness to talk about the abrupt changes you’ve gone through in the past few weeks. You want to tell her, you really do, but you wouldn’t know where to start. You decide to suffer in silence, instead, deciding that it may be best to keep it all in.

Hanamaki stops showing up to school on Tuesday.

It’s the day Nanako tries, in vain, to lift your spirits with more talk of Matsukawa’s party and new recipes and video games. You appreciate her effort, especially when you know she’s dying to ask you what’s been going on in your life; you feel so lost, so confused, so… worried.

“You’re not telling me something, aren’t you?” Nanako finally asks on Wednesday during lunch. You’re sitting with your legs drawn up to your chest and your arms folded on top of them, head to the side as you look at nothing in particular. Without facing her, you nod silently.

“I thought so.” She says softly. “Do you want to talk about it?”

You shake your head this time. You hear her sigh.
“That’s okay, too. Just know you’re not alone, alright?” She puts a hand on your shoulder and gently squeezes. You wish you could say the same thing to Hanamaki.

~*~

It’s your decision to go to Matsukawa’s party on Friday. Nanako tells you that you don’t have to, if you’d rather stay in and wallow silently on her couch, but you insist. Partially because you think that it would do you some good to go out and do something non school-related, and partially because you think you might be able to get some insight as to how Hanamaki has been doing from his friends. Iwaizumi and Matsukawa seem friendly enough for you to approach without looking suspicious, but even if that weren’t the case you wouldn’t care too much.

It takes a few hours after school to throw your costume together. Nanako had graciously bought up the local pharmacy’s entire stock of gauze, despite neither of you needing nearly that much; you hot glue strips of it onto an old white dress that still fits, so that you won’t have to entirely unravel your costume should you need to use the bathroom. Nanako pushes you to add some leg and arm wrappings, worried about the cold, as she fastens herself a gauze headband and searches for some black eyeshadow to give you a smokey eye. You allow it, absentmindedly thinking about what Hanamaki is doing while she glues false lashes onto your lids.

Nanako even gets special permission to drive her father’s car, having gotten her license in September, yet when you finally pull up Matsukawa’s winding driveway you feel far from mature or sophisticated. You feel strangely out of place, in fact, despite having attended the parties in the years previous. Every greeting tossed your way is met with an insincere smile, and every compliment paid to your matching costumes receives a lackluster “thanks”. Nanako asks again once the two of you reach the arranged snacks—and spiked punch, courtesy of Matsukawa himself—if you really want to be here, and you give her a stiff nod.

“Then look lively,” she sighs, “because Oikawa is heading over here.”

You turn, a little more confused than excited, and find that the setter is indeed hobbling over to you on his crutches. The metal impedes the full effect of his vampire costume, lending a bit too much modernism to the classic cape and slicked-back hair, but the comically large fangs he sports do manage to draw a bitter laugh from you.

“Hey, [Surname]! Nanako!” He greets, beaming at the two of you, “you guys look cool!”

“Thank you!” Nanako says, subconsciously adjusting one of her arm wrappings. She’d opted for the more full-body look, insisting that she would be able to use the bathroom just fine. “You too!”

Oikawa laughs. “Yeah, yeah. The crutches are a great final touch, right?”

“Just tell everyone you got hurt fighting off a werewolf or something.” Nanako jokes. The two of them laugh together, chatting aimlessly, as you look on. This is what you wanted just a few short weeks ago, you remind yourself. Oikawa’s attention, easy conversation… yet, the entire thing feels wrong.

You spare a quick glance around the room. It’s packed, with most of the population either chatting or dancing on Mattsun’s makeshift dance floor. A handful are outside on the back porch, and you can see them smoking and talking through the glass doors leading out into the yard. Beyond them is the forest, dark and deep.

Something white in the corner of your eye catches your attention. You switch your focus, then
fight the urge to do a double-take.

Clad simply in a white bedsheet with two holes cut out is Hanamaki. Even without his face showing, you’d be able to recognize those eyes anywhere. They look more sunken in than normal, as if they’re actually receding a bit into his skull. He’s standing next to Matsukawa, as usual, who makes for a pretty decent werewolf.

“He’s playing up his hairy chest, I see.” Nanako says, giggling behind her palm. Oikawa looks over as well, then laughs too.

“Probably why he chose the costume.” He says. “Just like Makki. So lazy! His eye makeup is good, though. Looks… creepy.”

Nanako laughs again, but you remain silent. Makki is looking straight at you, his gaze hungry but restrained. Everything feels slow for a moment, and for a second you’re almost hopeful that he’ll come over towards you.

But he doesn’t. He breaks the eye contact and the moment ends, leaving you to numbly accept a cup of punch from Nanako. You take a sip. Apple cider and cheap cinnamon whiskey.

“Oikawa seems like he wanted to talk to you.” She murmurs, and you realize the setter has moved on to the next group. You shrug, taking another sip of your drink.

“Did he?” You say. She shakes her head at you, incredulous yet amused.

“I’m starting to think you were replaced by a clone.” She snorts.

“Nah, I’m just over it.”

“Okay. Well, miss ‘over it’, I’m gonna go sneak in on that dance floor. You in?”

“Nah. I’m good with people watching for now. I’ll probably join later.”

“Alright, suit yourself!”

You watch as Nanako shimmies her way onto the dance floor, surreptitiously fixing her gauze again as she squeezes between two girls from the tennis team. That itself is enough to garner a half-smile from you, but it fades once she disappears into the crowd. Then, your attention is drawn by the sound of someone clearing their throat next to you.

It’s stupid of you, you think, to hope that it’s Makki. Instead it’s Iwaizumi, his face painted green and two foam bolts sticking out from his temples. It appears that, out of the four third years, he’d put the most effort into his costume.

“Uh,” you start, “hi.”

“Hi.” He says, taking a sip of his punch and wincing. You bite back another short laugh; he never seemed like the type that would enjoy alcohol in any capacity.

“Nice costume.” You say. He gives you a small smile at the compliment, but otherwise seems immune to the praise. You know, in the back of you mind, that he isn’t here for small talk.

You immediately find yourself proven correct. “I’ve been meaning to apologize.”

Your brows furrow together. “For what?”
Iwaizumi clears his throat again, very obviously at a loss as to where he should start. “I know.”

“You… know?”

“I know what happened the other week.” He says, placing his cup down on the table. Immediately, you freeze, hyper-aware of the fact that your mouth is agape. You snap it shut, sparing a quick look around to make sure nobody is eavesdropping.

“Are you serious?”

“I am.”

There’s no way to quell the irritation that flows through you in that moment. “Really? And you just let me—”

“I didn’t know you’d walk into the locker room after leaving the gym.” He says. You grit your teeth, but don’t retort. You know that assumption is fair. Instead of pressing the incident further, you sigh and decide to change gears.

“How long have you known?”

“Since last year. Same thing happened to me that happened to you; I walked in to the wrong place at the wrong time. Took me a little longer to come to terms with it than you did.” He says. You flush, wondering how much Hanamaki told him. He seems to read this in your expression.

“He’s been pretty keen on keeping his relationship with you private.”

“There’s no relationship between us.” You say, but the words sound like a lie even to you. Iwaizumi shrugs.

“You two have consistent communication and share vulnerable parts of yourselves with each other. I’d call that a relationship.”

“Maybe so,” you concede, taking a sip of the cider.

“Either way, he values it. A lot.” Iwaizumi continues on, looking at you with something like vague worry. “I guess that’s why I didn’t talk to you right away after it happened. I told him to talk to you himself instead, because I honestly have no idea what sort of person you are. Though I figured that, if anything, you’d want to hear an explanation from Takahiro himself.”

“He didn’t give me much of one that time.” You snort. Iwaizumi shrugs.

“I’m sorry to hear that, too, but that really doesn’t fall under my area of expertise. I’m just his lookout.”

You think back to your attempted confession to Oikawa, when Iwaizumi was lingering by himself in the gymnasium. It hadn’t struck you as strange at the time, but looking back it probably should have.

“You’re very good at acting natural when you know your best friend is in the other room having his blood—”

“It’s just a part of life for Takahiro. I learned not to blame him for something he can’t control.” Iwaizumi’s tone isn’t accusatory— and it shouldn’t be, given your own efforts to make sure Makki can survive— but there’s a reflective quality to it that tells you he hasn’t quite accepted everything
he’s seen. You don’t blame him.

“That’s very noble of you, considering…” You trail off.

“Considering Oikawa is my best friend?”

“Yeah. That.”

“It’s what he would have wanted, had Makki chosen to tell him the truth.” Iwaizumi sighs.

“Volleyball is important to him, but his friends are even more important.”

Hanamaki said something similar, not too long ago. Again, you’re struck by how irritated that makes you.

“He hasn’t fed from me in nearly a week.”

“I gathered as much.” Iwaizumi mumbles, mostly to himself than anything. “He’s been really careful in the locker room. More careful than usual, but I assumed it got to the point of being impossible to hide and that’s why he hasn’t been showing up.”

“Seems about right.” You can’t resist the urge to look over at Makki again. He’s leaning against the far wall now, talking to Oikawa and Matsukawa. You can’t see his lips move, but his arms do; the side of his sheet falls down to his wrist for a second, and in that moment you see that the black veins have spread all the way to his hands. The next second, it’s back at his side and hidden by his costume.

“[Surname].” Iwaizumi says, calling your attention back to the conversation. You look away from Hanamaki for the second time that night, feeling a strange, clenching emptiness in your stomach at how easy it seems to be for him to pretend that the two of you don’t share such a profound secret.

Iwaizumi seems to read this in your expression. “He cares about you. A lot.”

“He hasn’t known me for long.” You say, more bitterly than you intended.

“You haven’t known him for long.” Iwaizumi corrects, “he’s always thought you were pretty cute. And what you did for him these past few weeks made his life easy for once.”

“Then why’d he stop?”

“Because he cares about you.” Iwaizumi repeats as he shrugs, as if that should be the most obvious thing in the world.

“Well he has a pretty funny way of showing it. One day he’s joking, telling me about all the shit you guys like to do on the weekends and asking me about my personal life, then the next… he’s distant.”

“He wants to be close to people. The condition makes it hard.”

“I know. I just wish it was easier on him. I mean, he’s fasting for god’s sake; is he really that opposed to feeding from me that he’d risk dying?”

“I don’t really know what’s going on in his head. That’s another reason I came to talk to you.”

That clenching in your stomach intensifies. “You think it’s getting to be that bad?”
“I can only imagine. If it’s been bad enough that he can’t come to school, then I doubt he’s really doing great at the moment.” Iwaizumi says. As if on cue, the both of you look over to where Hanamaki is.

Or where he should be, that is.

Somehow, you know right away that this isn’t a good sign. Perhaps if you’d been with Nanako, she would have brushed it off with the argument that he could be in the bathroom, or maybe he left to talk with someone else; you’re with Iwaizumi, though, and one look over at him tells you that he’s thinking the same thing you are.

The two of you come to the conclusion that Oikawa isn’t around, either, and that only exacerbates the panic you feel. You place your near-empty cup of cider down next to Iwaizumi’s and follow him as he threads through the crowd towards Matsukawa, who’s busy chatting up some girl dressed as a go-go dancer.

“Hey, Mattsun,” Iwaizumi cuts in, trying and failing to sound extremely nonchalant, “you seen Makki anywhere?”

“Or Oikawa?” You chime in, unable to help yourself. Mattsun nods.

“Yeah, yeah. The two of them went outside. Makki said he needed some fresh air.”

Iwaizumi immediately takes off in the direction of the porch door. Mattsun’s eyebrows furrow, then he turns to you.

“ Weird. How’s the punch?”

“Uh, it’s good! You call, already starting to follow Iwaizumi. “Real good! Great party!”

Whatever Mattsun says in response is cut off as you too walk out onto the porch. It’s absolutely freezing out, especially with what little you’re wearing. The space between the end of your dress and the top of your gauze legwarmers immediately erupts into goosebumps as you look around. Iwaizumi is talking to one of the guys smoking a cigarette over the railing of the porch. You jog closer, only hearing the tail end of a word when Iwaizumi suddenly turns and descending down the short flight of stairs that leads into the expansive backyard.

“Hey, wait up!” You call, picking up your pace and Iwaizumi makes a beeline for the edge of the forest. “What are you—”

“That guy said he saw Makki and Oikawa walk into the woods together.” Iwaizumi cuts you off without even turning around. Your eyes widen as you finally come up beside him, keeping pace as the two of you weave through the trees.

“Oh, fuck.” You reply, stumbling a little on a tree root but managing to keep yourself going, “how are we going to find them?”

“Blind luck.” He spits. The pitch-black cover of the night seems to get even darker as you stray further from Mattsun’s porch. The sounds of the party start to fade as the lights do, and soon enough the raspy rise and fall of your breathing permeates the air. Iwaizumi, who seems much more astute than yourself, powers through the dark foliage with no intention of stopping. That is, until, he himself stumbles and has to grab onto the trunk of the nearest tree to keep from face-planting. You recognize the metallic sound his shoe makes on the object it catches on, and you wish more than anything that you hadn’t given Nanako your phone to keep in her purse. You stoop down to where Iwaizumi almost fell and start patting at the ground, finding purchase on something
smooth just as Iwaizumi takes his own phone from his pocket and points the temporary flashlight he makes out of it towards you.

Even without the minimal light, you’d be able to tell what it is that you’re holding: one of Oikawa’s crutches. Iwaizumi turns the flashlight off as soon as he sees it, letting out a stuttering breath as he takes it from your hand.

“They have to be nearby. With as weak as he is, Hanamaki couldn’t have dragged him far.” And then Iwaizumi takes off again, leaving you crouched on the ground and grasping at nothing. You read into the situation well enough, though, and get to your feet so that you can jog in the opposite direction. One of you is bound to find the two of them this way, you tell yourself, and then everything will be alright.

Except it’s not, because you’re the one that finds them and it’s far from pretty. Hanamaki is crouched over Oikawa in a small little clearing, illuminated only by the moonlight that filters through the trees. You can’t see well, can hardly make the two of them out, but you know in your heart what’s happening.

“Get off of him!” You shout, careless about the fact that your voice could carry back to the house. “Hanamaki, get off of him!”

You hear Iwaizumi bellow something in the distance but adrenaline is thrumming so loudly in your ears that you can’t make out what it is. All you’re aware of is the fact that Hanamaki doesn’t seem to be listening, that Oikawa’s body seems unusually pale in the light of the moon. You can faintly see skin on skin, Hanamaki’s mouth down where Oikawa’s thigh probably is, and it compels you to move forward.

You’re stopped, however, by Iwaizumi barreling through the trees, still carrying Oikawa’s crutch with him. His phone flashlight is on again and that seems to startle Hanamaki enough to look up. You can hardly pay attention anymore; there’s blood everywhere.

Discarded to one side is Hanamaki’s costume, his pocket knife resting innocently atop the crumpled white fabric. Oikawa’s pants are yanked down, just low enough for an incision to be made, but you can tell even from a slight distance that the cut is big. Hurried. Possibly deep. The entire lower half of Hanamaki’s face shines red with blood, and some of it even dampens the front of his hair. It’s flecked onto his shirt and his pants, and it runs in thin streaks down his neck and chin. You can’t scream, can’t even gag, before Iwaizumi rushes him. Hanamaki has only a split second to react and he doesn’t use it; Iwaizumi drops his phone to the ground and places both hands on the crutch, using it almost as a battering ram to throw Hanamaki back from Oikawa’s leg.

The initial shock takes a moment for you to process, but then you leap into action as well. As Iwaizumi uses the crutch to pin Hanamaki to the ground, you grab at some of the gauze towards the bottom of your dress. It rips away from your hot glue easily, and you’re able to unwind a few feet of it and rip it away from the rest.

With the phone on the ground, the clearing is illuminated enough now for you to see exactly what you’re dealing with. The incision Hanamaki made is far larger and slightly deeper than any of the ones he’s made on you. You wrap your ripped gauze tightly around Oikawa’s thigh in an attempt to quell the bleeding. Red blossoms onto the white fabric immediately, so you tie it even tighter.

“I don’t know how to really dress a wound—”

“I can’t really help at the moment!” Iwaizumi says, voice sounding strained. Hanamaki is struggling against the crutch, eyes wild as he claws at the metal. Iwaizumi lifts it only to bring it
down hard onto Hanamaki’s chest. You wince.

“Do you need to do that?”

Iwaizumi doesn’t reply. He does it again and this time you hear the wheeze of breath rushing from Makki’s lungs.

“Hey!” You snarl, taking yourself by surprise when you suddenly stand, “he’s down! Leave him alone!”

“He’s not down,” Iwaizumi points out. Hanamaki is still pushing at the crutch. You stalk over to the two of them, leaving Oikawa crumpled by himself on the grass.

“Give me that.” You snatch the crutch from Iwaizumi’s hands and use it to press down on Hanamaki. Immediately he stops struggling, looking up at you with something between relief and shame. He reminds you of a scared animal finally reunited with its owner. His hands fall to his side.

Iwaizumi backs up. “We need to—”

“You take care of Oikawa. I can handle this.” Your calm courage takes even you by surprise. Iwaizumi’s face twists into an unsure grimace.

“I don’t want to leave you here with him.”

“It’ll be fine.” You say. Hanamaki’s exposed skin is smooth, unmarred by the black marks he’d been hiding. “He’s fed enough. He’s not going to hurt me.”

“You’re sure about that?”

You ignore the question. “Here’s the story we’re going with. Hanamaki and Oikawa came out for a walk. Oikawa’s crutch,” you wiggle it in your hand for emphasis, “caught on something and he fell, injuring his leg in the process.”

“You’re not serious.” Iwaizumi says. You shake your head.

“Go get the knife over there. Use it to make a tear in Oikawa’s pants. Pull them up, let some blood soak into them. He won’t ask questions then.”

Iwaizumi looks at you for a long, long time.

“You’re insane.”

“Don’t care.” You point to the knife, “and then, if Oikawa asks any more questions, you say that Hanamaki ran back to the house for help, and that’s how we found him.”

It only takes Iwaizumi a couple seconds to make his decision. He shakes his head incredulously, but walks over to the knife anyway and picks it up.

“I guess I see why he likes you, now.” He snorts as he begins to tear at Oikawa’s pants. You and Hanamaki watch quietly as he pulls the pants back up and slides his arm under Oikawa’s back so that he can lift him. You carefully pick up his phone and toss it to him; he catches it with ease and turns the flashlight off. Once again, you rely on the pale light of the moon.

“If you find the other crutch, bring it back to the house.” He says, adjusting Oikawa’s leaning position. Then, he locks his eyes onto yours once again.
“Are you sure you’ll be okay with him?”

“He won’t hurt me,” you repeat with full confidence. Iwaizumi sighs but concedes, giving you a
final frown before turning back towards the house and slowly pulling Oikawa along with him. You
watch him go even when he’s disappeared fully into the trees. Even when the sound of Oikawa’s
limp body dragging in the leaves has long since faded from your ears.

It feels like it’s been hours when you finally sigh, turning your attention to Hanamaki.

“Will you be good if I let you up?”

“Does it matter?”

You roll your eyes, swallowing hard at how much they sting. Oikawa’s blood is vivid in the
darkness, soaking the front of Hanakami’s shirt and blossoming into some sort of terrible abstract
art. It sticks to his skin and squelches a little as you press down harder on the crutch.

“That’s not what I asked you.” You quip.

“I guess I should rephrase,” he says, wiggling on his back a tad, “into this: do you trust me?”

You’re silent.

“It’s you and me out here. You know what I’m capable of now. Do you trust me enough to let me
go?”

“You absolute fucking tool,” you spit, “don’t even try your cryptic bullshit with me anymore!”

“My cryptic—”

“This all would have been a hell of a lot easier if you had just sucked it up and kept drinking from
me! Do you realize what you’ve done?”

“No,” he says dryly, “I have no idea that I’ve almost just killed one of my best friends. Completely
blanked on that.”

You exhale sharply, your exasperation impossible to hide. “Takahiro.”

His interest is very obviously piqued by your use of his first name, but he doesn’t question it.

“Yeah?”

“You are, without a doubt, the biggest idiot I have ever met.”

“Well,” he furrows his brows, “I guess I deserve that.”

“You’re fucked up, I get it. Believe me, I get it! But this whole thing you have going on here,
where you yo-yo me in and out of your life and don’t tell me shit— that stops now.”

“I never—”

You press your foot down just a tad harder. “You did this. This is your fault. What did you think was going to happen when you stopped drinking from me, Takahiro? Did you think that was going to help any of us? Now you’ve got Oikawa all fucked up again, and I had to ruin my costume for you— do you have any idea how worried I was about you, by the way? How absolutely fucking torn up I was when you left me hanging with that half-assed confession? No, you don’t. So before you start thinking about how lucky it is that Oikawa wasn’t killed by your absolute stupidity, maybe spare a thought to how lucky you are that I haven’t beaten you to death yet tonight!”

There’s a long silence, one that harbors only the echoes of your frustrated tangent. They whisper through the trees, free from your mind at last. You feel about fifteen pounds lighter.

“Did you get it all out?” Hanamaki drawls.

“Almost,” you spit, and then you’re lifting your foot off the ground and instead planting it on the ground at his hip. His freedom is short lived, cut off when you unceremoniously allow yourself to take a seat on his stomach. One hand buries itself in his hair and he scrambles into a halfway-seated position, sliding you more into his lap as your pull your face to his and smash your lips together.

The first thing you think is that maybe Iwaizumi was right. Maybe you are insane.

The second thing you think is that Oikawa’s blood tastes like pennies.

Hanamaki’s hands shake as he puts them on your hips. Maybe it’s from the adrenaline, maybe it’s from Oikawa’s blood trying to assimilate itself into his body. You know for certain that it isn’t from nerves. He pries your mouth open with his tongue with too much confidence for that, and you’re mentally thankful for it. You don’t know what you’d do if he became a stuttering mess; you don’t think you have enough patience tonight to ease him into it.

The taste of blood is stronger when his tongue rubs against yours. Some of the residual dribbles out of his mouth and onto your face, sliding down your chin as your teeth clack together. You don’t care, opting to pull him closer by his shirt until the two of you are chest to chest, the front of your dress slowly dampening to red.

“Holy shit,” he breathes when you finally allow him to part for air, “I think I’m in love with you.”

“That’s weird.” You reply, letting the hand in his hair ease up. It slides down your chin as your teeth clack together. You don’t care, opting to pull him closer by his shirt until the two of you are chest to chest, the front of your dress slowly dampening to red.

“This is weird.” He counters, one hand tightening on your hip. “Thought you would have killed me by now for endangering your beau.”

“The thought crossed my mind,” you say, running your thumb over his bottom lip, catching the skin on your nail. “But we both know I didn’t come out here just to save Oikawa.”

“Yeah?” He breathes, “then why else did you come out here?”

“Does it matter?” You say, mocking Hanamaki to the best of your ability. He quirks a brow at you.

“Oh, I see. You think you’re funny.”
“I’m hilarious.”

“Is this revenge for—”

“All the times you left me hanging and didn’t tell me what you were thinking? Yes.”

“That’s my girl,” he laughs, and then you’re kissing again, tongues feverish against each other. He sucks on your lower lip, pulling a soft groan from your throat and making you squirm in his lap. He brings his legs up to support your back a little better as you do, allowing him easier access to the smooth skin of your throat. He migrates down to it, smearing blood from his face onto you in the process. You laugh a little to yourself when he nips at the juncture of your shoulder and neck. The humor of having a vampire begin to suck on your neck isn’t lost on you.

Neither is the way he abruptly pulls your hips down to grind against his own. The wrongness of it all pricks at the back of your mind like a cut from his pocket knife.

He nearly killed his friend— your former crush, for crying out loud— not twenty minutes ago, and yet here you are. Shamelessly grinding in his lap. Allowing him to smear blood into your skin, your clothes, your hair; encouraging him to kiss you, to touch you, to… you’re not quite sure what you want him to do. You feel overwhelmed for a moment, letting the adrenaline of it all fade for a split second, before you realize that this isn’t wrong.

It’s with Hanamaki. It can’t be.

Unusual, certainly, but ‘usual’ had flown out the door even before you saw Hanamaki drinking from Oikawa’s leg. ‘Usual’ disappeared the day Hanamaki became sick. ‘Usual’ fell to pieces the last time you held your mother’s hand. ‘Usual’ is something mundane, something lackluster. ‘Usual’ promises no reward, no betterment, no adventure. ‘Usual’ makes you think of the indecisive girl who could barely muster up the courage to give someone a loaf of bread, the girl who never noticed anything other than what made her comfortable.

‘Usual’ isn’t for you anymore, and you’re perfectly okay with that.

So you let him grind up against you like a mindless animal. In fact, you lose yourself to the feeling of it; the friction of your dress against the zipper of his jeans, the grip of his fingers digging into your skin, the scrape of his teeth against your skin and against your lips until his cheek is against yours and you can smell the blood and the sweat and the dirt on him.

You want it all.

He groans right into your ear and it’s practically electric with how much power it has on you. You take in a sharp breath, looping your arms around his neck as an anchor so you can kiss him harder. His hands tangle into the gauze around your hips, yanking it upwards. Some of it rips but the rest is used to inch your dress up higher. You pull away from him immediately.

“Makki—”

“So now you’re embarrassed of me seeing your underwear?”

You scowl at him.

“Shut up! You’ve already seen them, why would I be embarrassed?”

“I can feel you blushing,” he snorts, touching your cheek. You smack at his hand. “But yeah. How could I forget? That was almost enough to make a guy forget he was on the brink of death.”
“You’re so dramatic.” You mutter to yourself as a way to compensate for your blush.

“No. Dramatic is how many times I jerked off to that later.”

You push at his shoulder. “You did not.”

“Okay, okay. I did, but only once.”

You laugh, full and hearty, and he kisses you again. This feels natural to you. This feels like home.

But now isn’t the time for you to be caught up in sentimentality. You channel what little frustration you have left— which grows when you remember how good Makki is at making you forget when you’re irked— and push on his shoulders again, successfully pressing him back into the grass. He makes a noise of surprise that stutters when his back hits the ground, breaking away from you so that he can look up at you.

“Didn’t know you were into the whole fem-dom thing.” He drawls.

You tut. “Not sure, yet. You’re my test subject, it seems.”

“Lucky me.” He pulls your dress up a little higher, exposing your underwear fully. They’re the same color as your skin, to keep from showing through your white clothing, and you mentally chastise yourself for not wearing sexier underwear— only to immediately forgive yourself because there’s no way you could have foreseen tonight going the way that it is.

“Wish it was a little lighter out.” Hanamaki murmurs, almost to himself, “I bet your underwear is cute.”

“Not really,” you say with bleak honesty, “but that doesn’t matter much, does it?”

“Nah. It doesn’t.” He slides two of his fingers onto the apex of your thighs, pressing down on your clit and moving to your opening. Even with fabric in the way you’re taken off guard, jolting a little on top of him as he repeats the movement a couple more times.

“You always looked so cute sitting on the table.” He muses as he touches you. “I always let my mind wander a little when I was drinking your blood.”

You’re caught between scolding him and wanting to laugh. You do neither; instead, your body flushes even more.

“T-that’s because you’re a freak.” You manage as he circles your clit and presses down on it a little harder. Your toes curl inside your shoes as he slowly rubs it.

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever. I’m a freak, I’m stupid for how I acted and all that— can we just get to the part where you tell me you like me?”

You don’t miss the pleading in his voice even though he masks it pretty well. You smile down at him, but end up shaking your head.

“Well then,” he mock-sighs, “I guess I can’t be your test subject any more.”

“Wha—” Your sentence is cut off by Makki suddenly moving his hand away from your clit and placing it back onto your hips. In one fluid movement he rolls you to the side so that your back now rests on the grass. It feels damp; maybe it’s dew, maybe it’s blood. Maybe it’s both.

“That’s better.” He says. He’s between your legs, now, a benefit of rolling you over while you
were straddling him, and uses the leverage to grind himself against your clit, this time with the steadily growing tent in his pants.

“You f-fucking... oh.” You stammer after a particularly long drag of friction against your slit. Makki’s teeth shine in the night, pearly white and almost comical as one of his fingers hooks in the side of your underwear and toys with the elastic.

“You mind?”

As if he doesn’t already know the answer.

He reads your silence correctly, taking it as a cue to keep going. He hooks his other hand into the opposite side of your underwear and pulls down as far as he can, until you take the initiative and pull one of your legs from the opening. It’s easier for him to then slide them the rest of the way down your other leg until they land somewhere in the grass. You’re not very concerned with where, at the moment.

A heavy silence settles across the clearing. You exhale, watching Makki move slowly towards you, dipping his head down so that one of his cheeks rubs your thighs. More blood flakes away from his skin, sticking a little to your own sweat-dampened flesh like bits of gold leaf. Maybe you should have told him to wipe his face off first.

No matter. Your attention immediately goes to the fact that you can see his tongue peek out from his lips as he moves closer and—

You let out a content sound as he licks at your opening. You let your head fall back onto the grass and you stare up into the night sky. You think about how the stars are pretty tonight, like tiny specks of glitter, and then you aren’t thinking anything anymore because Hanamaki pushes his entire tongue inside of you.

It’s a strange feeling, having someone go down on you. You’ve never had it happen before and you’re almost certain he’s never done it before, but you squirm nonetheless. He curls his tongue upwards, running the tip of it against one of your walls and you can’t help but clench down on it, muffling the short groan he lets out. The vibration moves up and through you, sending every nerve in your body to overdrive.

With that, his thumb presses back onto your clit, timed with another drag of his tongue inside you. Your legs rest comfortably on him— one on his shoulder, the other held by his free hand— and you’re thankful for the fact. You feel like you wouldn’t be able to support them on your own.

“Good?” He asks after a moment, when he pulls his face away from your cunt. His voice isn’t the taunting rumble that you’ve come to know, but rather a genuine and raw one. The fact that pleasing you is so important to him touches your heart.

However, your heart isn’t really what’s aching at the moment.

“Yeah, good.” You sit up once again so that you can put a hand on the back of his head and prompt him to keep going. He laughs, sending a whisper of air onto your skin. You shudder.

He keeps his snarky remarks in check and opts to instead go back to eating you out. Before his tongue enters you again, though, he makes a point to lick broad strokes along your labia, pausing to suck on the fold briefly before pinning his attention back to the task on hand. You let out a stuttering sigh when he slides his tongue back inside of you and curls it again. A string of saliva leaks from the corner of his mouth and streaks against the inside of your thigh. His hair is soft
under your fingers as you rest your hand on his scalp.

In a way, it resolves the tension you felt the last time he drank from you. It’s positively jolting, how much effort he puts into eating you out, how much he seems to enjoy it. Your back arches away from the ground, thoroughly dampened with god-knows-what, your mind a constant chant of *fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck—*

“That’s supposed to be a command but you know it comes out more breathless than you intended. Thankfully, he doesn’t laugh at you.

“You sure?” he rasps.

“Just do it before I change my mind.” You say, but you know he can tell by your tone that your words aren’t as acidic in intention as they sound. You feel him nod, his hair and ear rubbing your thigh, and then he releases your legs so he can push your dress up to your midriff.

You feel kind of silly, laying on your back in the grass with your costume in disarray. Hanamaki seems not to have the same sentiment, with the hurried way he yanks down his zipper and practically shoves his pants into a crumpled heap on the ground. As you watch him undress his lower half with what little light you’re granted, the thought occurs to you that you’re in a place of true vulnerability at the moment, and yet you don’t feel scared. Not too long ago you’d been very confident in Hanamaki not hurting you, despite his then-questionable state of mind, and that confidence has yet to leave you.

Instead of shoving the emotions down, you allow them to overtake you. And when Hanamaki again joins you on the ground, you suddenly pull him in for another kiss. His shirt is still on and your fingers grab at the back of it, pulling him close. It’s a slow kiss, less needy than before. He pulls away just a beat too soon so that he can rest his forehead against yours.

“You’ll get a guy’s hopes up by kissing him like that.” He jokes hoarsely.

“It’s not really getting your ‘hopes up’ in this case, y’know?”

“No, I don’t know,” his hands grab your waist, “because you won’t tell me.”

Your laugh turns into a surprised exclamation as he uses his hands to turn you on your stomach and pins you there with a firm palm to your lower back. Your struggle is mostly for show, however; the coldness of the grass feels pleasant on the front of your body, and you have no qualms with what you suppose he’s about to do.

Once he’s sure you’re not actually going to turn back around, Hanamaki hooks an arm under you and brings your lower body upwards so that your chest remains pressed into the ground.

“Kinky,” you say. He snorts.

“Yeah, yeah,” he drawls as he runs the head of his cock against your slit, at if to test the waters before diving in. One hand grabs your hip and squeezes in an almost reassuring manner. You’re not sure who the motion is meant for.

He takes his time to enter you, but not out of any desire to tease you. You have the feeling that he’s savoring the moment, allowing it to fully hit him when he bottoms out inside of you.

“Oh,” you groan, “*fuck.*”

“Yeah,” he murmurs.
And then he doesn’t move.

It takes you a moment to realize it through the haze of being so filled by him. The stretch is far from uncomfortable but it still takes your breath away; you now realize why sex is always so romanticized in all the fanfiction you used to read. You’ve never felt anything like it before, the connection with another person, the—

“Say it.”

“Huh?” You snap out of your internal monologue immediately.

“Say it,” he repeats.

“Say wh—”

“Tell me you like me.”

“Oh my god,” you laugh incredulously, “are you serious?”

“As a heart attack.” He says.

You aren’t quite in the mood to be played with, but you also don’t want to be stubborn and keep from continuing. You grip the grass out of frustration, shooting him the best irritated glare you can manage with only half of your face showing over your shoulder.

“I like you.” You say. He moves slightly, appeased just the smallest bit by your confession. His thumb presses into your back.

“Say it like you mean it,” he says, and you’re genuinely taken aback by the sliver of desperation behind his words.

“I like you!” You pant out when his hand circles around to your front and presses down on your clit again, “I like you a whole fucking lot!”

“That’s what I like to hear,” he nearly purrs. Apparently satiated, he begins to thrust inside of you.

You want to be annoyed with him, but you find that all emotion and rational thought promptly leaves you with each snap of his hips to yours. There’s nothing particularly unusual about the way he fucks you— straightforward and with an edge of intensity to it— but you’re far from complaining. After all, given the circumstances, you feel that any more strangeness would effectively kill your brain.

Not that you don’t already feel incoherency gripping you with full force. It’s hard to muster up words, let alone thoughts, with how well he fits into you, how great he feels stimulating just about every inch of your body. You’re hardly mindful enough to limit your noises to soft pants rather than the long, raspy moans that want to leave you; it feels like something is building up inside of you, something enthralling and wonderful and—

“Shit,” Makki suddenly snarls. You don’t have a chance to ask what his exclamation means before he’s bearing down harder on you, leaning over your back a little more so that he can thrust even deeper into you. A sudden, short wail tumbles past your lips before you can fully rein it in, and it seems to spur him on.

“Do you have any idea,” he rasps, “how long I’ve been wanting to do this?"
Your blood almost boils with the intensity of his words. His body is warm as it presses against yours, certainly, but in the moment it feels like his skin is scalding and you love every burn, every impression he leaves on you.

He doesn’t wait for your response. “And— fuck!— fuck, this is better than I imagined.”

The thought of just that— of him imagining you, of him thinking about fucking you until words fail you, causes you to clench down on him hard. He spits out another curse, one that sounds foreign to your ears, and nearly doubles his efforts.

Thoughts are even more fleeting than before. You grip at the grass even tighter but only succeed in pulling it out in clumps between your fingers, a few blades sticking to your sweat-dampened palms. You can’t even take in a deep breath with how hard he’s pounding you; your cunt squeezes around him again and he groans unabashedly, the circles on your clit growing more frantic.

Your orgasm hits you out of nowhere. One second you’re relishing in the way his cock drags inside of you and the next it’s like every muscle in your body locks itself and warmth pours over you from your head to your toes. They curl instinctively as you cry out, every syllable of Hanamaki’s name leaving your lips in a breathless prayer. He says something to you, something low and sweet about how pretty you are, but the exact words are lost on you. You almost can’t comprehend them at all.

It’s when he’s finally certain that you’re satisfied that Hanamaki allows himself to fall over the edge as well. His hips are nearly bruising on yours at this point and he’s almost bent entirely over you. The material of his shirt whispers over the exposed skin on your back when he comes, his fingers digging into you with enough strength to almost startle you from your post-orgasm haze.

Then everything is quiet.

It takes him a long moment to pull out of you— you assume he must be re-orienting himself and allowing coherency to flood back into his brain— but when he does, you feel some of his come spill out of you and streak down your thighs. It’s not entirely uncomfortable.

He rolls back onto the grass with a deep, satisfied sigh, and you follow suit a moment later. Your legs feel like jelly but everything inside of you is warm and alive. The two of you breathe heavily for a moment before you’re able to form words.

“I really do like you, you know.”

He turns his head towards you. His eyes glimmer for a second in the light. “Yeah?”

“Yeah. I know things aren’t really… conventional, but I want to give it a shot.”

He doesn’t say anything for a second. Anxiety threatens to burst in your chest again when you feel his hand slide into yours, threading your fingers together.

“That’d be nice. Really nice.” He says. You’re unsure if he can see much, given the post-sex haze and the darkness of the night, but you smile at him regardless.

“Do you want to go back to the party?” You ask.

“Not really, no.” He says, and then he squeezes your hand and the two of you are laughing, forgetting everything else in the world for a second as a cloud lazily rolls in front of the moon.
End Notes

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