Just Try to Deny Me

This is just where I dump all of my secret desires to jump every single haikyuu boy there is. forgive my thirst, or feel free to join this cocktail party. there are definitely some manga spoilers though, so beware.
i've had a lot of these written up for a while. but i think i'll try posting them now. if you keep up with the manga as well, i'm posting futakuchi first because i'm excited for the upcoming practice match!!

also, i'm still new to posting on ao3 so let me get used to this format first. enjoy.
Futakuchi was a big prankster. He never took anything seriously and he was really like his humorous personality. It was always amusing for him to get some infuriated or frustrated reactions out of a teasing smile. He absolutely loved pushing people’s buttons.

Which probably explains why he chose to date his current girlfriend. She was an entire control panel of buttons, filled with reactions. She got scared easily when he surprised her, and Futakuchi’s occasional suggestive comments would ripen her face into a lovely tomato-y shade. And she would also continue on to slap him shrilly for making her feel embarrassed.

After they had started kissing casually in private, Futakuchi had slowly begun to amp up the flirty comments and sexual jokes around her. Often, his adorable girlfriend would just steam at the ears and turn to hide her red face, prompting him to give her a big bear hug from behind and gush on about how cute she was. “This is why I love to tease you so much~” he would chuckle.

Often, he would play up a lot of “accidental” happenings, like a hand on her thigh, a kiss to her neck, leaning close enough against her to rub slightly against her chest or butt. There were all sorts of teasing situations where Futakuchi just got a kick out of seeing his girlfriend fire up in the face, and he would ask, “Why are you so red?” or “What are you thinking about?” with an innocent smile or purposeful smirk on his face.

To which the puffball of emotions would just stutter back a “N-Nothing!!” or “I have to do something!” and run off to hide.

And the addition of props only sent the girl into a frenzy of possible blood loss through her nose when her boyfriend would make certain gestures with long or squishy objects in his hands, or give her some teasing looks when he bit into certain foods or made a show off licking creams and crumbs off of their faces.

But then, for some reason, one day when Futakuchi invites his lovely button-rich girlfriend over to his new apartment near his college, she’s antsier than usual. Maybe because he laid it on thick with all the sexual jokes he texted her the day before. After attempting to calm her nerves with her favorite romantic comedy movie, she seems to feel better as she suggests that they make dinner to eat together.

After scoping out his largely vacant fridge, she finds some curry packs and potatoes in the cupboards, “You want to make some curry rice?”

And then Futakuchi advances with a dark grin on his face, making her start to sweat nervously until she’s backed up against the kitchen counter, “You know… I think I’m hungry for something else.”

“W-w-wh-what?” she trips over her tongue as Futakuchi’s hand travels up her side and then slides down the length of her arm to the side of the counter. He’s gotten incredibly close to her, to the point where their noses and chests are about to touch when he retracts his arm to feel for the edge of the wooden drawer.

The girl pressed against the counter gulps audibly and her pulse grows louder in her ears as her boyfriend pulls the drawer closest to her open to pull out a small silver packet. The temperature in her face increases exponentially and her grip on the counter behind her tightens when she sees Futakuchi hold up the foil packet between his index and middle fingers.
But when she sees the innocent smile on his face, she takes a closer look at the packet and all the color that had steamed into her face drains immediately. “I thought we could make some beef noodles instead.” he continues to smile, holding the packet of beef flavored ramen powder closer to his face.

There’s silence for several moments as Futakuchi patiently anticipates his girlfriend’s probable adorable reaction that might involve stomping and whining and half-hearted smacking. But then, she comes at him with the most unexpected of responses.

She’s laughing. Loudly. Maniacally, even. She arches backward to lean her weight on her forearms that rest on the countertop behind her to cackle brokenly. Futakuchi is at a loss. Usually he’s the one laughing, not in hysterics but in amusement. He can’t seem to cough up a proper response even when his girlfriend pushes him back (rougher than usual, actually).

When his girlfriend stands up straight again, Futakuchi is comforted by the slight pink returning to her cheeks. Her embarrassment is still there, so he knows that he hasn’t broken her. But then her laughter stops and she sighs as if relieved before dropping down to her knees.

The next thing though, is even more surprising, because his sweatpants and boxers are down past his knees before he knows it. “W-wait! What are you doing?!” he jumps back automatically, surprised and a little embarrassed to be completely exposed like this without warning.

But his determined girlfriend seems to be having none of that at the moment, because she kneels her way right in front of his crotch again. This time, her boyfriend is the one pressed up against the fridge without an escape route. And just as he looks around to find one, his dick is in her hand and inside her mouth.

“What do you mean all of a sudden? You’ve been teasing me for weeks. Months! Since we got together!” she protests from his waistline. She still has a strong grip on his shaft that shows no intentions of releasing him. “I can’t take it anymore. I have no idea whether you’re joking or not so I guess I’m just going to have to draw the lines myself.”

“What-wait? I–I’m…” It feels weird being on this side of the teasing. But she looks damn serious with her bedroom eyes that seem to tempt him from down there. And it’s getting harder to think with his hard-on that’s starting to show up.

“Do you want this for real?” she doesn’t tear her gaze away from his as she makes a long lick at the tip, “Or are you just going to keep talking about it?”

He didn’t know! Was he? It was all fun and teases at first, but this is real. Really real! Was this the right time to start? Was she completely sure about this? Was he completely sure about this? With his brain between his legs at the moment, hell yes he was sure about this, but he still had to be rational. There’s a reason he was a volleyball captain even though he was an eternal jokester.

Futakuchi’s hesitation shows for a moment and his girlfriend seems to see it flash in his eyes because her next words relieve his worries, “Because I want this. Kenji-kun…” His name almost comes out as a whine when her eyes start to cloud with lust and she gives his tip another kitten lick.

Maybe it was time to get those buttons working.

Futakuchi groans as he matches her lusty gaze and runs his fingers into her hair, “Oh baby, go for it.”
Without further ado, Futakuchi is sent into a moaning mess as he presses his back against the refrigerator door to hold himself up. His girlfriend has one half of his dick moving in her mouth while the other half is lovingly cared for by her hand. She licks around him several times, sending him into heat. His face is red and his member is hard. The swirl of her tongue around the crown of his dick is sensational, and Futakuchi’s eyes roll around their sockets. “Ohhh, yesss.” he moans.

His girlfriend’s eyes are focused on the task in front of her, so Futakuchi lets his head bow back and brings one hand up to clutch at his face. It’s so hard to cope with just the feeling of his sweet, innocent, emotional girlfriend so lewdly pleasuring his nether regions (wowza, she’s got his balls in her hands now), he doesn’t know if he could handle watching her do it at the same time.

But he dares to as she beckons to him with her voice, with her voice that travels through her throat directly into his nerves via shaft. “Kenji-kun…” she whines softly again, popping her mouth off of his now fully erect wood.

With much effort, Futakuchi grunts to lift his head back up to look down at his girlfriend’s big, hopeful eyes, “Look at me.” she practically pleads as she takes a hold of him in her hand again and licks a stripe up the underside of his dick, from balls to crown. And then she moves down again to start lapping at his balls with her wet tongue.

“Holy fuck,” Futakuchi trembles, gently lifting her face up by the chin with his balls still in her mouth, “Baby girl, you’re all I see.”

“Mmm.” she closes her eyes and moans a kiss into the hilt of his shaft, sending Futakuchi keeling again, tripping over his moans.

Eventually, feeling kind of weak due to this being his first blow job, Futakuchi’s legs are sapped of their strength and soon he’s slid down to sit on the floor. But that doesn’t stop his ambitious girlfriend who seems to follow his dick wherever it goes.

Futakuchi is sitting with his back against the fridge and his girlfriend is now leaning on top of him between his legs, her forearms supporting her weight on the floor outside of his thighs while her head is bent down to continue sucking him off. The boy being pleasured can’t move his eyes away from the gorgeous sight of his girlfriend’s body lying between his legs on the floor, doing all she can to swallow his dick whole.

Maybe it’s better down here, because it’s harder to thrust up into her mouth without room to move in the corner he’s been backed into. He runs his hands down her back and moves them to her front to slide his hands back up. Once his palms are met with a little more bounciness, he squeezes the soft mounds through her clothes.

He’s met with a favorable response that sends a moan flying from his girlfriend’s throat deep into his groin again, “Oooh, baby, yes. Do me just like that.” he whispers as she starts to bob her head up and down on his dick. He returns the favor with lots of breast groping and kisses to the crown of her head.

Futakuchi comes quickly enough. What with all the stimulation, it was bound to happen. What his girlfriend doesn’t want to swallow dribbles down her mouth when she lifts her head up. She wipes it away with the back of her arm and gulps harshly, gasping for air.

Without notice, Futakuchi grabs her by the face and kisses her. The sight of her red face, disheveled hair, and especially swollen lips were enough to make him hard all over again. She was so beautiful and so lovely, and is she really the same girl he’s been dating for the past several months?
They kiss for a long time, sending throaty moans back and forth into each other’s mouths before Futakuchi decidedly leans her back down onto the kitchen floor. When he pulls up for air, he has her arms locked on either side of her head, and his legs rest on either side of her hips. When she gives her boyfriend a questioning look, Futakuchi simply smirks back, “We’re not done yet. It’s your turn.”

“O-on the floor??” Oop, there she is. “That’s so dirty!!” she hides her reddening face behind her hands. Or she tries to, since she can only reach her arms around Futakuchi’s around her head to try and cover a portion of her face. When he begins to kiss her neck, she starts moaning, “Kenji-kun, nooo~”

“Yes.” he replies simply as he silences her protests with a deep kiss. Except this time, her innocent fire has returned to her. She’s shouting at him with her red face, calling him immature names, and flailing around beneath him.

“Mm, now if you do that,” Futakuchi presses his reawakened arousal against hers, “Who knows how big it’ll get?” he smiles teasingly down at her.

“B-b-b-big??” she stutters as her boyfriend kicks his pants and boxers off to one side and pulls her panties down to kick them off her ankles with his foot between her legs. The skirt can stay.

First letting her get the feel of the heat between their two pelvises, Futakuchi starts kissing her again. Her moans are whiny but her kisses are fierce, her own special way of protesting. In the meantime, he slides his hands up her shirt, letting his wrists push the fabric up until her bra and shirt are bundled up above her chest.

“Mm, beautiful.” his comment makes her blush travel to her chest as he licks around one nipple. He gives them each reasonable attention until he notices his girlfriend’s legs and hips begin to tremble beneath him. So he goes directly into prepping, sliding one long, calloused digit inside of her hot, wet, core.

As he wiggles his fingers around and adds more of them inside, the direct contact becomes a bit overwhelming on top of all the attention shown to her nipples. She’s forgone the insults in favor of squealish moans and pleasurable mewls. “Kenji-kuuuun. Nooooo. Mmmmmm.”

“Do you like calling my name that much?” Futakuchi lifts his head to teasingly smile at her again. “You made me feel so good. Now I want to make you feel good.” he says heavily as he scoots up to breath against her face, letting their hips rut together, pushing his fingers along with him.

“Ah! Kenji-kun!!” she wails, crashing her head to the side of the floor, “You’re rubbing me!! Into the floor!! Ahh!”

“Is that what you’re concerned about?” he smirks, letting their noses touch but keeping his lips just out of her reach. He does the same down south, removing his fingers to let the length of his shaft rub against the line of her slick, wet slit but dodging her when she tries to bring him inside. “Then you don’t want this?” he brings his hips up to embarrassingly slap his length against her now widespread legs.

“Ahhh!!” she squeals, thrashing her head back and forth in embarrassment because Futakuchi has now gotten a hold of her hands and pinned them beside her head. “Kenji-kun!!”

“Your wish is my command, princess.” he nuzzles his nose against hers for a brief moment, “Tell me your wish.”
“I-I--” she blushes furiously. At this point she had no idea how she still had body heat that hasn’t traveled up to her head, “Kenji-kuuunn.” she cries, “Fuck me…”

“Atta girl.” he smirks, aiming himself right at her entrance and slipping inside quite easily. She was well prepared and accepted him inside readily with her arousal. He pulls himself in and out as she continues to scream in embarrassment and moan in pleasure simultaneously. As aroused as he is, he can’t help chuckling at how she’s still embarrassed, even after being connected to him to this point.

“Why don’t you tell me how you like it, baby? You like it slow?” he continues to pull in and out, gently aiming himself again and again, “Or do you want it a little rough? Hm?” this time he pounds into her… well… roughly… making her bounce up a couple of inches on the floor.

His bold teasing actions and his smug face send her screaming all over again, “Ahh!!! Shut up! Shut up!! You’re stupid, stupid, stupid!!!”

“Mhm, what else am I?” he asks each question with a complimentary thrust, “Sexy? Undeniable? Unbelievably handsome?”

“Unbelievably stupid!” she whines desperately, still trying to reach her lips up to his.

“Well if you think that, then maybe I should stop.” he slowly pulls out and doesn’t make a move to reenter her.

“Don’t stop.” she whines even more desperately.

“Say you love me.” he teases.

“I fuckin’ hate your guts.” she shrieks, “And your dick. And your big hands. Ahhh--!!” She’s interrupted when one of the acclaimed big hands travels down to squeeze her breast. “Kenji-kuuun!!” she’s practically crying as she aimlessly thrusts up into his pelvis, unable to find his dick and bring it back to where she wants it to be.

But with one arm now free, she makes a grab for the back of his head and pushes him down to kiss her again. Her fingers weave tightly into her boyfriend’s soft sandy hand and eagerly accepts his shaft’s reentry.

They thrust and kiss and grope and moan for several more minutes, even after they’ve come inside of each other and cried out their orgasms. Futakuchi keeps his girlfriend’s adorable whines at bay with his lips and continues thrusting until they both lose strength in their legs.

They rest inside of each other for another few moments, still kissing on the floor. Neither is worried about the cum dripping down their thighs since Futakuchi now knows how eager his girlfriend was to have sex. He can easily identify the bottled item that she had hidden from his sight when he visited her room the other day.

After they finish kissing, they continue to lie on the kitchen floor in each other’s arms until Futakuchi gathers up enough strength to lift his head to look his girlfriend in the face, “Say you love me.” he requests again with his usual teasing smile.

The preciousely adorable girl beneath him looks away with a stubborn furrow in her eyebrows before mumbling an indistinctive, “I love you…”

Her beloved boyfriend gives her a playful grope on the breast before leaning down to kiss her nose, “I know. And I love you.” he smiles. Sincerely this time.
Yaku Morisuke - Take Care

Chapter Summary

you’re kuroo’s little sister and you have a huge crush on yaku morisuke

Chapter Notes

i am incredibly sorry. this is like... 10% smut. i got carried away by this plot bunny. or should i say plot racehorse. forgive me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It goes without saying, you’re a very open person. You don’t have many secrets, you’re brutally honest, and very casual about how you do things. It makes you quite popular at Nekoma high school, in addition to the fact that your hot older brother is the captain of the boys volleyball club and you are a bit of a vision yourself, being a dancer and all. You often let your body do as much speaking as your words. You wouldn’t say that you act differently at school and home. Maybe you bicker a little more with your brother behind closed doors, but other than that, you don’t have much to be shy about.

Or that’s usually the case. But ever since his second year in high school, Tetsurou’s been bringing his friends over more and more without warning. Now, you’re not really one to hide your true self just because there are some boys around. But… there are some standards as to what is socially appropriate for guests who enter your house.

They probably don’t include you walking into the kitchen in only your sports bra and really short shorts as you loudly belt the lion king opening theme at the top of your lungs. You don’t notice the handful of boys in the living room staring at you until you close the refrigerator door after grabbing your fruit smoothie, “AHH!! ONII-CHAN!!” you shriek, almost dropping your smoothie as you scramble to grab the nearest volleyball jacket hanging on the chair at the dining table to throw around your shoulders. You rip the earphones out of your ears before scolding him, “You should freaking say something if you’re bringing people home!”

“Uhm… I do recall having announced my return.” Tetsurou says calmly, watching you squirm underneath the jacket you took while still trying to hold your smoothie.

“You should have waited for me to reply! Ugh!” you grumble, turning on your heel to head back towards your room, mumbling about how no one ever tells you when there are people over.

That was in your final year of middle school, and possibly the final year in which you had no secrets to hide. Because once you entered Nekoma high school, you had to be more cautious about who you blurted to about your crush on your brother’s friend. The slightest slip could make things incredibly awkward for their last year in high school. So your secret attraction to Yaku Morisuke must stay just that; secret.
Actually, it had started a long while back. It had been your first year of middle school during the sports meet with other middle schools, your school had been crushed by another volleyball team. At the time, you thought it was super cool how their players were so good to the point where such good players at your own school could be pushed to such corners (your classmates of course, were not as thrilled).

But come Tetsurou’s first year in high school, he constantly complains about this guy he met in the volleyball club, who happened to be from the school that had crushed yours last year. So without even asking, you learned all about this Yaku Morisuke character, who’s apparently an annoying little short guy who doesn’t appreciate fish and everything that your brother does. At first, it was pretty funny to see your big brother so riled up and you sort of admired the idea of Yaku through Tetsurou’s stories, because being able to annoying your brother was not a skill that you possessed. He always managed to brush you off and one-up you in arguments all the time.

But eventually, the complaints stop, and you find out that Tetsurou and Yaku have the same goal to make it to nationals. And soon, he’s getting along pretty well with his team. You can see from some of the games that you attend how well they actually work together. It’s clear that they all rely on and trust each other to get the job done. The trust between them is incredible.

Also, Yaku Morisuke is super cute. He and Kai introduced themselves to you before one of Nekoma’s volleyball games, and you were immediately struck with how kind the two were. But the competitive edge that Yaku had was what left a mark in your heart. During that game, Yaku managed to catch every serve, no matter how powerful it was, as well as a good majority of the spikes. That glint in his eye when he saw his competitors’ frustrated faces was golden.

As you started seeing him more often at your house, he became like another bigger brother to you. Hell, he took care of you better than your actual brother did a lot of the time, always asking if you wanted a snack or help with homework or chores or whatever it was.

And of course, he caught you at a lot of weird moments, like when you were fresh out of the shower on the one day you forgot to bring your clothes with you to the bathroom, or when your shirt fell down while you were doing a handstand, or when you were reciting some really, really awkward lines for a project, or when you were practicing literally the most uncouth parts of one of your dances. The list goes on, and continues to grow to this day.

So you would think that at this point, since Yaku (and a couple of Tetsurou’s other friends) has seen you at your most candid, that you would have given up being embarrassed by now. And in most cases, you would have. But there’s just something about his nervous chuckle or his averted eyes that gives you just a little hope that he might not just see you as Tetsurou’s little sister. And that hope makes your heart race and your face flush and your sense of embarrassment come alive.

That day that you had made a musical entrance in practically only undergarments and stolen a volleyball jacket, you caught a whiff of something lovely. The red Nekoma jacket smelled freshly cleaned, with a spring scent that made you feel warm. After you entered your room, you took off the jacket only to bring it up to your face and take a deeper whiff of it. It was lovely, and you wanted to hug it to you like a teddy bear for the rest of your life.

Even before checking underneath the tag where there were small initials written in faded permanent marker, you knew that it belonged to Yaku. It was just a gut feeling. Fate, perhaps. Out of all the jackets that happened to be lying around, the one you grabbed belonged to the biggest crush of your life.

Before long, you decided to do away with the jacket before you really got attached to it. You just hung it outside of your room on the doorknob, so that Yaku could come get it without asking you
any questions. And you could get away with not seeing anyone’s face after yet another embarrassing encounter.

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Your heart does so many things on the day of the volleyball semifinals for Tokyo. Of course, you’re in the stands with the many other Nekoma supporters and you’re standing beside Yamamoto Akane - - makeshift cheerleading captain, volleyball enthusiast, and little sister extraordinaire. And on Akane’s other side is Haiba Alisa, spreading some sort of positive energy into the atmosphere with her gorgeousness.

The first thing your heart does is drop, when you see the look of pure delight as Yaku eyes Alisa from the gym floor. Then your heart rate picks up again when Yaku smiles and waves at you gently. You barely manage to return the wave before he turns back to continue his warmups. And throughout the two matches against Fukurodani and Nohebi, you go through so many motions that you feel like your heart might as well just pop out of your chest from all the flopping it’s doing.

Actually, you think that you hear it crack a little when you see the anguish on Yaku’s face when he’s pulled aside to have his ankle taken care of. That long receive was incredible, but you only wish that it didn’t have to end up this way. You know that he would never regret having saved that point for Nekoma, but there’s a lot of philosophical debate going on in your head about whether it was really worth it.

In the end, Nekoma take care of business and they manage to score a place in nationals. Relief, excitement, pride, happiness, all sorts of emotions swell through you as you clutch the other two girls’ hands and jump up and down at your brothers’ victory.

When you all go downstairs to meet them, you’re really tempted to run up to Yaku first, but obviously you have to keep up the front that you’re mainly here because of your brother. “Oniichan!!!!” you and Akane shout in sync as you all run up to the boys leaving the gym, alongside Alisa who shouts, “Lyovochka~!!”

Tetsurou only manages to turn his head before you’re jumping on his back and throwing an arm around his neck to hold onto him while you ruffle his already messy hair with your free hand, “Oya, oya!! Have you always been this cool?” you laugh loudly as he tries to tear your limbs away from his neck.

After you drop back down to the floor, he turns to face you and gives you his usual smirk, “Oya? You mean you didn’t know?”

You punch him in the chest in retaliation, and then converse with the other team members for a bit before they have to gather up again to bring all their supplies back. Before that, you catch the injured libero as he’s being mounted along his teammates’ shoulders, “Yaku-san, are you going to be okay?”

“This? This is nothing. I’ll be up and running for nationals in no time.” he smiles reassuringly.

“Okay, that’s good. Get well soon.” is all you can say before he’s being dragged off with the rest of the team.
That was probably one of the last times that you got to directly speak to him in a while. After the semifinals, the volleyball club kept their members busy with practice and then the tournaments came up. And before you knew it, the Nekoma third years were graduating. Even more quickly, you were working your way up to graduation yourself.

But your days pining after Yaku Morisuke were far from over. You tried to best to give other boys a try, since you did receive the occasional confession from time to time. But your efforts were shattered whenever Kuroo brought Yaku over to hang out on some weekends, since they both went to university in the city.

Those awkward coincidental moments continued to happen whenever you let your guard down, but you were older now. Since the third years left Nekoma High, you had slowly dropped most of your inhibitions. You stopped flushing as much whenever you were caught in what looked like a compromising position, you got more confident in your abilities and personality, and you even managed to start openly flirting with Yaku in those seldom opportunities he dropped by the Kuroo household.

Since you were getting better at this, you eventually came to a decision. At some point, before you graduated high school, you would confess your feelings to Yaku. You’re still don’t know how you’re going to go about it, but you figured that once the time came, you would know it. So with the time pressure you’ve set for yourself, it would happen at some point before you left Nekoma for good.

#

It wasn’t hard to tell that you liked him. Yaku knew that you had a small crush on him. Or maybe even a big one, but he didn’t want to go too ahead of himself. At first, he had believed you acted slightly more nervous than you usually did because he often had the most awkward timing and caught you off guard. Anyone would be taken by surprise. But after finding more correlations between your behaviors towards others and then towards him, it wasn’t hard to put two and two together.

Admittedly, you were quite a cutie. A pretty face with a wild personality, unafraid to meet and interact with new people, and although he preferred short hair on girls, your long dark locks that smoothly ran down to your mid-back framed your petite body as perfectly as it provided a sexy image when you swung it around during a dance. Its sleek beauty was quite a contrast to the bird’s nest your brother often sported. And to his guilty delight, your build was quite different from your brother’s as well. While the Nekoma volleyball captain was tall and broad, you were small enough for Yaku to be just slightly above your eye level.

Not to mention, you were super funny and usually full of energy. With the way you were always dancing and singing, waltzing around the house and even school without a care in the world, the quirky side of you made you especially endearing. Since you and Tetsurou got along pretty well, you easily joined in on their conversations and became a familiar face among the Nekoma volleyball club, even before you started attending the school as a student.

But despite acknowledging your undeniable charms, there was something about you that was just so… forbidden. Maybe it’s because you were Tetsurou’s younger sister, and he couldn’t really imagine how strained their friendship might become if he suddenly started dating you. Sure, he openly gawked at Lev’s sister before but you were jailbait now. It felt so taboo. He treated you like
his own little sister, but the way he ran his eyes over your maturing body sometimes was anything but brotherly. And after catching himself, Yaku would often feel an impending guilt growing in his chest when he thought of his teammate.

After Nekoma had gotten into nationals, there wasn’t really time to focus on things outside of school and volleyball. But after he graduated, it was hard to ignore the assertiveness you seemed to be gaining as you went further into high school. You got less and less shocked and nervous on his occasional visits to your house (which he often looked forward to as a break from university life), and now, in your third year of high school, you had become something of a young woman.

It didn’t get past him how you held yourself more confidently (and you were already plenty confident before), how you were taking on more responsible tasks in helping your family with complicated errands, and of course, how well your body seemed to fill out. It created an even bigger contrast between you and Tetsurou. While he was all solid lines and taut muscles, you had lots of soft curves and plush looking skin -- although it was clear how well dance club activities kept you in tip-top shape.

He tried not to stare at you for too long, should somebody notice his lingering gazes, but there was another accidental happening that got him fixated on something for longer than he should ever think about it.

Tetsurou had been trying to get him to try a new type of fish -- he never really did drop the Docosahexaenoic acid thing -- and it hadn’t ended well for him. Yaku had complained so much that they ended up rushing to the Kuroo house, where the libero had barged in, and almost soiled himself when he came face-to-face with you in all your pants-less glory. You were freshly showered and clad in a pair of (lace-trimmed) black panties, a loose midriff top, glasses on your nose, and a toothbrush in your mouth.

The two of you had stared at each other for a moment before you lifted your toothbrush-free hand in greeting, “Osu.” you mumble through the toothpaste foam and brush bristles in your mouth.

“O-Osu.” he greets you back quickly, doing everything in his power to keep his gaze from slipping down to your beautiful, perky, voluptuous butt.

“Did you need the bathroom? I can leave.” You started stepping out of the bathroom towards Yaku. Now he could see the pretty black triangle covering the mystery between your legs.

“No, no! It’s fine, I’ll just--” his stomach interrupts his argument with a gurgle and he fumbles past you into the bathroom after all, clutching his stomach as if it’ll quell it somehow. “Thanks.” he grunts before shutting the door.

As wrong as it is, Yaku can’t seem to get that image of that beautiful round curve of your lower body out of his head, even after he leaves the bathroom and you’re wearing shorts to cover your suggestive underwear. He has to hold himself back, despite how he knows it’s perfectly appropriate for a healthy young man and woman to feel attraction towards each other. After all, you’re still Kuroo [Name], and he only knows you because of you’re his friend’s little sister.

But who is he kidding? He won't be able to hold himself back at some point if you keep smiling like that at him. He decides that he'll wait at least until you've graduated, maybe after you've started university, to start reciprocating your pursuits.
The Nekoma volleyball club alumni are pulled into an impossible situation. An old manager of the Nekoma volleyball club is getting married and she’s throwing a sort of gala for her wedding banquet. And there would be a traditional waltz for all of the guests to participate in. “I won’t take no for an answer, got it?” Their old manager and friend had reiterated when she had invited the boys. So now, several of the boys were at a loss because they used their bodies to chase after flying balls, not follow choreographed routines.

But despite how the solution was clearly obvious, the boys didn’t realize it until Lev pointed it out (through a mouth full of rice and tuna, nonetheless) during a visit to the school, “Why don’t you just ask [Name]-san? She’s a dancer. She could probably teach you all.”

So after much thought and begging, especially on Tetsurou’s side, he, Yaku, and Kai are in the Kuroo living room one Saturday evening with classical music playing on the stereo and you trying your best to deal with getting stepped on. “Onii-chan, I’m not a volleyball! Stop trying to push me forward like you’re trying to block me.” you bring your brother’s massive arms and elbows into a lower position.

“My bad.” he holds back from making a joking comment, because he does need to learn this.

“Okay, let go. Let’s start again from the transition.” He follows your directions and releases you so you can twirl around as if changing dance partners, which is what will happen at this Yule Ball of a wedding. He’s managed to memorize the steps to take, but it’s still incredibly stiff. He’s got a long way to go if he’s planning to do this in a suit with girls in flowy dresses.

Thankfully, you’re all barefoot, so there’s no big damage done to your feet. But who would have thought that your calm and powerful big brother could be so clumsy? It goes to show that everyone has different strengths. Although he was very good at taking the lead, what with his captain personality.

“Why don’t you take a break? It’s a good start.” you suggest when he seems to have the general rhythm down. It won’t be long before he can do it well with strangers. “Kai-san, you’re next. Come here.”

The gentle vice-captain catches on more quickly, but there’s a shyness that keeps you apart. It feels more like a business transaction than a dance, which is understandable because none of these boys had ever planned to dance in their lives. And after about twenty minutes practicing with him, it’s time for the one you’ve been saving for last in anticipation. “Yaku-san.” you hold your hands behind your back and beckon him towards you, directing him to ask you to dance.

After you adjust his hands on your body, you teach him the transition to get into the starting position. He gets it down pretty quickly, and even more impressive, he doesn’t step on you. Perhaps it’s because he’s been watching you teach the other two for a while already, so he knows what he has to do. He just has to put it into practice with his own body. There’s just one problem…

“Yaku-san, I know you’re a libero and all, but you need to take the lead.” you announce bluntly. The boys sitting on the couch laugh, and Yaku chuckles good-naturedly as well.

“Okay.” he smiles gently, looking into your eyes.

You may look calm with your professional demeanor, but you’re glad that this is a waltz, because Yaku won’t be able to feel your heart thundering underneath your chest. You’ve never been this close to him. You’ve never even held his hand, and now you can feel his rough callouses in your
palm and the warm weight on your waist. Just a little bit closer and you could…

“[Name]-chan?” Yaku calls to you.

“Huh?” you break out of your clouded bubble of thoughts. It’s only when you bring your head back that you realize you had been leaning closer. Shit.

“Are you okay? You kind of drifted off there for a moment.” he chuckles.

Blinking, you try to laugh it off, “Then you’re a natural. If you can lead me while I’m not even paying attention, then I don’t think you have too much to worry about.” Pulling away before you get carried away again, you dismiss everyone, “I think that’s enough for today. We can practice more next time. Good job today.”

“Thanks for the hard work.” they say to you as you make your way upstairs for a shower. You might need to make it a cold one with how hot you feel right now, fresh from Yaku’s touch.

Yaku was getting a cold sweat. His fingertips were tingling from holding onto your body and his mind fuzzy from inhaling your light perfume. It was a fresh scent, so you must have sprayed it on just before you had come downstairs to teach them. It was the same scent that he had found lingering on his volleyball club jacket a couple years ago when you had stolen it to cover up your body from the boys in your living room. It’s been a long time coming, but he clearly recognizes it. He almost wants to follow you upstairs to drown himself in the different smells of you wafting in your bedroom.

You had been so close to him just minutes ago. You had almost kissed him! He was 90% sure of that. The only reason he had interrupted you was because of the spectators in the room. That would have been awkward to explain, especially if he ended up kissing you back.

What was he thinking?? Kissing you back?? There was no guarantee that you were going to kiss him first. You were probably just getting caught up in the moment, like most dancers probably do. But… he did have an instinctual feeling that he was right. You would have kissed him if he didn’t stop you.

What if this happened again? Would he be able to stop you in time? He had almost forgotten his position when he saw your pupils dilate right before his eyes. His body was trembling right now, in need of your touch, your smell, the feel of your skin underneath his. Yaku had thought he almost caught on fire when the hem of your tank top lifted just a bit to let his hand come into contact with a sliver of your skin. And even now, the sound of the shower running upstairs makes images of your naked body to appear in his head.

The wedding isn’t until next month… There’s no way that something’s not going to transpire during these dance lessons until then. What he was afraid of now was… how much he was anticipating it. He was sure something was going to happen, and he couldn’t wait for it. He had told himself that he would wait until you graduated high school to let something happen, but…

“You okay, dude?” Tetsurou hands Yaku a cup of tea that he had been brewing in the kitchen.

“Oh, yeah. Thanks.” he accepts the tea, “But this is fun. I’m looking forward to the wedding.”

The two agree that the dancing isn’t as bad as they thought it was, and Yaku lets himself get swallowed into the conversation to avoid his thoughts drifting to the sound of the shower splashing onto your naked body upstairs.
“Eh? Yaku-san? It’s just you today?” You’re surprised to see Yaku by himself when you open the door.

“Yeah, Kai has classes late into the evening on Thursdays.” he says as he lets himself in, taking off his shoes. “Your brother’s not home yet either, huh?”

“He said he’d be at his part time job until late tonight. And my mom is off taking care of Kenma’s grandmother next door.” you affirm.

“Oh.” Yaku utters. This was pointing in all sorts of directions. You’re pretty sure Yaku felt it too. You two would be alone in the house, with your bodies close together for a dance lesson. “Well… I’ll be in your care, then.” he acts as if he’s unaffected by this inevitable opportunity.

“Right.” You breathe, adjusting your clothes and hair before following him into the living room.

Surprisingly, the two of your manage to keep the lesson on track for an hour. It’s been a couple weeks since the first lesson, so Yaku has gotten pretty good with moving his body to lead yours. You had begun wearing a flowy skirt to give the boys an idea of the distance they’re supposed to keep from the girls when they waltz, and Yaku has it down to a T.

But the triggering moment you’ve been waiting for happens when he dips you a little too far and has to move his hands to catch your weight in order not to drop you. You feel frozen in time when he has a strong hand on your back, and another clutching onto your butt not very lightly. Your arms had swung around his neck to prevent your fall as well, and now your faces are just centimeters apart. Neither of you say a thing, both afraid to shatter the incredible tension in the air. The only sound around you is the classical music playing in the background. Slowly, ever so slowly, Yaku begins lifting you up into a proper standing position and reluctantly releases his grip on your soft ass, blushing profusely.

As he starts babbling his apologies, you figure it’s now or never. So using your arms which are still wrapped around his neck, you pull him closer to you and bring his lips to yours. And there. It’s happened. You knew it would. Yaku knew it would. And although it takes a little coaxing, the boy in your arms finally closes his eyes and replaces his hands on your waist as he starts kissing you back.

God, this feels so good. Had he known it would feel this good, he’d have accepted your subtle advances long ago. Your lips are warm and soft, more so than he imagined (and he’s done enough of that). Every inch of his body is screaming from the currents of electricity your body heat sends through him. Although Yaku hasn’t done much dating, the small things he’s had going on for him felt nothing like this. He supposes it’s heightened by his want for you that’s been growing for several years.

The libero feels the sparks flying up from his neck into his head, but then he realizes that you’ve run your hand up from his neck into his hair, pushing him even closer to you. He does his best to oblige to your actions and reciprocate. Maybe seconds, or minutes, or hours later, he doesn’t really know, he builds up the nerve to move his own hands. His limbs don’t feel like his own as he melds his fingers and palm against the curve of your ass. Even through the fabric of the skirt, he moans at the feelings of the plush flesh in his hands.
You giggle as pull your lips away from his, “So it wasn’t my imagination when I felt someone staring at my butt.” You slide your finger down his jaw, liking the feel of his face in your hands.

“This is so much better than staring.” he groans, giving it a squeeze. Your pleasant hum resounds in his in ears and he’d like to hear that every hour of the day.

Your lips come together again like they’re magnetized to each other, and it’s a while before either of you come up for air again. You had so many things to say and ask, but right now, you want nothing more than to just continue feeling Yaku’s lips on every inch of you. His tongue had long found his way inside your mouth and you feel like he’s licked at every crevice of it in the past five minutes. When he finally lets his lips roam down your jaw and to your neck, you’re just clutching him closer to you, willing for this to never end.

He relishes in your little shiver when his teeth graze along your pulse, and his cock twitches in his pants when you gasp out in surprise, “Yaku-san!” when he bites down. It’s not a hard bite, but with the heightened tension between your bodies, you just might melt into his arms. There’s already a puddle threatening to form and spill underneath your skirt.

“Ugh, you smell so good.” he groans in a deep octave you’ve never heard come out of his mouth before. Your legs tremble at the deep resonance it sends into your own throat.

As he moves right to the center of your collarbones to show you just how good he can be with his mouth, you clutch onto his shoulders and drop your head back as if you’re being dipped again, muttering his name into the ceiling like a soft prayer, “Oh Yaku-san, I wanna sit on your face so bad.” You don’t even realize you say it out loud because you’re preoccupied with trying to keep your legs standing upright.

But you can’t ignore the bare emptiness you feel when Yaku lifts his head off of your neck to stare down at you intensely. “Let me.”

“What?” you blink in a daze, voice weak.

He captures your lips in another deep kiss and pulls your bottom lip with him between his teeth when he pulls away, letting it snap back against your teeth before he whispers in the huskiest that you’ve ever heard, “I want to taste you.”

You almost faint. But you are determined to experience an orgasm that Yaku wrings out of you until you’re writhing, so with whatever power you have left in your body, you trip and drag Yaku upstairs to your bedroom.

When you close the door behind you, Yaku doesn’t have time to take everything in because you’re pushing him onto your bed and straddling his hips before kissing him again. You don’t know if you’ll ever be able to get enough of it. In the back of your mind, you’re somewhat worried that Yaku might not accept you after this and it’ll only be a one time thing.

Your worries seem to leak out into your actions, because your kisses start becoming more hurried and desperate as you push yourself harder against Yaku’s body, needing to feel him as much as you can. You’re blatantly ignoring the logical part of your brain that tells you that Yaku wouldn’t even be doing this with you if he didn’t want you too. He’s not the type to lead people on. But still, you kiss him like you’re going to lose him any minute.

Always the perceptive one, Yaku pushes you away and looks at you with those concerned, motherly
eyes of his. You’re reminded of how caring he’s always been towards you, and fear and doubt swallows your eyes as you wonder if he only sees you as a little sister after all. But he brushes his gentle fingers along your cheek, cooing to you, “Hey, what’s wrong?”

His gaze is so warm. He’s so full of love and you realize now that your feelings for him have gone far past the little crush you started with. “I… I…” He patiently strokes your face and tucks your hair behind your ear. But on the inside, he’s just as scared as you are.

Now or never!!! You internally yell at yourself. “I really like you.” you pant, suddenly short of breath.

To your surprise, he breaks the glass-like atmosphere with his heart-stopping smile. “I figured as much.” he chuckles. But when your eyes don’t seem to relax, he reassures you, “I really like you too.”

“But…” you trail off, wondering if he’s going to add anything about you being his best friend’s little sister, or you being too young, or something or other.

He seems to see through your worries, so he brings you down to gently kiss you until the tension leaves your body, “But nothing. I’m not going anywhere.” he smiles. Finally, you breathe a sigh of relief and smile back, leaning down for yet another kiss. “Now sit on my face.” he all but orders.

Your heart somersaults and you bite your lip to hide your excitement before you nod, lifting yourself up and rolling onto your back. You pull the light blue panties down your thighs, flinching at how damp they are, and throw them down onto the floor.

Yaku licks his lips at the sight of your legs up in the air, with no barrier to that beautiful triangle between your legs. When the cute panties land on the floor and you sit back up, he beckons you over with a flick of his fingers. You look so cute with your lip between your teeth, crawling up to him until you’re straddling his neck, your legs spread out on the either side of the pillow that Yaku’s head rests on.

You shyly lift your skirt up and what’s underneath is heaven if Yaku has ever seen it. The smell is enough to knock him out on the pheromones alone, and he’s never seen such a beautiful shade of pink. Without hesitation, he brings his hands up to grab at your ass underneath the skirt and push your dripping wet cunt onto his mouth.

The first taste is like a sip of beer; flooring and just what he needs in his system. He lays his tongue out flat on your lips to catch at all the dripping fluids coming out of your pussy and he can feel you trembling. And when he sucks, you slam your hands onto the edge of your desk, trying to stay conscious. “Ah! Yaku-san.” you whine at the hot, wet muscle protruding into your slit and reaching just past your inner lips to touch a bundle of nerves inside you.

Yaku is utterly helpless to the taste of you. He digs and digs with his tongue, trying to get deeper into you to taste every flavor of you. His nose bumps into your clit several times and your juices are dripping down his chin. He can only faintly see anything underneath the tent of your skirt, but he doesn’t need to be able to see to know that you’re enjoying this, if your moaning and trembling legs are a sign of anything. It is regrettable, however, that he can’t see the expression on your face. He supposes he’ll have to get by on your taste alone for now.

The way you start bouncing and rolling your pelvis into his face helps him get his tongue deeper inside of you. When he moans into your pussy, you’re a goner. Your face flushes as your entire body
shivers and you come all over his mouth. You can feel him lapping it up with an carnivorous fervor and you don’t want this to end.

Too caught up in your orgasm, you don’t even hear the faint “I’m home!” from downstairs. So imagine your surprise when your door swings open as you’re riding away the last waves of your orgasms on Yaku’s mouth. “Whoa!” Tetsurou exclaims as you shout, “AH!! ONI-CHAN!!” bringing your arms around to cover your torso even though you’re still (practically) fully clothed, save for the panties on the floor.

“My bad.” he says, closing your door immediately, but you don’t miss the amused smirk on his face before it disappears behind your door.

You shriek in embarrassment, covering your face in your hands, but still clenching over Yaku’s tongue that’s still inside of you. At least his face was covered by your skirt, so maybe you had a chance of saving the guy’s identity. You had boys over all the time for either homework or dance. Surely he’d believe you if you said it was just a guy from school.

To think that you’d get caught during your very first sexual encounter. This was beyond your biggest nightmares. Your brother will never let you live this down…

Will some trouble, you crawl off of Yaku’s face on shaky legs, moaning as he keeps hold of your clits between his teeth like he did your lip earlier. It sends a shock through your body and you feel like you could go for another round right now. But your brother is downstairs, and that would be beyond awkward. Guess you’ll have to say it for another day.

Yaku notices your saddened pout and cups a hand to your face when he sits up, “Don’t worry. We can pick up on this again next time.” he seals it with a kiss. A really wet one too, since half his face is covered in your juices. “You tasted amazing, by the way.” he whispers into your ear like he’s sharing a deep secret, making you blush.

“Ugh, what am I gonna do about onii-chan?” you hide your face in your hands again. “I’ll never be able to face him again.”

The libero chuckles as he wipes his face with a tissue from your desk, and then kisses the top of your head sweetly, “I’ll go talk to him.”

When the two of you are cleaned up, Yaku tells you that you can stay inside your room, “I’ll talk to you soon, [Name]-chan.” he kisses you again, and you want to squeal in the delight at the fire running through your veins, burning at your blood and setting your body alight.

You can only nod when Yaku smiles at you. And you listen intently from the second floor hallway when Yaku makes his way downstairs to greet your brother. You can clearly hear the smirk in your brother’s voice, “Well, hey there, big guy.”

“Hey Kuroo.” Yaku greets him like it’s any other day. “So you might have heard already, but I’m dating your sister now.” he mentions as casually as if he was talking about the weather.

But what really surprises you is how your brother responds, “Yeah I figured as much. Took you two long enough.”

“What do you mean?” Yaku sounds calm, despite how you’re swimming in a sea of confusion right now. Sure, Yaku must have picked up on your crush, but you thought you had hidden it pretty well around his teammates and your brother.

“Yaku, my friend. Surely, you don’t believe that you were being subtle with the ogling at my little
sister’s body all these years.” Tetsurou chuckles. You hear a slurp. Probably has a cup of tea in his hand, the bastard. “And for what possible reason would Kuroo [Name], the overconfident attention seeker, become shy?”

Attention seeker?? You were a dancer!! Just because you liked everyone watching you in your coolest image on stage didn’t mean that you were-- ...Okay, point taken.

Yaku just laughs, not surprised at how perceptive his best friend is. “Alright, you got me. But anyway, I hope I have your blessing. I’ll take good care of her.”

“Yeah, I bet. You took real good care of her a couple of minutes ago.” Another slurp. Another flush to your cheeks.

You hear some rustling and laughter, and before long, Yaku says his goodbyes to your brother and makes his way towards the door. He catches your gaze on his way out and just smiles and winks your way before heading to put his shoes on and take his leave. If you didn’t faint earlier, you might as well have now. He was so charming.

“Hey, don’t you think you should put some underwear on?”

“ONII-CHAN.”

Chapter End Notes

i have nothing to say for myself, but thank you for reading anyway. and for the kudos! leave me a comment or suggestion sometime, yeah?
Nakashima Takeru - Through it All

Chapter Summary

you've been best friends with takeru since before you were even born.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was all a mess. There were leftover snacks and drinks strewn all over the living room, clothes hanging off of the television and shelves, and people running amok in the house, yelling, dancing, and just being obnoxiously loud. But this wasn’t some college house party. This was the Nakashima household on a typical Saturday evening.

And of course, you and Takeru, the most responsible children of the two families who had gathered around for your weekly potluck dinner, ended up playing custodians in the aftermath. “Oi, Minoru, stop moving around so much. I’m taking you up to your room.” your best friend since conception grunts, as he struggles to carry his little brother up to his room while you tidy up the living room table.

Usually, things didn’t get this messy, but Takeru’s volleyball club had won a practice match against another school yesterday, so this was a small celebration. The victory itself wasn’t a big deal, but your families were both filled to the brim with energy and liked to get together at every possible opportunity. And because your parents and the Nakashima parents had practically been friends and next door neighbors since the beginning of time, you really couldn’t escape each other.

Not that you wanted to. Despite how much trouble arises from family interactions, you adored the Nakashima family. And you’re pretty sure they loved your family as well; parents, three kids, two dogs, and all. You were the oldest of the three, with one sister in middle school and a little brother in elementary school. They were good friends with Makoto and Minoru, respectively, despite being a year or two off in age.

You and Takeru were the only ones born at the same age, and you had been attending the same schools since you were born. And although you were together more often than not, your personalities still diverged to your own individual interests. So while Takeru took up volleyball, you played soccer. While Takeru likes traditional, local foods, you always enjoy western style meals. And although he inherited the leadership position as captain of his volleyball club, you chose to remain ace without the captain title of your soccer club.

It’s not like you two were one entity, but it was uncommon to see you two separated for too long.
Obviously, you went to school and often went home together, since your club activities usually ended around the same time. You shared and switched bento boxes sometimes when you wanted to switch things up, since you both had several meals between school and practices. And you were both common visitors of each other’s classrooms for whatever small errands you had to run by each other, like returning a book or calculator or something.

Even now, you frequent each other’s homes and walk into each other’s rooms without precedent. It’s almost like you have two houses to live in, although it doesn’t make it any less cramped with the number of occupants in each family. But you love the relationship between your families, because you’re never afraid of being alone. And you’re reminded of that every time Mr. or Mrs. Nakashima give you a smile or an extra snack. Or whenever Takeru’s siblings come to you for help or to play. Or when they hoard both families to come cheer you on at one of your soccer games, and you return the favor to anyone else.

Even now, as you transfer all the used dishes and cups over to the sink where your mom and Mrs. Nakashima are washing them, or as the dads are working together to fix the leg of a chair that had collapsed when the younger kids were climbing on it, or as Takeru’s older brother, Isamu, removes all the random clothes off of the furniture, you feel nothing but warm. This house, as well as your own, holds your fondest memories. And you’re certain it’ll continue to hold more.

“Oh, by the way, mom, dad.” Takeru returns to the living area holding a packet of paper, “The third years are going to Okinawa for the school field trip. Here’s the itinerary.”

“Ehh? You’re actually going, Takeru?” you pipe up from your spot wiping down the table. “I thought that you had preliminaries at the end of the month.”

“We do, but this is our last chance to make some good memories with our classmates.” he smiles, “A few days away from practice will be hard on my body, but I’ll just make up for those missed hours somehow when we get back.”

“Good plan, Takeru. It’ll be a blast.” his father takes the papers and slaps his son’s back, “I loved the field trips. That’s where all kinds of opportunities appear. That’s where I first got your mom’s attention.” he chuckles, nudging an elbow at his second oldest son’s ribs. “Okinawa can be a magical place.”

Takeru laughs good-naturedly, trying to end the conversation before his parents can get into the dirty details, and you find yourself laughing too. “Okinawa… I can’t wait to play around in the ocean.” you sigh blissfully. You’re dying to get away from this pressuring atmosphere that’s all about college entrance exams and applications. It is your third year, after all.
The next Monday, after you turn in your permission slips to the homeroom teacher, your friends come up to you and start chattering away about the itinerary. You’re all excited about the trip, especially because you’ll be going to the island when the weather is likely to be at its best. Your friends are discussing what to do during the free hours when you get a message from your friend, and team captain.

“Looks like Miko-chan is sick today, after all.” you relay the message when your friends ask you what it’s about. “No wonder she cancelled morning practice today.”

“Well, looks like you’re up, [Surname]-chan. You’re like the vice-captain, right?”

“Yeah, so I’m going to have to lead practice today.” your smile grows sinister, “We’re gonna have to make up for those hours that we lost this morning.”

“There she is, Conniving-[Surname].” all your friends say together, all of their faces darkening at the same time.

You wouldn’t call yourself conniving. But you did go to extremes sometimes. Which is probably why all your teammates and the previous captain decided to inaugurate your best defender as the captain instead of you, despite how good you were.

It shows whenever the captain takes a day off due to whatever reason, and you have to take over for her as the vice-captain and ace of the team. You usually start off gently with your warm-ups and stretches, but once the drills start, you become something of a monster.

See, you’re the team’s ace for a reason. Having to take care of not only your siblings, but also your best friend’s siblings sometimes has made you build up your stamina overtime. So whenever you take the lead, you tend to go a bit too far and forget that not everyone has as much energy as you do.

So when you’re taking your team on a jog around the school, you end up pushing your the girls into a dash, threatening to make them do the drills all over again if they can’t keep at least ten meters near you. Although it’s a struggle for them, someone has to push your asses into gear every once in a while.
Coincidentally, the boys volleyball club also seems to be on their run right now. But at your pace, you catch up to them pretty quickly, forcing your team to come with you. “Oooossu~!” you shout as you run almost effortlessly past some of the back runners.

“[Surname]-san! As usual, you’re as athletic as you are beautiful!” one of the boys calls out to you, prompting a couple of the other boys to shout in agreement. You know this one. He’s one of Takeru’s more timeless second-years, who gets distracted more easily than even Kawatabi a lot of the time. Goes to show how he’s not ready to be a court regular just yet. But you know just how to deal with him.

Pivoting around to start running backwards, “Well, if you want a good look, then you better keep up.” you shoot them a wink and a couple shots of your finger guns. And in the midst of their blushing and energetic roars of encouragement, you turn back around and smack Takeru on the back before running past him too.

That little backwards jog gave your soccer players a little more time to close the distance between you, but now they’re back to pacing every breath they can as they try to keep up with you. You can’t blame them, since you were actually just trying to help Takeru’s team a little bit. You had no intention of letting them catch up to you.

When you run back and make it to the soccer field, your teammates are gasping for air like they’ve been underwater. But not too long after that, you’re back to drills. You hear a couple of calls from the volleyball boys in the background, but you’re too deep into your intensive practice to take notice.

“Are your teammates alright? You looked like you were leading a dictatorship today.” Takeru jokes when you two start walking home from school together.

“Shut up, they needed it after we skipped out on morning practice today.” you shoot back playfully. “How’d your practice go anyway?”

“Quite energetically, thanks to you.” he laughs. “A couple of the younger guys were going on about how you had probably actually shot them down earlier, because they couldn’t go on.”

“Well, I’m so cute now. Who wouldn’t fall for me?” you flip your ponytail back haughtily, breaking out into a laugh shortly afterwards.
“What do you mean ‘now’? You’ve always been cute.” your best friend punches your shoulder gently.

You can’t help snorting, “I beg to differ. I clearly recall some of those classmates of yours who’ve been going after me in high school were the same ones who teased me about being ugly and boyish just a couple years before.”

“Well, you are ugly and boyish.”

And he’s punctured with a fist to his side, “You just said I was cute!” you shout.

“Yeah, you are. As well as ugly and boyish. Your charm is how well-rounded and consistent you are.” he laughs, clutching his side and dodging your next shot.

But you make sure you don’t miss when you throw your arm around his neck to bring his head down so you can rub your knuckles against his head. “Ugh, Takeru, you’re the worst.”

Both of you know that there’s no actual malice in your words. Usually, Nakashima Takeru who’s always full of kind and encouraging words, finally lets some mean jokes come out when he’s around you. And it’s the same with how you’re usually pretty confident and content with yourself, but you sometimes let your insecurities show with him. You both show sides of each other that you don’t normally display to others, and you’ve always cherished that about your friendship. The utmost trust you share with each other is unbreakable.

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The weekend before the school trip to Okinawa, you somehow end up swimsuit shopping with your friends. They had been absolutely flabbergasted when they asked what kind of swimsuit you had, and you had answered, “Can’t I just wear the school swimsuit?”

There had been a storm of objections and upon their insistence, you’ve followed them to one of the cute shops in town. Your friends are coming up to you one after another, holding up all sorts of swimsuits up in front of you. Helpless to their efforts, you just let them do what they want with you.
Having grown up with many siblings and friends’ siblings to help take care of, you’ve always been a bit of a tomboy, since you didn’t have much time to try and focus on how you looked. Not to mention with your competitive spirit, you ended up getting pretty mussed up playing soccer or with the kids a lot anyway.

But you do have standards, and you know what will or will not match you. So whenever you see a really frilly, pastel colored number thrust at you, you push it right back. “Whyyyyy~!! It’d look so good on you! Come on, [Surname]-chan, all the boys will go nuts over you!”

“I’m wearing a swimsuit to swim, not impress boys!” you retort.

They start whining at that, “Then there would no point in us coming here with you then!”

“Yeah, live a little! You’re always so easy to dismiss the idea of attracting the opposite gender.”

“At this rate, you’ll end up committing to the first guy who steals your heart and suddenly get crushed and traumatized for the rest of your life, leaving you to cower away in loneliness after having given up on love forever!!” one of your more overdramatic friends who watches way too many dramas cries.

“As if,” you scoff, not backing down with pushing the frilly swimsuit away, “Like any of that matters. I’m gonna marry Takeru anyway.”

And silence ensues.

Your friends all look at each other while you raise an eyebrow at them, wondering what’s going on now. Which surprises them even more, because if your declaration in itself wasn’t shocking enough, the way you said it so casually as if you were simply reminding everyone that the sun rises in the east had them speechless.

But only for a second. Soon you’re bombarded with questions again, because although they usually take everything you say at face value, this one was another dimension of confusion.

“What do you mean ‘anyway’? Have you always planned to be with Takeru?”
“Do you actually like him as more than just a friend? This is kind of romantic… Childhood friends who’ve always been together…”

“Yeah, does Takeru like you back? Have you both actually been dating this entire time? It wouldn’t really come as a surprise if you did, now that I think about it…”

“Guys, guys, calm down.” you push them back, because they had been getting extremely close to your personal space, “No, Takeru and I aren’t dating. But I don’t see my life heading anywhere else. Takeru’s been with me through it all, and he’s always accepted me. So I don’t think I can accept anyone else.” you explain thoughtfully.

And it’s all true. You were a straight shooter. Takeru has been your life companion thus far, and you don’t think that’s going to change very much in the future. He’s seen you at your worst and at your best, and he knows everything that there is to know about you since the day you were born. And he’s accepted you through thick and thin.

You go way back, and you don’t think you’ve changed much since then other than your general appearance. In middle school, you had a sloppy transition period. You had braces, glasses, baby fat, dorky clothes, the works. So when you got teased about it, Takeru still defended you even though you (luckily) weren’t as easily affected by it as others would be. One of the reasons was because you knew you could always depend on him throughout it all, so you had nothing to fear.

So all those girls and boys who had ridiculed you through the ages, but were trying to butter you up now would get nothing but a polite declining response. You knew that you had filled out your body a little better as you got further into high school. And you had long since started using contacts to play soccer when you finally got your braces off. Growing out your hair seemed easier to keep out of your face because you could tie it up as well. But you still never really changed that much.

With the family and neighbors as crazy as ever, you still threw caution to wind about your appearance. So although you might have become prettier to other people, Takeru (and the rest of your families of course) had been with you through and through, never having treated you any differently. He was your solid foundation, and you can’t really imagine being with another person for the rest of your life.

“Are you like, saying that he’s the one for you?” your friend gasps.

“I don’t know about that, but we’re practically married already. We’re always taking care of the kids,
the house, each other. I don’t think we have any secrets between us…” The two of you even change clothing in the same room, but they didn’t need to know that.

“Anyway!” you clap your hands together, “Can we just get this shopping over with? I’m starving.”

The whole affair takes a good hour or two before you finally decide. In the end, you come to a compromise, buying two sets of swimsuits, since you really liked the simple one sold by a famous sports gear retailer, but your friends wouldn’t let you leave without at least one cute, girly piece that would push your limits. Settling was easy, getting them past the dress department was hard….

“Woooowww!! It’s the ocean!!” everyone exclaims when they walk across the sand towards the water.

Most Wakunan students are setting up their umbrellas and other beach supplies, including Takeru and a couple of his classmates and volleyball club teammates. But just as the volleyball captain has smeared on enough sunscreen to cover his bare torso, a hand slams into his back. He only gets a glimpse of you as you run past him, “Race you to the buoy!” your laugh chimes harmoniously with the beach waves.

“You’re on!” Takeru shouts, racing after you towards the water, ignoring the gawking looks his teammates give you. It had only been for a second, but they got to see your impressive, soccer-trained body up close. Even from behind, the simple sports two-piece did wonders in hugging your curves tightly enough to show something, but also keep them in place.

Just a couple meters into the water, you trip and end up splashing your best friend. He splashes you back while you’re still down, making you scream and try to defend yourself with your own disadvantaged splashes. You get close enough to jump on him and detain him by force, but he ends up pushing you off with a victorious laugh as he dives into the water first, swimming towards the buoy.

You follow, not far behind. But despite your hardest efforts, Takeru gets to the buoy first. You groan in defeat, but continue to challenge him in a series of activities throughout the rest of the afternoon. But things really get going for you when the net is set up for some beach volleyball. “Don’t underestimate a volleyball captain.” he had warned.

However, even though Takeru brings his A-game, his teammates seem to be a bit distracted. Of
course, it’s not hard to tell what’s throwing them off by the way they’re ogling at you and your friends’ bodies. It’s not everyday that you get to see your cute classmates in cute swimsuits.

But Takeru is no stranger to seeing you in undergarments skimpier than what you’re wearing now (you could be surprisingly adventurous with your underwear), so he’s using it to his advantage to concentrate on the game. He was right, you and your friends are no match for a powerhouse volleyball team, so they all but crushed you. But being the sore loser that you are, you never let it end just there. And you’re absolutely delighted at the challenging smile he puts on to match yours. He’s definitely your best friend, always on the same wavelength.

Okinawa is beautiful, almost like paradise to a group of high schoolers in the midst of a pressuring season. The third-years go on all kinds of adventures throughout the island, exploring nature and participating in group activities. You feel like you get closer to a lot of your classmates than you were before. You’re having the time of your life and you don’t want the fun to ever end.

Which is precisely why the school trip feels like it comes to an end so quickly. You’re all gathered on the beach on the last night of your trip, where there’s a bonfire sending smoke signals into the brilliant night sky. Everyone is playing with sparklers and roasting marshmallows and taking photos together, trying to make the most of their last night.

You’ve absolutely loved the trip, because despite the chaos of it all, it was still a breath of fresh air compared to the hurricane you deal with at home. As you follow Takeru towards some cliffside rocks to get some quiet from the group, you wonder if this is why couples try to hard to go on vacation away from home for a while. Everyone needs a break sometimes, no matter how strong they are. So you make a reminder to yourself to try and plan for a time when your parents can go on a quick getaway.

The two of you sit atop a large rock, where your feet dangle off of the edge a few meters above the water. You practically collapse on your back, throwing your arms above your head as you breathe a satisfying sigh. “What a trip.”

“I know right. Wait until our families hear about it.” you best friend chuckles.

“I’ve already sent them photos. My mom said that she already made one of them her wallpaper.” you snort.
Takeru laughs, leaning back on his hands, “Which one?”

“That selfie of us with the sunset in the back is on her phone. The shot of us playing beach volleyball is on the computer.”

“That’s priceless.”

The chatter goes back and forth between the two of you for a while, and after a short pause, Takeru comments on your white sundress, “It’s pretty.”

“Thanks. My friends made me buy it the weekend beforehand with the swimsuits.” you roll your eyes, remembering that hassle of a shopping spree. “They kept going on about how it looked so pure or whatever on me, like it was a wedding dress or something.”

“Well, I wouldn’t be surprised if you showed up to your own wedding in something as casual as that.” Takeru comments.

“Well, I wouldn’t be surprised if you showed up to your own wedding in something as casual as that.”

“Why not?” you muse, “You said yourself that it’s pretty. Since I’m gonna marry you anyway, I guess it’d leave me with one less thing to worry about.” you laugh.

Takeru laughs with you, but a little more softly that he usually does. You almost miss it, but you’re best friends, so you manage to catch what others would easily overlook. “You always say that... But when’s it actually gonna happen?”

“Well, we’re still young. I thought maybe you’d want to date around first before you realize that you’ll always come back to me in the end. And then we’ll really be stuck together forever.” you laugh with a big smile on your face.

He pauses for a moment before he speaks up again, “I don’t need to date around to realize you’re the one for me.”

You can’t see his face since he’s still overlooking the ocean while you’re lying down on the rock. But even with his playful tone of voice, you can tell that the atmosphere has taken a serious undertone.
Slowly, you sit up, dying to know what kind of expression he has on right now. When you’re sitting upright beside him again, there’s a myriad of emotions mixed around in his eyes. They’re as vast and deep and sincere as the ocean sitting before you. “Takeru?” you tread carefully.

You’ve both always made wild declarations about anything, but usually you’re the one who’s always taken the idea of your future together as a prospect of marriage so lightly. You always said it lightheartedly, despite how you’ve always truly believed that it was true. But in all honesty, if you thought about it like you probably should have, you don’t know how Takeru feels about it. Because to you, you don’t see a big change in your relationship. But to him, maybe it would trigger the biggest change of all between you two. So despite how well you know Takeru, this is the one thing that you could be iffy on.

But the boy has courage, if anything, and he looks into your eyes as if he’s made an incredibly important decision. Maybe he has. “I’m fine being with you forever. It’ll just be another day for us. We’ll laugh together, struggle together, make it through everything. Together.” he confesses, taking a moment to let that sink in before he continues, “And I’m ready for that today. I’ve been ready for a long time.”

The seriousness doesn’t leave his eyes, but you smile at him like you usually do, putting your hand on top of his, “Well, what a coincidence. So have I.”

Finally, he smiles back at you. But you only see it briefly because he’s leaning in towards you, quick and sure movements as he tucks your chin between his fingers to hold you to a kiss. It’s your first kiss with him. And it’s oh so sweet. His lips are soft and gentle, so you respond with enough pressure to prove that you’re enjoying this.

The two of you pull apart only to gaze at each other with murky eyes before coming together to kiss again. This time, you rest your hand on his shoulder as you interlace the fingers of your already joined hands. Everything about this scene is so romantic and beautiful, and basically perfect.

You’ve never had something this perfect happen to you. It’s always been chaos and cacophony. But this moment you’re sharing with Takeru, your best friend, and probably the love of your life, is something completely set apart from everything else you’ve shared together in your lives.

It becomes clearer to you how you were completely wrong about nothing changing between you. With the way you’re feeling Takeru in your hands and your lips and your legs that are now coming up to straddle him, he feels like a completely different being from your best friend. The boy you always punched, poked, and hugged is now holding you in an embrace so intimate that you are surer than you were before that you will never be able to accept anyone else this way.
Your hands have abandoned their chaste positions on each other’s hands and face, and now your arms are around his neck as one of his strong arms hugs you closer by the waist and the other presses against the flat of your back. The motions between your lips have evolved from mere rifting, to tongue dancing.

Both of you are kind of new at this, but the motions remain slow and gradual. Each of you lets the other explore on their own pretense, and you both learn new things about each other. The only time you pull away from him is to breathe a low, spell-inducing, “Takeru…”

He shivers at the sound of his name spoken so sinfully pleasing into his ear. Your eyes are as dark as your aura right now as you lean your forehead against his to try catching your breath before you delve into Takeru’s mouth again. How naive you were to have thought that you knew everything about your best friend. All these years have gone by, and you didn’t know that he tasted this good, felt this good.

Neither of you know how long you stay like that, wrapped up in each other’s arms atop the ocean cliffside like you’re in some romantic film, but it’s difficult to ignore the budding presence growing underneath you. Especially since you’re sitting right on top of it, you can feel Takeru’s warmth emanating through the thin layer of your underwear underneath your dress. When you adjust your position on top of him, his groan resonates through your entire spine, making you gasp again, “Takeru!”

“Ugh, sorry.” he holds onto your arms and pushes his head into your shoulder, looking like he’s struggling really hard to keep himself from doing something. Well that’s new. Takeru’s not the type hold back.

“Sorry about what?” you buzz, giving your hips a generous roll against his pelvis, “About this?” you try to tease, but your breathlessness gives your need away.

You don’t think you’ve ever heard anything as gratifying as the tortured moan Takeru releases into the air as he throws his head back, squeezing his eyes shut. “[Name]...” he gasps, whipping right back up to kiss you again.

This kissing that quickly escalates into something more heated and wanton excites you, spurring you to arch further against Takeru’s body as you keep rolling your hips against his. Unable to choke his moans down, Takeru releases your mouth in lieu of biting into your neck and shoulder, whispering your name in a way you’ve never heard before. It’s more beautiful than any song you’ve ever heard.

“Takeru… please…” you breathe, bringing your arms underneath his to grab at his shoulders.
There’s so much pressure and heat build up in your core now that you’re just bouncing on top of his clothed hard-on, searching for some sort of route to release. “Takeru!” your voice catches when he brings his hands down to press against your lower back, pushing you closer to him.

Pressure builds higher as there’s not a breath of space between your bodies as you continue to rock against him, and after some effort, you reach and fall over your peak in a flash of white that’s so pure that you wonder if you’ve seen an angel. And when you open your eyes and lean back to take in Takeru’s loving gaze and breathless panting directed at you, you realize that you probably have.

Takeru has been with you his entire life, and he’s seen you in many states of disarray. When you were in tears over a lost soccer game, weeping a mess over a sad movie, panicking over having lost sight of one of your siblings, he’s seen it all.

But this, this figure of you panting, needy for him, a sheen of sweat shining underneath the moonlight of the Okinawa night sky, this was something he has only dreamed of. He doesn’t know when he figured out he was in love with you. Maybe he had always been in love with you from the start, and it’s just that eventually he started having wet dreams about you.

Although the sight of you almost naked doesn’t surprise him, the thought of you almost naked and calling his name does send him off in heat. So imagine how flustered he is now that you’re sitting on top of him in the most suggestive of positions, practically begging for his dick. And he can’t hide how excited he is to be inside of you, because he’s already groaning at how you squeeze around his fingers that enter your slick heat.

He had pushed your panties to the side of your thigh to get his fingers through, and you were so, so tight. You’re soaking, for him. None of the precious memories he created on this school trip were going to top this. The way you’re clutching onto his shoulders, kissing him frantically, crying his name like he’s your god or something, he’ll never forget this. He’ll cherish every breath he steals from you, drink in every whimper your throat releases, and sear the texture of your insides into the nerves of his skin.

After bringing you to your second climax and wiggling his fingers around inside of you as you ride down from your high, Takeru brings you into yet another passionate kiss, silently asking you for permission to go further. And just in case, he brings one of your hands down to palm at his crotch to reiterate the implied question.
Without fail, you remove your hand after a couple of rubs to pull the elastic of his shorts down, releasing his erection into the cool night air. You’ve seen Takeru’s cock on a number of occasions, more so in the past than as of late, but the carnivorous glint in your eyes convinces him that you’re impressed enough with his hard state. “[Name]...” he whimpers without realizing it.

Little does he know, it’s the driving force that has you throwing all thoughts and precautions into the wind as you take him into your hand to position him upright so you can sink yourself onto his length inch by inch. It’s all really close to torture of some sort. The feel of your heat swallowing him up, the look of your abused lip between your teeth, the sound of your thudding moans, and taste of your skin underneath his tongue as he sucks at your neck. It’s absolute agony. He can only imagine how you’re feeling with the pressure you’re using to squeeze his arms.

“Oh… Oh….” you continue to sigh as you go farther and farther down on your knees to sheathe him to the hilt. Once you’re sitting atop him completely, your grip loosens on his arms and you look at each other for a long while, just drinking each other in.

“You’re so beautiful…” Takeru simply declares, moving a section of your hair behind your ear. “I can’t believe this is happening…”

“What’s so hard to believe?” you smile, running your hands down his arms to clutch his hands again, “I love you. It’s how it’s always been.”

With your profound confession, he rushes forward to kiss you again, and again, and again until you’ve both forgotten all other sensations other than your interlaced fingers and locked lips. But of course, with a clench of your insides, all’s brought back to the present.

That doesn’t stop Takeru from leaning his forehead against yours as he returns your confession, “I love you, too.” The affection is enough for you to implode.

To seal the proclamations, you start rolling your hips again, getting a feel for the Takeru inside of you. You feel connected to him in a way you’ve never been before. And with every rise and drop down onto his shaft, you see new colors and feel new sensations and somehow grow as a person. This is the man who’s always been with you, accepted you, encouraged you, and now he’s inside of you, loving you with all his might. You’re overwhelmed with emotions you’ve never even fathomed the existence of, proving to you that Nakashima Takeru will continue to take you to new heights.
It’s funny how you used to sit on Takeru’s lap as a joke or to play around when you were kids, and now it was happening in young adulthood with his dick inside of you. He can’t get enough of your gasping moans as you bounce on and off of him like a practiced rider. He’s crazy over the sight of you mounted over him, mouth open and spilling out moans of approval, your dress flaring and catching with every wisp of the evening winds.

Needing to feel your skin under his hands, Takeru reaches under the skirt of your dress and rests a hand on the curve of your butt, and uses the other to feel for your clit. The press of his thumb against the little bundle of nerves as you slide down his cock again and again shatters your composure and you just start calling out his name without restraint, begging for him to do all sorts of things to you with his thick cock. “Takeru!! Oh, Takeru!!” you sob, blowing up his ego. And with how good you feel around him, he’s tempted to fulfill every one of your wishes.

Feeling his fuse about to blow, Takeru grabs your hips and regrettably lifts you off of him, much to your loud disdain (he’s in as much pain as you are, trust him), and comes with a single stroke under your hot, pinning gaze. He positions himself as not to get the mess on either of you, desperately wishing he was still inside of your tight heat. He had wanted so bad to come inside of you, with you squeezing your already tight walls around his red cock. There are all sorts of regretful thoughts swimming in his mind, but he knows it’s for the best since he knows for a fact that you’re not on any contraceptives.

As he slowly becomes flaccid again, you’re lying on your back on the rock, but this time with your knees in the air and your legs spread apart, desperately crying for him to finish you off. And being the responsible young man that he is, he hurriedly tucks himself back into his shorts before once again pulling your panties to the side to go down on you.

He plunges his tongue as far as he can go, unable to resist the scent of him embedded within your walls. It’s evidence that he’s been with you from the inside out, and he feels a swell of pride come over him as he digs around in all sorts of angles to swallow up the taste of you. Your wanton moans and whines of his name spur him further, and he inserts two digits to assist his mouth.

The combination of the hot muscle and the rough fingers scissoring around inside of you sets you on fire, burning ecstasy into your skin. When Takeru’s teeth scrape against your clit every now and then, you go insane in pleasure, trying to squeeze his head flat between your thighs. But he does a good job keeping your legs apart as he sucks your orgasm right out of you, leaving you to shake and convulse over his tongue and hands that are incredibly skilled, yet not enough. You’re aching for something bigger, harder, stiffer… And you wanted nothing more than to throw him to the ground to swallow up his cock all over again.

But it’s clear that you won’t be going anywhere by the way your limbs melt into pudding when Takeru pulls away from you. He leans over you to kiss you one more time before helping you up. “Takeru, that was unfair…” you whine, your body still screaming to be touched by him despite your
“Look, I love you and all, but we have enough kids around to take care of back home.” he smiles, lacing his hand with yours to pull you down the rock to start heading back, “Let’s save that for later.”

You grumble a lot on the way back to the group, but accept his logic anyway. The idea of a little you or Takeru running around was cute, but adding yet another to the already big family was too much. But someday. Someday.

Chapter End Notes

thanks for all the kudos, guys! if you have a comment or suggestion, let me know.
Tendou Satori - Fighter

Chapter Summary

gangster!au where you’re close friends with the seijou delinquents, and you get pulled into a strange deal during a confrontation with shiratorizawa.

Chapter Notes

SO, as many of you may already know, the third season of the anime is going to be released this coming friday. AND I'M PRETTY HYPED ABOUT IT. so to celebrate, i've decided to smash out this oneshot for the upcoming battle against shiratorizawa. i wanted to portray tendou's self confidence better, but it ended up being more condescending... so idk if i like it or not completely. but this is what i've come up with, so on with the show!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Unbeknownst to most of the city, the diner joint tucked in the corner three blocks away from Aoba Johsai High School is one of the best spots to get a nice, hot meal. There wasn’t anything in particular that set it apart from the other diner chains in the prefecture, but the atmosphere has always given you a nice place to just settle down. It was better than any hole in the wall cafe you’ve visited, mainly because you’ve just made so many memories there with friends, family, and occasionally a cute boy.

Although it was but a single branch of a larger diner joint that was widespread in the country, this one was labeled by its customers as the ‘House of Seijou’ or better known as ‘The House’ for its regulars. The name caught on for a number of reasons. The most obvious fact to the public was that it was in close proximity to Aoba Johsai itself, and most of its customers consisted of Seijou students.

But only those local to the area knew that it was the go-to spot for Seijou yankii’s to bum around. The restaurant employees had long since stopped trying to get the teenagers in rumpled uniforms and messy hairstyles to go to class during school hours, and they’ve come to a mutual understanding. The troublemakers would provide responsible patronage and the employees would turn a blind eye to the fact that they were minors who should be in school so long as they paid their bill.

You don’t mind the setup, since most of these delinquents who frequent the establishment are your friends. You grew up in the same neighborhood and shared many things together, so you weren’t about to ditch them just because they developed a dramatic rebellious streak.
Admittedly, you look a little weird mixed in with them with your pristine uniform and without a single hair out of place in your tight ponytail, while they often sported rumpled shirts with their sleeves rolled up too high and smelled of all sorts of products. It looked good on them, of course, but the juxtaposition of you with them was still a bit uncanny.

Despite all that, the House is where they seem to cause the least amount of trouble these days. So it’s a good place for all of you. It’s like a little haven or safe ground for you all to just chill and forget about who you are for a little while.

So imagine your surprise when your favorite little eatery is completely trashed when you come to visit with your closest friends on a relatively bright afternoon. The windows are smashed in, the lightbulbs are hanging and zapping all over the ceiling like they exploded, the chairs are missing all sorts of legs and joints, many booths are torn, and tables are overturned.

You can barely hold in your devastated gasp as you take a step towards what’s left of the Seijou House that’s taped off with yellow. There’s a police car parked nearby so maybe some investigation is happening.

“What that hell? Who did this?” Oikawa is the first to demand.

“It doesn’t look like it was a car accident or anything, since the inside is completely demolished too.” Matsukawa observes, peeking in through the shattered window.

“No shit.” Hanamaki and Iwaizumi agree. After a couple minutes of deliberating, the usual restaurant manager steps out from around the back of the restaurant with the police officer, sending him off with a thank you.

“Mizoguchi-kun, what the hell happened?!” you and your friends bound up to him.

“Ugh… We’ve gotten into a sticky situation.” the blonde man scratches his head in frustration, pulling out a ripped tie. It's clear that it belongs to a Seijou student. “I didn’t tell the police about this, because I figured they wouldn’t be able to do anything. But I found this attached to the front door when I got here this morning.” Mizoguchi hands the tie over to Oikawa.

The leader of the group takes the ripped garment and digs inside of it, pulling out a school ID. There’s a collective widening of eyes when they see that it belongs to Yahaba Shigeru, one of your friends. And scrawled messily in whiteout on the back of the tie is the outline of a bird with large
wings spread out.

The tie crumples in Oikawa’s tightened fist as he hisses, “Those Shiratorizawa bastards…”

“They’ve got Yahaba?” your eyebrows furrow in worry for the second-year boy.

“Not just him.” Hanamaki lifts the end of the tie, “This is Kindaichi’s tie. I recognize the stain from that curry he had last time. Damn bastard didn’t wash it until now.” he almost chuckles.

But obviously, there’s no humor in this situation. The rival gang from across the district has got two of your own. There’s no way that your friends are going to sit still in this situation.

“Shit. Guess that means we’re heading in.” Iwaizumi announces.

“You bet your ass we are.” Oikawa huffs, marching off in the direction towards Shiratorizawa Academy. The other boys follow along, grumbling about having to get their hands dirty after they were in such a good mood today.

You jump along in step with them, “I’m coming too!”

“Like hell you are.” Oikawa retorts, “Go home [Name]-chan.”

Ouch. Usually Oikawa took on a nicer tone with you, but he must be super pissed right now to be uttering such harsh words. But it’s not like it’s gonna stop you anyway.

“I’m going.” you declare, “The House is important to me and I’m not just gonna sit around when my second home is destroyed and my second family is in danger.”

“[Surname], I’m with Oikawa on this.” Matuskawa pipes up, “We know that you can take care of yourself, but this is too dangerous for you. If anything drastic actually happened to Yahaba or Kindaichi, then this is going to get ugly. You shouldn’t be around for that.”

“Get real! This is as big of an insult to me as it is to any of you! Don’t treat me like a helpless little
"Yeah, when we were six." Iwaizumi snorts, "And you’ve never had to face off with Shiratorizawa. They’re no joke, [Surname]. Trust us, we don’t want any more trouble to come to anyone else."

"Try to talk me out of it as much as you want. I’m going. We don’t know how many we’re gonna be up against. Someone has to be there to drag your carcasses out of that place.” you huff.

After some more rallying back and forth, Oikawa finally screams in frustration, “Fine. You can come. But you’re to stay behind us at all times. Don’t say a word.”

“Hmph.” you stick your nose in the air but follow along anyway. At least he finally decided to compromise. This would be a lot easier for all of you if they didn’t worry about you. They may be your best friends, but even they don’t know every detail about you.

The moment the two groups of intimidating looking guys meet eyes, the tension in the air thickens to a density that could be sliced through. Oikawa lifts the tie with the white eagle symbol up by his head to show the group of Shiratorizawa guys, “We got your message. Where are they, Ushiwaka?”

The guy standing up front, Ushijima Wakatoshi, speaks in a deep voice that could send vibrations through the air, “I see you’ve come to pick up your brats, Oikawa. Quite a bit of trouble they’ve caused us. I hope you don’t mind us disciplining them a bit.”

“Where the fuck are they, Ushiwaka. I’m not playing around here. Return them immediately.” Oikawa’s voice becomes acidic.

There’s a thick pause in which the two leaders stare each other down for a moment before Ushiwaka calls to one of his boys, “Kawanishi.” And there’s a strained minute in which one guy disappears into the alleyway of the apartment building, but when he returns dragging a really banged up Yahaba and Kindaichi tied back to back with their wrists bound behind him.

When Kawanishi slams the two to the ground, he keeps a foot between their backs to keep them down, and uncomfortably so. The two bend forward, trying to hide their pained groans. You sigh at the sight of the poor things. They’re barely conscious and they don’t even need to be gagged because
their lips are so swollen. Their… everything is swollen. Are they even able to walk?

“I’ll willingly return your men to you, Oikawa.” Ushiwaka brings the attention back to himself, “Once you have them apologize for tagging up our building and fracturing our friends’ ribs.”

“You want an apology after that hurricane you wrought on territory?” Iwaizumi spits. “You were too chicken to confront us directly, so you decided to desolate a place close to us in the dead of night to stay safe and hidden. And now you expect an apology?”

“You are free to apologize in their stead, Oikawa. Iwaizumi.” Ushijima restates as if he wasn’t just called out.

One of his lackeys beside him, with wild red hair and a lazy look in his eye, follows up, “The fact of the matter is that they struck first. We simply did what we had to in retaliation. Surely you don’t expect us to just return them free of charge?” he raises an infuriatingly challenging eyebrow, and it complements his smirk perfectly.

You can hear every one of your friends clenching their teeth, and see their bodies tensing. Something could break out at any moment, but you had all settled on not throwing any punches until Yahaba and Kindaichi were safely back in your custody.

However, Oikawa isn’t about to bow to these Shiratorizawa bastards, “Like hell I’m apologizing after how you totally destroyed an innocent establishment in our area. You lost your chance at reconciliation when you trashed the House.”

“Well then what do you propose to do in order to have these maggots returned to you in one piece?” Ushijima blinks, face unchanging since the beginning. Kawanishi presses his foot down harder, drawing out Yahaba’s and Kindaichi’s painful groans for dramatic effect.

“We’ll take them by force if we have to.” Iwaizumi pronounces, rolling up his sleeves.

The Shiratorizawa boys instinctively grab for their own weapons, but the redhead from earlier tries to calm the situation, “Now, now, we don’t have to settle everything with a scuffle. I mean, if these guys take another hit, their lights might just go out for good.” he chuckles, lightly kicking Yahaba in the stomach with his hands in his pockets.
“How ‘bout a compromise? Perhaps a night with that pretty little princess you’ve got tucked away back there?” The redhead tilts his neck to get a good look at you and send a lopsided grin your way.

“No way in hell.” Oikawa seethes.

“Not happening.” Iwaizumi agrees.

“Tendou.” Ushijima reminds his right-hand to behave.

“What? I think it’s a fair proposal.” Tendou shrugs with his hands up midair, acting completely innocent, “I mean, do you really want any more of your guys roughed up? This is in your best interests. You get your boys back, and no one else gets hurt.” he explains with the biggest smirk on his face, “Hmm? How ‘bout it? We borrow your little female friend for a night, and she’ll be returned to you the very next day.”

“You can take your ‘fair proposal’ and stick it--”

“We accept your proposal.” you push forward, interrupting Oikawa’s possible declaration of war by elbowing him in the side.

“Like hell we do! [Name]-chan, are you insane?!’” Oikawa yells.

“Shut up, Oikawa. I can handle myself for a night.” you huff, “We’re in Shiratorizawa territory, we’re outnumbered, and they still have Yahaba and Kindaichi. They look like they’re about to stop breathing.”

“But--!”

“Just trust me for once, yeah?” you put your hands together down in front of your legs and look up to him with a cute pout. It’s a good look on you, with the cute ribbon in your hair and your perfectly ironed uniform. You’re a vision of schoolgirl virgin perfection, and you know Oikawa can be weak to your cutesy act sometimes. “I want to get them back.”

Reluctantly, but eventually, Oikawa clenches his teeth and narrows his eyes, turning away angrily.
You take that as approval, so you turn back to the Shiratorizawa guys and smile your brightest, most dazzling grin, “Okay, we’re a go! If you would so kindly return our boys now, please.”

“Approach, and we will return them.” Ushijima gives the order.

You nod to your friends, who all give you worried and frustrated looks before you swing around and glide towards your best friends’ rivals since childhood. You face Tendou’s lazy smirk head-on and let him wrap his arm around you and pull you close to his side. He smells like smoke and wood chips, basically like any other yankii. He has a strong, but casual grip around you, like you’ve been his whore for ages.

Once Yahaba and Kindaichi are safe in the Seijou boys’ side, untied and draped over your friends’ shoulders, you flick Tendou’s arm off of your shoulder without a second thought.

“Oh?” he looks at you with interest peaking his eyebrows, but the others’ gazes are filled with outrage at how you’re treating one of Ushijima’s most important men like a scumbag.

“I agreed to come with you. I didn’t say you wouldn’t meet any resistance though.” you shrug with a small, innocent smile.

Tendou cackles, “Are all Seijou girls this bold?” he stuffs his hands in his pockets again and leans down so that you’re nose to nose, “Looks like I’ll have to teach you a thing or two about manners then. I’m looking forward to this. We do have all night, after all.”

“I doubt you’ll make it for that long.” you snort, rolling your eyes.

The other boys surrounding you are struck with outrage at your behavior. You were bad-mouthing Ushijima’s right hand man, a higher-up in one of the most powerful teenage gangs in the prefecture.

And one of them, probably a younger recruit who seems unhappy with how you’re talking to his senpai, even pulls a gun out at you, breathing heavily and glaring at you with wildly angry eyes under his straight-cut bangs.

“[Name]-chan!/[Surname]!!” your friends shout.
“Goshiki.” Ushijima also warns.

You seem to be the only calm one, simply brushing the gun aside as easily as you had Tendou’s arm earlier. “As if I’d be afraid of a lackey who hasn’t even earned his own bullets yet.” you mumble, not even sparing bowl-cut boy a glance as you roll your eyes.

That widens even more eyes. Everyone is looking at you as if you’ve sprouted an extra couple of limbs out of your body. You can’t really blame them, since you just look like some goody-goody schoolgirl who follows gangsters around.

But to think that you knew of the inner workings of the hierarchy. In the gangs that ran deep into previous generations, weapons were tools of incredible status and power, and the right to wield them had to be earned through endless suffering and devotion.

A Shiratorizawa bullet had to be worth at least a couple years, scars, and battles of service. There was no way that this kid who was still too driven by his emotions had enough experience to be wielding the gun he held. “This is quite a disappointment, actually.” you sigh, “To think that Shiratorizawa would let kids pull farces like this in front of others.”

“This little bitch.” one of the older guys doesn’t seem to want to take this sitting down anymore and makes an aggressive grab at you, but you pivot 180 and pull his arm into a restrictive grip as you trip him and send him to the ground.

“Shirabu-san!” Goshiki shouts before turning to you with a snarl. He lunges at you but you’ve already kicked a leg high up into the air. And with a quick jab at the right point in his torso, he crumples in time for you to swing your leg down on the back of his neck to sandwich his head between your thighs as you bring him to the ground with you.

“Hey! I thought the whole point of this exchange was so that we wouldn’t have to get violent.” you scold Ushijima while you’ve got Goshiki in your headscissor lock.

“Oi, why am I kind of jealous of Goshiki right now?” Tendou murmurs to Semi.

Everyone’s shock is interrupted by the screams of your friends, “If you hurt one hair on her head, you’re all done for!!” Iwaizumi growls as he holds Oikawa back from jumping at Goshiki.
“Boys, boys, calm down.” Tendou brings his arms out in a gesture of peace and welcome, but quickly retracts his expression to that of instigative malice, “This was a peaceful deal. Let’s move on. Besides,” He narrows his eyes as he gazes down at you with his snakelike eyes. “She’ll learn to love the pain.”

Although it looks like something snaps in the Seijou boys, you still them with a murderous look telling them to hold the fuck back. Calmly, you release Goshiki’s neck and you both stand up, patting yourselves down. He gives you an acidic look before falling back in line. You simply smooth down your hair, hoping that your ponytail didn’t come out of place.

Ushijima announces Shiratorizawa’s departure, so you follow the boys inside of the apartment building, pushing away Tendou’s arm again when he tries to advance, “Uh, no. If you want to touch me, then you can hold my hand.” you reach your hand out to him.

Tendou sniffs at you amusedly, “You want me to drag you around like a child?”

“No, I want you to lead me like a boyfriend.” It’s a joke, but it’s meant to scare him. Surely, a little thought of commitment should freak him out a little.

At that, the redhead cackles like crazy again, holding his stomach at how hysterical he finds you. “Oh man, you’re an interesting one.” he comments, more to himself than you, it seems. He takes your hand and leads you inside nonetheless. But once you’re inside the building and on your way down to the basement where the boys are all going, Tendou leans in close to your ear, “I can’t wait to hear you scream for me.”

As inappropriate as it is, a pleasurable shiver travels down your spine at the redhead’s condescending tone. As crazy as he is, he definitely has a position close to leadership for a reason.

“Tendou, are you sure that this girl isn’t more trouble than she’s worth?” Semi asks the redhead as he’s stuffing his face with yakisoba bread, while you’re off somewhere bothering yet another Shiratorizawa member.

“Are you kidding?” Tendou responds through a mouthful of noodles, tilting his head over to look at you, where you’re currently lecturing Ushijima of all people about the proper training people should go through before they can be given weapons, real or not. “That’s what makes her so much more fun to have around!”
“What were you even planning to do with her? I thought you just wanted to fuck her or something. Now she’s got you following her orders like those Seijou dogs.” Semi sighs.

“Dogs live happier lives than humans, you know.” Tendou remarks. But at Semi’s unamused expression, he just laughs, “What? It just goes to show she’s got some grit to her. Natural leadership qualities. Those are the ones who are usually the most submissive in bed, you know.” he winks.

With another sigh, Semi walks off to get a drink, “Whatever. I hope you make this night you traded in worth it.”

“Oh, don’t worry. I intend to.”

He has to find the perfect timing to catch you by surprise, but Tendou manages to pull you into his lap for the movie that he’s put on. Several of the boys are gathered around the common area where the TV is, and it looks like any regular living room. It’s just that there are no windows since this is the basement.

At first, you have half a mind to move off of his lap and sit on the spot beside him on the sofa, or even to move across the room instead. But he doesn’t make any sleazy moves to touch you other than resting his arms on the armrest and lightly around your waist. Also, the back of your thigh brushes against something impressive when you adjust your position, so you just hum a subtle, “Not bad.” before turning to face the screen.

There was no way that Tendou would have missed that though, so he leans in closer to your face so smirk, “What was that?”

You remain silent and and just sit there, surprisingly comfortable in his lap. For the duration of the movie, you both seem pretty focused on the plot, but Tendou is pleasantly surprised to feel you tensing and squirming a little bit as it progresses. You don’t seem to do well with horror judging by the way you curl closer to him and unknowingly grip his bicep with both of your hands. He smirks every time he glances down at you cuddling against him, mainly because you were fucking cute.

And he doesn’t lose this opportunity. With tension and fear from watching the movie swallowing your body, you don’t seem to notice (or maybe you don’t mind) that his hand is slowly, but surely slithering up your thigh and under your skirt. He keeps moving upward, but he doesn’t feel any
fabric underneath until he’s all the way up to your waistline, where he touches a string of silky elastic.

_Thong, huh?_ Tendou smirks wider to himself as you press closer to his chest at the suspense-building scene on the TV. Maybe you’re not the cute, innocent virgin that you want people to think you are.

It isn’t until the ending credits start rolling that you begin to regain feeling in your body, and there is an unmistakable squeezing on your bare butt. And when you move your gaze up, you find that you’re pressed rather close to Tendou’s body and you can feel his nose in your hair, taking in your scent.

“Hey, let go.” you push his hands off, although that butt massage was really quite nice and you’re almost reluctant that you did that now.

“Hmm? What’s the matter, cutie?” Tendou leans in to nose at your temple and whisper into your ear while the lights are still out, the TV screen the only thing illuminating the room. Almost everyone else who had been watching has fallen asleep. It was probably past midnight now anyway. “You were coming so close to me, I thought you wanted more.”

Truthfully, you would not be opposed to having more. He had some nice, strong hands. But you weren’t done causing trouble just yet. “Get off me, I’m still mad at you guys for trashing the House. Don’t think you’re getting what you want so easily after what you did.”

Your moment of weakness as a result of the movie had set you back a step, and now Tendou was probably aware of how well you were accepting his body. But you’re not giving in just yet.

“Oh, princess, I never said it was going to be easy.” he coos, coming up to lick at your earlobe. You can’t fight the shiver that runs up your back. “If anything, I’ll just have you tied to my bed for a little while. Because no matter how long you want to wait, you’re still mine for the night. And I am going to make that pretty little mouth of yours scream for me.”

His threat isn’t empty, he probably does have handcuffs. And you had known from the beginning that you couldn’t put this off forever. But this condescending whispering is making you lose your ground. If he wasn’t so hot, you’d have kicked his ass into the trash where he belongs. Yet here you are, caged on his lap and letting him whisper sexual threats into your ear like he’s sharing a juicy secret with you, and getting turned on in the most inappropriate of ways.
You’ve been pressing your legs together in an attempt to quell your growing desire for him, but he sees right through you. “Honey, you may be able to roundhouse Goshiki to the ground, but you’ll have to try harder if you want to hide this smell from me.” Tendou continues to hum into your ear. His lips are so close to it that he’s practically kissing it now as he speaks to you.

He moves to slip his hand through your clamped legs, sliding in from the opening between your knees, “If you want me, then just say so. It doesn’t have to be hard. I’ll take care of you. Make you feel real good. Hmm? How’s that sound?”

With every word he utters, you slowly, slowly begin to release the strength you have built up in your legs, finally allowing Tendou’s hand to bypass through. He’s got a sharp tongue, damn it. You want to berate yourself for letting him get to you, for giving him another trophy to win, but you can’t deny the aching want that’s shaking your core the higher Tendou’s hand goes up your thighs.

But just when his calloused finger brushes against the skin between your legs, you grab hold of his wrist, regaining your consciousness of the weight of the situation. If you were going to be fucked by a rival group member, then you have to at least establish some ground to maintain your dignity. “Fine, you kept your end of the deal, and I’ll keep mine. But,” you start, making sure you have Tendou’s full attention, “You can only touch me. You’re not allowed to see a thing."

“And what makes you think that you can call the shots?” he challenges.

It’s your time to shine and show off your own little dirty tongue, “Because I know your type. You want to destroy me, ruin me, and tear me the fuck apart until I don’t resemble a inch of how I look now.”

Tendou licks his lips, his eyes growing darker by the second as he watches and listens to you. It is true that he’d like nothing more than to see your uniform torn open and your hair falling over your shoulders. That ribbon in your hair would look much better tied around your wrists.

“But I know what you really want. You want a challenge. To play chaser.” You run a finger down the length of his torso from his neck to the bottom of his navel for dramatic effect, “You want me to defy you just to make your conquest over me taste that much better.”

Being called out like this is quite refreshing. Tendou has never really faced much of a challenge before when it came to girls. They were usually scared of him or totally into him because he was a bad boy or something. But you’re playing him like a card, and he’s dying to see how your little gamble turns out.
Chuckling darkly, he starts caressing your thighs again, “Alright. I’ll go with your terms. You don’t have to take anything off.” he whispers, getting real close to you again, “But you have to stay out here, where everyone can see you.”

That makes you freeze. You don’t even make a move when he slides a finger up your slit through the fabric of your panties. “I mean, since no one gets to another inch of your skin, then at least they get to watch as I fuck the lights out of you.”

He slips a finger past the thin cloth and inserts it at your opening, “My, my. A little wet, aren’t we? Maybe you don’t mind the idea of everyone watching.” You gasp as he pushes in deeper and curls up, “Or maybe you just want my dick inside of you. Is that it? Hmm?”

This time, he takes a lick up your jawline, bleeding pleasurable shivers into your body. Tendou likes this look on you, with your mouth slightly open, your eyes struggling not to glaze over, and panting quietly on top of him. It’s true what you said, he wants to break you. He wants to make you give in to him. He acknowledges your pride, but he wants more than anything for you to give it up by wanting him. “Go on,” he suggests, “Touch it. I know you want to.”

And holy hell, you do. You want to feel that heavy length in your hand, and possibly other places, because you can tell it’s big. But just how big? But you’re not going down without a fight, “If you kiss me first.”

Tendou tries to hide his surprise behind his smirk and challengingly raised eyebrows, but after a tense minute of just staring at each other, his finger still inside you, he grants your request. He pushes the back of your head forward with his hand that’s still on the armrest and brings you to his lips. And surprisingly, he gets really into it.

Tendou usually fucked for pleasure, without strings attached. Kissing was cute, but it didn’t get any jobs done. Sure, sometimes he would make out with a girl on the couch if he was bored and she happened to be there, giving him bedroom eyes. But he never initiated a kiss. And he never enjoyed it as much as he was now.

You try taking the lead a few times, but whenever Tendou moves his finger inside of your core, your strength lessens, leaving an opening for him to take you by storm. His tongue is monstrous, pummeling through your mouth and stealing every breath of air from you. He increases his pace with his fingers inside of you to match, inserting another two while he’s at it. He’s working really hard to get you riled up.
But finally, you reward him with a low, strained moan. It’s barely audible, since you don’t really want anyone to be woken up for this, but Tendou hears it nonetheless. “That’s the spirit.” Tendou releases your mouth briefly to say. And then he pulls his fingers out of you to push one of your legs off of his lap down to the floor to spread you wider for him.

He likes that desperate glint in your eyes, and he can tell that you want him to touch you again. So he obliges and reinserts his fingers into your core, and your head lolls back beautifully as you breathe another moan.

“Mm… That’s what I like to hear.” Tendou surprises himself by leaning down to kiss you again as he fingers and stretches your pussy for him. If you wanted his girth inside of you, you had to be prepared properly. And in all honestly, he’d much rather hear you scream in pleasure than in pain.

With your legs spread apart, he has a much easier time feeling for sensitive spots of tissue that’ll drive you insane. And he savors watching you come apart in his arms. Oh, how good you’d look with your tits bouncing in his face, or on all fours beneath him, or with your pretty mouth on his cock. Man, he wants to just rip your tidy uniform right off of you.

But this is getting tedious, he needs to be inside of you soon, or he’ll bust a vein on pure imagination alone. And the timing is perfect, because just then, you come all over his hand. When your breathing returns to a relatively normal pace, he pulls his fingers out of you and spreads them apart in front of his face, watching as the sticky stuff stretches apart. “Oh yes.” he claims victoriously, sucking your emission off of his fingers without hesitation.

Again, he finds himself doing something he doesn’t usually do. In normal circumstances, he’d just wipe it off somewhere, but he was just so curious about how you tasted. And imagine that, you taste pretty good. And even if you didn’t taste amazing, it would all be worth it anyway because of the blush on your face when he pops his fingers out of his mouth and purrs.

Soon after, he maneuvers you to straddle him on the sofa, and indeed, the view of you hovering above him is incredible. Your hot gaze and your arms caging his head, and your changing expression as he slides his hands down your sides. “Give me a hand, will ya.” he smirks at you as he moves his hands down to unbutton his trousers.

And when he pulls at his waistband and boxers, he waits patiently for you to reach in and pull his dick out. You hesitate for a moment, trying to glare at him defiantly, but the suspense is killing you. So you reach down into his pants, telling yourself that you’re just relieving your own curiosity.

The moment you touch it, the heat almost scalds you. He’s really hard and there’s a smeared spot of
precum on the head. Your tongue darts across the seam of your lips and you swallow, getting way too excited for this.

“Go on. Put it in.” he spurs you on, that smug look never leaving his face.

You blush again and hate yourself for it, but you proceed to do as he says, using the head to push your thong to the side and sink down on him. “Ah… Ah… Ah….” you do your best to keep quiet, but this guy feels bigger than he looks.

The ending credits of the movie are over, and the screen has gone back to the bright main menu. And the light perfectly illuminates your blissful expression from the back, like an angel. But when Tendou moves to adjust his position on the sofa, you throw your head down with a harsh breath, moving your hands down to clutch at his shoulders, “Fuck.”

Tendou’s deep chuckle in your ear is the only thing distracting you from the pain, “It’s big, isn’t it? I knew you’d love it. You’re going to be screaming for Tendou Satori aaaaalllll night long, sweetie.”

You release a high-pitched moan from the back of your throat as you bite into Tendou’s neck, relishing in his dirty talk. The man beneath you hisses at the sharp bite mark you leave on him, but he really likes it. It’s a good distraction for him to keep from pounding into you just yet.

When you experimentally clench your walls around him, he groans in content. And then you’re moving up his length, releasing him back into the cold air, only to suck him right back into your torturous heat. He slips his hands under your skirt to caress your thighs and rest on your butt, loving how delectable your skin feels beneath his hands. It almost beats the insane pleasure of your pussy swallowing him whole again and again.

The only thing that would top this off would be if you started begging. You’ve released his neck from your mouth, and now you’re hugging his head to your chest as you rest your own chin on the crown of Tendou’s head. The fabric of your school blouse is rough and in the way, but he can feel the soft plumpness of your breasts underneath.

And he can feel your heart beating frantically as you pump up and down on his shaft, never letting his cock feel lonely for more than a second. He can also feel the vibration of your moans as they travel through your throat that’s pressed to his forehead. This is all strangely intimate and satisfying for him, and he doesn’t want this to end. Usually, he’d be chasing his for his climax in a race by pounding into the girl beneath him, but since he’s let you call the shots by being on top and hugging his face to your chest, he’s starting to find charm in this position.
At some point, you let go of his head and lean back down to start kissing him again. And soon, you’re lost in the heat and pleasure of each other’s bodies. Tendou only knows one of his friends has finally woken up when he hears him make a noise of distaste before paddling out of the common area. But he doesn’t pay it any mind since he’s too busy making out with you and helping you bring your hips up to keep bouncing on his cock.

Besides, it’s not like he hasn’t done this in front of his friends before. Through experience, he’s found that girls often feel more exhilarated when they know that others are watching them being fucked, and they tend to get even wilder. So seeing Tendou fuck someone in the Shiratorizawa common room is no foreign affair. Even you are getting a little bold as you reach underneath your own skirt to rub at your clit.

Now, Tendou loves seeing you come undone, but he feels a great need to do it himself. So he lifts one hand away from your plush butt to brush your hand aside and continues your ministrations on your clit with his own. “Tell me, how do you like my cock?” Tendou teases as he rubs his thumb on your little bundle of nerves.

You’re breathless but you refuse to let him control the pace, “Can’t say I have any complaints.”

“Oh really? With how you’re swallowing me up like this, I’d say you like it more than you let on.” And then, when you’re lifting up again, he pulls his cock out of you so that you land on nothing but the air between his legs.

“No.” you squeak before you can stop yourself.

“Don’t lie to me, [Name]-chan. I know you love my cock.” he’s whispering against your ear again, unrelenting to the desperate bucking you do against the underside of his shaft. “Just say it. And it’s all yours~” he purrs, pulling his dick back and slapping it against your slit.

You try for another agonizing minute (for the both of you) to chase your high just by rubbing up against him, but it’s not enough. It’s just not enough, and you really want to feel his fullness inside of you again. “I want it back.” you mumble against his shoulder.

“What was that? I didn’t catch you.” he teases, licking at the shell of your ear.

“I want it…” you repeat with gritted teeth. “Your cock. Back inside me.”
“Really now? So you do like it.” he feigns innocence.

You take a deep breath, “I do. I really like it.”

“So tell me exactly what it is you want me to do, [Name]-chan.” he strokes your lower lips with his fingers, making no move to bring his aching cock back inside of you just yet.

This time, you pull back, and look him straight in the eyes. You don’t want this going on any longer. “I want you to put your cock back inside of me, Tendou Satori.” The sound of his name on your lips is heart-stopping. “And I want you to keep it in there until I’m done with you.”

He’s just staring at you now, in complete awe of how hot you are, even in your fully clothed body. But he’s not moving, so you lean forward to his ear this time, “Did you hear me, Satori-kun? Put your big, fat cock inside of me. Right now.”

After being told twice, he can’t possibly ignore you now. Within seconds, he’s balls-deep back inside of you and you’re both sighing in relief. You bounce with increased vigor, refusing to let him get the best of you again, and listen to him whisper more dirty threats into your ear.

It’s incredible how you just met today and he already seems to know exactly how to turn you on and get you going. Although you won’t lose to him in that department, because he’s just as hot for you as you are him now. The two of you kiss through both of your orgasms and continue to rock your bodies together even after you’ve come down from your highs.

When your mouths separate, there’s a line of spit that connects the two of you. You carefully maneuver your footing to climb off of Tendou and make your way to the bathroom. And Tendou just sits there, cock still out in the open, in complete bliss. His arms are spread out on the back of the sofa and he leans his head down between them, eyes closed and a smile on his face.

He kind of knocks out for a little while after that, but he’s woken up by a pillow that’s slammed to his chest, “Put that thing away, Tendou.” Semi grunts in disgust.

Tendou stretches his mouth in a dramatic yawn as he pulls his dick back into his pants, “My bad. She was a good one. Left me totally sated even though I didn’t even see her naked.” he shares with an amused smile.
“Well she’s gone now. Probably left at dawn.” Semi relays, “There’s no sign of her in here.”

“Hm.” Tendou hums, disappointed that he didn’t get to fuck you a few more times. But that feeling that you left him with after he came inside of you was spectacular. At the time, he must have just wanted to savor the moment and didn’t think about anything else.

Then he looks down and sees something bright green stuck between his legs. He pulls it up and sees that it’s a thong, still slightly damp, with a phone number scribbled in pen on the fabric. “Well, well, well. Would you look at that.” he smirks to himself as he pockets the thong.

Looks like he wasn’t the only one who wanted to relive that incredible orgasm. He has a feeling that he’ll see you again soon. It doesn’t hurt that Seijou has another reason to hate him now too.

Chapter End Notes

i had a few more ideas in store for this plotline, but i didn't want to jam it all into just one chapter. so i'll probably write a continuation soon. i'm excited to see this hoe animated, you don't even know. LET'S GO, HAIKYUU S3.
Bokuto Koutarou - Tastes Like Gold

Chapter Summary

bokuto is the newest regular in japan's national men's volleyball team for the olympic games. and though you're an olympic veteran yourself, you've never seen anyone like him.

so i did as much research as i could, but i mainly followed the timeline of women's gymnastics and men's volleyball for rio 2016. and a couple of stats from some other domestic games between different national teams within japan. but keep in mind that i haven't the slightest idea about how all this olympic games organization works. but this is set for the 2022 winter games. i did my best...

Chapter Notes

SO. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU GUYS BUT I'M A DAMN MESS AFTER THAT FIRST EPISODE OF SEASON 3. SO HERE, TAKE THIS BOKUTO MESS AS CELEBRATION. i'm already ready to adopt everyone on the shiratorizawa team. although i had always imagined tendou's voice a little deeper and more condescending, and goshiki's voice to be more high pitched. but what's it matter, i'm gonna fall in love with them all over again anyway. ANYWHO, that's enough chatter from me. please enjoy this chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If anyone asked Bokuto Koutaro how long he'd been waiting for this opportunity to play volleyball at the World Olympics, they probably wouldn’t get their answer considering how the guy was just a big bundle of rambling emotions. Usually he would give positive answers as feedback, but there were always days in which he felt off his game and just in an off mood in general. It caused him enough trouble with the national team, you could tell that much.

Going pro wasn’t always as accommodating to Bokuto as his old high school team was. Back then, everyone and their distant relatives could tell that Bokuto was the ace of his team and that he commanded a lot of the outrageous plays that made him the star of the show. But after joining the national team, the Fukurodani ace had a lot of growing up to do. These were all the best players in Japan, and they were all probably aces back in their own cities, or prefectures even. So Bokuto had to quickly come to terms with the fact that he had to carry his own weight on the team, and control his mood swings as best he could if he was to be on the court.

Despite some difficulties adjusting, the owl-like man never gave up, and that gave him some
credibility with his new team. They were all crazy good, but he decided to take them on as goals rather than opponents. If he could get as good as any of the guys on the team, then he could get better than them too. And now, several years of sweat, tears, and endless practice later, he’s recklessly bouncing on a plane with his teammates heading off to Beijing to play in his first ever Olympic volleyball game. He was gonna make history. He knew it.

Meanwhile, already having set foot on Olympic Games territory, you’re off exploring the Forbidden City in the small time that you’re allowed free reign before the Games start. If your coach had it her way, she’d be having you give up a couple of hours of sleep to practice more, but obviously, that was unethical and you were legally obliged to have some free time to rest. And you weren’t ever really the super serious type like most of your teammates, so you didn’t waste a second in getting the hell out of that hotel room to explore the ancient city while you could.

But you knew, starting tomorrow, playtime was over and it was all training until the Olympics ended. But until then, you were off touring, shopping, and eating until the very last minute of curfew came around.

The first days of the Olympics are the busiest. Everyone is bustling around to get to the different qualifier events for their own countries and there was a seemingly endless amount of competitors. There are judges, referees, commentators, coaches, organizers, and lots of other important figures scuttling around and spitting out different languages to give directions, encouragement, or announcements all over the place.

Luckily, despite your carefree attitude, you make it through the women’s gymnastics qualifiers pretty smoothly, quite close to the top in rankings too actually. So after leaving the stadium getting a pep talk from your coaches, words of encouragement for the upcoming team final, and dismissal, you scramble out of the waiting room with your stuff and your friend in tow to run out of the indoor stadium and catch the first taxi you see.

“Ah--wait!! [Surname]-chan!!” Your fellow gymnast Honda Chiharu stumbles into the taxi behind you as you show the driver the Chinese name of the Capital Indoor Stadium on your phone. He grunts and nods, understanding what you mean and starts driving.

You know that the taxi rate is probably hiked up and that traffic will be a nuisance with the Olympics going on, but there’s no other option if you want to get to Japan’s men’s volleyball match against Korea in time. “[Surname]-chan… I know you want… to see the men’s game… but you could’ve at least told me… before you tried to rip my arm off.” she pants, throwing her head back against the headrest in the taxi.
“Oh come on, have some pride for your country! These new players are sure to have a lot of potential this year. I bet they’re gonna blow everyone away.”

“Of course I have pride! But I don’t see the big deal. You’re obviously more into the boys playing than the actual sport itself.” Honda always sees right through you. “Shouldn’t you be trying to practice more to aim for gold?”

“Look, I think I practice plenty. But I’m just not a lean, mean, training machine like the rest of you are. I need my breaks to keep my mind clear enough to perform properly. And a little eye candy never hurt anyone, okay?” You try to justify your intense eagerness to see some powerful thighs.

You get to the Capital Indoor Stadium in little over half an hour, which isn’t bad time considering the scale of events these two weeks. And with your Olympic participant ID badges, you don’t have too much trouble getting into the venue and finding seats as close as you can to the court on the side of the Japanese supporters.

The Japanese and Korean national teams are already starting their stretches and warmups, so it looks like you made it in the nick of time. “Yay, we made it!” you cheer, clapping your hands together excitedly as Honda sits calmly beside you.

The game commences within the next couple of minutes and you observe each and every player’s stats (read: bodily assets) throughout the first set, which you guys manage to take. It’s a good start, and you notice that although the blockers are still a bit on the weaker side, the attacks are more dynamic this year around.

Particularly that one with the spiked grey and white hair. His body doesn’t have anything that would usually stand out to you, but his crosses and straights have been pretty well executed throughout the first set. And his personality seems super energetic, so it’s entertaining to see him interact with his teammates. His jersey says his name is Bokuto, so when the teams switch sides, you quickly look him up.

Bokuto Koutarou. Has been training with the national team for three years. But it looks like this is his first official game in the Olympics. His excitement shows too, since he seems to be one of the louder personalities on the team. It seems his catchphrase is “Hey, hey, hey!” as you observe the rest of the game. The more you watch him play, the more endearing he seems. And soon enough, your focus zeroes in on him alone for the last set. You’ve almost forgotten all of the other admittedly more attractive guys on the team, because Bokuto just has a strong presence.
Japan wins the game 3-1 and you have new eye candy to look forward to watching. Everybody wins. Now you can just hope that the team will continue to win so you can continue to watch them play.

But Honda seems to believe that you need to be reminded of your priorities, “[Surname]-chan, you’re here as a gymnastic competitor, not a fan. We still have training to do, so let’s go practice for the team final first.”

“Fine. But can’t we eat dinner first?” You whine.

She grumbles at your whiny tone but you do have a point. So you two head back to the Village, since most of the public eating joints are too crowded and you should probably watch what you eat while still in competition for the time being.

Making your way through the enormous dining hall for all the Olympic athletes and everyone accompanying them, you separate from Honda after scanning the entirety of the buffet to cater to your individual diets. She’s more of an organic eater and you prefer to just keep your body satisfied. You know how to work with your body, and letting yourself indulge just a little with each meal helps you work with your psychological satisfaction. So if you want a damn cookie, you’re gonna eat one by all means!

As you’re balancing your plate with both protein and veggies and carbs, another tall figure walks up to the same curry that you’ve been eyeing. And heaven behold, it’s Bokuto Koutarou, that super energetic wing spiker, in all his spiky-haired glory. He catches you approaching the same thing, so he puts his arm out to let you go first, “Go ahead.” he says in Japanese, his voice scratchy and deep. Not too different from the one you heard shouting during the volleyball game.

“Wow, you’re Bokuto-san?” You look up at him with starstruck eyes.

“Eh? You’re Japanese?” his mouth puckers in thought as he looks at you, but gives you a big smile, “But yup, that’s me. Bokuto Koutarou, wing spiker of the national team.”

“Cool!!” You gush, “I saw your game today, it was amazing! You got so many straights in, they couldn’t stop you!”
He laughs loudly and proudly, punching a fist to his chest, “Well, I have gotten pretty good if I do say so myself. They wouldn’t put me on the court for nothing.”

“As expected!”

“What’s your name by the way?” he asks you, still smiling. He’s quite dazzling.

“[Surname][Name]. Pleased to meet you!” You bow slightly, as not to bend into the food in your hands. But before you can introduce yourself further as an Olympic athlete, someone else comes towards your area for food as well, so the two of you quickly put some curry into your plates and head to a table.

“Do you mind if I join you, by the way, Bokuto-san?” You smile brightly, unable to believe your luck to meet your newest eye candy on the day you first see him.

“Go right ahead.” He gestures at the seat next to him.

The two of you chat and eat for the next ten minutes or so, mostly about him and his team and volleyball. It’s not that he’s conceited or not curious about you, but it’s just that you keep asking him questions because he and his stories are just so entertaining. It’s unbelievable the shit he gets himself into with the team during training. And apparently he was one of the top 5 aces in the country even back in high school.

But you two are finally interrupted when a couple of Bokuto’s teammates spot him and sit at the seats set up across from you, “Eh? Bokuto, you know [Surname]-san?”

“Hm?” Bokuto looks up, his face stuffed with rice and curry, “No we just met. Do you know her?”

“No, but I have seen her at previous competitions in the last few years. Your floor routines are always so amazing, [Surname]-san.” one of the teammates acknowledges you and bows before taking a seat across from you.

“Yeah, your routine at the last Summer Olympics was the best! I’m looking forward to it this year too.” the other teammate agrees.
You blink, taken aback, before swallowing what you have in your mouth and bowing your head, “Ah, thank you so much for your support. I’ll do my best.”

“Whaat???” Bokuto suddenly stands up, slamming his hands on the table, “You’re an athlete too?!”

The taller guy on the team who had spoken to you first sighs, “Bokuto, this cafeteria is full of athletes. It’s the Olympic village.”

“Oh. You’re right.” Bokuto sits down again, “Sorry about that. But why didn’t you tell me earlier?”

You giggle at his slight pout, “Sorry, guess I forgot. I sounded like such a fan that you must have just thought I was a team manager or something, huh? But anyway, I’m part of Japan’s national gymnastics team. And I’m pleased to make your acquaintance.” you bow your head to him as well as the other two boys at the table.

You four chat on about the upcoming competitions and who you’re up against. But even at this social wavelength where you can talk to them casually, Bokuto is the one who keeps your attention. He’s so interesting and tells his stories in such an entertaining way that you want to just keep listening to him and laughing with him. Not to mention how you both can match wavelengths at how easily you change topics.

But eventually, your own teammates find you on their way out of the cafeteria, “Ah, there you are [Surname]. We should head out to start evening practice while we still have access to the gym equipment.”

“Oh, sure!” You jump up with your tray, “It was nice meeting you all. I’ll try to make it to your next game, so do your best!” You pump an excited fist before pushing in your chair and grabbing your dishes to follow your teammates down the long cafeteria hall.

When you’re out of earshot, Bokuto’s teammates start chuckling and nudging at their owl-haired companion, “Dude, don’t you think [Surname]-chan was super into you?”

“Yeah, you guys totally hit it off. You should try to get her number later on.” the other member doesn’t so much encourage his teammate as he taunts him.

“[Surname]?” Bokuto furrows his eyebrows in thought, “I don’t know, she’s not really my type. I
kinda prefer more…gentler girls. Like, someone feminine, and kind, who’ll take care of me.”

The two volleyball players sitting across from Bokuto exchange an exasperated look that says ‘Is this guy serious?’ So one of them says it, “Bo, have you seen her gymnast body? She’ll take care of you real good.”

“Mhm.” the other nods as the two bump their fists together in a synced handshake.

“Well I just met her, and she seems nice but maybe a little wild for me. But it doesn’t matter anyway. I have Hayama-chan.” Bokuto waves off the matter, finishing his food.

“You mean that model that you’ve been seeing?”

“Oh, she’s super pretty.”

“I know, right?” Bokuto smiles brightly.

“Yeah, but isn’t she an airhead? And kind of a snob? She’s just fucking around with you because you’re a national athlete.” the first guy argues.

“But she’s a model, and she’s busy too so she doesn’t mind that much when we can’t see each other that often. Or if I forget to text her back or something.” Bokuto shrugs, seeing no problem with being used for his athletic prowess.

He hasn’t dated around too much since he went into professional training straight out of high school, so he isn’t really experienced with romantic things. Not that he really has time for them anyway. But if a pretty girl wants him, and he wants her, he remains loyal. So you are not an option right now, even if he was interested in you.

Okay, he was most definitely interested in you. His volleyball team managed to win their third preliminary game, and since it was held in the morning, his teammates insisted on dragging Bokuto over to the Indoor Stadium to see the women’s individual all-around final that was being held in the afternoon. And man, his friends weren’t kidding when they said your floor routines were incredible. You practically wiped everyone away with your dark hip hop soundtrack and strong somersaults. All of your landings were perfect and your lazy smile gave you a powerful aura to match your routine.
That day when you had eaten dinner with Bokuto and his teammates, you guys had mentioned how your routines were often controversial because they weren’t very traditional. Your soundtrack choices always edged away from the classical and smooth instrumentals that artistic gymnasts would usually use. So your wild rhythm and unpredictable movements would often bring about lots of playbacks. Only the younger people were usually more drawn to it, but your skill was unquestionable, so it was really a stylistic choice for the judges. Before it wasn’t really welcomed, but more recently they’ve been becoming more well received.

Unfortunately, your competitors were far more advanced than you were in the other events like uneven bars and balance beam, so you were unable to obtain a medal for individual all-around. But the way you handled floor was incredibly different from all of the other events you did. Floor was where your personality came out, and you had room for creativity. That smile you had on your face the entire time did wonders for your stage presence. And it did a number or two on the volleyball ace as well.

It was enough for Bokuto to spend the rest of his evening in the hotel on his phone, researching you and your previous performances. It was like a new obsession, because he just kept clicking on the next video, and the next, and the next until his roommate informed him of the time. “You gonna watch [Surname]-chan all night, or are you gonna sleep?” he teases.

“Ah! Eh! I--!” Bokuto drops his phone, obviously flustered.

“Calm down, Bokuto.” his teammate chuckles good-naturedly, “It’s okay, everyone knows how cool [Surname]-chan is. Now you can join the club.”

“Yeah, yeah you’re right.” Bokuto’s eyes suddenly brighten, “I’m gonna cheer so loud for her tomorrow! She’ll totally win gold with my support in the pillars.” he bumps a fist to his chest proudly, as if he would be the sole reason for your next win.

“Uh… well the next few days are individual events. Women’s floor, which is usually [Surname]-chan’s main event, isn’t until Thursday. And we’ve got to focus on our own practice and games too.” he reminds the new gymnastics fan.

On the last day of gymnastics events, for women’s floor finals, you win gold. The moment your saw your score pop up across the screen was historical. You’ve never felt your heart swell up this big,
you might spill it out of your throat. It’s all a big teary blur of hugs with your coaches, teammates, photos, and national anthems. But the weight of gold hanging from your neck is unmistakable. It’s like an anchor or sorts, keeping you from flying to the heavens in your bliss of victory.

After all the cameras are gone and you’re escorted out of the gym with your team, the first people you see are the volleyball players from the national team. They had come to a couple of your previous events if time had allowed, and you had all eaten a couple of meals with each other throughout the rest of the Olympic Games so far, so you were all clearly friends now. But the look of pure pride and Bokuto’s open arms greeting you when you reach the hallway leading back to the waiting rooms, your daze of happiness fogs you up even further when he says, “Congratulations!”

“You guys!!” you run up to jump into Bokuto’s arms, clearly not thinking this through but loving how tight his embrace is. In the heat of the moment you kiss his temple and drop to your feet when he loosens his grip. You don’t seem to notice the surprise on his face as he touches the spot you had just pressed your lips against, since you’re just jumping and excitedly gushing to his teammates about your new medal, “Look at this! Do you see this? Can you feel it? It’s so unreal, I can’t believe it!! Ahh!!”

“Well believe it, because it’s yours now.” His teammate brings his arms around to hug you as well. “Once again, that was an incredible routine.”

“Yeah,” his other teammate who came to watch comments, “But it was kinda different from your usual style wasn’t it? It was still really contemporary, but the music genre was kind of different. So it changed your persona a little.”

“Guess the judges really liked it.” the first guy grabs the top of your head to shake it around in lieu of ruffling your meticulously styled hair.

“It was the finals, so I thought I’d really try blowing them away.” You giggle, still clutching the medal in your hand as if it might disappear if you don’t hold onto it tightly enough.

But soon enough, your team calls you so you bid the volleyball players farewell with promises to watch their next game if you don’t manage to meet up with them later. The guys wave you goodbye before turning to find Bokuto, still in a flushed daze and touching the side of his face. They chuckle at each other before punching Bokuto on each bicep, “Looks like someone got some fanservice. Lucky!”

“Whooooooo!!! Japan!!!! Let’s go!!!” You’re obnoxiously loud next to Honda and a small number
of gymnasts and other athletes who decided to accompany you to the men’s semi-finals for volleyball. Amazingly, the Japanese national team managed to make it this far, and since gymnastics events were over, you were free to come show your support. And supportive you were, with the Japanese flag headband tied around your forehead and the large cape-sized flag in your hands.

You’re in the front rows with some of the players’ family members and friends, causing a ruckus in the stands. Your friends sit a couple rows behind you, pretending not to be associated with you, but cheering in their own way with fans and mini flags in their hands. Some of them don’t really know all of the rules of volleyball, but you’re too hyped up to explain every play to them, so you let them discuss amongst themselves as you jump in a line of family members and friends with your arms around each other’s shoulders at the captain’s impressive spike.

Everyone’s plays are exciting, especially how everything happens so quickly. But Bokuto’s points are always the most exciting, because he’s one of the more excitable ones on the team who makes a bigger show of a scored point. “Hey, hey, hey!!” he’ll shout and sometimes you and the other fans will shout it back.

“Totally shut out!!” You clasp hands with someone’s uncle and jump frantically with him when your team makes an impressive block.

But despite how madly you’re all cheering, things don’t really look good for your team. They’re transitioning into the third set already without having even snagged one for themselves. And Bokuto seems to be getting more and more frustrated with this turn of events. He stays quite idle for the first half of the third set. But after talking and hanging out with the volleyball team, you know that his mood swings are quite a common thing (apparently it was even worse in high school, yikes). There’s really nothing you can do, because he’s the type to find his groove again on his own. All you can do is hope he finds it soon.

And cheer like you’re crazy. Seriously, you’ve been getting a lot of weird looks, from the spectators, some of the family members cheering next to you, and even some from the opposing team. Well you can’t really help it, you’re hyped up. So sue you.

But it doesn’t seem for naught when some of the players on your team turn to glance at you and laugh at your antics, some even waving to you once or twice. If you’re bringing a positive atmosphere that’ll help them play, then nothing can stop you.

“Agh!! We were so close too!” Bokuto cries out in loss at the round table in the Chinese restaurant
you and several of your friends and teammates are eating lunch at.

“Bokuto… we lost 3-0 in both finals.” the rather spiteful middle blocker of the team deadpans.

“But this is closer than we’ve been in years!” Bokuto protests, slamming his hands on the rickety table, prompting his friend sitting beside him to push him back into his seat.

It’s true. Japan lost the semi-finals, and then lost the match for Bronze, but it was quite miraculous that that the team managed to improve so much in the past couple of years to make it this far. In the realm where one game could mean the end of everything, all your hard work, thousands of hours of practice, struggle, and training, making it to the semi-finals is already quite a feat in itself. But Bokuto had seemed to be aiming much higher. He wanted to taste the heavy metals that represented victory. Which wasn’t a bad goal to have. You can’t be an Olympic athlete if you’re not ambitious.

“Hey, I have an idea.” you pipe up, thinking you know just what’ll help cheer everyone up.

On most teams’ last night in Beijing, there’s usually a big party held at a nightclub, where almost everybody celebrates the conclusion of another Olympic Games. But usually there’s a special venue that’s mainly booked for athletes and their close acquaintances. These nights are usually the craziest of them all, where you get to see even the most stringent players let loose and indulge a little bit. Or a lot.

It’s also a night of wild passions, and soon-to-be regrets, and there are people all over the place hoping to get lucky tonight before they head back home and revert back to their rigid training regimes. But like the great majority of the people in the club, you’re here to have a good time with your friends, old and new, and make some good memories to accompany the gold medal that will soon hang from your bedroom wall.

You and the other gymnasts (both from your team and others) are greeted at the entrance by a loud, “Hey, hey, hey!!” You turn around and come face to face with Bokuto and the other Japanese volleyball players. And you don’t miss all the grazing looks from most of the boys at your group of girls, Bokuto included. Well, it’s to be expected. Gymnast bodies always take people by surprise when they’re out of their leotards and dressed up in lace and jewelry.

“Whoa! You guys look so good!” Bokuto is the only one bold enough to say it aloud.

And you’re the only one bold enough to reply, “You guys clean up pretty nicely too.”
Yes, Bokuto did look really good in his tight navy button up and black slacks. Simple, but it did so much for him. And most of the boys were dressed similarly, with many different splashes of color.

Most of the other girls are done up in cute skirts or dresses, and touched up with killer heels and smokey makeup. You diverged a bit from them with your national colors splayed out on your body; a white midriff top with some cutout stripes to show off some slivers of skin on your back, and some short red shorts, paired with a black belt and black open-toed wedges. You were hoping to dance quite a bit, so you decided to forego the stilettos.

“Well, what are we waiting for?” You break everyone’s sticky gazes on each other, “Let’s join in on the fun.” You lead the group towards the entrance, where electronic dance music is bumping loudly in everyone’s ears and chests.

Before long, you lose track of everybody you came with, and with all the drinks that you had accepted, you wouldn’t be able to find them anyway. You were a lot more giggly when you were under the influence, so you’re pretty sure you’ve flirted and danced with someone from almost every sport or country. But you’re not looking for anything more than that, because you’re here to dance tonight. It’s only when a familiar figure with a horned styled hairdo approaches you that you make an exception.

“You’re a really good dancer.” he yells into your ear so you can hear over all the music in the club, and his look of awe prompts you to giggle and pull his hands to hold onto your hips. He doesn’t seem to be a stranger to the party scene, so he rests them there comfortably. Every sway of your body underneath his touch excites every one of your nerve endings. You wonder if he can feel the electricity pulsing underneath your skin because of him.

With your arms around his neck, you bring your face closer and closer, willing him to pull away. But he never does. You’ve long since found out that he’s been having something going on with a model back home, but that wasn’t going to stop you when he obviously felt a similar attraction to you that you did him. And if he’s not pushing you away now, then you’re not going to stop.

The moment your lips touch, you feel something similar to a scalding burn shoot through the rest of your body. It puts your body into a shock and you’re unable to take as much control into the kiss as you would have liked. But it seems that you don’t need to worry about that, since Bokuto is the one leaning in closer to you, making the kiss deeper. And soon, he brings his tongue into the picture.

Man, this guy worked fast. You liked it. So you let him dig around your mouth for a while, and you two just stand there making out in the middle of the dance floor. It’s a shame that Bokuto can’t hear the moan you mewl, but at least he can feel it traveling from your throat through his own tongue to
vibrate into his very core. His pants are starting to feel tighter, but he very much appreciates it when you cling to his neck and throw your legs to wrap around his waist, rubbing your hips against his and somewhat alleviating the discomfort in his crotch.

This situation has gone way farther than he had expected it to, and although there’s a small guilt gnawing in the back of his mind to remember he’s still technically seeing Hayama-chan, he can’t help but bring his hands down to your butt to hold your weight up. Oh god, this firm muscle was a completely different world from the supple flesh he’s used to from dating previous girls. But there’s something about your unrivaled strength and ability to hold yourself up without his help that turns him on.

And the way your ass wiggles in his hands as you dry hump him is driving him insane. He wants to feel it underneath his own hands without the barrier of clothing, to hear the squelching sounds of your wetness slapping against him, see you naked and bent over in impossible ways with your gymnast body. So that motivation and the fact that you’re wearing shorts gets the volleyball player moving and carrying you out of the club without delay.

You giggle madly at his eagerness and efforts in not ever putting you down. So you just let him haul you like a baby in his arms until you reach the fancy hotel two blocks down, his grip and erection never letting up since you put in your best efforts to keep him excited. You two should probably be embarrassed at the scene you cause in parading through the hotel lobby into the elevator, but you like how Bokuto doesn’t seem to give a fuck because of how horny he is.

He even holds you throughout the entire elevator ride, where you start making out again until the elevator chimes for the 25th floor. Reluctantly tearing his lips away from yours to focus on getting to his room in one piece, he directs you to dig around his back pocket for the room card.

Reaching down, you give him a teasing squeeze and an innocent, “Oops, wrong side.” as he almost collapses halfway down the hall, suppressing his groans as much as he can.

Slamming you into the door first, you moan at the pleasurable wave of pain the impact causes against your back. But you go back to your task of pulling out the card key and maneuvering your arm to scan it above the doorknob. And at the sound of the unlocking beep, you press the handle down and Bokuto pushes through it without waiting a second longer.

It’s a standard room with two queen-sized beds, and after flicking on the bedside lamp, he falls on top of you on the bed closest to the window. And then he slams your lips together again, pressing against you like you’re all the water he needs after having carried you all the way back to his room.
Admittedly, you’re quite surprised. You had a feeling that he was becoming more attracted to you, but you didn’t realize he’d go to such lengths to bring you to a more comfortable place to continue what you had started in the club. Honestly, you were going to settle with sucking him off in the bathroom, so this is above and beyond your expectations. And the way his hips are frantically ricocheting against yours makes you incredibly happy at how much he wants you.

“Ah! Bokuto-san!” you call out when he finally pulls away from your mouth to suck at your neck.

The sound of his name on your lips gets him going, and he rocks harder against your clothed pussy, agonizingly racing towards his peak until he feels himself come in his own boxers. It’s incredible how fast that was. He usually prided himself in how long he could last, but maybe that was the effect you had on him.

As he slows down, you look up at him and ask, “Did you just…?”

“Uh… yeah…” he says sheepishly, looking away shyly. But you seem to enjoy the bashful expression in his face, so you waste no time in working to remove his slacks.

“Well, we can’t just leave all your efforts in bringing us all the way here at that.” you announce, letting his pants and cum-smeared boxers fall to the floor. The look in your eyes as you take in his impressive size is eager and wild. And he had just finished, so he wasn’t fully hard yet.

“So, Bokuto-san,” you take him into your hand to warm him up again, “What was it that you wanted to do so badly that you took the time and effort to carry me all the way here?” You punctuate your sentence with a kitten lick at the head of his cock, making him shiver.

Standing before you, as you sit so temptingly at the edge of his bed, stroking him to hardness again, Bokuto wonders if this is one of the perks to Olympic stardom. He gets to fuck other smoking hot athletes. A gold medalist, nonetheless. The white top hugging your tight body beckons to him, and he wants to see what’s underneath those teasing slits that show a bit of skin. And if he’s going all the way tonight, then those cute red shorts of yours are going to have to go too.

“I wanted to see you naked.” he breathes, sure that his eyes are probably blown with black. “Feel… all of you…. Under me…” It becomes harder for him to describe the more he imagines it, because the figure of you in front of him now is gonna get close to it.

“Yeah?” you smile, elated with his helpless breathing. “Well, I’d be happy to help with that.” And so
you start by pulling your tight top over your torso, revealing the lacey white bra you have underneath.

Bokuto helps you pull your shorts down when you unbutton them, and he feels a rush when he sees the matching white panties you’re wearing. And donning those lascivious undergarments is the most lush, muscled body he’s ever laid his eyes on. You’re all smooth lines and firm flesh. He could probably cut open a watermelon on your stomach.

Dying to get some skin-on-skin action, Bokuto tears his button-up shirt open and flings it off before running his calloused hands up your body and resting them on your cupped breasts. He lowers his head down to lick a line up your stomach and kiss and suck at the beautiful clean expanse of it. He massages your breasts as he moves his tongue around your torso, leaving soft marks on your stomach, hips, shoulders, neck, every inch he can reach. He wants to pamper your body and memorize as much of it as possible.

In turn, you just let him do as he pleases, leaving your fingers to pull at his hair to indicate when he’s doing particularly well. Your moaning soundtrack is also helpful, and a nice motivator. And when he puts his lips on your breast, your back bows and presses tightly against Bokuto’s rock-hard body.

This pampering is nice and all, but you want that thick, promising cock inside of you. So you push him off with a tortured moan to take your bra off. And then you turn around on all fours to stick your laced up butt at Bokuto’s direction. When you turn around to see his frozen expression, wondering what to do next, you wiggle your ass at him, “Take them off, Bokuto-san.”

In truth, he was actually just admiring your beautiful figure of being bent over on your knees in front of him. If he was lucky, he would be able to see you like this again tonight. But for now, he needs to get these panties off of you so he can get a little taste for himself.

There’s a string of wetness that stretches out from your pussy when he pulls the underwear down, and he’s drooling over it. Once the panties are down to your knees, he pushes his face forward to lick up the line of your slit, making you contract in response. Oh, he likes that.

So he does it again, but digs his tongue deeper inside of you so that he can feel those wonderful contractions around the hot muscle in his mouth. You taste incredible. And you get wetter by the second as he pushes his tongue around inside of you. He can tell you’re looking for something more, something bigger, by the way you keep pushing against his face to feel him deeper inside you. And eventually, your legs slide off of the bed and your feet land on the ground.

Bokuto follows, still wanting to taste you and looking to have you come at least once on his mouth.
alone. So he uses his fingers to spread your lips apart and thrusts his tongue into the wider opening he creates. You’re lying flat on your stomach, reaching your arms out in front of you to grip at the pillow and sheets sprawled beneath you.

Trying to find a way to cope but simultaneously give Bokuto a wider angle, you lift one of your legs to the side and raise it up backwards to rest the front of your thigh on the ace’s shoulder. Like this, Bokuto has a whole new perspective in this right angle of your cunt, and he digs into the new position with impressive gusto.

Although it didn’t seem like nearly enough of him inside of you, you finally manage to come when he keeps poking at one particular spot close to your clit. Reaching your peak, you bend your leg that’s resting on Bokuto’s shoulder, stretching yourself open wider and pushing onto his face like you’re trying to asphyxiate him. “Bokuto-san, please…” you whisper into the sheets like a prayer.

He grunts and moves his face away from you. You’re about to retract your leg from his shoulder, but he grips your calf and keeps it in the air, proceeding to push his torso against it until your leg is stretched out straight up into the air. So this is the ability of an Olympic gymnast… he thinks. “I think you’ve waited long enough.” he surprises you with the playful tone of his voice. He had seemed so desperate and needy for you at first. Guess he’s finally warmed up.

Giving his dick a couple more strokes, he asks if you want him to pull out later, but you reassure him that it’s more than okay for him to come inside of you. So without another second to spare, he keeps his grip on your calf to press your leg against his chest, his other hand holding onto your hip, and slowly inserts himself into your tight, hot, slick entrance.

And damn, if he’s ever had sex like this before. Your split legs create an angle unlike any other he’s felt before. It’s like he can feel whole new dimensions and secret passageways inside of you. And he’s keen on looking for every single one of your good spots, learning your every reaction to each one of them.

The way Bokuto keeps angling his hips every which way drives you into hysterics, clawing and biting at his sheets to keep your composure. Because you know that if you do, you’ll be rewarded with one of the most spectacular orgasms you’ve ever experienced. The position Bokuto had pulled you into was already tear-inducing, because he’s going in deeper than you’ve ever felt anyone go before. His wide girth did wonders to you, and you were rolling your eyes, sticking your tongue out, and calling his name like he was bringing you to salvation. “Yes, Bokuto!! Yes!! Yes!! Harder, faster… It’s so good…!!” you grovel into the sheets.

When Bokuto feels himself about to reach his limit, he regretfully slows down and pulls out, putting your leg down. But quickly, he heeds your call of agony as he flips you around to lie your back on the bed, and pulls your legs up to stretch them into a horizontal split position perfectly perpendicular
to your torso, and reinserts himself into your pulsing heat. And this is even better, because he can see you so clearly lying before him, splayed out and desperately wanton.

The volleyball player reaches out to pull your hands down to hold your own legs apart, so he can lean down to squeeze your breast with one hand and rub your clit with the other. The stimulation is crazy, and you’re shaking and writhing underneath his touch, arching your back as much as you can to somehow cope with the incredible pleasure Bokuto is giving you.

You bash your head back and forth and end up bringing your other leg that had not been stretched upwards earlier up above your head, once again creating an incredibly wide angle for Bokuto to thrust into. He loves your agility and can hardly believe the situation he’s in, helplessly fucking an Olympic gymnast that his teammates have all raved about. You completely exceed his expectations with every passing second he spends with you.

The way you’re hugging your leg to you and spreading yourself out wider for him to penetrate you is so beautiful and unreal. You’re so open and welcoming that he just sinks farther and farther into you, feeling like he’s going to end up lost inside you. He never wants to leave, never wants to let go of you.

You seem to read into his thoughts because suddenly you bring your spread legs up to rest on both of his shoulders, locking your ankles around his neck. And now, in a complete contrast to how you were spread-eagled for him earlier, it’s like you’ve completely closed around him and swallowed him whole, trapping him inside of you. “Oh god…” you moan, bowing your head back so he can only see the beautiful expanse of your throat.

With your hips still suspended in the air, he supposes he should do more of the work. So he takes hold of your sharp hips and continues to ram his dick inside of you to the best of his ability. And although this position is a little more stifling, he feels nothing but your walls squeezing tightly around him. He doesn’t understand how it’s possible to feel this good building up to only one orgasm. He’s never been more thankful for his endless libido. He wanted to learn and feel and kiss you so much more. You’re a completely new world to him.

And you can’t help but feel the same. You’ve never been with a guy who’s been able to hold out this long. Once you spread one leg up, he’d pop his load within the next couple of minutes and be unable to try anything else that evening. Bokuto is inhuman in comparison to those duds. He’s as energetic in bed as he is on the court, which you’re outrageously happy about.

With your ankles locked around the back of his neck, and your walls wrapped tightly around Bokuto’s sweet, fat cock, you’re bombarded with an enticingly full feeling. He’s completely filled the deepest depths of you, and you never want him to leave. Each thrust he makes into you is like a new shot at your nerves, sending your mind into a frazzled state that you’re not sure you can bring
He had long found your g-spot, and you had probably passed through a couple of mini-orgasms that would have destroyed you had Bokuto not pulled out or switched his position in the middle of it. But now, you can see the furrowed eyebrows donning the ace’s face, and you can telling he’s trying to hold himself back so that this will last as long as possible.

You’re incredibly touched when he pushes down to kiss you again, not to mention totally consumed with pleasure at the new angle he pushes into you. Your ankles come apart, but your legs are still pushed back by Bokuto’s shoulders, and he continues to pound into you as you make out in this position.

Pushing into yet another angle without rest, he completely wrecks you from the inside out and you’re blinded for a long minute as you stay at your peak for a while, pulsing around Bokuto’s thick cock. And when he finally reaches his peak as well, your cum mixes together like the spit moving between your mouths as he tongues at you.

When he pulls out of you, it’s one of the saddest moments of your life. You’re spent, covered in sweat and Bokuto’s scent, and a mixed cocktail of your cum is dripping all over your thighs. He had shot quite a load into you, you had wondered if he had any liquid left in his body.

Bokuto collapses onto his back beside you and catches his breath. He still looks as handsome right now as he had earlier tonight. His rock-hard body had been like a taste of heaven. You wanted to taste and feel and learn more about him. He had obliterated your body in his search for all of its secrets. You wanted to do the same for him.

Judging by the look on his face as you stroke his length again, he’s eager to please. “One more.” he says, like he does whenever he encourages his team to score another point. You don’t know when this game tonight is going to end, but you’re willing to score as many points as he wants.

And for the rest of the night, you two are in incredibly impossible positions, one after another. And you have orgasms one after another. Both of you are dumbfounded at how the other can keep up with their sexual drives, but it goes on nonstop. And even though you’re fairly certain that you’ve tasted every inch of Bokuto Koutarou by sunrise, you still want more.

His roommate must’ve been caught by surprise, to say the least, when he walked into the scene of you hanging upside down with your legs split in a perfect line in Bokuto’s grip, with him hugging your waist as he ate you out, and you returning the favor in sucking him off in your overturned position. It was impressive that he could still hold your weight up like that after so many hours of
fucking, and that he could probably still go on for another hour or so if he didn’t know that his roommate was waiting to get his stuff. They did have a flight to catch later that day, after all.

So after letting you clean up in his bathroom (regrettably he didn’t join you in the shower because that would have defeated the purpose of it), you leave Bokuto’s room with a last kiss and promise of contact when you both return home to Japan. You don’t run into Bokuto’s roommate on your way to the elevator and out of the hotel, but that’s because he had been hiding out in the hallway so that he could run into the room and demand his friend for the details once the time came.

Alas, the young ace was fast asleep, and he was too groggy throughout the rest of the day, through lunch and the plane ride, to tell any of his teammates about his sexual escapades with the national gymnastic team’s floor gold medalist. So the team had to go with what Bokuto’s roommate had accidentally witnessed and speculate from there.

It was only after regular practice had resumed that Bokuto revealed that he broke up with Hayama the model and was now regularly seeing you during your free days every week.

… And having a shit ton of amazing sex, Bokuto had generously admitted. He could go on forever about how amazing you were with your incredible body, but that was like a special secret he learned to keep for his own self satisfaction. Truly, dating an Olympian was something else.

Chapter End Notes

guys, leave me a comment. or talk to me. suffer with me. we're in this for another 9 weeks, come on.

blushinggray.tumblr.com
Chapter Summary

this might be a bit overdone but terushima just fits so well with the fuck buddy plot, ya know?

Chapter Notes

got a comment recently (yay!!) asking for terushima and i'm a people pleaser so voila. i took this out of my closet and vamped it out a little, so go get your fill of some terushima dick, you sluts.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Man... we could still be playing games right now if it weren't for those Karasuno guys..."

"Yeah... I'd rather be trying those new plays than sitting here for physics."

"And that girl with the glasses was a total babe, ugh! I can't believe I didn't manage to get her contact." Terushima slouches further down into his seat, letting his head hang down over the back of his chair.

"What's it matter? You have [Surname] already."

"[Surname]? What do you mean I have her? She's just a friend."

"I thought you guys were together already."

"What are you talking about 'already'? We're friends and that's it." Terushima says with a plain look on his face.

Bobata raises an eyebrow own confusion, "But I saw her sucking your wang in the bathroom once."

That's when Terushima sputters and sits up in his seat, "You seemed to enjoy it on more than just a friendly level." his friend wags his eyebrows.

"Whoa you serious?" Futamata asks incredulously, "Dude, she's super cute. What a catch."

"I know, right? Damn she'd be hella pretty lowered down in fro--"

"Hold up!" Terushima brings himself out of his shocked stupor to stop them from continuing to imagine something that really only he should be able to imagine, "When the hell did you see this happen?"

"Huh? I don't know, maybe a few weeks ago? It was around the time spring high prelims started."
"Guh..." Terushima clenches his teeth. If you found out that somebody knew about you guys fooling around privately... "Okay, okay dude! You can't tell anyone what you saw, got it? She'd kill me if she found out."

"Huh? What's the big deal? If you're together in more ways than one then all the better, right?"
Bobata hits Terushima in the chest with the back of his hand, smirking.

"That's the thing," he says in a panicked hush, "We're not together. We're just friends. And what you saw is just a secret thing between us. You can't tell anyone, I mean it."

His friends are taken aback at how serious Terushima is about this. It's an interesting side of him for them to see since it involves a girl. Usually he's always playful and in it for fun when it came to those kinds of things.

"Wait so how often does this thing between you happen?"

"I'm not entitled to say. But, between you and me, she's not the type to wear thigh highs just because she likes to. So if you see them on her, it's probably to hide her knees." he smirks, looking out the window.

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Terushima [9:12]: what are you doing during third period?

[Surname] [9:20]: I'll be in class. what else

Terushima [9:21]: go to the bathroom instead

[Surname] [9:21]: -______-

Terushima [9:21]: :)
Terushima [9:22]: specifically the one on the third floor in the art wing

[Surname] [9:24]: we'll see

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You dip out of the classroom two minutes before the bell rings for third period to start. You’d rather just show up late to class than attract attention by leaving in the middle of it and raising suspicions with how long you’d be gone.

Honestly, you didn’t have to comply to Terushima’s wishes because he’s probably only calling you
You stay in the bathroom for two minutes after the bell rings until you’re sure that all of the hallways are cleared. You can’t afford to have stragglers or hall monitors catching you skipping third period. Sucking dick would not be a valid excuse to feed someone who caught you. Peeking out the door once more just to be safe, you step out of the hallway and turn down towards the stairway that goes into the art wing of the school.

Casually, as if you hadn’t just stepped out of another bathroom in the school, and acting like you don’t even notice the boys’ sign plastered on the door, you step into the small hallway and disappear behind the tiled wall that blocks the urinals and stalls from view.

“I’ve been waiting.” There he is, in all his confident glory. Head leaning back against the wall separating stalls, hands in his pockets, one leg casually crossed over the other; the epitome of lazy, cool guy knowing he’s about to get the lay of his life. Pushing off of the walls, he steps towards you and takes only one hand out of his pocket to lean beside your head against the wall behind you.

Unphased by his confident smirk, you flick your ponytail off your shoulder behind you, “Let’s make this quick. I’m not looking to make this a habit.”

You crouch with your legs spread out to balance yourself on your ankles instead of leaning your knees on the ground like you usually would. Terushima doesn’t know what to make of this. Won’t you get tired that way? Or do you think that he’ll come fast enough that you don’t have to worry about it?

“Hm. Out of long socks today?” he teases as you make good work of his zipper and pull him out of his boxers nimbly. You huff in response and the air does him well.

Just to get him hard, you leave your hands to rest on your lap and maneuver your head around to suck his head into your mouth for a good minute. Your tongue digging around his slit gets him up and firm in no time. Then you lick down the side of his length and lift his shaft up with your hand so you can lick and suck at each of his balls. The intense heat and weight in your hand and mouth make the feel of him taste even better than you anticipated. And Terushima’s strained grunts and sighs as he looks down at you eggs you on.

Soon, you’re sliding him slowly into your mouth in a straight shot until he touches the back of your
throat. Before you go down further, you raise your eyes to look up into his. He sucks in a sharp
breath as he pulls the hairband out of your ponytail to card his fingers through your beautifully silky
hair, needing something to hold himself to the ground.

Gripping his thighs with your hands to keep your balance, you keep your gazes locked on each other
as you push him in deeper, deeper into the depths of your throat, as if you have no gag reflex at all.
You’ve done this enough times to deal with the inability to get air down. Sometimes, a nice cock
tastes better than oxygen. You suck your lips in around his hilt as you pull back again, squeezing
another sharp gasp out of the volleyball captain you’ve got bent at your will.

After a couple more slow sucks and bobs, Terushima starts to use his own strength to pull your head
onto him of his own accord. He releases a helpless moan as he leans his head back at how good you
feel swallowing him whole, bringing you down to bob against him faster.

It’s only when you moan a little bit that he remembers something. You’re only here because he
requested for you to come today. You have no intention of getting off yourself. Well that’s just not
fair.

“Baby,” he runs an affectionate hand through your hair, “Do me a favor and touch yourself.”

Your eyes had been closed for a little while because you had been thoroughly enjoying yourself and
the mess you were making of this little volleyball champion. But you’ve been brought back to
attention with his sudden request. You think it over for a second but eventually shake your head as
much as you can with his cock still in your mouth. “Mm-mm.” You hum, for good measure.

“Ughhh….” Ooh. He must’ve felt that. “Come on, baby. I want you to feel good too. And I wanna
know how good you feel. Use your pretty voice to show me.” he reaches down to squeeze one of
your breasts. It’s obvious he wants you to moan into his dick if you were to touch yourself. But that’s
not happening. Not today.

You moan nonetheless, and take his balls into your fingers to play around with them as you continue
bobbing on him. He’s getting close so he can’t try to convince you further. To prevent a mess from
spilling, you keep him inside of your mouth and swallow as much as you can and then pull off of
him to spit the last spurts into the sink. You must’ve done a damn good job because he sure shot out
a good pint or something.

You rinse your mouth and wash away any more evidence on the sink with the water as Terushima
catches his breath, leaning against the wall. Inspecting your face in the mirror, you decide that there
aren’t any noticeable marks. Your lips aren’t *that* red, so you should be able to go back to class like
Walking over to Terushima again, you tuck him back into his boxers and zip him back up, giving his crotch a pat before pulling your hairband off of his wrist to tie your hair back into its ponytail.

“Oh baby, that wasn’t fair.” he pouts, wrapping his arms around your waist from behind, leaning his chin on your shoulder and looking into the mirror at your reflection as you pull your hair together. “I wanted you to feel good too. Maybe I can take care of that right now.” he moves one hand down your thigh to the hem of your skirt but you stop him just as he’s about to move in underneath.

“Not now, Terushima. I appreciate the thought, but I am not going through the rest of the school day with damp panties.” You pull away from his grip and turn around to graze his chin with your finger, a smart smirk gracing your lips, “You’ll make it up to me later.” Without warning, you slip your index finger past his lips into his mouth until you touch a small jewel of metal, “I want to feel that tongue ring inside of me later.”

Terushima closes his eyes and pulls you closer by the hips, an almost pained moan rumbling through his throat as he sucks on your finger in his mouth. Just the thought of putting his mouth on you after all this time, especially after that spectacular blow job you just gave him, gets him riled up and excited.

You take your finger back with a pop out of his mouth and give a teasing smile as you put the digit into your own mouth, and then just prance out of the boys bathroom as if you hadn’t just sent him into another frenzy of heat. He groans. School can’t be over fast enough.

“Ahh… Yu-kun…” There it was. That secret little nickname you called him when it was just the two of you, in private, dark places, and he was sending you off to Elysium and back.

Terushima was currently thrusting you into your sixth or seventh orgasm of the evening, in maybe the tenth or eleventh position you’ve switched into. He’s probably fucked and sucked and licked and bit into every inch of you tonight. How either of you weren’t spent was beyond your coherent thoughts. If he was still ready to go, you were ready to oblige.

That’s probably why you guys had lasted this long with this sexual relationship you had. You both had enough energy to satiate each other’s unquenchable sexual thirsts. You’ve been with a couple of guys before, and lord knows where Terushima’s been, but it was hard for your previous conquests to
keep up with either of you. When the two of you had first discussed it, it had just been a joke, but this agreement has been working out wonderfully since you’ve started.

“Yu-kun…” you whine. He was currently on both of his knees and was holding onto the one thigh that was hooked over his shoulder to keep you up as he continued thrusting into you. He loved this. You were so open, so raw, so ready for him, and oh-so compliant underneath his touch. “Oh yes, Yu-kun. Yes.” you gasp as you bounce against him.

“Ugh, you feel so good.” he groans. And that’s the truth. No matter how many times he fucks you, you still squeeze him hot and tight enough to make him never want to leave your insides.

You come first and just a minute later, he spills himself inside of you for the nth time that evening. Finally spent, he pulls out and gently lays your leg back down on the bed, leaning down to lazily kiss you for a little while before resting beside you. “My god, that was fantastic.” he breathes blissfully, eyes still closed.

“Well yeah. You went all out.” you chuckle, stretching your sore muscles before getting up to jump into his shower. Terushima seems too spent to join you, so you clean up in peace before you head back to his living room where all your study materials had been spread out.

After Terushima steps out from his own shower, he leans over to see you taking a practice test, “You’re already studying for those?” he asks.

“Terushima, I’m a third year now. I need to start studying if I want to get into the right university.” You remind him. The boy was still a second year, but even if he did have the pressure of exams coming up, he’d still have enough energy to play around.

“Which one were you thinking of?” he asks from the kitchen, where he begins dinner prep. His parents had said they weren’t coming back for dinner tonight, so he only had to feed two tonight. Fried rice and a stir-fry dish seemed good enough.

“Somewhere in a city. I want to be in a big, bustling area with lots of fun things to do!” You smile brightly at the thought of busy streets and big festivals.

“Why go into the city? I can show you some big and bustling fun right here.” he winks, and you roll your eyes.
“This is serious, Terushima. You ought to think about these things too. You can’t just keep fooling around and throwing volleyballs around willy-nilly forever.” You scold him.

“You never seem to have a problem with me throwing volleyballs around when you’re in the stands with your pom poms.” he retorts with a smirk. “Or when I’m throwing balls and fooling around with you.”

You huff in exasperation. This is how you guys always were. It always started with you scolding him like a mom over something and him making some lewd comment like he was incapable of thinking of anything other than volleyball and sex. And then you would start bickering over nothing. Sometimes you felt more like his older sister than his fuck buddy.

“Anyway, I want to be in a new area. See new things, meet new people. It’s just something to look forward to. I don’t really care where I go so long as I get to explore something new.” you ramble thoughtfully as you continue looking through your test booklet. Terushima just smiles before turning back to chopping up some vegetables.

“Hey Terushima, I can’t come over tonight. I’ve got some club activities I need to help out with after practice today.” you announce to him as you pass by his classroom.

“Hm? Oh, okay then.” Terushima nods easily.

“See you later.” You continue on your way down the hall to get down to the track field, where your cheerleading club was getting ready.

When you’re out of earshot, Terushima’s teammate turns back to him, “Dude, are you sure you guys aren’t a thing?”

“Will you get over that? We’re not. We’re just friends who help each other in times of need.” he puts a hand to his chest as if to sound more philosophical.

“Is that why she was going to ‘come over’ tonight?” his other friends wiggles his eyebrows, “How often does this happen?”
Terushima sighs, “Chill guys, we don’t live too far from each other. Sometimes we study together. And yes! We do actually study. Without doing anything else sometimes.”

“Sometimes.”

“Yes. Sometimes.” Terushima deadpans, “It’s usually when my family’s there the whole time.” he adds quietly.

Fists rain down on the volleyball captain, with all sorts of shouts like “You sly dog!” “Lucky bastard!” “What a monster.”

After laughing and pushing them off, Terushima settles back into his seat. “But seriously though.” Futamata remarks, “You’re volleyball captain and she’s cheerleading captain. You guys would be like, the school power couple.”

“Yeah! Like those American high schools! You guys would be the king and queen of that prom thing they have.” Bobata agrees.

“Calm down, guys. I keep telling you, it’s not like that.” Terushima sighs, “We’re just friends. And I don’t think that’s going to change. She’s got college prep to worry about. And we’ve got to find a new way to beat Karasuno next time!”

“Yeah, totally!” they were quick to follow his lead. And soon enough, they’re discussing how intense practice is going to be from here on out.

Terushima manages to catch you leaving your club room at the same time that he’s about to leave the campus on a whimsical day, so he calls out to you, “Yo~!”

“Ah, Terushima.” you smile when you see who it is. “It feels like it’s been a while since I’ve seen you. Did you just finish practice?”
“Yeah. You too?”

“Mhm, it’s been getting chillier now since winter is getting closer. So I think I’m going to have to find us a room to practice in soon.” You explain as he falls into step beside you.

The two of you chat casually, with him joking around and you reprimanding him for not taking some important things seriously. But when the two of you are about to reach the gates, you make to turn towards another building, “Sorry Terushima, I’m heading this way. I’m helping out my friend in the theatre club with their upcoming musical.”

“Aw really?” he pouts just the slightest, “I was hoping that you could come over today so we could hang out. It’s been a while.” his playful tone and quirking eyebrows give away his intentions.

“Sorry. Some other time. I’ll see you later.” And with that, you wave him off and head towards the school’s auditorium.

“Yo, did you and [Surname]-senpai break things off? She’s been hanging around with that one theatre dude a lot lately. I always see them eating lunch together nowadays.” Futamata brings up the topic when he spots you with your cheerleading club stretching as some of the guys head to their own volleyball club practice.

“[Surname]? First of all, we’re not together. We’re friends, I keep telling you.” Terushima sighs, “And what does it matter? She can hang out with whoever she wants. She’s been helping the theatre club with a musical or something.”

He says that, but it does surprise him when he sees you walking out of the auditorium with some guy, probably the one that Futamata had mentioned, and you guys are giving shy looks to each other.

He had returned to campus to pick up something he forgot, but on his way back to school, he spots the guy hesitantly bringing your hands together. Your face freezes up and turns red before you turn away from him shyly to hide your giddy smile.
That’s a new side to you that Terushima doesn’t often see. You look so much younger and cuter than the strong leading female character you always pulled off. It’s so unlike the sisterly and responsible side you often direct at him. Was it true after all, that there was something going on between you and this guy? He did seem to have an effect on you and he was obviously reciprocating the lovey dovey look that you had.

Huh. Well who would’ve thought? You didn’t seem to go after the theatre types. You were a popular face at school, a leader in both academic and physical accomplishments. Always placed in at least the top 30, cheerleading club captain, a good name shared among peers and teachers, a well respected upperclassmen, one of the prettier faces in the school, and of course, a powerhouse of a woman. Everyone knew that you didn’t take shit from anyone, and that you could be intimidating in that way sometimes. You were one of the few people who could put Terushima’s dumb ass in his place, and that’s probably why he was so interested in you to begin with.

Now the thought of you walking hand-in-hand with some quiet drama type guy, blushing and giggling, is one that makes him blink and wonder if he had actually seen what he thought he had seen. But there’s no mistaking that bright laugh of yours when Theatre Boy says something that must’ve been funny or something. When you two disappear out of the school, Terushima goes back to his errand but with intrigued thoughts. And a slight burning in the back of his head.

It’s strange, how he felt like the world around him had lit up with your shy smile. Like the street lamps had gotten maybe a little brighter, or he could see the stars more clearly after witnessing the blush dusting your cheeks. But simultaneously, when he remembers you laughing so sincerely at something that guy said, there was a tinge of hurt somewhere. An uncomfortable pull at his chest. Strange…

It’s only a few days later when you show up to his house after texting him. Usually, he would take this as an invitation to fool around with you under the sheets all day, but he notices your determined look the minute he opens the door. And it’s not mixed with anything that might resemble want for him. “Hey Terushima.”

When you’re seated in his room with him, you don’t waste any time as not to give him any wrong ideas, “So, I’ve started dating Mikoshiba-kun.”

“Your friend from theatre club that you’ve been helping?” Terushima smirks, as if he knew something was going on from the beginning.

“Yeah. It’s probably not a great idea. To start dating someone when college entrance exams are just
months away. But I really like this guy. He’s really nice, and passionate, and it feels like he sees the world so differently. We kind of just clicked, and I thought I’d take a chance, you know?” You ramble before coming to a stop and clearing your throat when you see Terushima’s amused look and raised eyebrow, “Anyway, what I came to talk to you about is that we should probably stop this thing we have going on.”

Terushima closes his eyes and shrugs, ignoring the same strange pang in his chest that he felt the other night when he saw you two together, “I understand. You have a new beau, so maybe you shouldn’t be fucking around with your much handsomer and cooler kouhai.”

“Terushima.” you take on your scolding tone again.

“I’m just kidding!” he holds his hands up in surrender, “I’m kidding! But seriously, I understand. You must really like this guy if you’re willing to give up all of this.” he gestures at his body, which is admittedly, quite godsent.

And then something close to life-changing happens. You smile at him. As corny and disgusting as that sounds, he’s never seen that kind of gentle and touching smile directed at him before. It’s almost enlightening. He’s taken aback at how he can suddenly feel his pulse in his ears and a heat in his cheeks. “Thanks, Terushima.” Oh fuck, did you just sparkle? Maybe he needs help.

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After you and Terushima cut off sexual ties, you hardly see each other outside of school when you happen to pass by each other. Despite the short encounters, they’re different now somehow. Terushima’s body awakens and his face lights up, and he suddenly feels like he can get through the rest of the day fine. He has a good idea about this weird change in dynamic between you two, but he chooses to ignore its budding existence.

Or at least he tries to. Maybe it’s his timing that’s either really awful or really perfect. Or fate that keeps these encounters happening. On a long jog one day around a lake nearby, Terushima runs past dozens of people. But he slows down when he sees a familiar uniform by the small dock. When he comes to a stop at the top of the staircase that leads down to the wooden walkway of the lake for pedestrians, he’s sure it’s you.

You’re wearing your cheerleading uniform. Were you skipping practice? Judging by the flirty giggling and hugging you’re caught up in with that same guy Terushima saw you with that night,
yeah, you were skipping practice to canoodle with your boyfriend.

He must have skipped his club activities too. You guys are so lovey dovey it almost sickens him, with how he rocks you around in his arms and how your hands are laid so gently on his chest. And the look in your eyes as you gaze up at him and he down at you. It’s gross. But… you’re so beautiful.

“Terushima? What are you doing?” Some of his volleyball club members have caught up to him. When Futamata follows his gaze, he makes an understanding sound. “Wow, it’s weird seeing them like this. [Surname]-senpai doesn’t even look like her usual self.”

Theatre Boy comes even closer to you, leaning you against the wooden railing of the dock so he can kiss you deeply. Terushima doesn’t know why he doesn’t look away. The sight of the entire thing is enough to hit him like a car crash. His face drops with his stomach, and the uncomfortable pull he’s felt the past couple of weeks when he saw you with Theatre Boy has twisted into something heavy, something painful.

And when he realizes why his body is responding this way, he runs.

“O-Oi! Terushima!” His teammate runs after him.

He runs off and away from the sight of you two together. His casual jog has turned into an all out sprint, and the members who had managed to catch up to him earlier are forgotten in his blaze of hurt, jealousy, fury, longing, all of those emotions that so clearly tell Terushima that he’s in love with you. And that you’re in love with someone else.

It’s been a while since you’ve come to see him at his house. Two and a half months to be exact, but it’s not like Terushima’s counting. And he only realizes further how he’s totally in love with you by the way he acts like he’s okay when you’re just talking and eating snacks in his room, as if he’s not in anguish over the fact that he can’t touch you like he used to. He just wants to continue seeing you happy, and being in your life, even if he can’t contribute to it.

You’re babbling about how you’re so relieved that the college entrance exams are over, but worried
about the results for the individual university exams you took. With your grades and accomplishments, it’s no question that you’re aiming to go to Tokyo. It hurts him in many ways, that you’re leaving him for somewhere far away, where there are bigger opportunities, better people, and the new experiences that you so crave for. And all he can do is encourage you.

Even if you were dating that theatre club guy, you were still within his reach. But come April, you may be gone for who knows how long. There’s no guarantee that you’ll maintain your friendship forever, and Terushima might have to just learn to get over you. But he only further proves to himself how strong his feelings are for you by the way he ignores all those impending fears, and just tries to enjoy his remaining time with you.

However, he doesn’t fail to notice your hesitant movements the entire time you’re talking to him. You carry on with the conversations as usual, but there’s just something… off about your posture, or how your gaze flickers around, or how you seem to want to say something the entire time. Something…

It’s when Terushima brings up your boyfriend that you make a sign of revealing what you’re thinking. “Are you still going to date that theatre club guy when you both go to college?” he asks.

“Oh, Mikohiba.” Your eyes flash for a moment, “Yeah, probably. We’re going to give it a try.”

“I see. He must be a cool guy then. You guys will be lucky if you manage to go to school together in Tokyo.” he comments.

“He is pretty cool. But… there is one thing…” You trail off for a moment. “Just one thing that he doesn’t have.”

Terushima laughs at that, feeling almost triumphant that your boyfriend has some sort of fault. “And what’s that?”

You hum for a moment, staring up into the ceiling before speaking again, “Well, that’s kind of the reason why I came here today… I wanted to ask you… for a favor.”

The volleyball captain blinks, mainly at your uncharacteristic hesitation. If you ever wanted to ask him something, you would just come out and say it. It was kind of a seniority thing, but it was also just how you were with him. You were direct and open about everything. He doesn’t know how he feels about this softer, hesitant side you’re showing.
“What kind of favor?” he inquires.

When you turn to look straight into his eyes, you’re starting to look familiar again, “A sexual one.”

“Oh.”

If he wasn’t in love with you, then he would have just made some sort of joke about how your boyfriend can’t satisfy you like he can. But since he definitely is in love with you, he’s completely floored that you’re coming back to him. And secretly thankful to whatever deity it was that made that theatre bastard celibate or sexually dissatisfying or whatever it was that brought you back to him.

“Of course, you’re free to decline.” You quickly pull yourself back at Terushima’s dumbfounded reaction. “I was just… you know…”

“Of course I’ll help you.” he does his best to save the situation by trying to sound cocky, but it’s clear that there’s a bit of a heavy atmosphere. But like hell he’s going to let this opportunity to have you in his arms again slip away. So opening his arms to you, he beckons for you to advance, “Come here, baby. I’ll take real good care of you.”

“Yes.” you smile softly, but seductively, grateful that Terushima’s being so flexible to the idea of you cheating on your boyfriend.

You crawl over to his end of the bed on all fours and reach your neck up to kiss him like that. Terushima rests his hands on your shoulders for a moment, letting your lips get reacquainted to each other. But as the stud in his tongue brushes against the seam of your lips, your body melts in compliance to his strong arms.

He pulls you up against his chest, kissing you fervently as if to make up for whatever Mikoshiba must be lacking. He’ll remind you exactly why he was the one who fucked you for months, for hours on end. He’ll prove to you that he’s everything that you need but won’t find in that drama boy who stole you from under his nose.

In minutes, you’re pliant and helpless against the feeling of Terushima’s tongue ring drilling through your pussy like he’s digging for gold. The sound of your whines and moans of his name drive him to thrust his tongue in deeper, to suck on your clit harder, to draw out the strongest essence of your taste. His moan travels deep into your core, moves up your spine until you’re shaking and crying out
his name in your orgasm.

And soon after discarding the rest of your clothing, Terushima’s got you on all fours where you belong, and making his insertion a quick affair. It’s been far too long since he’s been inside of you, and it’s like he’s finally been relieved of an incredible crime that he was accused of. Because honestly, being denied of the privilege to feel your insides or caress your skin or smell your scent lingering in his sheets might as well be a crime.

He makes the first thrust a harsh one, almost sending you flying into his pillows if he didn’t have such a firm grip on your hips. “Ah! Yu-kun!”

Ah, there it is. The pet name you saved only for the moments you were connected like this. He’s missed this intimate contact between your bodies. And he can only hope that you have too. He won’t kid himself into thinking that you asked him for this favor because you missed him and his hot body. Your boyfriend was probably lacking in this specific aspect that Terushima excelled in, despite how he may be perfect in any other way.

As much as he doesn’t want to think about this, he can’t help the bubbling emotions making their way into his head. This shouldn’t be right. It’s not. But what does he care? He doesn’t even know the guy. He doesn’t owe him anything. You’re the one who came to him, after all. If he’s lacking in areas that Terushima can fill for you, then by all means, he’s ready to drop everything to have you in his arms again, even if only for a night. Or for an hour.

And he’ll show you just how capable he can be right now. Pulling your thighs up to hug his hips, he orders you to lock your ankles together. And when you do, Terushima revels in your screams as he pushes far deeper into you, reaching spots inside of you that you had forgotten existed without him around. “Ah, yes! Yes, Yu-kun!” You sob into his pillows, unable to cope with how marvelous he feels inside of you.

The orgasm that rushes through every cell of your body is absurdly unlike any you’ve had in a long time. And it’s decorated perfectly with the warmth you feel as Terushima spurts inside of you.

You whine as Terushima pulls out of you and turns you onto your back so he can kiss you. “Mm, thank you, Terushima.” you hum after he pulls away, “I needed that.”

But when you move to get off of his bed and start grabbing at your clothes, he’s surprised that you’re just going to settle for that. “Wait, you’re leaving already?”
“Yeah, I think I should. This was really awful of me to do to Mikoshiba, but I just really needed it, you know?” you admit.

But Terushima isn’t ready to let you go just yet. Taking hold of your wrist, you look up at him curiously, “Well you’re here anyway. You might as well get your fill.” he smiles with insistent eyes.

When you don’t make any further moves to redress, he pulls you into his arms again and doesn’t waste a moment to start kissing you. And eventually, you drop everything that you had picked up and let yourself be whisked into Terushima’s arms that bring you right back to his bed. And for the next couple of hours, as he literally fucks you into tomorrow, he can’t help feeling that this is where you belong.

The two of you don’t have an encounter like that for a while, but you still occasionally contact each other while you’re starting your first year of university. You’re attending one of the many schools in Tokyo, as expected, and you’re absolutely loving the change of scenery. You tell him all about your new friends, favorite places to hang out, and how you’ve joined the a new student organization since they don’t have cheerleading activities at your school.

He receives postcards from you now and then, and he tapes them to his walls, happy to have reminders that you’re thinking about him, even though you’re so far away. And although he tells you that he’s putting all his energy into his volleyball activities to find a way to battle Karasuno again, he does secretly put some time into his studies as well, in hopes of getting a favorable score in his college entrance exams.

Look at what you’ve done to him. Before, he never even thought about higher education, and now he’s working his ass off behind closed doors for the small chance to be able to go to school near you. He was in deep. And he doesn’t know if he wants to climb out, because he can’t deny the light flutter in his chest when he sees a new text from you, or a new letter addressed to him in the mail, or even when he sees the caller ID photo of you two together at your graduation when you occasionally call him.

So he can’t fathom the pure joy he feels when he sees you during your visit home for summer break. You’re as beautiful as ever, and he wants nothing more than to bring you into his arms. Which is fucking weird, because a year ago, all he would ever think about when it came to you was how much he wanted your mouth on his cock (not that that thought didn’t appear again every now and then) but now he was just content with your physical presence.
You hang out several times, in his house, in town, at your house, and you just catch up on all the things you didn’t mention in your messages or calls to each other, simply enjoying your company with the other. And during one conversation when the two of you are sitting on the roof of your house, the topic comes up and Terushima asks, “So how’s you and Theatre Boy?” He never really did get past that nickname for the dude.

“We’re doing pretty good. Our schools are like an hour away from each other, but we try to make time to see each other at least once a week.” you nod thoughtfully. “I think he’s getting popular within his department, actually. We were going to come home together this summer, but he’s staying behind to work on some big festival coming up for his school.”

“I’m surprised you didn’t stay to cheer him on.”

“I thought about it, but I really wanted to come home. I wanted to see my family, and you.” Your smile is dazzling because it’s just so sincere and soft and everything Terushima wants. He hasn’t slept with any other girls in fear of letting your name slip out in the middle of it.

He’s approached and been approached by a handful of them, which is nothing new. But at the end of the day, his thoughts always trail back to you when it’s deep in the night and he’s alone in his room with a hand grasped tightly around his dick that longs for your tight heat. And he usually comes to the memory of your voice desperately calling his name.

But right now, simply sitting beside you is enough to quell his desire for your existence near him. And he comes to terms with how he will probably never be able to get over you, contemplating the virtue of patience and reward.

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You come home again just two months later, surprising him at one of his volleyball games. He was absolutely astonished to see you when he came to greet the people in the stands, because your voice had camouflaged perfectly with the cheerleaders. And his heart whirls so wildly that he fears that it might pop out of his chest to jump at you.

You’re only there for the weekend to cheer him on, since you were lucky enough not to be assigned too much work this week. And when you’re back in his room, talking to him like you always have,
he feels like those long gaps of time in which you were gone have all dissipated. He’s so incredibly happy that you came to cheer him on.

It doesn’t seem like the situation could get any better until you tell him that you and Mikoshiba have broken up. “Yeah, we broke it off a little while after summer break ended.” you shrug, as if it was completely insignificant.

But to Terushima, this was anything but that. This was like a new door was opened to him, and there was endless light showering him with whispers of hope and opportunity. But of course, before all that, he was your friend. And he feels the need to know as much as possible, both to get to know you and to learn from Theatre Boy’s mistakes. “Why’d you do it?”

You’re sitting right beside him on his bed, and he can feel the slightest of movements through his mattress as you shrug, “Well, it was clear that he wasn’t going to keep me happy forever. Something was lacking between us so I didn’t want to keep it going without my full heart in it.”

“But I thought you really liked that guy.” Terushima admits truthfully. You showed Theatre Boy all sorts of sides of you that you never showed to anyone else, and he was always so incredibly envious of that. So for you to say that you drifted apart kind of scared him. Would the same happen to him if you were to get together?

“Well of course I did. He was my first boyfriend.” you say with the wisdom of a college student, “It was something to be excited about since everything was a new experience.”

You pause before you turn to look at Terushima again, “Well, almost everything.”

And for some impossible reason, the two of you end up meeting lips after a minute of just staring at each other. Neither of you knew how you knew the other wanted it, but you both knew. And soon, one thing leads to another and the next thing you know, Terushima’s cock is in your mouth.

You’re naked and on your knees at the edge of his bed, bobbing your head slowly up and down the length of his shaft, refamiliarizing yourself with the taste and texture of him. You hum into his balls that you’ve sucked into your mouth, and if that wasn’t enough already, Terushima feels like he could explode at the sight of his cock resting flat on your face as you suck at the base. “Oh yes, baby. I’ve missed you so much.” he almost wheezes as he pulls tighter on your hair.

“Really?” you ask with innocent eyes when you pop off of his dick, only to lean down to give it a
quick kiss. “Do you think about me a lot at night, Yu-kun?” you purr before swallowing him whole again.

“Every night.” he confesses, helping you push his dick farther down your throat until you can’t breathe. “God, I want you on me every second of the day.”

When you give him a relentless suck even though he’s already hitting the back of your throat, he’s destroyed in a flash of white that has him feeling blinded. You’re choking, but you had managed to swallow a good half of his emission. The rest of it drips out of your mouth and onto your chest, leaving him in a state of dismay at how hard he is again already.

“Yu-kun…” you pant, and he pulls you up to kiss him fiercely. The taste of him mixed with your saliva is the most primal, ego-inflating sensation he’s encountered. And in a flash, you’re pushed onto the floor, your legs being spread apart to make room for Terushima’s body.

He picks up your hips with practiced ease and pushes past your entrance with little resistance. But no matter how many times he does this, he never fails to stagger a bit at how glorious you feel around him, squeezing the sanity out of him with your extraordinary heat.

And he can never tune out the melodious whine of your voice as you urge him to go at you harder, deeper, faster. Every inch of your body touching his, each caress of your skin under his fingers, your scent permeating his room, he feels like he’ll be punished for feeling this much pleasure. But he can’t keep himself away from you.

The volleyball captain raises both of your legs up to rest on his shoulders and he slowly leans forward to press them against your chest. He keeps his thrusts ongoing as he reaches down to kiss you with a passionate fervor, scraping your mouth with his tongue piercing.

He hasn’t been inside of you for at least half a year, and in this moment as he pushes you to your very limits to cry out his name as you shake under him at your peak, he wonders how he had managed. Imagining a moment where you’re not connected to him is like trying to find a way to breathe without oxygen. He needs you. And he’s never going to let some other guy steal you away from him ever again.
Following that visit, you two meet up and have sex practically every time you see him when you come home. And by the time Terushima graduates, you’re holding hands and kissing in public and feeding each other and doing all sorts of other coupley things.

His friends are surprised, to say the least, to see you bounding up to him after the ceremony to throw your arms around him and give him a deep kiss. When you take off to share your congratulations with your other juniors, his friends interrogate him immediately, “So are you guys still just friends doing what you did before or are you actually going out now?”

“Who knows?” Terushima shrugs with a smile that shows he couldn’t care less what your relationship status was. He was happy being with you and you seem happy being with him and he’s happy that you’re happy. This was good enough for what you had, wasn’t it?

Chapter End Notes

i still have a couple more in the works, but give me some ideas so i can figure out who to write up next!
The lunch bell rings and the teacher leaves the students to enjoy their break and fuel up for the rest of the afternoon. Two tall boys in the class stand up and stretch before acknowledging each other, “Heading to the cafeteria today?”

The two chat about their lunch options before they’re interrupted.

“Iwaizumi-senpaiiii~!”

The third-year volleyball players of Aoba Josai turn to the girly voice calling for their team ace. A bright, bouncy girl pops into the classroom, skipping over to Iwaizumi’s desk. She stops right in front of him and Oikawa, with sparkling eyes and her hands behind her back, “Are you guys heading to the cafeteria today?”

“Oh, [Surname].” Iwaizumi greets the second-year girl, “Yeah, I think so. Some of us probably didn’t bring a lunch today, so it’s easier for us all to just eat there together.”

“In that case, would you like to have my extra bento? I ended up making too much, but I thought I would bring it in case maybe you wanted some.” You hold out the cutely wrapped up lunch box you had been holding behind your back up.
“Really? Are you sure?” he hesitantly takes the box from you, “Wouldn’t your friends appreciate it more? Your cooking is great, I’m sure they’d love to have it.”

“Please, they eat enough of my food as it is in class.” you roll your eyes good-naturedly. “Besides, I wanted to make sure you had enough strength to train for the upcoming preliminaries. Those are happening soon, right?”

“Yeah it’s coming up, so we’re training pretty hard for it. It’s gonna be the last tournament for us third-years on the team.”

“Oh, I see.”

“[Surname]-chan, can I have some too? I’ve always heard that your cooking is to die for.” Oikawa praises.

You blink as you turn to look at Oikawa, looking as if you had just noticed him standing beside Iwaizumi. He’s bending slightly to meet your height and giving you a sweet look. “Uh… if Iwaizumi-senpai wants to share, sure.” you giggle a little behind your hand, looking away but not really affected by Oikawa’s charming smile.

“Iwa-chan--” the captain starts.

“You brought your own lunch today. Stop trying to mooch off of other people.” Iwaizumi walks off toward the door where the other third-year volleyball players have stopped by the door to wait for their teammates.

“Iwa-chan, you’re so mean!” Oikawa shouts. He then turns to the second-year girl again, “[Surname]-chan, how come you’re always spoiling Iwa-chan, but you never even give me a second look?” he pouts.

“Because Iwaizumi-senpai said that he would help me with the sports documentary that I’m filming for the cinematography club, right senpai?” you tilt your head past Oikawa’s tall figure to catch Iwaizumi’s attention before he walks out of the classroom.
“Oh yeah, the film project you’re working on, right?” he hums, trying to recall when he had promised to help the second-year girl who’s always chasing him around.

“Iwa-chan is starring in [Surname]-chan’s sports documentary?? You didn’t even ask me! Isn’t it more appropriate to ask the captain of the school volleyball club to star in something like that?” said captain protests.

“Maybe so, but you’re always the starring role in any headliner or interview, Oikawa-senpai. I wanted a fresh new perspective for this project. Something that people aren’t used to seeing and hearing. Iwaizumi-senpai has enough experience and character for the film I want to make.” you smile over at the volleyball club ace.

Oikawa is about to make another point when you squeeze past him towards the door again, “So Friday, after school right?” you reconfirm as you bound up to Iwaizumi, “Right before club activities. Don’t forget, senpai. See you!” you leave the classroom with a wave.

“Okay.” he waves back to her, “Thanks again for the bento.” he calls to her.

The third-year boys start heading towards the cafeteria, making small talk about Iwaizumi’s increasing popularity as a slightly irked Oikawa follows behind. “Man you have it good, having your cute juniors make food for you.” Matsukawa mentions.

“Soon you’ll be up to par with the captain with all the admirers he’s got lined up.” Hanamaki adds jokingly.

“It’s just [Surname] who gives me her leftovers, I don’t make her do anything.” Iwaizumi retorts, “And it’s not like that, I’m just doing her a favor.”

The sound of Oikawa’s stubborn huff makes them turn to see him with his arms crossed and his nose in the air. “What?” Iwaizumi decides to ask.

“Don’t play dumb, Iwa-chan. You know [Surname]-chan has been pursuing you since last year. She’s always coming to the classroom to bring you snacks and she only cheers for you when she comes to the games.” he says, somewhat bitterly.

“That’s not very different from all the girls who do the same for you, though.” Matsukawa points
out, exchanging confused looks with Hanamaki and Iwaizumi as to why Oikawa seems to put off by this one girl’s behavior.

“Still! She could be a little less obvious about her bias towards Iwa-chan! She probably never even considered me for her film project! Whenever I offer to help her with something, she just brushes me off like some insect or something!” the increasingly irritated captain puffs his cheeks out.

“Anyway,” Iwaizumi decides to change the subject, “We should eat. Lunch is going to end before you guys can even get your food.” he pulls out a chair at one of the tables in the cafeteria.

“Hmph, easy for you to say, Mr. Bento.” Oikawa harrumphs again, turning before he can see and further comment on the pretty and well-made lunch box that Iwaizumi opens up.

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“Iwaizumi-san, I’m paying you back on that race that you won yesterday.” Kyotani brings Iwaizumi to the baseball diamond right after school, before practice can start. He holds up a baseball in his hand, “Pitch this to me and let’s see who hits farther.”

“Alright, I’m up for it.” Iwaizumi pulls out a challenging smile, ignoring the gruff tone he takes with his senior. The two go at it and of course Iwaizumi takes the hot-headed newbie by storm, so Iwaizumi leads a fuming Kyotani Kentaro into the 3rd gymnasium where the team is getting ready for warm-ups.

“There you are, senpai!” a girl’s voice calls out among all the squeaking shoes and rolling equipment. “I went to your classroom and you weren’t there!”

“Oh, [Surname], what’s u--” Iwaizumi stops short when he realizes, “Oh crap, the documentary…I’m sorry, [Surname], I got distracted.” he apologizes right away.

“Aww, senpaiii… After all that work I did to remind you.” you puff out your cheeks, eyeing the delinquent-looking guy behind him. “Well anyway, today I’ll probably just have to settle with getting more film of the team practicing, since we probably don’t have time for the interview. But I’ll come back to find you on Monday, got it?”
“Okay, okay. Sorry, again! I’ll do my best to remember this time.” Iwaizumi promises.

“Fine.” you pout, pulling something out of your backpack, “Here, some snacks I made. I was going to give to you after the interview, but it’d be a waste if I just kept them for the weekend. I’ll see you on Monday, senpai.” you hand over the cutely wrapped homemade cookies before heading up to the spectator stands of the gymnasium.

“Osu, thank you.” he utters, feeling somewhat guilty for forgetting about you. But he did have a fun time showing Kyotani up, so he’s not too regretful about it. He needs to find out more about his new teammate if they’re going to make use of him.

You’re waiting outside of Iwaizumi’s classroom Monday after school as promised, but your main character is still nowhere to be found. After bumming around his classroom for five minutes, you huff in exasperation and head for the gym, even though you know that Aoba Johsai’s volleyball team takes Mondays off. There are a couple of stray boys working on their individual practices, but no Iwaizumi to be found.

“Excuse me!” you call to the enormous gym to grab everyone’s attention, “Would any of you happen to know where Iwaizumi-senpai is?”

“Iwaizumi-san? I think he went out for a run earlier.”

“What.” you deadpan. Swallowing down your frustration, you give your thanks to the boys and make your way out of the gym to call him. Of course he doesn’t answer, but you stick around the volleyball clubroom and gymnasium areas anyway. As you wait and call for the next forty minutes or so, you wonder if maybe you should have just asked Oikawa to help you with your project after all.

Iwaizumi is the apple of your eye, but he’s proving to you that he doesn’t think much of you in disappointing you this way. As much as you want to believe that he has valid reasoning for taking a run when he promised to help you, you can’t help but be a little upset.

After an hour of waiting, you decide to just head back to your clubroom and try to put together
whatever you have so far and just write an outline for how you want the video to look once you actually get the interview material. Which you don’t have much of, since you need the interview content to help you figure out how to make it flow naturally in order to plan it out. So it all hits a dead end at some point, and you just head home to take a nap.

When your phone rings, showing Iwaizumi’s caller ID, you’re already doing your homework and waiting for dinner to start. “Iwaizumi-senpai…” your tone rises when you answer, unable to hide your anger.

“[Surname]! I’m so, so sorry! I got caught up helping one of my juniors train for the preliminaries.” His junior? Was it that same guy you saw Iwaizumi with last time? “I promise I’ll make it to the next interview schedule. Promise.” he practically begs, which does well for him because you’re already about to forgive him with this desperate tone he uses.

“Alright senpai. But just know that if you bail on me one more time, I won’t forgive you.” you threaten emptily.

“I’ll definitely make it up to you.” he promises. You sure hope he does.

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When you walk into Iwaizumi’s classroom the next day after school, there’s quite a commotion happening. There seems to be an arm wrestling competition going on, and of course, in the middle of the showdown are Iwaizumi himself and that same ruffian second-year who seems to always be there when you need your senpai’s help.

“Iwaizumi-senpai!” you shout above the commotion to catch his attention.

He turns around to greet you. “Oh, hey [Surname].” and proceeds to slam Kyotani’s hand down on the desk without a second thought.

“Senpai, what are you doing?” you observe his ruffled uniform shirt, sleeves rolled up. Admittedly, his arms look delicious, but you have work to do that you can’t afford to put off anymore.
“Taking up this kid’s challenge.” he smirks at his junior teammate, who growls back almost spitefully.

“Again. I’ll challenge you to something else.” his voice is as deep as it is feral.

“Oh? And what might that be?” The fact that Iwaizumi sounds quite interested in this challenge makes you feel the need to cut in.

“Senpai!” you pull a whine, pouting cutely and furrowing your eyebrows to remind him what he promised you. The pout at least does a number on some of the other boys in the room.

“Ah, right. Okay maybe we should head out now.” he agrees, grabbing his blazer.

“Wait, Iwaizumi-san. I'm still unsatisfied with where we left off. I'll challenge you again. This time to a sprint race!” Kyotani growls, not even caring that he's interrupting you.

But that's where you draw the line in being ignored. You've had enough of being stood up, and like hell you're gonna allow it to happen right before your eyes this time.

Stalking up to the desk that sits between the two hot-blooded guys still burning in the heat of competition, you slam your hands on the table and lower your gaze down to Kyotani. When you have his undivided attention, you declare, “So you’re the one who’s been taking Iwaizumi-senpai’s attention away from me, huh? Sorry to say, but that makes you my rival.”

“Huh?” Kyotani sends you a challenging glare, which you do not back down from.

“Huh?” Iwaizumi repeats with more confusion in his voice, “Oi, [Surname]...”

“Don’t mean to cut in, but I’ve been promised Iwaizumi-senpai’s time and I refuse to let this linger on any longer.”

“Yeah, right.” he bites back, “I’m not giving in until I beat him.”
“I’m sure you might, someday. But that’s not today. Or at least, not right now. He’s promised to help with something and your little competitions have already caused me enough trouble.” You growl back, thinking about all the deadlines you’ve had to push back because you haven’t been able to get your interview in.

Kyotani just growls at how you make his proud challenges sound like child’s play and stands up to intimidate you with his height. You don’t seem to be very affected by it, to many of the boys in the room’s surprise.

“Oi, guys, settle down. [Surname], you’re right. I’ll come with you to do the project now.” Iwaizumi tries to push the two second-years apart.

“And what makes you think you’re worth his time? Important competitions are coming up.” Kyotani straightens himself higher, looking past his nose down at you.

“After all this lollygagging that you seem to be the center of, I don’t believe I need to prove myself to you, but if you insist on it,” you step closer to him, creating an intimidating aura of your own, “I’ll gladly take you down.”

“Oi…” Iwaizumi wonders if his words are even getting through to either of you anymore. He feels the need to stop you, but at the same time he finds your will not to back down interesting to watch. It’s much different from your usual girly and peppy side.

Ten minutes later, the two second-years causing all the tension are on the track field, changed into athletic clothing and about to start a relay. Somehow, Iwaizumi got dragged into this and he’s the one who signals the go for them to start. And surprisingly, you just manage to beat Kyotani in the 100 meter dash. Kyotani challenges you to another round, this time with hurdles and you still manage to keep the small distance between you in the last twenty meters of the sprint.

Then you somehow move over to the soccer field, each playing your own one-man teams and again, you manage to make it up to five goals first. Because of Kyotani’s reckless competitive streak, and your grudge and unwillingness to back down from this guy, you end up having several different athletic competitions. Almost as many as Kyotani has challenged Iwaizumi to during the athletic festival. Most of them the two of you are usually neck and neck, but you each manage to score a marginal win here and there.

The tension just seems to continue to grow between you and Kyotani, since neither of you will back
down. At some point, even some of the other volleyball club members come to watch. It’s only when Iwaizumi announces that it’s about time for volleyball practice to start that you stop.

Sending glares to each other, Kyotani speaks first, “We’ll pick this up later. If you can keep up, that is.”

“I’m the only girl among three brothers and all boy cousins.” you stand your ground, a hand on your hip to lean weight into the baseball bat you’re holding to the ground with your other hand. Picking up the bat and spinning it around in the air before letting the hitting end land on your shoulder and behind your head, you make an impressive pose to back your follow-up retort. “Try not to underestimate me too much.”

Due to the deadline of your project, you end up staying throughout the practice so you can interview Iwaizumi after it ends. After it’s finished, you’re glad you finally have the necessary content to completely edit your documentary film. “But that was really impressive how you took on Kyotani like that.” Iwaizumi mentions. “I didn’t know you had it in you. Maybe we could have a competition once too.” he suggests.

“No! Never!” you reject the idea immediately, “Depending on the outcome, Iwaizumi-senpai might never see me as a woman again…” you dramatically hide your eyes in your raised arm, feeling sorrowful at the very thought of challenging your beloved senpai in a game that would destroy the feminine cover you’ve tried to pull over your roughhousing personality after all this time.”

Kyotani has been hyper actively aware of you these days. After two weeks of mindless competitions that ranged from racing to pole vaulting, he had come to take notice of how incredible your form was. The way you controlled your body without even being on an athletic team made it clear how well you took care of it. And the second-year wing spiker had started noticing even the smallest details of your existence.

From the way you curve your body, to the slight smirks you give him when you one-up him, to the way you dress herself (those damn thigh highs), even to the way the wind blows through your hair when you’re outside. Something must be wrong with him because he often spends more of your time spent casually competing staring at you than focusing on winning.
Which is extremely frustrating, so he vents all of his lost time in staring at you through diligent practice during volleyball club. Although his teammates are glad to see him hyped up, they also seem a bit worried at how intense he is. They can only hope that he'll be more calm and collected during games.

“Oi… you're staring.”

Kyotani blinks out of his stupor, his eyebrows furrowing together, “What?” he retorts back. Although he didn't realize it until he was called out, he was indeed staring.

“Don't play dumb, your eyes have been glued to my legs for 5 minutes. And don't think I don't know you're staring at my butt when I run past you during a race.” you continue to stab him for things that he definitely has been doing. “You've been doing this a lot lately, don't tell me you suddenly have the hots for me.” you tease with a smug look, posing with a leg bent up so you can caress it sensually from your spot sitting on the ground.

Kyotani doesn't know whether that cheesy display adds to or takes away from your physical appeal but either way he huffs and turns away, “As if.”

“Oh?” Suddenly you’re hovering on your knees right beside him, with one hand placed on Kyotani’s knee to get his attention. “You mean to say you're not interested in what's under here?” you've got your thumb hooked to the hem of your t-shirt to slowly lift it up.

Kyotani can't explain it but his eyes grow wider as more and more of your bright, unblemished skin is revealed. Your body is taut and lean and your torso doesn't seem to carry an ounce of fat despite how you’re not in any sports clubs. It's probably because of all the competitions you keep up with each other and the male relatives that you mentioned you always have to wrestle around with.

The second-year virgin pushes you away hurriedly when he sees the slightest sliver of pink. Probably the cup of your bra. He can’t believe you managed to get that high and he didn't even notice!!

You stumble and fall back on your butt, but you laugh, “Well, well. Looks like the mad dog has some boyish charm to him.”
“Shut up.” Kyotani suddenly can’t seem to face the bold girl beside him. You find this incredibly amusing so you decide to see how far you can push it.

“Say, I have a new game for you.” you smirk, crawling over to him. Despite not wanting to show his face when his blush has yet to completely fade away, his ears perk up at the sound of a new challenge. He tries not to look too taken by surprise when he sees how close you’ve gotten to him. “It’ll be a bit different, but regardless, it’s a test of willpower. Are you up for it?”

“Hmph, there’s no challenge I can’t take on.” he snuffs your spiteful grin.

“Well, well. That’s the spirit, then.” you practically purr. Then before he knows it, you are climbing over his body to settle on top of his crossed legs, basically straddling him.

All of a sudden, this doesn’t seem like such a good idea to Kyotani, “H-hey! What do you think you’re doing?!”

“Making this easier for the both of us.” You lean your face in closer to Kyotani’s until you’re almost nose to nose. Kyotani leans his weight further into his arms that are holding him up, his fingers grasping harder at the grass of the soccer field you’re sitting in.

His eyes have never been so wide. Your scent is all around him, making him too dizzy to conjure comprehensive thoughts. He can’t decide whether your weight on his lap is unwelcome or not, because it’s both completely inappropriate and strangely comfortable. Despite how you’re only dressed in your school gym uniform, your body line isn’t any less alluring. And how he can see the small details in your bright, flecked eyes makes his limbs freeze in their joints; they’re strangely mesmerizing.

“Now, how this works is… I’m going to kiss you.” you start explaining, bringing him back to the situation at hand.

“What?” his gruff voice comes out calmer than he feels.

“And the game is… that’s all we can do.” you smile innocently, “We will continue to kiss without letting go unless absolutely necessary. To get air or something. The challenge is, you cannot touch me in any other way.” the mischief starts to sparkle in those bright irises or yours. “The farthest we can go in physical contact is kissing and me sitting on you like this. Whoever touches the other first
in any way that’s not kissing, loses. Got it?”

Kyotani tries to take in all of these rules. Basically, this kind of situation would stimulate the both of your bodies to go further than kissing. The challenge is to hold back from those primal instincts to ask for more. It sounds simple enough. He has confidence since he’s never had interest in these kinds of things before, and all of his energy is usually just put into sports and competitions. If you want to prove something, then surely it won’t end up as you expect it to.

“Yeah.” he mumbles, bracing himself. Although he accepts the challenge, he’s internally sweating a bit. Why is he suddenly nervous as you lean forward? The moment you touch your lips to his and close your eyes, it doesn’t seem like a big deal. They’re just a little warm against his own, but why is there suddenly a hot flushing in his face?

Your lips and legs are touching, but there’s a small gap between your chests. Your hands are resting patiently on your legs bent on either side of Kyotani’s thighs. It feels weird at first, because you are the only one pressing your lips against his for a while, but when you tilt your head to press your lips against his in a different angle, Kyotani gets a better idea of how to do this.

Relaxing his stiff body, he closes his own eyes and sits up straighter to make the kiss a little less difficult for you. His hands move up close to his hips to hold himself up on the grass. Once you think Kyotani has gotten the feel of kissing, you smirk a little against his lips before bringing in a new factor.

The first swipe of your tongue against his bottom lip catches Kyotani off guard. You don’t back down from your advances, but you use a slow pace to let the little mad dog get more accustomed to the nature of the game. Little sweeps against the seam of his lip to warn him of your impending visit before finally slipping into the small opening Kyotani leaves when he lets his guard down.

Kyotani revels in terrifying delight at the sensation of your hot tongue touching his own. There’s a smoothness amongst the rough muscle that sends a delicious shock down his spine. You slide it in and out in reasonable intervals to keep his curiosity peaked. But there comes a moment in which Kyotani snaps impatiently and he decides to take a leading role in this game.

His tongue barges into your mouth as rashly and violently as he would spike a volleyball. The girl on his lap who’s now victim of his newfound assertiveness practically has her throat attacked. Who knew his tongue was that long? His mouth is merciless and your synapses are on fire, lights starting to sparkle behind your eyes. All the colors are ferociously blended together by Kyotani’s paintbrush of a tongue and they merge into a rumble deep in the back of your throat.
The groan you release is submissive but blissfully so. There’s no way you can fight against Kyotani’s dictative mouth now that he’s decided to lay his claim past your lips. The small whimpering and mewls you make greatly contrast with the strong character you show when you take Kyotani on in some other athletic competition, and the audible change in your stature excites him in a way he’s afraid to understand.

He pulls his tongue out put he continues to suck onto your face with monstrous force. He’s slowly becoming aware of how stiff his body has become again, but for another reason. His muscles are screaming in stimulation, and he now sees why this game is such a challenge. The endless kissing has built up the heat and desire in every cell of his body and he wants nothing more than to run his hands down the skin of the girl in his lap. His fingers twitch with the need to caress your arms, or clutch onto your hair, or squeeze your soft--

“Oi! Kyotani, what do you think you’re doing? Practice is...” a voice breaks you two out of your heated fervor and you are the one to tear away from Kyotani’s lips with a loud suction-like sound. “...starting.” Yahaba finishes awkwardly, at a complete loss with how to react to the scene before him.

The cute but hotheaded girl in their year who’s always accepted Kyotani’s mindless challenges without fail is locking lips with said reckless member of the volleyball team. And the mad dog doesn’t seem happy to have been interrupted judging by the way he growls threateningly as he grabs at your butt to bring you closer to him and reattach his lips to yours, all without even a glance at the setter who had so kindly come all the way out here to find and retrieve him to get to practice. Should he say something…?

Kyotani doesn’t understand it either. He doesn’t know why you suddenly broke away from him, but before he knew it, he grabbed the part of you most easily within his grasp and smashed your lips together again. The reconnection was almost hard enough to bruise, but your amused smirk against his lips brings him back to reality. This time, he lets you pull away from him. And the first thing he sees is your victorious smile. “You touched me first. This is my win.” you giggle as you remove yourself from his stiff lap.

It’s strange, but the sight of you completely tidy and unblemished somewhat pisses Kyotani off. Other than your reddened and puffy lips, you look entirely unaffected with how easily you play off that entire escapade.

Maddeningly, you saunter out of the soccer field, nodding your head to Yahaba on your way, as if this was just another simple challenge you had won. How could you act so nonchalant when Kyotani’s head and body and feelings are whirling out of control? He picks himself up (ignoring the clear discomfort in his shorts) and stomps out of the field back towards the gym, ignoring Yahaba’s questions and protests.
Once hidden behind the door of a school bathroom stall, you let out a deep, deep breath and clutch at your pounding heart. How you had managed to escape that quickly building incident, you didn't know. But you can count your blessings that Yahaba had interrupted when he did. Who knows what else would have gone down if some sort of intercepting outlier hadn’t shown up? Would you have continued? Would you have caved in first? How far would you have gone on public school grounds? And why had you even thought that kind of inhibiting game was a good idea?

Helping Kyotani discover a new hedonistic side of himself had been an entertaining experience - the boy was slow to warm up, but damn was he a quick learner - but was it really worth it to deal with whatever aftermath this might lead to? Who knows what'll happen the next time you see each other? Will he ignore you? Will he jump your bones? Will he act as if nothing happened and treated it like another simple competition?

These were all worrisome things running through your head, but after about 20 minutes hiding in the stall, you decide to cross that bridge when you get there.

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When you come skipping up to the the table of third year volleyball players, calling Iwaizumi’s name in such a bright, flirty voice, Kyotani remembers how this entire thing happening between you two had began. You probably liked Iwaizumi. Oikawa complained occasionally about how the attention you shared in the company of the two was completely biased. And Kyotani could see how, seeing you smile so brightly at the one player he respected on the team and giving him a cute bag that probably held a special homemade snack.

As the captain starts complaining again, Kyotani releases a low growl and walks past the cafeteria to head to his own solitary lunch spot by the gym building. He doesn’t have time to be getting riled up over something as petty as jealousy. The spring high preliminaries would start next week, and he had to be ready. So he resolves to focus on volleyball solely.

Or so he had thought when you walk into the 3rd gymnasium during cleanup on the last night of practice before the first day of prelims, holding a tray full of onigiri for the team members. It’s a surprise to say the least.
“When I overheard that the managers wanted to treat you guys to something as a token of sharing strength, I volunteered to help immediately. Please help yourselves!” you answer cheerfully when Iwaizumi asks what you’re doing here.

You don’t have to tell them twice. The boys are all over the snacks in seconds, save for Kyotani that is. He doesn’t know how to approach you after that last… encounter you two had. But Iwaizumi is the one who notices his absence, “Oi, Kyotani. Aren’t you going to eat one? They’re fresh.”

Not really one to turn down the only senpai he respects, and even less of one to turn down free food, he silently sets the mop he was holding against the wall and walks over to the group of the boys. When he’s standing right in front of you, the first thing he sees is a subtle but smug smile pulling at your lips as you hold the tray out to him, “Here you go.”

His small frown almost looks like a pout when he stubbornly grunts out an, “Osu.” as he takes the rice ball and takes a gruff bite from it. He doesn’t miss the lingering gaze you direct at his jaw, but he feels scrutiny under your eyes so he turns away and finishes his snack in another two bites so he can get back to mopping.

Soon, all the food is gone and you take your leave as well, wishing the team good luck on their first game tomorrow. Kyotani can’t seem to pull his eyes away from you until you’re completely out of sight of the gym. He had been staring at your legs again.

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“Oh my god, guys!!! Those were such great games today!!” You shout when the team makes its way out of the Sendai gymnasium. You had come with other students from the school to cheer them on, and now you were one of the several spectators who came to commend them in person after the second day of preliminary matches.

Or rather, their last day of preliminary matches. They had just lost to Karasuno and the atmosphere was actually quite solemn, but you still had the courage to praise them after their loss. Of course, you give extra individual praise to Iwaizumi (“That was such an incredible receive at the end!!”) and even humor Oikawa with some compliments. The team is still upset, but they accept your words with soft smiles.

When Kyotani passes you on his way into the bus with the other members, he thinks you’re just going to let him go. But you stop him with a last minute, “Uhm.”
He doesn’t know why he freezes so quickly at your command, but he turns his head slowly to face you without questioning it too much. You’re looking to the side with a small (cute) blush dusting your cheeks, and you’re kind of pouting. Like you don’t really want to admit the next thing you’re about to say. “You were… pretty cool today.”

Kyotani’s still expression doesn’t betray his emotional reaction, but he does feel some sort of elation at your compliment. He feels… proud, and kind of… happy. Maybe this is why Oikawa is always trying to get your attention. And despite your reluctance, that embarrassed, denying look on your face is really fucking endearing. And cute.

And despite how he kind of wants to smash your face into his, this doesn’t seem to be the appropriate situation. He is still steaming about how they lost despite his best efforts. So he leaves you and boards the bus with his usual grunt, “Yeah.”

On the ride back to school, he stews in a mix of anger, disappointment, determination, anticipation, and elation. All from many different stimulants; there was the exhilaration from the game, the games that would likely come up next season for their revenge, and of course your compliment stirring up his stomach. He would sharpen his fangs even more from here on out.

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After the third years of Aoba Johsai graduated, your intense rivalry with Kyotani died down. At some point, you became mutual friends. You’d occasionally join each other for lunch spontaneously, sometimes you’d visit the volleyball club during practice, and sometimes you guys would initiate another little “competition” between you for fun.

Your persona around him loses its hostility, but it doesn’t brighten into that flirty, girly image you always showed Iwaizumi. Kyotani doesn’t know how he feels about it, but he doesn’t question it too much and just appreciates the development between the two of you.

Which goes in several directions, actually. There’s your budding friendship, in which the two of you walk home together sometimes, and when you accompany him to the separate gym he practices at in his own spare time. And there are the electric moments between the two of you when some external factor erases too much space between you and you end up in several compromising situations.
Often you manage to smooth talk or tease your way out of the situation, or sometimes even try provoke him to take another step. But ultimately, there’s a sexual tension that neither of you directly address that’s built up for several months. Kyotani doesn’t want to admit that he’s had to privately address this tension in the darkness of his own room at late hours of the night.

And although he berates himself for it, he oftens brings himself back to that first time you had met lips with him. He wants to remember how soft your lips felt, how sweet you tasted, and that short moment he had managed to squeeze at your plush butt. But his memory hasn’t always been the best, and he can only close his eyes and try to reimagine how good your weight on top of him felt.

He does what he always does to deal with his attraction to you; practice. It came in handy when the Inter High of his third year came around, and he had a better handle of his own skills now. But he knows that it’s all just a distraction. A way to keep his body and mind busy from moving to thoughts of your bare skin touching his.

The night before the first preliminary match of the Inter High, you’re walking home together and talking about who Seijou is going to play first and other small details. You’re usually the one who keeps the questions coming, and Kyotani simply answers with short words and phrases. But when you reach the intersection where you two usually separate, you grab his face in your hands and plant a kiss on his lips.

When you pull back, he’s looking at your with a wide eyed expression you haven’t seen in a while. Kyotani doesn’t usually get surprised. “For good luck.” you smile simply as if that was perfect justification for your kiss out of the blue.

You hadn’t advanced at him since that last kissing game you played, and suddenly you plant one on him like you know exactly what kind of relationship you guys have that allows your actions to be completely appropriate. When he doesn’t make any moves to question you or leave, you just shrug, “I won’t be there to cheer for you guys tomorrow, but you better win so I can come cheer for you on the second day.”

They do win on the first day. And just to prove something to both you and himself, they win the second day of prelims as well. But the pivotal moment is when you run down from the stands after the game when the team is bringing their materials out of the gym to greet them. “Guys!! That was such a great game!”

And he can’t help himself. The image of you running straight up to him with such a bright, happy expression lighting up your face, something warms and spurs him to grab you by the back of the head and pull you in for a deep kiss not dissimilar to the one you gave him two nights ago.
It takes you a second to adjust to this change of pace, but you comply with Kyotani’s bold move and clutch his shoulders to kiss him back. Kyotani’s teammates who aren’t standing confused in place are cheering for him or giving their other teammates proud looks.

In the aftermath, it’s settled that the two of you are now dating, and Kyotani can finally kiss you whenever he wants. Well, almost whenever. He prefers to keep it away from the prying eyes of his teammates and classmates. So whenever you come to pick him up after practice, he has to wait until you leave the school to kiss you. It’s incredibly relieving to be able to taste your lips as much as he wants now. Like an incredible curiosity and hunger has finally be sated.

Although there are new curiosities that continue to pop up, usually in one of your bedrooms when you’re playing the ‘Too Hot’ game you had first introduced to him all those months ago. He’s touched you in many places, and you’ve done the same for him. Sometimes clothes even come off, but you’ve yet to get completely naked and inside each other.

The day it finally does happen, it’s when he has the house to himself and you’re free to stay over since it’s the weekend. You had told your parents it was a friend of yours, of course. It was probably better that they didn’t know you would be rubbing your naked pussy all over your boyfriend’s hot body the whole night.

Both of you seem to know that it’ll happen that night. It’s not long after dinner and both of your showers that you walk out of his bathroom in nothing but a towel. He’s dressed in his pajamas and laying with his heads back his head in his bed when you re-enter his room. But the second you step in, he’s up and alert as you saunter in.

Your skin is still a little pink from the heat of your shower, and he has a clear look at your prominent collarbones since your hair is still tied up in its messy bun. And although you’re clean now, he knows that he wants to mark you up and make a mess out of you. And you seem to have the same idea. With only a mischievous smile on your face, you walk up to him and wordlessly pull his t-shirt over his head, throwing it to the side.

Your towel follows the shirt and Kyotani is only staring at you without a clue as to what to do next. Sure you guys have fooled around and even gotten each other off before, but this is his first time seeing you full frontally naked. But he makes sure to bask in the glory of your flawless skin and body, his eyes glazing bottom up. When he reaches your gaze and you’re looking pointedly at his crotch, he supposes he should do the same.

Quickly standing, he pulls his hands and boxers off in one swift movement and puts them to the side, obediently awaiting your next move. Your smile is full of satisfaction and you don’t waste another
second of not having your bodies touch.

Kyotani is sent into a frenzy with the direct skin contact. There’s not a barrier between you two and he’s sizzling with heat and electricity that combusts in his nerves. His hands are on your ass within seconds and your arms around his neck. After kissing for many minutes, he sits down on the edge of his bed and you climb right on top of him, like you usually do.

He loves having you on top of him for some reason, feeling your weight leaning on him. Which is fine by you, because you can control the pace however you like. And you want this done now, so with a wiggle of your hips, Kyotani is up and hard in no time. You slide your hips up and down the length of his erection beneath you, building up your own body.

Kyotani lends a helping hand, or mouth in this case, by suckling on your breast as you rub yourself against him, moaning your appreciation. And he makes quick work of you by rubbing his thumb against your clit, just like you taught him. He’s fast, and rough, not bringing you to orgasm but ramming you into it, just the way you like it. You doubt that anyone else would be able to handle his rough handling, let alone get off on it.

“Kyotani...” you whisper like a prayer into the air as he sucks on your other breast and thrusts two fingers into you to further stimulate you with the thumb on your clit. And soon, you’re shouting, screaming for him to destroy you.

And he loves it. Your voice licks flames up his skin, weakens his bones. He can’t seem to bring you closer with his free arm wrapped around your waist, tugging you tight against him so he can bite, suck, and finger you. As close as he wants you, you seem to be pulling away with how far you arch you back.

Another minute of spreading his fingers around inside of you, and you’ve hit your first high, soaking his fingers in your emission. But you still seem intent on riding his fingers until you reach another one. So he complies and pushes another finger inside for you to stretch farther for him. He wants you inside him now, but seeing you come apart with just his hand gets him going pretty hard too.

“Ah! Kyotani!” you squeal as he bites at your collarbone and repetitively curls his fingers inside of your incredible heat. You push him down onto his back by his shoulders as you peak yet again that evening, bending your body far back to cope with the incredible pleasure Kyotani brings you. His fingers are deep inside of you, and his shaft is rubbing against your backside. When you bring your head back down to look at him, he’s breathing heavily and sweating a bit. And he looks… feral.

Which really turns you on and makes you want him inside you now. But when you make to move
off of him, his stronghold on your waist cages you on top of him. So you lean down to kiss him, “You don’t want to lay properly on the bed?”

“I don’t care.” he growls, and his voice reverberates down into your spine, deeper than you’ve ever heard.

“Okay. Are you ready for me?” you can’t resist a little teasing as you mount yourself right above his stiff shaft.

He just growls at you and you laugh, obliging. You descend slowly, letting every inch of him permeate every cell of your being. Kyotani makes to thrust up once, but your hand on his hips stops him for the time being. But god damn, your heat is torturing him. It’s plenty wet, so he slides in smoothly, thanks to those two orgasms he gave you. And once you’re sheathed to the hilt and let your weight rest on his lap as you just sit on top of him, Kyotani thinks he lets out the loudest groan he’s ever made.

“Oh. Oh. Wait.” you suck in several breaths as you warn him. He really doesn’t want to wait. What he wants is to ram up into you so hard that you break in half. He hasn’t suffered so much against self restraint as he has in this very moment. The sight of you sitting above him, breathing heavily and body weak to his touch, weak to the sensation of his dick sheathed deep inside of you, he’s never seen anything so beautiful.

If he were to compare it to volleyball, it’s like seeing a perfect toss set to him, and not yet being able to spike it. He wants it. He wants it so, so bad. And for what feels like the first time, because the word sounds so foreign on his lips, he begs. “Please.” he squeezes his eyes shut, holding his breath.

“Kyotani…” You seem to be at your edge too. Because you’d normally respond with a witty comment to the sight of him begging, but your whisper barely passes your lips as you lean down to kiss him. He sees that your eyes are incredibly glazed before they close to meet lips.

He can’t do this anymore. He needs to feel you moving against him. So with a strong grip on your waist with his hands, he lifts you up and lowers his hips to pull out of you until only the head is still touching you. You whimper at the extraction, and moan as he slowly inserts himself into you again. He moves at a slow pace so that he doesn’t hurt you, but goddamn he feels like he’s going to fly.

So with all his might, he continues like this, since you don’t tell him to stop. Slowly, agonizingly, arduously, he pulls himself out and slowly back in. And although he wants to keep his eyes open to observe your changing reactions, there’s too much pleasure clouding up his vision for him to perceive anything properly. All he can do is groan your name as he tests the lengths of his own
But finally, finally, you start to reciprocate movement. And Christ, if that hip roll of yours doesn’t do anything to him. You both moan together as you keep rolling your hips against him, letting his dick settle more comfortably inside of you. His hard presence inside your sweltering heat starts to lull the pain away, and this time, when Kyotani pulls out and pushes back in, it feels good. More than good.

You want to know how much better it can feel if you keep this up. So you mount your forearms beside his head, lift your hips up, and drop them down to land deep down onto his cock again. And the sensation brings both of you to sing your moans in harmony, it was electrifyingly good. “Kyotani…” you moan again, silently pleading for his help.

And with the grip of his hands on your hips, and your arms that wrap around his shoulders, the two of you set a rough, rigorous pace that makes you start screaming at the unstoppable surge of pleasure Kyotani rams into your body. He drives himself into you with full force and speed, and before you can fully comprehend the delicious attack on your insides from one thrust, the next one has already come to hit you harder.

Eventually, your hips start to fail you and Kyotani has to do most of the work. And even then, you come a third time. But that just won’t do. So your boyfriend rolls you off onto your back so he can stand up, then he pulls your legs back up and around his waist so he can shove himself back into you. And although you’re still not done with your previous orgasm, you compliantly squeeze your legs around his waist and bring him closer to the edge of the bed where he’s standing.

And he starts ramming into you again. It’s so raw, carnal, and fast, his movements. And you love it. You love the rough handling of your body in his hands, the sharps bites of his teeth on your skin, the impatient thrusts of his hard cock into your wet cunt, the animalistic glint in his eyes as he fucks you. And the feel of the hard, sinewy muscles of his toned body under your fingertips. All of it, you love all of it. “Yes… Yes..!!” you can’t help but scream, almost cry, “Don’t ever stop.”

And he doesn’t. Not until long after he’s shot every drop of his pent up orgasm inside of you. And even then, he only pauses for about a minute to let you both calm down and caught your breath before he pulls out and turns you over onto your stomach. “You’re ready, already?” you chuckle darkly, not even looking back because you know the answer. You can feel his hardness against the back of your leg.

“Are you?” he retorts in his gruff, saturated voice.

“Mhm.” you hum, spreading your legs apart to both to let him come in, and to see the mix of your
sexual escapade drip out of you onto his bedsheets.

“Good.” is all he says before he grabs your hips again and pushes his cock in.

The reinsertion is staggering. Your muscles seem to melt and your nerves are shot. So you let Kyotani take the lead yet again as he pulls your hips up to get a better angle to push into you. This position is impossibly different from the last ones. He feels like he’s exploring all new places in new angles and reactions from you.

You seem to shout just a little bit louder when he angles himself down, so he decides to lay his chest against your back while he thrusts. Your voice is getting hoarse, but you can’t seem to stop yourself, so you bring your arm back to pull Kyotani’s lips against yours when you turn your head.

But the angle gets a bit tiring as well, so he settles to kiss and bite at your neck as he continues to thrust into you. He sucks particularly hard at the top of your spine, and you arch back, causing him to shift angles inside of you even further. “Oh god!” you scream, really starting to feel tears form in your eyes now.

And when he puts his fingers on your clit… You wonder if you’ll try to convert to a religion. A religion in which Kyotani is your god, because you sure are saying his name a lot like a prayer right now. The stimulation is overwhelming, with his dick thrusting deep into your at every angle, his hand rubbing fiercely at your club, another hand fondling your breast, and his lips and teeth against your back. It’s all too much.

And yet, you can’t get enough of him. “Fuck!” you scream into his sheets as you both come together this time. And that in itself is yet another incredible sensation. You feel one with him. You want him with you, inside of you, always.

The moment he pulls out of you leaves you with a strange sense of emptiness you’ve never physically felt before. You actually whine. And when he turns you over, his eyes widen in panic as he sees the tear streaks on your face. Putting a hand up to your face, he asks, “Are you alright?”

“More than okay.” you smile, mirroring his touch with your own hand against his cheek, and then pulling him down to kiss you again. You snake your arms around his neck, locking his body against yours to stay in a close embrace.

A while later, when you’ve both cleaned up and crawled into his bed naked, Kyotani pulls you to lie
on top of him and wraps his arms around you without a word. You want to savor the moment, but you can’t help picking on him, “What a teddy bear.”

He lets out a low growl at the comparison but that only makes you laugh more, “A prickly teddy bear.” But you snuggle into his hold and rest your head into the crook of his neck until you fall asleep.

And Kyotani just savors the feeling of your body resting on top of his, wondering how this all came about. It just started off really heated in the most innocent sense, and now things have gotten way hotter between you. He actually finds himself thinking more in this moment than he does during the day. But no matter how much his thoughts flitter about, he can only come back to realize you’re lying comfortably on top of him. And he still just loves feeling your weight on him.

Chapter End Notes

i know there are some inconsistencies with the characters throughout the story, which is probably because it’s been so long since i started this one. and i only just got around to finishing it. but hopefully you enjoyed it anyway? i love kyotani so, so much. he's one of my favorite sons (don't tell the other children). and although i don't really see him being as well restrained as i made him out to be in this chapter, i'd like to think he'd still make an exception in this situation. hopefully i'll have another chapter up soon. until then, i hope you liked it!
Iwaizumi Hajime - My Type

Chapter Summary

oikawa knows you're good at volleyball and he is going to put you to good use. you're not obligated to help him of course, but this might be your chance to get closer to your crush, iwaizumi.

note: i know that there are already two liberos on the seijou team (there's another one who's usually on the bench) but let's just ignore that detail for fanfic convenience, yeah?

Chapter Notes

cry with me. the third season is over and now i'll cry under my desk until the next one comes out. also, may tanaka kazunari rest in peace; you will always be the greatest ukai keishin in my heart ;_; we've gotten so far, and now we've got another journey to go. so for now, here's an unnecessarily long iwaizumi one shot (almost 10k oops). i tried to make it a little more adventurous to mark the end of a season, but... yeah idk. anyway, i hope you enjoy it~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The day you get involved with the Aoba Johsai boys volleyball club is the day you had planned to approach your crush, who happened to be a part of the club. When you're standing outside of the 3rd gymnasium that particular day, taking a breath as you clutch your bag of cookies that you were going to give him, you're shocked out of your stupor when you hear a couple other girls approach the gym as well.

“Hey, are you okay? You look like you're kind of worried about something.” one of them asks.

Then the other girl notices the bag in you're holding in your hands, and gasps, “Did you make those for someone? Are you going to confess?”


Oh. These girls must be here to see the captain. The guy has many fans, which makes the boys volleyball practices quite a popular affair. You’ve visited a few times, and whenever there were other visitors, there were always quite a few cheers for Oikawa.
“But doesn’t he have a girlfriend right now?” the second girl ponders, “And you’re still going to confess? That’s crazy! And so courageous, I mean, Oikawa-kun is sooo handsome, but I still would never be able to tell him. I’d just get all frozen and nervous and aahhhh!!!” the two girls start blushing and squealing together.

“Uhm!” you finally interrupt them, “Actually, no. I’m not going to confess to Oikawa-san. But… I am nervous. So, I’m just going to… do my best today.” you suck in that deep breath that had been interrupted earlier.

“Oh, okay.” the girls blink, obviously surprised that someone isn’t after Oikawa Toru for once. “Well, let’s go in together then.” they suggest. You nod and follow, trying to find more courage.

The sounds of squeaking shoes and smacking balls permeate the air, and everyone is practicing hard with top-of-the-line equipment. You had been in here before, but not during many of their practices, since you had your own club activities to attend. But walking across the gym floor to get to the staircase that led up to the balconies where spectators could watch, a stray ball flies off a player’s arms and there’s a call of, “Watch out!”

Those girls who had been walking by you were lucky you were there to save their asses because had you not jumped in front of them to block the ball at the right point of impact, it would have made a skim at their heads. Even luckier was that you managed to receive the ball with your forearms, so you were able to save the cookies in your bag.

After the resounding bounce of the ball on the gym floor that rolls back towards the boy who had been trying to receive it, he apologizes to you girls. You just nod and the girls laugh nervously, making their way up to the stairs. You follow quickly behind, having forgotten that you were going to confess to Iwaizumi after that commotion from the stray ball.

It was at that very point of impact that you had the volleyball captain’s attention. The way you had saved those girls looked too well practiced. Your body had clearly only acted on instinct, but your stance and form was too perfect for him not to notice what would have been a perfect receive in a game. He would have just brushed it off as luck, but there was the way you had acted so casually about it, like you saved people from flying balls everyday.

Oikawa knew that it was mean, but he really wanted to test this out. During practice, he had aimed a few serves so that when received, they would bounce off and ricochet towards the stands, particularly in your direction. It didn’t work most of the time, and he couldn’t do it too often because
that would become suspicious-looking.

When practice was over and most spectators were filing out of the gym, you had stayed behind until even the team was dismissed, nervously gripping the cute bag in your hands. The handsome captain had seen enough of the signs to know that you were planning to confess, or at least interact with a crush of yours. He didn’t want to sound cocky, but he was one of the more prevalent receiver of gifts and confessions that looked just like this one.

Finally, you make a move when everyone starts their individual practices, and walk across the courts trying to look natural. It was cute. But when you reach the court he’s practicing on, Oikawa takes the opportunity to send a perfectly aimed serve disguised as an accidental rogue ball your way. “Oh, watch out!” he feigns worry.

Your reaction, once again, is instinctual despite how you’re caught by surprise. He hears your small gasp and sees your eyes become dark and concentrated for a sliver of a second as you step back and catch the receive perfectly in your forearms. And lo and behold, it’s sent straight to back to where the setter would be on your side of the court. This proves it. You were a volleyball player.

But that’s strange because Oikawa is sure that he knows almost every member of the girls volleyball club at Aoba Johsai, and he doesn’t recall seeing you with them. Obviously you’re experienced enough to be a regular member though, because you can tell as well as he can that that serve was not an accident.

“Hey, what’s the big idea?!” your furrow your eyebrows together angrily. You did not come here to be bombarded by volleyballs. It was becoming clearer that these were not accidents anymore.

“Ah, sorry about that.” Oikawa smiles sweetly, ducking underneath the net to come your way. “I guess it went too off course.” he ruffles the back of his head with an apologetic chuckle.

You huff quietly to yourself, not in the mood to deal with this bullshit, “Oikawa-san. You hit the most accurate serves I’ve ever seen. There is no way that that ball that came right at me was an accident.”

“Hm? The most accurate serves you’ve ever seen?” he repeats with a teasing tone and innocent smile, easily changing the subject, “I take it you come to watch us a lot?”

“Well, yeah. I like volleyball. I come to watch the official games a lot.” Oikawa is surprised at your
unabashed honesty. And he notices how you’re not making any nervous movements or smiling goofily like most of his admirers would.

The captain hums curiously, “You seem to have played a good bout yourself. Are you on the girls team at school, by any chance?”

“No, I’m not.” You answer vaguely, wanting to avoid any more questions about this. But now there’s a lot of attention on you from several other volleyball players and the coaches as well. You do not want to confess under these pretenses. Guess you’ll have to wait until next time. “Anyway, you guys are working on your own now. I don’t want to intrude on your individual practices.” you make your way out of the gym, regretfully still clutching onto your bag of cookies.

“Oi, what was that about?” Iwaizumi walks up to Oikawa, ready to scold him about flirting with girls before practice has even really finished.

“Iwa-chan, have you ever seen that girl at our games?” the captain asks his best friend.

Iwaizumi tries to recall seeing your face in the stands, but he can’t seem to come up with anything. “No, I don’t remember seeing her. Why?”

Oikawa hums thoughtfully before dismissing the topic, deciding to research again later. He doesn’t know what he’ll do with the information that connects you to your incredible receives, but he has a feeling he’ll figure it out when he gets there.

* 

Or so he had thought. As it turns out, you were Watari’s classmate and through him, the volleyball captain got all sorts of information on you. Like how you usually ate lunch outside by the basketball courts with your friends, how you usually ranked above average with your test scores, and most importantly, that you were in the home economics club.

That piece of information was important because it was the when and how Oikawa would pursue you and interrogate you about your volleyball background. It was an annoying affair too. You had been in the middle of piping some desserts when your club members noticed the unexpected, but not
unwelcome presence standing by the door.

The other girls (and a couple of boys) were prattling immediately when the boy’s volleyball club captain just came waltzing in and asking to speak to you privately. You got so many irritating questions from your club members after he had whisked you out of the room. He knew you would do it too, because it’s not like you had any reason to refuse him and cause suspicion in front of others. The sly bastard.

Oikawa was persistent about it, which goes to show how he was dedicated to volleyball to an almost unhealthy point, you would argue. And when he threatened to keep showing up to the home economics club after school, you eventually revealed to him that you were a libero back in middle school, and that you had been playing volleyball as an extracurricular even before that for a few years.

Surprisingly, he hadn’t asked you why you didn’t join the girls team at Aoba Johsai. Usually, it seemed like a no-brainer that someone with your experience would continue volleyball activities, but he didn’t pry about it. You were curious, so you asked him why he didn’t.

“Hm? Well, it’s all the better for us now, isn’t it?” he smiled sweetly, which somehow irritated you, “Now you can help us practice in your spare time. What do you say? We could use another libero during our self-practice games.”

“And…. for what possible reason do you think that I would help you? I’m an open supporter of the volleyball club, but you can’t just bring a random stranger into your practices.” you had retorted. “Not to mention I’m not a permanent member you can work with in real games, and… I don’t know, maybe the fact that I’m a girl might stir some things up.”

“Don’t sweat the details. Just come play every once in awhile.” he waves your arguments off, “It won’t be everyday. I’ll talk to the coaches about it and I’ll make sure to ask you beforehand if you can come in to help us. You still like to play volleyball, right? This is good way for you to keep your body warmed up to it.” his smile is disarming.

Admittedly, that one serve he hit yesterday had felt exhilarating. He had incredible power and speed, as expected. But seeing it from the stands and actually receiving it were completely different things.

“Not to mention,” he continues with a sly smile, “I saw you holding something yesterday. A gift, for someone on the team, I presume? This would be a perfect opportunity to get closer to our members.”
Despite your angry reaction, you blush. The teasing tone in his voice makes you sick. But he’s right. Realistically, Iwaizumi doesn’t even know you. If you confessed to him as a stranger, what’s the chance that he’ll respond to your feelings?

And sure. You do like playing volleyball. It’s not a bad idea to get back into a sport just to keep fit and…. Maybe see Iwaizumi’s body in training. So after some thought, you (begrudgingly) give Oikawa your contact information, and the next day during lunch, you get a text from the conniving captain himself. He works fast, the bastard.

* 

And that is how you find yourself standing in your gym clothes and volleyball shoes in the 3rd gymnasium, on a Friday after your own club activities have ended, letting Oikawa introduce you to the team. “Hi, I’m [Surname][Name]. Second year in the home economics club. I used to play volleyball, so I’ll be here to help during some practice games. I’ll be in your care.”

Despite feeling out of place (you were the only female on the court), you manage to make some casual conversation with Watari. It’s an easier start since he’s in your class and also the libero of the team. Some common ground is always nice. He seemed a little shy to talk at first, but when you brought up some great plays during previous games, he got a little more excited.

So slowly, through the weeks leading up to the spring high preliminaries, you got to know the other members. You only showed up maybe once or twice a week after your own club activities, but you did greet them in the hallways and such during school hours.

You got along with most of them, always trying to look for some common topic to talk to each person about, and they seemed to warm up to you easily enough. Sometimes they would talk to you first, making you feel like you were actually a friend and member of the team. You would occasionally bring in snacks or treats left over from your club activities and share them with the boys. And sometimes, Iwaizumi would smile at you as you handed them out and developed friendships with him and his team. Those were the moments you cherished the most and made all those power serves Oikawa left to bruise your arms worth it.

In contrast, the more you talked to Oikawa, the more he seemed to annoy you. Sure, you were all friends now, but often he would flirt too openly with you and try to charm you into a blush with a side comment here and there. To which you would clearly object and deny his playful advances. Sometimes, rather rudely. You’d often get a “How mean!” or “You could at least hesitate a little more!” calling after your retreating figure.
Ironically, that gave you something to laugh about with Iwaizumi, since the ace usually does the same to his best friend. And as you all get closer, you start walking home with him and Oikawa on the days you join their practices since you live in a similar direction. Most of the time, you would talk about volleyball, and when Iwaizumi would threaten or insult Oikawa about something, you would often gang up on the captain with him. Not on purpose, of course. Oikawa usually brought it on himself whenever he asked you for your opinion, and your honesty just happened to coincide with Iwaizumi’s opinions.

And the more you got to know all of the boys, the more you would realize how much you really did like Iwaizumi. Now, not as a figure on the court, but as a person as well. He’s just so smart, diligent, strong, considerate, funny at times, and just really, really cool. You wonder why so many girls love Oikawa so much when he can be kind of pompous and dorky, but at the same time you’re quite thankful that you have different taste in guys. Less competition to deal with.

But even so, you haven’t been able to find the right moment to confess to him. It was your intention all along to get to know him and then tell him your feelings. But you’ve been enjoying your time with him and the team so much that you weren’t able to find a perfect time to tell him. Though you’re realizing now that, even if you’re just here laughing beside him, or looking at him from the stands, you can wait a little longer.

If Seijou had defeated Shiratorizawa and gone to nationals, you probably would have been so caught up in the moment that you would have confessed to him right then and there. But unfortunately, the third years’ volleyball games came to an end far too quickly. Karasuno was crazy this year and you were crushed when you saw everyone’s tears. You could feel their anguish from where you stood in the stands and you cried as much as any of the members.

You managed to catch most of the boys before they had boarded the bus, and you even hugged Watari since he seemed to be one of the ones crying the most. When you had let go of him, you wanted to comfort another certain member who seemed especially frustrated with his last play, but everyone else seemed to have calmed themselves down for the most part already.

You only manage to get in a few words of “Good game” and such before everyone’s boarded the bus. Iwaizumi passes by you with a nod and you’re left disappointed that you couldn’t say more. But you face the reality that there’s not much you could have said anyway. You wish the world for this man and this team, so you swear that you’ll continue to support them however you can.
After the Spring High, the third years still occasionally come to practice because they’re bored or need a break from studying. And although you did get to know the new captain, he doesn’t call you in as much as Oikawa did. It’s not like there was an immediate need to anyway. But whenever the third years do come, you find it hard to turn them down when they ask you to join them. So after your club activities, you show up for the remainder of their practice with snacks in your clutches.

After one of these days a few months after the spring high had ended, and the third years had taken the general college entrance exams, you walk home with Iwaizumi (Oikawa had another university entrance exam to prepare for during the weekend). “It’s crazy, I can’t believe that you guys are graduating. Not to mention you and Oikawa-san are going to different schools, and I probably won’t be able to see your incredible combinations again. It’s all happening too soon.” you sigh.

“You can still play with the rest of the team even when we’re gone.” Iwaizumi offers, although he’s just as sad as you are.

“It’s not the same. I’ve really come to like this team.” you look up at him with a sad smile and sentimental eyes. It kills him a little bit. He doesn’t like this look on you. “Playing with you guys reminded me of how much I like volleyball.”

“Why did you stop playing anyway?” Iwaizumi is surprised he hasn’t asked you this before. You’ve never mentioned it yourself. He realizes a little too late that there must have been a reason for that, so he quickly covers himself, “If you don’t mind me asking… that is.”

“Hm… where to start?” you hum after a short pause. “Well, first off, I really like cooking. I have a lot of siblings to take care of while our parents work the day away, so I like taking care of them. And this school actually has a home economics club, so I just jumped at the chance, you know?” you chuckle.

Iwaizumi looks at you, waiting for you to continue but biting his tongue on the question he’s dying to ask, knowing you’ll answer it if you were really comfortable with it. “You’re probably wondering why I liked it enough to give up volleyball after I’ve been playing for so long, huh.”

“Well, you are pretty good. It’s kind of a shame that you can’t use your abilities to help the girls’ team. You would have been good on offense too.” he comments, remembering how you would
spike or serve a few balls for fun before the practice games started.

“Yeah. That’s the thing, too.” your voice takes on a sadder tone, “I do like making a lot of plays. Offense is really fun, but since I usually excel so much in receiving, I’m always put in the libero position. So I’ve always felt really limited by people’s expectations for me. It’s kind of why I didn’t want to tell Oikawa-san about it before.” you explain.

“If that’s so, then why did you agree to help us in the first place?” Iwaizumi asks, although he already has a pretty good idea. Oikawa let slip in the clubroom once that you liked one of the members. And Oikawa himself was always a top candidate for receiving girls’ attention, so Iwaizumi had just assumed that you had agreed because of the captain. He did go out of his way to recruit you himself, after all.

You smile up at him sweetly, and it kind of makes his heart flip a little. Truth be told, although he acknowledged the likelihood of you liking Oikawa, he was quite jealous about it. In most cases, Iwaizumi would get annoyed at all of the nameless girls fawning over his best friend and distracting him from club activities. They would come around all the time, giving him gifts and cheering him on at practices or games, driving them wild when he would so much as smile at them.

Oikawa would make fun of him and how Iwaizumi was just jealous of his popularity when said ace started beating him up. And there was some truth in the jokes, even if only just a little. Although Iwaizumi didn’t put much effort into attracting the attention of the female species, he couldn’t help but feel somewhat inferior sometimes when his best friend was the ultimate chick magnet. After a point, it didn’t bother him too much since no one even knew these girls who came up and confessed their feelings out of nowhere.

But you weren’t just some girl. You had taken the time to get to know everyone on the team and their habits and their strengths and weaknesses. It was clear how much you liked volleyball and that you paid the team lots of attention and support, so he enjoyed how well-versed you were in volleyball. And although they were short sometimes, Iwaizumi really enjoyed the conversations he had with you. You were fun to be around, which is probably why you got a few admirers of your own in the team, himself included.

That trait in itself probably made you a better match with Oikawa after all. You’re pretty, good at volleyball, easy to talk to, entertaining, and somewhat popular, according to Watari. Not to mention you were one of the only girls who didn’t fawn and blush over every teasing remark Oikawa sent you. Realistically speaking, that would make you two an even better match, since Oikawa needed someone to put him in his place sometimes when Iwaizumi wasn’t there to do it. And the very thought of it pulls at his heartstrings.

“Well, it’s true that I wasn’t going to do it at first. But he was… persuasive.” you put it lightly,
“Besides, I think it turned out for the better. I got to play volleyball again, and I got to meet you guys!” you flash him another dazzling smile. “Not to mention, playing with everyone is so different from watching from the stands. Seeing one of Oikawa’s serves from above and actually receiving one of them is worlds different. Crazy fun.”

Iwaizumi doesn’t miss the sparkle in your eyes when you talk about the captain’s plays. You must really admire him, and as much as it hurts him, he does want you to be happy.

“That goes for your spikes too! Oh man, when I first saw it coming at me, I thought you’d rip my arms off! But it was so exhilarating, receiving one of the ace’s spikes. The pain you feel after catching one of those kind of turns me on.” you shiver, “Man… does that make me kind of a masochist?” you laugh.

Iwaizumi tries to ignore the latter half of what you said to avoid images of you being turned on or in some compromising position that brings out your masochistic tendencies. Instead, he focuses on the praise you had dished out about his spikes. Coming from you, a pretty high-caliber libero, he feels a swell of pride that gets him to smile at you.

“Dunno. Maybe it does, if you like being on the receiving end of Oikawa’s new power serves.” he shrugs, “If you like Oikawa at all, it might seem that way.” he adds.

“You’re telling me.” you snort, “You’ve been friends with the guy forever, which is okay since you’re both boys. But as a girl, his jokes get to be too much. He always tries to flirt with me in public and it’s annoying. All the girls in my class and my club and even in other classes and grades ask me about him these days.” you huff with with exasperation. “Everyone thinks I’m going to marry him or something.”

That catches Iwaizumi’s attention. He tries not to show it, but the image of you in a beautiful white dress, hand in hand with Oikawa, squeezes painfully at this heart. Usually, he would go on lockdown and bring his walls up, but something about this talk you’re having with him has him spouting nonsense. Whether through spite, or vulnerability, or jealousy, or all of it, he doesn’t know. “Maybe you will.” he grunts.

You snort so loudly, it’s almost unseemly, “And what makes you say that?” you challenge him.

“I don’t know, I thought… well, not just me… I guess most of the team, too…” he’s babbling now, “That you… liked Oikawa.”
You had guessed as much. Everyone on the team must have thought that you were in love with Oikawa Toru as much as the next girl, and that you were practicing with the team mainly for his sake. But it was clear as day that there was hurt in Iwaizumi’s eyes when he said that. It was only for a moment but you could tell that he thought you liked Oikawa and he was upset about it. Possibly jealous.

You spit out a choked laugh, “Me… and Oikawa-san? Not happening.”

Iwaizumi doesn’t want to get his hopes up too soon, but he’s already asked more personal questions than he’d ever ask anyone in one evening, so he figures he’ll just roll with it, “Oh? And why’s that?”

“He’s not my type.” you answer simply, but still elaborate anyway, “He’s handsome and nice and capable and all, but a little too happy-go-lucky for me. Not to mention super childish. I have enough younger siblings, thank you very much.”

To your pleasure, Iwaizumi continues to push the boundaries. You weren’t calling him out for it, so he figured he might as well just keep going. Even though he could take Oikawa off the list, there was still a team full of boys in the volleyball club, so he couldn’t afford to cut his losses just yet. “So what is your type?”

You hum as you show him the smallest sliver of a somewhat devilish smirk, and stop walking, since this is the intersection where you usually separate. He almost thinks that you’re not going to answer him, but then you confess, “I prefer manly guys.” And after a short, heavy pause, you start walking backwards towards the direction of your house, “The ace types, I guess you could say.”

That look in his eyes was enough for you to drop your losses and decide to confess to him full on. But you would save that for another day. For now, you want to just relish in the sparkle that appears in his eyes and the dumbfounded look on his face. Not many people could do this to Iwaizumi Hajime, so you wanted to savor this. When you’re far enough away, you bid him a casual good night before turning on your heel to continue walking.

You can’t wait to see the look on his face when you confess to him for real. And the perfect opportunity was coming up soon… Things are looking up.

***
Personally, you were fond of cliches. You liked romantic movies with the dashing prince archetypes who saved the damsels in distress. You liked shoujo manga and courageous confessions and letters that asked your crush to meet you behind the school. You liked the predictable thwarting of the villains at the end of most stories. And you liked sweets as much as any other girl did.

What you didn’t like, however, was Oikawa’s impeccable timing that prevented you from ever getting close to confessing to your crush. And the same thing is happening to you now on Valentine’s Day, when you’re walking into the 3rd gymnasium with a cutely wrapped box of chocolates in your hand.

“Oh? [Name]-chan! I thought you weren’t coming today.” Oikawa throws his arms open in welcome when he sees you.

“I was just stopping by quickly to do something.” you subtly try to hide the box behind your back.

“Eh? Valentine’s Day chocolate?” Oikawa’s teasing smirk is back. And he doesn’t fail to see the subtle tint of pink in your cheeks. But before you can excuse yourself and make your way around to Iwaizumi, Oikawa starts spewing some shit about admiring you and how you’ve been a wondrous help to him and the team, but he can’t accept your feelings as of right now, not to mention he recently broke up with someone and he needs time to settle. You keep trying to find a way to politely interrupt him but it’s not happening.

At this point, although it was rude, you had been trying to just walk away from him. He teased you all the time about this kind of thing, but today he was just not letting up. You can’t get through him, and now even the coaches are starting to give you scolding, but somewhat amused looks. And although your eyes are looking to the other members for help, no one is coming to your aid.

“Don’t take it personally, alright? I’ll still accept your chocolate though! I’m sure it tastes wonderful.” he slaps a hand on your shoulder, smiling despicably.

He’s really grating on your nerves now, so you try one last time to be civilized and calmly correct this misunderstanding that’s being put on like a play right now in front of the team. “Oikawa-san, there’s a mistake. I--”

“Don’t you worry, [Name]-chan. We can just forget this whole thing happened. Let’s just have a good Valentine’s Day, yeah?” the vein in your hand is growing more prominent as your clench your fist in irritation, listening to the shit this guy is spewing. “Although the idea of you slaving over a hot stove to perfect your chocolates as you thought of me is super cute. I’d love to have see--”
“Oikawa-san!! I don’t like you that way!!” you burst, slapping his hand off of your shoulder, “I didn’t come to bring you chocolate or confess my feelings to you! I like Iwaizumi-san!”

Now you’ve gone and done it. And the whole gym heard you too.

Oh well. It’s too late to turn back now. “Geez, do you think every girl who receives your balls has the hots for you? Unbelievable.” you’re rolling your eyes real hard to hide the fact that you’re actually incredibly embarrassed but too proud to hide away from your love declaration to Iwaizumi.

It does and doesn’t come as a surprise to you when Oikawa backs up a step, ruffling the back of his hair in an attempt to look innocent, “My, my, well isn’t this embarrassing. I’m sooo sorry for the misunderstanding. Then by all means, go ahea-- ACK!”

You had taken the nearest volleyball, which happened to be in Yahaba’s hands, and aimed the serve right at his face. Luckily for you, it landed right on the mark and Oikawa staggers back until he falls on his butt. “Jerk.” you practically hiss as you walk past him and towards Iwaizumi on the other end of the court.

Oikawa knew that you liked someone on the team, and he had probably figured out a long time ago that it wasn’t him. But you had been doing your best not to reveal anything by talking to and treating everyone equally. Just having the information itself still made you an easy target for the insufferable captain to poke fun at. Obviously, you had romantic intentions today, and he pushed your buttons until the very end. So you can justifiably say he had it coming.

The walk over to Iwaizumi is awkward, to say the least. Everyone is watching you, it’s almost dead silent, and even your crush himself seems at a loss standing where he is, waiting for you to reach him. Luckily, you’re too busy fuming over Oikawa’s instigation that you make it there without too many inhibitions, “Sorry about that. I didn’t really mean for it to come out that way. But here.” You hold the flat rectangular box the size of a small book, wrapped in paper that has the school colors on it, out to him.

“Thanks.” he accepts the box from you as casually as if it was a textbook, somehow hiding how he can barely hear anything with his pulse pounding so loudly in his ears, “I’ll enjoy them.”

“You know those aren’t friendship chocolates, right?” you challenge him with a raised eyebrow.
“Yeah, I know.” he replies with a small smile of his own.

“Okay. See you later then.” you raise a hand as you take your leave, unable to hide the beaming smile from your face. Iwaizumi likes it. A lot.

“Oh, by the way, the rest of you guys can have these chocolates.” you pull a plastic bag out of your school bag and hand it over to Watari, “Everyone was making them for today and we ended up with too many, so you can share them amongst yourselves.”

“Thanks.” Watari thanks you first, being the recipient of the goods, and the rest of the team holler out thank you’s to you as well as you leave the gym.

***

Fast forward into Iwaizumi’s final year in university, he’s enjoying life with everything he’s built up around him until now. He’s gotten through college on his volleyball scholarship, shown Oikawa the prowess of his college volleyball team as their new ace, about to graduate with honors, a pretty good internship lined up for him after graduation, and the most wonderful girlfriend by his side.

The two of you had just gotten back from a date at the large park nearby, riding bikes and enjoying a picnic. Now you were just lazing around in your shared apartment, making out on the king-sized bed you shared. The kisses were innocent enough, since the two of you were just basking in each other’s affection after a perfect day. It was times like these when you both wondered if they were truly real.

You separate and Iwaizumi looks at you with so much emotion in his eyes, you feel like you might cry. You would do it too, being the emotional puffball you are when it comes to him.

Your boyfriend sighs thoughtfully, “How did I ever get so lucky?” he mumbles, almost to himself, as he tucks your hair away behind your ear. “You’re so perfect.”

“I’m not perfect. I just have good taste in guys.” You smile and kiss his nose. And then you lower your tone to croon into his ear, “I only go for the aces.”

With the drop in the mood, Iwaizumi rolls on top of you and begins kissing you again, but more
fiercely this time, as if to show you his ace’s power. Your words bring back memories of the time you had first confessed to him in high school. Although they were casual and curt, they said so much.

He grew such an ego that day that you had showed up unannounced to the Seijou gym to give him Valentine’s Day chocolates. After you had left, everyone had run up to him and ruffled his head or punched his arm or called him a “sly dog” or did something else to cause a ruckus. It probably wasn’t so much the confession itself, but how he had accepted it so easily, in front of the whole team, nonetheless.

Oikawa teased him extra hard, saying things like, “Looks like Iwa-chan finally got a girl to notice him. I’m so proud.” or “Only a girl with a receive as strong as hers would be able to handle your gruff personality, Iwa-chan.” And despite how Iwaizumi would usually try to knock him out at those comments, he didn’t really care at the time, because he knew that you liked him. You had confirmed, in front of everyone, that you liked him. It was also kind of satisfying how you didn’t really pay Oikawa the time of day whenever he teased or flirted with you.

That last year at Aoba Johsai was his favorite, because amidst all the anguish from their team’s losses at the volleyball tournaments, all the college exam preparations, and all the pressure to graduate and start on the track toward adulthood, he had met you. You were already an interesting character on your own, being a girl libero helping out the boys’ volleyball club. But your personality that drew everyone in and easily embedded you into the group, and all the support you gave them at practice, official games, or just providing snacks, and how sincere you were when you were just talking to him… He fell for you easily.

When you had revealed to him your secret insecurities about volleyball, he was still confused as to why you gave up on it. But he soon realized that, rather than give up, you just pursued what you truly wanted instead. And he admired your courage to break away from everyone’s expectations.

And now look at you. You were a top student in the culinary school you attended and you were already working as a chef intern at a relatively prestigious hotel restaurant in the city. Soon, you’d be cooking for huge public figures or opening your own restaurant business. He was proud to be by your side as you reached success.

He was even more happy that you were in his arms right now, pliant and wanton underneath him as he kissed you like that was no tomorrow. As you both remove your clothing, he revels at the curves of your body underneath his large hands. You’re wearing some pink lace, and he thinks it suits you to a T.

In fact, he likes it so much, that he thinks he’ll have you keep it on for a while. Diving down to the space between to your legs, he moves the patch of fabric aside to take a long look at your contracting
pussy. Iwaizumi can tell you’re excited to feel him, so he pushes forward and thrusts his tongue into your slit without warning. He’s always been kind of rough with you, and you’ve always loved it.

You love how he’s so sure of his advances, how calloused his fingers are, how abrasive his movements are, because they’re all just so… manly. So Iwaizumi. So ace-like. You’ve always loved the powerful ones, especially. And just like you liked to receive a good spike, you loved to play victim to Iwaizumi’s harsh touch.

Right now is a good example of how rugged he gets. His tongue is just thrusting in every direction without so much as a care to how you react. Not until he finds that particular spot that has you jolting, at least. When he does find it, he licks ruthlessly at it without pause until you’re squirming and trying to rip his hair out of his head.

The only thing more brutal than his pace is his mercilessness. He pulls his tongue out and licks at the mess that’s dampened his face just when you’re about to reach your peak. With a tortured whine, you turn over onto your stomach and rotate your head around to look at him with wide, innocent eyes. You bring your thumb between your teeth for good measure and you can tell he recognizes it.

Iwaizumi is all too familiar with this look in your eyes. He knows that you want him to torture and punish you like you did everything that ever wronged him. So he obliges. Slipping his fingers underneath the hem of your panties down through the holes for the legs, he pulls up, using your panties like a crane to arch your butt up into the air. And fuck if you don’t love how the lace fabric digs into your slit and rubs you all the right ways.

“Oohh-- OH!” your moan is cut off by the slap to your ass cheek. There’s an aftershock from the sting left on your butt, but you love it. Hell, it makes everything feel even better. He spanks you again and you jerk before shivering in response, incredibly pleased. “Yeees… Hajime…” You clench around the scrunched fabric digging into your slit.

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“Please.” Another stinging smack that turns your skin even redder, “Call me ‘sir.’” he says in a calm, but amused tone. You like this tone. Iwaizumi often uses it when he’s feeling more playful. Oh, how you want him to play with you, or just rough you up real good.

“Sir,” you request, “May I speak freely?”

He seems to think about it for a while, before finally granting permission, “You may. But tell me,” he pulls you up higher by the panties before letting you drop and bounce back onto the bed with a whine, “What could you possibly have to say when your mouth is going to be busy?”
“N-Nothing. Sir.” you gulp, turning to sit back up, and groaning at the friction of your underwear still lodged into your slit as it drags along the bed sheets. “I was just…”

“What you will do is kneel in front of me, kiss my cock, and beg for my mercy until I tell you to stop.” he orders.

You respond with a delighted, but obedient grin, “Of course, sir.”

And sliding your legs behind you to hold yourself up on your knees and elbows, you lower to your head to grip Iwaizumi’s hardening cock in your hand. With a gentle kiss, you open your lips to slide the head into your mouth. You only swirl your tongue around it a couple of times before Iwaizumi growls, signaling his impatience. So you start moving down to suck the rest his cock into your mouth, inch by inch.

You don’t seem to stop advancing, because even when the tip of his head grazes the back of your throat, you keep pushing forward. The squelching noises you make as you try to bring one of his balls into your mouth too makes Iwaizumi groan. He can swear you’re calling his name through the garbling noises you make with your throat around his cock. The vibrations send shivers up his spine through his dick.

His gaze had never left yours, but you were not returning the favor all this time, which just won’t do. “You seem to be enjoying yourself.” Iwaizumi grunts in his lowest octave as he forces you to look up at him by pulling your hair back. “You greed is endless. You’ve taken every inch of me and you still can’t get enough. Look at you,” he hisses as he holds both sides of your head and starts gently thrusting his hips against your face, testing the limits of your gag reflex. “How much dick will ever be enough for this dirty mouth of yours? Huh?”

You just helplessly gorge yourself on your boyfriend’s (currently turned master) cock being forced in and out of your mouth at a pace that fulfills his leisure. It’s a little hard to find the right intervals to breathe, but you love the rough handling. Iwaizumi’s strong hands and rough grip, his merciless grin, with the darkest eyes to match.

But he finally relents when you start coughing a bit, and holds you up by the handfuls of hair in his fists, “Did you finally get enough?” he bends down to murmur at eye level.

You coughing restricts your ability to form proper words at the moment, so you just nod. But he doesn’t seem to like that. Still using his grip on your hair to guide you, he pushes you back onto your
back on the bed and hovers over you menacingly, “What happened to that courage to ‘speak freely’ you had? Don’t tell me that you’re suddenly speechless.”

“It was more than satisfactory,” you cough, “Sir.”

His eyes glint excitedly at your dedication to this little roleplay. But he doesn’t give anything away in his expression.

“But sir,” you continue, stroking his strong arms with your hands, “It still wasn’t enough for me.”

“And just what else could you possibly need to satisfy your greed?” he challenges.

“I’d be so honored if I could feel you inside of me right now, sir.” you smile coyly up at him, still stroking his godlike biceps.

Iwaizumi grunts as he releases your hair and stands up to stroke himself a couple of times, “Since I’m feeling generous, I’ll indulge you. So why don’t you use this opportunity to speak freely and tell me exactly what it is you’d like me to do.” he positions himself right between your legs, but makes no further moves.

Pulling the fabric of the panties to the side, knowing the sight will further arouse Iwaizumi, you give him your most demure smile, “Sir, please push as deep as you can inside of me. And be as rough as you please.”

“Hmph.” he sniffs, but pulls you closer to him by the tops of your thighs. Iwaizumi makes quick work of the insertion, and your long moan comes out like a lingering high note in a song. “Is this what you want so desperately? Huh?” he grunts as he starts out slowly thrusting into you, pulling out to the tip only to slam himself back into you.

“Yes. Yes! Please!” you continue to cry out as he speeds up the pace and starts pounding into you with cruel force. Your arms are spread out beside you, clawing at the sheets as you cry for more. The more pleasure you feel, the murkier your vision becomes. Everything starts to become fuzzy as you find it more difficult to process the images before you. Iwaizumi’s force and speed are unforgiving and overwhelming. Your words start becoming garbled as well. Your thoughts can’t keep up with your physical sensations.
You’re really crying at this point and just about to hit the tip of sweet, sweet release when Iwaizumi abruptly and quite rudely pulls out. “Hajime!” you cry actual tears, sitting up with desperate, begging eyes like he’s wronged you.

“What was that?” his cold, ruthless tone has returned. And what’s even more ruthless is the iron grip he has on his cock, painfully swollen and red, and covered in your wetness. The sounds of the wet friction as he strokes himself give you another kind of torture, a threat to come without you.

“No, please! Sir!” you almost forget to add. “Please. I need you, sir.”

“That so?” he raises a challenging eyebrow just to tease you, trying to hide the fact that he’s painfully hard and needs to come as much as you do. “You had stopped speaking freely, so I assumed that you didn’t have any more orders.”

“No, please. I beg you.” you’re really crying now, tears are falling down your cheeks, “I’ll do anything. I don’t want to come without you.”

“Anything. I like the sound of that.” Iwaizumi smirks, and if you weren’t in such a helpless state of mind, you’d find that super hot.

But things take a dark turn - literally - when your vision is completely blocked out by the necktie that Iwaizumi ties around your eyes. As he tightens the knot around the side of your head, you shiver from the brushing of his fingers through your hair. He leaves you to sit there for a minute while you get adjusted to the darkness, and to completely lose the comfort and stimulation of one of your senses.

You suck in a gasp when you feel the back of his fingers brush against your cheek, “You’re suddenly quite red. Don’t tell me you’re suddenly feeling shy.” you can hear the smirk in his voice so loud and clear that you don’t need to see it.

“Sir…” you breathe, raising your chin in hopes that he’ll lean down to kiss you. But that comforting pressure escapes you as you feel the bed adjust with the new weight that’s settled behind you. His fingertips leave only butterfly touches along your back, only enough to remind you of his presence, but nothing close to the saturation you need.

You need Iwaizumi’s hands on you. You need to feel his calloused hands running along your sides, squeezing your breasts, rubbing at your clit… just something... “...Anything.” your desperate
thoughts slip out in a whisper.

Only his breath touches you by the ear as he leans in to ask, “What was that?”

Squeezing your blinded eyes tighter together and gulping nervously, you breathe out, “Sir. Please touch me. Do anything. I… really need you.”

“Sure.” he says easily, and your head snaps up too hopefully. “You’ll have to find me yourself though. Then you can do whatever you like.”

When you feel his weight leave the bed, you turn your head nervously, calling out to him, “Sir? Sir? Where did you go? Sir.” You stand on your knees, clutching your torso with a gasp from how sensitive you still are.

And you end up on all fours again, crawling around the area of the bed, touching every inch you can reach in hopes of brushing against some hot, muscled flesh. When you’ve searched all but underneath the bed, you drop your head in a sad sigh. Iwaizumi sure likes to torture you, just as much as you like being tortured. You suppose that’s one reason why you’ve lasted this long as a pair.

At the corner of the room, Iwaizumi sits like a pimp in the bedroom chair, comfortably naked with his legs spread wide apart and his head leaning on his fist while his elbow props him up on the armrest. He watches with an amused smile as you gently slide off of the bed and get on your knees and hands on the floor, feeling around for him. Even he didn’t realize he had such a sadistic side to him until he met you.

Sometimes, he gets a quick flashback of a time back in high school when you would gush about how exciting it was to receive a harsh spike from him or a serve from Oikawa, and the pain of it all. And when you first started sleeping together, you were always open to letting him take the lead. In the beginning, Iwaizumi was a blushing, bumbling wreck of nerves when you would tell him to spank you, or to choke you, or tie you up.

And now look at him. He has you crawling around on the floor, begging for him to fuck you as he just sits there, basking in your desperation for his dick. Of course, it’s hard for him - in more ways than one, obviously - to sit there with an erection as red and hot as the sun and just wait for you to find him without giving you any hints, but he’s really, really enjoy this. He feels kind of sick for
loving this as much as he does, but it gets him going to know that you love it as much as he does, if not more.

“Sir…” You call weakly, as you reach another corner of the room without a single bone thrown your way. He just admires the curve of your body as you crawl and pad closer to him. Goddamn, the view is nice. And when you finally face him, with his tie around your eyes and your breasts dangling and being squeezed by your arms, he can’t stop the small groan from leaving his throat.

“Sir.” you’re alert, and you continue to advance until your chin bumps gently against his knee. “Found you.” you smile, resting a hand against his calf. You leave a gentle kiss on the knee you bumped into, and then move up to kiss up his thigh.

When your hand finds his other leg, you kiss at the other thigh as well. You can’t see them, but you know how toned they are, and how much attention they deserve. The kisses you leave on his thighs are slow and sensual. And finally your hands find their way to his thighs and your mouth kisses the length of his shaft, and you heave a sigh of relief, “Thank goodness. I was worried that maybe you weren’t hard anymore, sir. I apologize for taking so long.” you smile up at him, even though you don’t know if you’re completely facing him.

“Hmm.” he hums simply, his head still resting on his fist. “Well?”

You take him in your hand, stroking him a couple of times just in case. Iwaizumi is quite glad you can’t see the pained expression he’s making at your touch. He would really like nothing more than to just get back inside you. But he did say that you were free to do as you liked, so he’ll keep his word. “May I, sir?”

“Yeah.”

Then you stand up, pulling your panties down and tossing them to the side, and throwing your bra to join it quickly after. And with a quick spin around, you plop yourself down on Iwaizumi’s lap. The brush of his hot cock against the line of your slit sets you ablaze in anticipation, and you feel your cheeks coloring all over again.

After reaching down to grab his length again, you lift it up to slide yourself down onto it, sighing in both relief and need. You grip the edges of the armrests where Iwaizumi’s arms aren’t resting, and use them as leverage to lift yourself up and sink back down on him again. “Oh…” you groan in bliss, you back bowing and hair falling against Iwaizumi’s face. “Sir… Oh, sir….” you moan as you continue to ride on him, wishing he would touch you.
“Please, sir. Put your hands on me.” you beg, your pace unrelenting desperate how your legs burn from the effort of keeping this up. “Please, please.”

The room is saturated with nothing but the sound of your panting and begging, and you continue like this until you come on top of him. It lasts for quite a while, and despite being blindfolded, you’re seeing all kinds of spectrums of color. But by the time you come down from your high, your tears soaking the inner layer of Iwaizumi’s tie from the pleasure of it all, your boyfriend still hasn’t come. So after catching your breath, you stand up and turn around to face him in the bedroom chair, “Sir, you haven’t come yet, right?”

“That’s right.” he replies.

“Would you like me to take care of the rest?” you point to your mouth with a smile, even sticking your tongue out a little bit.

“Oh, you’ll take care of it, alright.” his voice is closer now, like his face is right in front of yours. “Don’t think that I’ll be so kind as to let you off just like that.”

And without warning, he pulls you by the small of your waist back down onto the chair and before you know it, he’s inside you again. And after making sure your legs wrapped around his waist, he takes a strong hold of your thighs and stands again, pushing farther into you at another angle, “Oh!” you cry, pulling his head closer to your chest, “Sir…” you breathe heavily, feeling wetter than you’ve ever been.

Without further warning, he starts slamming himself into you at breakneck speed, and you wonder how he’s still able to stand with how hard he’s going. Or at least, that’s what you would be wondering if you weren’t screaming and pulling at his hair and crying for god at Iwaizumi’s merciless pace. You’re seeing white spots appear again behind the darkness of your blindfold, and you’re so overstimulated that you forget the little act you had been working so hard to keep, “Ah!! Ah!!! Hajime, oh my god! Yes…!! Hajime…”

When Iwaizumi feels your grip on his shoulders weakening, he walks back to the bed with practiced poise before letting you fall back onto your back. Since the act is up, he just takes hold of your hips and slams his lips back into yours, although he never relents on his incredible speed. You moan loudly against his mouth as his emission stimulates your own, making you come again right after him.
It takes the both of you several minutes to calm down. Iwaizumi pulls out slowly, and pulls the tie off of your head. It takes you another minute to readjust to the lighting, and yet another to take in how attractive your boyfriend is. You pull him down into a hug, blinking slowly and smiling lazily, “I fucking love you so much.”

His deep chuckle resonates through your skin and you sigh blissfully as he returns the feeling, “I love you, too. Probably more.”

“Wanna bet?”

“Yeah.”

Chapter End Notes

i feel kinda bad for always making reader-chan like iwaizumi and ignore oikawa, so i will try to come up with something that will make up for how much i used him in the past two chapters. but it's so much fun seeing oikawa not get what he wants hahaha. the end of the semester is here and i'm working on a bunch of projects, but i wanted to get this out for the end of s3 no matter what. and hopefully i'll be able to write something for the holidays. until then, feel free to cry with me in the comments or on tumblr :) 

blushinggray.tumblr.com
Semi Eita - B-B-Bad Girls

Chapter Summary

there's this rivalry going on between you and the student council president, but this one volleyball guy keeps butting in...

there's a lot of perspective changing so i've tried to use a system

* signals switching pov
*** signals time lapse (and possibly switched pov as well)

Chapter Notes

well HELLO. so there are several things. first off, thank you!!! for all your patience and comments and kudos and everything, it really makes me happy to see the love for these works. and i hope you have some happy winter holidays.

next, sorry... because this little plot bunny just grew and grew until it became a 25k monster, so if you're planning to read this all the way through in one go, have some time on you... i was thinking of separating it into parts or starting a completely separate thread for it, but i figured whatever. this will likely be my biggest work for this thread and will a good way to mark the end of the year.

also, i didn't really want to use girl hate as a plot device but I NEEDED CONFLICT, so forgive me. and for this entire chapter as a whole... i know there may be some pacing problems or inconsistencies, but i didn't want to make it longer than it already is...

this is partially inspired by the lyrics to Lee Hyori's "Bad Girls" and a little bit of Toradora.

and lastly, if you're looking to adopt some more sons, Cheer Danshi is my latest sports anime discovery. i didn't know i needed more male cheerleaders in my life until now. it's no haikyuu but it does have a bit of depth to it. also, one of the protagonists has nishinoya's voice and the most gorgeous eyeline i have ever seen drawn. please love him with me.

that should be it for now. thanks for putting up with me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It's insane how your popularity has grown through the years. Everyone is already staring at you when you reach the shoe lockers, and they continue to follow you as you saunter through the halls. When you reach the floor that your classroom is on, the hoards of people crowding the hall suddenly disperse like the Red Sea, as if you were Moses. You simply cross the rest of the distance to your classroom without acknowledging anyone. You almost make it too, until you hear a familiar voice call your name.
She’s walking up to the same classroom from the other direction and has a bright smile plastered on her face. You reply to her bright greeting with a scowl, “What do you want.”

Your acidic tone paired with the dangerous glint in your eyes should have warded her off like the majority of the student body, but this chick has some resolute backbone. “[Surname]-san, don’t be so daunting. It’s just been so long since I’ve seen you, since you never really come to school.”

To any other bystander, Matsuki Aiko must look like the most charismatic student body president Shiratorizawa Academy has ever had. A natural leader, tons of friends and admirers, a good name shared between teachers and faculty, and a pretty face to top it all off. She must be gaining major points right now, publicly confronting the school yankii who’s finally shown up to school for the first time since the beginning of the term.

But you can tell, through your bullshit-filtering judge of character, you can hear that hidden malice in her first greeting to you. You know that she finished her sentence in her thoughts with, “because you’re such an eyesore” and she’s gotten really good at hiding her vicious smirks. You know all of this, because you would not be who you are today if not for Matuski Aiko.

“Ever think that it’s because I don’t want to see you that I don’t show up?” you roll your eyes.

“Eh? Why ever would that be?” she pretends to be confused, “Oh wait, could it be that you’re still upset about that softball game last year? [Surname]-san, I’m sorry about the events that transpired that day, but it’s all in the past now.”

“Shut the hell up. You know full well that that game has nothing to do with anything. But now that you bring it up again, it gives me another reason not to have anything to do with you.” you hiss, trying to make your way towards the classroom.

But the bitch won’t give up. She’s stepped right in front of you, causing all sorts of murmurs to start tickling the room. Gossip about what happened at aforementioned softball game, about what kind of inner conflict went down between you and the president, and why you’re at school today in the first place. It’s the end of the school day, after all. “[Surname]-san, I know you may not have the most positive opinion of me--”

You interrupt her with a snort, “No kidding.”
“--But please know that I’m here to help you, as student council president, as a classmate, even as a friend if you’re up for it.” she continues her spiel with the most convincing award-winning smile that she probably practices when reciting speeches.

The lengths to which this girl will go to improve her image. She’d make it big as a politician. If all these other students weren’t right in the vicinity, she wouldn’t be spewing any of this diplomatic support bull to you. But obviously, it’s your word against hers, and unlike like Matsuki, your kind of popularity wouldn’t stand a chance against hers.

“Awesome, thanks president. I’ll think about it.” you say without a hint of enthusiasm just to bore the crowd and hopefully encourage them to leave already.

Matsuki’s eyes light up in a relatively believable show of hope, “Really? I’m so glad.”

“Yes, as you can see, I’m always just waiting around for a helping hand to come by and bare itself to me. And I’m just ever so grateful that you heeded to my silent call for help. I’ll definitely be in your care.” you put in your best efforts to act as fakely sweet as Matsuki does. But it’s not only the president who finds your sarcastic words of endearment weird. Her cronies are looking between each other at a loss, and you can feel several stares from around you.

But you break out in a small chuckle, unable to lie to yourself, “Just kidding. You and your fake resolve can go burn in the deepest circle of hell if you’re gonna keep up with your underhanded agenda. Let me know when you’re ready to play fair.” you make sure not to even brush shoulders when you walk past her, ignoring the curious whispers that have started rustling over your vague statements.

You think you’re finally free, but looks like she isn’t letting you have the last word at all today. She even grabs your arm as she makes a last desperate attempt to feel like she won this pointless argument, “[Surname]-san! This is about that game after all, isn’t it?”

The both of you know that it’s much more than that, that you’re referring to how she’s always been competing with you, but with shady strategies. You both are quite similar in some aspects. Hotheaded, competitive, striving to be the best (in your own ways), natural go-getters, and you both possessed such natural latent talent in a number of ways. Maybe in another life, you and Matsuki would have even been friends. But if you had to pick out the biggest difference between the two of you, it would be your fighting styles.

You would consider yourself to be a relatively fair competitor, in both concrete and casual competitions. But Matsuki Aiko is the type of antagonist who drags down her opponents rather than
improving herself. Of course, that softball game last year was only one of many examples of how she
would use underhanded tactics to either sabotage you or get a head start. At first, you thought her
sense of competition was healthy, but eventually you saw the subtle and building malice in all of her
actions towards you. As long as she remained like this, you would not ever associate with her, no
matter how many lives you lived through.

“Let go.” you request calmly, holding your temper for her first chance. You don’t like it when people
touch you. You’ve always felt that it was their impatient attempts to get through to you without
actually trying to help you first, or insincere displays of understanding.

“[Surname]-san, I’ll gladly have a rematch with you anytime. But please don’t go on hating the
world and living this way.” Matsuki pleads.

Hating the world? She doesn’t know jackshit about how you live. You had done your best up until
this point, but you can’t hide your scowl any longer, “You’re starting to piss me off. If you know
what’s good for you, let go of me. Right. Now.” you hiss, turning your head only halfway to address
her.

“Don’t try to threaten me, [Surname]-san. You can’t keep avoiding school and your responsibilities
forever. And if you’d only accept our help--”

“I don’t care if you’re student council president or a world ambassador,” you tear your arm away
from Matsuki’s relatively strong grip, “But I don’t want any help of yours.” you size her up. And
you don’t know why it took this long for your intimidation to set in, but she finally looks a little
scared. Despite how she tries to keep her posture, she blinks a little too quickly and you’re too close
not to notice her gulp.

“What’s going on here?” God bless, a teacher has shown up. Now you can finally escape this petty
instigator and her audience. But once you whip around, you suddenly feel your heart drop a little.

“Ah, [Surname]-san. There you are. Glad you made it in time.” the teacher addresses you and
gestures towards the classroom you had been trying to enter for the past ten minutes. “I have your
exam ready, so please come in and set up your materials.”

“Yeah,” you answer, walking around the tall volleyball club members who had shown up to the
scene without you realizing. You pick a desk and take out your single pencil and eraser as the
teacher makes to close the door.
Someone darts in quickly, asking to retrieve something he forgot before grabbing it and letting the teacher close off the classroom again. But you don’t miss Matsuki’s cheerful greetings to the volleyball club boys before it actually slides all the way shut.

Your teacher catches your attention again before you can snap your only pencil in half, “[Surname]-san, do you have the homework you were supposed to do? I can grade some of it while you take the exam.”

“Yes, sir.” you answer, pulling out the perfectly organized binder of all the homework you had done in the past two weeks. Each subject was separated by dividers and they were ordered by date assigned. You hand over the book casually as if you hadn’t put in as much effort on it as you did.

And you don’t miss the small smile your teacher makes as he flips through and easily finds the section for his subject, “Nice work as always, [Surname]-san.”

You grunt some sort of response before looking down to start your exam.

* * *

Semi Eita is a respectful guy. He knows when to butt in and back off. But like anyone else, he has a strong sense of curiosity. When he saw so many students still crowded around his classroom despite class being out of session, his wonder brought him closer to what he realized was something of a confrontation between the student council president and another student.

Originally, he had been on his way back to the classroom to retrieve a notebook from his desk that he had forgotten he needed, and the other third years were on their way down to the gym, so they said that they would wait up for him. They too, had seen the confrontation between the two girls as it seemed to be getting heated and the girl who the president was almost shouting at shook the atmosphere a little bit until the teacher showed up.

It was then that he remembered what he was here for in the first place, so while Matsuki was greeting his team members, he dashed into the classroom to get his notebook. As he was passing you, he couldn’t help but try to recognize your face. It was a familiar one, but not one he saw often. Your hair is short and dyed in a silver-white pixie cut, your makeup is dark and sharp enough to slice through metal, and you have more than one piercing on each ear. A bit of a rebellious appearance, so he doesn’t think he could easily miss you. Even as he leaves the classroom, this intense curiosity keeps his thoughts lingered on you.
It’s not until he and the other third years are halfway towards the gym that he brings you up. He knows your name because it was always called during attendance in his class, but there was never an answer. So it was only today he was able to match your name with a face.

It seems that only Tendou knows who you are, even if only through rumors. “Guess you could say she’s our school yankii.” the middle blocker shrugs, “Apparently, she was a model student in first year, a young ace on the softball team and smart and all. I don’t know how it all happened, but eventually she just stopped showing up to school around the middle of second year. Although I think she shows up occasionally to take some tests or talk to teachers.”

“And the teachers are okay with this?” Semi can’t help but wonder.

“Beats me.” Tendou shrugs, “But I kind of wish I could’ve seen how far that fight would’ve gone. Two pretty girls getting it on! Student council president versus Shiratorizawa’s resident bad girl.” he starts chopping at the air around him in untrained movements.

“It did look like the two of them had some beef between them,” Reon mentions, “But luckily the teacher showed up before the situation grew out of hand.”

Soon, the topic switches up and once they reach the gym, all of their focus has diverted back to volleyball. And the drama surrounding your appearance settles since you don’t show up to school again for another couple of weeks.

***

The only reason you come to school again is for final exams. Usually, you would just skip them and take the supplementary exams during summer break since there would be less people present, but this year, you wanted to have your entire break free so you could work more hours. Which brings you to school during the daytime to be stared at like you’re a museum display yet again.

You’re in a relatively mellow mood, so you decide to overlook everyone’s childish gossip about you right in front of your face. And since you make it to the classroom right before the exams start, Matsuki doesn’t get the chance to start something with you. You still find it hard to believe that you’ve been stuck in the same class as her every year of high school, even if you don’t show up.
Your morning exams go by smoothly, and no one talks to you. But you should have known your luck wouldn’t last, because on your way back from the vending machine, little miss president herself shows up as you’re calmly sipping at your bottle of barley tea. “Look who decided to grace us with her presence on final exam week, our number one delinquent.” she doesn’t even bother with the fake smile this time, since she has no audience.

As much as you enjoy looking up her nostrils, you just blink before removing the bottle from your lips, “You’re welcome. I know it’s not often that you get this much sunshine for your harvest.” you drench as much sarcasm as you can into your voice before walking past her.


“Can’t be helped when you’ve got such a twisted farmer planting false seeds all over the place.” you sigh, lifting your drink up to take another sip.

“What was that?!?” you suddenly feel your collar being pulled back and you trip backwards, losing grip of your barley tea. Then a scream.

Turning around after regaining your balance, you see your drink plastered and seeping through Matsuki’s uniform, and dripping from some of her hair as well. “[Surname]!” she screeches, snapping all the other bystanders in the hallway to attention, “What did you do that for?” she whines in her innocent, confused voice.

“Oh shut up,” you roll your eyes, “You were one who pulled me back and made me spill it. You have no one to blame but your own hasty temper.”

“[Surname]-san,” she starts to sniffle, doing an admittedly amazing job forming some tears in her eyes. Someone put this chick on Broadway or something. “I don’t understand why you keep doing this. I’ve always tried my best to reach out to you, and… and… I just don’t know why you feel the need to react this way.” she finishes her performance with hiding her face in her hands with choked sobs.

“Did something happen here?” a deep voice pipes up behind you, sending a shiver of surprise up your spine. You turn around to find Ushijima and a couple other boys standing behind you. That bitch. So that’s why she decided to switch gears. Not just to create yet another misunderstanding that pinpointed you as the bad guy, but to get the school’s infamous athletic ace’s attention and probably pity or comfort.
The fact that she would cause a scene and play victim to get the boy’s attention pisses you off. Did she really have no other way around it? “You’re kidding me, right?” you can’t hold back your dead tone, “How pathetic.”

Without another word or opportunity for Matsuki to frame you for something else, you leave the scene and head back to your classroom. But before you’re even five steps away, a hand on your shoulder attempts to stop you. You pivot on your heel to pin the boy with blonde hair with your deadliest gaze to show him that you are not having any more of this. You recognize him as another classmate and one of the setters of the volleyball team. He looked like he had something to say to you at first but his resolve quickly dissipates when he realizes that arguing with you will likely wield no results, so he pulls his hand back and lets you storm off again.

* 

Truth be told, Semi kind of has a thing for the student council president. He’s but a single admirer among the masses of them, but what’s not to like? Matsuki Aiko is pretty, kind, charismatic, diligent, intelligent, the whole package really. It’s not like he’s head over heels over her like a handful of her more active admirers, but he does feel that masculine need to protect her when the situation calls for it.

Maybe that’s why he had gone after you even after you had walked away. He was going to demand that you apologize for the mess you made of Matsuki and possibly ask about how the whole scene actually went down. But something about your ruthless glare stopped him. It wasn’t necessarily dangerous, but he could see a stubbornness in your eyes that he knew a stranger like him wouldn’t be able to budge. And… a flash of something else. Something similar to… desperation?

That’s the closest word he could find to what he believed he saw. He recognized that desperate glint as one he saw in many of his teammates in the past when they were on the edge of match points, just hoping that their play would go through. He probably exuded that look himself several times. Sometimes he still feels it from the sidelines of a volleyball game when Shirabu is on the court instead of him, that desperate want to play even though he knows he can’t with the choices he’s made as a player. Maybe that was the case for you? You wanted to do or say something that your pride or something else prevented you from doing?

It could have been that Semi had imagined all of it, since it happened so quickly and was just barely there. But that cryptic flash in your eyes combined with your immovable expression convinced him in a second that you would not be changing your mind, no matter what he said to you. You could obviously hold your own and would unlikely be intimidated by him even if he had confronted you.

So he had let you go, and allowed Matsuki to explain the situation. She had requested for the boys to let you off easy and not to make the incident such a big deal. “I’m… I’m sure that [Surname]-san
“Didn’t mean it.” she had murmured while looking down, as if hoping that her words were true.

And after seeing her downturned mood, Semi’s sympathy for Matsuki kicked in and he forgot all about that look in your eyes that he had been contemplating. After Matsuki heads to the locker room to change out of her uniform, the boys head down to their original destination, the cafeteria, to take advantage of the rest of the lunch hour.

The next couple of days are relatively uneventful outside of the rest of final exams, and Semi is glad to be back on the volleyball court. After serving and tossing and spiking his stress of exams away, he feels quite refreshed. Actually, he feels even better when he comes back from the bathroom and sees his crush near the door to the gym. He’s about to greet her when he turns around the corner and gets a clearer view of who Matsuki is talking to.

It’s you again. How is it that whenever he sees you, it’s when you’re having some sort of spat with the president? By the looks of it, it’s getting kind of heated, actually. So he jogs the rest of the way, and just when he’s within hearing distance, you slam Matsuki against the wall of the gym building with one hand on her shoulder. The other hand currently rests on your hip as you lean in closer to her face, probably hissing something menacing, Semi would guess.

“Hey,” he immediately pulls you away from Matsuki by the arm that has her pinned against the wall, “What’s going on here?”

“Semi-kun!” Matsuki gasps, running to hide behind him and clutching onto his shirt tightly. He wouldn’t imagine the strong student council president like Matsuki to be scared, but here she was, cowering behind him as if she had really felt threatened by someone dangerous.

“President, why don’t you head into the gym first,” he suggests, “I’ll explain to the team later.”

“Yes.” she says quickly before dashing into the gymnasium. Your eyes follow her as she goes in, and you seem to see something else that sets you ablaze, because you murmur a curse at her before making a step to follow her. But Semi catches you by the wrist and swings his body between you and the door before you can move in on her.

The way you pivot and scowl at him reminds him of the first time he had tried to catch you. But
unlike last time, instead of an obscure flash of some hidden emotion, he only sees anger and impatience in your eyes. He almost staggers a bit, because it actually feels like you had pierced him with a gaze that sharp. Clearing his throat, he loosens his grip on your wrist, “[Surname]-san, was it?”

“Who the hell are you?” you growl back, wrenching your arm from his hand but not moving towards the gym anymore. Semi internally sighs in relief.

“Semi Eita.” he answers more calmly than he feels.

“Well, Semi Eita,” you say before he can continue, “What makes you think that you have any business in the personal affairs of others?”

Your rather eloquent use of speech surprises him. You talk nothing like the stereotypical delinquent punk portrayed in media. “If your ‘personal affairs’ start to get violent, I won’t ignore something like that.” he answers.

“Valiant.” you muse humorlessly, “But you’d do well not to do it again. Don’t get involved in something you know nothing about.”

“So enlighten me. How much do I need to know that would allow for me to get involved?” he rises to challenge you. For some reason, your firey gaze riles him up just a bit. He can’t help but get caught up in your rebellious attitude.

You snort, crossing your arms and looking away for a moment, “What do you even think you know right now?”

“Well I’d hate to jump to conclusions, but from the looks of things, you’re kind of a bully. I don’t know why you’re out to get Matsuki, but I’m sure that whatever reason you have, it still won’t excuse violent behavior.” his attempt at a logical explanation kind of loses its substance with his passionate, defensive tone.

“Tch.” you scoff but you’re smirking. In an ironic kind of way. “Well that’s where you’re already misinformed,” you take an intimidating step closer to him and look up into his eyes without faltering, “As unbelievable as it may be, I’m not the bully here. Matsuki Aiko may have the face of an angel, but she’s the one who’s out to get me, not the other way around.” you emphasize your point by stabbing a thumb at your (well-developed) chest.
“Y-Yeah right,” Semi is sure that that stutter is going to cost him his life. You probably see right through his front. “No matter which way you look at it, you’re not the one who’s hiding in fear after your little arguments.”

“Looks that way, doesn’t it?” that ironic smile of yours grows, “It’s all timed and framed and angled so perfectly with my gruff temper and bad reputation, so I’m obviously the aggressor right?”

You take another step closer to him, and Semi steps back out of survival instinct, “Obviously, the perfect student council president has everyone’s best interests in mind, so she would never be the one actually causing problems, right?”

Another step forward for you, “Obviously, the hoodlum who never shows up to school only comes to cause trouble for the noble president, right?”

Another step back for him, “Obviously, even though no one saw how the fight began, or played out, the miscreant punk of the school is the instigator, right?”

At this point, Semi is pathetically pressed against the wall and his heart is pounding nervously. Your face is so close to his that he can see every shade of your eye makeup and even the flecks in your irises. He can’t think of a single word to retort back, and your smoldering gaze is making him sweat a little more than he’d like to admit. To top it all off, you slam your foot against the wall into the space between his legs, narrowly missing his jewelry box.

Despite being almost a head shorter than him, your spitfire intimidation is top-notch, and you’ve got him frozen in this humiliating position from your aura alone. If the leg already trapping him isn’t enough, you slam your palm flat against the wall beside his head, “Listen here, Semi Eita. If you can’t see past Matsuki’s halo and wings, then you have no business getting involved in her drama with me. And frankly,” you cock your head, “I don’t think you’d like the image of your precious little president getting shattered.”

Just then, Tendou’s voice interrupts your intense glaring at him when the middle blocker’s head pops out of the gymnasium door, calling, “Eita-kun! You oka….y?” he stops short when he sees the position his teammate has been pushed into. “Oh my, my… what’s going on here?” he wiggles his eyebrows as if he caught you two flirting.

For a moment, Semi is relieved of the pressure of your intense glare as you move your focus to Tendou. Slowly, you remove your limbs that were caging the setter and cast a last hard glare at him,
“In any case, be careful.” you finish simply, picking up your bag and turning to leave.

When you’re a good ten steps away, Tendou cocks his head curiously at Semi, “Be careful of what?”

That’s a good question. There are so many things that Semi could think of that he should be mindful about. Be careful of what? Of you? Of Matsuki? Of what he thinks he sees happening between the two of you? Were you really a victim? And if so, how could Matsuki have been manipulating the situation every time? It didn’t make sense. There had to be some room for error. And although everything you said to him was a great riddle for him to work his head around, all he can feel right now is rage.

“That little…” he grumbles, clenching his fists, “She pisses me off.”

Really, you did. Despite how he was going to have a logical conversation with you, he got caught up in your fire and the more you badmouthed Matsuki, the hotter his blood boiled. He can’t even bother to remember what you had said right now, he’s steaming so hard. You had incinerated his pride and masculinity with a look, and despite his self-consciousness, he’s enraged at you.

Stomping back into the gym past a confused but incredibly curious Tendou who bounces after him, Semi continues grumbling and cursing about you and the fuck do you think you are? He only stops his griping when Matsuki comes up to him with worried eyes, “Semi-kun, are you alright? Did anything happen to you?”

The sight of the president’s worried, but still pretty face puts him slightly at ease. She’s safe, and worried about him. There’s no way that someone could fake kindness so easily. You were just putting misleading ideas into his head, and in the heat of the moment, he considered them. “Yeah, I’m fine.” he smiles warmly at Matsuki before daringly putting a hand on her shoulder, “How about you? Are you okay?”

“Yes, I’m fine, thanks to you. I’m so sorry for running off and not being of any help. I just… get kind of… intimidated by [Surname]-san sometimes.” she looks down guiltily.

“I kind of understand.” Semi rubs the back of his head, chuckling nervously, “She has her ways. But as long as you’re okay, then it’s fine.”

“Yes, thank you, again.” she bows gratefully, “I guess I should head back to the student council
now. Sorry for the bother.” she waves goodbye to everyone as she leaves the gym.

Amidst the goodbyes, Semi spontaneously calls to her again and jogs up to her. Despite your warning, he can’t quell his intense curiosity towards this dynamic between you and Matsuki Aiko. “Uh… I… if you don’t mind me asking, what were you two… fighting about?”

“Oh.” she blushes, looking down. Semi does his best to hide his own slight flush from how cute he finds it. “It’s complicated, I guess. I might have unintentionally said some insensitive things to [Surname]-san, because she suddenly got so angry and… when I tried to ask for an explanation, she just came at me, saying that I don’t know anything about her. Which… I really don’t. So I guess she’s right.” she lowers her tone timidly, unlike her usual charismatic one, “It’s not that I don’t try to understand her, but… she just won’t let me in. Maybe I’m being insensitive by trying too hard.” she turns to the side, clutching her arm with her other hand.

Semi can’t help but feel his heart swell a little at how kind Matsuki is. Maybe it’s all just misunderstandings between you and her. She’s trying to reach out to you, and maybe you have trust issues. Surely, your temper wouldn’t help with the situation. “Well… whatever happens, I hope that you at least consider your own safety as well. Can’t have our student council president out of commission now, can we?” he smiles.

“I guess you’re right.” she takes a moment before looking up at him again, “Thanks again, Semi-kun, for caring. I appreciate it. Despite what happened today, I hope you don’t keep a bad image of [Surname]-san.”

Despite how the very mention of your name kind of puts him off now, he tries his best to quell his hot blood for now, “Okay.”

Who does Matsuki Aiko think she is? Who does Semi Eita think he is? You had enough drama in your three years of high school to supply a school anime for several seasons with just one crazy bitch. Now some musclehead volleyball player tries to jump into the mix too?

That stupid Matsuki bitch had caught you peeking into the boys’ volleyball club practice, and of course, thought it the perfect opportunity to start something. Does she get off on conflict? Or is it just her sense of righteousness that feeds her ego?
It had started as the relatively harmless rallying of offhand remarks at each other. She teased you for peeking at the boys, and you told her to mind her own business (in a more vulgar way, but details). She went off on a tangent about how you probably only come to school to spy on boys since you can’t have any of them. You went off about how you don’t need any boys who are stupid enough to fall for her fake angelic act.

And she had somehow twisted that into a way to touch on your lifestyle, saying how her act was nothing on yours. “You think your call for attention with your wannabe yankii look and behavior is going to get any response? As if anyone would even look at you, let alone--”

It was at that point that you had driven her against the wall, daring her to finish her sentence. You often tried to avoid getting physical, but this girl really has a mouth on her. She just doesn’t know when to stop. “If you think the way I dress and or act is a call for attention, then you need to take an elevator ride down into the deepest corners of hell to reevaluate your judge of character. Unlike you, I don’t care about others’ validation. I don’t need it. Your power hungry ass may need to round up the masses like cows, but I don’t need or want cattle. And I can set myself apart from all your little minions however I like. So don’t fucking act like you know a thing about me.”

You should’ve known from the moment she melted her hard gaze into a scared pout that she was waiting it out for a savior to come and reauthenticate her position as the charitable victim against the hotheaded thug. That was when fucking Semi Eita had swooped in to save his little princess and attempted to slay you, the evil dragon.

Of course, he had proved to be a disappointing adversary by how easily you pinned him against the wall. You recall seeing him before. He’s another student in your class, as well as a member of the volleyball club. But he was also the one boy who had come after you after that one incident with the barley tea. And this time, he really did confront you to your face. He has ambition, but he lacks backbone.

Not to mention a hopeless judge of character. You had tested him with your endless hints about the hard truth, but you could tell by the look in his eyes that he was just afraid of you. Despite whether or not he was biased towards Matsuki, he immediately assumed the worst about you. Of course, who wouldn’t? It’s not like you had any reason to get him to have a change of heart. You were this close to grinding his peewee into the wall with your foot.

Admittedly, you wouldn’t have gone that far with your intimidation with just anyone. Usually people squeal at the first or second threat you make, but this dude stood his ground for a good amount of time. And for a moment, you thought you saw a bit of spark in his eyes that would rise to the challenge. Alas, you had left the scene without a hope that Semi Eita would begin to understand you.
After final exams end, there’s still two weeks of school left in session. You don’t show up, of course, but your workplace isn’t too far from where your school is. Maybe around a twenty minute walk. You had gone through a lot of options to find a place that was farther away from school so there’d be a smaller chance of you running into anyone from school, but this was your only option that involved minimal social interaction (with your appearance and temper, you probably were not the best pick to deal with people) and a reasonable wage for a high schooler.

You’re just a dishwasher at a family restaurant, but you were promised a chance to help with food prep once summer break rolled around. Since you would be available to work more hours during the summer vacation (sure, you ditched school, but you still had to make time to study), you had to be given more tasks so you aren’t just lollygagging, waiting for more dirty dishes to come around.

Luckily for you, you managed to convince your boss to let you start on food prep after final exams, since you wouldn’t be going to class anyway, and all your summer homework would be due at the beginning of the next term. So you started working daytime hours during those last two weeks of school before summer break.

You usually get off kind of late, at least past dark. So you don’t usually run into any students from school by the time you head home. Most clubs let out at least an hour before the end of your shift. But maybe the student council has it tough at the end of the year, because you spot Matsuki Aiko heading down the street towards your restaurant.

Although you feel stupid doing so, you duck back into the restaurant, claiming to have forgotten something in your locker, and wait in there for another minute or two before reemerging to leave the restaurant yet again. Matsuki is nowhere in sight, and you calmly make your way towards your usual route home.

But once you turn the corner, you see a struggling girl being pulled into an alleyway by a couple of shady looking guys. Picking up your pace, you make a beeline for the alleyway you had seen them disappear behind. You cautiously peek into the alleyway from behind the wall of the building to check and decide on your best course of action.

It’s dark, but from the murky looks and muffled sounds of it, there are no more than three teenage guys, all kind of lean but still a bit lanky in build. You could probably take them yourself. But were they worth calling the police over?
Just then, the girl screams, “Get off of me! Mmrrmph!”

You groan. That voice was unmistakable. It had to be her, of all people. Just fantastic. Now you really don’t want to call the police lest she find some sort of opportunity to frame you for even this. But despite your utter loathing for Matsuki Aiko, you wouldn’t wish this kind of gross misfortune on even her. So with a begrudging frown on your face, you sweep into the shadows to aid the two-faced damsel in distress.

* 

After over a week of stewing, Semi thinks he can stop the vein in his forehead from pulsing at the mention of your name. He tried his best not to think about that humiliating encounter with you, but you suddenly become a topic of interest within the volleyball club, no thanks to Tendou. He seems to be the one most amused by Semi’s unconditional anger at the topic of you.

At lunch during the last week of school, most of the third years of the volleyball club are all sitting together again when the student council president passes by to say hi. Ushijima uses the opportunity to thank her again for letting him borrow her notes and study with her for the final exams. She smiles back with a cute blush in her cheeks, “My pleasure, Wakatoshi-kun. If you ever need anything else, you know I’m here to help. Don’t even hesitate during summer vacation, okay? Even if it’s not about school.”

“Well, we’ll probably be busy with volleyball during the summer, but thank you. It’s very much appreciated.” he answers simply.

Soon after, Matsuki takes her leave and Tendou is the first to make a comment, “Man~ President Matsuki sure is charming. She’s pretty into you, don’t you think, Wakatoshi-kun?” he nudges the ace.

“Is that so?” he replies, sounding curious but not necessarily interested.

“Well, she is usually especially nice and helpful to you.” Tendou points out, “But I guess she’s only one of your many fans, so you probably wouldn’t notice, huh?”

“That’s true.” Semi ponders, “She has been quite enthusiastic towards you since first year.”
Semi isn’t blind. He can see that Matsuki Aiko takes more than just a liking towards his club captain and ace, just like many other girls in and outside of school. If Ushijima was actually interested in romantic relationships, the most likely choice would be the student council president. They’d be the power couple of the school.

And yet, despite Semi’s tinge of jealousy, he can’t bring himself to feel anything negative towards his crush or his teammate. It’s not like he can change Matsuki’s feelings, so he just sits back and accepts the situation as it is like he has with giving up his setter’s position. Sometimes, he feels kind of pathetic, almost like a pushover, but he still wouldn’t change his mind.

“Ohoho, are you jealous, Eita-kun?” Tendou tilts his head a little farther than necessary when he addresses the setter, “Even though you have such thriving potential with someone else.”

Despite how this group doesn’t usually get deep into the topic of girls, it still catches the others’ attention. “You do, Semi? Congratulations.”

“Hope you still keep volleyball within your priorities, though.”

Semi scowls unconsciously, “If you’re talking about [Surname], then I’d suggest you drop it and stomp it to the ground.”

“Hmm~? Why ever would you feel that way? What do you have against her?” Tendou asks curiously.

“She’s a rude, stubborn, troublemaker who doesn’t take anything seriously until her temper gets involved with it.” he huffs, and before he knows it, he’s ranting. A lot of it just stems from his frustration from that one incident, but he can’t help it. Even now, the memory of your ruthless eyes sets his nerves on fire.

After he sees all of his teammates staring at him, he stops and picks up his water in an attempt to cool down. But Tendou’s smirk only grows, “Eh~? You’re awfully fired up, Eita-kun. So I guess bad girls just don’t do it for you, huh? You’re more into bright, energetic girls like President Matsuki?”

“Well, that’s not really it. It has nothing to do with types,” he replies thoughtfully. He never really thought about it before, “It’s just that my interaction with her gave me a bad impression.”
Tendou hums thoughtfully, “Is that why you were going on about how brightly lit with passion her eyes were?”

“That’s--!”

“Admit it, Eita-kun. You’d definitely be the type to get caught up in her fire.” Well, he can’t really deny that since he actually did.

At his friend’s silence, Tendou laughs, “Come on, it’s clear as day. She has this strange charm that you can’t deny.” he nudges the setter with his elbow.

Pushing Tendou’s arm away, he hisses, “I’ll admit that she’s gotten under my nerves more than I’d like, but to call it ‘charm’ would be a long shot.”

“Well, you know the heroine of a movie is usually quite the angelic type.” Tendou muses, “But you can’t really help being attracted to the bad girl next to her.”

“Why do you say that?” Semi doesn’t really want to ask, but again, his damn curiosity.

“They’re the most interesting characters!” Tendou argues, “Think about it Eita-kun, bad girls are the types who are greedier than most people, they hate losing more than death, but they still shine even when they’re spitting something poisonous.”

Semi furrows his eyebrows in thought. If he thought about it that way, he wonders if all those things apply to you as well.

“But come on, everything happens for a reason, right?” Tendou continues, “They always have some sort of backstory and reasoning for turning out the way that they end up. Aren’t you even the least bit curious as to why [Surname] suddenly changed her entire image right in the middle of high school?”

Soon after that, the end of lunch bell rang, so they had to get back to class. Tendou dropped the topic and moved along to the next as if he hadn’t just given Semi a philosophical conundrum on the complexity of bad girls. Semi went through the motions of class and practice for the rest of the day, but his curiosity was definitely piqued with Tendou’s last question.
What did cause you to make such a drastic change? According to Tendou, you were quite a model student at the beginning of high school. What had happened to you that you decided to drop everything and just stop coming to school? You were still an enrolled student here, that was for sure. And the teachers don’t seem to hate you. You don’t interact with anyone except for Matsuki, and even then, he wouldn’t call it interaction. More like discord.

Maybe it had something to do with her? After all, you were pretty calm throughout the final exams that one week. It was only when he caught you with Matsuki that you seemed to be causing trouble. And even then, he recalls what you said about no one having seen how your fights started or played out. Maybe there really was more to it that he was too busy fuming about his embarrassment to see.

But as he’s walking home after a late practice, the object of all his uncalled inner turmoil appears in the night. You’re leaving a family restaurant and when you reach the end of the block, you turn the corner. He has to go home in a similar direction, but should he keep following you? Would it be weird to keep lagging behind you or weirder to intentionally change his route as to avoid you?

In the end, his curiosity, once again, gets the better of him. He turns the corner after you but when he does, you’re no longer anywhere to be seen. That’s weird. He could have sworn he was only half a block behind you. Maybe you disappeared down a shortcut? This street had a ton of those, even though they’re quite shady.

However, as he gets closer to one alleyway down this road, he hears yelling, and grunting, and some bodies smashing into the ground. And then, outside of some labored breathing, silence. Until the familiar drawl of your voice chimes from within the alleyway, “You gonna get up or what?”

Oh god, so it really was you. Did you really become a full-fledged gangster? Getting into territorial fights with other yankiis? By the sound of it though, you won your fight.

“G-Get away from me!” yet another familiar voice of a girl snaps at the air like a whip.

“Calm down, president, it’s just me. Pretty sure you’d still like seeing my face more than these hooligans.” you scoff.

“Shut up! Those were your friends, weren’t they?! You set this up!” Matsuki’s unmistakable voice screeches. Semi’s heart jumps at the sound. He’s never heard her speak this way.
“Hah?!” you raise your own voice, “You think I would send these losers after someone as petty as
you? Dream on. And rather than trying to frame me for something else that I didn’t do, how ‘bout a
‘thank you [Surname]-san, for saving my sorry ass’?”

“Shut up! Stop it! This is all your doing! I just know it! You’d do anything to get at me because
you’re jealous of me!” she shrieks.

“Tch. Whatever. Believe what you want.” Semi hears something drop to the floor, a clang of
something heavy and made of metal. “Don’t expect me to come help you next time.”

Just then, he hears a pained groan from a male voice, and another scared squeal from Matsuki.
“Hey…” the male voice starts, but it sounds like he’s kicked to the ground again.

“When are you doing back there?” he tilts his head to look into alleyway she had appeared from. As
expected, there are about three guys lying on the floor, some blood stains spattered around the
concrete, and the only sign of movement is a twitching finger or leg here and there. Damn, you must
have a strong swing. As he recalls, you were apparently a small prodigy on the softball team back in
the day as well.

“What are you doing back there?” he puts on his best surprised and worried expression when he faces
Matsuki again. “Are you alright? Are you hurt?”

“I-I’m fine. Thanks.” she shakes, hugging her school bag closer to her.
“I’ll walk you home.” he offers, and Matsuki just nods.

The walk to her house is silent. Despite how she was live and kicking when she was yelling at you earlier, she does seem to have been quite affected by the danger of the event that just happened. And even though Semi should feel excited to be able to walk home with Matsuki, he can’t help but keep wondering about that exchange between you and her.

He can assume that those guys had come in to attack Matsuki in some way or form (which he’s also quite pissed about), and you had probably rushed in to save her. Which was interesting, considering he thought you hated her. But Matsuki didn’t seem to interpret the scuffle as a heroic. In fact, she seems to think that you had set the whole thing up?

Is there a premise behind her suspicion? Does she have a reason to validate jumping to that kind of conclusion? Really, what the hell had happened between the two of you?

They reach Matsuki’s house and she pauses in her front gate to thank Semi for walking her back. He contemplates just letting her go in without a question, but he really cannot quell how curious he is to know what is going on, “Uhm, President… or uh… Matsuki-san,” he calls when she’s halfway down the walkway of her front porch, “Do you… need anything? I’m willing to listen if you’re willing to share.”

She smiles sadly before looking up at Semi again, “Maybe not tonight, Semi-kun. But thank you again.”

So with that, Semi is left in front of her house after she closes the door to contemplate this increasingly complex dynamic between you and Matsuki. He walks home with a headache.

***

Throughout summer break, Semi finds himself lingering around that same family restaurant he saw you leave that night whenever he finishes practice. Sometimes, he actually eats there, either with his teammates or on his own. It’s really his only clue as to where to find you since you don’t have a school schedule you adhere to. And since you’re not in school, where else would you be all day? Maybe you worked there part-time. It was his best chance.
And by luck, he catches you around the end of the first month of summer break right when you’re leaving the restaurant. But even as he sees you leave the restaurant, he doesn’t know what to say. He didn’t know why he kept trying to look for you, because it’s not like he had any reason to talk to you. Sure, he had a lot of questions, but it’s not like he was entitled to ask them. And it’s not like you were going to answer them.

He knows all of this, and yet he still calls out to you. The face you make when you stop and turn around is more than just confused. Your eyebrows are furrowed and there’s some sort of suspicion in your expression that makes you hesitate. Until you see him, that is. Then your face softens into something between bored and amused, “Semi Eita. To what do I owe the pleasure?” you humor him.

Well, shit. Where does he go from here? “Uhm… Er… if you’re not busy right now, would you… like to… have dinner with me?”

Somehow, after a lot of bantering back and forth -- which really just involved you rejecting him and him offering some other alternative -- Semi and you are sitting across from each other at a different family restaurant, each with just a black coffee in front of you.

“So,” you start, “What is it that you wanted to talk about so badly?”

He doesn’t even know, because it’s not like he can just pop the question ‘What’s your history with Matsuki Aiko and what does she have to do with how you are now?’ But is there really another way around it, when he’s just a stranger to you?

When he hesitates and just stares at you, you uncross your arms to lean forward on the table, causing your v-neck shirt to dip down a bit. “You need a favor or something? If you want me to kill someone, the price will be hefty.” you tease, “Or you need some grass? I usually only deal edibles, but if you really want, I can pull some strings to get you a blunt. Or maybe a fake ID? I can get you a sweet deal.”

Obviously, you’re toying with him and his perception of you as nothing more than a miscreant, but his face remains stoic. Also he’s trying to keep his eyes trained on your face.
“Can you tell me what happened at the softball game last year?” he finally asks.

Your own teasing smile falls into something more neutral, and you sit back and cross your arms again. Semi doesn’t know if this rack your arms creates for your chest is any better than when you were leaning forward on the table. “Why do you want to know?”

“I’ve been… thinking about what you said. And I know this may not be any of my business at all, but… I want to know what’s really going on between you and the president.” he admits.

“So why don’t you ask her?” you challenge, expression unchanging.

“I’d like to hear this story from your perspective.”

“And just what, Semi Eita, do you intend to do or gain when you hear what I have to say?”

“Just Semi is fine.” he says, “And I don’t have anything to gain or do, really. But I am incredibly curious, so I thought I’d ask.”

You seem to think about it for a while before you decide to open up, “As you may know, there is a mixed softball game at the sports festival every year, like with every other sport. It’s the softball club versus a mix of students from different classes put together to form a makeshift team.

“Matsuki Aiko was the SC secretary at the time, but she got voted to play with the mixed team. But despite the fact that she was practically a novice at softball at the time, she still managed to out me, a regular player and aspiring ace of the team, several times.” you uncross your arms and lean them on the table again, as if asking Semi if he was getting what you were hinting at.

“I got more fouls and outs in that one game than I had ever gotten throughout the entire year. At first, I thought maybe I was just off my game that day, the pressure must have gotten to me, I probably just needed to practice more.” your tone is light, “But then I started noticing how often Matsuki would talk to all of the players. Not just on her team, but mine as well. I knew she had a lot of friends, but I hadn’t realized how far her influence expanded.

“Somehow, the softball club lost the game, which usually wouldn’t be a big deal since it was just for fun. But what was weird was how coldly my teammates were starting to treat me afterward. They didn’t say it to my face, but they acted as if we had just lost a national tournament, and that it was my
“But in the same afternoon that all my teammates were sending demonic auras my way, I later saw them laughing it up and having the best time with little miss Matsuki, as if she had led them to some sort of victory I hadn’t heard of.”

Your tone had been relatively stable throughout your story, but Semi could see the fire growing in your eyes as you recalled the events. At that point, you take a small pause to look out the window, “Well, not like I could provide you with any evidence of purposeful foul plays against me or anything, but it fucking sucked to have all of my teammates turn their backs on me. Club activities only got worse from then on, since they seemed to have lost their trust and sense of comradery in me from that one informal game. And I couldn’t play fairly or at my best in an atmosphere like that, so I eventually quit.”

Semi remains quiet even as you pause for a longer moment this time. He doesn’t want to interrupt a single thing that you say. From your side of the story, it does sound like you were a victim to some indirect bullying. Which totally contrasts with your rebellious image, but Semi is trying to break away from that image he has of you. He’s trying to understand you, so to do so, he should stop judging you with his previous assumptions.

“Well, there you have it.” you finally turn away from the window back to Semi. “Remembering all of that is kind of pissing me off now, so I’m gonna go. Thanks for the coffee.” you say after taking your first and last sip from the cup.

“Wait!” he stands up when you do.

“What is it now?” you look like you’re refraining from rolling your eyes.

“If… If you have time, would you like to come watch the volleyball club practice sometime?” he asks, although he doesn’t know why he does.

“To come watch you?” you raise your eyebrow at him, pulling your lip into that amused smirk again, “What would I do that? You’re not even a regular, are you?”

Ouch.
Well, despite the sting, Semi will admit to himself that he does want to see you again, to try and get to know more about you so he can figure out what all the drama between you and Matsuki is about. “Well, maybe not, but I still practice just the same as every member of the club. Also, how did you know that anyway?”

Suddenly something happens to your face. Semi doesn’t know if he’s imagining it or not, but… it looks like you’re… blushing? “How could I be a student at Shiratorizawa and not know? The volleyball club is all everyone ever talks about. And all they show on Miyagi sports TV.” you play it off.

“So you know about us then.” he smiles at you for the first time, “All the more reason to come. It won’t hurt to watch us just once, so if you ever have time to, you can.”

“Thanks for the invitation then.” you say after a short pause, and then take your leave from the restaurant. Semi watches you walk out before back sitting down with his half empty coffee cup, trying to put more pieces together. He doesn’t know if talking to you actually helped him understand you any better.

***

On the very last week of summer vacation, you stand at the door of the gymnasium where the volleyball club is practicing. Ironically, this is also where you had first talked to Semi. You stand there holding your bottle of melon soda to your lips, wondering if you should announce your presence or just walk in.

“Oh? Did someone invite a guest?” you recognize the middle blocker, Tendou, who had been retrieving a ball from the side.

“Osu.” you hold your other hand that clutches your bottle cap up in greeting, “Semi said that I could come watch your practice. Is that okay?” The invitation was from weeks ago but he didn't say there was an expiration date so...


At the sound of his name, Semi spots you and jogs up to the door, “Hey, you actually came.” he says casually, but he’s actually quite ecstatic on the inside.
“Yeah.”

“I’ll get you a chair.” he starts toward the storage room but you interrupt him.

“S’fine. I’ll just go over there.” you walk off in the direction of the stage. Since this gym is actually also an auditorium, you just hoist yourself up onto the edge of the stage and sit there, crossing your legs and taking another sip of your soda.

The coaches give you some curious glances, but when they see that you’re really just sitting there and doing nothing else with a bored expression on, they decide to let you be. A couple of other volleyball players have also noticed your entrance, but they also only spare you a glance before returning to practice.

You had thought a lot about Semi’s offer to watch their practice, and how the team would react to you being there. Would they give you mean looks? Would they tell you to get out even if Semi had invited you? Would they even care? But now, you’re actually quite glad you came. The boys are obviously zeroed in on their volleyball training, so you’re free to stare at all the lean athletic bodies you like. You relish this perfect view, above eye level and right in the middle of the court so you can watch activity from both sides. This is way better than peeking in from outside.

*

Tendou won’t stop giving Semi teasing looks. He’s been doing this since your arrival, and it’s starting to get distracting. He already had enough trouble resisting glancing in your direction every other minute. You had showed up in casual athletic gear -- black racerback tank, black running shorts with white lining, your white hoodie is unzipped, and you had some high quality running shoes on. The look really meshes well with your silver hair that’s starting to grow out some black roots.

Apart from your style, your legs look endless in those shorts. And Semi feels kind of guilty for wishing your top was a little looser to increase probability of a wardrobe malfunction. He also noticed that you weren’t wearing any makeup today, probably because you were exercising, but you look a bit younger, even a little more innocent.

He doesn’t know why he’s so affected by all these small details in addition to your presence. He was the one who had invited you to come watch them, after all. He tries his best to knash out all his distractions with his serves. Also, he might be subconsciously trying to impress you, but that’s not important.
To his surprise, you stay for the last couple of hours, just watching them practice. The most you do from your spot on the stage is readjust your sitting position, or take a sip of your drink. By the time practice ends in the late afternoon, the sun is just beginning to set. A couple of his teammates had greeted you, and you returned their greetings politely. Tendou, the bastard, actually started making conversation with you, and you actually respond to him!

Semi doesn’t know what the hell you two are talking about, but he takes a break from his individual serving practice to walk up to you, “So what’d you think?” he asks.

You give him a thoughtful look, the most gentle one you’ve ever directed at him actually. He was seeing so many new sides to you today. “I think I can see why you’re not the official setter.”

“Ohoho?” Tendou smiles that annoying smug smile of his.

“What do you mean?” Semi is curious about what you think from observing him in action. Was that an insult?

“Well, you seem to want to develop both yourself and the team you’re playing with, instead of just focusing everything on one powerful player.” you point your gaze to Ushijima, who’s making a run for a powerful spike. He lands it of course. “Guess that’s just not what this team is looking for.” you muse.

“Observant of you, [Surname]-chan.” Tendou comments, “You must enjoy watching volleyball to be able to notice all these things.”

Wait. When the hell did you and Tendou get comfortable enough with each other for him to address you as ‘chan’?

“Yeah, I guess.” you shrug.

“You gonna stay til we close up, [Surname]-chan?”

You hum in thought, and Semi is once again surprised to see that you’re not in a rush to leave. “Sure, why not.” you stare at the court, watching closely as Ushijima lands another powerful spike that
lands with a resonant *bam*.

Semi bites down his smile at your amiable answer and heads back to individual practice. About an hour later, he thinks he’ll turn in for the day. Putting away all the equipment he’s used, he comes up to you, “Do you wanna head out together?”

And once again, you surprise him by answering with “Okay” without any hesitation. Well, you don’t look excited or anything, but your mood seems agreeable, so he’ll roll with it.

“I’ll just go to the clubroom to get changed and grab my stuff. Be back soon.” When he’s out of the gym, he breaks into a jog to the clubroom and changes as quickly as he can. He can’t really explain why he feels so energetic about this. Maybe it’s because your good mood might help him find out more about you. Oh, and Matsuki, of course. Yeah. You and Matsuki.

He walks on his way back to the gym so that he’s not obviously out of breath when he returns, but once he steps inside, the only girl he sees in the gym is--

“Semi-kun, hey!” Matsuki greets him with her usual bright smile.

“H-Hey President,” he returns the greeting, “What are you doing here?”

“Came to pick up Wakatoshi-kun for our date!” she chuckles brightly.

“What? Date?” Semi repeats.

“No, not really a date. But I asked him to hang out with me and buy me dinner sometime, since I helped him with his final exams.” she clarifies with a giggle, apparently too elated to stop smiling. “It took all of summer to get him to agree, but it’s finally happening."

“I see.” Semi nods, ignoring the fact that he’s strangely unbothered by the fact that Matsuki and Ushijima are going to be hanging out alone together. “Uhm… Where did [Surname] go?” he scans the gymnasium once more in case he had missed you.

“[Surname]-san? She left shortly after I arrived. Looked like she was in a bit of a rush.”
“Really?” he responds slowly, almost disbelievingly. Why would you leave so quickly after you told him that you’d wait for him? You didn’t seem like the type to lie.

“Eita-kun.” Tendou beckons him over to the other side of the gym, “Can you help me bring this back into the storage room before you go?” he holds up one end of the pole for the net.

“Yeah,” Semi drops his bag and jogs over to assist his friend.

“You should’ve seen the look on [Surname]-chan’s face, Eita-kun.” Tendou says quietly as they enter the storage room.

“What?” Semi perks up.

“Once President Matsuki came in announcing, ‘Wakatoshi-kun~! I’m here to pick you’ [Surname]-chan looked like she lit up on fire. Wakatoshi-kun forgot about the date, of course, but after some clarification, he agreed to go. Then President walked up to say hi to [Surname]-chan. I didn’t hear their conversation, but your little spitfire got pretty riled up and made a dash for the exit before I could stop her.”

“Do you have any idea which way she went?” Semi asks after they’ve set the pole down on the carrier.

“Beats me.” he shrugs, “But you should try to catch her soon.”

Semi nods, thanking Tendou despite how his term of addressing you still kind of agitates him. He runs out of the gym and down the most likely path out of the school. After running to the restaurant he had found you in, he goes in and asks the waitress if you’re there. Fortunately, she knows you, so that must mean that you do work here. But unfortunately, you’re not working right now, so he’s out of luck.

He heads back to school to get his bag that he had forgotten in the gym, but he finds that it’s locked. He checks to see if the clubroom is still open, and Reon is just about to close up. Luckily, he had grabbed Semi’s bag for him.
When he leaves the clubroom once again, he curiously spots the light to one of the athletic buildings on. That’s weird. The volleyball club is usually the last one on campus by the end of the day. He figures it’s worth a try and jogs over to the building right beside the baseball field.

Following the panging sounds he hears coming from upstairs, he climbs up to the fourth floor. And lo and behold, there you are, hitting endless automated softballs in the batting cage. Catching his breath before he enters the practice space, he just makes his way to your cage.

After just watching you hit ball after ball with an incredible strength and ferocity that could rival Ushijima’s spike, he finally decides to pipe up, “You know, you should really be wearing a helmet.”

You visibly freeze before you hear the mechanical sound from the machine, signaling the next coming ball, and smack it with a loud clang against your metal bat. After several more balls, Semi gathers the courage to ask, “What did Matsuki say to you that got you so upset?”

You’re silent for several more balls, and Semi wonders if talking to you is a lost cause. But you finally say, “It’s nothing she said.” You hit another two softballs, “It’s that stupid smug face she made at me. That look said it all.”

Semi doesn’t know whether or not he should ask what her look said, so he just remains silent, contemplating what to say next. But before he can, you’re grumbling, more to yourself than him, “If that bitch thinks he’ll fall for her stupid fucking act… ‘date’ my ass… should pray for the sorry fuckers who actually like her ugly soul…”

As you’re rambling, your swings become stronger, and the bangs against the wall grow louder, Semi is almost afraid you’ll actually break something.

However, something bigger starts to hit him. Your muttering and several pieces of his memories start to connect together; the timing, the location, the mysterious comments, the jealousy… “Wait…” he says before he can stop himself, “Do you, by any chance, like Wakatoshi?”

This time when you freeze, you let the next ball fly right past you into the caged wall behind you. It’s the first ball he’s seen you miss. You don’t miss the next one, and you don’t answer his question, which is enough of an answer in itself.

Is that what caused all this drama between you and Matsuki? Liking the same boy? Did it really get this far that you were intentionally missing school and quitting the softball club because you two
were fighting over Ushijima?

Does that mean Matsuki sees you as a threat? You had said that she was the one bullying you, and she had claimed in a frenzy that you were just jealous of her. Was Ushijima really the sole reason behind all of this? Girls are scary…

He contemplates this as well as many other things as you continue to bat your arms off. You pick up all the balls and refill the feeding system twice. But finally, an hour later, after the sun has set outside, you drop to your knees, clutching onto your now slightly dented bat to stay upright. This time when you refill the machine, you don’t reset it.

Semi can tell that you’re exhausted, both mentally and physically, by the way you stagger out of the cage and down the small flight of stairs back to the waiting area where he is. “Are you alright?” he asks with sincere concern, reaching out to hold you.

You reject his touch, tossing the bat into the cupboard with the others, “Leave me alone, Semi. Just… mind your own business.” you say with a defeated voice before jogging out of the room.

* After you had left the gym in fear of punching Matsuki Aiko in her pretty little face, you ran a couple laps around the track. When you didn’t feel better even after that, you blew off more steam by imagining Matsuki’s head on every softball that you hit. Semi had come in at some point, saying things now and again, but you were still simmering in anger and outrage and just… outright jealousy.

“Do you, by any chance, like Wakatoshi?” you definitely heard Semi ask.

Yes. You did like Ushijima. You have ever since you heard about him in middle school. Even went to a match once. You had already been looking into applying to Shiratorizawa Academy because of its incredible academic and athletic programs, but going to the same school as a national volleyball champion sounded super awesome too.

Little did you know that his other admirers could be more lethal than you were prepared for. You had met Matsuki outside of the volleyball gymnasium, when you were peeking in on them to get a look at Ushijima. She had confronted you about it and you told her about how cool you thought the ace was, but instead of gushing with you, she got angry. And possessive.
And just like that, your chances of ever even meeting Ushijima, let alone befriending him, were destroyed. Matsuki, with her incredible influence of power, started creating a lot of misunderstandings that you couldn’t clear up, and soon you were caught up in so many rumors and misconceptions that everyone started outcasting you. Your small group of friends disappeared, your softball club scorned you, and people even started calling you a yankii.

Despite your efforts to clear things up, more rumors would pop up, and you’re sure that there were probably more that you didn’t even hear about. And with your short temper, it’s not like you were the best at explaining things anyway.

At first, you thought that you could deal with it, because at least Ushijima didn’t seem to dislike you. He didn’t even seem to know who you were, so that in itself was a blessing. Soon, your admiration settled into something of gratefulness. You were just glad that at least someone didn’t care that much about another individual’s business or reputation.

But it still hurt you whenever you saw Matsuki purposefully showing off her interaction with Ushijima in front of you, as if taunting you. It’s like she was always saying, “you’ll never get him, no matter what you try.” And your emotions spiraled into depression, and your depression just kept you in bed for days at a time.

Until eventually, you hit your breaking point. You decided that to become stronger, you had to set yourself apart from others. You didn’t want to be a victim to Matsuki Aiko’s manipulation anymore, so if she was going to get everyone to call you a delinquent, then you’d just become one to spite her.

You cut and dyed your hair, got some ear piercings, learned how to use makeup, and just started going out and trying to have some fun instead of moping around in your room about how Matsuki Aiko has ruined high school for you. When you returned to school, your makeover was only one shock among many. After you took your exam that day, you didn’t want to deal with everyone’s gossiping about you for the rest of the day, so you just left. Hopped over the gate and made your way to bookstore instead.

This system was doable. You show up for exams and avoid the rest. That way, you could keep your grades on track so you could at least graduate, and you wouldn’t have to deal with all the nonsense of high school outcasting. Your parents are always overseas for business anyway, so it’s not like they can stop you. It would also keep your interaction with Lucifer herself to a minimum.

Although after awhile, you got bored during the day without school to take up your time. You studied, but you needed more stimulation, or at least a way to feel productive. You tried out martial arts classes for a while, but it was kind of a waste to just keep spending on them without a means to earn anything. So you got a job at the family restaurant that you still work at now, and that sealed the routine to your system. Your transformation into Shiratorizawa’s representative yankii.
It didn’t seem like anything had changed in your third year either. But then Semi Eita approached you. It took a couple tries, but he had made a few sincere attempts to try to understand you. He wasn’t very good at it, and you weren’t very trusting, but he tried. And you were relatively pleased that he made the effort. After seeing the type of setter he was, you realize that he may be someone who can actually understand you. Despite first impressions, and scarce interactions, he’s become a small good thing in your life.

So why did you push him away and tell him to leave you alone? And to mind his own business? Is that really what you wanted? No, probably not. You put on a tough act, but that’s really all it is; an act. Did that make you any better than Matsuki in that aspect? Are you actually being who you truly are? Would Semi even want to be acquainted with someone who puts up a front to avoid the pain of rejection?

All your troubling thoughts jumble together and distract you from your surroundings, so it’s no wonder you bump into someone. “Oh, I’m sorry.” you murmur in your daze.

“Hah? Watch where you’re going, wouldja?” the guy you bumped into has a mean look in his face, but he’s too lanky to be scary.

“My bad.” you repeat as his friends turn around to see what the commotion is about.

“Hey, wait a minute… I know you.” another one points a meaty finger at you, “You’re that one chick who got in the way of us messing with that other chick. The really pretty one, Aniki.” he nudges the guy you had bumped into.

“Heh?” he leans down closer to your face, as if doing so will help him better recognize you, “Hey, yeah… That was mighty rude of you.” he sizes himself up.

“That so.” you deadpan.

Aniki lets out an ugly, overcompensated laugh, “Maybe we should take this opportunity to teach you some manners.”

You don’t hold back your groan, “Shut up, move on with your life, and leave me the hell alone before you get beaten up by a little girl again.” you start to shove your way through the boys.
That was a bad move, because now they have you by each arm. Normally, you could pull out one of your judo tricks to bring them both down in one go, but you already sapped the strength in your arms from the batting cage. Not to mention they caught you off balance. All in all, it was just really bad timing on your part. What else is new?

But in a loud flash, one of your arms is suddenly released. And then you’re wrenched from the other goon’s grip after a kick is landed in the back of his knee. You look up to see Semi Eita hovering beside you, threatening these actual young delinquents to leave you alone.

It doesn’t look like Semi actually knows how to fight, seeing as how he has a couple of bleeding knuckles. That one hook to the guy’s jaw shouldn’t have caused that much damage. So you make the first move when the rest of their posse start to come forward. Several strikes and a flip here and there, all five of them are down. But you don’t have enough energy to keep them down and still make a run for it afterward, so you grab Semi’s wrist and sprint down the road until they’re out of sight.

Without realizing it, you’ve reached your apartment complex and riding the elevator up. Wow, you’ve had a cup of coffee, one visit to volleyball practice, and now you’re bringing him into your home. What a development. Once you’re inside, quietly cleaning and bandaging his hand, he finally speaks, “Guess those guys weren’t your friends after all.”

You furrow your eyebrows at him, “Why would you think that they’re my friends?”

Semi smiles softly, “I'm kidding. I know they're not your friends.” he takes a thoughtful pause to decide whether or not he should reveal what he’s going to say. But he goes for it, “I saw part of what happened that day… when you saved Matsuki from them.”

“Did you now.” you don’t look up as you finish the trimmings on Semi’s hands. “Is that why you took a sudden interest in me?”

“Well, kind of.” Tendou’s wisdom on bad girls was also quite enlightening. “I didn't want to think you'd actually make friends like them.” he jokes.

“As if.” you snuff but take a pause that’s long enough for Semi to notice its significance, “I don’t have friends.”
To anyone else, this might sound like a pitiful statement. But Semi recognizes it as a confession. You’ve finally shown a bit of vulnerability to him. And he suddenly recalls that glint he saw in your eyes that first day he had tried to confront you. That flash of desperation. Of wanting something.

He now realizes it’s not something or someone that you wanted. You didn’t really want Matsuki’s head. You didn’t want to be left alone. Maybe you didn’t even want Ushijima. You just wanted to be understood. For someone to make the effort to try to understand that you’re not always what you make yourself out to be, or what Matsuki manipulates people into thinking you are.

But with how far your reputation had already gone, you probably couldn’t find a feasible way to make everyone understand. You must have been lonely. He can see that now. And now that he does, he has to do something about it, so that you’re not left alone anymore.

“Well, you do now.” he responds boldly to your earlier confession, “I’m going to be your friend from now on.” he takes his his cleanly bandaged hand from you to pick up your cell phone on the table and immediately punch his number in to call.

After hearing his own cell phone ring in his bag, he ends the call and returns the phone to you. “What are you doing?” you demand when you take your phone back.

He ignores your question -- which has an obvious answer anyway -- and stands to take his leave, “Come back to school more often. You can join me and the volleyball club for lunch. We won’t let anyone bother you anymore.”

“Wait, but--” you stand as well.

“I’ll pick you up before school on the first day, so make sure you wake up on time.” he tells you rather than asks or suggests as he opens the door. He makes to step out but pops his head back in last minute, “Oh, I’ll have morning practice though, so be ready before seven.”

And with a click of the door, you’re left alone in your apartment with a dumbfounded expression, and a new contact in your phone.
Semi makes good on his promise to pick you up. Waking up early was a pain, but you can’t find yourself regretting it when a dozen boys are running and jumping all over the place for you to watch. Needless to say, there were some whispers passed around when your classmates saw you in your seat, turning in summer homework and listening patiently to the lectures.

Your self-proclaimed new friend also makes good on his promise to have you eat lunch with him and the other volleyball players in the cafeteria. He had walked up to your desk in the back of the classroom as casually as if he did it everyday, “Are you going to get food from the cafeteria or did you bring your own?”

“Uh…” you had hesitated, trying to ignore the curious stares and whispers directed at you and Semi. Eventually you answer, “I have my own.” and pull it out of your bag.

“Cool. Let’s go.” he turns around and walks out, and you just follow, not knowing what expression to make as not to give off the wrong idea.

Semi’s introduction of you to the team is quick and casual, like the rest of his behavior towards you, “Guys, this is [Surname] from my class. She visited one of our practices once during summer break, so you may recognize her. You’re okay with her joining us for lunch, right?”

“[Surname]-chan~ It’s always a pleasure.” Tendou touches the tips of his fingers together as he watches the two of you with a look that anticipates entertainment. “Please have a seat. Don’t be shy.”

“Thanks.” you reply, somewhat unsure as you pull out the seat beside Semi and across Tendou.

Throughout most of the lunch hour, you just slowly pick out your food piece by piece to put in your mouth as you listen to the conversations happening between the boys at the table. As expected, Tendou seems to be the most talkative one out of the group, while Semi and Reon offer consistent input. Ushijima doesn’t seem to talk much unless it involves volleyball.

Occasionally, they ask you for your opinion or some other question, and you just answer politely without much elaboration. You don’t know if you feel comfortable in this setting yet, or if you want to continue doing this just because Semi is supposedly your friend now.

But you make it through the school day just fine. Semi invites you to watch their practice after school, but you tell him you have to get to work. And after you get home at the end of the day, you feel pretty okay. A little different from your usual routine in which you stroll through mundane
cycles of everyday life on your own, but it’s not that bad.

So you do the same the next day. You go to school with Semi and watch their morning practice, attend classes, eat lunch with the volleyball team, head to work after school, and go home to study and do whatever else. And you do it again the next day. And the next. The other students still gossip about you, but as you continue to show up, it tires down into curious glances. And the teachers actually seem kind of excited to see you everyday when they hear you respond during attendance.

Eventually, you somehow manage to settle yourself into the group. Often, they’d get excited over what you would bring for lunch, so you’d share with them sometimes. And occasionally, Tendou would tell a funny story or joke that would actually get a laugh out of you. And by the end of the week, you know most of the members of the volleyball club and they know you since you make polite conversation before or after their morning practices.

It’s on a Friday that Matsuki Aiko approaches your table during lunch. You didn’t miss the confused angry glances she would send in your direction for the past few days, and you knew she wouldn’t take this sitting down. But she never really got a chance to make her usual scene or backhanded comment at you because you’re almost always with Semi or another member of the volleyball team.

But she must have figured that if she couldn’t catch you alone, then she’d have to settle for seeing how you react to her when she approaches all of you, “Hey, Wakatoshi-kun, everyone.” she smiles at the table. After some of them return her greeting, she directs her student council president smile at you, “Hey [Surname]-san, I’m glad to see you’re attending school regularly again. And that you’ve made some new friends.”

“Yeah.” you deadpan, not bothering to look at her.

“Well, I’m glad the volleyball club has been a good influence on you. Thanks for looking out for her, guys. Must be hard for you at times.” she chuckles as if she’s joking, when she is clearly just making a stab at you.

“Not at all,” Tendou waves a hand as if to shoo away such a thought, “[Surname]-chan is full of charm, right Wakatoshi-kun?” the middle blocker directs a bright, sly smile at Ushijima.

Both Matsuki’s and your eyes snap to attention as Ushijima blinks at being called to attention, but he replies with pure candor, “Well, yes actually her character bento was quite well made.”
“Yeah, delicious too.” Reon adds with a good-natured smile. “I’m glad we got to try it.”

If you weren’t so caught off guard by their kind comments, you would have been able to better relish the look on Matsuki’s face. You had never seen her smile drop so quickly, it’s hilarious. But you’re in the middle of guarding your own shock, so you disguise it with an appreciative smile at Tendou. He’s such an instigator. You like him.

“It’s that so?” Matsuki tries to recompose herself with a nervous laugh, “I never would’ve thought.” She’s about to ask another question when Semi reaches over with his chopstick to point at your unagi maki rolls.

“Can I have one?” he asks, practically eliminating the significance of Matsuki’s presence.

“Huh? Oh, uh huh.” you nudge the box slightly closer to him as an open invitation. He picks up a piece between his chopsticks, pops it into his mouth, and chews with an appreciative hum at the taste. The innocent delight in his face interests you, “Do you like them?”

“Yeah,” he replies, “I prefer tuna, but this is pretty good.”

“Thanks.” you mumble, still not used to the compliments.

“President?” Tendou brings Matsuki out of her vindictive stupor at watching you interact so easily with some of the most popular students at this school. “Something wrong?”

“No! I’m just… really pleased to see this new development.” her smile is a little too wide to be believable, “Anyway! I’m gonna head back to the student council. It was good to see you all!”

“Later.” some of them reply as she leaves the cafeteria.

You stare at Tendou until he notices and he stares back at you as if asking ‘what?’

“You did that on purpose just now, didn’t you?” you raise challenging eyebrows at him.
“Maybe.” he shrugs, “Wasn’t it funny, though?”

With an unchanging expression, you raise your fist right up to face him. Tendou stares at it for a moment before he smiles that mischievous smile of his again, bumping your fist with his. Yes, you could probably get used to this.

Semi kind of invites himself over to your apartment to study over the weekend. You don’t particularly mind, since you’ve finally acknowledged and accepted him as your friend, but sometimes you wonder how the guy can act as if you’ve been friends for years rather than just over a week.

He comes in the evening, after he’s finished practice and you’ve gotten off work. The two of you review math problems and English translations over omurice. And after he leaves your apartment around 10pm, you realize how easy it’s become to have him around. Semi Eita has become an overarching presence in your life.

You fall into the routine of attending school everyday again, eating and sharing lunch with your friends, working after school, and having Semi and sometimes even Tendou over during the weekends. The best part of it is that Matsuki can’t really touch you anymore.

She’s definitely tried a couple of times to create another misunderstanding or rumor at the rare opportunities she finds, but her attempts are pretty futile when you have half of the volleyball club backing you. They’ve managed to spread word about how you’re actually not a ruthless gangster through their interactions with other students, and the shameless gossiping about you has effectively toned down.

Her only good chances come when P.E. is in session. Since you’ve been coming to school everyday, you’ve been participating in every class. And since you and Matsuki both happen to be girls, you have to change in the girls’ locker room, and participate in the girls’ half of gym class.

Since P.E. doesn’t happen everyday, and Matsuki is often off socializing due to her popularity as SC president, you managed to change swiftly into your gym clothes and leave the locker room before she had any chances to approach you. And by the time you’re outside on the track field, which is the unit your class is starting with this term, Semi and Reon are already out there, so you stick with them until the teachers show up to start class.
You’ve managed to scrape by with just ignoring Matsuki’s insults that she makes under her breath as you pass by, or retorting with a witty comment before you just leave her behind in the locker room. You’ve gotten really mature about this, and you never pay Matsuki the time of day, so why is it that she keeps coming after you? It’s not like you’ve gotten that much closer to Ushijima or anything, considering how stoic he is. If anything, you’d say that she still talks to him more casually than you do.

But you should’ve known your luck wouldn’t last. You’re doing hurdles today, and Matsuki is placed in the lane right beside yours. She had snarled some sort of sneering challenge at you, and you told her to bring it on. You figured that as long as you stayed ahead of her, she wouldn’t be able to cause any ‘accidents.’

How naive of you to have hoped. The sneak managed to keep a good pace with you in the second half of the 400 meter dash, and tripped from right behind you right before you were about to jump another set of hurdles. Of course, she bumps into you and offsets your entire jump and center of balance, and you go crashing into the first hurdle in a somersault. Matsuki would have been caught up in the crash too, had your hand not already been swinging behind so you could push her back and let her fall backwards instead. But your valiant sacrifice causes you to roll forward even farther, enough to knock over the second hurdle.

There are screams and yells, and bodies approaching you as you try to still the images flopping around in your vision. Once you come to, and sit up, you see that both of your arms and knees are scratched up, although only one of your forearms is bleeding. It was the one you had used to catch and redistribute your weight to prevent more damage since forcing Matsuki back also pushed you forward harder, so that makes sense. But it still fucking hurts like a bitch.

You hear concerned shouts in the background somewhere behind you asking if fucking Matsuki is okay. “Forget about me! [Surname]-san!! Are you alright?!” she limps over to you, putting a hand on your shoulder.

“Don’t touch me! Don’t even come near me!” you burst, smacking her hand away. You hate it when people touch you, especially when the fake concern is shining so brightly in their eyes. You could care less about the believable look of hurt on her face, or that all the other girls gathered around you are watching and probably misunderstanding the basis of your rage towards Matsuki when she’s checking to see if you’re alright.

You need to get the fuck out of here. So standing up and seeing that your legs are still doing okay, you storm away from the hurdles and past the P.E. teacher who keeps asking you concerned questions. You don’t want to see any fucking one’s clueless faces right now, because seeing them not understand why you’re mad will just make you angrier.
Semi has taken a partial liking to P.E. class, in no small part because you just look really good in your P.E. bloomers. Honestly, he used to appreciate seeing Matsuki in her tiny P.E. shorts as well, but you just stand out so much more within the girls, both due to your hair and your athletic prowess. Sometimes he finds it hard to concentrate on his own P.E. activities because he’s trying to make subtle glances in your direction.

You stretching, you running, you helping put equipment away, he just watches the curves and motions of your body without realizing it. His classmates notice too, since he’s been keeping this up for almost the past month. “Hey, hey, Semi-kun. Who do you keep staring at with such interest?” one of his friends asks.

“You mean you can’t tell?” another friend laughs, nudging Semi in the side, “It’s that yankii chick who’s started coming back to school, isn’t it? You’ve been spending quite a lot of time together since the new term started, eh? Didn’t know you were into the bad girls, Semi.” he teases.

Semi just smiles as the teacher calls his name to start running next, “She’s not a yankii.”

He’s glad to see you attending school with him and becoming a familiar face around his group of friends during lunch and morning practice. He’s come to find that contrary to popular belief, your personality isn’t as gruff as people would expect. Actually, you can be quite bubbly at times, when getting into a topic of your interest or someone (usually Tendou) makes a weird joke that only you seem to get. And even a little tsundere when they compliment you on something.

As Tendou had foreshadowed, you were competitive and argumentative, and still had a fiery temper. But you were actually quite mature, and often made compelling logical arguments when you decided to. Semi had learned that your parents were international business associates, so they were often away from home. Which is also why they rented out an apartment for you to live in rather than have you stay in your larger, emptier house by the edge of the city. So you had probably learned to live like an adult on your own for a while now.

The only time you ever really seem to lose your cool is when Matsuki is around. If she approached their table during lunch, you would just ignore her or give curt answers. But sometimes he would see you with a stiff expression whenever you came back from P.E. So he figured that you probably had a run-in with Matsuki in the locker room or something.
It’s amazing how he’s completely switched around his way of thinking now that he’s friends with you. Whenever there’s an interaction between you and the president, he just automatically assumes that Matsuki is the instigator now. Since he’s noticed that the only times you ever talk is when Matsuki talks to you first. And although he can only base his opinions on that one incident in which you saved her, Semi is still heavily weighed on your side.

And he thinks he probably made the right decision, because he saw the crash on the track. It did really look like an accident, even though you took most of the damage. But he cannot believe what he sees when over half of the class of girls crowd around Matsuki to check if she’s alright instead of tending to you. You were the one who had smashed into two hurdles and started bleeding!

You had stormed off into the school building alone while Matsuki’s friends were carrying her weight as she limped back towards the teacher and the class. Semi quickly excused himself from his own P.E. class before the teacher could say anything, and started jogging across the field towards the building after you.

He’s just passed the girls’ half of the class when he hears his name being called, “Semi-kun! Wait up!” and he turns to see Matsuki limping towards him with another girl, “You’re going to the infirmary, right? I’ll go too. I still haven’t properly apologized to [Surname]-san.”

He looks at her sad expression and recalls the time he saw her leave the alleyway. You had saved her then, too. He saw how you pushed her back away from the hurdles to keep her away from the crash. Despite your hard feelings towards Matsuki, you still helped her, and here she was allowing herself to be coddled and pitied while you were off injured somewhere alone.

Semi pivots his body to directly face the student council president, “I think you’ve done enough, Matsuki-san. Please just leave [Surname] to me from now on. I’d appreciate it if you didn’t ever bother her again.”

He jogs off again while she’s still stuttering in confusion, and manages to find you ten minutes later. You’re in the infirmary on the fourth floor, where there’s actually a (male...) nurse on duty. Your arm is already bandaged, and there’s a small bandage on your forehead above your temple. The (male!!) nurse is tending to the cuts on your legs that are stretched out on the bed, but you notice him immediately, “Semi?”

Ignoring your question of why you’re here, he rushing up to you in long strides and takes the hand of your damaged arm, “Are you okay? Did you hit your head or anything?” he reaches up to touch your face but hesitates before retracting his arm.
“Hurts like a bitch, but it could’ve been worse,” you do sound a bit irritated regardless. Semi tries not to feel conscious about how you don’t hold back with your choice of language even with a school staff member in front of you.

He chuckles at how well you’re taking this, and then notes your ruffled appearance, “You look a little more like a yankii now. Like you got into a territorial fight or something.”

You throw a punch at him with your free hand, but he catches it with another laugh. Then you pull both your hands away from his, “Shut up, go back to class.”

“After I climbed through four floors of infirmaries to find you? Nice try.” he takes your hand in his again, as if to say that if you want him to leave, you’d have to wrench him away from you.

“Four floors should be nothing for you; you’re part of the top athletic team in the prefecture.” you retort.

“Oh shut up and just let me wait for you.” he rolls his eyes.

“Tch. Whatever. Do what you want.” you scoff, although you don’t bother to remove your hand from his this time.

That’s when the (M-A-L-E) nurse chimes in with a little chuckle. “What?” you ask without pause.

“Nothing.” he holds back his laughter, but keeps the large, affectionate smile on his face, “You should be good now. I think I’ve managed to clean and disinfect most of your injuries. The bandage on your arm you can take off within the next couple of hours, but I’d suggest you keep it on until you get home and shower, to prevent any possible further irritation.”

“Okay, thank you sensei.” you slide your legs back over the bed and land on your feet, “Thanks for the hard work.”

“No problem.” he smiles at the two of you as Semi leads you out of the infirmary.

Semi and you walk down the corridor until you near the staircase, where he believes that neither the
(male) nurse nor the other classes on this floor will hear or see you. He gently pushes you back against the wall that hides the both of you from the corridor, and allows you to see if anyone will walk up the stairs. “What the--? Semi, what are you--”

“If Matsuki ever tries to hurt you again, let me know.” he says under his breath, since his face is incredibly close to yours. His hands are holding you gently against the wall by the shoulders. If you wanted to push him away, you could do so easily. But he likes the fact that you don’t. “She should know not to try now, but I’ll still do whatever I can to help you.”

“Help me? What, are you gonna be my knight, Semi?” you scoffs, “I can take care of myself. Matsuki Aiko doesn’t scare me. And what do you mean ‘she should know not to try now’?”

“I know you can. Trust me, I know.” he reassures you, “But I can’t go on standing by like this after being blind to everything she’s done to you all this time. I’m your friend now, so I’m going to be there for you. Please, let me.”

You chew the inside of your lip as if in deep thought before finally huffing a sigh, “Fine. Do what you want. But you still didn’t answer my question. What did you mean by that? That she should know not to try? Did you say something to her?”

Semi darts his eyes to the side as if guilty for something, “I may have given her an offhand warning to leave you alone, and that I would protect you.” When he sees your eyes widen in what looks like horror, he quickly tries to save himself, “Not in anything resembling those words of course!” he releases your shoulders to hold his hands up in the air, “But… I still hope she got the hint.”

You look at him thoughtfully for a long time. He’s starting to feel the weighty pressure of your gaze making him sweat. But finally, you speak again, “Well, I doubt that she’s going to stop trying that easily, especially when it looks like I’m rubbing it in her face that I’m almost always with guys now. But…” you slowly lift your hand up to rest on the junction between his shoulder and neck, and you even slide your fingers along the back of his shoulder, “Thank you, Semi. You’re a good friend. And I appreciate everything that you’re doing for me.”

Semi feels something change in the air between you. His chest is thudding hard in his chest, and he can hear his pulse more loudly in his ears. But the look he sees in your eyes is unlike anything he’s seen in them before, so he can’t help how his body reacts. They’re warm and… open… and… loving…?

He sees something resembling love hidden deep within your soft expression, and it compels him to lean forward to rest a hand beside your head against the wall, not unlike the way you did to him the
first time you had a falling-out. He rests his other hand gently on your hip as he leans in closer to your face.

The look your eyes changes into something of surprise, but edging towards what he hopes is anticipation. You’re not pushing him away, and you’re nose to nose now, so there’s no way he’s letting this opportunity go, “You’re welcome.” he murmurs before closing his eyes and touching his lips to yours.

The two of you are still like that for a moment. Semi is waiting for you to push him away, or slap him, or yell at him, or everything aforementioned, but you don’t. So he tilts his head a couple degrees and puts just a little more pressure into his kiss.

“Oh, oops.” a voice jolts you two out of your fervor and you finally push Semi away. He freezes when he sees the nurse looking… kind of excited at catching the two of you. “Oh my, my, what a thriving development we have here.” he hides his face with the folders he has in his hands and giggles a bit as he makes his way down the stairs.

Semi and you stare after his descending figure before he turns back to you, “Does he remind you of someone?”

“What?”

“Never mind.”

* You’re pretty anxious as you wait for Semi to arrive to your apartment for your usual weekend study session. After that debacle in the school hallway (and the weird nurse), you tried to act normally for the rest of the school day, as did Semi. It was like that for the rest of the week, although Semi would casually touch you a little more than usual. And admittedly, you liked it.

Usually, you don’t like when people touch you. Maybe it’s because you’re not as used to skinship since your parents aren’t around often, and even when they are, they don’t touch you that much. But as high school went on, the only people who would touch you were concerned teachers, or former friends, or fucking Matsuki Aiko.
A lot of their sympathetic touches didn’t resonate with you, because you could tell that they didn’t really care for you. They just wanted to convince you to act a different way. And maybe they thought that showing insincere concern would get you to open up more to them. But you could tell that whenever they would attempt to listen to your side of the story in some new misunderstanding, they either didn’t care or didn’t believe you. Although they would try to comfort you, you never felt comforted, just rushed.

But Semi’s hands on you were different. They were a sincere kind of gentle. His occasional hesitations showed you that he was thinking about whether or not you’d approve of his touches. And when you allowed him to hold your hand, or caress your hip, you enjoyed the weight and warmth of his hand on you. The way he looks directly and deeply into your eyes whenever he’s talking or listening to you makes his touches feel hotter, in a good way.

You have never felt this way before towards anyone. Ushijima was a small crush, but you never had the chance to get to know him enough to let him make you feel this way. And ever since Semi Eita had slowly slithered into your life, you’ve all but forgotten your feelings for the volleyball captain. He’s already come to your rescue in a number of ways, and you can’t deny the pull you feel towards him. Actually, after that kiss, you don’t know if you can think of anything else.

What’s going to happen today? At school, Semi has only brushed against you or put a hand on your shoulder since that day. But behind closed doors, uninterrupted, what will possibly conspire between the two of you? The possibilities lead you to drift off into a number of fantasies that may or may not involve clothing, and you’re only broken out of your thoughts when you hear the doorbell.

After opening the door to the apartment complex, you take a last look at yourself in the mirror, wondering if the crop top is too much. But once you hear the knock on the door, you know that it’s pointless to change now, so you take a deep inhale and finish breathing it out when you open the door for Semi.

“Hey,” he greets you normally.

“Hey,” you let him in and the two of you migrate naturally to the coffee table, where most of your books are already set up.

“Wow, you look really good.” Damn him. Catching you right when you let your guard down.

“Yeah? I only wear this in the house.” you reply, trying to sound as casual as he does.
“I see.” he says simply before setting down his bag and taking his usual seat beside you on the floor at the coffee table.

Your silent anxiousness continues for the next hour as you two just study like you usually do, talking occasionally when discussing new or confusing material. By the end of the second hour though, the combination of all of the studying and your shot nerves exhausts you, so you drop your pencil with a heavy sigh and lean back to lie on the hardwood floor. Semi turns to look down at you, he smiles, “Need a break?”

You mumble some sort of groaning sound as an affirmative reply, and he chuckles as he gets up to grab some drinks from the kitchen area. After he returns with a bottle of juice and two glasses, he sets them on the table before tucking his legs underneath the coffee table next to yours. Then he rolls over so that he’s lying completely on top of you, forearms propping up his weight on either side of your shoulders.

“What are you doing?” you ask boredly, hiding the fact that his body heat and weight on top of you is sending your heart into a frenzy.

“Waiting to kiss you again.” his reply sends the blood straight to your ears. “I’ve been waiting all week.” he smiles.

“Guess I should put you out of your misery, then.”

“You’re too kind.” he smiles before leaning down to kiss you gently. He lingers there for a moment before retracting his lips just to kiss you again. You just lay there as he slowly increases the pressure, and once you get the hang of it, you push back a little. Then a little more. Then he starts gently biting and sucking at your bottom lip, and then dipping his tongue past your lips to slide across your front teeth.

The farther he goes, the more you want to feel him. So you wrap your arms around his neck and pull him closer to you, forcing his full weight to rest on top of your body. He groans when your fingers card through his hair, and you groan when he runs a hand down your bare side to squeeze at your hip.

“Semi…” you breathe when he finally comes up for air. You’re contemplating asking him a question but soon his lips are on yours again and your question is forgotten.
You continue to make out like this on the floor for a while. Semi’s hand in your hair and thumb rubbing little circles into the bare skin of your side kind of convinces you that you needn’t move for a while. At some point, you want a little change of perspective, so you push him to the side so you can climb over his body this time. But other than you being on top, the way you continue to just make out doesn’t change.

You don’t really want this to end, but as you begin to regain control of your thoughts even as Semi’s mouth is on you, you realize you should probably at least ask your earlier question. Especially now that his bare hands are sliding up your bare back and resting underneath the material of your top. He’s not going any farther, since your kisses are still vaguely innocent. Tongue action is occasional, and your mouths are passionate, but you’re both still relatively new to this. And before you do go any farther, you figure you should just clear the air first.

Lifting your head from his and holding your weight up on your forearms like Semi had earlier, you allow a little space between your chests just to tease him with a nice view into your shirt. He breathes a constrained sigh as he rubs his hands in small circles on your back. “Hey,” you call him back to attention, and he brings his eyes up to meet yours immediately, “Are we dating or something now?”

He only humors you with an amused smile as he brings one hand up to caress your cheek, “Is that what you want us to be doing?”

Now that sends you into a blushing frenzy. You hadn’t expected him to have you choose. “W-What? What are you saying? I asked you first!” you attempt to roll off of him, but his other arm still on your back comes to circle around your waist and trap you on top of his body.

“Well, I asked you second.” he retorts cheekily. “And I will be whatever you want me to be to you.”

“The heck does that mean?” you mutter, pouting a little as you look away, embarrassed at his words and at the position you’re talking in.

“It means,” he pulls your chin back to face him, “that I like you. And I want to be by your side, no matter the circumstance, or the label I have. So whatever you want, I’ll be your friend, your boyfriend, your dog,” he chuckles at the last suggestion, “Whatever you’re ready for, I’m here for you.”

You’re like a tomato now, you’re sure of it. There’s no way you can’t feel embarrassment from these cheesy words he’s saying to you. Is this even real life? Is he being sincere? This could all be Matsuki’s elaborate attempt to mess with you.
But you know, with the way Semi is looking into your eyes, and caressing you sweetly, that he’s for real. And he’s going to be here for you until you tell him otherwise. So after sharing a long, meaningful gaze with him, you think that your blush has died down enough for you to finally reply, “If you break my heart, I’ll break every single one of your bones.” you warn.

“I’m sure you will,” he smiles again as he brings your face down to kiss you again.

***

Your behavior doesn’t change while in school, other than Semi occasionally resting a hand on your thigh during lunch. You still go to his morning practices with him, and go to work on your own after school. Actually, other than making out and some heavy petting during your weekend study sessions when it’s just the two of you, not much changes about your routine.

You do attend all of the Spring High games that Shiratorizawa plays, although you’re not always cheering as loudly as everyone else. You’re relatively close with almost every member of the club now, so you can see how all of their intensive training regimens have paid off in making them a powerhouse.

Semi’s serves are obviously your favorite plays. You never fail to notice the intense concentration in his eyes, or how his tongue flicks out just before he tosses the ball into the air, or how energetic he is when he’s actually on the court. It gets you going, really. Every point Shiratorizawa scores makes your heart swell with pride and happiness that you were able to become friends with all of these talented players. And even snagged one for yourself.

Even after Shiratorizawa surprisingly loses the finals, the team still remains lively as ever. Almost all of the third years still play volleyball in some setting or other even after the tournament, so it’s not like anything has changed other than that you and Semi don’t attend morning practice anymore.

The only exciting thing that happens about two weeks after the Spring High finals is that Tendou shows up a little later than usual to the lunch table, announcing, “Happy birthday, Eita-kun! I forgot quite last minute, but here you go!” he hands over a small box that likely holds a slice of cake inside.

“You didn’t have to go through the trouble,” Semi chuckles, but accepts the box anyway, “Thank you for remembering.”
“It’s you birthday?” you turn your head to stare at him before touching your own lunch box, “You didn’t tell me anything about this.”

“Well, technically it’s on Sunday. But it’s not that big of a deal,” he shrugs, although you can see the slightest tinge of pink at the tips of his ears, “I was going to ask you later to hang out with us altogether.”

“Oh. Okay.” you agree easily enough.

“You know how nice [Surname]-chan’s bento can be.” Tendou leans back in his chair.

You chuckle at the redhead’s enthusiasm, and switch your lunch with Semi’s, “Here, since Tendou got you something today, I’ll give you this too.”

“Eh? What are you talking about? You don’t have to, my birthday’s not even until the weekend.” he tries to take his own tray back, but you pull it farther away from him.

“Just take it. I promise you won’t regret it.”

“I’d go for it if I were you, Eita-kun.” Tendou leans back in his chair, “You know how nice [Surname]-chan’s bento can be.”

Semi seems to think it over for another moment before giving in, “Thanks for the food.” And when he separates the double layered box, he finds some Mickey and Minnie Mouse themed onigiri alongside some tiny sausages and assorted vegetables. And the bottom box houses a bunch of colorful assorted fruits.

“Whoa~” most of the table coos.

“You’ve been making character bento a lot more these days, [Surname].” Reon notices.
“Yeah, I have more time in the morning these days, since there’s no morning practice.” you shrug.


Semi, who had been staring at the cute character onigiri, turns back to you and rests his hand on your thigh, “It’s beautiful. Thank you.” and instinctively, he leans in to give you a kiss on the cheek.

It’s only after he pulls away that he realizes his own action, as well as your widened eyes. Then he hurriedly turns around to see that the entire table is looking at him with the exact same dumbfounded expression. “Uh-- Uh--- I-- didn’t mean--! Sorry! Habit!” he waves his hands around frantically, unable to find the right words to explain himself, “I mean--! Not habit, I mean-- it was--”

“Eh~? Habit, huh Eita-kun?” Tendou looks extremely amused now, leaning his chin onto his joined fingers as he props his weight on his elbows. His eyes dart between you and Semi with smug interest.

“No, that’s not-- I mean uh--!” he’s twitching his head to look between Tendou and you and everyone else at the table, “I uh…”

You stand up so quickly that your chair almost falls back, “I-I’m going to the bathroom.” And in another second, you’re rushing out of the cafeteria, leaving Semi to fend for himself.

Just after you leave the cafeteria and lean against the first wall you see, you take a deep breath and put a hand on your throbbing heart. But just as you’re beginning to calm down, another voice pops up in the hallway, “Eh~ To think this is how you suddenly got close to the volleyball club.”

Your head snaps up and you turn your head to find Matsuki Aiko leaning against the wall beside the cafeteria door with her arms crossed. “You.” you’re still a little short of breath, so that greeting doesn’t come out as menacingly as you had planned it to.

“Tell me, how did you do it?” she pushes off of the wall to saunter up to you, arm still crossed in an attempt to look intimidating. “How’d you get someone in Wakatoshi-kun’s circle to like your atrociously lousy ass?”

She must have seen what happened inside. And now she’s trying to use it as a way to taunt you. Of course she is.
“Easy,” you rise to your own height to challenge her, “I just had to take your blindfolds off of him.”

She scoffs in retaliation, “If anyone’s blind, it’s got to be you, for thinking that you can fool anyone into believing that you actually like that little dog of yours.”

“What was that?” your voice is no louder than a growl.

“Aw, you upset that I called him your dog? What else would he be? He waits on you like a butler, and you’re obviously just using him to get closer to the rest of the team.” she accuses.

“You don’t know a thing about him, and you don’t know a thing about me.” you step closer so that you’re almost nose to nose with the girl, “So don’t go judging any of us just because you’re mad that I’m their friend.”

“Their friend? Ha!” she cackles, pushing you back with one hand on your shoulder, “If you think they’re going to want to be your friend after they smell your desperation for Wakatoshi-kun, then you need to wake up soon.”

“Is that a threat? Are you going to make everyone think that I like Waka-kun?” you pout with a whiny, pitying voice. You don’t actually call Ushijima anything resembling Waka-kun, but you just wanted to splash a little more salt in Matsuki’s direction, “Are you going to keep trying to sabotage my life because you can’t get anyone to like you otherwise?”

“What was that?!” she pushes you against the wall again, but you continue because you haven’t had this much fun taunting Matsuki in a while. It’s not like you ever had the upper hand or anything.

“Oh come on, give it your best shot. You’ve already turned me into a yankii, driven me out of school, done everything you possibly can to fake your way into good lighting by giving me all the dark angles. And look at you, you’re still not satisfied.” you make all of your arguments logical and true, because you want this to be the last time Matsuki tries to come at you with such ridiculous accusations. You love Semi, and you won’t let her tell anyone otherwise.

You use only the tips of your fingers to push Matsuki back, before moving your face forward again, “Why don’t you grow up and improve yourself first? Maybe then, Ushijima-san will like you.”
The fire in her eyes smolders, “You little--”

“Matsuki-san, that’s enough.” Semi pushes through cafeteria doors and pulls you to his side, “I asked you not to bother [Surname] again. But this time, I’m not asking.”

Damn, your boyfriend can be intimidating when he wants to be.

“S-Semi-kun! It’s not like that!” Matsuki starts.

“Let me make it clear, Matsuki-san, that [Surname] is a good friend of everyone in the volleyball club,” he speaks in a warning tone that commands attention. Sexy. “And if you were to hurt her in any way, I can assure you that no one will just let you off easy.”

She looks like she’s about to stutter a response, but she must be having trouble, since this is the first time she’s ever had the situation turned against her. Usually, she managed to redirect anything into a misunderstanding that blamed you, but obviously Semi had heard at least some of your argument earlier. And nothing she said could possibly work in her favor this time around.

“Let’s go.” Semi guides you back into the cafeteria with his arm around your waist, and you’re dazed as he leads you back to your seat.

You barely hear the teasing remarks and questions from your friends as you turn to stare up at Semi. He had come to your rescue, yet again. He’s completely on your side, and he backed you in standing up to Matsuki. And you can guess that she will not likely be bothering you again, now that you have an actual witness on your side.

Semi stares right back at you, some concern in his eyes, “Are you okay?”

And finally, you smile up at him, squeezing his hand that’s taken yours, “Thank you.” you say softly.

“Okay, okay, we get it! Sorry for making fun of you guys. Now stop making googly eyes at each other and eat before lunch is over.” Tendou complains.
“I am going to give you the best birthday present ever.” you whisper into his ear right before the elevator doors open and you lead him into your apartment.

“Can’t wait.” Really, he can’t. He’s shaking in excitement as you lead him into your bedroom. He’s been in here a couple of times before, either to retrieve miscellaneous items or kiss you on your bed for a couple hours.

He’s always gotten a little excited whenever he came to your home. The first time you had dragged him here without a word after he had saved you from those teenage thugs, his heart had been pounding incredibly hard. To him, it was one of the first signs that he was starting to fall for you, because it was nothing like how he felt when he had walked Matsuki home that one night she had almost been attacked. The slight giddiness he felt in walking the president to her front gate was absolutely incomparable to the thundering in his heart as he entered your apartment building.

And tonight, he was going to stay the night. He had hesitated when you first proposed the idea to him after school on Friday, but how could he ever turn you down? Your appearance in his life had left traumatizing effects on him, all of which he’s now incredibly grateful for. Learning more about you helped him realize how he should really take on more perspectives than what meets the eye. It also helped him find out what a nice body you have, and he can’t wait to see and feel and taste every inch of it.

He had been incredibly patient all day, throughout the meals, karaoke, gossiping in the dorm, and makeshift cooking lesson you had given the boys on whim. Whether intentionally or not, you had tantalized him with that sleeveless blouse that had a sheer cut off starting above your chest. He could clearly see your collarbones and shoulders teasing him. He didn’t dare to stare too long at your legs in those jeans, for the safety of his own pride and health.

But now, as he waits patiently on your bed for you to reappear from the bathroom, he can’t wait to stare at you for as long as he likes. And get as hard as he likes without inhibitions. When you call his name to announce your entrance, he sits up excitedly. And the white slip with black lace trimmings you’re wearing does everything but disappoint. There’s a black bow in the middle between your cupped breasts where the front of the slip splits open to tease just a sliver of your stomach, as well as show off the matching lace panties underneath.

“Happy birthday?” you hold your arms out beside you awkwardly. Despite your seductive confidence earlier, you’re still your shy, nervous self. And Semi laughs because he loves it.
“Come here,” he opens his arms out for you, and you paddle over immediately to fill the vacant space between his legs. Wrapping his arms around you to kiss you deeply, he hums in approval as he feels your nipples harden underneath the thin lingerie. He pulls away just a smidge so that he can look into your eyes, but keep your noses and foreheads touching, “Thank you.” he whispers, “And… I love you.” he confesses.

You close your eyes as you break into a helpless smile, “I love you too,” you whisper against his lips before kissing him again.

Semi locks his arms around your body and drags you up to lie on top of him on the bed. He rests his hands innocently on your hips as he strokes his way into your mouth with his tongue. You open and welcome him with your own tongue, wrestling with him just a little before giving him free reign. He takes his sweet time to taste the lingering flavors of the dessert you had all shared before leaving the party. When he pulls his tongue out, you suck at it to keep him from leaving.

He gets away, but reimburses you with a bite to the lip. When he gives it a gentle pull before letting it smack back against your teeth, you giggle at the feeling and bump your nose against his for messing with you. He chuckles back at how cute you are and kisses your mouth again before moving down to leave lingering kisses and sucks at your neck. Stretching to look up to give him better access to your neck, you breathe several deep sighs as he continues to kiss at every blank spot he can reach.

As he licks at the dip of your collarbones, your head drops down again to rest against Semi’s hair. He probably still reeks of the smoke from the barbecue, but you don’t seem to mind. What you do seem to mind, however, is his pace. You’re already rubbing yourself against the definite bulge in his jeans, but he’s still leaving only innocent kisses along your shoulders. “Eita…” you utter through your faltering breaths as he sucks a dark mark into your right shoulder.

“Eita, please.” you whine impatiently when he pops off only to nuzzle his face into your soft neck. He chuckles at how easy you are to tease, but he’s soon cut off from air when you push his head into your breasts. He mumbles some unintelligible protests but you don’t let him go until he moves his hands down to squeeze your butt, which is bare and perky in his hands. “Mm~” you hum delightfully, letting him pull his head back as you arch your ass up to get more of his hands on you.

“And I thought I was the one who was suffering from the wait tonight,” he teases as he kneads your ass cheeks in his hands and simultaneously grinds you down against his clothed hard-on.

“You haven’t experienced true suffering until you’ve seen you the way you eat gelato.” you groan as you rock against him.
“Oh yeah? Why? What’s it look like?” he whispers against your lips as he touches his nose to yours again.

You don’t answer him right away in favor of rubbing your crotch in circles around his bulge, but you manage to speak again, even if brokenly, “The way… you suck on that spoon…. Ohhh… is like… how you… mmMMm… suck on… my clit… oohh…” your tortured moans are like commercial breaks within your sentence, but Semi enjoys them anyway. “Ohh… And when you look at me… while you’re eating it… makes me wish… Mmm… mmMM…”

This is an especially long commercial, so he stops rubbing up against you and uses his hands to lift your hips up, refusing you access to his hard-on. You whine in outrage, and try to push your hips back down to no avail. He’s got some pretty capable hands on him, and he wants you to continue, “Makes you wish what? Hm?” he hums into your ear, tickling you and sending a shiver down your body.

“Wish… Wish that… you were eating me out like that…” you mewl as you pout, sliding your hand down his chest to lift his shirt up.

Like a kitten, you make do with your new distraction and lean down to kiss and lick at his developing abdomen. As you make your way up with your peppering kisses, you push his shirt up with your hands, until it bunches up under his arms. Semi gruffly pulls it off and throws it to the side so you can suck at his nipples freely.

He runs his fingers through your hair as you kiss and suck all over his chest, humming sweet, dirty things to you like “I’ll lick your pussy all night if you want me to” and “you’re sucking on me so hard, and it’s not even my cock” and “damn, I wanna be inside of you so bad, make that tight, little pussy all mine.”

“Oh, Eita…” you whimper when you finally pop your mouth off of his neck, after having left your own fair share of marks along his body. “Want you… all over me… deep inside me…” you’re in the zone now, swallowing every dirty word he throws at you and spitting them back, “It’s big, isn’t it? I’ll bet it’s so big that you won’t even fit…”

Well, he’s not big to that point but he would argue that he’s quite adequate. You’ve already seen him fully hard since you’ve sucked him off once or twice when you both should’ve been doing actual anatomy homework… So Semi knows that you’re giving him a little bit of an ego boost.

“Yeah? You afraid I’m gonna break you?” he goes back to rubbing your hips against his jeans, “You afraid I’m gonna tear that cute little pussy apart?”
“Ughh… Break me… Please.” you sob, frantically rubbing yourself against him and calling his name like he’s your route to salvation. And with a few pinches and pulls at your clit, he brings you there, to your first stop of the evening.

You cry out his name and pulse against his fingers, even though they’re not inside of you yet. Your face as you come is so raw, so needy, so beautiful, and Semi could watch it for hours. When your breathing calms down a bit, Semi rolls you over to lie on your back, and you’re even more beautiful with the sheer fabric of the slip spread out at your sides. Semi loves it when you coordinate your clothing to match your hair, and you know it. This black and white contrast will be his end.

He leans down to kiss at your stomach and trail down to press his lips against the triangle of your soaked panties. He moans as he licks through the wet fabric along your slit, making you cry out needily. And damn, if the sound of you calling his name doesn’t get him going…

The fabric of the panties are thin, so he has little trouble in tilting his head to bite down the middle of it, bunching it between his teeth to drag it down your thighs as he moves off of the bed. You moan and squeeze your breasts as you watch him, pulling the panties all the way off of your feet before taking them from his mouth and pocketing them, “Souvenir.” he teases as you whine in embarrassment.

Semi laughs again and then gets to work on his belt and jeans, making sure to pull the condom out of his other pocket to hold between his teeth as he drops his pants and boxers to the ground. Climbing his way back over you, he hovers right above you with the packet still dangling by the corner from his teeth. You follow up immediately and reach up to clinch the packet between your fingers, and tear it to the side to open it while the edge is clamped between Semi’s teeth.

After spitting the small strip of silver out over the bed, he takes the condom from you and rolls it on seamlessly. You groan from the mere sight of it, and Semi’s heart swells. How is it that you can turn him on so hard and simultaneously make his heart flip without so much as a word?

He might have to figure that out later, because the way you spread your legs open for him as you gaze at him with wide eyes and a finger between your teeth makes his cock twitch. But first things first, he slips his hands underneath the two curtains of your slip and flicks them to fan out further, leaving your entire stomach bare to him.

A kiss here above your belly button, a suck there on your hip bone, and he blazes a trail of heady kisses along your navel until he reaches your eager, soaking pussy. He just stations himself there, right in front of your pink and aching entrance, and stares right up at your face. The look of pure anticipation in your eyes makes him feel harder than he already is, but he just lets the tension rise
between you as he sits between your legs, watching you watch him.

“Eita… are you going to sit there all night?” you finally break, unable to control your twitching.

He smiles cheekily at you again, “I could.” and he darts his tongue out to poke at your slit. It’s gone as fast as it came, and you shake your legs in agony, crying and whining his name.

This time, he lays his tongue flat against the surface of your lips, giving you heat, but no stimulation. “Eita…” you continue to whine, and he loves it. He feels kind of guilty for getting off at how tortured your voice sounds, but he loves it. So damn much.

“Keep moaning my name, baby.” he says against your lips before making the first substantial lick all night. As you heed his call and continue to cry out his name in many different volumes and tones, he licks in and out and through you like that gelato you had watched him eat. He sucks at your clit as if it were his spoon, licks through your slit as like it resembles the creamy thickness of his dessert, and draws out your voice like he’s the conductor of your body.

But at some point, after you start rocking against his mouth, he just starts tongue fucking you, thrusting the hot, wet muscle in and out of you at a merciless, ricocheting pace. His neck is starting to strain a little from looking up to stare at your changing expressions, but he doesn’t want to miss any of it, so he pushes your thighs to rest on his shoulders as he brings himself to sit up. One of his arms comes to wrap around your waist and hold you in place as he continues the driving his tongue into your wet cunt like a jackhammer.

“Eita yes!!!” you scream as he slides two fingers into you to join his tongue’s assault. His tongue dives in and out while his fingers flap back and forth inside of you, urging you to come hard. And you do just that, all over Semi’s mouth and hand. He only puts you back down on the bed after he’s licked and swallowed almost every bead of your emission.

Semi is incredibly rock hard right now, and he wants nothing more than to be inside that hot, wet wonderland between your legs, but he thinks he needs to prep you through one more orgasm before he gets to enter you. The two of you have fooled around several times already, with your hands, mouths, and even just dry humping. But this would be your first time taking him whole, and he needs you to be completely ready, or he would never forgive himself.

“Eita…” you seem to want the same thing as he does, “Can I have your dick now?”
“Not just yet, babe.” he leans down to kiss you deeply and slip his tongue into your mouth, giving you a little sample of the heaven he just tasted. Then he slips his two finger back inside of you, and begins to slowly pull them in and out.

“Mmm, Eita.” you whine, wrapping your arms around his neck as he spreads you wider with scissoring motions. He continues to kiss you as he slowly and gradually adds another finger into the mix. He lets you bite and scratch at him as you please while he continues to thrust his three long fingers as deep inside of you as he can, as slowly as he can.

When he can freely wiggle those three fingers inside of you, and you’re not clutching at his shoulders with a death grip anymore, he adds the fourth digit for insurance and spreads them apart in all different angles inside of you. You wail at the sting, but suck something dark into his neck to cope. Semi doesn’t like seeing the pained look on your face, the deep furrow of your eyebrows, your bottom lip that’s threatening to bleed between your teeth. But slowly, very slowly, the signs of pain in your face, as well as the tension in your body, begin to disappear.

And eventually, your hips start to rut against his hand again. Semi watches you as you clutch his wrist in your hands to keep him in place, breathing erratically with hooded eyes as you climb up to your high once again. “Eita… Eita… Eita…” you continue to whisper like a prayer. And Semi wonders if he’ll actually be able to last long enough to actually get inside you.

After screaming out yet another orgasm, and panting hard as you pulse and throb around his fingers that you’ve still got trapped inside of you, you moan Semi’s name again, “Can I have it now, Eita?”

Semi smiles at your exhausted figure, completely spent and he hasn’t even put his dick inside you yet. “You sure can.” he gives himself another couple strokes before centering himself between your legs, “You ready for me?”

“Always.” you pant, clutching onto the sheets around you.

“I love you.” Semi reminds you before he tucks his head in past your slit. You whimper in excitement and clench the sheets between your fingers. As Semi slowly pushes in deeper, and deeper, you close your eyes and you throw your arms above your head, grabbing at whatever is underneath your hands up there.

He stays as still as he can because he is about to pop his load, god damn you’re tight. And then you fucking clench around him, oh fucking shit, “Fuck!” he chokes.
“Eita!” you growl, “God damn, I love you! Agh!” you grunt as you start trying to move a little.

“Wait, wait!” he holds your hips in place, “Fucking shit. Oh, fuck, you’re so tight.” he mumbles as if that’s enough explanation to tell you that he’s about to explode.

“Does it feel good, Eita?” you hum, clenching again.

“Shit! Fuck, yes baby, it feels like ecstasy. Calm down, I’m gonna come in the next second, please.” he begs, clutching your hips tighter and resting his forehead down between your breasts.

It’s your turn to giggle, but you oblige in staying still. But that isn’t enough to shut you up, he realizes, as you continue the mindless dirty talk, “Ah… my god, I want you inside me everyday. I want your big, fat fucking cock to ram me into the ground until I can’t walk anymore. Eita, please…”

Semi is groaning loudly, half in pleasure, and half to drown you out so that he doesn’t fucking come in one thrust. To calm his efforts, he pulls out of you slowly -- you don’t seem to like that -- and he stays out for several moments, with only the tip kissing your entrance until he calms down. He didn’t realize that it would be this difficult for him, since you had taken him in so readily.

After another agonizing minute for the both of you, Semi finally reenters your tight heat, and you both moan in harmony. “Eita, move. Now.” you demand. And this time, he can follow up with your wishes.

He pulls out of you only to thrust back in slowly, again, and again, and again until you start begging for him to smash your bed in half. “You asked for it, cream puff.” he smirks as he takes a tighter grip on your hips and starts driving himself deep, deep inside of you without pause. Your screaming only encourages him to hammer into you at even more different angles, until he finds one that shocks your body like an electric current.

Currently, he’s got one leg hoisted up on his shoulder while the other dangles off the edge of the bed. It’s a queen sized but he’s already fucked you across half of it. And he keeps ramming himself into that one spot that has you screaming just an octave louder than the others until you self destruct. You continue to whimper his name as he makes his last several thrusts before coming as well.

He collapses just above you, with his arms holding his weight up above your head, sweat beading his whole body. He wants nothing more than to rest inside of you for the rest of the night, but he
regrettably pulls out, carefully slipping the dangerously filled condom off and tying it up before dropping it in your trash bin.

After returning to your bed, Semi takes one last long look at your sated figure in that beautiful slip of yours before pulling the covers over both of you. You snuggle up to him and he wraps his arms around your soft body, loving the combination of lace and skin pressed against him, “Tired out?”

“Give me another hour… I’ll be up and running again.” you sigh sleepily into his chest.

Semi smiles because he knows that he won’t have the heart to wake you again in an hour to just fuck you one more time. But he has endless more opportunities for that in the future. Right now, he just can’t wait to wake up next to you.

Chapter End Notes

if you've made it this far, congratulations... and thank you! call me out for my trashiness in a comment! and see you in 2017 :)
Kuroo Tetsurou - Metamorphosis

Chapter Summary

idk wtf this is but i'll just call it a pets!AU in which.... you find out your cat has a special talent

Chapter Notes

happy new year! i know many of you have been asking for kuroo for a long time, so i thought i'd finally finish this story that i had outlined a long time ago. (actually, i still have several ideas for this smooth talker. his character is just so easy to work with) i meant to post this earlier in the week but things got busy (it was my birthday a few days ago).

this story... definitely blurs a lot of lines. i mean, i guess you could say it touches on the concept of bestiality? either way, be aware of those themes, and don't say i didn't warn you. enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Despite being an incredibly busy person who always seems like you have no time to spare for anyone, you actually strongly cherish your moments of peace. Being the lead stage manager of your city’s biggest theater, you’re constantly running around and smoothing communication between every member involved with the production. So you don’t often feel a sense of peace until the whole production is complete. And once it’s over you have to start preparation for the next upcoming production, and the cycle of rehearsals, setup, coordination, cues, and chaos kicks off all over again.

However, although you’re often overloaded with tasks and messages to organize and remember, and you fall under stress quite regularly, you manage to find joy in your quiet moments at home lounging around with your cat. Really, after a long day of receiving, relaying, and giving orders and fixing all the problems everyone has, nothing relaxes you more than the warmth of a cup of tea in your hands and your cat’s warm body resting in your lap.

Tetsurou is a playful, mischievous Chantilly-Tiffany and you had picked him from that one pet shelter that day several years ago because of his sleek black coat. You deemed it quite appropriate since your surname is Kuroo. Looking back, he was the cutest thing when you had first picked him up in your hands, all big yawns from a small mouth and the most beautiful golden eyes you had ever seen.

Little did you know that that adorable furball you met that first day would become a needy mess as it
grew up, shedding its messy black fur everywhere everyday, crying for your attention constantly, and just getting a kick out of annoying you. You were afraid that with how often Tetsurou would meow for your attention, you wouldn’t be able to keep him since you didn’t want to neglect him.

But as he grew, he became your most loyal companion. When he noticed how tired you were when you plopped on the sofa after a long day, he would just paddle around on your torso before settling down to rest on your stomach. Those calm evenings where you would just lay there, stroking Tetsurou’s long black fur kept you sane for the most part. The weight, warmth, and vibration of his purrs resonated through your skin and settled your nerves.

Sometimes, when you’re feeling particularly sweet, you use a little baby talk with him. Like tonight, when you’ve come back from a late night of drinking and celebrating another finished production. This musical had been playing at your theater for a good two weeks, and you were glad you made it through every show without too many problems popping up. So you and your production crew joined the cast for dinner and you all drank late into the night.

Being a little tipsy, you tend to get a little more affectionate with your cat whenever he greets you upon your return home. “Hey~ Tetsu. How are you doing?” your words slur and your tone seesaws through your sentence. “Did you come to welcome me home? Did you? You’re the best cat ever.” you hum with a stupid smile on your face as you open your arms open for him.

Tetsurou simply sits there and meows at you, as if scolding you for drinking yourself silly. You just giggle at the words you imagine him saying, “Aww, don’t be like that~ It was closing night of the musical! Let me live a little.” you slide forward on your stomach to the ground, catching Tetsurou in your hands before he can escape your grip.

“Hehe~ Gotcha!” you chuckle mischievously, eyes hazy as you turn over onto your back and hold him above you like Simba. You start singing the opening theme of the Lion King to humor yourself but Tetsurou protests your awful singing with a lot of meowing, which only makes you laugh harder, “Okay, okay. Jeez. Everybody’s a critic.”

Bringing the cat down to hug against your chest, your breathe in the dusty, domestic scent surrounding his long black hair. “You’re so warm, Tetsu… Wish you would hug me back.” you pout, looking into his big golden eyes.

In all honesty, you really do wish you had someone to hold you right now, while you’re still joyfully drunk and feeling light. “Tetsu, if you were a man, would you see me as a woman? Or am I too off putting with how much I flit around?” you garble through your blurry gaze, assuming the black blob sitting on your chest is listening to you.
After lying there for another few minutes to enjoy the last moments of your tipsy stupor, you release a deep sigh and gently remove the cat to the floor. “I needa get laid…” You mumble to yourself as you stand and head into the kitchen in search of water.

The theater is working on a lot of prop storage this week, since the previous musical had to take their haul so you could make room for the next one. You’re incredibly exhausted at the end of each day, but at least you get to come home at more reasonable hours. Sometimes you head out to eat or drink with coworkers or friends, but today you’re on a lazy evening date with your cat and your couch.

You’re stretched out along the length of the sofa and you have a movie on, but Tetsurou is off somewhere in the apartment, off doing some cat thing of his. Kind of disappointing, since you were hoping to have something to cuddle with during the movie. You had even asked him, but he just walked off towards his water bowl. “How cold, Tetsu…” you had pouted, not that he responded.

When the movie is a little over halfway done, however, the black feline jumps onto the edge of the sofa by your feet. You don’t respond to his appearance lest he thinks you’re completely compliant to his charm (why does it sound like you’re playing hard to get?), and just wait for him to climb up to your chest like he usually does.

However, this time when he walks paddles his way up, he stops at your waist. “Hm?” you turn to look down at Tetsurou, arms still crossed and giving him a curious gaze. And then he darts his tongue out and licks at your crotch. Suddenly, you break into a smile, reaching out to grab him and hold him up in the air, “What the heck was that, Tetsurou?” you giggle, but pull him up to your chest anyway, enjoying the weight and warmth of your furry companion.

When the movie ends, you make to sit up and stretch as you yawn. Tetsurou meows in protest as he’s forced away from his comfortable position, “Well you were the one who didn’t show up when the movie started.” you accuse, placing him on the couch as you pick up your dirty dishes and walk to the kitchen sink.

Tetsurou continues meowing and whining and following you while you finish washing up, begging for your attention for a good ten minutes. Once you’ve wiped your hands dry, you pick him up and carry him in your arms, “Aww, whassuh matter, Tetsshu~” you coo, nuzzling your nose into his furry head, “You want a snack? Or a toy?” you pull out a can of tuna to show him, which he usually goes crazy for.

But this time, he ignores it and just keeps pawing at your face, accidentally scratching you once or
twice, still mewling for attention. You hum and smile at him, “What? You love me?” Tetsurou makes something that you interpret as a deadpan sound, but you ignore it, “I knew it.” you giggle as you kiss his face, “Let’s go watch another movie.”

This time, you bring him into your bedroom and get changed into your pajamas so you can watch the movie from your laptop. After setting up the computer on the side of your bed, and bringing your cat to rest between you and the screen, you rest your head in the palm of your hand and settle in to start the next film.

It’s a short film this time, since you want to be asleep within the next hour or so to be ready for work in the morning, but Tetsurou doesn’t seem to want to watch it anymore after the first ten minutes. He crawls out from under your arm and hops off of the bed, and you sigh at the loss of your companion. He’s being kind of moody today.

You finish the short film by yourself, and it was quite romantic. However, the last scene is quite racy and puts you on edge. You won’t be able to fall asleep easily with your body like this. Sighing, you pull up a new tab and search for something… self-indulgent.

After browsing through a few of your options, you click on something that has the tags #bigcock and #pussylicking and watch twelve minutes of some badly lit and overcompensated angling, but some well filmed penetration. You start touching your own neck and breasts for a little while to tease yourself, and by the time the video only has a minute left, your hand is inside your shorts and you’re rubbing yourself into a bright light.

Admittedly, the feeling isn’t as satisfying as it could be since you don’t have anyone to fantasize about and you’re getting off on concept alone, but it gets the job done and you’re relatively sated enough to fall deeper into your sheets. Wiping your hand off with a tissue and flipping your laptop closed, you place it back onto your bedside drawer and pull the covers up, body tired and mind murky enough to fall asleep peacefully.

When you wake up, there’s a small weight on your chest, and you blink into the morning light to see Tetsurou resting on top of you. “Morning, Tetsu.” you murmur in your raspy morning voice. You spread your arms out to stretch and yawn, hoping that Tetsurou will wake up and move on his own instead of getting grumpy once you move him yourself.

After laying there and staring at him for a little while, you poke him in the side gently, and he paws you away before settling back in his position on your chest, “Tetsurou, mommy’s gotta get to work.”
You coo, “I’ll come cuddle with you again tonight, mkay?”

Picking him up and strategically placing him in the spot you had slept in so he can still bask in your lingering body heat, you slide out of bed and head into the bathroom for a shower. You wonder what’s made Tetsurou so lazy these days. Usually he’s pretty active for a cat, always climbing around random objects and playing with new toys. But as of late, he’s just been glued to your side and whining for you attention more than usual.

It’s not any different when you leave the bathroom in your towel and Tetsurou is already hopping off the bed and pawing at your leg and you sift around in your closet for an outfit. “Are you hungry?” you ask him as you peel your towel off and hook it onto the hanger of the door before slipping on some underwear. The cat almost gets caught in it when you’re pulling your panties up, causing you to almost fall over.

“Ah! Kuroo Tetsurou!” you scold, picking him up and giving him your meanest glare, “That wasn’t nice. I could’ve gotten hurt, and so could you.” And so you punish him by throwing him into the living area and closing your bedroom door so you can finish dressing, ignoring his pawing on the door.

And it doesn’t stop when you’re settled down for breakfast and munching at your toast. You had filled up Tetsurou’s food bowl, but he’s already in your lap by the time you pick up your first slice. But this time he’s mounted himself up on your torso and looking straight into your eyes, with your faces only inches apart.

You blink at the black cat’s pretty golden eyes before moving your gaze down to where Tetsurou’s paws are mounted on each of your breasts. If you didn’t know any better, you’d have felt something like sexual tension rising between the two of you.

Slowly, you place your toast down, and then lift the cat up once again, “Tetsu, what is up with you? Are you trying to make a pass at me?” you smile, cooing at him because you find his neediness so incredibly cute, “Should we go and get you neutered?” you tease.

Surprisingly, Tetsurou meows loudly in protest and reaches his paws out to you. Humming and placing him in your lap so you can stroke his long, messy fur down to calm him, he eventually settles and curls into your lap, and you can finish your breakfast.

Forty minutes before you have to be at work, you remove a growling Tetsurou from you lap and set him on the couch with an old volleyball. For some reason, he likes pawing at and rolling around with it. He doesn’t do soccer balls or basketballs or tennis balls or even balls of yarn. But knowing his
preference makes things easier for you.

While he’s still distractedly clawing at the ball that’s only slightly smaller than him in size, you grab your bag, refill your water bottle, and slip your shoes on before quietly leaving through the door, “I’ll see you tonight, Tetsurou.” And after locking your door, you jog down the stairs of your apartment building and walk briskly to your bus stop, contemplating in the back of your mind whether you actually should get your cat neutered.

*

“I’m home,” you sing in a glazed voice as you open the door to your apartment late that night. Your coworkers had invited you to have a drink with them this evening and you ended up having five. Maybe more, you didn’t buy so you didn’t count.

A lot of your subordinates kept giving you thanks and compliments tonight about all the hard work you do, and of course you dished praise right back at every single one of them until you were dizzy with all the adjectives and metaphors you had to come up with as not to be repetitive. There were a lot of supportive pats on the back, and squeezing your shoulders, and although you may have been imagining it due to the alcohol in your system, you think one of the cute sound guys was flirting with you.

He’s a little young for you, but you appreciated it anyway. At least, if it really was flirting. Stumbling your way to bed, you sluggishly change into a large t-shirt for pajamas. You’re not up for putting on pants right now because of the extra maneuvering required, so you just drop onto your bed although you know you should probably be drinking some more water or brushing your teeth.

A light furry weight settles on top of you and you wrap your arms around your cat, smiling with your eyes closed, “Tetsu~ Guess what? Tsukishima-kun thinks I’m incredible~” you coo, “I kind of am, don’t you agree?”

Tetsurou only makes a low rumbling sound against your chest, and you open your eyes, pouting, “Okay, maybe he didn’t say those exact words. It was something more like ‘it’s incredible that you can deal with all these loose cannons in your theater, senpai’ or whatever.” you chortle to yourself, “That Tsukishima-kun, he’s such a smartass.”

That he is. But he’s an attractive kid. Okay, he’s only two or three years younger than you, so he’s an adult in his own accord, but he’s still a fledgling in your theater. But even though it’s only been a
few months since he started in this theater, he’s pretty good at his job. Takes on good leadership qualities in the sound booth and always relays information to you in a consistent and helpful manner. “I wonder how big his dick is…” you don’t know why you vocalize such a statement when you had just been mentally praising him as a good worker.

Tetsurou meows at you and licks at your collarbones, and you laugh because his tiny cat tongue tickles. You bring him up to kiss his nose gently, although you know you must reek of sake bombs, and hug him to your chest as you pull the covers over your body, “G’night, kitten.” you mumble, drifting off to an easy slumber.

Your dream is getting hot and heavy as the man you’re fucking pounds you into the floor of the costume storage room. You know you’re dreaming because you would never risk getting come or anything on any of the costumes in the feudal section. Those were crazy expensive and not easy to replace. But there you were, getting pummeled into the floor as you lay atop the most beautiful and high-end Heian designed kimono as if it were a towel.

Not to mention you would not just fuck anyone you have no memory of. And this faceless dream hunk of yours has a hot body, but no definable features in his face that label any particular individual you might be attracted to. But maybe that’s all you need as you grind up to match his smoking hot guy’s thrusts and clutch his muscular torso to you.

It gets more and more vivid as you feel more of the press against the soft fabric of the kimono, feel more of the delicious weight of this man on top of you sending you into ecstasy. The smooth, sinewy muscles in his arms are hard enough to crack and coconut against. “Yes…” you murmur.

You can feel something hot and kind of wet on your neck, and the sensation just heightens the heat down in your core. Everywhere tingles from pleasure, and you’re wondering why you feel so tortured even though you should be close to your peak by now with such a big cock driving into you, “Agh… yes, yes.” you moan at him, telling him to go harder. You need more. More.

As your hand clutches onto the fabric beneath you, you find it hard to tug up. It’s a small detail, but it’s enough to make you conscious of the fact that you’re probably lying on your mattress rather than the traditional kimono, despite how this pleasure feels so real. You’re whimpering into your partner’s shoulder and chanting small ‘yes’s as he continues thrusting into you. His heat, his weight, it’s all so, so… good. The proximity is delicious and his rampant thrusts are making you dizzy. His scent is everywhere, permeating the room and your skin.
“Yes… Yes…” you moan.

And then, “Oh god, yes.” this is the first time you’ve heard him speak. He’s got a sexy voice too, damn. “Don’t stop…” he breathes, hugging you tighter.

You hum a whiny moan and continue thrusting up into his red, hot cock. It looks so good coming in and out of you, tearing you apart from the inside. Groggily, you open you eyes to take a look at him, but… all you see is your white ceiling. You begin to realize that you’re just in your room, and you had fallen asleep right when you came home.

But… the pleasure is still so real. There’s still a delectable weight holding you down and close, the heat is phenomenal. Your weak moans still leave your throat as you hump up against a very bare and palpable…

Wait.

“Agh, yes…” That voice.

It’s much clearer and more substantial than the echo of a whisper you had dreamt you heard. Or maybe… you hadn’t dreamt? Turning you head, your nose is buried in a mess of black hair. It feels and kind of smells like your cat’s fur, but where is this weight coming from?

A resounding moan travels into your ear and you think you could come from the sound alone. His voice is just so raw and deep. And…. real.

You feel skin underneath your fingertips, pressing against your bare legs, rubbing against your thighs, everywhere around you. Oh fuck, oh fuck, it’s so good. “Ngh~” you moan into the man’s neck.

Wait.

A man?

Hold the fucking phone.
Your eyes blow open wide. You’re in your room, lying on your bed. And there is a man lying on top of you?? It doesn’t feel like he’s wearing any clothes, and he is most definitely humping against you with his hot body.

“Aahhhh!!” you scream, pushing the man away from you. You keep pushing and punching and kicking at him until he falls to the floor in a heap of bedsheets and blankets.

He just rolls over and sits up, rubbing a hand through his…. unique bedhead, “Aw, why’d you stop?” he pouts.

“Who the fuck are you??! How did you get in here??! I’m calling the cops!” you scramble out of bed yourself, wincing at the damp spot in your panties. You don’t hear the stranger’s lazy chuckle and mumbling as you dig around in your bag and clothing from last night, until you find your phone in the pocket of your pants.

Dead.

Great. You had forgotten to charge it last night since you had just drunkenly stumbled into bed. So you opt for the nearest makeshift weapon, your katana prop hanging on display above your bed. It was a gift from a previous play you had worked on.

“Alright,” you hold the sword out in front of you, “How did you get in here? And who the hell are you?”

As expected, he is as naked as the day he was born, and also somewhat expected, he has a smoking hot body. Fuck. This is not the time to stare at his muscles.

“[Name]~” he whines, sprawling back on the bed like he lives here, “Come back. That was so nice.”

“I asked,” you strike the katana down on the bed just underneath his outstretched arm, “who you were. Answer me. How do you know my name? And how did you get in here?!”

Had you forgotten to lock the door when you came back last night? No, that shouldn’t be the problem. You may not have switched the second lock, but the doorknob was automatic. Who the
“You mean you don’t recognize me?” he purrs, tilting his chin up to look at you from his position lying on the other side of the bed, “I live here. With you, [Name].” he smiles lazily.

“What the fuck are you talking about.” you spit, “I live alone.”

“Not for the last couple years, you haven’t.” he rolls around and lifts himself up on his hands and knees on the mattress, and you try not to notice the dangling object swinging between his legs. (It is indeed big though.) “That’s when you got me.” he smiles sweetly, purring at you.

You readjust your sword to hold in front of you, and he rolls back over. Oop, that dangly thing is definitely in plain sight now. It’s a damn nice sight too, shit. “Well… I guess maybe over thirty or so in cat years, though.” he ponders thoughtfully, swinging his calves at the edge of the bed.

“C-Cat… years…?” you repeat, too stunned to think right now. But even so, there’s no way… “What-What is y-your… your name?”

“Tetsurou. Kuroo Tetsurou.” he rolls back over and lies on his stomach this time, with his face cupped in his hands as his elbows hold them up, “Although I get called ‘Tetsu’ a lot.” he winks. Oh shit, if he wasn’t a possible rapist or serial killer, then that would’ve done a number on you.

“Don’t fuck with me!” you shout, still pointing your sword at him, “There is no way that you are Kuroo Tetsurou! Get out!!” you finally make a swing at him, but he just rolls over again on the bed, smoothly dodging your hit.

“Aww…” he groans, “But I’m so hard…”

“What?!!” you screech, face reddening, “I don’t care if you’re hard or soft or jelly, get the hell out of my house!!”

“Wait, wait, [Name]” he finally stands up, holding his (muscular) arms up, “It’s me, Tetsurou, your cat. You adopted me like… a lot of cat years ago, but since I learned how to read numbers I think it’s like… 4 humans years ago. We always watch those sexy thrillers you like on Friday nights.”
“Yeah, right! You really expect me to believe you’re my cat?” you scoff, sword still in place.

“Well, I thought you’d be able to tell.” he puckers his lips in a sort of pout, “I know all about you. I have the same hair that’s shed all over the floor.” he ruffles his messy hair with his hand, and he looks like a fucking model, why. “And I woke up in your bed, where I went to sleep.” he shrugs with a smile.

“All those things may be true, but you’re forgetting the fact that my cat is a cat. And you have human limbs. And you can speak the human language. And you’re probably just a fucking stalker!” you make another swing at him and he jumps out of your way.

“Okay, okay! How about if I do this?” he jumps back on your bed, bouncing a bit. But…

Right before your eyes, you see the man shrink. His opposable joints disappear and black hair grows everywhere. And pointy ears appear at the top of his head, and a tail grows out. And by the time he’s stopped bouncing on the bed, he looks exactly like your Chantilly-Tiffany, Tetsurou.

You stand frozen, katana still in hand, staring at the cat on your bed. Had there been a man in your room at all? Did you drink something that had this powerful of an aftereffect on your mind? “T-Tetsurou…?” you whimper, still holding your sword up.

Was this guy a magician? He could have done some poofing magic and just hid under your bed while he threw Tetsurou in his place. Your cat meows and you swiftly duck to lift your covers, check under your bed, your closet, look out the window. When there’s no sign of the man in your room, you rush out into the living room and check every room and cabinet you can get open.

Just when you’re checking your cereal pantry, your cat saunters out and jumps onto the sofa, and suddenly fucking morphs back into the naked man from earlier. You scream and fall to the ground. Tetsurou in… human form? continues to lie there on the sofa until you catch your breath and carefully approach him again. And once you’re standing beside him on the sofa, he smiles and holds his arms out wide, “I’ve always wanted to try being underneath you instead. I haven’t been able to fully control my shifting form until recently.”

“Y-Your… shifting form.” you tremble, not moving an inch closer to him, “So… So you’re really Tetsurou…” you try to wrap that around your head. This (hot) human man, is actually your cat. Or… your cat is actually a human? And he can manifest whichever form he chooses? “I’m crazy.” you murmur.
“No, not crazy. Just lucky.” he clicks his tongue and shoots a finger gun at you, “Not every animal in the world has this gene.”

“Gene?”

“Yup. I don’t actually know if it was naturally or artificially developed, but maybe one in a million billion or whatever number you humans use can do this.” he proudly rests his fingertips on his own chest, “With a lot of practice, of course. Even if you have the gene, it means nothing if you don’t actually work to utilize it. Took me like thirty cat years to even bring my tail in.”

“Uh… huh…” you reply slowly, unable to decide whether or not you actually believe this is happening. “Is it… only cats?”

“Don’t think so.” he hums, look up thoughtfully. His hands are behind his head now, and one of his legs is stretched out on the sofa while his other dangles off to rest his foot on the floor. He’s tall. Got to be around 190 centimeters… And he’s still. Fucking. Naked. “I’ve only talked to some cats and dogs around the neighborhood, but none of them seem to have the gene. Although I’ve heard stories from them about other animals who do. There are a couple in the city, probably.”

“Okay. Stop. Hold on.” you waltz off back into your room as “Tetsurou” calls your name. Your cat is calling your name… In the voice of a sexy, hot man. Have you really been living with this guy’s cat form all these years?

You return to the living room with your largest pair of basketball shorts and t-shirt, throwing them at him, “Put these on. I can’t talk to you while you’re naked.”

“Eh?” he whines.

“Do it.”

He groans but slips the shorts on anyway. He has some trouble figuring out which holes to put his limbs through, and after a lot of struggling and getting stuck, you sigh and help him pull the t-shirt properly over his head and through his arms. But even when he’s in the somewhat tight-fitting clothes (in a good way though, goddamn), you still cannot believe anything that is going on.

After staring at him for another minute, you shake your head and sigh defeatedly before heading into
the kitchen to make yourself coffee. Tetsurou follows you of course, he’s always been clingy, and observes as you maneuver around the kitchen, pressing buttons and turning dials and picking things up with your opposable thumbs. He even tries to wrap his arms around you in a back hug, but you push him away.

You feel his curious gaze on you as you pour your cereal, so you turn to him and awkwardly ask, “Do you… want… some?”

“I want to try some human food, yeah.” he smiles and paddles over to the dining table and takes the seat across from yours that’s usually empty.

You bring the two bowls of cereal and spoons over to the table, and then make one more trip to retrieve your milk carton. “So…. uhm… can you use a spoon?” you ask first.

He picks up the spoon and uses his other hand to adjust his grip on the handle to match yours, then digs it into the bowl of dry cereal and smoothly puts it in his mouth. After chewing and swallowing, making a few weird looks as he does so, he smiles at you proudly. You clear your throat before pouring some milk into his bowl, and then into you.

“Thanks for the food~” he coos as he starts in on it.

“Y-Yeah.” you utter, starting on your own cereal.

The rest of the morning passes by casually enough. After washing the dishes, you plug your phone in to charge, hop into the shower (pushing Tetsurou out when he follows you inside), and when you return to your bedroom to get dressed, he’s on the sofa watching TV. A cooking show.

After getting dressed and preparing all your things, you refill Tetsurou’s food bowl out of habit. “Uhm,” you call out to him, and he turns his head to you immediately, “Did you want to… eat this? Or… or other food?”

“I can eat that while you’re gone.” he answers simply, “Can we have mackerel for dinner though?” he points to the TV, where the chef is explaining how to properly season a mackerel before grilling it.

“Uhm… sure.” you nod. He cheers and turns his attention back to the TV, fiddling around with the
volleyball you left him yesterday. When you put your shoes on and make your way out the door, you awkwardly call out, “I’ll be leaving then…”

“See you later!” he waves at you happily.

You close the door, take a deep breath, and then make a dash out of the apartment building, because you are late.

* 

For once, you leave work on time with everyone else. You had been out of it for a majority of the day, and your coworkers noticed. They asked if you wanted to take the rest of the day off, but with a new play to prepare for, there wasn’t a moment to lose. You had already lost an hour this morning when you woke up to a man-cat humping you into your bed. Well… not that you hadn’t reciprocated, but that is beside the point.

When you had brought up the animal morphing to some of your crew members as a hypothetical question during lunch, they had all just considered it as a good idea for an anime or TV production. “It’d be hard to put on a live production like that though, wouldn’t it?”

So you return home with a heavy heart and a small hope that Human Tetsurou will still be your cat when you open the door. “I’m home.” you announce.

“Yay!” a voice breaks you out of your thoughts and hopes, reminding you that this man is indeed a man. And he has been living with you for the past four years, sitting on your chest, cuddling with you, watching you eat, sleep, work… “You brought the fish!” his golden eyes that definitely match your cat’s light up when he sees the bag in your hand.

“Yeah, I did.” you nod, “You can relax for now, I’ll have it ready in maybe half an hour or so.”

“I’ve been relaxing all day. That’s all I ever do. Let me help! I want to learn how to do human things now that I have control of my form!” he hops over to join you in the kitchen.

So for the next hour, you teach him how to cook rice, slice and gut a fish, and how to hold a knife to
cut things. It’s weird bringing your arms around his larger body to position his hands properly, but eventually he gets the idea and manages to cut all the vegetables without cutting himself.

Actually, he teaches you a thing or two by showing you the proper seasoning techniques he learned on TV, and to use a garlic butter to brush the fish later. And when he maneuvers the stove, he’s not too shabby with his use of tongs. “I was practicing today, actually.” he admits. “Although I still can’t use chopsticks yet.”

And not too long later, Tetsurou sits across you at the table full of rice, fish, and stir-fried vegetables. It’s a bit strange cooking for two, but you suppose it can’t be helped. And Tetsurou’s cries of praise for the food make you blush a little.

When dinner is over, he even follows you to learn how to wash the dishes. It takes him a moment to get used to the slippery soap, and a dish even breaks, but Tetsurou apologizes and you encourage him to keep trying anyway. Even after the dishes are placed on the rack, he tries to sweep and help you do other menial chores, which you appreciate, but also suspect he’s using as a tactic to get closer to you.

He’s been trying touching you countless times throughout the evening, but you’ve been pushing him away tirelessly. “But you always let me do this.” he had whined.

“That was before I knew you could turn into a big, horny man.” you had retorted.

The banter between the two of you is quite hilarious, actually. He makes you laugh a few times, and he’s watched enough media entertainment to have a human sense of humor. He’s still incredibly playful, affectionate, and needy. So it’s slowly becoming clearer to you that this is indeed the Tetsurou you’ve been with all this time.

But that doesn’t stop you from making him sleep on the sofa tonight, “But we always sleep together!” he whines.

“I don’t want another incident like this morning to happen again. I was playing out my wet dream on my cat, for god’s sake.” you huff, unable to face the embarrassment of the morning’s events. You did not want to remember how wet your panties were when you had taken them off.

“I don’t mind.” he purrs, coming in close to you again, “And what’s wrong with playing around with a sexy cat? Your scent these days has been filling the air like you’re in heat.”
Blushing up a bright, red storm, you push him out of your room and lock the door on him. Funny enough, he still paws at your door for a little while before he finally gives up. When you finally hear the rustling die down, you pull up your laptop and search up everything from 'metahuman gene irl' to 'cat versus human biology' to 'my cat turned into a person for real.' You sift through all the superhero franchises, read forum posts, research articles, and even look to mythology and folklore to give you some sort of hint about how to deal with this catman you’ve got in your house.

After an hour of browsing and reading, you groan and decide to turn in for the night, hoping you’ll find a lead soon.

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You don’t find a lead for weeks. In those weeks, you teach Tetsurou in human form to do human things. How to ride a bike, take the bus, use currency, take a bath on his own, shop for groceries, clothes, and leisure items to entertain him at home. It’s like raising a child, which totally defeats the purpose of getting a cat because you had just wanted a lazy companion you didn’t need to take care of all the time! Now all of your free time is spent raising a full grown catman!

Sometimes you make bets with yourself about whether you’re going to come home to a cat or a man each day, although most of his time is spent in human form now. Sometimes he waltzes around in cat form, but usually only to try to cuddle with you. Eventually, you had let him back into your bed, but you warned him that he could only stay if he was in cat form. The entire experience is ridiculous, but you really cannot help the situation you’re in right now. Especially in the middle of another big production you have to handle, you can’t be worried about Tetsurou not being able to take care of himself.

For the most part, he can do it now. Sometimes he still has questions like, ‘how does driving work?’ or ‘what foreign language are they speaking?’ but he can get around town on his own, so long as he doesn’t need an ID card. He knows to use a payphone to call your number if he ever gets lost and he’s discovered many things, like sashimi buffets, book stores, school festivals, onsen, arcades, and to your distaste, dating culture.

You don’t mean the fact that he’s obviously been hit on by several girls on his excursions. What you’re concerned with is how he’s always checking out new dating spots and asking you to go with him. On your days off, you follow him, because you thought that he just wanted to experience something new as a human, like going to an amusement park, or going up Tokyo Skytree, or seeing the skyline at Yokohama, or just walking around somewhere in yukatas together.
Eventually, you noticed the pattern of him trying to copy what other couples around you were doing, like holding your hand, buying something for you (although it was your money he was using anyway), feeding you, wrapping his arm around you, trying to nuzzle up against you or kiss you. It was sickeningly cute. But just so weird. If only he wasn’t your cat, god damn it!!

You reject almost every one of his advances, but sometimes he catches you off guard. And although you would never admit it to him, you kind of like the affection he shows you. You’re never unconscious of the fact that he is so incredibly hot. And now that he’s developed his own clothing style, he’s even more attractive. Sometimes, your faceless man in your wet dreams appears as Tetsurou, and he always knows when you have one because he can smell it. Honestly speaking, you want nothing more than for him to satiate your sexual needs. But still, he’s your cat!!

It’s only when he brings up that he wants to start a hobby that you come across a sign of hope. He’s always liked watching volleyball games on TV and the volleyball in your house is his favorite toy, so he said he wanted to join an actual team somewhere. So you go with him to sign up at one of the local gyms.

That’s where he meets Bokuto Koutarou. They had some sort of unspoken immediate connection between them when they first laid eyes on each other. Tetsurou had just walked up to him and stared at Bokuto until the guy with the horn-styled hair stared back. Then they kind of just… pointed at each other, Bokuto shouted “Hey, hey, hey!!” and they had some sort of mutual understanding before they started chatting each other up.

Well, they had talked about volleyball for a good amount of time, but eventually Tetsurou brings him over to introduce the man to you, “[Name], this is Bokuto, he’s an owl! Isn’t that cool?!”

“An owl… You mean like…” you had assumed he meant something about a nickname for him or something referring to his team, but then your eyes widen at the possibility, “Wait. You mean…?!?”

“Nice to meetcha!” Bokuto raises his arm up high to slam onto your shoulder, “So I hear you’re Kuroo’s keeper.”

“K-Keeper?”

“Keeper, owner, lover, housemate, human person thing, it’s all the same, isn’t it?” Bokuto shrugs before laughing loudly. One of those things sounded a bit off from the others, and you’re not referring to the ‘human person thing.’ Tetsurou has made a rambunctious friend.
“Do you have one?” you ask him, desperately hoping you’ll be able to find someone with answers.

“Yeah! It’s that guy over there. Akaashi!” he shouts to one of the men on the court, whose shoulders seem to drop before he turns around to approach you guys.

“What is it, Bokuto-san.” he deadpans.

“This is my new friend, Kuroo.” Bokuto slaps a hand on Tetsurou’s shoulder before gesturing to you with his other hand, “And this is his owner, uh….”

“Kuroo [Name]. Pleased to meet you.” you bow.

“Likewise.” Akaashi bows as well.

“Akaashi-san, was it? Would I be able to talk to you later about… about this…. morphing thing?” you ask nervously, “Tetsurou kind of got used to his… new body… a couple weeks ago. But I wanted to ask you a few things.”

“I don’t mind.” he says calmly. His entire face and demeanor is calm. Almost like the polar opposite of Bokuto.

You come to find out that they are definitely a more than interesting pair. Akaashi had brought you and Tetsurou into his home so that you could discuss the matter behind private walls. And once the door had clicked shut, Bokuto jumped into the air and flew around the room as a horned owl while Tetsurou jumped around and chased the owl down in his cat form.

You and Akaashi just stare at the interaction between the two new friends, and you just mumble, “Well… this is…. something.”

“I know it must still be a lot to take in. It took me a while as well.” Akaashi says as he walks into the kitchen, “Would you like some tea or coffee?”

After settling down with your tea at the table in the kitchen, you ask immediately, “So how long have you and Bokuto-san been living together?”
“About seven years now, but for three of those years he was only an owl. After he gained control of his human form, he couldn’t wait to play around in it.” Akaashi takes a sip of his tea, “I was incredibly distraught at first. But after I had finally accepted the fact that Bokuto-san was indeed actually Bokuto-san, I trained him to function as a human. Getting him to adjust his nocturnal schedule was the hardest, by far, but we somehow made it work.”

“Trained him,” you chuckle, “I felt like I was a parent raising Tetsurou like a kid when I was teaching him how to do everything on his own.”

“That’s kind of you.” Akaashi replies, “Do you need any help with anything? I know we only just met, but considering our similar circumstances, I can’t help but want to offer a helping hand. Perhaps with getting him a birth certificate or ID?”

“You can do that? I have no idea how to approach any of this. I’ve just been teaching him to live and take care of himself while I’m at work.”

“I’ll be glad to help you.” Akaashi gives you a small smile, “If he’s anything like Bokuto-san, he’ll want to stay more in his human body than his animal body after a while. It took some time to get the documents, but eventually he was able to find work to take up his time and help me pay the bills. It’s actually been quite nice having him around. As you can see, he’s even joined my volleyball team.”

“Akaashi-san, I’m willing to take any advice or help you’re willing to give me. I’ve just been feeling so lost ever since this happened, and I don’t know how I feel about having this new person in my life that requires much more maintenance than a cat.” you rant, finally able to get all of your feelings out to someone who will understand you.

“And you know, the thing is, Tetsurou keeps coming on to me.” you continue, “He’s made it very clear that he wants to… continue what I allowed him to do as a cat before, and that maybe he wants more from me but…” you huff out a sigh, “I don’t know, I mean I feel kind of weird for being attracted to my cat, you know?”

Akaashi smiles gently, “Well, actually, on that account, I don’t think it’s necessarily a bad thing. It’s definitely strange to anyone who may not understand our situation, but Kuroo Tetsurou is definitely a human male now. His body works with both cat and human senses, so I’m sure he can detect things like… you know, when a female is in heat, for example.”

You blush hotter than a firework, “Oh god, he’s told me a few times, actually…” you lower you
head to stare into your cup of tea, “It’s just… ugh, I don’t know. Hard to accept so quickly. But I’m incredibly grateful that I was able to meet you and Bokuto-san.”

“It’s my pleasure to help you. I hope you can work things out. With your cat, and your heart.” he smiles.

What kind of encryption was that? Akaashi had told you that it would all work out, but all you’ve been doing is feeling more frustrated as you resist Tetsurou. You don’t really want to fight his gentle touches and sweet kisses and warm hugs and smoking hot body. And ever since he met Bokuto a couple weeks ago, he’s been getting bolder with you and harder to resist.

To your embarrassment, you’ve been having a lot more wet dreams lately -- no thanks to someone -- and even though Tetsurou is in cat form when you go to sleep and when you wake up, you have a strong feeling that he’s got something to do with how wet you are when you wake up in the morning. And even with cat eyes, you can seeing the teasing glint that says something like, ‘Looks like you had a little accident.’ The little quiver in his tail he always does when he’s happy or amused makes you narrow your eyes at him before you hop into your shower.

Another time, you were changing and had somehow forgotten Cat Tetsurou was still chilling in your bedroom until you turned around and screamed as you saw him in his (naked) human form on your bed, watching you put your clothes on.

At your protests, he had just calmly replied, “What? I’ve seen you naked plenty of times. It’s not that big of a deal. Although you don’t even know how beautiful you are.”

That last comment had caught you so off guard that you couldn’t refute his previous ones about how he was still just your cat all those years. You had just shouted at him to get out and put some clothes on. “But my clothes are in here…” he had whined as you shut the door on him at that point, unable to take his logic any longer.

And more often than not now, you come home and he’s cooking dinner in nothing but an apron. You know he doesn’t care much for clothes inside the house since he’s walked around naked his entire life, but this is ridiculous. It came to a point where you had to threaten him with no more bed privileges if he didn’t at least wear underwear.
Yet another setback for you, because he prefers briefs now ever since he started playing volleyball. “Human junk is a lot more wiggly than cat junk.” he had explained. You’re not sure if having his incredible bulge tease you in a form fitting pair of underpants is any better than having it out in the open.

Sometimes he hops right on top of you on the sofa, to either hug your waist or lie his head on your lap to watch a movie. Often, you’re tired out from the new production at work, so you just stroke his hair like you usually would his cat fur. And he still purrs like he usually does, which admittedly makes you smile a bit.

When you reject his touch as he tries to do the same when you head to bed, he whines, “But Bokuto and Akaashi do it all the time. There’s nothing wrong with some cuddling.” and then he leans in to whisper to you, “And I know you’ve been wanting to do something else lately. I’ll gladly help you with that too.”

“Tetsu, shut up!” you shout and lock him out of your room for the evening.

You had met up with Akaashi several times since Tetsurou first joined the volleyball team, sometimes with the pets, sometimes without, and talked over some of your problems with Tetsurou’s intensifying advances. You had learned that Akaashi and Bokuto did actually have a physical and romantic relationship, and you asked him how he had accepted that development.

“Do you like Tetsurou? Regardless of his species and upbringing, he’s your close friend. Do you want to be with him as a man?” he had asked you up front.

“Well… yes. He is very attractive. And intelligent. And despite how annoyingly persistent he is, he’s very thoughtful.” you admit.

“Isn’t that all there is to it then?” Akaashi says simply.

“Akaashi, I don’t know if I can do it. In my mind, he’s still a cat. That will never change. How long did it take you to be with Bokuto?”

“Well, that’s true. It took me over a year to finally accept Bokuto-san’s feelings.” he muses, puckering his lips thoughtfully, “But I’ll tell you one thing: After I did, I had wished that I had accepted him earlier.” The smile that spreads across his face is almost devilish.
After stumbling home late after the celebration dinner for the final showing of the play, you kick off your shoes and lie there on the floor as usual, singing a cheerful tune from the soundtrack of the production. When Tetsurou appears before you, he leans down and sighs something scolding you, “Tetsu~ you’re still up? I told not to wait up~” you giggle as you caress his cheek with your fingertips.

“Let’s get you changed.” he grunts as he picks you up in his arms bridal style to carry you into your room.

“Aww, my Tetsu is so strong. Yes, you are, my big, strong kitty cat.” you coo your baby talk at him as you rub his face back and forth between your hands.

After laying you down on your bed, he asks if you want to change yourself or if you want his help. His teasing smile makes you want to tease him back, “Strip me down, Tetsu. All the way down.” you giggle.

“My pleasure.” he grins, pulling your socks and pants off before reaching up to unbutton your shirt. Sitting up, you stretch your arms up so Tetsurou can pull your shirt off of your body before you collapse down on your back again, breathing a heavy sigh.

“Kitty~ you can take the rest off too.” you purr, unhooking your bra from the front and pulling the cups away to set your breasts free.

From your drunken gaze, you can see that Tetsurou has slightly frozen at the sight, possibly wondering what his next move will be. “Tetsu, come on~ You know that I’ve been wanting your hot body all over me since that first time I saw your big new cock.” you titter, arching your chest up so you can pull the bra off of you to dump on the floor, “Come and get me, kitty cat~”

“Yes, ma’am.” his teeth glint as his smirk widens. And he moves in to pull your panties down and relish your naked body displayed for him like a painting. He wants to follow every stroke and curve of your body with his tongue and hands, and maybe leave new colors on it.
He leans down to kiss your smiling mouth, and you kiss back. You bring your arms around his neck to pull him directly on top of your body, wanting to feel him closer to you. Bless his naked body. You hadn’t missed his great size when he was hovering above you earlier as you laid on the floor. If you had enough energy in you, you would have reached up to suck his cock right then and there.

The heat of his skin is more delicious than you remember. You’re wondering in the back of your mind whether or not you’re going to regret this in the morning, but you know that you’ve been dreaming about this for way too long already. It’s about time you stopped dreaming and woke up to the reality of Tetsurou’s hot lips running all over your body, loving every inch of you. Heck, this is better than dreaming.

There are some sharp edges in his bites. You had always thought his canines added to his animalistic hotness. The light scrape of them against your nipple as Tetsurou sucks on your breast makes you breathe a soft moan as you bury your fingers into his thick, messy hair. The hot shock you feel in the nerves of every end of your body when Tetsurou pops off of your nipple makes you so wet, as if instantaneously. And you’re right to anticipate the same shock after he pops off of your other breast after he finishes sucking that one too.

Traveling down your body, he makes good work of your stomach and hips as he kisses and bites at every free surface he can touch. The low rumbling you hear from the back of his throat sends a ripple of shivers down your spine, and dampens you even more. Tetsurou seems to smell it, because suddenly, his cat ears perk up out of his head. Although his black hair is a mess, there are clearly two large black cat ears poking out of the top of his head, and expand down to where his human ears actually should be.

You use your fingers to scratch and play with them, and Tetsurou’s body suddenly shivers. If you weren’t so wet already, maybe you would have come at the sound of his moan. His voice is so sexy, you don’t know how you’ve been able to resist him until now. The more you scratch at his ears, the more he seems to melt against you, judging by the way he’s just lying limp between your legs as his head lays on your stomach.

With another giggle, you lift your hips up and wrap your legs around his neck, pushing his shoulders down and bringing his mouth closer to your dripping entrance. He purrs against your lips and gives actual kitten licks at your slit. You mewl in return and wiggle your hips harder against his face and you give his ears a playful little tug.

He hisses, but in what sounds like a good way. And retaliates by thrusting his tongue right through your entrance to lap at your pussy (heh) like it’s filled with a sweet milk. “Ngah~ Kitten.” you moan, moving your fingers behind his cat ears to dig into his hair. Every flourish of his tongue inside of you strings you up tight like a violin. It very well does feel like he’s making music inside of you.
The sharps jabs into your inner walls and subtle scrapes of his kitty fangs against your skin rouse your sleeping muscles and fire bursts through your synapses. And the vibration of his moans that settle deep into your core make you tremble, turning your pleasured moans into weak whines. “Tetsu…rou…” you whisper, breaking his name in half as you come.

He makes a big show of slurping up every drop, not leaving your pussy for a good minute or two even after you’ve come. After bringing his head up, you smile when you see his ears wiggle a little bit as he kisses his way back up your body to your lips. When your lips meet, you moan into his mouth, loving your scent all over him. It blends well with his musky, domestic smell.

You can feel him all over you, filling all your senses with him, and you want more of it. Reaching down, you finally, finally touch that big, hot erection of his. He just barely fits in your hand, and everything about it -- the weight, the heat, the texture, the jutting veins, the throbbing tip -- sets you off into a fire. His presence is enormous, and you want to feel all of him inside of you.

You give him a few strokes and make to put him against your opening, but Tetsurou shifts his hips and pulls his length out of your hands. “Whyyyy…” you whine, as he instead rubs his length against the line of your slit, breathing heavily as he does so.

It’s too much and not nearly enough. The heat of his length touching your throbbing, wet cunt blazes against your skin, but doesn’t fulfill your satisfactions. “Please…” you even beg, thrusting your hips up into his, not unlike the first time you had woken up to him humping you into your bed. But this time, even though there’s no barrier between you, he’s not letting you in.

“No.” he smiles cheekily, kissing your nose.

“Tetsurou!!!” your whine rises into a childish scream, quite unlike your sober, professional, calm self. Guess that’s what three beers, two sake bombs, and three mixed shots does to you.

“Not tonight, sweetie.” he chuckles, clearly amused at your desperation for him.

“Then at least let me suck your cock.” you pout, scratching at his ears to further persuade him.

His smirk curves to one side, “Now that, I can do.”

Once he’s lying down on his back, you crawl over to lean your head over his crotch, your ass stuck
up in the air beside Tetsurou’s head. As you slurp him up into your mouth without using your hands, you hum in delight at how the weight and heat of him inside of your mouth actually tastes quite delicious. It’s like this is where it was meant to be.

The slide of his head against the roof of your mouth as it makes its way through to touch your throat electrifies you. He had barely fit in your hand, and you feel like your mouth is going to tear around his size, but you love it. You suck your lips in around him and let go, only to move up and suck at another section above, and you continue to make your way up his length until you reach the tip to swirl your tongue around it.

What you can’t fit in your mouth, you stroke with your hand. And when you start bobbing your head, you feel Tetsurou’s long fingers digging their way into you. Tilting your head just the slightest to see him from the side, he seems to be enjoying himself as he watches you from his spot propped up on the pillow. His bicep rests on the pillow beside his head so he can reach up to finger you from his lazy position.

Making eye contact with him, he sucks in a breath between his clenched teeth as you bob faster up and down his shaft, and even try to deep-throat him a couple of times. The longer you do it, the better his fingers feel inside of you, and you like this tradeoff. But with his size, getting air through would prove difficult if you stay there for too long, so you pop off and stroke him off until he comes. You even let some of it splatter onto your face, and you giggle when it paints a line across your nose and cheeks.

Tetsurou’s moan is loud and throaty, and his fingers work faster inside of you as you stick your tongue out to lick at any secretion dripping down your face. “Fuck, yes.” he groans as his fingers thrash around your slick, wet insides. And you scream as you come again, feeling overstimulated with his speed and curling fingers.

He pulls his fingers out and sucks them into his mouth as he watches you stroke the come from your own face to lick at it. “God, you taste better than anything.” he moans, head falling back.

You fall onto your side right next to him, burrowing yourself against the curves and lines of his body so you can feel every inch of him touching yours. Tetsurou pulls the covers over the both of your and wraps you up in his arms, kissing you to sleep.

When your eyes slowly blink open late the next morning, you see Tetsurou’s face just inches away from yours. He’s looking at you sleepily, and you feel him tug you closer, even though there’s not a hair of space between your bodies to erase. “Good morning.”
“Mornin’.” you yawn, still blinking into consciousness.

“Do you remember what happened last night?” Tetsurou asks in a gentle voice, which you appreciate because you are definitely feeling those shots right now in your head.

“People get pushing drinks at me, someone managed to get me into a cab, and you wouldn’t put your cock inside me, you selfish prick.” you mumble.

“Oya? Sounds like you still want it.” his smirk looks a little lazier in the morning. It’s hot.

“Of course I want it, you stupid cat. Put it inside me right now, before I neuter you.” you scold.

His laugh is throaty, a little hoarse from a several hours of idleness. It sings sexy into your ears. “Right now? Are you sure? You were pretty plastered last night, so I didn’t want to take it too far in case you changed your mind today.”

“Does it sound like I’m being influenced by anything right now? Don’t make me repeat myself.” you use your commanding stage manager voice on him.

“Feisty and demanding even in the morning. I like it.” he rolls over to hover above you, rubbing his length against your still damp opening. Your breathing starts to shorten a little as he continues rubbing himself against you, but only against you, like he had last night. You definitely remembered that. The torture was unbearable, and it’s not any better with this frustrating headache poking at you.

“So does this mean I can touch you whenever I like now?” he leans back and rocks forward to slap his length against your slit, making you gasp at the shot of lightning that stupefies your nerves.

You’re too busy panting to form a cohesive answer, so you just make an affirmative humming sound and nod.

“And I can sleep in your bed with this body from now on?” he rubs himself in little circles against you, making wet, squelching sounds against your damp skin.
You nod even more quickly this time, whining at the absence of his hot, veiny cock. Will you ever be able to taste it at this rate?

“And we can go on dates and hold hands and kiss in public and--”

“YES, TETSUROU! We can do all those things and be together, now will you please just put your dick inside of me?!” you yell, unable to grasp the reality of this situation. You’re begging for a cat who can manifest a human body to fuck you, and giving him permission to basically be your boyfriend. The whole thing is like a fantasy universe for an anime or something.

“Okay~” he singsongs, pushing two fingers inside of you rather easily and thrusting in and out until just a little more secretion drips out. After adding a third finger and seeing you groan in impatience, he pushes in his fourth finger and scratches at your insides while his thumb rubs into your clit.

“Aghhh!” you cry out, throwing your head back at the assault of pleasure his thumb presses into you. Tetsurou leans down to kiss you as he works his hand in and out of your pussy for another minute that feels like a month.

Tasting his hot tongue inside your mouth for the first time surprises you, although you should have known that cats are pretty adept with how they clean themselves. The sensation of the hot muscle brushing against yours is sweet, and rather affectionate. It’s like Tetsurou’s silent kitty way of showing his love for you.

True, he’s been with you ever since he was a baby. You were his whole world until just a couple months ago. And even now that he’s gone and seen a new world with his new body and perspective, he still loves you. He’s always loved you. And you suppose that the feeling’s mutual, because he has always been your hidden comfort. He’s become a helpful presence at home in addition to his soothing company. And you suppose even with the fact that he now has a bangin’ body, your love for him hasn’t changed.

Well, maybe a little bit, because you have not wanted a cock this bad in your life. And you can’t help the anticipation shining in your eyes as you watch him center his shaft against you. The insertion is mindblowing. So incredibly big. His entire existence fills you up to the brim, “Fuck, yes!”

“God, it feels amazing.” Tetsurou breathes against your skin.

“It’ll feel even better once you move.” you urge.
He doesn’t need to be told again. With his hands locked on your hips, he begins pulling himself in and out of your tight, wet heat, groaning in time with you to express his content. Every slide out feels like you’re losing a piece of yourself until he comes right back in, making you feel whole again. You can definitely feel that vein running against your walls as he continues to plunge his full length into you over and over and over.

“Faster.”

The soft thrusting slowly speeds up into a propelling speed. By the time you’re wondering where he went, he’s right back inside of you from tip to hilt.

“Harder!”

And the pummeling starts getting animalistic as he growls, making you swoon from his growing attractiveness. It’s like he was sculpted to be a god, although he was born as a kitten. There’s not a thing about him that doesn’t turn you on or make you want to turn away from his glorious, miracle-working cock.

“Fuck! Tetsurou, yes!” you cry out, never wanting this to end. The euphoria is unexplainable. Impossible for you to even try to comprehend with words. And the way he grunts your name back at you, telling you how wonderful you feel, and how beautiful you are, and how much he loves you, it’s a wonder how you managed to hold back until now. The orgasm you feel spreads through every cell of your body, making your soul tremble, and you’re crying nonsense as you try to vocalize your intense pleasure. You’ve never, ever had one like that before.

“Shit!” Tetsurou gasps hard, pulling out just in time to spill himself over your stomach.

You look up at Tetsurou’s handsome face, slightly curtained by his messy hair and damp with sweat. His whole body is muscle and agony. Strength and tantalization. And he is yours now.

While you’re still catching your breath and still trying to get your eyes to focus, he grabs at the tissues on your nightstand and wipes your stomach clean. After bouncing down to lie beside you, he wraps his arm around your waist and rests his cheek against your shoulder, “That was so difficult.”

“What?”
“Pulling out. You know that a cat’s first instinct is to impregnate his queen, right?” he nuzzles closer to you.

“Thanks for the hard work.” you run your fingers through his hair, scratching at him like you would his fur. And with a little hum, his cat ears pop up.

You smile and scratch at them, making him purr and cuddle closer to you. You lay like that for a little while until a thought pops up, “Hey, can you do that with your tail too?” you ask.

“I think so.” he turns his head to look behind him until the bushy black tail sprouts at the top of where his butt splits off into two. He turns his head back to you to smile as his tail wraps around your thigh.

This really is a kitty universe anime. You stare at the tail around your thigh for a while, before finally looking back up at Tetsurou, “Fuck me like this.”

“Eh~? You like this kind of thing?” his smirk widens as his eyes become hooded, and he’s on top of you again. “Nyah~” he chuckles. And you can’t help but laugh along.

Or at least until he’s inside of you again, driving you into yet another staggering orgasm as his cat tail wraps around your wrist, where your hand is rubbing at your clit at Tetsurou’s request.

And for the rest of the day, you stay in bed, teaching Tetsurou how to put on a condom, how to adjust his posture and your body, making him make you come again and again, and returning the favor. At one point, you just forego the condoms and let him come inside of you as many times as he wants -- which he really likes; must be an animal thing. You decide that you’ll take one of your morning after pills that you have stashed in your cupboard for… emergencies.

It goes without saying that feeling up every inch of Kuroo Tetsurou’s hot body is an emergency, and you’ve been holding off on this treatment for far too long.

Around the early afternoon, when the two of you have fallen asleep to take a short break, your phone rings and you groan. No one should be calling you about work. The day after a celebratory dinner for the end of a production is always off. But once you see that it’s Akaashi, you answer.
“Hey, [Name]. I just wanted to tell you that I’m going to be able to get Tetsurou’s documents sometime within this week. Do you guys want to get together and have dinner or something? Get some drinks now that he has identification?” he offers.

“Yeah, that sounds awesome!” you cheer, “Thank you so much, Akaashi! I don’t know what I would have done without you. Thank you so much for all of your advice.”

Tetsurou has woken up now, and he pops an eye open at you and growls a little bit in irritation at the noise. He did seem to need a catnap after all the excitement earlier.

“It’s not a problem.” Akaashi replies, “I’m glad to be able to help you. Have you been able to… sort out your feelings about Tetsurou?”

“Yeah, I think I have.” you smile at the grouchy little (human) kitten lying against your body. “It was all a bit crazy, because I got super drunk last night after our celebration dinner, and I kind of just let Tetsu take advantage of me.” you chuckle at the tongue Tetsurou sticks out at you. You run your fingers through his bushy head to soothe him, and he scoots closer to your body.

“I see. Well, that’s one way to initiate something.”

“Yeah, I guess I’ve known for a while that I really love him. It just took longer than expected to accept it. I mean, I’m dating my cat now. Doesn’t that sound weird at all?” you lift your hand that was in Tetsurou’s hair up to make a questioning hand gesture that Akaashi can’t even see.

“Well I mean, I’m dating my gay owl, so I don’t think I’m much better off.” he says, and you can almost hear the small smile in Akaashi’s voice.

You chuckle, “I guess you’re right. Well, at least we have each other, right? Bestiality buddies.”

“When you use that term, it doesn’t sound right at all. They are humans now, too.” he argues. “It’s just that they can switch between different bodies and physiologies.”

“Alright, alright, Akaashi.” you chuckle, but Tetsurou seems to be done with the conversation. He’s already given you mean looks, pawed at your phone, and now he’s on top of you, licking at your breast.
“Hey, I think I gotta go. My cat’s getting frisky.”

Akaashi chuckles this time, “Alright. I’ll let you know when the documents arrive.”

“Awesome, thank you so much!”

When you’ve finally hung up and dropped your phone back onto your night stand, Tetsurou has made his way down between your legs already. “Well aren’t you an irritable one?” you ruffle his hair as he pushes his tongue in without preamble, and your affectionate touch soon tightens into a fist as you grab onto his hair.

And just like that, you continue where you had last left off.

Chapter End Notes

YES. I KNOW. I AM A DISGUSTING INDIVIDUAL AND YOU MAY THROW SHOES AT ME OR HAVE YOUR CATS ATTACK ME OR WHATEVER YOU SEE FIT. leave me a comment about it :)

and ofc feel free to talk to me - blushinggray.tumblr.com

EDIT: forgot to write this earlier but for this AU I have a couple headcanons that kuroo has a tabby cat neighbor named kenma (who is neutered) and bokuto likes to visit this nest outside the city that houses a family of crows whenever he goes hunting. cute right?
Tsukishima Kei - Mirage

Chapter Summary

tsukishima has found a new hobby.

Chapter Notes

LONG TIME NO SEE. sorry all, for the wait. this is my last semester in uni before graduation so the work is starting to pile up. but i didn't want to leave you all hanging for too much longer so i found this deep in my old works and finally finished it. sorry if the pacing's weird again... but i hope you like it!

tsukishima is a second year in this one, and for some reason i turned him into a little more of a nervous, bumbling teenager. hope you don't mind too much. and sorry for any mistakes i missed! enjoy!

Tsukishima Kei was far from lazy. Sure, he got tired more easily than some of his bonehead teammates in his volleyball club, but he prided himself in being something close to diligent in anything he did, whether it be academics, sports, filial duties, or just being a properly functioning member of society. Although he seems to just cruise through life in a lazy manner due to his calm and collected demeanor, he would not be labeled as something associated with being irresponsible. It’s just that sometimes, he likes to lay down. And think.

This wasn’t a big habit of his before, but these days he’s been plagued with the desire to just lie down on his bed, or the couch, or the floor with his hands together and stare up and away to be swallowed up by his own thoughts. Often these thoughts are really just the same exaggerated memory (read: fantasy) of some not-so-recent happening.

It’s all become so routine now that he can’t really bring himself to find the beginning of where it all started. This vision of a beautiful (yes, not just pretty, or typically cute, but beautiful) third year girl smack dab in the center of his field of vision. More specifically, looking down at him from above, with some sort of uncalled-for angelic light shining behind her gorgeous head and illuminating her very figure like some spring picnic scene out of a movie.

But it didn’t stop there. Sometimes, on… darker nights, when Tsukishima felt more protected by the evening darkness and the ungodly hours of the early morning when surely everyone would be asleep, he would see a different version of this memory. What was once just an exaggeration blows out into a full-on wet dream. A dream in which this same vision of a girl has less clothing on, or maybe a tousled uniform falling off of her shoulders, and sweat beading her forehead, and a look of
agony (the good kind, he’s sure) wrinkling her stunning face.

In this gorgeous vision that would appear behind Tsukishima’s closed eyelids, he would also see himself in it. More particularly, he would be underneath this mess of a goddess, with his large hands on her pretty hips bringing her closer to his bare skin. He would be just as flushed as she was, and the heat between them would send them both to Elysium and back before he knew it.

And then his eyes would flash open in reaction to his overreacting pulse and the uncomfortable heat and stiffness underneath his covers. Although he didn’t want to pull them off because then he would undoubtedly be met by an embarrassing guest in his shorts that had woken up long before he did. Of course, he would end up alleviating the pain this guest brought in, with help from the same visions Tsukishima would reimagine again and again in his relaxed state lying on his back. Just the memory of that girl hovering above him spurred him on enough to have to change his shorts afterwards.

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Well to start off, this wasn’t even Tsukishima’s fault. Not that it was hers either. Of all days that his homeroom teacher’s assistant needed help transporting student materials was the day that Tsukishima was the closest one on hand. He had nothing to complain about since he was just being the good student that he was, and helping the TA (who just so happened to be as gorgeous as his volleyball club’s old manager if not more so) carry some workbooks across the school to the teacher’s office.

Another chance encounter that there just so happened to be a student who was probably running late rushing through the same hallway. It was just bad timing that he happened to turn at the same corner that Tsukishima and the gorgeous TA were about to walk into.

The collision happened too fast for anyone to realize what happened. Tsukishima didn’t even remember the girl supposedly knocking into his head and sending him to the floor, only to receive another blow to the head from the backside as well. This has never even happened to him during a volleyball game. What are the chances of this cliche happening in real life?

The next thing he knows, as his eyes open slowly, the beautiful girl is leaning over him and asking if he’s all right in her surprisingly level voice. “Tsukishima-kun, can you hear me?”

He blinks again to make sure that he’s actually returned to the conscious world, wondering if this shining mirage of an angel landed on earth in his school’s uniform is actually looking down at him. He replies with a soft, “Yes…”
“Do you know where you are right now?” she asks again, in her somewhat deep, calming voice. The sun shining from outside is literally at the perfect angle where her head blocks the shape of the huge star, but lets the light rays beam and illuminate her figure.

“Uh… school. We were going to the teacher’s office to drop off some materials.” he regains control of his voice.

“Are you in any pain?” she finally backs away from him to let him sit up. He hadn’t realized that she had been hovering over him that closely. Their faces were at a good foot apart but that was still a bit close to inspect someone who just fell down.

Tsukishima sits up slowly, as not to aggravate his head and to come to the realization that no, he had not just seen a glimpse of heaven, it was just an illusion created by all the right angles. “I should be fine.”

“Are you sure?” she asks again, to which Tsukishima nods. “Well, just in case, after we bring these books where they need to be, I’ll take you to the nurse’s office to have you checked out. Just in case.”

“I’m really sorry again!” the the culprit of this entire mess suddenly reminds Tsukishima of his presence. The workbooks were stacked up again into haphazard piles. He must have picked them up when the TA was trying to wake Tsukishima up. Or maybe even after he had come to. Perhaps he had been too caught up staring at the beautiful girl to notice.

“Just be more careful. You can go to class first.” she dismisses the boy with a small smile. Tsukishima doesn’t miss the small blush and stutter in his reply when he bows and bounds down the hall again towards his classroom.

“Let’s go.” she picks up her piles of workbooks and Tsukishima follows, staring at the girl’s back and wondering how she can look so beautiful even from this side.

Walking next to her, she was at least a head shorter than he. But why did she look so good from above? The more Tsukishima thought about it and pictured it, the more alluring she would seem, looking down at him with her bewitching body hovering above his.

Throughout the rest of the day, and the week, and the month or so, he would remember that same
picture every time he saw her. When she passed by in the hallway, when she visited the homeroom teacher in their classroom, when she was outside when Tsukishima just so happened to be looking out the window. That memory of her shining image looking down at him from above would rematerialize in his head and at some point, he would see it even without her presence to remind him of it.

Tsukishima found himself just daydreaming about it when he would lie down, relaxed and in the same position as he was on the ground that day in the hallway. And then, the memory would become distorted by his god-awful teenage hormones in his sleep. He would mix up memory with fantasy and his dreams were more often consisting of the same beautiful third-year girl in a more compromising state of dress. She would still be hovering over him, that aspect never changed, but that damned subconscious of his would meddle with that pure and beautiful memory and churn out something raw, filthy, disheveled, and above all, hot. In every sense of the word.

And these days, he’s often haunted by his awful… desires, or as he prefers to refer to them, reoccurring dreams (call them what he may, they definitely stem from his subconscious desires). Whenever Tsukishima sees her now, he pays careful attention to his facial expression and body temperature, determined not to let anything about him seem off. Just because he’s developed some sort of…. crush, or lust, whatever it was on his homeroom teacher’s assistant, doesn’t mean he can let it get the better of him.

But that’s damn easier thought (as if he’d even try saying it) than done. With these visions/memories/images clouding his mind at least half of the day, there’s no way he can focus on keeping his life together without anyone noticing how he’s falling apart to his own secret desires. And that’s proven to him when the homeroom teacher calls him to the office one day.

“Tsukishima-kun, I don’t know if anything has happened to you recently, but I heard that you’ve been less focused in many of your classes. And your recent quiz scores have been dropping a bit.” He had let it get to the point where his grades were suffering?? This has become a bigger problem than he had anticipated. “Is there anything going on that I can help you with?” the teacher inquires.

“Uhm, no sensei. It’s a small personal problem, but I will work my hardest to bring my grades up and become more focused in class. I apologize for causing any worry.” he bows his head quickly.

“Well, if you’re having any trouble, don’t be shy. You can come talk to me about it.” the teacher reassures him, “But do you know my TA, [Name]-chan? If you’re having trouble understanding any material or studying, she said that she is willing to help you if you like.”

Tsukishima did not know how he felt about this. Laying out the possible outcomes, he might end up doing better if he interacts with her and comes to see that she’s just another regular student and not some mirage of heaven. On the other hand, his inappropriate lust for a senpai will amp up his desire
and he’ll do even worse because he’ll be too distracted staring at her and fighting the need to confirm if she looks as gorgeous in real life with a ruffled uniform as she does in his wet dreams.

Judging by how things have escalated this far, he would end up in worse condition than he started if the latter were to happen. He may be smart, but even he didn’t know that his body had this much control over him. Who knows what would happen if he was in closer proximity to her again?

“Sure. That would be helpful.” he says before he finishes thinking. Wait, what?

“Alright then, I’ll let her know and give her your contact information. You two can settle the rest on your own.” the teacher turns around in her chair, getting to work on it. “You can head back to class.”

“Ah… yes. Thank you very much.” he bows again before leaving the office.

What had he done? Was he hanging around his club teammates too much? He was never really into risk-taking. On the court, he didn’t settle on 50-50 plays. He calculated enough so that he would be almost sure that his plays would go through before he took action. Somehow, despite how quickly he could think on his feet, the answer had slipped out of him before he had finished.

But now that he had said yes, should he just go through with it? He always had the option of declining her offer if she ever actually got back to him. But he would have to step it up and bring results back to show that he really didn’t need her help. Could he do it? Should he do it?

Tsukishima receives a text message that evening from the girl indirectly causing all of his problems, and he tries to ignore how his heart had leapt when he found out it was her. After staring at his phone for a good 10 minutes, and then laying down to think about what to do for another 10 minutes, he eventually decides that he’ll take one of those bonehead risks. And if it ends up taking a turn for the worst, he can just cut it off.

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“Tsukishima-kun, are you listening?”
The boy addressed blinks and looks down at the problem that she had been explaining to him. Crap, if his gaze wasn’t on the paper at first, that means he had been staring at her. “Oh, sorry. Could you repeat it?”

“How about a snack or something first? You’ve been working hard. We can have a little break and then I’ll get back to explaining this to you.” she proposes.

“Sure.” Tsukishima nods, prompting her to leave her seat at the living room coffee table to go to the kitchen. Meanwhile, Tsukishima absentmindedly pets the cute little shiba that has bounded up to him. The dog was hostile for the first couple of visits, but then he was suddenly ecstatic to see the boy when he finally got used to his scent around the house.

Well, things had been going well for the most part for the past two weeks she had been tutoring him. He came to her house 2-3 times a week after club activities since it was closer to school and on the way to his house anyway. His grades did get a little bit better, since they were drilling him to the point that he would just remember it subconsciously despite how something else usually occupied his mind.

In these two weeks, he got to know her a little bit since he would stay for dinner so they could finish covering the material. They shared similar tastes for music and desserts, but they disagreed on some philosophical things. She had the misfortune to meet his teammates since she had come to pick him up at the clubroom once or twice after practice since she had happened to finish around the same time.

They had said some purposely embarrassing things about how he, of all people, needed a tutor. Even Yachi popped up to ask, “Are you sure Tsukishima’s not just trying to get closer to you? He’s not dumb by any means.”

That accusation was completely uncalled for. If anything, he was trying to do the opposite by getting to know her so that he could reshape his image of her into a regular person rather than a gorgeous deity of some sort that he would easily kill his whole team for to have her on top of his naked body. Although the past few sessions haven’t really done anything to take him in any new direction.

But she found Tsukishima’s relationship with his teammates incredibly amusing and would make jokes about it sometimes. Her cute laugh did nothing to help him reinstill his pure and beautiful image of her in his mind. And sometimes, when she would lean in a bit closer to point something out in his textbook, he would get a whiff of her shampoo and feel a terrifying twitch in his pants.

Hell, he had gotten a good whiff of it today when she had let her ponytail down and fluffed her hair.
out while he was taking his practice exam. He was stroking the dog to distract himself a bit from the small bulge that has appeared in his uniform. Luckily, the bump was small enough to seem like he just had his pants on a little too tight.

“Ta-da! Look Tsukishima-kun!” his tutor pops back into the living room with a pleasant surprise in her hands. Two plates with a slice of strawberry shortcake in each. “My mom found out that you like these too, so she bought a whole cake from the bakery the other-- Ahh!!”

It all happens in another cliched flash. The shiba had gone bouncing off in her direction and somehow caught her at an angle in which she tripped forward in order not to step on the pup. And she came crashing down on Tsukishima, the cake cushioning the blow just a bit. And then before Tsukishima can take it all in, she’s kneeling above him again, this time with cake and frosting smeared all over her front shirt and neck and chin.

Tsukishima must look worse for wear since there are a couple smatterings of frosting on his glasses, but suddenly the pretty little klutz is apologizing fiercely, in her own calm, way. She grabs the tissues on the coffee table and starts wiping at Tsukishima’s face, unaware of how both her knees are on either side of his hips as she wipes him down, “Oh, forgive me, Tsukishima-kun. What a mess I’ve made.”

His clothes aren’t the only things that are a mess. His heart and head are in jumbles, trying to keep his body complacent as he just stares up at the girl gently wiping down his face and neck, saying something or other about washing his clothes. But his golden eyes are zeroed in on that smudge of white on her chin. And before he can stop his body from reacting, Tsukishima has placed a hand on one of her hips, making her stop her movements.

“Tsukishima... kun...?” she says slowly as she watches his other hand raise a thumb up towards her face, and he swipes the dollop of frosting off of her chin. She’s about to quietly thank him when he just stares at his thumb like it’s a new organism he’s never encountered, and then flicks his tongue out to lick it off.

When they meet eyes again, Tsukishima realizes the implications of his actions that he had just done automatically. They were just the simplest answers to his needy questions, like “How does it taste? Will it taste like her? How good will it be?” He had been too caught up at the temptation to see if it really did taste like the nectar of the gods that his tongue had come out on whim.

The two just stare at each other for several moments, as if frozen in time (of course, the shiba chooses now not to interrupt anything). Then when the girl glances down before quickly meeting her junior’s eyes, she speaks first, “Tsukishima-kun... you’re... hard.”
And somehow, instead of blushing like crazy and backing up until his back hits the wall and apologizing for ever even looking at her like he thought he might, he just moves his thumb that’s still on her hip, caressing her just slightly. It’s quick, but he feels the smallest shiver beneath his palm. He should pull away, he really should, but the supple weight he feels beneath his hand has him magnetized to the heat.

After another tense silence, she speaks again, “So were your teammates right, Tsukishima-kun? Were you trying to get closer to me?” she places her own hands on both of his shoulders. One of them has the dirty tissues blocking the pressure of her touch but the other hand leaves a delicious weight on his body that he wants more of. How can he get more of it? How? How??

“In a way.” he admits.

“Is this the reason why you wanted tutoring? You were hoping that I would fulfill your sexual desires?” she smiles playfully. Of all things to do, she’s smiling at him. Could that possibly mean… there’s hope?

“That was not the objective. I wanted to help myself somehow because I couldn’t get you out of my head.” he’s surprised at how brutally honest he’s being about himself, “But… with you on top of me like this…” he rasps, stroking his thumb on her hip again, “It’s getting a bit…. Difficult.”

With the way he’s biting onto his lip and how his eyes are looking so omnivorously up at her, she finds it hard to deny his pull. All the lingering glances he would give her, she thought they were just coincidences. But as they continued to meet and interact, it was clear that he couldn’t take his eyes off of her, despite how hard he tried. There was no hiding the hungry glint in those pools of gold.

It wasn’t hard to believe. Not to brag, but she was quite sought after. She was like the Shimizu Kiyoko of her time (the gorgeous boys’ volleyball manager who had graduated last year). And although she wasn’t as cold as her senpai, she didn’t lie to anyone. If anyone had confessed to her, she turned them down flat, not wanting to lead anyone on if she clearly wasn’t interested.

She had kept Tsukishima Kei on hold because he was an amusing enigma. He clearly wanted her but was trying so hard not to give in to his true nature. His body was twitching towards her, probably screaming for her in the depths of the night, but he tried his hardest to hide it away. But even if he was a better actor, there was no hiding the semi-bulge that would appear every other time they met and she just so happened to brush against him, or even just lean towards him to teach him something.
The boy was attractive enough, and maybe this was what he needed to get over this academic slump he was going through. So after some thought, she decides to put him out of his long misery. “Then… shall I help you out?”

“What?” neither of them can tell whether he’s just startled by her offer or if he had actually heard it at all.

“I think you’re quite attractive, Tsukishima-kun.” she admits in her lower, sultry voice that gives her an aura of maturity that far surpasses the majority of high school girls. “And I’m here to help you. If you think… this will help you somehow… then I am willing to do my part.”

“[Surname]-san…” he breathes, eyes widening slightly. She waits patiently for him to make the next move, which actually takes him a good minute. She’s quite impressed that he can stand to think while the air is so thick with sexual tension.

“Then…” he starts, “Please forgive me. I’ll be in your care.”

Tsukishima himself is quite surprised at how easily he gives in. He took his sweet, albeit tantalizing, time thinking it over. Weighing the pros and cons, wondering about the future, imagining the different outcomes of his response like he was playing an otome game, but ultimately, he realizes she’s right. If he can just merge his fantasies with reality, maybe he’ll realize that it’s not such a big deal. Creating a concrete experience will help him get over his bothersome, recurring thoughts and he just might be able to rest easy again at night.

“Well, let’s get to it then.” she smiles easily and stands, offering a hand to her junior. Tsukishima takes it and lets her lead him to a room at the back end of the hallway. After visiting the house several times, he recalls that her bedroom is upstairs, so he’s filled with wonder as to what kind of room she’ll find suitable for this… transaction… to take place.

But once he steps in, Tsukishima almost feels himself soften in his pants when he sees the laundry appliances in the small room. “Close the door.” she requests as she dumps a full basket of lights into the washer. Tsukishima responds accordingly and turns to close the door, only to find his tutor stripping down her blouse when he turns back around.

She drops it into the washer as the water begins filling the machine, and proceeds to pull her skirt down to throw into the other pile of dark clothing. And although he has imagined seeing her bare
skin more than he would care to admit, the actual glow she seems to emit jars him.

“You can throw your shirt in here too. Don’t want you to leave here with that mess still on you, right?” she smiles up at him normally, as if she’s oblivious or apathetic to the fact that she’s in her undergarments. Her simple light blue bra and lavender panties are slightly mismatched, but they’re both stripped off and thrown into the washer as well. And now there is really nothing obscuring Tsukishima’s view of every fine detail of her body. He tries to take it all in as fast as he can, every mole, every curve, every angle.

But he can’t drink it all in. He must look kind of rude right now, leaving the lady to get fully undressed while he has yet to peel off a single layer. So under her patient gaze, he unbuttons his shirt and shrugs it off, gently lowering it into the already filling washing machine. And as he unbuckles his belt and unzips his pants to pull them both down, he starts to blush a little.

What is she going to think when she sees his lanky body? Sure, he’s tall and not ugly, but he’s been told quite often how scrawny he is. He may be a stronger blocker now, but his limbs are still closer to the skinny side rather than lean. And oh god, it’s all hitting him right now, she’s going to see his dick. What if she thinks it looks weird? Has she seen other ones before? Will he be able to live up to whatever standards she has? And what if he--

His destructive thoughts are interrupted by a low whistle. He looks up from his flushed panic to see her lips perked up as her eyes are trained on the bulge in his boxers. When Tsukishima continues to stand frozen in place, she finally walks up to him and pulls at the elastic waistband herself, “Let’s see what kind of monster you have hiding in here, yeah?” she smiles teasingly up at her nervous student as she pulls the boxers down.

As she pulls the fabric down Tsukishima’s thighs, her knuckles graze against a remarkable size. When she lowers herself to pull his pants and underwear all the way down, she lets out a chuckle that Tsukishima finds worrying. Is she laughing at him?? Is he a weird size? Or unsatisfactory in any way? Like the rest of this body, he’s got length, but he’s not necessarily thick. If fully hard, he might pose as a little more impressive, but he’s so flushed and red hot right now. Honestly, the contrast against his fair skin mortifies him. He probably looks like just another hormonal teenage boy to her.

But amidst his thoughts, she relieves him of the first touch by holding him in her hand and giving the head a generous suck before licking around it. Tsukishima is so thrown off that he forgets to hold back the small moan that slips through his throat. She pops off with a delighted hum, and the boy can’t help his relieved sigh at your approval.

He steps out of his remaining clothing bunched around his ankles, and she picks them up to fold them to the side near the basket of darks. And after adding the detergent into the washer and closing the top to start the spin cycle, she turns and hoists herself up onto the vibrating machine. Her smooth
smile gets darker as she beckons her junior forward, spreading her very much bare and exposed legs open to make space for him, “Come here, Tsukishima-kun.”

Obliging immediately, he steps as gracefully as he can towards the beautiful girl who’s completely disrobed and opened herself up to help him. That’s right, she’s helping him. So Tsukishima has to make sure he makes this experience effective. He’ll have to lay bare all of his desires in order to resolve them.

He stands right in the middle of the space between the gorgeous, creamy thighs of his tutor that he has only seen in peeks between knee socks and a flowy skirt. And as the space closes between them, and her arms come to wrap around his neck, Tsukishima finds his ambition again. When he presses his lips against hers, he can still taste a bit of the tea that they had earlier. It’s a delightfully fitting taste for her, and only minutes later, the middle blocker has stolen her breath away.

Pulling away from her lips when breathing through her nose doesn’t seem to be enough, Tsukishima begins kissing down her jaw and neck, lapping at the leftover cream still stuck to her skin. The sweet sapor of the cake frosting mingles beautifully with the sensation of her skin, and when cream is all but gone, Tsukishima still searches for more. He sucks at her neck in several spots, trying so hard to taste that luscious combination of flavors again.

He almost doesn’t realize that she’s moaning. They’re rather quiet sounds, but he can’t ignore the reaction when her legs that had wrapped around his waist tighten, pressing his hard-on closer against the quivering washing machine. That is when he hears her whimpering voice, “Tsukishima-kun… oh…”

It’s more surreal than he can perceive. The girl who had been haunting his mind both in and out of consciousness, actually moaning his name, calling for him, wanting him, enjoying what he’s doing to her. When he’s given her neck the most thorough laving of his life, he stands up again to properly look at her flushed face. And it’s just as beautiful as he’s imagined, if not more so.

Pink dusts her cheeks, her chest, and even a little bit of her shoulders, and she’s panting with her limbs completely wrapped around him. “Tsuki… Tsukishima-kun,” her eyes are shining with want, and a bit hazy from the pleasure her junior had just induced her to. “Please… more…”

“Yes,” he replies simply, bringing his hands down to her hips again, squeezing the lithe muscle and skin under his palms and fingers. And he brings his head down to kiss and bring a nipple into his mouth. He adjusts his technique and pressure by listening to the lilting whines and groans of her voice, even throws in a bite now and again.
By the time Tsukishima migrates to the other breast, the girl turned pliant underneath her student’s large hands is already rocking and rubbing herself onto the surface of the machine trembling beneath her. Her voice begins to tremble with her as the spin cycle intensifies, and Tsukishima hardens further as he hurts his name vibrating through her throat.

And then she reaches down to grab hold of his shaft and start stroking. Without his consent, Tsukishima’s body moves on its own and leans into his tutor’s touch. He presses closer to her, and even starts rubbing himself against the washing machine with her hand in between. The color bursts in his cheeks and ears, but the pleasure is too good for him to stop. And he’s already embarrassed himself enough already with his obvious want for her. She just takes it all in and continues stroking, leaving licks and kisses along his shoulders.

But as hot as all of this is, as much as he doesn’t want to scare her, this isn’t what he truly wants. Tsukishima wants to see her in the position he’s been seeing her for the past several weeks - months - in his mind; sitting above him. And if this is his only chance, then he’ll have to take the risk, “[S-Surname]-san,” his voice sounds so weak, it’s pathetic.

“Yes, Tsukishima-kun?” she whispers into his ear. If he could grow any harder than he already is, he would have at that moment.

“Will you… will you ride on me?” he feels ridiculous asking this. If he could have phrased it any other way, she would still be able to tell that he was an inexperienced virgin.

She pulls away to stare at him, probably observing every feature of his expression, from his nervous eyes to reddened tips of his ears. But after another tense second, she smiles, “Sure.”

Tsukishima feels like he could melt and flood himself into a river of relief, and excitement. This is really happening, and maybe his problems would be solved forever. “Go lie down.” she nods at the ground.

Obediently, Tsukishima does as she says and lies down on the glossy hardwood floor. Luckily, it seems clean, but it’s not like that would have stopped him anyway. He watches intently as she jumps off of the washing machine and saunters up to his waist before stepping one leg over his body and crouching down to hover her core right above him. He can feel the heat of both their crotch already reaching out to each other, wanting to mix together, to touch indefinitely.

When she curls her fingers around his dick to straighten him up and aim herself right onto his head, Tsukishima feels his entire body sweat in anticipation, eyes glued to where their bodies are just barely touching. She hovers there and waits until Tsukishima’s eyes look up in confusion, with slight
worry twinkling in them. But once their gazes meet, they stick, and she slowly and surely lowers herself down onto him, inch by agonizing inch.

Doing her best not to break their hot, sticky gaze, she bites her lip to keep from rolling her eyes back at the incredible, searing heat that travels between them. The feeling of Tsukishima inside of her is dizzying, because he just reaches so far back. She’s amazed that he can poke at an area so deep inside of her, in both concept and pleasure. And once she finally settles on top of his lap, sheathing Tsukishima to the hilt, she closes her eyes and breaks the tense gaze with a moan.

As she leans her head back, the long curtain of hair leaves a background frame to showcase her naked body in front of him, and Tsukishima feels like he’s forgotten how to breathe. It’s everything he’s been remembering, dreaming, and fantasizing about but so, so much better. Finally, she’s above him, taking him whole, allowing him to look up at her beautiful figure from his position lying down.

What’s different about it is that while he was usually comfortable lying down in his bed as he thought about her, he’s actually feeling quite tortured right now. He feels as if his entire being has been swallowed up by this beautiful girl and his body is reacting too fiercely for him to control, and his hands find their way to her hips before he’s even conscious of their movements.

But he’s weak enough to leave a gentle touch on her, simply resting his hands there because the rest of his strength has been sapped into keeping himself conscious. When she leans her weight into her knees to lift herself back up and off of him, Tsukishima doesn’t know if the effect does anything better or worse for his head, because the torture of having her body leave his is just as bad as having her engulf him. It’s a stalemate figuring out what makes him dizzier.

Even so, he can’t stop watching. Watching her swallow his length whole again and again, watching her expression change and her head tilt every which way as she moans with every descent, watching her hands reach over to rest above his to press his touch closer to her, and then watching as one of them slides up to knead one of her breasts while the other moves toward her center to rub at her clit.

Everything is so clear from this view below, every shift of muscle, every drop of sweat, every look of pleasure she makes, he can see it all. If anything, seeing every movement unfold before his eyes is just as incredible as feeling it. As she begins to adjust to his size and more comfortably increase her pace, Tsukishima begins moaning louder, wanting and needing more of her, wanting and needing her to hear him and understand what she does to him. “Please.” he whispers, finally putting some grit into his hold on her hips.

“Tsukishima-kun,” the beautiful girl who had only appeared in his dreams pants, “Move with me.”
“Yes.” he thinks he manages to grunt as an answer before tightening up his core, and moving his hips up to meet hers that come down.

The impact is unbelievable. Their synced moans almost drown out their memories of the incredible collision of hips. So much for the mirage of a gorgeous angel that was shining gently above him, this is raw, hot, unspeakable pleasure and they can’t keep their mouths closed.

“Shit!” Tsukishima cries louder than he has in any volleyball game. He feels dizzy with the distribution of heat in his body. His torso is cool with all the sweat coming out, but his face is steaming in sheer disbelief that he is even doing something like this. And down in his crotch, it’s as if every degree of heat in his dick is being trapped inside this astoundingly beautiful girl’s body.

“Ah! Yes! Oh. My gosh.” she only lets out small puffs of words, but her face says everything. Tsukishima can read the pleasure with every line stressing her face, every tooth that bites into her lip, every bead of sweat that forms on her nose. She’s enjoying this as much as he is, and she’s absolutely beautiful as she does so. More beautiful than any dream that Tsukishima has tried to create to poorly imitate the real thing.

She bounces on him in all kinds of angles, shifting her weight at this side and that, leaning over him with her hands mounted beside his shoulders, just grinding her hips into his. Every single movement is a new picture he wants to capture. If he could photograph every sensation he’s feeling right now, the world might run out of film. His own memory is pushing the limits of its capacity even now.

And yet, it’s all coming to an end all too quickly, “I-I’m going t-to come…” he manages to say between breaths.

“Okay,” the TA smiles, “How do you want to do it?” she asks, mounting off of him and taking him into her hand.

Tsukishima doesn’t answer because he doesn’t know how to. What does she even mean? But she helps him to his answer just like she helps him with his homework; with hints, “Like this?” she drags the tip down the middle of her chest in a line, spreading his precome down her body, “Or like this?” she swipes her tongue out to swirl around the head once before kissing it, “Or this?” she lets go of his cock to lean back and hold her weight on her elbows, as if displaying her body out like a canvas for him to paint on.

And he doesn’t know where he suddenly gets an artistic drive, but he’s up on his knees with his cock in his hand and jerking himself above her. He pants through several strokes until he comes all over his tutor’s chest and stomach, and watches carefully as the beads of white roll down her body like a
thick white honey. “Mm, hot.” she muses, chuckling.

So many things hit him at once. The reality that he just had sex with his homeroom teacher’s assistant, the sound of the dog paddling around and occasionally barking behind the door, and the new world he’s discovered in looking at her from above. He had been so laser focused on getting her on top of him all this time, that when she was finally underneath him, he might as well have gotten completely hard again. Because she is just as beautiful on the floor beneath him as she is looking down at him.

That opens a whole new can of worms. He hasn’t managed to fix anything at all.

As he watches his TA get cleaned up with some paper towels, he doesn’t know where to go from here. But while he stands there, buried in his thoughts again, kind of wishing he was lying down again, her voice finds him, “Tsukishima-kun.”

He blinks before looking over at her, “Yes.”

“There’s still some time before our clothes are finished washing. Would you like to borrow some for now?”

“Oh… I… uh…” he can’t even speak. Great.

But all she does is chuckle, “Or maybe you’d like to go another round?”

“Er--!” She’s willing to have sex with him again? What should he say?? “Well, I-- That… uh…”

She seems to understand that she’ll have to take the lead again, so she walks up to him and runs a hand down his chest, “You don’t have to be shy, Tsukishima-kun. Like I said, I’m here to help you.” and then she starts rubbing at his stomach with her thumb in little circles, “All the help you need, as many times as you need it…”

Tsukishima sucks in a deep breath and blushes again before he finally says, “I’ll be in your care.”

They don’t remember to take the clothes out to put in the dryer until a couple hours later. And
Tsukishima returns home at midnight, completely exhausted but in a freshly cleaned uniform.
Sawamura Daichi - Daddy

Chapter Summary

you're an environmental diplomat who's got great things ahead of you. but you also happen to have an adopted child. and his father has shown up to make a place for himself in your kid's life.

Chapter Notes

*rises from the dead with goodie bags and a diploma in my hands* surprise bitch, bet you thought you'd seen the last of me.

honestly though, if you're still here and reading, THANK YOU SO CRAZY MUCH, I HAVE MISSED YOU. my last semester at uni was brutal, but i've finally escaped that place with a degree in my clutches. AND I'M BACK WITH A MESS OF PLOTS AND STORIES TO WRITE. i have had way too many piling up, but this one right here has been clutching to me like a koala ever since i found my inspiration for it.

if you're familiar with shokugeki no soma, this story is partially inspired by hayama and jun's backstory.

HOWEVER, some trigger warnings: this story explores absent parenthood, since it's about a child who has a guardian but his biological father shows up out of the blue wanting to be a part of his life. it's also pretty angsty at some points. i do not have any personal experience with this situation, and since this mainly serves the purpose of fiction (and sex with volleyball players), there are probably a lot of holes that aren't addressed in the story. but do know that this is not an attempt to portray accurate depictions of those who may be in similar situations. if you feel like there is anything important that i should have mentioned/included, or a certain tag that i should use that i didn't, then please let me know!

also, this is pretty plot heavy... could probably compete with that semi chapter with this 21.5k and anticlimactic smut. reader-chan is a bit older than most of my adolescent premises in previous chapters, and so is sawamura, so i set up some established careers already. and i do admit to playing with my OC's developing intersectional identity with his parental figures for self-serving purposes. but all in all, i do like this story, so i hope you can enjoy it as well--

thanks for sticking around for my trashy ass and reading through this cacophony of an a/n. now go fall in love with sawamura if you haven't already.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They say that those who are married to their work never have time for the people around them. Five years ago, you might have believed that and been okay with it. You've always wanted to carry on with your research and contribute to the world with your own skill, no matter the cost of time. You
lost touch with a lot of friends that way, and after you got your master’s degree, you figured you’d be
too lost in all of your incredible discoveries and world contributions to care about others anyway.

But that was five years ago. And just a few weeks closer to four years ago, you spontaneously
encountered your new life’s passion and love. He came in the form of a curious young boy with a
strange affinity to sea animals. You had crossed paths when you were visiting Akita harbor to rent a
small boat to collect water samples out in the sea, and the boy was being scolded and pulled away
from a loading area in order to save a sea lion that was trapped between the rocks of the port, and the
large commercial boat that was parked there.

The daring little boy who could not have been more than six or seven years old was unlooping the
knot anchoring one end of the boat to the port and using his own weight to push the bow of the boat
to the side in order to free the little sea lion. It managed to escape, but the boy was reprimanded
immediately by the crew members, and he might have been beaten silly for his loud mouth that was
shouting at the sailors for treating the animals and the ocean so cruelly.

That’s when you had stepped in and told the sailors to drop the kid. They seemed surprised that you
had come to his defense. “This brat is just a rat that scurries around the harbor all the time, miss. He
ain’t got nothin’ else to do but play with his sea creature friends ‘cause he can’t make his own.” one
of the sailors had smirked, prompting the kid to stick his tongue out at him.

Although you could see the validity in their accusations. The boy’s clothes probably haven’t been
washed in a week, his shoes probably hurt his feet more than they protect them, his skin is incredibly
tan from playing out in the sun and water all day, and he smells like the sea. It’s likely that he’s an
orphan or maybe even homeless. But there’s a fire in his eyes that sets him apart from his ratty
appearance.

“Ever since you jerks started trading here, there aren’t even sea creatures to play with because you
won’t update your old timey boats and keep polluting the harbor! The pH level has been the worst
it’s ever been in the past two years alone since you showed your ugly faces here!” the kid had
shouted back.

You had never seen grownups try to up and attack a kid before, but there was a first time for
everything. So you had to swoop in and bring yourself between them. But even in that short
interaction, you could tell, you needed to take this kid with you. This young and he already knew
about the ugly nature of trade and seaports and environmental science. And he was determined to
save it, judging by his rash actions in rescuing the sea lion that could have gotten him into deep
trouble. You could use a passionate soul like that around you in this dreary world that only seems to
grow bleaker with rising temperatures and dying species.

And so from that day forward, the boy who you had come to know as Daiki -- who also took up
your surname -- has followed you around the world as you continued your environmental research. He
receives most of his homeschooling from you, and he gains new mentors and tutors in every new place
that he travels to with you. As an environmental education officer, you’ve had many
connections to other educators and learning opportunities for Daiki, and he’s always learned and
taken in everything around him with excitement and vigor.

Daiki is 11 now, and he probably knows far more about the world than an average high schooler or
maybe even college student might understand. After having lived the first several years of his life in
poverty and longing for adventure, he has loved traveling alongside you and sharing the world with
you as your student, apprentice, and best friend. Although he addresses you by your name, he’s
practically your son and you couldn’t see loving anyone more than him in this world. You would do
anything for him and you want the best for him, which is why you decided to have him enroll into a
regular middle school once he’s of age.

Daiki wasn’t very fond of the idea.

“Why do we have to stay in Japan? You still have an entire itinerary of people to see and places to
go to educate people! Why should we stay holed up in one place when the world is being
destroyed??” He’s always been very adamant about spreading awareness about the environment
through your work.

“Daiki, I love your fervor and dedication, and I’m sure it’s always going to be there in your heart.
But what’s not always going to be there is your youth. I want you to experience the life of
community, of being around others and having friends you don’t have to say goodbye to after a few
months. I’m still going to be able to teach others about what’s going on in the world, but I’m not
always going to get the chance to see you grow up.” you card your fingers through his hair, giving
the boy a tender look, “I know you’re excited to make a difference in the world, but there’s nothing
wrong with taking a breath and having fun along the way, okay? You won’t ever get your youth
back once you’ve grown up, and I don’t want to take it away from you.”

“But I want to go around the world helping people like you do!” he pouts.

“Well you have plenty of time to do that later. Right now, I want you to just enjoy your time as a kid
while you still can. Make some friends, mess around, eat some junk, find love.” he rolls his eyes as
you elbow him teasingly, “And if anything, you can tell everyone all about your travels and what
you’ve learned and teach them to care about what you care about. Don’t be too pompous though,
then you’ll just look like a snob.” you warn, poking his nose.

“Whatever.” he groans, turning away. “Fine, I’ll go to middle school here. But if I don’t like it,
promise me that I can go wherever I want for high school.” he holds his pinky out.
You smile, wrapping his pinky finger in your own, touching your thumbs together before shaking on it, “You got it, little man.”

The first few weeks are a bit of a challenge for Daiki, since he’s not used to sitting in a class full of other kids his age all day, and following a set schedule, or just following monotonous routines and rules that he’s never had to deal with before. He talks about how bored he gets about some subjects because he’s already learned a lot of the material already, so he had to be transferred into a second year class to better match his learning pace and level of difficulty. But slowly, he seems to open up to the kids around him, and although you can’t tell if he likes school yet, he seems to tolerate it at least.

Things are weird for you two. Ever since you graduated with your bachelor’s, you’ve never really followed much of a routine for too long. You were always doing one after another in sequence. One internship following another, and one research project led to another, and you finally settled into your environmental education program as a traveling officer with all the insight you gained in your volunteering and work experiences.

Your life has always revolved around your work, and Daiki has been the only additional facet to it. So settling into this routine of staying in one place, working for a local government employed environmental agency, is something new for you. But you and Daiki settle into the routine somehow, staying busy even without all the country hopping. You feel regret for not being able to come home earlier to prepare dinner, since it’s almost always ready for you when you get home because Daiki has cooked it already. But you still make sure to do your part to ensure Daiki gets a good sense of how people should live together with equal responsibility.

All of the routine starts to settle in comfortably. Until one night in the middle of Daiki’s first term, you come home to one more person in the apartment. “I’m home.” you announce as you slip off your shoes and walk into the apartment, where you find a grown man in a clean business suit sitting on the sofa. “Hello.” you stare.

“Pardon the intrusion,” he stands and bows. His voice is deep and rich, and resonates into the very depths of your chest. Maybe even deeper. “My name is Sawamura Daichi.”

“Nice to meet you, Sawamura-san.” you take his hand to shake. It’s as firm as his stance, and as strong as his expression. Gentle but charismatic. He seems like a natural leader.

Daiki pops up from the kitchen with a spatula in his hand and an apron around his front, “[Name]-san, we’re eating in ten minutes. Sawamura-san said he would stay for dinner.”
“That’s fine by me. But…” you turn your gaze back to the charismatic businessman in your home, “May I ask who you are and why you’ve come to visit our home, Sawamura-san?”

“Actually, I would like to talk to you in private about that. But perhaps after we eat? I promise I’ll explain everything, but it’s quite a long story, and I don’t want to wear you out before you’ve had your fill.” he smiles. It’s a comforting, yet dazzling smile.

“Alright, I suppose.” you shrug, moving to set the table for three for the first time in a while.

Dinner is a polite affair, albeit a delicious one. There’s smoked salmon of a super high quality that apparently Sawamura brought over, and he even brought a tub of ice cream for you to keep in the freezer even if you don’t finish all of it tonight. You learn that Sawamura Daichi is a manager in one of the financial departments at a broadcasting company in Tokyo. He’s originally from a small town in the Miyagi Prefecture, gets his muscular physique from a lifetime of playing volleyball, and although he’s 31 years old, he has yet to settle down with anyone or start a family.

Despite his age, mature personality, and stature, there’s something about the glow in his face that makes him look younger. It reminds you of Daiki whenever he’s talking passionately about a new fact he learned about a certain animal he likes, or ideas he has about improving research or environmental preservation. Come to think of it, Sawamura and Daiki have a similar look, with the dark hair, deep, sincere eyes, and somewhat tan skin complexion. You wonder if maybe Daiki joined a sports club or started working out more, he would grow up to be as strong and built as Sawamura.

Sawamura makes plenty of conversation with you and Daiki as well, and you speak kindly to him like you would any new stranger you meet at a conference or an event or social gathering. The context is different, but you and Daiki know how to play your parts.

After finishing dinner, Daiki takes up your usual job of washing the dishes so that you and Sawamura can have your private conversation. Apparently it’s extremely private because you have to bring him into your bedroom in order to have a closed door between you and Daiki.

As Sawamura takes a seat in the chair at your desk, you can’t help but notice how the dress shirt stretches across his chest the same way his slacks seem to squeal at the expanse of his thighs. The clothes are not too small by any means, but the way they fit on him really showcases his impressive physique with the way the fabric stretches across his body as he sits down.

Quickly looking down, you take a seat across from him on your own bed, “So, Sawamura-san, may I have the pleasure of knowing the reason why you came here bearing gifts to join us for dinner?”
It’s kind of strange seeing such a charismatic man hesitate and look shy, but he finally says, “Well, there’s no easy way to say this. So… here.” he hands you a few paper documents.

Birth Certificate

This certifies that Serinuma Daiki was born to Serinuma Kaede and Sawamura Daichi on February 12, 2015 at 8:31 A.M. at Sendai Central Hospital.

Weight - 4.1 kilograms, Length - 54 centimeters.

You read it over twice, thrice, just to make sure you didn't miss a single letter. You flip through the other documents hurriedly to scan the fingerprints, the ultrasounds, the adoption submission papers. Every piece of evidence weighs heavier on your heart than the previous, and you don't know how you can possibly react.

The only reason Sawamura would bring all of this evidence here and be so kind would be that he's interested in Daiki. After 11 years of Daiki’s life, his father shows up with some intrusive intention. You have no intention to allow Daiki to be taken by a total stranger, but you might as well figure out what he wants.

“What is your intention in bringing all of this here, Sawamura-san?” you ask in level voice, putting on your most expressionless face.

“Well, as you can see…” Sawamura rubs the back of his head nervously, and you want to slap yourself for focusing on how the motion pulls his sleeve tighter against his triceps, “I'm… Daiki-kun’s biological father. And… I hadn't known for a long time that I had a son, but now that I've managed to find him, I'd… like to be a part of his life. Somehow, in some way.”

“What do you mean you haven't known for a long time?” you resist your urge to narrow your eyes at him.

“Uhm… yes, well. This is quite a complex and long story, but I'll explain it to the best of my ability.” he clears his throat dramatically, “I believe I was in my junior year of college when I got involved with a girl named Serinuma Kaede. Apparently, at the time, she was switching contraceptive
methods, but her new one had not yet taken effect when we fooled around. We were not together for a very long time, but of course we did something that led to her keeping a secret from me for quite some time. It's only when I find her about six years after graduating university that I meet her again. And she lets slip that she had actually kept the child and had him secretly before giving him up for adoption.

“I felt a lot of regret and guilt and sadness for finding out so much later, at not being able to support her when she was pregnant, or offer my help as an alternative to adoption or anything that I could have done if I had known....” Sawamura’s eyes are full of anguish, so you don’t doubt the sincerity in his story at this small display of weakness from him.

“Well, to make a long story short, Daiki-kun’s biological mother has her own life and family now, and she had only let slip to me that she had Daiki-kun on her own about 3 years ago. I’ve been searching for him for a while, but since you seem to travel a lot for work, it was more difficult for me to track you down. You don’t know how grateful I was when I found out you had settled in Chiba for the time being.” he sucks in a shaky breath before looking back up at you, “I know that you two are probably settled in each other’s lives, and I have absolutely no intention of taking that away from either of you, but I’m hoping that... there might still be room in Daiki-kun’s life for his father.”

You stare back at him for a long moment, almost scrutinizing him, and Sawamura’s collar seems to grow tighter around his neck as he fidgets with it. Finally, you say, “Why didn’t you try to contact me beforehand about this?”

“I tried to, believe me.” he sits up, “But I never managed to get through to you. I might have outdated contact information or something. But I do believe that it is a better idea to talk about this in person rather than have it relayed in an email or phone call.”

“That’s reasonable.” you nod, crossing your legs and reading over the birth certificate again. Daiki’s biological parents, huh? After some more thought, you let out a breath through your nose, “I don’t know how he’s going to react to this news. He just started going to a new school and is still learning his way around this new routine. Of course he’s incredibly intelligent and mature, but it’ll be a little much to spring this on him in the middle of the new semester, won’t it?”

“I agree that the timing is not ideal,” Sawamura nods, “But I do not wish to hold this off any longer than I have had to. Every minute I avoid the truth is another minute I might lose getting to know Daiki-kun.”

The bright, burning look in Sawamura’s eyes is so incredibly familiar to you. You recognized the same look in Daiki when you had first met him. And if these two share their passionate personalities, there is no stopping them from anything. “Alright, I suppose we should go talk to Daiki about this then, shouldn’t we?”
“Really?” his posture and eyes light up.

“Well I do think he needs a proper introduction. It’s entirely up to him whether or not you’ll be invited into his life, although I do appreciate you coming to me about this first.” you stand from the bed, and Sawamura follows your lead.

“Yes, of course. Thank you so much for giving me this chance.” he bows to you.

“Don’t thank me yet.” you walk to the door, “Like I said, it’s up to Daiki himself. He’s an intelligent kid, but he isn’t always as level-headed as you seem to be, Sawamura-san. I’ll encourage him to take his time with thinking, of course, but Daiki makes his own decisions.”

“Yes, absolutely. I completely agree.” he follows you when you open the door and leave the bedroom to walk back into the living room.

“Daiki, you done?” you call.

“Yes. I made some tea.” he brings the tea set over to the living room, pouring a cup for each of them. You ruffle the boy’s head with a tender smile, and he complains harmlessly before fixing his hair.

You take your cup and announce, “Daiki, Sawamura-san has something important he wants to tell you. I want you to think long and hard about it when he tells you, alright?”

Daiki looks confused but he nods anyway. “Okay, then I’ll leave you two alone to talk it out.” you take your cup of tea with you into your bedroom. As much as you want to be there to provide Daiki with support with an announcement as big as this, you’ve always encouraged him to be strong and firm on his own. You know he’s perfectly capable of making a decision on his own, and you don’t want him to feel swayed by your own thoughts or feelings about the situation before he acts on his own.

About half an hour later, when you’re staring at the spreadsheet for one of the upcoming events you’re organizing but not really doing any real work because you’re just so distracted, Daiki knocks on your door and enters your room. You turn in your chair and face him as he hugs his knees to his chest on your bed. You wait a few moments before asking, “So, how’d it go?”
“Sawamura-san is going to come back for dinner on the weekend. I told him I’d tell him my decision by then.” Daiki mumbles into his knees.

“That’s generous of you.” you smile, wanting to jump and hug him for being so sensible and level-headed. Although it feels kind of unsettling to have an 11-year-old be able to make such considerate decisions, you’re as proud of him as you are sorry for making him grow up so fast.

“[Name]-san, this is weird.” he sighs, turning to rest his cheek on his knee.

“Why’s that?”

“Well, I’ve always known that my parents didn’t want me, which is why I was put in the orphanage. I always wondered why they had me if they didn’t want me, but I thought I had put that all behind me when you took me in.” he pauses thoughtfully, “And now all of a sudden, my supposed father comes in and says he actually does want me, he just didn’t know I existed. How does a situation like that even come about?”

When he doesn’t continue, you suppose he’s offering you an opportunity to jump in, “Well, he and the girl were young, and she probably didn’t know any better. She might’ve thought that her birth control was in effect, and she couldn’t bring herself to tell Sawamura-san that she was mistaken and had to bring this entirely new responsibility into their lives. Having a child is a big deal, Daiki. And raising one is an even bigger one. You might not be able to do it if you don’t have the support of everyone around you.”

“Well then why did my mother have me? She could’ve just gotten rid of me!”

“Oh Daiki, don’t say that.” you walk over to the bed and hug him to your side, “You know as well as I do that we’re all glad that you were born. There’s not another like you in this world and I’m so happy I get to have someone as bright as you in my life.”

“Well you are. Guess I can’t say the same about my biological mother.” he grumbles, “She gave me away and now she has a whole new family of her own, according to Sawamura-san. Did she not care about me at all? If you hadn’t taken me in, then I would still probably be wandering around in the streets without a parent or goal in my life.”

“Both of those statements are untrue.” you pull him tighter to you until he drops his legs down over the edge of the bed and rests his head on your shoulder, “Sawamura-san must have told you that he’s
been searching for you for quite some time now. If might have been because I dragged you around with me that he wasn’t able to get in contact with you sooner.”

“But that’s not your fault!”

“Maybe not. It’s a complex situation. But what you said about not having a goal if you didn’t have a parental figure in your life, I don’t believe that one bit. You are the brightest and more passionate kid I know. If I didn’t believe, I wouldn’t have brought you with me all those years ago at Akita Harbor. I knew you had potential to do amazing things, so I wanted to nurse you and provide you with every opportunity available so you could reach that potential. But even without me, you would’ve found a way.”

“You don’t know that.” he mumbles into your shoulder, “I could’ve taken the wrong path.”

“Who knows?” your voice softens as you rub his arm, “But let’s not think about the what-ifs. Right now, you’ve got a fairly decent man who wants to be your father knocking at your door. If you want to learn more about him and maybe about yourself, then I would suggest opening it. If you’re completely fine with how things are, even now with this new information in your life, you’re also free to turn away.”

Daiki stays silent for a bit, “What would you do?”

“Well, I’ve always been incredibly curious about anything and everything, so I’d like to say I’d open that door. If my biological father has been looking for me all this time and finally found me and told me he wants to be part of my life, I’d take that into consideration.” you explain, “But I’m me. And you’re you. I can’t make your decisions for you, and you shouldn’t make your decisions based on what you think I would do. Do what you think is best for yourself, Daiki. And however you want to take Sawamura-san’s offer, I’ll be on your side.”

He spends the rest of the evening in thoughtful silence, hugging your torso with his face buried in your shoulder. You tuck him into your bed when he falls asleep, sighing as you brush some hair away from his forehead. As you picture Sawamura’s face in your head, you can see clear depictions of him in Daiki’s face. And you begin to wonder how much Daiki will start to resemble his father if he spends more time with him.
The Saturday that Sawamura returns for dinner, Daiki is cutting up and passing out slices of the roast that you made when he announces that he would be willing to see Sawamura here again next week. Sawamura seemed like he was about to jump out of his seat, his smile was so big. You couldn’t help smiling to yourself at such a happy reaction, as well as how proud you are of Daiki for giving his father a chance to become a part of his life.

So it goes for the next several weeks, Sawamura travels from the inner city of Tokyo out to Chiba where you two live for dinner about twice a week, and you and Daiki travel into the city to visit Sawamura’s apartment once a week or so whenever you have errands to run in the city. Sawamura lives in a clean, roomy space that matches his responsible yet passionate personality.

There are photos of his old volleyball teams, college friends, family, and even certain projects he’s led where he’s shaking hands with important individuals placed on the walls and shelves. His bookshelves have an impressive spectrum of subjects ranging from economics, to cooking, to manga. The only thing that could be considered messy about his home is the stacks of papers and files he has to bring home from work that he keeps tucked in his bedroom when you and Daiki are over.

Sawamura has proven himself to be a man who contributes a lot, offering money, rides, advice, and invitations to hang out every so often in a new setting. In the past two months, Daiki has gone to an amusement park, several museums, and even one of Sawamura’s volleyball games with a local community association. You had joined them for some of these little family dates, and admittedly, your favorite one so far has to be the volleyball game where Sawamura had been bending down a lot to catch receives. His thighs were even more impressive than his torso.

Slowly, but surely, Sawamura has carved a place for himself into Daiki’s life, and through Daiki’s life, yours as well. You message each other frequently, make plans with each other about new things to show Daiki (which can be difficult since he’s traveled and experienced so much already), and cheer like crazy for him and his class at his school’s sports festival before the summer vacation starts.

Having always been on the go, you had always kept work and play balanced within the same time frame throughout the year. So now that Daiki has a long set period of time for vacation, you have to work around his and your schedule so that you can take him somewhere new and cater to your work at the same time.

Eventually, you decide to hold a conference in Amsterdam, which will leave you and Daiki room to meet some old friends and acquaintances, as well as travel through a small section of Europe in the time you have. When you let Daiki know the plan, he surprises you by asking, “Is Sawamura-san coming too?”
You blink in surprise at him, wondering how you hadn’t considered that thought yourself, before smiling at him and handing over your phone, “Why don’t you call him and ask if he can?”

The smile that spreads across Daiki’s face when he takes the phone warms your heart. However, you find out that Sawamura is unable to leave the country for an extended period of time due to his work, so he can’t accompany you on your trip to the Netherlands. But he promises to plan a small summer trip for all three of you to go together later on when you return.

Despite the clear disappointment on Daiki’s face, he’s encouraged by the prospect of being able to hang out again with Sawamura longer. “You’ve really grown to like him, haven’t you?” you smile.

“Well, he’s a cool guy.” Daiki shrugs, but he doesn’t stop talking about Sawamura and what they talk about and do together when you ask. You’ve noticed the spark of childlike wonder that’s grown in Daiki these past few months. It’s like his time with his father has been restoring the youth in this young child who has grown up too quickly, and you immensely appreciate it.

You appreciate it, but at the same time, you’ve been starting to feel this strange nagging sensation in the back of your mind, some small insecurity that feeds on the irrational idea that Daiki might be becoming more distant from you. Which is totally unreasonable, because you’ve fed, clothed, cared for, taught, and nurtured this bright, young soul for years. He still treats you the same way and his passion for knowledge and environmental change hasn’t changed.

But, sometimes, you wonder if those small details are a sign of something. Like how Daiki occasionally forgets to ask you about your day after he’s told you about his, or how more of the conversation steers towards what he encountered with Sawamura or what he’s looking forward to doing with Sawamura next, or how his interests are expanding towards new hobbies that Sawamura encouraged him to try out that he had never been interested in trying before. You understand that at this age, it’s completely natural for Daiki to be a little self-centered, especially when he’s only just started getting to know his father, but that small tug at the back of your mind keeps you wondering about whether Daiki might be starting to overlook you.

There’s a small urge within you to tell Daiki about it, to communicate your feelings properly to him because you’ve always taught him to be open in any relationship, but you write it off as insecurity and lack of attention. So what if Daiki needs to reserve some of his time for someone else now? That’s completely reasonable for him to want to have fun with Sawamura and you don’t need to give him the idea that you want him to pay more attention to you. He’s a child, and he should be able to live a little. And you’ll have all the time in the world to be alone with him again like old times when you’re traveling the Netherlands during the summer.
Those several weeks are great. You visit a lot of beautiful places, meet old friends, eat plenty of food that you’ve missed from Europe, and have a lot of fun conversation. Daiki was even excited to attend the conference and see you speak again after working behind a desk for so long these past few months. “You seem a lot more at home on that stage, talking and connecting to people. I don’t know why you thought moving to Japan to just plan events behind your computer was a good idea.” he had mentioned one night in the room you shared.

“I did it so I could give you an opportunity to live like a regular teenager.” you give him a pointed by playful look, “And now look at you, finally going out with friends, joining clubs, having fun and enjoying your youth. I am completely satisfied with this turnout. Besides, staying in one place gives me more chances to work on my own research. I’m not just doing nothing, you know.”

“You mean your food regulation proposals for corporations? Those should’ve been passed ages ago.” Daiki gives an exasperated sigh, “You should just run for a government position yourself and implement them yourself.”

You laugh at how Daiki makes it sound so easy, and you’re tempted to follow his suggestion just because he said it. “Maybe one day. But I still need to tweak these a little in order to make them more appealing to money grubbers. And I also want to be there to watch you grow up.” you ruffle Daiki’s hair, “Who knows how much time I'll have in the future if I take on bigger projects like that?”

Suddenly Daiki’s eyes flash with something that looks like guilt, “But… you have so many ideas, so much to share with the world. Wouldn’t I just be holding you back?”

“What?” Now your eyes must be filled with shock and something that might edge towards horror, “Daiki,” you harden your voice, “Never, ever think that you're holding me back from anything. You're the one who pushes me forward, inspires me to educate others. You remind me every day of the potential any other kid or person might have to do great things, and I love seeing that fire in you. Okay?” you pull him in for a hug, and he groans a bit. He's starting to get a little old for all this pep talk and affection, and Sawamura’s restricted manliness might also be rubbing off on him, but he mumbles an “okay…” anyway.
Just two days before you're going to fly back to Tokyo, one of the lead coordinators for Amsterdam’s biggest environmental protection agency tells you that someone who attended the conference and talked to you was interested in helping forward your research for agricultural regulations and food redistribution. Apparently, they’re another alumnus from Tsukuba’s Environmental Diplomatic Leadership Program whose thesis catered to an interest in environmental policy. With that connection and the overlapping research interests, they want to work with you on writing up new proposals for food business regulation and agriculture through Amsterdam’s research facilities and databases.

You're at a complete loss of words and you feel like you’d float off into the sky as a spirit if you turned this offer down. It's an incredible opportunity to work on your own individual research with others to improve on and expand your projects. But the problem is that you would have to stay for the remainder of the summer, at the very least, to be able to do all of this. You went through all the possible options with the lead coordinator, but she said that there wouldn't be a way for you to access all of the information properly outside of the Amsterdam headquarters.

When you return to the hotel that evening, Daiki notices the solemn air about you. You lie in bed as if you’re going to sleep, but you have your thinking face on as if your mind will be clouded for the next several hours before you can lose consciousness. So he sits on your bed before saying, “You know, you told me once to grab an opportunity whenever I saw it. This offer is probably the best you're going to get to start putting all your research into action, so if you're contemplating rejecting it because of me, then that makes everything you've said to me meaningless. And I would never forgive you or myself for having let you allow this opportunity to slip away.”

You just sit up and stare at this mature adult stuck in an 11-year-old body. But eventually, you pull him in for a hug, “I love you so much, Daiki.” you sigh, “No one has ever pushed me to my limits the way you do.”

“Okay.” he replies simply.

You keep him in your arms and hold back the strange stinging feeling that's building behind your eyes, “Will you be okay with living with Sawamura-san for a little while?”

The way Daiki lights up and pulls away to show you his ecstatic, hopeful expression tugs at your heart, filling you with joy and sadness at the same time. “Really?!” he pants.

You can only smile and nod slowly before picking up the phone to give the man a call.
You finally return to Chiba several months later, about two weeks into the start of Daiki’s new school term after summer vacation. He had stayed with Sawamura the entire time after you sent him off on an international flight by himself for the first time. Sawamura and Daiki messaged you every day about how things were going, and you did the same when you weren’t too busy or tired. You even managed a video call once or twice. As you were in constant contact with them as the summer progressed, you didn’t expect much change in Daiki when you came back.

So when you enter your apartment to see a boy taller, tanner, and brighter than the one you knew, you almost turn back in fear of having walked into the wrong home. But Sawamura’s presence is unmistakable, and when Daiki runs up to throw his arms around you in a hug, you know there is no mistake.

“Daiki, what the heck is going on?” you hold him by the shoulders to assess his new, leaner body, his tanner complexion, his brighter, yet calmer eyes. He looks so much more like Sawamura now. To any stranger, it would be clear that they’re father and son. “How could you have grown this much without me here to see?”

“I’ve been playing sports more with dad’s friends’ kids. They’ve been teaching me a lot about volleyball especially. Apparently I’m a good receiver.”

You try not to reel in surprise from Daiki’s new term of address for Sawamura. He’s already calling him dad? All after just one summer? The man must have been done him well. And judging by the animated, and almost childish excitement in Daiki’s voice as he recounts his summer adventures to you over dinner, you can see the positive effect Sawamura’s presence has created. It’s as if Daiki’s youth has been restored and he’s finally acting his age, and enjoying himself in ways that only an adolescent can and should.

Amidst all this positive young energy, you feel a nagging sense of resentment for not having been able to do something like this for Daiki yourself. Maybe Sawamura is more experienced with kids, or maybe they can share things together as men that you can’t share as properly with Daiki, or maybe you hadn’t been raising Daiki right from the start. You were trained to be a researcher and educational diplomat after all, not a parent.

But even so, despite knowing how childish and unreasonable your unbacked assumptions are, you feel a twang of envy as you see Sawamura and how he speaks so easily to Daiki after just a few
months with him. And how Daiki responds so enthusiastically back, calling him “dad” on top of all of that. Who can imagine how close they may become in the next several months or years? And although you've been raising Daiki for years now, you doubt that you can get any closer with the child. Would Sawamura somehow surpass you in that sense someday? The prospect of it makes you uncomfortable and disgruntled.

“[Name]-san?” Daiki calls your name. You realize that instead of smiling affectionately at Daiki as he babbled on, you’ve migrated your thoughtful gaze over to Sawamura. “Come on, let’s go eat! I’ll tell you more there.”

Sometimes you can’t tell if Daiki is just really good at reading the situation and offering you an escape right when you need it, or if he’s oblivious to how good his own timing is. And now with a childish bounce in his step, it’s even more difficult to tell the difference. You appreciate it nonetheless as you smile and nod to Sawamura as he gestures for you to walk to the table first.

Dinner is full of exuberant storytelling, rambunctious laughter, and just a bright atmosphere that you don’t recall ever having with just the two of you. A lot of it comes from how comfortably Daiki and Sawamura banter together. They’re both quite witty, something you never would have expected from Sawamura at first glance.

The surprises keep coming as Daiki brings out a homemade cake that he and Sawamura baked and decorated together. “Are you joking right now?” you laugh, “You can bake too?”

“Only cakes.” he shrugs with a sheepish smile, “It’s a habit I picked up from an old girlfriend who would always make her own cakes for friends’ birthdays. We would make them together and I picked up on the recipes. But that’s as far as my baked goods go.”

“Dad whipped the cream on his own and everything though!” Daiki chimes in, “It was incredible. I’m pretty sure he was on par with the mixer machine with how fast he whipped it.”

“Wow~” you coo, following Daiki’s praise, “Guess those strong arms aren’t just for receiving volleyballs, huh?”

You almost bite your tongue after you say it, because that could have been taken the wrong way. But Sawamura just laughs and waves the compliments away and changes the subject to cutting the cake. Thank goodness. It allows you to stew in your own self-deprecating thoughts of how Sawamura could probably take up both the daddy and mommy roles on his own.
You and Sawamura clean the mess up as Daiki showers, since he got the brunt of the cake smashed into his face. It was unfortunate that you didn’t get to taste the cake in its intended form, but it was well worth the satisfaction at the moment.

As you finish wiping up the table and counters, you bring the towel back over to the sink where Sawamura is doing the dishes. “I can take that.” he takes the towel from you.

“No, it’s not just me.” Sawamura freezes for the briefest of moments before returning to his washing motions again, but you continue as if you haven’t noticed, “I haven’t ever seen Daiki act so energetic, and young, and… his age. And the whole reason we settled back in Tokyo was so he could do just that. But until you came, he was still hell-bent on getting a head-start on his career. So thank you, for doing whatever it was that I couldn’t that allowed Daiki to enjoy his childhood more.”

Sawamura places that last few dishes he had cleaned onto the drying rack before drying his own hands. You notice that he washes dishes without gloves, and you can’t help but feel a twinge in the back of your head at the sheer manliness that he embodies. He turns to you to say, “There is absolutely nothing wrong with how you have raised Daiki up to now.” he says with unrelenting eyes, as if he’s trying to prove something to you, “With or without me, Daiki would have grown up just as happy before he became an even more incredible individual because you’re by his side. I’m endlessly grateful to be able to be a part of his life now, but I will never take for granted the effort and care you’ve put into raising him. So please give yourself more credit, because it’s clearly overdue.”

You don’t know why, but his smile makes you smile. Not out of obligation, but simply because it’s a bit contagious. He has the perfect father vibe, and you can tell why Daiki has changed even over this short period of time. He has someone else to look up to now, someone to give him a new perspective, open his world to new options and happiness. Sawamura is a good thing in his life, so in turn, he’s a good thing in yours as well.
“And speaking of these that are overdue,” he adds, grabbing your attention again, “Please just call me Daichi.”

The months roll by, and Daiki seems to finally have settled into Tokyo as his home. He’s joined the environmental science club at his school, he plays volleyball on the weekends with friends, and has pretty much split his time evenly between your apartment in Chiba and Sawamura’s apartment in one of the smaller districts in Tokyo. He’s brighter and younger than you’ve ever seen him every day, and you wouldn’t trade his happiness for the world.

On the other hand, while Daiki has gotten more settled in, you’re all over the place after that research collaboration in Amsterdam. You’ve been exchanging as much information as possible, but even with picking up calls and messages at the oddliest hours of the day or night, you’ve had to fly back and forth between different countries several times within Daiki’s last term before school ended. Your trip even got extended once or twice because you were asked to lead a panel or talk since you were already in the area, and you couldn’t get out of it.

And so with you bouncing around the hemisphere half the time, Daiki has spent more of that time living with Sawamura, which has given you more time to stew in your own self-disparaging thoughts. Your irrational fear of Daiki getting farther away from you by growing closer to Sawamura seems to slowly become feasible.

The nights when you’re both home and eating together, Daiki almost always forgets to ask you about your day because he’s so animated with his own storytelling. Which is not a bad thing because he has so many things he’s doing, therefore much to say, but his ego has grown a bit more like an adolescent than you had expected.

He’s always excited to talk about how he’s improved with volleyball, or brag about something new that he learned with his father. You wonder if he ever talks this much about you to his friends or father, but your doubt in that grows stronger as you and Daiki seem to do and say less to each other with how busy you both become.

The end of the year finals are coming, and although he’s pretty bright, he’s taken up the role of tutoring all of his friends and classmates who want to join. Occasionally, he comes to you for help,
but he’s always been the type to enjoy solving a challenge on his own. And although winter has hit a large part of the world, work never ceases for you. More and more of Tsukuba’s EDL alumni are hopping aboard your policy changing project, and spreading its ideas and influence across their different circles. And it’s gaining speed, with several city governments in Europe and Japan agreeing to adopt the food redistribution plan in some form.

Despite how your plans and work is taking off just like you had hoped it would ever since you graduated high school, your heart feels emptier by the day. All you can think about is a family photo of Daiki and you not being able to be a part of it. Your irrational fears of Daiki forgetting you altogether grow and spread within you like a cancerous disease because you’re not in his life enough, or because Sawamura is there for him whenever you should be, and he’s taken up your role for you.

And this fear of Daiki starting to love Sawamura more than you manifests itself into something else illogical and senseless as you begin to feel dislike for Sawamura. As you picture his handsome face or his well-developed body, you want to claw and shred at the mental image. You want to hate Sawamura for doing everything that you can’t and being everything that you can’t be. The even more dangerous image of Daiki and Sawamura enjoying themselves on a regular night or chatting in a bathhouse or bantering in that casual way that they do without you forms hot tears in your eyes.

Drowning yourself in your work only numbs you for a little while until you crash in exhaustion, and you’re left to float in your pitiful thoughts until you fall asleep. And if the images in your head aren’t bad enough, they become even clearer to you whenever you return to Chiba and find an empty apartment. Or when Daiki picks up your call only to let you know that he’s staying over at a friend’s house or at Sawamura’s place.

Whenever you do see Daiki, he resembles Sawamura more and more each day. The perfect intelligent, attractive, and healthy young man that he is and probably wouldn’t be if it were just you who had been raising him. But you start to wonder if you really are raising him anymore when you only see each other a few hours a week? Daiki has always been self-sufficient, but now he even has the sense to leave something for you to eat whenever you get home.

As much as you want to hate him, or hate Sawamura, or hate yourself, you know that there’s really no rational outlet that deserves all the negativity that you create for yourself out of the situation. You probably hadn’t even been this down when your first long-term boyfriend broke your heart. You had known back then that your emotions could be volatile, so you had silently sworn to yourself that you would focus only on you and your career until you had control of everything.

But then Daiki came in and stole your heart with his spitfire passion for marine life and his beautiful seven-year-old eyes. After all these years of nurturing him, he’s found someone else to call ‘dad’ more comfortably, and you can’t blame anyone, not even yourself, for not being able to do or be everything. You know it’s illogical to be skilled at everything, and from the very start you had not planned to be a parent, but you still can’t push away the sadness and anger and betrayal that has
slowly built in your heart up until now.

And before you know it, it’s summer again. And Sawamura has invited Daiki and you to Okinawa for a long weekend vacation. “It was Daiki’s idea actually. He says that it’s been too long since you two have spent quality time together, and it’s only going to get crazier as the high school examinations come around, so he suggested we take our time off while we can. Although I don’t really know why he suggested I come as well if he wanted to spend his time with you.” Sawamura chuckles.

*Probably because he wouldn’t consider it a family trip without you,* you think to yourself, but smile anyway and thank Sawamura for organizing the trip.

The first day consists of a jumpy plane ride, playing around in the hotel, and exploring the island on a rented car before settling down to eat dinner at a place that Sawamura’s friend recommended. So far, the day had been a refreshing break from all the work and stress from being away from Daiki, and the boy himself was actually making equal conversation with you like he used to. He even sounds excited to hear about all the new developments in the food redistribution policy project, and how you’re gaining more people and countries on your side.

Since it’s his third year in middle school, Daiki’s main concerns (or more like his friends’ concerns) are high school entrance exams. “Did you have one you wanted to go to in particular?” you ask, slicing up your smoked salmon. It really is to die for.

“Actually, that’s what I wanted to talk to you about.” he looks anxious, almost nervous. He usually only got that look when he was younger and he knew he did something that was going to get him in trouble.

“Daiki, you don’t have to ask about it now. We’re on vacation.” Sawamura says.

“But I’ve been thinking about it a lot, and I want to ask now.” Daiki says before turning to you again, “I really want to go to Tokyo Tech for high school.”

“Tokyo Tech? Hmm, that’s an impressive goal. I think you could do it.” you smile, trying to hide the familiar sense of pride swelling in your chest. There’s no way that Daiki *wouldn’t* be able to get into Tokyo Tech, basically a bridge school of sciences for those looking to go to the joint university in the future.
“Yeah, so I could go there, learn more of the complicated stuff through their special programs and maybe talk to some teachers about getting me into the university courses with special permission if I work hard enough, and then maybe go out of Japan for university.” Daiki explains.

You purse your lips with an impressed look, “Sounds like you’ve got it all mapped out. But remember kid, you can take it slow.”

“Yeah… and also,” This must be the part where he confesses about what he’s so nervous about, “I was… going to ask… if it would be okay for me to live with dad if I got in.”

Your smoked salmon stops halfway to your mouth, “Huh?” you look up, your voice suddenly getting softer.

“Because! Because like, you know, dad actually lives in the city, and he’s not too far from where the school is, so I thought it’d be a better idea if I could live there and do all of those extracurricular activities without adding the commute time…” his voice kind of trails off, which means that he’s still sensitive to how you might be feeling. Either that or he’s just worried that you’ll say no. You don’t want to think you’ve become distanced enough for it to fall into the latter.

“Uhm, sure.” you shrug in a small voice.

“Eh? Really?” Daiki almost stands up from his seat.

“Really?” Sawamura furrows his eyebrows.

“Sure. It’s a sensible idea.” you shrug again after forcing your salmon down, hoping you can also swallow the dull pain that’s thudding in your chest. “It makes sense to live closer so you don’t have to worry about that on top of your studies and other things. Besides, you live at Daichi’s place half the time now anyway. There’s no harm in just moving in. And it’s not like you’re not going to visit me, right?” you try your best at teasing.

“Of course I’m visiting!” he shouts as if it was immoral to even think otherwise, “Maybe not as often, but there’s no way that I’m not seeing you at least once a week! Even if you’re working, we’re still seeing each other.” he seems pumped now that he’s gotten permission to move in with his dad. And he goes on like that for the rest of the evening, which would make you feel good if you didn’t know that they were just words.
From the corner of your eye, you know Sawamura is watching you carefully, and occasionally turning back to Daiki, but he’s obviously thinking hard about something if not disapproving. He’s got a stern dad look on his face right now, and you’re almost sad to admit that it suits him.

The second day in Okinawa goes by in a flurry of beach games, endless snacking, and some illegal fireworks that you really shouldn’t be condoning but can’t help watching. Coincidentally, one of Daiki’s friends from school is also here on vacation too, and he brought enough fireworks to set a forest alight. As you watch the bright flowers burst into the pitch Okinawa sky, Sawamura sits beside you, “Hey.” he hums in a voice so deep it would normally make you shudder if you weren’t feeling so perpetually foul.

“Hey.” you sigh back without looking at him.

There’s a small silence that seems to carry something heavy, but Sawamura breaks it, “Are you enjoying yourself so far?”

“It’s good to see Daiki happy.” is all you say.

“Is something wrong?”

“Why do you ask?”

“I know I haven’t seen you very much lately, but I feel as if you’ve been distant. Daiki notices but he chooses not to say anything about it.” When you slightly curve your head, you see that burning hardness in his eyes that he had that evening when you came home last summer, when he told you that Daiki would have grown up happy with or without him in his life. Looking at the way Daiki is now, you find that statement from way back impossible to be. “Before, I feel like you would have said something more like ‘Seeing Daiki happy makes me happy,’ but now it’s just ‘it’s good to see him happy.’ What’s changed?”

“As if you don’t know.” you scoff, but when you turn to look at his eyes full of sincerity but something harder, stronger and relentless, and you regret having let slip what you said.
“What is it that I should know?” Even his voice has hardened.

“Never mind, Daichi. It’s nothing.” you shake your head, hoping he’ll just let you go back to watching the fireworks.

But a strong, warm hand on your shoulder tells you you’re not getting what you want, “Of course it’s not nothing. [Name], you really don’t expect me not to notice that something’s happened, do you? We’re practically family, you know you can tell me anything and I’ll do whatever it is I can to help.”

“We’re ‘family’? What makes you say that?” you almost let out a bitter laugh, but you settle for staring angrily out at the dark sea that almost blends in with the equally dark sky. You zero in your focus on the darkness in front of you and the contrasting bright explosions above to ignore the burning ache forming in your head.

“What do you mean? Of course we’re family, you’re Daiki’s mother. And I… I know we’re not… we’re not married or anything, but I really do see us as a family, even if we’re not together all that often anymore.” If you were paying more attention when the light of the fireworks illuminated his face, you might have seen the slight blush caressing his face.

But you’re really too preoccupied by the flood of emotions bursting out of your body like a dam breaking. You don’t know when, but that ache that had been forming pretty much all night, you realize, finally took shape and falls down your face in hot streaks. You can’t see in front of you anymore, even the darkness is blurry with tears, and you’re starting to shake. “[Name]!?” comes Sawamura’s panicked voice. “Are you ok--”

“That’s easy for you to say when Daiki still treats you like family. He doesn’t even call me ‘mom’ and he never has!” you lash out at Sawamura before you can stop yourself, “After doing the best I could to become a parent, it’s clear that I wasn’t fit for the job now that he has the dad he’s always wanted to take my place.”

 “[Name], what are you even saying? That’s complete nonsense, it’s not true.” Sawamura’s grip on you is tighter now, as if he wants to squeeze some sense into you. And you know you’re not making sense to even yourself right now, but as the words come out, they sound pretty logical to you.

“Come on, Daichi, open your eyes.” you wrench your shoulder away from his touch, which causes more tears to fall out of your eyes and wet your face. They’re not stopping, “Daiki has only known you for a year and now he’s leaving me to live with you. You saw how happy he was to be moving in with you and away from me. I might as well be a formality.” You’re crying now, really full-on
sobbing. You’d be surprised if Sawamura could understand what you said.

But you think you’ve had enough for tonight. You’ve spread your emotions too thin and you don’t want everyone to see you this way. It’s bad enough that Sawamura, the caring, amazing, hot, single dad has seen you blubbering like this. If you let Daiki, the most important person in your life see you this way, you don’t know if you could ever live with the shame or embarrassment.

Sawamura tries to stop you when you stand and walk towards the beach house that you’re staying at, “[Name], wait. Stop, please. You don’t know what you’re saying.”

And he’s right, but it still sounds right to you when you hear it aloud, “I know that what I’m saying isn't baseless. And no matter what you may think, it's clear that I'm not as a good a mother as you are a father.”

This time, you storm back to the beach house, and you shower off the sand and dirt and tears until your skin feels raw. Once you're dried off and you have your yukata on properly, you pin your hair up and ignore the puffy faced woman you see in the mirror before walking back out.

Sawamura is there, and he stands immediately, as if he’s been on alert. You lower your head and walk past him to sit on the floor of the wooden porch. Before you is a darkness as vast as the ocean that you know is there, but can't make out. And despite all your bitter emotions and drained body, you can still feel a bit of pleasure from the soft evening wind that blows across your face and saturates the air with sea salt.

As expected, Sawamura sits down beside you, but he places a cup of tea in between you on the porch. “Have a sip.” he suggests, which clearly means he made some sort of concoction that's probably meant to soothe your unstable emotions. You're not even at the age for menopause yet, but you feel as if you might be an early bloomer.

You do take a sip, and it's fantastic. It's some light green tea that really makes you feel warm after all the dehydration of crying your body weight in tears. After closing your eyes and taking a few minutes to let the warm drink settle into your body, you breathe a sigh and turn to Sawamura, “I’m sorry about that. I didn’t mean to lash out at you like that, Daichi. You didn’t deserve that.”

“[Name], I don’t mind you venting a bit at all. What I am concerned about is how you've gone on feeling like this and thinking all of these… ridiculous things about how Daiki feels.” Sawamura says in a soft, but deep voice that makes you internally shudder. “He does not feel that way, there is no way that Daiki would choose between us. And even if there was some impossible situation in which he did have to choose, you shouldn’t write yourself off so quickly after you’ve seen and helped him
grow up for half his life.”

At that you sigh, because as much as you want to believe him, you don’t know if you can based on Daiki’s recent behavior. He’s changed in the past year, that was for sure. You wouldn’t consider it a bad thing since he was finally getting in touch with his adolescence like you had hoped. It’s just that you didn’t expect to be left out in the background.

“Daichi, I appreciate you coming to take care of me and tell me that, and I apologized for taking all of my negative feelings out on you. But I don’t believe that all of what I said is untrue, even if I said it in a frenzy.” you admit. “Daiki is a new boy, and there is absolutely nothing wrong about that. But if this new Daiki feels like he can get along better with you, and he’d like to spend more time with his father, then there’s nothing I can do about that.”

Sawamura makes his first move to scoot closer to you, “[Name], I don’t believe for one second that Daiki is some insensitive, self-serving teenager that you seem to think he’s become. He might be a little obsessed with me right now, but he knows what’s still important to him.” he puts a gentle hand back on your shoulder, just like he had earlier at the beach underneath the fireworks.

“If anything, I think you’re the one who’s taking yourself for granted. You keep talking about what Daiki wants, but he loves you, and he wants what you want. He tells me all the time how he’s concerned about how you’re overworking yourself, but he doesn’t want to get in the way of you furthering your career. And he only mentioned this to me once, but I have never seen him more vulnerable than when he told me that he feels like he was the reason that your career was slowed down in the first place.”

Sawamura takes a moment to chuckle, “It’s funny how you two are so similar in that aspect, feeling guilt over some irrational fear that probably isn’t real. Daiki told me how he thinks it’s unfair to you for having to take responsibility for him even though he isn’t your blood child. I think that if you would just tell him that you miss him, he would tell you the same.”

Well this is news to you. You hadn’t even considered that idea, because you always told Daiki how much you love him and how he’s such a blessing in your life. He still might be a bit young to understand all of that, but to come up with a conclusion like that on his own? Maybe you didn’t know Daiki as well as you thought you did. Should you feel better about that? Or does this add to the fact that he’s willing to trust Sawamura with this feeling within the one year he’s known him as opposed to the several years he’s known you?

“Daiki’s never said anything about something like that to me.” you can’t help but waver to your hope that you still have a place in Daiki’s heart.
“Well, of course not,” Sawamura chuckles again, finally taking his large, warm hand off of your shoulder. You’re embarrassed to even think about how cold it feels now. The breeze doesn’t feel so welcome anymore. “There’s no way he would burden you with that kind of confession, because what if it turns out to be true? Either you would lie to him to save his feelings, or you’d completely break his heart, is how he probably sees it. You two are very similar in that thought pattern.”

You stew in your thoughts for a while longer, until you shift your hand just the slightest as you put your empty cup to the side. It’s then that you realize that Sawamura has almost eliminated the space between your hands. There’s but a few hairs of space between your arms and your breath catches before you realize. Just having brushed fingers has you on the edge of an electric fence, tingling.

You can’t tell if Sawamura feels the same electrifying vibes as you do, but you’re grateful that he continues to talk. Although you don’t know if you’re just imagining the reverberation of his deep voice traveling through your bodies through your brushing fingers and arms. It’s almost pathetic how you’re already 29 and this 32-year-old father is making your pulse race and skin sting like a young teenager.

“You know he loves you a lot.” Sawamura says in a voice so low it’s almost a whisper.

When you tilt your head just a few degrees, you can already tell that he’s staring intensely and intently down at your face. You feel breathless, but you try to talk your way through it anyway, “Yeah, but maybe it won’t stay that way. He calls you dad and he still only calls me [Name]-san. It sounds like I’m the one hindering his life.” you turn back to the beach, unable to handle the pure strength in Sawamura’s eyes.

“And he was meant to grow up with you all this time anyway. How can I keep him from being happy when his father wants to be in his life and he wants the same?”

There’s a deep, heavy silence that you feel could tame all of the ocean waves on this beach. You don’t know what you’re trying to do anymore, but you’re babbling now, “And there’s also my time and career that keeps us apart and I feel like he doesn’t need anything from me anymore…”

“That’s not true.” Was that the breeze or Sawamura’s breath that brushed against your neck? You don’t know which one you hope it to be more. “He needs you most. More than he’ll ever need me.”

You can’t help it anymore, you have to look at him. You feel like he’s speaking to you from the depths of his soul, his voice is so deep and resounding. And his eyes tell you the same thing. You can’t look away now.
“He loves talking about you. And whenever I recommend for him to try something new, he always wonders what you’ll think first.” This time, you feel his breath brush against your face. And while you’re hearing the words coming out of his mouth, your body is only receptive of his body right now.

“Maybe so,” Dear god, your voice sounds so weak, it’s pathetic. “But he’s growing up so fast. Soon he’ll be able to make decisions in his own life without even thinking about me…”

Something finally compels Sawamura to lift his large, strong hands up to gently hold your face, and you don’t know why, but that somehow intensifies the connection between your gazes, as if you’re communicating without talking anymore, but about something else entirely. “You know that’s not true. It’ll never be true… He loves you.” he takes a moment to scan the rest of your face, and linger at your lips for a bit. “And I know exactly why.”

The next moment, you don’t see anymore. Your eyes have fluttered closed and you can only feel. Feel Sawamura’s lips pressed firmly against yours, his hands cupping your face, his thigh pressed against yours, his heat traveling into your body, his tender affection communicating to your entire body and mind and soul. This kiss is so beautiful that you could cry. It resounds in every cell of your body and infuses a little bit of Sawamura into each molecule until you are completely permeated by his existence.

Every glide and movement of Sawamura’s lips against yours soaks you in something that feels like honey for your soul. Each touch and sensation washes you into another zone of Sawamura. And when your thoughts are coherent enough to realize that’s his tongue sliding gently across your lip, your entire spirit trembles and you start to doubt if you’ve ever truly felt anything up until now.

It’s over all too soon when you let slip a helpless mewl, and Sawamura pulls away to catch his breath. You’re dizzy, you have to steady yourself on the wooden planks of the porch and look down at the pattern of your yukata to stabilize your vision. You’ve never had a kiss like that. Everything you’ve ever experienced that might be categorized as a kiss is pitiful compared to what Sawamura’s mouth just did to you.

But before you can fully right your head and think of a way to assess the situation, Daiki comes running from down the beach, “[Name]-san! Dad!” he calls when he catches sight of you two together.

“Daiki?” you pipe up first, “What’s wrong?”
“Haruki’s mom told me… told me that… that you guys… had a fight? Or something?” he pants out between breaths.

Sawamura looks at you as if urging you to tell him something, but you’re so muddled right now that you can’t be bothered to remember what you had talked about earlier. So you just turn back to Daiki and do your best not to sound as dizzy as you feel, “No, there was no fight. I did get upset over something, but we’ve talked it out. There’s nothing wrong.”

Out of the corner of your eye, you can see Sawamura’s broad shoulders slump just a little in disappointment, but you keep your focus on Daiki. “Oh,” he says, “Well, uhm… that’s good, then.” His face shows that he isn’t completely convinced of anything, and his eyes keep lingering on your face. You start to remember that you had come out of the shower kind of puffy, but it might be dark enough to hide that.

“Why don’t you come here and join us?” you pat the almost nonexistent spot between you and Sawamura, and the man beside you scoots back over to make space immediately.

“Here, have some tea.” Sawamura pours another mug from the teapot he had set next to him. He refills your cup as well, looking as if he was completely unaffected by what just happened, but the way he shyly avoids your gaze is some indicator that you had not just imagined that entire thing. It would be impossible for you to have made up something like that. But soon enough, the three of you are having a civilized, friendly conversation on the back porch as if you hadn’t had an emotional breakdown not even an hour ago and the most mind blowing kiss of your life a minute before.

You talk and joke and laugh altogether and the entire scene really feels like something out of a family photo album. And if you’re honest with yourself, you don’t feel displaced at all. If anything, you’re enjoying yourself, so you work your hardest to push away those insecure thoughts that always pop up at the worst times for the evening.

That night, when you’re all tucked into the tatami mats on the floor placed beside each other, you lie awake staring at the dark ceiling. It’s not completely dark because the moon is particularly bright outside the window, and it illuminates the room with a soft glow that shines on Daiki’s sleeping face that’s sleeping beside you. He looks like a little angel, and you smile at the thought, because he really was like a little angel that flew into your life one day.

On his other side lies Sawamura, who you realize isn’t yet asleep when he softly calls your name. You look up from your affectionate gaze at Daiki to find Sawamura’s moving figure in the darkness, but he’s probably still lying down. You reply with a soft, “Yes?” as not to wake Daiki.
“About Daiki coming to live with me for high school,” he starts, and you bite your lip, not really wanting to address this topic right before you were going to sleep. Who knows how long it would haunt you before you finally found sleep? “Why don’t you come live together with us?”

“What?” you blurt out before you can stop yourself. You hadn’t even considered that option. Now that you think about it, there are a lot of things that you haven’t considered because you were always busy stewing you own self pity. But after tonight, with such a pleasant little family huddle on the back porch, and the most sensational lip lock you’ve ever fathomed, you don’t find imagining the three of you living together as difficult as you expected.

“You could come live with Daiki and me. I… I have enough room, and I really wouldn’t mind having you around as well.” he says.

That’s true. Sawamura’s apartment has two bedrooms, as well as a pull-out sofa in the living room, so it wouldn’t be difficult to live with three people in his home. Maybe you all could even sleep in the same room on the floor with each other like tonight. It’s such a tempting offer. So incredibly tempting.

But no, it wouldn’t work. Daiki is a growing teenage boy, he’ll want his privacy. And the same would probably go for Sawamura. Not to mention moving would probably be a hassle. As much as the word ‘yes’ is lingering at the tip of your tongue, “No, Chiba is closer to my research facility. And my EDL project is picking up speed. I might be out of the country more and more, which is one of the main reasons why I told Daiki he could stay with you. I don’t want to leave him alone when he needs more support in high school.” you continue to make excuses.

“Then come stay during the weekends.” Sawamura compromises.

“But--”

“It doesn’t have to be all the time, and you’ll still be busy, yes. But whenever you can, just stay with us during the weekends.” The firmness in his voice doesn’t make it sound like he’s going to take no for an answer.

You’re quiet for a while before you finally sigh, “We can try it out.”

Sawamura’s figure seems to settle in its position and soon starts moving slowly with his calmed breathing.
So you try it out, right after summer vacation ends, and it actually works out spectacularly well. The weekends are something you all seem to look forward to now, in which you laugh over hot pot dinners and television game shows together. Sometimes you play board games or just have intensive debates about social issues that you would expect to have at a bar with a coworker, but Daiki has always been able to keep up with.

The rooming arrangements are a bit confusing because the pullout sofa has been reduced to a regular sofa, since something got broken when Daiki was doing some sort of physics experiment in the living room. And since the bedroom that Daiki uses is filled with his science projects and other contraptions, somehow you ended up sharing a room with Sawamura whenever you sleep over. After relentless arguments, you both agree to sleep on his queen-sized bed.

Neither of you had ever mentioned the kiss aloud, but the tension was high when it was just the two of you alone together. You and Sawamura were both insistent about just sleeping on the floor, but eventually you both lost and had to compromise with the most practical option. The bed was easily fit for two, and nothing but your own pride was keeping you apart.

At first, you didn’t know if you had the guts to sleep in the same bed with Sawamura, or the willpower to leave him alone if you did. But the first few weekends went by smoothly enough. You were tense until you got tired enough to fall asleep, but you managed to control yourself. But it was still pretty damn challenging.

If you thought Sawamura in his usual business suit was hard to ignore, Sawamura in his pajamas is hard to resist. You had pegged him as a t-shirt and sweatpants kind of guy, but just your luck, he sleeps in a tank and boxers. And in actually, the tank top is just courtesy, because apparently he usually sleeps in just the boxers, according to an outburst from Daiki one morning.

That’s one of the more difficult things about staying over during the weekends. You don’t know whether Sawamura is more attractive in the evening when he’s being domestic and fatherly, or in the morning when he’s sleepy and husky-voiced. And despite pointedly trying to ignore the firm shape of his arms and thighs, the tank top really weakens you. It’s embarrassing.

Well at least you seem to have the same effect on him when he seems laser focused on your face
rather than the large jersey and small shorts you usually wear to sleep. Once, you had actually forgotten to bring it over after a flight home, so Sawamura offered you one of his old volleyball jerseys.

That had been a night full of lectures because you had tried to imitate some moves before Daiki and Sawamura took it upon themselves to explain to you the proper techniques for receiving and spiking and serving and other things. But you had a feeling that Sawamura was just relieved to have a task to focus on so he wouldn’t continue staring at you in his clothes.

And there finally came a night in which neither of you could ignore the pulsing need for each other’s bodies. For some reason, Daiki was really excited to play Twister because he had played it at a sleepover before, and his friend let him borrow it for a family game night. Needless to say, you brushed and rubbed and held yourself under, over, and around Sawamura’s body in a tangle that Daiki also joined. Each round, you had all fallen over each other laughing, and it was actually incredibly fun, but there was no denying the thick tension you blatantly ignored whenever you landed on or put your face near Sawamura’s crotch, and he yours.

You and Sawamura could ignore your building desires as much as you wanted in front of Daiki, but once the bedroom door was closed, there was no escape for either of you. Admittedly, you both tried your best at first, but all it took was a brush of your hip against his strong thigh to get the both of you to freeze in your tracks. Sidestepping each other from where you had been about to walk away from the dresser and Sawamura towards it for a clean shirt, he puts what he must believe to be a casual hand on your shoulder before asking if you’re okay.

But you barely register what he says because your body goes wild. The heat and weight of his large hand practically melts you and lights your core on fire. His freaking hand on your shoulder. And you’re already getting wet. You want him desperately closer, for his heat to engulf you, to feel his strong hands sliding down your arms to grip at your hips. You want him everywhere, and he can see that clear as day through your eyes.

It’s a silent submission. Sawamura leans down to kiss you with just his lips. Your noses barely brush, but this rising heat and mind-numbing tingle is unmistakable. You had wondered if another kiss would have been the same as the first one you shared, but it’s clear that the heightened tension built up upon weeks of ignoring each other has sent you crashing. And when Sawamura presses closer still, your body falls into shambles. You don’t know how you’re still standing.

It’s impossible to tell how much time passes by, if you’re even conscious of time, but eventually you feel Sawamura press his chest softly against yours as he places his hands on your hips. He’s so… pecs. And hands. Hot. Hard. Good. He feels so good.

Your thoughts jumble and come together in bits and pieces, so you don’t bother to think as you tilt
your own head to participate more actively in this kiss. And when you regain consciousness of your own hands, they’re sliding up Sawamura’s smooth, bare arms until they clutch at his shoulders. He’s unreal.

You’re moaning and you know it. And he knows it. In the back of your mind, you can only hope that Daiki can’t hear from his room on the other side of the small hallway separating the bedrooms. But Sawamura makes it difficult for you to think about anything other than him. Him and his hot body and beautiful soul and pure eyes and tender touch. His cologne had done a number on you back during the first rounds of Twister, but now you’re drowning in it, in a sea of Sawamura and you don’t know how to swim.

Cursing yourself for needing to breathe, you pull away from his mouth, although your chests still touch and your hands are clutching onto each other’s bodies like lifelines. “This is crazy.” you breathe out for some reason as you try to remember the color of his eyes, because all you see is pupil right now.

“Is it really so crazy?” he closes his eyes and nips at your mouth, then your jaw, then your neck. But he lifts his head back up to tell you to your face, “I’m attracted to you. I won’t pretend that I’m not. I have been since around the time we met.”

He leans in to press another viscous kiss against your lips. Your vision is swimming as much as your mind is, but your mouth runs, “So what do you want me to do?”

Sawamura breathes through his nose as if he’s in pain as he returns your heady gaze. He kisses, then licks at your lips before pressing your foreheads together, “Well, right now…” he whispers in that shudder-inducing voice of his, “I’d love to continue where we left off.”

He punctuates his request with yet another knee-melting kiss. You can feel your thighs twitching, and your underwear dampening. “And maybe…” he continues talking through several kisses across your face, neck, ear, collarbone, “later on… We can go out together. Just the two of us.”

When your lips are freed again, you try to focus your gaze on the perfection of man in front of and all around you, “Well what if it doesn’t work out between us?” You and your stupid logical mouth. You are literally cock-blocking yourself right now. “We have a child we both deeply care about. If we don’t work out, then what about him?” you manage to breathe out coherently enough for yourself to hear, at least. And with Sawamura’s proximity, he can luckily hear you as well.

Then Sawamura does something beyond romantic, it’s almost tragic. He lifts your chin up between his fingers to gaze deeply into your faded eyes, and says in his deepest voice yet, “With a such a
wonderful woman like you, I would do anything I could to make it work out.”

As he says it, you feel as if he’s just recited a lyrical poem to you in a voice sculpted by the muses themselves. He could probably break you with a look, but you want to have faith that he won’t. And as he comes closer to your face, he whispers, “But in the case that you would reject me even then, Daiki would accept and make the most of whatever outcome would happen. And so would I.”

Closing his eyes to leaving a brush of a kiss across your lips, he leaves you trembling in his wake as he moves his mouth up to brush his lips against your ear, “But I’d really love it if we could work out somehow, and become like a real family.”

Oh, he’s the devil. Or at least an angel disguised as one. You’ve never heard everything you’ve ever wanted summed up into one sentence like that before. As Sawamura’s lips work magic across your mouth and shoulders, his hands start moving. One hand moves down to cup your butt, while the other moves up to gently caress your stomach. And your befuddled brain suddenly conjures up images of a new child in your life, coming to life in your body, bringing new love and happiness to your family.

A picture of Daiki holding his baby sibling in his arms, taking them for a walk, tutoring them in school. A mirage of Sawamura lying beside you in bed every night, holding your hand, caressing your stomach like he is now. A fantasy of him, just him, naked. And him putting his mouth on other parts of you, and you putting your mouth on other parts of him. He tastes incredible in this mirage, and he wants you so, so bad. As much as you want him.

Then a press of Sawamura’s hard length against your stomach reminds you that this is not just fantasy. He’s here and ready for you, wanting you. And without warning, you grip at his shoulders hard enough to hold yourself up as you lift and wrap your legs around Sawamura’s waist, pressing his hard-on right up against the center of your core. Even with the layers of fabric between you, the heat is scorching.

Sawamura groans as you press your hips harder against him, forcing your core against the shape of his shaft in his pants. You might be imagining it, but Sawamura’s small noises seem to correlate with the pulsating of your lower region pressed against him, even through the clothing. And then you’re rocking. Sawamura has his hands on your butt, holding you up as he bucks up into you while standing.

Your legs clamp tight around his waist, needing him closer, harder, faster, and you’re moaning. You’re moaning relentlessly. You’re moaning even when Sawamura uses a hand to force your head down to press your lips onto his. You’re moaning all the while as he bucks and thrusts against you with one forearm cradling your weight from beneath your ass to hold you up.
You can feel every one of his sinewy muscles flexing as he holds you up and rubs against you. It’s spectacular, the way his biceps pulse, and his thigh muscles contract beneath you, and his shoulders are resilient to your scratching and squeezing as he rocks your bodies together.

“More.” you croak out, breathless.

“Huh?” Sawamura replies, just as breathless, taking a pause with his bucking hips.

“More.” you whisper, holding your hips away as best as you can while your legs are still clamped around his waist to pull down the waistband of his sweats. With some effort, you find his thick, hot shaft and pull it out.

The first touch leaves a searing imprint on your palm from the heat, but you can’t help but love the burn as you pump him a few times in your hand. Sawamura throws his head back with another groan of pained pleasure, “God, yes.” It almost sounds like a prayer.

As good as he feels in your hand, you wanted more than that, so you let your hips do the talking for you. Wrapping your arms around Sawamura’s shoulders again, you’re back to bucking your hips against his crotch, pressing his naked shaft harder against your soaked shorts. It’s not nearly enough of what you need, but it’s better than before, when you had another few layers of fabric obscuring the friction.

“Ah…! Ah…!” you voice comes out in little gasps as Sawamura helps you with the thrusting. It really does make a bit of a difference, because now you can rub against his more sensitive areas more substantially. And then you grab at the tip of his cock to flick your thumb across it and circle around the seam until he comes. All over your hand and jersey. And you love it.

Unwrapping your legs from around his waist, Sawamura sets you down gently. But you’re quite sore from the intensive squeezing, so you fall onto the edge of his bed, and he follows you with his hands still attached to your hips to catch you. Carefully, observantly, you lift your hand up to see the white running down along your wrist and forearm, threatening to drip down onto your bare thigh. So this is Sawamura’s cum, you think as you lick at it.

You hear him suck in a sharp breath and your eyes shoot back to Sawamura’s face, where you see he’s biting his lip as he watches you intently. You keep your eyes on him as you flick your tongue out to take another dollop into your mouth, and a deep resounding growl sounds from Sawamura’s throat. You only have time to take one more lick before he’s on top of you, kissing you like crazy.
Your entire body is on fire, shot by lightning, underneath a waterfall. He’s already half hard again, and rubbing against your clothed core hard enough to rock the bed just a bit. You moan into his mouth as you raise your hips up to meet his in a circular rubbing of your crotches. But just as you’re finally about to pique, he pulls his mouth and hips away from you, and he looks at you with playful eyes as if he isn’t being totally cruel.

Putting a finger to his lips, he reminds you to stay quiet before he lowers himself to the ground on his knees so he can pull your shorts and panties off of your legs. You shudder as his fingertips travel down along the length of your legs to follow your bottoms. When you lift your head, you feel your face grow hot as you see the look on Sawamura’s face as he eyes your pussy.

It has been a long, long time since you’ve shown a man that part of yourself, but all of your distant memories falter in comparison to the deep and pure hunger and ambition you see in Sawamura’s dark eyes. You feel like hours pass by as his face comes closer to the space between your legs, but when he makes contact with your lower lips, you know that a kiss from him down there is just the same as a kiss on your mouth - electrifying.

Maybe skill comes with his age, and Sawamura has obviously been with several women, but you could never have even fathomed the sheer skill of his tongue and mouth. He knows just where to kiss, where to lick, where to suck, and when to interchange spots and motions. “Oh…” you throw your head back, grabbing handfuls of the blanket and sheets beneath you, “Daichi…” you breathe, mind utterly blanked out. There’s nothing but him.

“Say that again.” he murmurs against your core, poking his tongue into your entrance.

It takes you a moment to realize he’s lingering with just the tip of his tongue at your entrance, and it takes you another moment to process his request. But eventually it comes together somehow in your swampy thoughts, and you manage to mewl again, “Daichi…”

“God, yes.” he moans against your pussy, diving right in. His moan travels deeper into you than anything you’ve ever felt. It’s as if he’s touched your inner soul that lays at rest inside your body, and he’s awakened it with a command of his tongue. Your body responds to everything he does; every flick of his tongue against your walls, every scrape of his teeth against your lips, every thorough suck of your clit, and each caress of his hands along your hips, thighs, calves, stomach.

And when he fondles your breasts, you’re a goner. His hands are underneath your jersey and he pulls at your nipples between his index and middle fingers, using his thumbs and remaining fingers to squeeze at the rise of your breasts. “Oh, Daichi!” you squeal, bringing your hands down to bury into his hair. It’s short, but just long enough for you to pull.
He responds to your call by moaning your name into your hot, dripping core until you spill out all over his mouth and chin. And he laps it up as eagerly as you had his cum. Your body is still trembling even when he finishes, and he brings his face up to kiss you a little more sloppily this time. You can taste yourself in his tongue, and you really don’t mind the taste since it’s mixed with Sawamura’s.

This time, when he pulls away, he smiles down at you affectionately, “I knew you’d taste amazing.” And before you can even feel embarrassed about what he said, he’s pushed two fingers inside of you. “Oh!” you slap a hand over your mouth to keep yourself from shouting.

Yes, indeed, it has been a very long time. But every minute Sawamura touches you, you feel wetter than the ocean and even more desperate to have him whole. He keeps a slow and steady pace for you, and only when your body has released its tension does he add his third finger in, alternating between thrusting and curling and scissoring inside of you. It feels like an eternity, but with Sawamura’s kisses along your neck and cheek and nose, you find the patience to wait through it. *You will get what you want*, he promises.

*But when?* You want to scream. Only Sawamura’s butterfly kisses on your face prod and distract you from your own impatience and frustration with your own body. But with a few rubs of his thumb against your clit, you manage to cope better. And when he presses harder and flicks at it in unpredictable intervals of rubbing it, you manage to finally come with vivid images of Sawamura’s dick inside of you permeating your mind.

Sawamura disappears from your body for a moment to slip a condom on his newly hardened cock, and to pull his tank top over his head to throw on the ground. You follow suit and try to lift the jersey up off of your body from your position lying on the bed. With a bit of help, you and Sawamura throw the jersey off to the side so you can revel in each other’s naked beauty.

Well, mostly naked. You eye the condom slipped over his impressive shaft, and suddenly you want it in your mouth too. You just want it everywhere, but Sawamura keeps your focus on him as he aligns himself with your core. The tip kisses the entrance, and you can’t help but smile. You are anticipating this so hard, you want all of him, and you want him now.

Staring up to admire his toned chest and arms, you watch his concentrated expression as he slowly moves into you. The slide is easier than you expected because of how wet you are, but it still takes a bit of adjusting to his size. “Daichi…” you lift your hand up to caress his cheek.

“[Name].” he whispers as he places his own hand over yours on his cheek, and he beams into your eyes with the pure tenderness and care that only the greatest lover among the gods could express.
Pulling out slowly, he slides back in, sinking into your skin like a fine syrup, driving you into a sugar rush. Sawamura presses his chest against yours as he continues gliding in and out of you until your expression and body relax completely.

You run your hands generously down his muscled back, trying to memorize each curve and crevice through touch alone, wanting to have him ingrained into your very being. And when you run your hands lower, you find yet another impressive asset of his body as you squeeze his firm ass. The action pushes him harder against you as his rolls his hips against yours. And its snake-like movement inside of you lights a shower of stars to blur your vision. “Daichi.” you moan into his neck, “More.” and finally he changes the pace.

Soon, he’s pumping more and more rapidly into you until he’s practically hammering himself into your insides. Only his mouth atop yours muffles the tireless moans and whimpers that come out of your throat as he throws himself into you completely, losing himself as you do the same.

He slips a hand down between your bodies to rub and pinch at your clit in a desperate attempt to have you come with him. And as your breathing shortens with his ministrations, he can tell you’re close, so he adjusts his own pace to pound into you until he’s about to burst. And with a last thrust and tug at your clit, he does manage to make you both come together. God, you find that so incredibly heartwarming and pretty damn hot that he can manipulate your body into coming when and how he wants you to.

“Daichi…” you whine as he pulls out and removes the filled condom.

When he returns, he tucks you both into bed and kisses you until you fall asleep. You smile softly just before you lose consciousness, loving how warm and strong his arms feel around you, how smooth his skin feels sliding against yours, how thorough he is to take care of you from beginning to end. You could easily get used to this.

And that’s exactly what you do. It’s not like you have sex every single night that you’re there, but you usually do romp around in the sheets at least once whenever you stay the weekend. What was already a lovely family bond to look forward to grows into something more as you explore Sawamura’s body to your full satisfaction, and he yours. They usually start off hurried, but you often
But sexual interaction aside, you’ve found a place in Sawamura’s home with Daiki. You don’t find yourself as haunted by your insecure thoughts as much when you see Daiki sharing his enthusiasm with you since you’re in the same vicinity most weekends. There isn’t any lingering displacement you feel anymore when you’re all sleeping in the same apartment and spending time together. And even though you’re still flying out at least twice a month now, you still manage to make some time to support Daiki with whatever he needs.

And because it’s Daiki’s last term of middle school, you do everything you can to get involved when the opportunity comes. You seem to have made quite a splash with the school community. The last time you attended a school event that involved parent/guardian participation, there was a game show type activity that involved a lot of scientific trivia where you won a grand prize and donated it back to the school. That must have left an impact on a lot of people, because you’re practically bombarded with hands to shake and names to remember when you show up to the end of the year festival the week before Daiki’s graduation.

You must be a big deal among his environmental science club friends, because they’re all so incredibly excited to meet you and talk to you about world issues and ask you about your diplomatic experiences. Daiki is pretty popular, you find out, considering the number of people that you’re introduced to, some of whom introduce themselves.

Is it childish of you to feel flattered when you see some of Daiki’s friends and classmates blushing and fumbling over their own words when they try to talk to you? Even a couple of male teachers and staff had come up to you with flirty smiles. It gave your ego a small boost that you didn’t know you needed. Almost 30 and you still got it.

To your surprise, Sawamura isn’t very good at hiding his dislike of these patterns. After another science teacher had left your picnic area after asking for your business card, he looks incredibly exasperated. “What?” you ask.

“If I didn’t know any better, I would’ve assumed that everyone is coming up to talk to us to get a chance to interact with you, rather than Daiki.” he drawls sarcastically.

The irritated look on Sawamura’s face is actually quite cute, because you never expected someone so mature and put-together like him to get riled up over something like this.

But even more surprising than that is how bothered Daiki seems to be over this. “I’ll say! I’ve never even talked to anyone from the baseball club! And Takemura sensei doesn’t even like me! He’s
always hated how I was a know-it-all who never gave anyone else a chance to answer questions in class. And now he’s kissing up to you as if I was his favorite student all year.”

“Oh come on, Daiki.” you scoff, unable to believe that he’s this affected by the attention you’re getting. “You know who’s important to you and who isn’t, so it shouldn’t matter how much someone grovels at your feet. Once you’re a bigwig in whatever industry you choose to excel in, you’re gonna get a lot of this, so you might as well desensitize yourself to it now.”

Sawamura seems to approve of your sensible advice by the way he smiles at you before turning down to open up the food boxes you had bought from the festival. “But still, shouldn’t they at least lay off a little bit when they see that dad is here…” Daiki grumbles, almost more to himself than anyone else.

You laugh a little at that, “Well I suppose that would be more sensible of them if they didn’t know about the situation. But if they do, then we don’t really have a valid excuse to turn them away for a short greeting.”

“Well, I mean!” he pipes up but settles himself back onto the picnic blanket as Sawamura places the open boxes into the middle, “I mean… It’s just… annoying to see everyone faking their interest in me to get to you.”

“Ooh, well pardon me for taking up your precious time by having you act as a secretarial bridge, Mr. Daiki.” you ruffle his hair as you taunt him a little bit, even making Sawamura laugh. “Come on, kid, what do you want me to do about it? People kiss ass, that’s just how it is sometimes.”

“Well, I don’t know! Maybe you could… like… you know, wear a ring or something?” Daiki makes a timid suggestion, but that in itself almost makes you spit out the tea you had just taken a sip of.

“A ring? Why in the world would I do that?” you burst out in laughter, “Does it bother you that much? I can’t help that I’m so popular, jeez.” you elbow him playfully.

“Well, it’s just, you know, it’s just… annoying. Some people need to figure out when to back off.” he seems to throw a sharp glare at someone. When you turn your head to follow his gaze, there’s Takemura sensei, the incredibly friendly English teacher who had started the longest conversation you have ever had about world language and travel with a stranger, who finds your gaze and waves at you.
You wave back politely before turning back to Daiki and Sawamura, whose jaw seems a bit tighter than it was just a minute ago, “I see your point, but you do realize that just wearing a ring isn’t going to convince everybody, right? And it might not even stop some people if they’re more ambitious than the average bachelor.”

“Yeah, but… it would do something. I think it isn’t a bad idea.”

“Daiki, why are you so insistent on this idea? Where do you even want me to get a ring from?” you’re finding it harder to joke about this now.

“Well… I think dad has one you could use…” he looks expectantly at Sawamura.

“Daiki, I was kidding. I could get a ring myself if I really wanted one. I don’t need to borrow one from Dai…chi…” When you lock eyes with Sawamura, and then look back and forth between his cluelessly surprised face and Daiki’s nervous but hopeful expression, it starts to click.

And a few flashes back in the past year and a half with the two boys leave you remembering snippets of Daiki leaving you and Sawamura alone on the beach while he played with his friend in the water, Daiki creating a situation and offering suggestions for you and Sawamura to share a room, even arranging seats specifically so you and Sawamura would sit next to each other. And now he seems mad that you have a line of suitors queued up when he clearly has a father he already likes.

You burst into breathless laughter, hitting Daiki’s arm repeatedly, “Oh my gosh, you little sneak. I was wondering why you had so many physics projects piled up in your room. You never even liked physics, and some of them were clearly too shoddy to be your own work.” Daiki has seen and been tutored by too many professionals to give up on a project halfway or use half-assed materials like the ones you saw stuffed to the brim in his room.

“They weren’t even yours, were they?” you cross your arms, with a smug but stern smile on your face. Daiki sucks his lips into a tight pucker as he shakes his head.

“And the sofa? Was that your doing as well?” you raise an eyebrow at him. He waits but slowly nods his head. This kid is unbelievable.

“Was it even a coincidence that your friend was in Okinawa at the same time as we were?”
“Well… Haruki was the one who was going to Okinawa. So I kind of made the suggestion to dad to go at the same time so we could hang out.” he explains but he isn’t looking you in the eye completely.

“Uh huh…” you keep your suspicious eyes on him. “So, tell me Mr. Matchmaker Daiki-san, what is your end goal here?” you spare a quick glance at Sawamura to see that he's biting his own lip to hold in his laughter.

“Well, it's just… It's not like you and dad don't get along! And… And well, I mean, I just thought maybe it'd be cool if we could just live together as a family all the time, instead of just during the weekend…”

He looks like he's about to melt into the ground from embarrassment and guilt, and he's just so adorable. You uncross your arms and pull him against you with a breathless laugh, “Daiki, how incredibly sweet and innovative of you to try and set me up with your father. But we're adults, we can figure things out on our own even without your meddling.” Oh, if only he knew how far his meddling has already taken you.

When you let go of him, he seems to have a bit of a disappointed look on his face, as if he thinks that you're going to overlook his efforts. But you place a supportive hand on his shoulder and look to Sawamura, “However, since Daiki has insisted, would you like to go on a date with me sometime, Daichi?”

Daiki’s head jerks up and he looks between you and Sawamura hurriedly and expectantly. “I mean, I'm out of the country a lot, I'm not very good at cooking a lot, and I often neglect to tell those important to me how much I love and need them,” you brush your fingers through Daiki’s hair, “But I've got a really amazing young boy at home who's going to do great things one day, and I think he's been needing a bit of a father figure in his life.”

Sawamura chuckles deeply in his baritone voice and smiles back at both you and Daiki, “Well, I think that's wonderful. I also have a son that I'm getting to know better every day, so I think we’ll get along fine.” he also ruffles up Daiki’s hair a bit, “And I always admire a woman who has a career that keeps her busy. You don't have to worry about cooking, my son and I are pretty good with that. And I have a similar habit, of hoping that my loved ones will understand how I feel without words. But maybe we can learn from each other.”

Daiki looks like he's about to burst, although a little confused. So you smile at him before looking back up at Sawamura, “Cool. How about we go out for dinner sometime then?”
“Sounds lovely.”

“Daiki, do you have plans next weekend?” you ask.

“Well, no.” he blinks.

“Why don't you go make some then?” you give him a hinting smile and he blinks for a bit before sitting up rod straight.

“I'll go ask my friend if I can sleep over!” and he dashes off somewhere, leaving you and Sawamura laughing on the picnic blanket.

When your laughter calms down, you and Sawamura meet eyes. It's incredible how his strong gaze can make you shy away even now. “Guess things have a way of working themselves out.” he says softly, tenderly, as if he's sharing a secret.

“I guess so. Can you believe how suave he is though?” you snort, “‘Maybe you could wear a ring.’ Is it supposed to be that simple?”

Sawamura laughs too, but in a more restrained way, almost nervously. It sounds oddly suspicious. “What?” you say.

“Well, I actually do have a ring that I keep in the apartment. It was my mother’s engagement ring. Daiki found it once and asked me about it.” he suddenly looks shy, rubbing the back of his head and looking away from you.

“Is that so.” you smile, imagining a casual conversation between the two boys about marriage and love and how it might've sparked some ideas into Daiki’s head. You wonder to yourself if you'll ever get to see the aforementioned ring. Or if you really jump to conclusions, wear it…

The thought makes your stomach flip and you clear your throat. To busy yourself, you reach for some of the food that had been forgotten ever since you had all sat down. It's cold now, but honestly, it still tastes good.
Six weeks. This has been the longest you have ever been away from your family. You had been attending several speeches and signings for the adoption of the environmental policy you and your team had been working on for years, and there was still work to be done. But now that the team is bigger, you don't have to attend as many events in person as you did in the beginning.

But these six weeks have been brutal on you. Finally your research and work is being implemented but there are just so many formalities that take up so much of your time. You would really rather be attending one of your son’s volleyball games. Or lying in bed with your husband.

Husband. That word still feels foreign to you even several months after your wedding. The entire affair was also kind of a formality, but you enjoyed it all the same. After your lease on the apartment in Chiba ended, you decided to just move in with Sawamura and Daiki. And you were able to see both your boys almost every day instead of having to wait for the weekend to come.

The commute to your research facility was the only downside, but it was really a small price to pay for getting to eat with your boys every day and going to sleep next to Sawamura every night. And since you and Sawamura had started “dating officially” thanks to Daiki’s little debacles, you feel closer as a family than ever.

Actually, Daiki is probably the one most actively trying to advance your relationship, since he was the one who kept bothering Sawamura to bring the engagement ring out before he graduated high school. And now here you are, in your early thirties with a flourishing career, a brilliant son in his final year of high school, and a husband who never fails to weaken your knees and show you his love. These have been the happiest days of your life. You feel like you're part of something bigger, something whole. It’s absurd how perfectly everything fell into place.

When you walk out of the airport terminal, you're reminded of that when you're bombarded with your arms full of teenage boy. Surprisingly, as Daiki got older and progressed through high school, he only grew more affectionate with you and Sawamura. The transition from “[Name]-san” to “mom” was a little awkward but quick. When he let it slip by accident the first time and quickly tried to correct himself, you had stared at each other before laughing and crushing him into a hug. You didn't realize how just being called a different name could make your heart swell with such pride. He actually loves calling you mom.

“Mom!” he cries into your shoulder. He's as tall as Sawamura now, and he's lean but not as muscular
as his dad. “Six weeks is too long.” he whines.

“Yeah, I know. Sorry, kiddo.” you ruffle his hair before letting him go.

Your husband comes up to you next and wraps you in a small, but strong hug, and leaves you only with a quick peck. “Welcome back.”

“That's all I get? I thought you would've missed me more.” you joke as Sawamura takes your suitcase for you and Daiki your small duffel.

“I did. Like crazy.” he smiles at you secretly, telling you silently with his eyes that he'll show you just how much later. And just like that, your core twitches. He just gives you a look and you're already anticipating how wet he's going to make you. You’re as pathetic as ever.

Nothing beats the smell of a home cooked meal after weeks of travel. You’re not picky with your food, but city hopping all the time and experimenting with a new meal almost every day makes you crave for something familiar and comforting. And what can be more comforting than Sawamura and Daiki’s special hot pot broth and cake for dessert?

You invite the boys to fill you in on what you missed, because nothing too stimulating happened during your travels this time around. It’s a complete shame that you missed out on the Inter High tournament, but apparently, Daiki’s school made it into the top 16. You never expected Daiki to join a sports club in high school, but due to his father’s influence, he decided to try it out since he was attending a pretty illustrious school anyway. And he fits in pretty well for someone who started out a bit later.

“We lost to dad’s rivals from high school. You should’ve seen how scary he was when we ran into their coach, mom.” Daiki leans in dramatically.

“You mean the esteemed Nekoma High School?” you laugh, unable to miss the competitive edge darkening Sawamura’s eyes. “Who’s the coach?”

“His name’s Kuroo. He was also captain in his third year, like I was. He’s always been the crafty type. A good leader, but completely ruthless.” he shakes his head and he reaches for the ladle to scoop more food into his bowl.
You exchange a look with Daiki before the two of you burst into chortles, “Well, doesn’t that sound familiar.”

“What?” Sawamura looks at you two as if he doesn’t understand what the joke is, which only makes you two laugh more.

The rest of the evening progresses with a similar atmosphere until you and Sawamura have to force Daiki to go to bed, “But I haven’t seen mom in weeks! And it’s Saturday!”

“Which means you have to have the energy to stay awake to spend Sunday with her.” Sawamura literally steers your son by his shoulders into his room. There’s still a bit of arguing back and forth, but Daiki eventually grumbles in defeat before saying goodnight. He’s a smart kid, he probably knows his dad wants his own alone time with you.

Despite being a bit tired from the flight and crashing after weeks of nonstop work, you take your sweet time to shower and dress, even after Sawamura had held you by the hips and whispered into your ear from behind you, “Don’t be too long.” before you had entered the bathroom.

He always knew how to get you going by saying just the right thing. You imagine he’s always been good at getting people into the right mood, considering the stories you’ve heard about his high school and college days. At the wedding, his friends Sugawara and Azumane had mentioned how Sawamura always managed to keep the airheads of the volleyball club in order and how to rile up their spirits to get excited at any point in the game.

Once you exit the bathroom, you see Sawamura lying casually with the duvet only pulled up to his waist, showing off his beautiful, broad chest and arms. He had foregone that tank top courtesy long, long ago. And he’s staring at you with his head lying in his hand that’s propped up on his elbow, as if he’s been watching the door expectantly for a while. You only offer a small, excited smile before hurrying over to jump into the covers beside him.

He catches you flush against his chest and rolls over to rest his delicious weight on top of you as he kisses you fervently. You run your hands down his smooth, muscular back and squeeze at his hips with your thighs, needing to refamiliarize yourself with his body that you’ve been deprived of. Sawamura seems to have the same idea because he pulls away to lift your shirt up over your head to throw it to the side.

Pressing his hands on your breasts and squeezing, he leans down again to kiss you on the mouth before moving his way down to pepper kisses along your neck and chest. Your nipple disappears in his mouth in another second, and he sucks and slides his tongue around until you’re purring like an
engine. He sucks at the sides and bottom of each of your breasts as well, taking his time to paint a little color onto his favorite canvas.

When he feels he’s given them sufficient attention, he moves his hands down to pull his boxers off. You had been kind enough to forego the panties tonight after your shower, and you’re so glad you did because the moment you see Sawamura’s cock, hard and dribbling for you, you know you can’t wait another second to feel him against you, inside you.

You take him into your hand and stroke him appreciatively as you pull him back down by the neck for another kiss. He presses his cheek against yours and moans right into your ear as you continue to stroke him and flick your thumb over his head. You love the singeing heat and perfect shape of Sawamura’s cock. It’s like his size was carved to fit into your hand alone. But the heat wafting from your core is becoming unbearable on its own, so you align his tip with your entrance and wait for him to push in.

The connection is nauseatingly electric, a little bit of a sting because you’ve been away from each other for several weeks, but you can deal with it because having Sawamura inside of you again is like a dream come true. A dream you’ve had for far too long, and that you shouldn’t even have to fantasize about because he’s your husband. The time apart was torturous, but things have always been quite climactic between you and your husband with a bit of tension built up.

He slides fairly slowly into you at first, but soon, you’re moaning his name and encouraging him to drive harder against your tight, hot inner walls until you shatter. He rolls and grinds and thrusts into you until you come first, and before he can follow suit, he pulls out to turn you over. And with your face in the pillow and ass up in the air, Sawamura wraps his strong arm tightly around your waist to hold you in place while he rams into you from behind.

He uses his other hand to hold himself up, as well as pull at your hair while you cry his name into the pillow. “Oh, yes.” he groans against you as you clench around him until he comes deep inside of you. Kissing at your sweaty shoulders and back, he rubs and pulls at your clit until you come again around him with a muffled scream. You feel like you’re being washed over with affection and all of Sawamura’s unspoken words about his last several weeks without you.

And to continue expressing those feelings to you, you two continue to make love for another hour or so before admitting defeat to exhaustion. After cleaning off and replacing the sheets together, you cuddle back into each other’s arms again. Sawamura kisses you again like he can’t help himself, and you return the enthusiasm.

“You know what Daiki said to me recently?” he hums against your ear, his chasm-deep voice reverberates into your body, making you tingle again.
“What?” you hum with a playful smile.

“He asked if he would ever get a sibling.” he kisses your temple with a chuckle.

That catches you off guard. You turn your head to look into Sawamura’s face to find an unreadable smile pulling at his lips, and you break into a bright laugh. “A sibling, huh? Is he feeling lonely or something?”

“I asked him, and he said that sometimes he feels left out when we’re getting lovey-dovey. So he wants a companion who will understand him.” he chuckles.

“Then tell him to get a girlfriend or something,” you snort. “Or boyfriend. I never really asked.” your thoughts trail off for a moment, trying to remember if Daiki has ever had a crush on anyone. “Either way, he probably shouldn’t wait up.”

“Really?” There’s a flash of disappointment in Sawamura’s eyes, but it’s gone as quickly as it had come.

You run your hand up Sawamura’s firm tricep to caress his face, “Daichi, I love you, and you don’t know how many times I’ve fantasized about having a child with you.” His eyes widen in a way that can’t be described as anything but hopeful, “But it’s not the right time.” You say softly with an apologetic smile.

“I don’t think there’ll ever be a ‘right’ time.” he says, “Your career is never going to slow down. This is only the beginning.” he noses at your cheek, keeping his eyes on yours.

“You’re right.” you bite your lip, feeling a little guilty for bringing down the mood, “Well, let’s just see how serious Daiki is about this. I can think about it.” you murmur into his ear.

“Okay.” he smiles, kissing you again, “Maybe we could get a dog or something.”

You giggle from his breath tickling your neck, “Or I could spontaneously adopt a child again.” you joke.
“And run the risk of encountering another man who falls in love with you after trying to become a part of that child’s life again? Not a chance.” he jokes back, hugging you tighter, possessively. As silly as it is for him to be jealous over nothing but a hypothetical joke, you like this emotionally impulsive side of him.

Sawamura has always seemed to be the casually put-together, cookie-cutter type of man, but you know that he has many layers and complexities to him that come to life when he’s fired up. And you don’t know where you would be in your life right if he hadn’t come searching for Daiki and crashing into yours with his tight-fitting shirts and baritone voice and tender love. He came into your life as spontaneously as your son did, and you can only be thankful that your family has come together as beautifully as it has. And that you have as much love to give as you receive.

Chapter End Notes

btw if you don't follow me on tumblr, have a look at my trashy ass graduation cap

“You look so beautiful.”

You sigh as you glide your hands along the skirt of the white fabric. A simple design, with a few white roses decorating the bodice. The bouquet is made up of the same beautiful blooming roses, with a few white beads and baby’s breath to make it look snazzy.

“Thank you…”

“Oh, come on now. Don’t tell me you’re going to leak all over this face that I painted on you for an hour.” you groan, throwing the veil over your best friend’s head to inspect your hard work.

“It’s just…” she chokes, fanning at herself to cool down her face and suppress her tears somehow, “I’ve never felt so happy. I can’t believe we’re both here right now.”

“Well believe it, sister. You are here today to get that big shiny rock on your hand and I am here to make sure you don’t embarrass yourself.”

She laughs shakily, still sniffing down tears, so you put both your hands on her arms, “Come on, I’ll be right up there beside you. So try to stay pretty for at least the ceremony, okay? That was an expensive highlighter, I want it to last at least that long.”
“You’re such a bitch.” she laughs more steadily this time, pushing you back by the shoulder.

“The baddest.” you flick your meticulously done curls over your shoulder before replacing your best-friend-turning-bride-turning-wife’s veil back over her face. “And I cannot wait for the banquet so I can tell such awful, humiliating stories about you to all your friends and relatives.”

“You fucker! You wouldn’t!” her whole face widens as she slaps you on the arm, and you laugh, wrapping your arms around her in a hug.

There’s only a minute left for you to joke around in the bride’s room before you have to get in your position as maid of honor. You blow her a kiss before hiking up your own dress (damn strapless) and grabbing your bouquet to follow the other bridesmaids into the chapel.

The other girls gush to you about how fun it is to be part of a western style wedding. You’re actually a bit surprised they had decided on one. Your best friend has always been more of the traditional, submissive type with her over-traditional, overbearing parents, but for some reason they agreed to hold the wedding with a walk down the aisle. But then again, they did allow her to be friends with you for all these years, so maybe they’re not as strict as you always assume.

You’re the last one to enter the room save for flower girl and the bride herself and her father. All of the groomsmen and the groom were already inside, so one by one, the girls leave you in the hall until your cue. It’s not even your wedding, so you don’t know why you’re kind of nervous.

But you realize, you have perfectly good reason to feel a little flustered when you enter the large chapel with benches filled to the brim with guests. You knew your best friend was popular, but damn. This many people for the ceremony? How many people are going to be there for the banquet later?

Although admittedly, you can’t help but smile as you walk down the aisle, following the path of the other ladies before you. You’re so, so incredibly excited to see your best friend’s face as she walks down this aisle. It’s actually quite exhilarating. And everyone looks so beautiful. All around the room you see kimonos and yukatas and dresses and suits and tuxedos and so many pretty colors and luxurious jewelry and anticipating faces.

The smile you were unable to hold back comes out in a giggle when you see and hear one of the bride’s nieces shout out to you. The crowd lets out their own gentle shortles as the parents bring the young girl back down to her seat. You love that little girl, and she’s always loved you.
When you turn your eyes back to the front, you meet acknowledging gazes with the pastor, and you notice for the first time the groom and his groomsmen. Which is ironic because you’re already close to the front of the aisle.

Now, you’ve seen Miya Osamu pretty often, considering he was dating your best friend for a couple of years. But you don’t think you’ve ever seen an expression as open as the one he has on right now. He’s always had sleepy eyes and a calm demeanor, and you even wondered why your friend would go for a guy that seemed so boring. But you can tell that he’s really anticipating his bride to come down the aisle.

And then your gaze shifts just a little to the right and you almost falter when you see a copy of Osamu’s face right beside him. It takes you another step to realize that the man standing beside him is his twin brother. Yet another ironic thing that you forgot. You’ve met Osamu quite a few times and even hung out with him, but you’ve only met his brother maybe once? And you hadn’t made much contact in preparation for the wedding either. You were so caught up in maid of honor stuff that you guess you didn’t get a chance to meet everyone properly.

But when you meet his gaze at your last steps down the aisle, he flashes you with eyes so playful that you wonder if he’s truly related to Osamu. What was his name again? How can there be so much expression through his eyes alone? Nevertheless, you curve your lips into a wider smile to acknowledge his gaze before turning to take your place beside the other girls.

Waiting for the bride is so incredibly stifling because you really want to jump up and down and cheer for her when she comes out, like an excited parent at a school performance. But you realize that today is not about just her, it’s about two people. Two people who are going to be joined together for a long time.

You watch carefully through the entire ceremony at the couple’s interaction. You listen to their voices, trembling with excitement in your friend’s case, looking at Osamu’s pretty blissful expression for Osamu, and just occasionally scanning the room and seeing all of the happy faces in the room. Everyone is here because they support their relationship blooming into something more, and you’re so grateful to be a part of it.

When the ceremony is over, you follow after the newlywed couple in pairs with the groomsmen. You’re still basking in the glow of joy for your best friend of all time when you systematically step back towards the aisle. But something changes when you meet the best man’s gaze after he offers you his arm. You’re frozen for a moment by his mischievous, smoldering eyes that are filled with intention and ambition before he tilts his head with his gentle smile to gesture towards the aisle where you two should be making your way down.
Clearing your throat, you take his arm and walk with him down the aisle of the chapel towards the doors. After proceeding to the garden area, a mountain of photos are taken and hands are shaken and conversations are exchanged before you send the couple off in their car so they can head to the banquet hall first.

The next couple of hours are still crazy busy, what with seeing to all the guests as they enter the banquet hall and changing your outfit and helping the new bride change into her outfit and just communicating back and forth with everyone. You might as well have been the assistant wedding planner for this event considering how much work you did to help the lady who was hired.

You cannot be more relieved when the dance floor is opened so that you can step away from the main table and have a moment of peace to yourself during the first dance. As maid of honor, you sat beside your best friend during the meal, gave your hilarious speech, and led the toast before allowing the host take over.

Honestly, all you want to do is take off your heels, flop onto a bed, and sleep the next week away. But you’ll settle for leaning against the large pillar along the edge of the banquet hall while you let the all the wine you ingested settle into your body. It’s a good position, not too far from the festivities that people will be concerned about where you went, but far enough away from the commotion that you won’t be dragged onto the dance floor. As much as you could be the wild child at parties, you’re pretty bushed from all the responsibilities you took on for this wedding.

Alas, your moment of peace is interrupted by a familiar pair of blazing, playful eyes. The pair of eyes that, despite your being overloaded with tasks, managed to find and pierce you with some magnetic tension all day. You hadn’t missed Miya Atsumu’s (you figured out his name after the reception) eyes on you throughout the day. It’s like he’s been setting up trails and hints for you all day, and now he’s finally cornered you.

“How’s it going, Maid of Honor?” he casually leans his back against the pillar beside you, so that your shoulders are brushing.

“How’s it going. Maid of Honor?” he casually leans his back against the pillar beside you, so that your shoulders are brushing.

“Taking a breather. It’s like chaos has ignited, but I still need to keep it organized.” you sigh, leaning your head back to rest against the pillar.

“I noticed. You’re a busy woman.” His voice is so close to your ear, and you can smell hints of his cologne mixed in with the mess of alcohol and food and other guests’ perfumes. “But I can see you did a fantastic job with everything. Bride’s lucky to have you as a friend.”

You can’t help but smirk at that, “Damn right. Where would she be without me?” you lift your head
to see the blissed out smile on your best friend’s face as she dances with her husband. “How ‘bout you? How were your best man duties?”

“I didn’t do much other than show up.” he shrugs, effectively sending a shiver down your spine with the friction of his bicep that’s somehow pressed a little closer against yours. You can feel his body heat coming from underneath the thin layer of his dress shirt.

“Oh yeah, you were the one who showed up late for the rehearsal.” your foggy brain manages to recollect a memory from the character of the past week, “I was going to whip your ass for that. But I didn’t remember who you were.”

“Well hey, pretty girl like you? I wouldn’t mind getting a lashing or two.”

And as expected, when you turn your head to meet his gaze again, he’s got that mischievous glint pointed at you like a flashlight and isn’t moving. And there’s a gracious smirk on his lips to match.

So in retaliation, you smirk lazily right back, giving him your sultry hooded eyelids to boot. It’s also the alcohol, but it’s mostly the tingling pressure of your body that’s pushing you towards Atsumu’s presence right now. “Well just to warn you, I don’t hold back.”

“Well what do you know? You might be just my type.” he leans in just a bit to press his upper arm firmly against yours, bringing his face just short of your noses touching.

“Sadistic?” you keep your playful smile on, finally able to keep up with his pace.

Atsumu’s smug grin only pulls wider across his face, “Confident.” he corrects, his breath fanning across your mouth.

He need say no more. He had you. And he could tell by the way your smirk just shifts into equal parts of your face to smile with a look of satisfaction. And Atsumu knows a golden opportunity when he sees one, so he takes it with his lips against yours.

There are not really many words exchanged between the two of you for the next ten minutes as you just continue making out, getting hotter and heavier by the second as he pulls you over to the other side of the large pillar to block the sight of you two from the crowd. You continue kissing in the shadows, starting slow and lazy so you can get a taste for all of the different wines and liquors he
took advantage of at the bar, only to get surprised by his tongue in a new corner of your mouth, or his hand roaming lower against your side.

You love the way this dress clings to your body and makes your curves look like you could have come from the ocean, but as Atsumu gets bolder with his hands, you’re starting to resent the immobility of it. The skirt is tight, so Atsumu can’t bring his hand that’s teasing your inner thighs too high up without damaging the dress. So for now, he settles for kissing you harder, pressing you into the pillar, slowly grinding his hips against yours so you can feel the hard arousal underneath his slacks.

When Atsumu releases your mouth to kiss at your exposed neck and collarbones, you do your best to keep your whiny mewls to a minimum by sucking your bottom lip between your teeth. The call for the cutting of the cake is announced, which is probably better for you two since everyone’s attention will be near the center of the dance floor where the cake was rolled out. But you’re only concerned with tasting more of Atsumu right now as his hips grow more frantic against yours.

You’re clinging to his shirt with a grip that is weakening by the second as he nips and licks at the dip between your collarbones. You’re fairly sure he’s getting harder as you whimper aloud and gasp for air, and you can tell that he wants nothing more than sweet release. “Atsumu-kun…” you breathe, running your hands along his neck and down his chest until they curve down to grab at his junk. You hum in delight at the heat beneath your palm. From what you can tell through the fabric, he’s pretty thick despite being average in size.

Atsumu growls at your delighted expression, “Goddamn, princess. I need you in my bed.” he grunts, grinding against your hand, which you generously squeeze at to soothe him.

You smile lazily again before leaning up to his ear, “Lead the way. I'm not leaving tonight without a taste of this.” you punctuate with a finger that finds the small dip between his balls and strokes at it.

Atsumu closes his eyes with a groan this time, as if he’s in physical pain. With a little more persuasive palming through his pants, he finally gets tired of just grinding against you without any skin contact. “I am getting you out of that damn dress,” he growls as he drags you by the hand out of the main hall, up a couple flights of stairs, around a few corners, and through a random door that leads you into a random office-like room. There’s a beautiful mahogany desk, a leather sofa and a few armchairs, and several shelves of reference books that look like they’re for display rather than reading.

You had barely been able to keep up with him in your death-warranting heels so you kick them off immediately after the door is shut. When you look up again, Atsumu’s gaze is still brightly lit with desire and lust even in the dark, moonlit room. He looks like he’s got too many plans in store for you to take up in one night, with the ambition sculpted into his expression. But he starts by grabbing your
hips and pushing you backwards until your butt hits the desk.

“God, I've been waiting all day for this,” he breathes, kissing you on the mouth before moving down your neck again.

“All day? That's all you've been thinking about on your brother’s wedding day?” you can't help but chuckle through his kisses and bites with the slight inflation to your ego.

“All day.” he confirms with a voice so breathy you wonder if he's lost it to his lust, “You put the bride to shame. How could I even focus on her when you're right beside her looking this gorgeous?”

You grunt in pleasure as he bucks his hips harshly against yours as if to show you how much he's tortured himself waiting to make a move on you. “But now I have you all to myself.” he smirks against your cheek as his hand nimbly rolls the zipper of your dress down your back, “And by the time I'm done with you, you won't even remember your own name, sweetheart.”

You shiver as his breath brushes your ear and he peels your dress off of your body until it falls to the floor. You kick it off far to the side so it won't come close to being stained or stepped on during your little escapade.

Atsumu seems incredibly pleased with your body judging by how he can't stop running his hands all over your skin. They're all over your sides, your arms, your thighs, your ass. But he saves his mouth to suckle on the skin of your breasts. And you take that time to work on his pants.

It's takes a while, what with the cummerbund and your occasional pauses to gasp and press your chest closer to Atsumu’s mouth, but eventually you get the damn slacks off. You push him off of your chest and capture his mouth in yours as you start unbuttoning his shirt. He pulls you closer by the ass to press his now less restrained erection against your core. “Agh…” he groans, breaking the kiss to throw his head back.

You can hear him mumbling quietly about how he can't take it anymore as he pulls away and tears his shirt off of his shoulders. You can't help but lean your hands back on the surface of the desk to admire his toned body. And when he pulls his briefs off, you aren't disappointed with what you see. As you predicted, he's got an impressive girth that explains his confidence in pursuing you, and likely countless other women in the past.

Stalking back up towards you, you smirk patiently as his erection sits itself right between your thighs
and brushes against your clothed core. His eyes aren't as playful as they first started anymore, but that doesn't stop you from teasing him a little with your own gaze.

Guiding Atsumu’s hands up your sides and around to your back, you let them sit there so he can unhook your bra for you. Once he pulls it off of your shoulders, you lie your back down on the desk and open your legs wider for him to fit between.

“Fuck…” he curses, running his hands down your now bare torso to hook his fingers on your panties, “You don't know how sexy you look right now.” There’s not a falter in his step as he slides the panties down your legs and tosses them away as he moves closer to press your naked crotches together.

“Mmm…” you hum in satisfaction, wrapping your legs around his waist to pull him closer, “You clean?” you ask as your hips start rolling in small circles around his.

“Huh?” he snaps out of his dazed eyes on your touching crotches, “Oh, yeah.” he nods.

You pull him down by the shoulder to kiss him again, “Then you can come inside me all night long.”

Atsumu lets out another pained groan before slamming his forearms down on the desk on either side of your head and bucking his hips harshly against you. “Ah!” you wail with a smile, absolutely in love with the borderless friction. “Yes, Atsumu-kun….” you whine a little more dramatically than usual.

His mouth is all over your body again, leaving stains on your neck, collarbones, shoulders, breasts, stomach, hips. You’ll be surprised if you don't look like your were splattered with wine tomorrow morning. And as he's switching between harsh and teasing sucks on your skin with his mouth, his fingers work their way into your warm cunt.

“Ah…” you both seem to sigh aloud, you at the entirely welcome intrusion, and him at the incredible heat that suffocates and squeezes at his fingers. He cannot wait to be inside of you.

“Talk to me.” you request, clenching around his fingers as you gyrate your hips against him of your own accord.

“Fuckin’ sexy.” he growls, “You opened your legs so fast for me, damn slut. Were you gonna just let
“Atsumu-kun….!” you whimper again as you claw at the desk beneath you.

“Tryna fuckin’ tempt me all night in those goddamn heels. And that dress, god it made me want to fuck you wide open right in the middle of the banquet hall. How’d you like that, huh?” he adds another finger and keeps his harsh movements going.

“Agh… Only if, ngh , you’re the one who fucks me in front of everyone.” your bottom lip is trapped between your teeth as Atsumu’s hand is coated with your wet arousal. You’re pressing your fingers hard against the mahogany to cope with his aggressive fingers inside you. But there is nothing you don’t like about him right now.

Especially with that feral glint in his eyes that blows his pupils open in reaction to your words, “Fuck. You looking to steal the show, aren’t ya, sweet cheeks? Letting the best man fuck the maid of honor right in front of the new couple. I bet you’re getting off to the image of everyone's eyes on your tight little pussy right now.”

You let your hips speak for themselves in their conversation with Atsumu’s hands. Nothing but moans and whimpers and encouraging sounds come out of your mouth for a while, because Atsumu is just so good with the dirty talk. It’s getting your body coiled up and eager for release, which you really fucking need after everything that’s happened these past few weeks.

“Atsumu-kun… Inside me.” you're too impatient to wait for your first orgasm to pass to have his dick inside you. You figure you're wet and stretched enough.

Atsumu watches as you spread your legs wider until the sides of your knees are touching the edges of the desk, and he licks his lips with a grunt before stroking himself a bit. Using his hand to guide himself towards you, he gives you a last smirk before gliding all the way into you. “Hope you're ready, princess. I plan to have you screaming until you lose your voice.”

His warning isn't uncalled for. Your voice is unstoppable as his girth stretches your walls and his tip touches the back of your insides. “Shit!” you cry out, clutching for life to his arms, which are held up by his hands splayed on the desk on either side of your waist. The hard muscles and thick veins of his arms do just a little more to throw a shiver down your back, which feels fantastic with a nice cock to clench around.
Atsumu growls again at the sensation and starts moving, starting off slowly, and waiting for your commands to let him increase his pace. He cannot believe how fucking gorgeous you are right now. Just yesterday, when you had all met for the rehearsal, he caught sight of you and knew that you were the big catch. “Dude, she is mine.” he had announced without preamble to the rest of the groomsman he was with at the time.

“The maid of honor? As if she's gonna have time for you dude. She's pretty much the assistant wedding planner for this whole thing.” one of them had said.

“She is quite a pretty thing though.” another one observes as you talk brightly with the film staff, still managing to look breathtaking in just a sweater and jeans. There's a communal hitch of breath when you bend down to look at the camera angle through the lower lens the camera man plans to film from, your body curving in all the right ways as you get closer to the floor.

“Like I said, she's mine.” he reminds the boys.

And now that he has you writhing and moaning beneath him on this large desk, he can't help but smirk to himself. “Atsumu-kun…! Yes! Oh, so good.” you praise as he goes just a notch faster.

Despite his earlier warnings, he’s being generously gentle with you for the time being. His thrusts kindle a slow burn deep within his core and with your hot body squeezing him tight all over, he's finding it harder and harder to resist just going feral on you. “You want more, princess?” he checks in.

“Yes.” you smirk, caressing your hands up his arms, around his neck and into his hair to bring him closer to your face, “Hell yes.” you whisper again before stealing a deep kiss.

Atsumu moans as he snaps at you with a harsher thrust, making you bounce back on the desk just a tad. Then he smacks you with another harsh one. And yet another. Until he's resumed his pace with another notch up in power. As your kisses grow more frantic and your hands move down to hold onto his face, Atsumu’s hips grow erratic in speed and he's just driving his cock in and out of your slick, wet, heat.

Both of your moans mix together in a sweet whirlpool of sex and raw, dirty pleasure. You are so unbelievably turned on right now by the fact that you're being fucked on top of this beautiful desk by this incredibly attractive groomsman. You hadn't realized how wound up you were with all the stress and business until Atsumu’s touch had melted the tension away from your body. Now you're not
The hot, smooth glide of his length against your insides that contrasts with the rough, merciless power of his thrusts into you. All of that coupled with the endless sensations of Atsumu’s hands on your body, his cologne invading your nose, and his eyes fucking you as hard and intensely as his cock is. His grip on your waist is like iron that holds you in place for his cock that drives into you like a machine with his speed and grace.

“A-Atsu...mu...” even your whines are trembling now as you ride closer and closer to your highest point. “I'm gonna... gonna come...” And just as you're about to tip over the edge, the bastard pulls completely out of you and you feel completely robbed of everything.

But before you can shout “What the fuck!” in outrage, Atsumu clutches your waist and turns you over onto your stomach, leaving your backside wide open for him. Your knees hit the front of the mahogany desk in a sign of collapse, but Atsumu’s hands are right back on your waist to reinsert himself into your aching and crying walls. Or maybe you're the one crying. You can't really tell through the hiccoughs and tears.

Once he's back inside of you with his balls pressed against your clit, you feel such euphoria for having hope of release again. Atsumu takes the liberty of picking up both of your thighs to hold to either side of his hips to spread you wider and adjust himself deeper within you. “Goddamn...” he whispers, rubbing his sheathed cock around inside of you just to drive you a little up the wall with the wet sounds his balls make against your dripping lower lips.

With your hands hooked onto the other edge of the large desk, you try your best to hold yourself together as Atsumu starts driving himself into you once again. He keeps the pace unpredictable and kind of fun with his occasional teasing and praise, and you make sure to squeeze around him with at the exact moments he hits your deepest spots and pulls out. The effect is incredibly satisfying with the sound of Atsumu’s continuous groans every time he tries to pull out of your clenching walls. “Damn, baby doll, you just don’t seem to want to let me go, do ya?”

You both keep at this pace until you’re crying out his name in the bright flashes of light you see as you come all over Atsumu’s dick, and he continues ramming into you until he finishes behind you. It’s a long way down before both of your bodies have settled, and when you do, the feeling of Atsumu’s dick pulling out of you is excruciatingly satisfying, albeit a bit sore.

“Oh shit,” Atsumu breathes heavily against your back, “So good.” he praises mindlessly before lifting himself off of you. Seeing you bent over the desk with his cum dripping down your legs as you weakly whine in the aftermath of the pleasure he gave you is incredibly gratifying. He almost wants to push you onto another surface and fuck you all over again.
So he helps you up off the desk and starts kissing your shoulder, subtly telling you he still wants you, and you moan perfectly for him. Once you’ve caught a bit of your breath back, you start rubbing your ass against his growing hard-on, and Atsumu growls against your skin before lightly biting it. Your voice trembles and your knees collapse when his teeth sink into your shoulder, and Atsumu has to catch you in his arms to keep you up.

But soon, your body is folded forward as Atsumu pounds into you from behind again. His grunts sync with your moans and cries of pleasure as you continue to just fuck in all sorts of dirty, disgusting positions for another good hour or so. By the time your body has had enough (or has reached its limits; you probably could have had more of him if it was up to you), the banquet is mostly over and a majority of the guests are making their way out.

You have to stay back and make sure everything is running smoothly with cleanup and a last check up on everything. Just the thought of having to go back to working on this damn wedding exhausts you. You’re so happy for your best friend and her big, happy day, but this is really too much for you. At least you got an amazing lay out of it. Hopefully, your appearance is fixable enough to finish the evening off quietly without anyone noticing your prolonged absence.

“Thanks for tonight, Atsumu.” you run a hand down his chest before reaching up to give him a quick peck, “I’ll see you around.”

It makes it sounds like you don’t plan on seeing him again, and after that sensational fucking session, there is no way that Atsumu is spending the night alone. “Yeah, soon.” he pulls something out of his pocket and slips it into your dress before kissing your temple and whispering a number into your ear.

He smiles coolly and makes his way out of the room first, with his hands in his pockets, and he even throws you a quick wink before closing the door behind him. You pull the item out of your bra and see that it’s a room key. Quickly, you recite the number Atsumu had just whispered over and over until it’s ingrained in your tired brain. You don’t know if you’ll be able to spend the night with him after the countless mind-numbing orgasms you had just had, but you tell yourself you’ll think about it.

Pocketing the card again, you walk out of the door of the room and make your way back into the dining hall, determined to finish this wedding cleanly and have it over and done with.
“Giiiiirl!!” your best friend who finally has time for you after her honeymoon and getting completely settled into her new place with her husband of 2 months, bounds up and wraps her arms around you. “It’s so good to see you, finally. You’d think married life would make things easier but it really tires you out.”

“Oh, what a terrible shame that you don’t get sleep at night anymore with an exclusive and readily accessible dick in your bed now.” you roll your eyes, hugging her back.

“I know, right… But the good thing about it is he’ll carry me out of bed when I can’t walk.” she jokes back with a wink, and you both break out into wild laughter.

“Okay, let’s get moving before the restaurant runs out of tables.” you link your arm with her’s before moving down the street towards one of your favorite lunch joints since your high school days.

“Yes! I’m starving. But while we’re still on the topic of bomb dick, I hear that you’ve been seeing Atsumu these days, eh?” she nudges your side with her elbow obnoxiously, “Looks like we might be on our way towards legal sisterhood.”

“Shut up, you waning slut.” you elbow her back, and she yelps with a laugh, “We’re not there yet, but I think he’ll have a hard time letting go of me at this point.”

After entering the restaurant and miraculously snagging a recently emptied table, you go on to tell her about how Atsumu fucked you blind on the wedding night, during the banquet and later that evening when you had decided to go to your own room, only to scurry over to Atsumu’s door when you realized you were feeling lonely without your roommate to gush to all night. What turned into a wild night of stress purging extended into several sexual phone calls and texting sessions until you two finally found the time to meet up again and smash like a hammer and nails.

You had kind of expected it to end there, but he’s been in contact with you since that first encounter. After taking you on a few dates and staying over at his place and having him over at yours and overall enjoying each other’s personalities in addition to your bodies, it’s worked out quite smoothly. Atsumu can be kind of an asshole sometimes, but you’ve got enough spirit to kick him down a few notches when you need to. He seems to like the challenge, and you kind of like him more than you expected to.

So now you’ve reached a point in which you hold hands just because you want to, you refer to each other as boyfriend and girlfriend, and your routines are pretty steady. If you play your cards right, as
much as you don’t want to jinx anything, you might actually get the sister-in-law you’ve always wanted.

“Okay, I know you guys kind of just started out and everything,” your best friend tells you after your food arrives and you start to dig in, “But Osamu has been telling me how his brother has been a little different lately. And when he talks about you, it isn’t like how he talked about other women he’s been with before. So I think— I see something good going on here, if you’re feelin’ me.” she continuously flicks her wrist to point a finger between the two of you with a shit-eating grin curling at the corners of her face.

“Shut the hell up and eat, bitch.” you stuff a piece of food into her mouth, “Whatever happens in the end, you’re gonna be the one doing the planning for my wedding next time, got it?”

She mumbles something through her full mouth and makes an OK sign with her fingers before chuckling happily. You don’t want to expect anything, but you feel something good coming on too.

Chapter End Notes

self promo right here - if you like hunter x hunter, please consider checking out my new gon/killua/oc fic :) there's more plot in there, i swear.
Kita Shinsuke - Thief

Chapter Summary

Kita Shinsuke is a high school demon hunter on a tight schedule

Chapter Notes

What's that?? You've been deprived of new content from this thread for months?? And you need a husband???

Say no more, with this 35k demon!au should be more than just a one shot, that seemingly has dozens of analogies to the current sociopolitical climate but is actually a sorry excuse for the author to vent her infatuation with a Haikyuu character, is the story for you!

Don't be intimidated by the length of the story! Look past the (very many) flaws and inconsistencies of the demon dynamic and plot! Read on and take Kita Shinsuke as your new husband today!

Warning: Smut to plot ratio is woeful and lamentable. The author uses fuckboys and social themes far too casually in this product. Any associations mentioned in reference to real people or culture in history are purely fictional for the purpose of plot development and self-fulfillment. Copious amounts of time and tolerance are advised when reading this product.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Crash.

A chilling breeze cuts into the air and disappears as quickly as it came, dissipating into the bright morning sunlight.

Kita sweeps up the broken remains of the jar he just broke with the broom and dustpan that he borrows from the shrine workers. After tossing away the ceramic shards, he returns the cleaning supplies and bows to the old shrine maidens and monks, who thank him for his hard work as usual.

He nods politely before leaving the shrine to continue on his route to school. During the trek, he wonders what’ll be in the cafeteria today for lunch, because he’s kind of in the mood for beef. Not likely though, since quality meat in a school cafeteria is rare blessing. But small surprises like that
add a little flair to his routines. As much as he likes following a daily ritual with diligent perseverance, Kita still allows room for spontaneity.

The chime of the school bell for their first morning break signals his usual trip to the bathroom. His body is like clockwork, always needing to do his business at the same time every day. It’s a convenient occurrence.

On his way back to the classroom, Kita pretty much ignores everyone crowding the hallways to talk to friends or grab snacks and drinks before class starts again. There is one thing he lets his attention linger on, though; you standing by the hallway window talking to the girls from his class. Your usual visit to your usual friends in the usual spot outside of his classroom door — another routine that Kita follows regularly.

It’s not like he talks to you, or even knows you for that matter. Kita doesn’t even know if you know him or of his existence. All he knows is your name and that you’re always in the same place during this morning break talking to your friends who happen to be from his class. Sometimes he also sees you eating lunch in his classroom with them too, but only if you’re there before he leaves or when he comes back from the cafeteria.

Oh yeah, and that you’re in the art club. He sees you carrying your sketchbook with you sometimes to share your new pieces with your friends. That’s how you made friends with the girls from his class despite how you’re a transfer student. You started at the beginning of third year with everyone else, so Kita might not have known that you weren’t a originally student at Inarizaki had some of the members of the volleyball club not mentioned it. Ojiro is in your class, so he’s the one who shared the information with the rest of the team at some point.

Kita honestly could care less about who you are, but you are a pretty face that he can admire on the daily since your visits are as routine as his trips to the bathroom. Other than that though, he has no reason to start any conversations or interact with you. It might break routine.

The rest of the school day proceeds as usual with classes, breaks, and volleyball practice before Kita heads home with Ojiro. Once they separate at their corresponding intersections, Kita makes his way home to finish his other daily routines; doing homework, eating dinner, and cleaning up before leaving the house to make his daily rounds in the neighborhood to check for weird behavior. Usually he’ll be home in time for his turn to bathe.

Kita always climbs back up to the shrine his grandmother has frequented since her own childhood because it has the highest view of his neighborhood in the area. He makes his way around the perimeter of the woods that the shrine is built near to scan the city over the railings from a bird’s eye view first.
During most of the week, the city is quiet and he can make his rounds like he’s just taking an evening walk. But there’s the occasional disturbance that he has to inspect or deal with that throws in that sprinkle of spontaneity into Kita’s routines. Sometimes the week gets busy, but usually not until after midnight, which is when someone else is usually making rounds.

Tonight is one of the nights that someone wants to start the party early. Kita spots several street lamps flickering off a few blocks down west. Hopping over the railing and springing down the steep grassy hill like he’s got trampolines in the soles of his feet, Kita is at the bottom in seconds before he’s sprinting over to the area he saw the lights go off. He recalls name of the restaurant on the sign that he saw before the lights went out, and he knows exactly which street it’s on.

He makes it to right place in two minutes flat, not too bad for someone of his caliber, and sees a fight happening outside of the bar and restaurant. A large but otherwise respectable-looking man in a white dress shirt and beige slacks is making swings at a couple of younger guys who look like fresh college graduates or new interns or something. The older man who’s attacking looks like he’s intoxicated, but Kita can see how his irises have all but disappeared behind his blown pupils — a telltale sign of a takeover.

Well, Kita can’t hurt the guy, so he whips out an ofuda from his pocket right away, waits until the man’s back is facing him so that the other guys won’t notice what he’s doing, and races towards the scuffle and slips the talisman into the collar of the man’s shirt. He then proceeds to slam his splayed hand against the bottom of the man’s neck where the talisman is and mutters an intent, “Begone.”

In seconds, Kita can feel the demonic spiritual energy leave the man’s body and chill the night air around them. The talisman burns away as well, having done its job, and the previously possessed man falls limp to his knees and onto the sidewalk.

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“Whoa there!” the other two guys catch him by the arms and carefully lay him down on his stomach before looking up to face Kita, “What did you do?”

“I just hit a pressure point on his back. He should be fine in a few minutes.” Kita lies, “Are you guys okay?”

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“Yeah, we’re fine now. Thanks to you.” one of the guys says, “It was weird. We were making some pretty good conversation with this guy earlier, but he kind of just went bonkers after the woman we were all talking to left the bar.”
“A woman?” Kita furrows his eyebrows. Was she the one who took over this man?

“Yeah, we were kind of teasing him about her since he was making googly eyes at her the whole evening.” the other guys rubs the back of his head sheepishly, “But we didn’t think he’d take it so personally. He got super mad and just started slugging at us afterwards.”

“How long ago did the woman leave?” Kita asks, eyes flashing with determination.

Determination that seems to weird these two guys out, but they answer anyway, “Uh… maybe a few minutes ago? She’s probably not far, but we don’t know if she took a taxi or anything.”

In the distance, several more blocks off, Kita sees another street lamp flicker off. She’s still around. “Alright, well I’ve gotta go. You guys okay looking after this guy? See if you can call someone on his phone.”

“Yeah, for sure. Thanks, dude.”

Kita doesn’t take much more time before he’s running down the street to where he saw the light turn off. As he approaches the right block, he can feel the slight chill in the air. It’s only a few degrees colder, but his body’s been trained to sense even the slightest changes in the atmosphere. A benefit of following routines to the T.

“Come out.” he commands to the dark, empty street.

No answer, but the cold air continues to drop in temperature. “I said, come out.” he pulls out a salt shaker — yes, a salt shaker — and uncaps the top to swing it out to the area around him. A generous amount of tiny white crystals flies out in a half circle to surround him until a shrill yelp of pain pipes up from the building to his right.

“You came prepared.” a silky female voice pipes up before a figure appears from the shadows. Without enough street lights on, Kita can just make out the curvy body and long, fluffy hair of a woman in a tight work suit. “Only the strongest purified salt can have any effect on me.” she muses.

Kita knows. This salt has been purified several times by the people working at the shrine, as well as his grandmother. It works like a strong pepper spray against demons.
“Are you the one who took away my little toy just now?” the woman asks as she steps closer in her loud heels.

So she is the one who took possession of that man earlier. “I don’t appreciate having to clean up others’ messes in my neighborhood.” Kita says monotonously.

“And I don’t appreciate having my playthings taken from me.” she retorts before striking at him.

Even in the semi-darkness, Kita can sense and follow her attacks like he can receive a volleyball; pretty well. He uses his forearm to block the strike of her hand before it can reach his face, and uses his other arm to slam a fist into her side, knocking her to the ground.

She grunts as she crumples to the floor, but quickly gets to her feet again, “You’re not an amateur, are you, boy-ya…” she snarls. And in the faintly lit street, he sees something long and fluffy grow from her backside. A tail, and a bushy one at that.

Without a moment’s notice, he lurches forward to send a blow to her belly with his palm. Having caught her off balance, the force is enough to throw her back several meters into the light of the next street lamp. Now, Kita can see that she is a fox demon, with the red-orange tail and ears that pop out of her thick orange hair. The red pupils in her black eyes are starting to glow with the emotional stir as she snarls at him.

Rolling onto her hands and feet, her legs and arms transform and grow the same orange and white fur as her tail underneath her pencil skirt and blazer. And her face elongates into a white snout as well. The air drops several degrees, and Kita’s body is on alert.

The fox-woman jumps at him but he ducks and uses the momentum to swing a kick up and over into her side, knocking her to the ground once more. And she rolls over to mount herself on her four paws once more. A persistent one. Usually weaker demons are choking on the floor after a few of his stronger hits. And Kita used a lot of his power in those last two strikes.

She’s fast too. She has pinned him down to the ground with her paws on his shoulders before he even realized it. But Kita manages to kick her off before she can get a bite in. This might take too long if she’s still not taking any damage from his hits. So pulling a needle out of the stripes of his athletic brand shoes, he waits for the fox demon to strike at him again to drive the purified holy needle into her furry neck.
They land on the ground, but she’s howling in pain. The needle that’s been bathed in holy water and coated with purified salt to dry several times is an effective spell to temporarily incapacitate the demon so Kita can roll over and pin down the fox-woman to the ground. Slapping another ofuda onto her exposed neck, Kita growls the same banishment spell, “Begone.”

If Kita’s knees weren’t pinning down her arms, then maybe she might have gotten away from this exorcism with part of her spirit still intact, because the way she writhes and screams in pain as her body deteriorates has a lot of force in it. But Kita is too smart for that, and he never leaves holes for demons to crawl out of.

The small hand-sized jar is already open and collecting the black demonic energy inside. Once the body of the fox-woman has disappeared completely from beneath him and the air starts to warm up again, he caps the bottle shut tightly and slips it into his pocket before going on his way back around the neighborhood again.

The street lamps flicker back on behind him, the wind blows the salt crystals away, and the night air is back to its natural chill. It’s as if nothing happened.

*Crash.*

The dying remains of yet another demon Kita caught and trapped a few weeks ago dissipates into the morning sunlight after the jar is broken open in the back of the temple. He sweeps up the shards with the broom and dustpan and disposes of them before nodding to the shrine workers thanks and taking his leave again.

Climbing down the stairs of the hilltop shrine, he continues on his way to school per his usual routine. Coming to this shrine each morning to break a jar and banish a weakened demon’s spirit that he caught the week before is as commonplace as making his bed or brushing his teeth.

The one he broke open and let disappear into the burn of daylight this morning was the wolf demon Kita had caught a couple weeks ago. Almost destroyed a children’s playground before Kita was able to save the child who was being targeted by the demon.
The kid was traumatized, but Kita was able to kick and beat down the thing before slapping a paper talisman to its head and capturing its exorcised spiritual energy into another small holy jar to trap it in its weakened state. He keeps those small perfume bottle-looking jars on him at all times, like his family taught him to. It’s come in handy more times than he can count.

And so goes the routine of waiting a week or so for the demon spirit to weaken to the point of almost dying in the jar before he breaks it open to let natural daylight dispel its remnants. Being able to catch and dispel supernatural beings as easily as he attends school or plays volleyball is really what makes him so stoic. When he’s been desensitized to evil spirits that can tear apart human flesh with their teeth or possess and control people and animals to do their bidding, final exams and volleyball nationals just don’t do it for him.

Not when there are demons living among humans and causing mayhem all over the place. His family has long been part of one of the secret associations that handles demon misdemeanors, and his grandmother was quite the warrior during her time. She taught him practically everything he knows about fighting, trapping, and killing demons, as well as many other religious things. But he tries to keep the most practical things at the forefront of his mind.

His friends and teammates at school all see him as such a creature of routine, like he’s a robot. In reality, he’s built up his physical and mental fortitude to be ready for any situation through diligent practice and ritualization of his training. Sure, it’s not like he gets stronger or anything compared to some other demon hunters or more serious volleyball players, but he gets the job done when he needs to. And he may need to at the drop of a hat. Demons hide in all sorts of guises these days, so he has to be prepared for anything.

But there are some demons that Kita can’t beat up and trap in a jar, no matter how much he wants to. Shiozaki Touma is one of them, and he just so happens to have been in Kita’s class for the past three years of high school. He’s the loudmouth class clown who’s always got his feet up on the desk and hits on girls more often than he picks up a pencil. He became captain of the baseball team this year, and he’s actually quite popular with the student body. People are saying hi to him all the time.

Kita would think that such a popular guy wouldn’t have much to dislike about, but he has been proven wrong oh-so many times. Through the several group projects they had together where Kita did the majority of the work, the way Shiozaki cut him in line at the cafeteria several times without his permission, the way he inadvertently disrespects his underclassmen and most of the girls he hits on. There are just so many little things about him that make Kita want to dissociate him with the human race just so he can dispel the guy and let him burn into the sunlight like all the other demons.

Alas, he’s got not a drop of demon blood in him, so Kita can only deal with the endless disruptions to his routine that Shiozaki inflicts. Today’s being that he’s got his butt sitting atop Kita’s desk when
he walks into the classroom. “Hey, Kita-kun! How’s it going!” He shouts obnoxiously with a raised arm when Kita just stares at him.

“May I have my seat back?”

“Ehh? Don’t be such a spoilsport, I can’t sit here and hang out with you for once?” He complains, slapping what he must believe to be a friendly hand on Kita’s back.

“I would rather you not sit on my desk without my permission.” Kita explains patiently.

“Tch… Meanie.” Shiozaki pouts before plopping off of Kita’s desk and turning his attention to one of the girls who sits in the next row.

Kita sighs as he sets his stuff down and pulls out the correct textbook and notebook for his first class this morning. Luckily, there aren’t too many more disruptions before the first morning break today, so he’s still in his calm state of mind.

However, on his way back to the classroom from the bathroom, when he expects to see you chatting with your friends as usual, there’s another small change to the routine. Shiozaki is talking among your group of friends and obviously trying to warm up to you by flirting and casually touching you on the arm and shoulder.

You only laugh and brush off his touch politely, but it’s a clear rejection from anyone’s point of view. Kita turns into his classroom before anyone can see the slight smirk that grows on his face. But soon, he settles back into his stoic expression as if he didn’t just have a rather catty thought.

Lunch comes and goes, but it seems that you’re late getting back to your class, because you’re still scrambling to clean up your lunch box and other homework materials when the warning bell rings and Kita returns to his desk. You’ve got all your stuff in a pile in your arms before you say bye to your friends and run out into the hallway back to your own classroom.

Kita is about to rummage through his bag that hangs from the side of his desk when he notices a large sketchpad leaning against the leg of his chair. Picking it up, he notices there’s no name written on the book itself, so he starts flipping through the pages to look for a signature. It’s an impressive collection of drawings. Some are done in pencil, some in pastel, but the majority of them seem to be done with charcoal.
There are all kinds of images that range from three-dimensional shapes, to human bodies, to plants and animals, to furniture, and clothing. But there are a small handful that pop out to Kita as he flips through them absentmindedly. One of them being an impressive sketch of a shrine from the entrance. Kita knows this one. It’s not in his neighborhood, but it’s only a few miles away from the school. He’s been there once or twice with his grandmother to pay his respects to other association members.

The next page is a portrait. An impressive one, because Kita can distinguish the person’s face to the point that he recognizes him. It’s a man with a rugged look and beard, wearing what looks to be monk robes. He’s one of the people who works in the shrine that was drawn on the previous page. Strange. Does this artist visit him at the shrine often or something? The details are remarkable.

When he turns the page over, there’s something drawn on the back of the portrait. Which is a first, since none of the other sketches have anything drawn on the backside. What’s even stranger is that the drawing on this side is of a holy jar. Like the ones that Kita uses to capture demon spirits and store them in their weakened state to die out.

Like the portrait of the man on the other side, the jar is drawn with incredible detail, and Kita can see all the special designs made on the bottle. Most of the ones Kita uses himself are simple in design, with just a few stripes or patterns to keep the demon locked inside like a cage. But more powerful and expensive jars that have kanji or picture designs on them house more powerful demons. Some can even hold more than one.

This one in particular has several binding loops wrapped around the roundish cylinder body, as well as a string of kanji written vertically along one side that reads the idiom, ‘One Stone, Two Birds.’ Could it be one of those special holy jars that’s trapped two powerful demon spirits into one vessel?

Why is a picture of this in here anyway? Sometimes, the holy jars are put on display at the temples, but usually never strong ones like this. Is the artist a resident at this shrine or something? How else would they be able to access this jar to the point of being able to copy its details to this caliber?

Kita flips on. The strangely familiar images stop there, and it’s back to fruit bowls and rough model poses again. The last sketch is of a necklace. Most of it is done in what looks like charcoal, but Kita realizes that it’s pastel when he sees the only spot of color is the dull gleam of the jewel hanging down the middle of all the beads. The artist drew it hanging from a female neck and lets the sketch fade out from the chest and upper arms where the necklace ends.

After flipping through the last pages, he still has yet to come up with a name to identify the artist. So he calls out to one of the girls in the art club, “Does this belong to one of you?”
“Hm?” one of the girls takes the sketchpad curiously, flipping through the pages, “Oh, this belongs to [Surname]-chan. She must’ve forgotten it because we were rushing to finish studying for the quiz today. Thanks, Kita-kun. I’ll get it back to her after school.”

“No problem.” he replies easily before turning back to pull out his materials.

So it’s you who drew all of those impressive things. You’ve got some skill to be able to capture all of the details he saw in your sketchbook. And you’ve also got some sort of connection to the shrine that man works at. There’s something about this information that tickles at the back of his mind, but he’ll contemplate over them later.

※

Kita asks his grandmother about the shrine a few miles down from school, and she knows of it. “Ah, you’re talking about the Ebita Shrine. It’s a branch of an imperial shrine, one of the oldest in the country. It has a lot of resources and is one of the main branches of the protection committee we work with.”

“And what about that man who works there? The one with the beard.”

“You mean Souichiro-kun?” she raises her eyebrows curiously, “Oh yes, he’s one of the main pillars of the committee. A top notch demon hunter of his generation.” she smiles proudly. “You could visit him sometime, get some tips and advice. He has plenty of experience.”

Kita doesn’t have the leisure of time to do that, but he’ll keep it in mind if he ever needs to address something in the future. There hasn’t been anything in his own neighborhood that he can’t handle yet. Even if something challenging did happen to appear, he could probably handle it swiftly like he has everything so far.

The next morning, when he arrives to school, he’s blocked off from his classroom because Shiozaki is taking up the door to talk to his friends. He sighs internally before he approaches the douche. “Excuse me.”

“Excuse me.” Another voice syncs with Kita’s from the inside of the classroom, on the other side of the door that Shiozaki is blocking.
“Whoa!” he backs up and moves from the doorway like a curtain to reveal you standing behind it. “No need to gang up on me, guys.” he jokes.

Ignoring him, Kita and you look at each other and yield simultaneously, “Go ahead.” you both say.

You smile sheepishly, a small chuckle sighing off your lips at the pure synchronization, so Kita beats you to the next punch, “Go ahead first.” he insists, stepping aside.

“Ah, thank you.” you bow quickly, dashing past the doorway into the hall.

Kita is about to walk inside next, but you stop him, “Uhm, Kita-kun, right?”

He turns only his head to look at you, “Hm?”

“Oh, I just wanted to thank you… For finding my sketchbook yesterday. It means a lot to me.” you giggle in that soft, feminine way that he can see charm in.

“No problem.” he replies simply before walking further into the classroom to his desk.

“Ah! So cold, Kita-kun!” Shiozaki calls after him before turning his attention back to you, “You’re so very sweet, [Surname]-chan. I can feel the warmth of your sincerity.”

“Huh? Oh… uh huh.” you make some noncommittal reply before disappearing down the hall with Shiozaki still calling after you.

Yet again, Kita feels himself smirking at your complete disregard of his annoying classmate. He doesn’t know why he’s so smug about it. Maybe he’s just amused seeing Shiozaki not getting something he wants for once.

You’re quite sought after, Kita has noticed. Sometimes he hears the boys whispering about you in the halls or during breaks, and he’s seen a number of the more courageous ones like Shiozaki actually walk up to you in an attempt to interact, only to be politely let down thereafter.
Honestly, he can understand why. You’re like a perfect maiden of chastity that all of these brutes want to either mess up bathe in the purity of. There’s a softness about you in the way you speak, hold yourself, laugh, eat, and everything else. Even Kita can admit that it’s cute; attractive, even. Which is probably also why he’s so smug that you had taken the time to talk to him while you blew off someone as annoying as Shiozaki.

Now he’s starting to get a bit immature. His grandmother is always encouraging him to act more like an adolescent, but he tries not to get too caught up in drama that isn’t necessary. His life is busy enough without beef with schoolmates. And he prefers not to add too many unpredictable factors to his routines.

Kita ends up coming back to the classroom a little earlier today when he’s finished with lunch. You’re still there with your friends, and to Kita’s chagrin, Shiozaki is there having a loud conversation with his own friends. At Kita’s desk. Again.

His teammates in the volleyball club tell him that he emits a scary aura sometimes. Maybe he does, but it’s all for the benefit of the team to achieve victory in the best way possible. Perhaps he comes off as more intimidating as he intends, but it works out in the end.

Shiozaki must sense this scary aura of his today because once he spots Kita, he hops off of his desk and mutters a brief apology before sitting somewhere else. Kita is grateful for such a smooth transaction, and he takes his seat easily with an internal satisfaction.

“Hey, Shio. You wanna hang out this weekend?” one of Shiozaki’s friends asks, “I got the new game from my cousin.”

Shiozaki groans in his loud, obnoxious way before sighing, “Dude, I wish. I gotta help my dad out this weekend. His workplace has this new exhibit coming in from Africa or something and I have to help him set up everything.”

“Ehh…” his friends groan in unison.

“Yeah, sucks.” Shiozaki shrugs.

“Shiozaki-kun.” Your voice pops up, catching everyone’s attention, from his friends’ to your friends’ to Kita’s. He’s pretending not to notice, of course, as he stares blankly at one of his textbooks.
“When you say exhibit, do you mean a museum exhibit?”

“Huh?” Even Shiozaki seems to be taken aback by how you approached him first, “Oh, well yeah. My dad works at the museum in the city.”

“The one that’s going to hold the Yorubaland exhibit in next month?” your voice is laced with excitement and you’re sitting straight and attentive in your seat.

“Huh? Oh, uh… yeah? Something like that? I’m not sure. My old man is just making me help out before the exhibit opens to the public.” Shiozaki replies cluelessly.

“Does he want help? I’d love to volunteer! I’ve been looking really forward to this exhibit. I’d really love to help out and see all the pieces myself.” you clutch your hands together as you gush.

“You would? Well, I mean, I can ask, but usually unauthorized volunteers aren’t allowed near the special exhibits. I’m only helping out because I’ve been doing it for years.” Shiozaki says in a way that sounds like he’s bragging. An amusing tone to use when he was clueless just a second ago.

“Oh, that’s so cool. I really wanna see it so, so bad.” you sigh blissfully, like your drifting off into daydreams of it, “Yoruba culture is just so cool. All their artwork is really inspiring. I’ve been copying photos of their clothing and jewelry online, but I want to see the real thing, you know?” you’re gushing to your friends about it now.

“Oh, were those the things you’ve been drawing lately, [Surname]-chan? They were beautiful.” one of them comments.

“Aren’t they? Here, look at these.” You’re pulling up photos on your phone to show them when Shiozaki loudly clears his throat to gain your attention again.

“Well! I mean, even if you can’t help set up the exhibit, I think I can… pull a few strings and get you an exclusive first look at it. You know, before it’s released to the public.” he leans back in the chair he’s sitting on to smirk at you. He’s like a peacock, showing off all his colors at once.

“Could you really?” you sound incredibly interested.
“Of course, it would have to be a private affair. Don’t want to advertise that this highly anticipated exhibit has a VIP pass, right?” he reasons, clearly steering the conversation in a direction that will benefit his ulterior motives, “I can take you to see it, but probably after the museum closes on Sunday afternoon. So what do you say we grab some lunch first? My treat.” Kita sees Shiozaki wink from his peripheral, and he has to physically stop himself from rolling his eyes.

“You’re really going to take me to see the exhibit? Really, really?” your voice rises with your thrill.

“Really, really.” he confirms in a smooth voice.

“Then let’s do it!” your giggle chimes like a bell, capturing all ears and hearts that hear it. “I’ll be looking forward to it, Shiozaki-kun.”

“R-Right.” he clears his throat, face a little pink at how cute you are.

Well, so much for you overlooking Shiozaki’s existence. The guy’s friends are giving him dumbfounded looks and hitting him in the chest, both happy for him and envious of him at the same time. And he just laughs smugly in return.

Kita finally looks up from his textbook to glance at the door that you’re now leaving through as the warning bell rings. He wonders how your date is going to turn out.

How did he end up here to find out?

It’s Sunday afternoon, and Kita is walking around one of the European exhibits a gallery away from where you and Shiozaki are. He got here about an hour ago, but you two only just arrived about twenty minutes ago.

But god damn, even twenty minutes from afar, Kita feels like he’s going to get a headache from how stupid Shiozaki is. He’s not a terrible guy, but his complete ignorance and lack of cultural knowledge despite the fact that his family facilitates this vast and lucky museum grinds on Kita’s nerves.
He can tell that you’re biting down on your own patience as well. Whenever Shiozaki makes a birdbrained or downright imbecilic comment about something, you just laugh it off and attempt to correct him. Like when you two were looking around at all the impressively three-dimensional still life paintings, and you were trying to educate the dunce about the trompe l’oeil “fool the eye” style, he just made some stupid remark about how he wants to try biting into the bread.

Or how he’s been blatantly staring at the paintings and statues of naked women whenever he passes by them. When he saw that you noticed him staring, he tried to play it off, but you had just chuckled, “You have quite the eye for beautiful things.” before explaining to him about the different goddesses or historical figures depicted in the pieces.

Kita couldn’t take much more of his idiocy and disappeared into another gallery to sigh out his frustration. Honestly, he doesn’t even know why he’s here spying on the two of you. He has other things he could be doing, and yet, he’s mindlessly following you guys to see if he’ll get an opportunity to laugh if the date fails.

Shiozaki gets on Kita’s nerves, but you’re holding out pretty well for the special Yorubaland exhibit. From what he’s seen, you’ve been more tolerant at the passes Shiozaki has been trying to make at you; letting him lead you by the waist, whisper into your ear, and stand closer to you than usual. It’s kind of disgruntling to see how transparent Shiozaki’s motives are, but Kita figures that he can interrupt if the situation ever gets serious.

Eventually, the security guards announce the museum’s closing for the day, and people beginning leaving in floods. Kita moves swiftly and confidently as he walks around the blind spot of the security guard right into the hallway that leads underground to the where the special exhibit is being set up. He finds a spot to hide as he waits for you and Shiozaki to come down.

The two of you arrive about ten minutes later, and Shiozaki leads you by the waist towards the many artifacts that are set up on the walls or in glass cases. Kita ignores Shiozaki’s smug introduction as you walk forward, gasping in awe at the exhibit, “Oh my goodness, this is so exciting! Thank you so much, Shiozaki-kun.”

As annoying as Shiozaki can be, Kita has to admit that you’re rather endearing when you’re immersed in something you’re interested in. He leans back on the wall that keeps him out of your view but allows him to see you guys, crossing his arms silently. You’re talking excitedly about all the different things you’re reading from the plaques that explain the significance of the pieces on display.

Shiozaki just lingers around and lets you have your fun, waiting for the right moment to approach you. But you’ve stopped at a certain display for quite a while now, and when Kita leans a bit to the
side, he sees that you have an intense gaze on the wooden statue you’re staring at through the glass casing. There’s a… ravenous hunger in your eyes that he can see reflected on the glass that he hasn’t seen on you all day. Or at all, in fact.

You look like you’re about to press your face against the glass when Shiozaki steps beside you to interrupt, “You like this one or something?”

“Yes, this is a famous priestess in Yoruba culture, and I like how she looks.” you say, struggling to keep your voice steady in… excitement? It borders on the edge of bewitched.

“Funny, I think that’s what I’ve thought about you all day.” he steps closer, putting himself between you and the glass casing. “But I think you’re so much more beautiful.”

“Shiozaki-kun…” you say, sounding somewhat uneasy.

“So very beautiful.” he caresses your cheek and moves your hair out of your face before moving in to kiss you.

Wow, is Kita really going to watch this? This is not what he came here to see. Not that he knew what he did come here for, but he should probably give you guys your privacy regardless. He rolls over to the other wall to keep the sight of you two making out out of his view. Kita doesn’t hear any sounds that indicate struggle or rejection, which kind of disappoints him because he was silently hoping for some dejection on Shiozaki’s part.

But suddenly, there’s a tingle on Kita’s skin at the small chill that invades the room. He’s alert. As silently as possibly, he turns his head this way and that to observe anything that might indicate a demonic presence, because he cannot allow either of you to fall victim to a demon’s bidding or feeding.

But the slight chill is gone as quickly as it had appeared. Like most fleeting demon encounters he has before he has to chase them down. This one might not have been very powerful since none of the light bulbs went off, but what was it doing here anyway? Daylight is still out, so demons shouldn’t be able to move that freely at this time.

Cautiously, he sticks his head past the wall to see if either you or Shiozaki has noticed anything, but all he sees is the sight of you two still kissing. Blech.
Well, he can’t tell if it’s really a kiss. Shiozaki seems to be putting in all the effort. You don’t look like you’re particularly enjoying it, but you’re not pushing him away either, so Kita really doesn’t know.

But after some time, you finally push away from him and bring your voice up again, “Uhm… maybe we should go.”

“Sure, we can go.” Shiozaki agrees, likely glad to be out of this place that holds too much knowledge for him to fathom, “Want to hang out at my house? It’s not too far from here. We can continue this there.” his voice sounds pathetically hopeful.

“Actually, I was hoping to go back home now. I really want to sketch down some of these things I saw today before I forget them. I might not be able to see them again until the exhibit opens officially.” you reject politely.

Shiozaki continues to try coaxing you to follow him, but eventually gives up when you grow more adamant about leaving. After the two of you make your way back up to the main lobby of the museum through the hallway, Kita treads over to the wooden statue of the priestess you had been so enamored with.

The design is very tribal looking, and Kita can see the charm in it, he supposes. There are a couple other figures in this carving as well, and their details are just as intricate as the priestess’. Kita looks down to read the plaque, and a phrase catches his attention, “The amulet on the necklace she wears was believed to ward off unholy energy and could possibly have been used for exorcisms.”

He glances up at the statue again, then down at the plaque where a photo of the wooden sculpture is also printed beside the captions. Then back at the statue.

There is no necklace.

The wooden statue that is supposed to be wearing a necklace with an amulet, as it does in the photo, is not there in the case with the sculpture. He circles the glass casing to see if the necklace was dropped anywhere inside, and finds nothing.

Kita flashes back to the brief chill in the room. A chill that usually indicates the movement of demonic spiritual energy. And then he flashes further back… to the look you had in your eyes when you were staring at the statue. And then he flashes back even further… to the sketch of the necklace.
from your sketchbook. It looked… almost exactly like the one shown in the photo.

He runs out of the exhibit and up into the hallway to catch you and Shiozaki before you leave, and he sees the both of you making your way towards a side door of the museum. In a flash, he’s there behind you with a hand on your shoulder, turning you around to look at him.

“Kita-kun?” you gasp, “What are you doing here?”

“Kita? The hell are you doing here?” Shiozaki also interrogates. “The museum’s closed. How’d you get in here?”

Kita ignores both of your questions and stares coldly into your eyes, “I think you have something that doesn’t belong to you.”

“Eh?” you say in a quiet, dumbfounded voice.

Kita doesn’t let up on his cold glare and keeps his hand on your shoulder. You stutter in confusion, “Kita-kun… what are you talking about?”

“Yeah dude, what are you talking about?” Shiozaki demands, “Don’t touch her like that without asking.”

Kita kind of wants to make a retort about how Shiozaki has been touching her all day without her permission, so he’s not one to say such a thing. But he has to stay focused on the task at hand. “Return it.” he commands in his stern, captain voice.

“Wait… I honestly don’t know what what you’re talking about, Kita-kun…” you step back like you’re afraid of him.

Before you can argue further, he flips up the flap of your small bag to dig his hand inside and pull out the worn beaded necklace that has a faded, stone amulet hanging from it. The one that was resting on the sculpture of the Yoruba priestess.

“Wait…” Shiozaki pauses, “That’s… from the exhibit… How did you…” he looks down at you
with all sorts of questions running through his mind. “And Kita, how did you know…?”

Kita takes the hand that’s still on your shoulder to swift grab the salt shaker from his pocket, sliding the cap off in less than a second to throw a dash of salt at your exposed arm.

And as expected, you shout in pain, bending down and clutching at your arm with your other hand to see the area that was touched by the salt is blemishing. In another second, you stare up at him to growl angrily before striking at him with your good arm.

He blocks your blow, but you’ve got more power than he had expected for such a young-looking demon. Pushing your blow back, he pockets the necklace before blocking yet another strike from your arm. And then a kick. And then jab.

Kita meets every single one of your strikes with a block of his own to gauge how powerful you actually are. It seems that you have a lot of latent power, but not a lot of combat experience. Which goes to show with how you haphazardly knock out Shiozaki as you’re pulling back.

In normal circumstances, Kita would try to save civilians within the range of danger, but he doesn’t seem to have the same sense of urgency this time. Not when you’re such a fighting novice, at least. Kita is easily able to knock you back and pin you down to the floor. “Get off of me!”

“What’s your purpose in trying to steal this demon banishing amulet?” Kita interrogates as he hovers above you, hands holding your wrists above your head and ankles shackling your shins.

“It’s not for banishing demons. I wouldn’t be able to touch it if it were.” You retort petulantly.

“So enlighten me. What is it for?” Kita muses.

This time, you huff and turn to face the side. Kita would like to take the time to admire your side profile in a position like this, but he needs answers, so he presses more strength into your wrists, “What. Is it for.” He puts more force into his question.

“Ow, ow.” You yelp, “Let up! Jeez. It has a neutralizing effect on any spells, demonic or holy.”
“And why did you need this so badly that you had to steal it?”

“Is that your business?”

“I can easily exorcise you right now if you don’t feel like giving me answers.” he threatens casually.

“Aren’t you going to do that to me anyway?” You snort, “What’s the point of revealing information if I’m going to meet the same fate.”

“You seem to know how these things work.”

“Because that’s all you hunters ever do! Trick us into thinking you’ll give us a chance when you interrogate us, and end up killing us anyway! You’re the demons, if anything.” You shout fiercely.

“We’re the ones trying to protect people from evil, not spreading it.” Kita replies calmly.

“Shut up!” You yell, outraged, “I may be a thief but I’m not evil! I’m just trying to help my family!”

The expression on your face is one of pure anger, like you’ve been wronged. Kita feels his heart falter, but he reminds himself to keep his physical grip firm, “Your family.” He repeats.

“Yes, my family. Demons happen to have those too.” You speak slowly and mockingly.

“Where is your family?”

“Trapped in a jar by one of your hunter friends.” You grumble, looking away from Kita’s face again.

The jar from your sketch flashes from his memory. Is that the one that your family is trapped in? “One stone, two birds …” he recites absently.

“How do you know that?” You ask angrily.
Kita stares down at you, deadpan, “Your sketchbook.”

You curse to yourself before trying to struggle out of his grip again, and it’s actually quite a challenge to keep you held down with your strength. “So what? You gonna kill me now?”

Good question. Should he? He’s never come across an experience where he’s had to give a demon a fair trial before executing them. “It’s protocol, but you don’t seem like you do this often.”

“Of course not! Some of us are just trying to embed ourselves in society without stirring trouble. But you guys never give us a chance to speak.” You hiss.

“Why speak when your actions do that for you? All the demons that I’ve encountered had it coming to them.”

“You see what you want to see.” You roll your eyes.

“Well, what I see right now is a thief who manipulated a high school student into sneaking her into a closed exhibit in order to embezzle an ancient, African treasure.” He spells it out for you.

“I was going to return it once I was done with it.” You sigh exasperatedly.

That gets Kita to smirk, “A likely story.”

“I was! If it didn’t get damaged, at least.” you pout, still looking to the side. “I really was just going to borrow it.”

“And once you did, what were you going to do with it? How is this amulet supposed to help you save your family?” Kita continues to interrogate.

You heave a sigh, like you’re being lectured by a parent or something, “I was going to use it to open the jar that my parents are trapped in. The amulet would neutralize the holy spell on the jar and allow me to touch it.”
Interesting. It’s true that demons cannot touch things that have been purified, which is why they can’t free other demons that are trapped in the holy jars on their own. Once sealed, they’re trapped inside. By breaking the jar physically, the spell that seals the demon’s spirit inside will cause it to tear apart with the jar. If someone were to open the jar the traditional way, that would allow the demon an escape passage since the spell is no longer completely sealed inside.

So systematically, if you were to throw a rock or something to break the jar that houses your parents, that would cause them harm and they likely would not make it out alive. But if you could somehow neutralize the holy spell of the jar like you said, then you would be able to unseal the vessel yourself and free whoever is trapped inside.

However, the fact remains that they were sealed up in the first place. In an incredibly powerful jar nonetheless. Whoever had the run-in with your parents must have deemed them as a danger, which is why he captured them in the first place. Kita knows it’s probably cruel to force you to let your family die, but there are too many unknown factors going on here.

Not to mention that none of that excuses the fact that you were willing to steal something valuable in order to go through with this plan. “Kita-kun, they did nothing wrong.” you interrupt his thoughts to say. You’re finally looking back up at him, with determination shining in your eyes. “They have powerful spirits, which is possibly why they always try so hard to stay under the radar. But they did nothing wrong.”

Why should he believe you? He doesn’t know why they were captured. Should he investigate to find out? “Even if they’re innocent, you’re the one who was willing to commit a crime. You’re not in any position to persuade me.”

“But!” your eyes look devastated. Kita actually feels kind of sorry for you. But the determination returns with a fervor, “Fine then. Take the necklace back. I’m not even sure if it would still have worked anyway. But I need to help them.”

“And just how do you plan on doing that if you don’t have the amulet?” Kita raises an eyebrow at you.

“You’re part of that secret demon-hunting society aren’t you? Kita-kun, if you have a connection to that shrine, then you can do whatever you want to me. But please, I need your help. If you’re not going to let me free them myself, then I need your help. Please. They don’t have much time.”
Your words sound earnest, and your eyes match your words, but demons have always been known to be conniving and fantastic actors. Kita isn’t the type to break routine, and giving you the benefit of the doubt just because you’re a familiar face he’s seen all year doesn’t change the fact that you are indeed a demon.

“And just why do you think that I would help you?” he’s genuinely curious.

“Come on, Kita-kun. We’re gone to school together all year. I haven’t done a single thing that made you suspect that I was dangerous to anyone.” you argue. And Kita has to admit that it’s true. He had never suspected you or sensed any demonic spiritual energy coming from you, let alone seen you as dangerous.

“And neither has my family, I can guarantee you that.” you continue, “My father is a banker and my mother works at a hair salon. Everyone who knows them will probably have good things to say about them. The only reason we moved here this year is because we were being hunted in our previous city. Also for no good reason! Once they just found out what we were, they assumed the worst and chased after us until they drove us out of town. You can’t tell me that you think that’s fair.”

Kita doesn’t say anything. Because if what you’re saying is true, then yeah, it really is unfair to you. But who has ever heard of a powerful demon family trying to hide out in society without ulterior motives?

“It’s true that you haven’t caused any trouble up until this point. Not that I know of, at least.” he acknowledges, and finally pulls his weight off of you to stand up. He has a strong feeling that you won’t just get up and run away. “But what good would it be to help you? I don’t have a reason, nor an interest to.”

“Then why did you come here today?” you pin him with the question, shooting up into a sitting position. He was not expecting to be called out like that. “I know you knew that Shiozaki-kun and I had a date today. I know you’re an observant guy, Kita-kun. You were there when we made the plans. Why did you show up and follow us into the Yorubaland exhibit?”

“Maybe I was interested in the exhibit too.” he lies.

“Bullshit.” Wow, it’s interesting to hear such a harsh word come from your pretty mouth like acid. “You clearly don’t like Shiozaki-kun, but that’s not enough of a reason to follow us all the way here after closing hours. Admit it, Kita-kun, I’ve caught your interest a bit, haven’t I?”
“What makes you say that.” he feigns ignorance with his stone-cold poker face.

You scoff as you stand up as well, “You’re not a machine, Kita-kun. I can tell that you’d be as easily enamored with me as the next guy if you just let yourself. Come on,” you step forward to boldly put your hands on his shoulders, “I could really use your help. I’ll do anything you want to get my family back. Just say the word, and I’m all yours.” Your hands trail down from his shoulders to his chest, and descend slowly.

Kita is hard as steel. This is a common strategy of persuasion demons use; seduction. He’s encountered this far too many times. It would likely have more of an effect on him if you actively used your hypnotic abilities, but he supposes you’re trying to be earnest in your efforts. Either that, or you’re just not very used to this. You’re not even giving him anything resembling a sultry look, just an innocent pleading one.

In the deep, dark depths of his mind that house desire, Kita would not be opposed to having you follow his whims. *I’m all yours*, you said. You’re right when you say Kita isn’t a machine. He’s not immune to temptation.

However, above all else, he’s a logical man. And he can’t allow silly desires and temptations to fog his ability to think clearly. He approaches everything with reason.

“What you’re asking for is unheard of. There is no way that I am going to help you free a demon, family or not.”

Your face drops in devastation all too quickly. It’s kind of cute how earnest you are. “But Kita-kun —”

“If that jar you drew is really the one your parents are trapped inside, then they’re powerful enough to be a threat to anything. It’s one of the most intricate, elite holy jars I’ve ever seen.” he explains, “And I have no business trying to set demons like that free. I’m sorry.” he says with finality as he walks away back towards the special exhibit.

“Kita-kun, wait!” you shout after him.

“I’ll be keeping an eye on you from now on, but if I so much as get a whiff of danger,” he turns his head to pin you with his cold, steely eyes, “Then it’s over for you.”
You look like you want to continue protesting, but Kita is already back on his way to return the necklace to the museum piece, “You might want to clean up that idiot over there too, by the way.” he says as an afterthought when he sees Shiozaki starting to stir from his position lying on the ground.

As he disappears down the hallway into the Yorubaland exhibit again, he hears your frustrated huff before Shiozaki grunts himself into consciousness. Making his way down the hall to the encased wooden statue the necklace belongs to, Kita wonders if he’s making the right decision.

His instincts tell him that you’re not really too threatening, and your adamance about wanting to live a quiet life as a demon in human society sounds radical, but not impossible. Should he confide in his grandmother about this? Would she tell him to go after you immediately and kill you while he has the chance? Could he bring himself to do that?

Yeah, he should tell her. If he’s letting a demon go free, seemingly harmless or not, he should at least share the information with his grandmother. With her experience at least, she’ll give him a better perspective on what to do from here.

*  

“Is she pretty?” is the first thing she asks when Kita finishes explaining the situational encounter with you earlier in the evening.

“What does that have to do with any of it?” he furrows his eyebrows in confusion.

“Nothing.” she chuckles as she continues to fold a shirt from the pile of clean laundry they’re organizing together. “But the way you were telling the story in such detail, I thought you might’ve been smitten by her or something before you found out such a harsh truth.”

“Regardless of whether she’s pretty or not, that’s not supposed to affect what I do about it.” he states matter-of-factly. It’s what he’s been trained to remember his entire life. Do not be swayed to make decisions based on his emotions. Use logic.

“How mature of you, Shin-chan.” she smiles proudly as she puts the shirt in one of the piles before
picking up another one. “Well, you’re the one who has been going to school with this young girl all year, so I trust you to gauge whether or not she’s a danger. How you handled the situation today is not how I would have expected you to, but I don’t see any wrong in it either. So I think it’s fine to let it play out until you deem action to be necessary.”

Kita nods respectfully, satisfied to hear his grandmother’s opinion. “What do you think about what she said though? Is it really possible for demons to try to coexist with humans?”

She hums thoughtfully, “Hmm… well it’s not something that I haven’t seen attempted before. Back in the day, there weren’t as many resources for demons to quell their physiological needs, and a lot of them had nastier tempers. But maybe some of those things have changed now. We can’t be sure though, so we have to observe things as they come and go.

“However, in the case of freeing her parents, that’s not up to us. If she wants to bring it up with Souichiro-kun at their shrine, since he’s the one who caught them. She’ll run the risk of being captured herself though, depending on how open Souichiro-kun is to hearing out a demon’s story.”

Kita folds the last of the clothes in the basket as he considers this. If he told you this, would you be willing to run that risk? You had tried to fight him today at the museum, but if you can’t even beat him, then there’s no way that you would even stand a chance against someone from the Ebita Shrine.

Well, he supposes he’ll do as he said and just keep an eye on you. Because what else can he do?

“Hi, Kita-kun.” you smile and wave at him as he walks back towards his classroom from his usual morning bathroom break. It’s a new part of the daily routine that’s been added since that run-in at the museum a few days ago.

He only meets your eyes and gives you a single nod to be polite in front of others, doing his part in this new routine. But honestly, it’s all kind of annoying. He knows you’re only trying to wear him down to convince him to help you out.

The day after the incident, during lunchtime, you had caught him on his way to the cafeteria and asked him to speak with you outside. He had no reason to turn you down in public, so he obliged,
but only ended up giving you the same answers to a slightly different question.

“You have to bring it up with the man who works at the Ebita Shrine. I can’t help you.”

“Kita-kun, I can guarantee you that my parents would not stir trouble. If they got captured, it’s probably because the hunter who was after them is ruthless and thinks all demons are biologically evil.” you assert, looking disdainfully, “You can’t expect me to go there by myself and ask him to give me my parents back. He’d slice me up and funnel me into a jar before I could even introduce myself.”

“Aren’t you being a bit presumptuous? You say that hunters see all demons as monsters that need to be captured, but you’re making the same judgements about him before you’ve even met the guy.” he turns it back on you.

You breathe in so deep that you’re standing on the balls of your feet, looking like you’re going to shout something in retaliation, but you just hold it in your cheeks before bursting into a sigh. Your body deflates but you stand up straight again without a moment’s waste, “Fine, you’re right. I’m being presumptuous. But can you blame me? You and other humans are probably afraid of demons wreaking havoc just as much as demons are afraid of being hunted. That’s why it’s so hard for us to understand each other. There aren’t any advocates that are willing to defend the other side.”

This conversation is starting to sound strangely political, but you eventually get to your main point, “So in any case, how’s he going to believe me if I show up on my own to his shrine to ask him to set some demons free? I have no merit in his eyes. That’s why I need your help, Kita-kun. If you can ask for me, or just show up there beside me to back me up and reassure him that I’m not dangerous, then maybe I’ll have a chance.”

Your argument isn’t invalid, but even if Kita wanted to help you, he’s busy. What with volleyball practice, school work, and making his neighborhood rounds, he doesn’t have time to go on a field trip to some high-end shrine on the other end of the city as your chaperone.

He tells you so, but you’re persistent. You keep arguing with him and trying to convince him in one way or another, but he ends up having to walk away from you with an insincere apology. You don’t follow him but you’re at it again the next time he’s free.

That’s how it’s been for the last few days, you saying hi to him in the hallways like you’re new acquaintances, following him down to the cafeteria to ask him for the same favor again and again, and once you even showed up to his volleyball practice to ask when he’d be leaving.
His teammates had all given him promiscuous looks or encouraging nudges, but he ignored them and told you that practice wouldn’t be over for a while. And before you could offer to wait, he gave you a scary look that made you pout and sigh before being sent home.

“Dude! What’d you do that for? We could’ve done without you for an extra hour today.” Gin punches him playfully on the back.

“Yeah, that was [Surname]. She’s like, unattainable, and yet she comes here practically begging to hang out with you. What’s with you?” Ojiro laughs jokingly, also patting his back.

Kita just stares deadpan at his teammates like he usually does, “I can’t afford to lose practice at a time like this. Nationals is right around the corner, isn’t it?”

“Ehhh, it’s just one day, captain. Live a little.” his annoyingly lax junior, Miya Atsumu, drawls. “She’s pretty. I’ve never even seen you interact with a girl before. Nationals are important, but you’re not going to be young forever, you know.”

Now Kita is starting to get agitated, so he gives everyone his darkest, most unamused “get back to work” look until they all can physically feel the chills on their skin. And practice is back in session.

But that’s the pattern things have taken these days; you catching him during the breaks, and his friends sending him encouraging looks and winks whenever you show up. Even your own friends seem to encourage the interaction between you two, and they’ve walked off with his own once or twice to leave you two to your verition before.

Little do they know that the conversations you always start with him are just precursors to philosophical debates about the dynamics between humans and demons.

“You know, just because humans can walk around during daytime without problems doesn’t mean you guys are the dominant majority. It’s just that we’re concentrated more in cloudy or cooler areas that don’t get as much sunlight. Although there’s the occasional exception of the demon who likes to suntan in the tropics.”
“Have you ever wondered why humans have seen such a fall in demon activity in the past century? The rise of industry and medical science hasn’t helped only humans. Since we’ve started building more accessible ways to get blood, we don’t have to go biting down on random victims like vampires anymore.”

“Demons have dreams and aspirations like anyone else, but when humans keep limiting our movements, we have no choice but to rebel at times. More often than not, demons are stuck in shadier jobs that don’t require health screenings and whatnot, so a lot of us are under the impression that we’re doomed to fail simply based on who we are when we’re born.”

“You ever a met a half demon child? Because it’s very possible to make one. Our bodies are really not that different, Kita-kun. And halfies are living proof that humans and demons can get along just fine. More than fine, even…” you had been coming in really close to him during this particular conversation, even bringing a hand up to caress his face.

Kita had grabbed hold of your wrist and pushed it back down to your side. He would not fall prey to your persuasion. Although admittedly, you had been wearing him down.
It was annoying at first, having you tail him and go on and on about the social anomalies of demons and humans. He was tempted to raise his voice a few times, since you didn’t seem to care if others were eavesdropping at times — although to them, it might’ve just sounded like you were really passionate about some sort of anime series or something.

But at some point, he just learned to deal with it. He allowed you to follow him and badger him about all these different debatable topics, and he didn’t ever say a word. You went on, and he listened — he was actually learning quite a lot — but he never gave you a sign that he had changed his mind or was swayed by your argument.

It was strange, how he was starting to expect and even anticipate your greetings and interactions and talks as the week went by. They’ve almost started to become part of his daily routine, in an offhandish way. And before he knows it, Friday comes and he’s likely not going to see you during the weekend. Instead of seeing it as a nice break, he finds himself feeling disappointed at the thought.

Have you grown on him? He can admit to himself that he was probably already slightly attracted to you in the strictly physical sense before he found out you were a demon, but now that he’s seeing parts of your personality that he can’t just see by walking past you in the hallway, it’s hard to turn away. It’s becoming clearer to him that you’re an intelligent, stubborn, passionate person who is surprisingly not that good at flirting (you try, but you’re clearly not very experienced). And… he doesn’t hate it.

He doesn’t hate learning more about you, or about how demons have evolved alongside humans in the shadows. He doesn’t dislike the attention you constantly pay him day after day (or the look of frustration on Shiozaki’s face). He doesn’t even disapprove of your novice attempts to seduce him at times. If anything, he finds them amusing, how inexperienced you are. It’s becoming evident how sheltered you are compared to other rogue demons.

Yeah, maybe you’ve grown on him. Because when he’s emotionlessly walking back home from volleyball practice on Friday evening, he isn’t even bothered by the fact that you’re sitting in his living room having tea with his grandmother.

Surprised, but not bothered.

“What are you doing here?” he deadpans.

“Well, since you weren’t going to sympathize with me and help me rescue my dying family,” you
pin him with an antagonistic glare, “I thought I’d pay a visit and see if your guardian would lend an ear. You have a very sweet grandmother, by the way, Kita-kun.”

His grandmother laughs, “You’re quite a lovely young woman. I never thought I’d meet such a well-mannered and charming young demon.”

“Granny.” Kita pipes up, dropping his stuff down and kneeling down to be more at eye-level with her, “Why did you let her in.”

“She said she was your classmate and openly introduced herself as a demon. I was curious.” she shrugs more cheerfully than should be appropriate.

“And I was telling her about my situation and how I need a helping hand. Just a sponsor. And she kindly heard me out, I’m very grateful, oba-san.” you place your hands on the table and bow your head to her.

“Shin-chan, why don’t you take [Surname]-chan over to the Ebita Shrine tomorrow? If you bring her now while it’s dark, Souichirou-kun might think that she’s going to take advantage of the evening.”

“What?” he’s dumbfounded. His grandmother is actually agreeing to this?

“It’s fine, I’ll write a referral letter to him. But you being there should be enough. Don’t worry, Shin-chan, if [Surname]-chan presents herself as honestly and openly as she did to me, then I’m sure Souichirou-kun will at least hear her out.” she coaxes, like it’s already been decided.

Kita looks between you and his grandmother and your matching smiles. How had you managed to create such a blooming friendship with her in such a short time? “Granny, are absolutely serious right now? She didn’t hypnotize you or anything?” he has to ask just to make sure. Although he can’t imagine that she would change her answer for any reason.

“Shin-chan, how rude! Demon or not, she’s a young girl who needs her family. If she’s willing to put her life on the line, then I don’t see why we can’t give her a chance.” she reaches over to pat your cheek, “Besides, how can you say no to such a pretty face? And she was kind enough to bring gifts over.”

Kita notices the basket of fruit and protein bars sitting on the cabinet shelf by the TV. He was
wondering where that came from. There’s no chill in the air, and the electricity is still running just fine. All the telltale signs of demonic energy are absent from this household, so you are most likely persuading his grandmother through your personality alone.

“Oh, it’s alright oba-san. Kita-kun is always a bit cold towards me.” you sigh dramatically, “I was starting to lose a bit of confidence in my feminine charm.”

“Nonsense,” she waves off such a silly notion, “He’s just a little too serious. It’s always been that way. But he’ll gladly help, won’t you, Shin-chan?”

“Uh… I have volleyball practice tomorrow though.” he tries for another escape route.

“You don’t get breaks during these practices? Just tell them you’ll be gone for a little while longer and you’ll be back for the end. Time is of the essence!”

Kita stares longer between you and his grandmother before internally sighing. It’d be rude to show his exasperation so blatantly. But he still makes his most deadpan look before turning to you, “Meet me at the school gymnasium around noon tomorrow. Bring a bicycle with you too, I suppose.”

“Yes, sir!” you salute him, sporting the most victorious smile he’s ever seen. It’s almost dazzling, he has to turn away. So he makes his way back to his bedroom without another word and lets you converse freely with his grandmother for the rest of the evening.

* 

You pop your head into the gymnasium fifteen minutes before noon, while the boys are starting their cool-down stretches, “Hello, everyone.” you make your presence known with a soft call and a soft smile.

“Hm? Captain, is this visitor for you?” Atsumu wiggles his eyebrows at Kita as he reaches forward between his eagle-spread legs.

“Yeah.” he answers simply, not even bothering to deny or explain himself. “I told coach I’d be gone for a while longer at lunch break to do something.”
“I wonder how long you need to do that something.” Gin exchanges a smirk with Ojiro as the other boys’ eyes follow you when you enter the gym. With a box of oranges in your hands...

“Pardon the intrusion.” you bow to the coach and set the oranges down by his chair, “I don’t know if Kita-kun told you, but I need to borrow him for a little while today.”

Kita turns away to let out the smallest of sighs through his nose. It’s fine, he tells himself. It’ll likely take an hour or so. All he has to do is accompany you to the shrine, which is about fifteen to twenty minutes away by bike, let you talk to Souichirou for a while, and then come back. Hopefully he’ll be able to address the situation promptly and Kita can be back at practice just a little after lunch.

They finish their stretches and disperse for lunch. Kita tells you he’s going to eat his food quickly so he can leave quickly, but you tell him to take his time and… just plop down in their circle with a few oranges in hand.

Okay… If the coach is allowing it, then he supposes he can’t send you off.

“So, you guys are going to nationals, huh? That’s so impressive!” you start a conversation easily with whoever is paying attention, which is basically everyone.

Ojiro is the one who speaks most comfortably with you, since he’s in your class, but the other boys seem to enjoy your company too. Kita thinks he can see some stars in some of their eyes. You’re peeling oranges as you talk to them and gush about the fame the team’s shot up to.

“And the Miya twins! I’ve heard so much about you guys.” you shoot a dazzling smile at the two, “You know some of the third year girls go crazy over the two of you. Even in the art club, where practically no one pays attention to sports, they all still attend the games to watch the two of you play.”

“Ehh? So who’s more popular?” Atsumu leans forward, already turning it into a competition.

“Oi.” Osamu prods him with a deadpan look.

“Secret~” you wink at him, and Kita swears there are a few pink cheeks in the room now.
He’s almost done with his rice balls, so he quickly takes his last bites and chugs it down with his water before tidying his lunch box back up. “Alright, we can head out now.”

“Wait, Kita-kun. Here, have an orange.” you hand him one of the perfectly peeled oranges you were working on, and you actually look quite lax despite how you had been bothering him to take you to the shrine for so long.

But he supposes it won’t hurt to get some extra vitamins into his meal, so he accepts the fruit, “Thank you.” he says as he peels it apart to put a wedge into his mouth.

“Eh… That was easier than I thought it would be.” you chuckle, and Kita turns to you with a clueless look on his face, “If you had said you didn’t want it, I was going to feed it to you.”

You giggle like it’s a joke, but Kita can see all his other team members nudging elbows and exchanging excited looks in the circle. So he swallows and says, “It’s fine. Thanks for bringing these for the team.”

“My pleasure.” you smile and pick up another peeled orange that was resting on the leftover peels, “Anyone else want one yet?”

“Over here!”

“Oh, me too.”

You respond to the requests by throwing the oranges to the boys who asked for them with a playful, “Catch~”

“[Surname]-san, if Kita-san won’t eat from your hands, you can always feed me instead.” Atsumu smiles smugly, glancing at Kita quickly before returning his gaze to you. Which means he is clearly doing this on purpose to incite a reaction out of him.

And to his chagrin, you play along, “Sure. Here ya go, ‘aaahh’.” you hold out an orange wedge, but you don’t actually make your way over to where Atsumu is sitting, which probably implies that you’re doing it jokingly.
Atsumu looks like he’s about to get up from his sitting position to lean over and eat the fruit from your hands, but Osamu, who is sitting closer to you, reaches right over and plucks it out of your hand to stuff it into his brother’s face. A heroic act.

“Oi! ‘Samu, the heck was that for?!” Atsumu shouts at him.

“I was bridging the space between you.” he replies simply, but it’s still spiteful somehow.

As the twins start arguing, you just laugh behind your hand at their antics. Ojiro informs you that it’s always like this.

Kita has finished his orange, so he stands up, “Let’s go. I don’t want to waste too much time.”

“Okay~” you sing, hopping up to follow him out of the gymnasium, “Take your time eating, everyone!” you say your goodbyes to the team, and receive a roaring reply until you’re out the door.

“Well, they’re nice.” you comment absently as the both of you make your way to the bike rack. Kita doesn’t say anything else to you on the trip to the shrine.

As expected, the ride there takes about fifteen minutes, and admittedly, the breeze is quite nice. Relaxing. And since you’re keeping pace with him, he doesn’t have to worry about you falling behind or anything and can just enjoy the ride.

The Ebita Shrine is lavish, probably due to the remodeling they’ve done since they get a lot more donations and funding than the local ones. But impressively enough, it looks exactly like the picture he remembered seeing in your sketchbook from the bottom of the stairs.

The two of you climb up to the top and make it to the stone brick pathway that leads to the torii gate. After quickly washing his hands in the water trough by the entrance, Kita leads you towards the shrine, “Let’s go.”

“Kita-kun, did you forget something?” You ask him, “I can’t step in there.”
That’s right. The shrines are places of holy worship and purified spiritual energy. It would reject your demonic energy.

“Then how were you going to save your family?” He asks, “They’re inside there anyway.”

“Well…” You tap the tips of your fingers together, looking away sheepishly, “I was originally planning on having the amulet to neutralize the holy energy around me.”

Right. The Yorubaland artifact that you tried to steal. Surprisingly enough, now that Kita has an idea of how stubbornly persistent and ambitious you are, he can understand your attempt to forge a plan through the use of a magical item. It’s not like you had anyone else to help you before.

“I see.” he turns back towards the torii gate, “Then wait out here, I’ll bring him out.”

Kita asks a shrine maiden to fetch Souichirou, making sure to mention his grandmother’s name. The man in haul appears several minutes later, looking as rugged and bearded as he did in your sketch. “How can I help you, young man?” he asks after quickly introducing himself.

“If it’s not too much of a bother, I’d like to take you to meet someone.” Kita bows, “She’s waiting outside of the gate.”

“Hm? Sure, but she can come inside as well, can’t she?” he says with confusion, but follows Kita to the entrance anyway. “So you’re the one who’s taking over for your grandmother now, are ya?”

“Yes, in fact, she’s the one who had me come here today. There’s a demon girl that she wants to help, and she asked me to accompany her here today so that she could ask you.” he explains as casually as he can.

However, that makes Souichirou stop in his tracks. “A demon. That she wants to help.” he repeats in a low rumble, trying to roll the taste of the sentence around in his mouth.

“Yes, she’s a student at my school actually. But since she hasn’t caused any trouble for anyone, I’ve been letting her roam freely.”
“There isn’t a demon out there that doesn’t cause trouble eventually, sonny.” Souichirou’s voice gets
darker, but he walks on with Kita anyway, “It’s only a matter of time.”

Well, Kita didn’t expect much variation from this kind of reaction, but he isn’t walking away at least,
so maybe he’ll be willing to hear you out. It doesn’t stop Souichirou from grimacing once he walks
out of the sanctity of the shrine to see you.

“Hello, sir!” you smile brightly and bow a good ninety degrees as you introduce yourself. Pulling out
the letter of referral from his grandmother, you hand it over to the man with both hands, “I’ve come
with a request to get my family back.”

Kita watches as Souichirou takes the letter with only his fingertips, and maneuvers the letter open to
touch as little of it as possible, as if it being in your possession has soiled it or something. Seeing this
kind of behavior, even Kita has to admit that it looks a bit rude.

After reading through the letter and verifying the stamp on the corner of the page, he folds it back up
and returns it to the envelope, “Your parents are being held here, you say?”

“That’s right, sir. I was at school during the time of their capture, so I wasn’t able to witness myself
how or why they were caught. But you know demons can use their spiritual connections with those
they’re close to, and so I managed to conjure up a picture of which vessel they are being held in.”
you hold up your sketchpad of the very picture of the holy jar Kita once saw.

Souichirou makes no movement or expression of recognition, but you continue on with your spiel,
“However, you see, my connection to them grows weaker by the day, which clearly means that
they’re losing strength within the confines of the jar. And although I may a demon, I am still a
growing adolescent, and I’m sure you can imagine how devastating it would be a for a child to lose
their family all of a sudden, right?

“I’m sure you wouldn’t want something like that to happen to your own child, or a niece or nephew
you have, or even to a child who visits your shrine occasionally! So I plead you, sir, to set my
parents free. A family of demons is a family nonetheless, and I vouch that they are not the kind of
people who would endanger others. I swear I’ve not seen them do a single thing wrong using their
demon abilities before.”

Souichirou listens with a pinched face the entire time. Kita is starting to get a bit annoyed by the
man’s blatant lack of manners.
“So you came here with this hunter boy to prove to me your sincerity.” he says in a deadpan way.

“Well, he’s more of a representative sponsor of my request, here today instead of his grandmother.” you clarify, “You see, Kita-kun and I have been going to school together for months, and he’s seen that I’m able to live among humans without a hitch! My parents are the same way, so I can’t imagine that they gave you a reason to capture them.”

Souichirou seems to relax a bit in his stance, and you don’t falter in your hopeful smile. “Listen young lady, I admire your audacity to come out here and bare yourself to us in order to help your family. However, I’m afraid I can’t grant you your request.”

Your face falls, and so does your sketchpad in your hands. It’s incredible how easy you are to read. “Why ever not?”

“That jar that’s holding your parents, it’s only used for S-class demons, so to speak. It’s not used to hold your everyday thief or glutton. Your parents are both white-eyed demons, and regardless of how your family has been living up until now, white-eyed ones are considered too much of a danger to allow free reign, and therefore must be detained.”

Without a second’s notice, Souichirou has pulled a knife out of his belt.

“But sir—!”

“I’m sorry to say, that goes for you too, young lady.”

You only managed to avoid Souichirou’s strike by holding up your sketchpad to receive the blow of the knife long enough for you to jump out of the way. “Wait, please— Aaah!” you scream when he pivots towards you to strike again, and the force of his swing makes your sketchpad fly off to the side. A few of the pages even fall out before the whole thing crashes to the floor in a wrinkled, heap.

But before Souichirou can swing at you while you’re down, Kita has caught the man’s knife in his own small one that he had kept hidden in his own body. Using the element of surprise to his advantage, Kita pivots the momentum back to push Souichirou back.

The man jumps back but still lands gracefully on his feet, clearly having many more years of experience in his belt. But no matter what he’s seen, he’s still capable of showing outrage in his eyes.
“Kita-kun.” your winded voice breathes from behind him. He turns around to offer a hand to you to stand up. You stare at him before glancing at his hand and back up at his face before taking it to stand.

“Do you not realize what a hazard this girl can become someday? I’m surprised you haven’t captured her on your own.” Souichirou growls.

“What I realize is that you’re being a bit much right now.” Kita replies calmly, eyes cold as he turns back to face him.

“I’ve been in this business long enough to know that nothing good ever comes from white-eyed demons. It’s too dangerous to wait for a disaster to strike before confirming what we already know.” Souichirou pulls a talisman out from his pocket and slaps it onto the blade of his long knife, “Early eradication is for the best.”

“But you haven’t given us a chance!” Even though you were just stabbed at, you’re still live and kicking. “Have you ever interacted with a demon community? We all have our own stories, and all we want is to live peacefully among you!”

Kita holds an arm out to prevent you from taking another step forward. He admires your tenacity, but Souichirou is past the point of caring. You were right, he just struck without a second thought. Imagine if you had showed up here on your own. You might not have returned to school the next day. The thought sends an unpleasant feeling to Kita’s chest.

“Every time humans have allowed you to roam freely, entire cities become lost in history.” Souichirou stands firm, “People disappear in the blink of an eye, and there’s endless unrest. We’ve worked to quell demon activity to the point that most people don’t even know of your existence now, and I will not run the risk of upsetting the peace we’ve worked so long and hard to build.”

“Peace?!” you screech, “Is peace to you the flourishing of one people while the other cowers in shadows and in fear to live freely? What you’re working for is oppression. Genocide! You’re willing to punish an entire race of people for the actions of a few. That’s... That’s...!!”

Souichirou doesn’t let you finish because he’s in front of both you and Kita in seconds, and you scream when he almost slices your face open. Kita manages to push his wrist away so that you only get away with a small cut to the cheek, but you hiss in pain since Souichirou is obviously carrying a purified blade.
Kita has to use all of his strength and training to fend off Souichirou at this point, since he’s just coming at you. So he yells your name, “Get out of here first!”

But you’re staring darkly down at your hand. Your hand where blood is smeared from when you touched the cut on your face. Admittedly, Kita doesn’t enjoy seeing such an ominous, unhinged expression on your pretty face. No one should have to go through something that will cause them to make that face.

“Even though the blood we shed is the same…” your voice is strained, almost trembling. It sends shivers down Kita’s back, and it has nothing to do with your demonic aura that’s starting to chill the air.

“Boy, move aside! She’s going to lose it!” Souichirou shouts, trying to throw him off balance with his modest strikes. Since Kita’s not his target, maybe he’s trying to spare him.

The air is getting colder and colder through, and Souichirou’s movements are becoming more anxious. “[Surname]! Get out of here!” Kita repeats again.

“No, I have to save my family!” your voice does sound a little hysterical at this point. Like you’ve lost control of your emotions. A cold wind starts blowing around you and in small glimpses as he fends off Souichirou’s attacks, Kita can see your eyes become a blank white. Both your irises and your pupils blend together in a bright whiteness that’s unlike any of the small fry black-eyed, red-iris demons he’s encountered thus far.

He can feel the sheer force in your aura as well. It’s stronger and denser than any of the others he’s had to fight off before. And he can imagine if you were able to gain control of that power, and pair it with your physical strength that’s he’s had trouble with too, that you would be a tough one to deal with.

But he knows that you wouldn’t cause harm to anyone. You’ve lost yourself, and he needs to make sure you don’t give Souichirou a confirmation that you’re as dangerous as he suspects. He shouts your name again, louder and louder until you listen to him.

However, in his flurry to get your attention, he loses his balance in one step and feels the blade of Souichirou’s knife dive right into his side, “Agh!” he cries out in pain, stumbling to the ground after losing his footing.
That seems to trigger something though. The swirling cold air seems to calm for a moment, and Kita hears a whisper of his name come from your mouth before the wind picks up again. And before anyone knows it, Souichirou is thrown back through the torii gate into the shrine, and Kita is lifted off of the ground.

His vision blurs for a number of seconds before his surroundings stop, and he realizes that the both of you are… back at school? He’s sitting against the trunk of a tree on the side of the soccer field outside, and you’re kneeling in front of him, concern swimming in your fading white eyes. You blink a few more times and your irises and pupils are back to their normal color. “Kita-kun, are you alright?” you lean forward and caress his face.

You’re awfully close. He grunts and looks away, “I’m fine. But…” Lifting his bloodstained shirt, he takes a look at the knife wound he had just received, “I might not be able to play volleyball for a while.” he jokes.

You sigh in relief, hugging him with your arms wrapped around his neck and your back arched behind you. “If Kita-kun is making jokes, then I’m not sure how okay you really are…” you chuckle breathily as you sit back on your calves. “Let me see that. I’ll heal it up for you.”

Kita looks up at you with furrowed eyebrows, “You can do that?”

“Of course.” you place your fingertips on his chest and lean forward slowly, “For a kiss.”

“What?” Against his will, Kita feels a blush creeping up his cheeks. Is this some sort of exchange that has to be done with a demon for them to be able to utilize their abilities? Because he’s heard of plenty of old stories about demons tricking humans into making deals with them.

You stare deeply into his eyes before breaking out into a bright laugh, “Just kidding.” you pull back, “But it looks like I do have a bit of an effect on you after all, Kita-kun.”

Is this really the time to be trying to put moves on him? “Can you really heal people though?” he’s never heard of such a thing.

“Well that hunter man wasn’t wrong when he said that white-eyed demons are more powerful than black-eyed ones. But it’s not like we’re only capable of destruction. He’s clearly never been healed by a demon before. Not that he deserves it anyway.” you converse casually as you lift his shirt and
place your cold palm against his injured side.

And strangely enough, Kita feels some changes going on underneath your hand. The heat rises in that spot on his side and the pain slowly fades away as you continue talking, “You know it’s funny, most demons choose not to go into the medical field because they get too frustrated having to use traditional human methods to heal people. It takes so much longer and people don’t always heal completely in that extended amount of time.”

When you finally pull your hand away, you pull out a handkerchief and wipe away the blood on his skin until it’s clean, for the most part. Lo and behold, when you pull the cloth away, it’s as if the injury has healed completely. There isn’t even a scar.

Kita looks up at you in amazement, and you smile at his expression. “There we go, all fixed up. Would you like a lollipop?” you joke with a giggle.

“That’s… pretty incredible.” he admits. “I’m amazed.”

“Really? Because you’re the one who amazes me, Kita-kun.” you smile fondly at him. He’s seen you smile so many times, but having such an expression directed towards him and only him is kind of… disorienting. “I can’t believe you fought so bravely for me back there. You really held your own, and you looked so cool.”

Settling yourself to sit beside him on the tree trunk, you slide your shoulder down behind his arm against the tree until you can rest your chin on his shoulder, “I’m so very grateful that you helped me out today.”

This is such a strangely intimate position, and Kita doesn’t know what to make of it. But after the whirlwind of events that just happened, he doesn’t mind taking a short rest, so he lets you stay there. “But you didn’t manage to get your family back.”

“I know. That sucks. But what can I do but keep trying?” you sigh, tilting your head a bit in an attempt to look at him while still leaning your chin on his shoulder, “Will you help me again this time, Kita-kun?”

Kita sighs, because he doesn’t know about that. After that catastrophe, Souichirou and the Ebita Shrine might not see him or his grandmother in such a respectable light anymore. What could he possibly do to help you retrieve your parents this time? Allowing you to “borrow” the amulet from
the museum is out of the question. How involved is Kita even willing to get this time?

“I’ll have to ask my grandmother about this. If she wants to do anything about it, then she can.” he offers, not making any promises.

That seems to be enough for you though, because you snuggle in closer to his side, and he can feel your giggle vibrating in your throat against his shoulder. “Thank you.”

He says nothing more and just looks up out into the soccer field only to widen his eyes in shock. There’s his team members, jogging along the side of the soccer field to do some road work outside of the school, and they’ve caught sight of him. With you leaning against him in a seemingly intimate position. And blood on his shirt.

No, wait. His shirt has been pulled back and the blood stains are being covered by your arms. So that’s why you were snuggling up against him?

“Ehh~ How mean, captain. Ditching practice on your own to have fun with a pretty girl.” Atsumu coddles with a big smirk on his face.

“Wow, I didn’t know he was even capable of such a stunt. Impressive.” Osamu says with his usual deadpan look.

“Huh? What, no. I--” Kita starts, but really doesn’t know how to finish.

“No, no. It’s fine.” Ojiro interrupts by pushing Atsumu by the shoulders while Gin takes care of Osamu, “Take your time, you two.” he smiles supportively before driving off the rest of the members.

“Wait,” he calls after them with a hand up, but Ojiro shoots him down and just jogs off with the rest of the gripping volleyball club. Kita sighs and drops his hand. Oh well, it’s not like he can do anything about it now that they’ve seen him.

“You want me to erase their memories?” you offer playfully.
“No, it’s fine.” He declines casually, as if you were offering to lend him a textbook rather than use your demonic powers to hypnotize his friends against their wills.

“Let’s go back to my house first. I can change clothes and we’ll get to ask my grandmother her opinion on what to do,” he suggests.

You both end up walking back to his home since in your rush of escape, you had left your bikes at the Ebita Shrine. But once there, you greet his grandma as cheerfully as you had yesterday, like you didn’t just have a traumatic encounter with a demon hunter an hour ago.

She notices the blood on his clothes immediately, “Oh no, Shin-chan. Are you alright?”

When Kita explains the situation and tells her not to worry because you had healed him, she sighs in relief, and — surprise, surprise — praises you for such a kind gesture, “But to think that you’re one of the white-eyed ones! It’s amazing that you were able to conceal your presence for so long. Even now, I can barely tell that you have demonic energy coming from you.”

“Yeah, it’s something that’s been trained into me since I was little,” you say a little sadly, which is quite uncharacteristic of you. Kita doesn’t particularly enjoy this expression on you either. “But oba-san, what can I do now? Not only did that hunter man refuse to free my parents, he’s probably going to be on the hunt for me now too.”

“Hmm…” she hums thoughtfully, “Well, at this point, I don’t have any suggestions. Now that he knows you’re searching for your parents, he’s likely going to keep that jar under tight lockdown. And I’m very sorry to say this, sweetie, but I kind of understand his fear of white-eyed ones.”

“Oba-san! Do you… do you really think about demons the same way as he does?” you look absolutely rattled.

“Well, what can I say? You’re quite the exception I’ve come across in all my years of demon hunting, [Surname]-chan. Shin-chan even said that you lost control of your own powers there for a minute. It’s not always up to the demon’s conscience how things turn out,” she says, but she pats your back gently, “I don’t mean to say that all hope is lost for you to reunite with your family, but it’s likely that you’re not going to get them back without breaking a few rules.”

“Ugh! But then I’ll just be proving that hunter man right if I just outright steal it or something.” You groan as you sit back on your calves. Then you lean over to rest your chin on Kita’s shoulder like
you had earlier today, “Kita-kun, do you want to steal it for me?”

“Forget it.” he says reflexively before bringing a water bottle to his lips.

“Ehhh? Kita-kun, I thought I was starting to get through to you.” you whine as you sit back up.

“I agreed to help you upon my grandma’s request. But I am not going to sneak into an imperial shrine and steal a powerful holy jar of white-eyed demons.” he states firmly as he caps his bottle. “I empathize with you, [Surname], but I’m not going to break the trust of a pact between a fellow association member just because you asked me to.”

“Do you want something in exchange? I can do aaaanything you want.” you smile demurely, resting your cheek in your hand. And his grandmother seems to be lapping this up; she’s just sitting there smiling at the banter.

“Like I said, forget it.” he stands and makes his way out of the house in his new clothes, “I’m heading back to practice. Good luck.”

He hears another whiny groan from you and some hushed optimism from his grandmother before he closes the door and heads back to school. For someone who’s so religious, she’s encouraging some pretty unholy things.

* 

The members give him so much shit when he returns to the gym. He’s bombarded with questions and accusations and congratulations.

“To think that our robot captain made specific plans to ditch practice so he could hang around with his girlfriend. The audacity!” Atsumu exclaims, throwing his arms up.

“To think that our robot captain even got a girlfriend.” Suna comments thoughtfully, looking honestly bewildered by the situation.
“Good job.” Osamu and Gin give him a simultaneous thumbs up.

“And it’s [Surname] too. Congrats, buddy.” Ojiro slaps an arm on Kita’s back. “But try not to run off with her so often during practice time, okay?”

“Guys.” he doesn’t even have to raise his voice and he’s already commanded the attention of the rambunctious boys. “It's not like that. She’s not my girlfriend. I was helping her with something that I can’t tell you about. I apologize for doing that during practice, and it won’t happen again.” he bows formally.

“Huh?” the majority of the team utters. Followed by loud protests and disbelieving accusations, but Kita eventually sends them back off with a passive-aggressive comment about training.

They pout but don’t ask again for the remainder of practice. But when everyone is in the clubroom and getting their stuff together, Ojiro asks, “Are you really not with [Surname] though? Cuz I was psyched for you, man. All of us were.”

“For the last time, no. Now can we drop it, please?” Kita says as he closes his locker. Everyone else is gone, so all he has to do is lock up.

His phone buzzes in his bag, so he quickly picks it up and sees that there are several messages he has to scroll through. A lot of them have heart emojis attached to them. “Doesn’t look like it’s gonna be dropped soon.” Ojiro comments as he looks over his friend’s shoulder to see the message previews.

Kita sighs and slips the phone back into his pocket. He’ll deal with them later.

When he’s finally hope, he puts his stuff away, does a few menial chores his grandma asks of him, and attends to some of his homework before dinner. He only checks his phone again after dinner, where his grandmother happened to be more smiley than usual. He can suspect that she is the reason that you have access to his phone number now.

The messages are all from a number he doesn’t recognize, but they’re clearly from you. They start off as simple greetings, words of thanks for today, asking to say hi to his grandmother, and a couple of bold comments to inflate his ego. One particular one that stops Kita in his tracks is the one that reads, “You smell really nice, by the way.”
But all in all, he ignores them. He has nothing to say, nor does he plan on falling into your pace enough that you might actually convince him to get your parents back for you.

That doesn’t stop you from messaging him several times throughout the rest of the evening. He turns his phone off for the rest of the night only to find a new gaggle of messages when he wakes it up the next morning. They’re not of anything significant either, just little tidbits about your day, your homework, a demon fact here and there, a good morning, some photos of your meals and things.

He shows up to the shrine to break another jar per his usual routine, but he doesn’t do it as easily as he used to. There’s a small sense of remorse as he lets it drop to the floor nowadays. He doesn’t recall every single demon that he’s captured, but he knows that most of them were causing mayhem in the neighborhood at the time. No matter how much you try to defend demons as a whole, it’s still his job to protect his community from the rogue ones.

After cleaning up and nodding to the shrine workers as usual, he gets another message from you. Upon impulse, he opens it while he’s walking to school for volleyball practice. But he almost trips over his own feet when he sees that you sent a photo of yourself without pants.

It’s a mirror selfie, and your pose is admittedly cute, with you reaching behind your own head to give yourself bunny ears. Your face is concentrated on your phone to make sure the photo is angled correctly and your tongue is slightly sticking out for that reason. You’re wearing a t-shirt and some thigh-high socks, but there’s nothing covering your panties. Kita can feel heat traveling to his face so he exits the message application and puts his phone away.

He throws himself into practice, ignoring his team’s questions and comments and jokes about you and if he’ll be seeing you today as well. Kita does his best to follow all the routines of his day without interruption, but his teammates notice how his phone keeps getting messages. And he doesn’t want to run the risk of creating more misunderstandings in the case that you send another photo like you did that morning. So he turns it off for the rest of practice.

When he finally turns it back on to check your messages, he’s about to go to bed. So he sits there on the edge of his bed, scrolling through all your random questions and endless ramblings about demons and humans and photos — you did indeed send another racy one.

As he’s skimming through your countless messages, a call pops up on his screen, and it’s your number. He hadn’t bothered saving you as a contact, but he’s seen this number so many times that he’s practically memorized it now.

Against his better judgement, he answers, “What is it?”
“Aw, so you do have your phone handy, Kita-kun!” you say cheerfully, “You’ve been ignoring me. Don’t you think it’s a bit cruel to leave a girl hanging?”

“I have nothing to say to you. You’re obviously just trying to wear me down in an attempt to get me to help you.” he states blatantly.

“Mm, I am, but that’s only one of the reasons why I’m talking to you.” you hum brightly, “You pretend not to care, but I know you’re a great listener, Kita-kun. You’re always paying attention to the things I say about demons and humans.”

“Just because I listen doesn’t mean I’m interested in helping you. At the end of the day, I’m a hunter as well.” he reminds you.

“But you trust me.” That gets him to shut up for a second. What can he say to that? “You let me go, and you even saved me. I admire you a lot for that, Kita-kun.”

Your voice is getting lower, maybe you’re starting to fall asleep, even though you’re the one who called him. “I’ve been thinking about you a lot. Sometimes I even dream about you.”

Okay.

This is starting to enter uncharted territory. And your voice is growing lower still, and softer. Kita has to strain to listen to you. “Oh, Kita-kun. You know when I wake up sometimes after dreaming of you, I get a little damp between the legs…”

What.

“And you know what? I finally started touching myself while I thought of you… And… ah… it makes me so hot.” you sigh, sounding blissful. Kita’s hand is starting to numb a little from clutching his phone so tightly.

“It made me curious… So I started imagining you on top of me, touching me. Kita-kun, your hands were so gentle on me, but in my mind, I kept asking you to be rougher. Ah!” you interrupt yourself with a little pleasured yelp, and Kita swallows. “I wanted you to impale me with your strong eyes.
They’re so cold, but so receptive to everything… I think they’re so beautiful.”

You make a few little gasps, and there’s no doubt as to what you’re doing to yourself right now. “Oh, Kita-kun.” you moan softly, “I’d do anything to just wrap my legs around you right now. I’m so, so curious about how you would feel inside me…”

Inside you…

“Are you big, Kita-kun? I wouldn’t be surprised,” you chuckle darkly, humming in satisfaction. “You’re young, but you’re such a man. I wish I could press my body all over yours right now. Right now…”

Your body, pressed against his…

“Oh.” you whine a breathy moan, “Kita-kun, can’t you say my name for me? Oh, I want to hear… your voice…” your breaths are becoming more ragged, and Kita’s fists are becoming tighter, “…call my name. Ah… Ah! Kita-kun, Kita-kun! Agh!” you last shouts are a little more distant, and he can assume you dropped your phone as you…

You take your time catching your breath before finally picking up the phone again, “I don’t know why, but whenever I think of Kita-kun, I just get wet so much more quickly…” you say in a whiny, but satiated hum that sends something down to his groin, “Agh, look at me… My thighs are all sticky, and so are my fingers. All because of you, Kita-kun…”

Silence for a few breaths, “Are you still listening? Or maybe you’ve fallen asleep? If so, then I hope you have some sweet dreams, Kita-kun. If you want me to visit them, just say the word.” you giggle, “Good night.”

Once the line is cut off, Kita lowers the phone to his side and loosens the muscles in his hands. He takes a shaky breath and lowers his head, letting his hands hang between his thighs as he rests his forearms on them. He cannot believe he just sat through that.

He cannot believe he let you plant those images of your body and his body in his head and… and made those noises in his ear. You had just talked him through your orgasm, while thinking of him, calling his name. What is wrong with him?? How did he…?
With a groan, he just slips into bed and pulls his covers up. He needs to get up tomorrow for morning practice. There isn’t time to be thinking about you. He should focus on nationals. He should focus on school. There are so many things that he should be focusing on instead of the phone call you just made that left him feeling a little uncomfortable in his pants.

His phone blinks awake from a notification, and once again, against his better judgement, he opens your message. Kita growls and tosses his phone to the floor in frustration when he sees the photo of your hand in front of your half-naked body, with your fingers slightly held apart to show off the sticky, clear fluid that’s stretched apart between them.

*That was the third time I did that while thinking of you today, by the way*

“Good morning, Kita-kun.” He hears your voice approach him at the shoe lockers. Looking to the side, he sees that his friends who he had walked here with have disappeared.

Fantastic.

You’re smiling innocently at him like you hadn’t just turned over his entire weekend. “How was your evening?”

“Irritable, much thanks to you.” he finds himself admitting rather easily. He closes his shoe locker and walks off toward the classroom first.

“Eh…?” You’re on his heels and by his side without a hitch. “However could that be? Was it because of the phone call?” you feign innocence, but stretch into a demure smile, “Did I linger on your mind at all last night? Because you sure did on mine.”

He knows. He got your messages.

“You need to stop.” he stops in his tracks at the corner of the hallway, “You’re harassing me.”
“Am I?” you pucker your lips thoughtfully, “Well, you could’ve just hung up.”

Kita wants to punch himself for letting you state such an obvious solution.

“But you stayed on the line, so I thought you were liking it. And then I kept thinking, ‘Kita-kun is actually quite pervy too, isn’t he? He’s probably enjoying this too, isn’t he?’ It made me want to keep going.” you giggle. “You should say something too next time. It’s rude to keep a lady waiting, you know.”

You walk off with an innocent smile on your face, twirling into the next hallway with a mischievous grace that makes him want to cut you down.

*Say something too next time.*

Next time. “Like hell.” he mutters to himself before walking to his classroom.

From there, it continues. You leave him messages all the time, about the most irrelevant things. Sometimes about more demon things. Once you even tell him about how you had tried hypnotizing someone into stealing the holy jar from the Ebita Shrine for you, but your spiritual energy was ineffective past the shrine gates and your puppet had forgotten his purpose.

Kita has to stop answering your phone calls altogether, but that doesn’t stop you from leaving voice messages. Sometimes you leave a long chain of voice messages, each at different stages of your orgasm. So he has to listen to the beginning of each one before he can press the delete button. The sound of your voice in the throes of pleasure is becoming permanently etched into his memories against his will.

So comes the end of the week again, with you pestering him in so many more ways that one. It’s a wonder that he hasn’t just blocked you already. But he cannot deny that he approaches things with a new perspective now.

Whenever he makes his rounds in the evening, he wonders how he’ll interact with a demon when he comes across one. He’s only run into one rogue one in the past two weeks, and he put on the act of a helping bystander. It was a young man, maybe a college student, who had been drinking the blood of
Kita had called out to him, and the man seemed quite apologetic as he lied about how he found the innocent victim who was another boy about his age. They called and waited for the ambulance together, and gave the medics their contact information before watching them drive off.

But then, Kita had asked him afterwards why he victimized an innocent stranger like that, and the boy broke down and explained that he had been starving for blood and couldn’t get access to it for almost two weeks. He apologized profusely and promised never to do it again, begging Kita for mercy.

At that point in the night, Kita had called you for the first time to ask for some advice on demon resources, and handed the phone over to the young man. The conversation lasted several minutes, but he took down your number and thanked you and Kita for their time.

Kita was wary of just letting him go after he pulled a stunt like that, but you had reassured him that you’d meet this boy and teach him everything he needs to know in order to prevent this from happening again in the future. He was grateful for the help, and bowed to Kita profusely before taking his leave.

In normal circumstances, Kita would have just sliced that demon boy up and trapped his soul into the holy jar, but he supposes it’s not impossible to understand a situation before taking action.

“That was a kind thing for you to do, Kita-kun.” you had told him the next day. The boy had actually come to your house right afterward and had a talk with you. You had connected him to several resources within the demon community in the city and he seemed incredibly thankful to have had a run-in with you. You had texted him about it the evening before too, of course, but Kita still doesn’t reply.

“I’m glad you came to me for help.” you had smiled up at him with your usual dazzling brightness. “Feel free to ask me anytime.”

Luckily, he hasn’t had any more incidents since then, so he hasn’t needed to contact you for the rest of the week. It’s Friday again, and he’s at practice, throwing himself into training for nationals when you enter the gymnasium near the first hour.

“Captain, you have a guest.” his teammates guide his attention to the door.
“Kita-kun, he’s here.” you say in a hushed voice when you drag him outside of the gym to talk.

“Who?”

“That hunter man from the shrine! The one who captured my parents!” you whisper, “He’s waiting outside of the school gate right now, and I don’t know what he’s going to do. He tried to enter the school earlier to ask for me, but when they called me into the admin office, I told them that I didn’t know him and that I had nothing to do with him. So they eventually sent him off school grounds, but he’s still waiting there.”

Kita walks around the gym building towards the front gate of the school, and sure enough, Souichirou is there waiting. So Kita tells you to stay where you are while he approaches the hunter without another word, “Why are you here?” he doesn’t waste a moment asking him.

“Oh, you.” Souichirou greets Kita, “I think you know full well why I’m here.”

“She hasn’t done a thing wrong, so I would suggest you just leave her be.” his tone sounds uncharacteristically defensive.

“Young man, that may be true, but you saw what she was capable of. The only reason I’ve waited until now to show up is because she broke a few of my ribs.” He even lifts his shirt to show Kita the bandages and compression wrap on his stomach. Wow, so your strength really isn’t a joke, as he expected.

“If you let power like that run free, you’ll only regret it once it’s too late. She needs to be detained.”

“Forget it.” Kita retorts immediately, surprising himself even. “You can make her my responsibility, but you’re not detaining her. She’s a teenage girl who wants her parents back. She hasn’t done a thing wrong. So I’m asking you to leave.”

Souichirou looks at him with what seems to be pitying eyes, and sighs, “I understand you want to protect your girlfriend, sonny, but this is about the safety of everyone. If she loses control like that and there’s no one around to stop her, then people are going to get hurt.”
“The only reason she lost control was because you hurt her first, both physically and psychologically. And the only reason you’re hurt now is because she was trying to save me when you attacked me too.” Kita quips, not even bothering to correct him about you being his girlfriend. “I’m a demon hunter too, but there are situations that don’t have to be handled with brute force.”

He thinks back to the encounter with the young man he connected you to. And how he had spared a life for once instead of mindlessly hurting it and leaving it to die. It really doesn’t have to be so black and white, Kita is starting to realize. If he starts to see demons as people rather than just demonic monsters, then he understands all of the accusations you made towards Souichirou that day at the shrine.

“And what are you going to do if she runs wild one day and destroys the world?” Souichirou incriminates, “If she obtains a point of power that you can’t possibly control, how do you plan to address that?”

“First of all, she’s a person. People aren’t meant to be controlled.” Kita finds himself defending you again, out of spite. He didn’t think he could be this annoyed by someone other than Shiozaki. “And if that day does come, then I’ll be sure to let you know, since you’re so reliable with your hunting skill set. But until that day, there’s no point in taking an innocent life just to prevent a hypothetical apocalypse. Because then you wouldn’t be a demon hunter; you’d just be a murderer.”

Kita walks off when he finishes what he has to say, and returns to where you are by the school building. “What happened?” you ask, eyes wide.

“If he’s still there later, just wait for our practice to finish. You can walk home with us.” he says simply before heading back to the gym, like he hadn’t just defended your honor and gone against someone on his own side.

“Thank you… Kita-kun.” you call after him, although you sound confused as you do so.

When he finishes practice and leaves the clubroom, he sees that the front of the school is empty. But the classroom light that the art club uses is still on, so Kita decides to check up on you and let you know the coast is clear.

However, when he knocks and enters the classroom, it’s empty. He sees that there’s still a backpack open by a chair with an easel stand placed in front of it. Kita closes the door and sits down on the chair, staring at the sketched image on the large paper pad. It looks uncannily like him.
Taking the sketchpad off of the easel stand, he stares analytically down at the picture of him. It’s a full body sketch of him on the phone, standing beside a figure that looks like the demon boy he had let go the other day. The details are incredible. It looks very much like the street in his neighborhood he was standing at during the incident.

Kita flips through the other pages, seeing new images. He recalls that your old sketchpad got stabbed by Souichirou, which sends a small rush of anger through Kita, because you had worked hard on those drawings. It was such a shame that they had to be destroyed like that.

But these new drawings… They’re all miscellaneous like your previous sketchbook, with still life items and fashion and architecture. But… there are also portraits... of him. Several of them.

There’s one of him walking in the hallway back to his classroom, likely from your point of view where you usually stand talking to your friends. Another one where he’s playing volleyball in the gymnasium, diving to catch a receive. He has to admit, you made him look pretty cool in it.

One of them is of him at the shrine with a knife in his hand, fighting against Souichirou. It must be drawn in your perspective, because it’s a depicted from a lower angle, likely from when you had fallen down. He can see a side profile of his own face, and the details are drawn to make him look concentrated, valiant even.

Another picture is of him looking down at the viewer, reaching his hand out as if to help them up. He supposes this is another memory from that scuffle at the shrine. The look you drew on his face is determined, urging. Kita can see the trepidation in his features, but also the gentleness in them. Is that really how he looked to you that day?

There’s another picture that’s more of a painting rather than a portrait, although you did it in pastel. It’s a scene of him and you sitting beside each other against the tree by the soccer field. The two of you are placed on the side and you have your chin resting peacefully on his shoulder, while he’s just staring calmly out into the field. Kita can’t help but want to chortle a little, you even drew the incoming jogging figures of his teammates in the background.

He’s about to flip through another page when the sketchpad is violently snatched out of his hands, “What are you doing?!” you shriek, hurriedly flipping the book closed.

Your face is tinged with red and you look genuinely nervous and flustered. He doesn’t think he’s ever seen such an expression on you before. It’s kind of cute.
“You can make sexual phone calls to me every night, but you won’t let me see your artwork?” he muses.

“That’s different! That’s— That’s voluntary! I didn’t say you could look through my personal stuff.”

“Personal, huh?” he ponders the thought. This is quite different than your sexual advances. If you’re spending your personal time recreating images of him from your mind — non sexual ones, at that — then you must be thinking of him a lot. Fantasizing about him, even. Maybe you’re not just doing all this to convince him to help you.

And judging by your strong reaction, you don’t want him to know. The thought that he has more of an effect on you than you can control or manipulate makes him feel kind of smug. You must like him for real.

“Well, sorry then.” He plays it off, standing from the chair and pulling his bag onto his shoulder, “Souichirou seems to be gone, so I thought I’d let you know. I can still walk you back if you want, though.”

You’re still a bit flustered from catching him peeping at your little art diary, so you just make a noise of confirmation and put your stuff away. After turning off the lights and leaving the school building, you seem to have calmed down a bit, “How was volleyball practice?” You bring up a random topic, although your voice still sounds a little indignant.

“Fine. Training becomes more intense as nationals approach.” He replies rather easily to you now. As unresponsive as he is on text, he still converses with you easily enough in person.

“So I’ve noticed. Ojiro-kun seems to doze off in class more these days. Whi—“

On instinct, Kita yanks you over to the side of the street when he sees a rustle of movement in the darkness, and you yelp when you narrowly miss the brunt of a knife swing. Souichirou’s knife swing. He was still here after all.

You’re hissing and grunting in pain from the slash he got on your upper arm. The sleeve of your school uniform blouse has been torn and soaked with blood. “You!” you shout when you identify your attacker.
Souichirou only twirls the knife in his fingers as an answer before striking again. You swing out of the way just as Kita comes in to block him with his own knife. “I thought I told you to leave.” he scowls behind the trembling knives.

“And I thought I told you that this girl needs to be taken care of before she causes chaos.” he replies calmly before they jump apart. “It’s nothing personal, kids. But you haven’t seen the destruction that I have that’s been caused by demons before. White-eyed ones are volatile, and ten times more likely to lose control of the power that they have. And when they do, we see more loss than we ever should. I won’t let anyone go through something like that ever again.”

The stance he takes and the resolve in his eyes tells Kita that he must have been through some turmoil before to be this adamant about nipping you in the bud. But no matter what he’s been through, you have nothing to do with it, and he has no right to take your life away from you so baselessly.

He darts his eyes in one direction in a feint before jumping the other way to attack from around Kita. But combat training as well as volleyball practice have all already been built into his body to allow him to react to these things. Souichirou is knocked aside without a moment’s notice, and you’re holding onto the hem of Kita’s shirt in order to stay close to him.

Souichirou keeps coming in from all sides and angles, and it’s challenging for Kita to keep up in the darkness of the evening. You’re lending a hand by guiding him with the smallest of pulls in a certain direction that allow Kita to anticipate which direction Souichirou is moving in from. Since your senses are heightened in the shadows, he supposes he has to depend on you to help him protect you.

To think the day would come in which he needs to fight off a human in order to protect a demon. He isn’t used to this work scope, since he was trained to fight with force. But now he has to be careful not to fatally injure Souichirou since he’s a fellow hunter.

It’s not working too well for him though, because protecting you at the same time leaves him vulnerable at moments. Kita’s gotten a few cuts on his arms and legs already from Souichirou’s knife work, and he’s only barely avoiding injury because of your help.

“You have scared that sound on my neck. You sound scared, like you’re crying. And Kita doesn’t like the sound of that at all. “Please, I don’t want you getting hurt anymore because of me.”

“Stop worrying about me and just stay back. We’ll be fine.” he states more confidently than he feels, because Souichirou has decades more of experience than he does and it’s hard to keep up.
Goes to show since Kita only just manages to identify which side Souichirou’s attacking you from at the last second before throwing his body in front of yours to have his stomach slashed open.

He cries out in pain and lands on his knees, gasping. “No!” you shout, kneeling beside him immediately, but he’s gasping and telling you to stay back, to hide. “Run.” he struggles to stagger back into a standing position.

Right as he says that, you shout his name in a panic and shove him aside. Your latent strength is enough to send him flying to the ground several feet away to watch as your back gets sliced through. Your cry of pain is probably the most excruciating sound he’s ever had to hear, and it doesn’t stop.

It doesn’t stop because you’re moaning from the pain of the ancient, high-end purified knife that’s cut a slash across your back and shoulder. Kita is horrified at the sight of you crippled and rolling on the floor, screaming in pain. Your eyes are turning completely white as the purification spell on the knife sends your body into defense mode, activating your latent demon powers.

The chill that he usually feels settle into the air pierces it. The change in the atmosphere is so dramatic that all the street lights on this block and inside the surrounding houses black out. The only source of visible light comes from the glow of the moon overhead and your white eyes.

Kita hasn’t felt panic like this in a long, long time. And he feels his vision bleed red when Souichirou places an ofuda on the blade of his knife and raises it to strike down at you.

“NO.” he shouts, throwing his entire body at the hunter to knock him down. He wrestles violently with the hunter, unable to stop his own limbs from straight up punching the guy in the face, chest, arms, anything he can reach.

“Kita-kun, stop!” he faintly hears you shout in the background, but it’s not enough to drown out your cries of pain. The cold isn’t enough to numb him from the fiery anger he wants to drive into Souichirou’s face. How could he do that to you without a hint of remorse? How can he be so heartless?! How can he—

His thoughts are interrupted when the wind is knocked out of him, and he’s kind of flying through a blur of darklit streets like he had that one time when he was carried by you out of the shrine. And once his surroundings still again, he’s at the doorstep of a house. Your house, he supposes, judging by how frantically you’re trying to look for a key to open the door.
Once it’s opened though, Kita doesn’t have time to even look inside because he’s yanked into the house and sat in a chair at a kitchen table before he realizes it. He only has a moment to look over and find you locking the front door before you’re right in front of him again, dropping to your knees between his legs and ripping his shirt open. “Kita-kun, are you alright?” you heave.

How can you ask that when you’re not even in very good shape yourself? Your breathing is heavy and panicked as you assess his stomach gash. Just having your fingers near the injury makes him twitch in pain. You sigh shakily before grabbing hold of his forearms to hold him still, “This is going to hurt, Kita-kun.” you warn before you dive down to run your tongue along the length of his cut.

And you’re right. It hurts.

It fucking hurts.

It hurts like you’re smearing him with acid and burning his molecules alive.

It hurts like you’ve poured gasoline into his injury and set it on fire.

It hurts like you’re branding him with poison.

It. Hurts.

He’s yelling and screaming at the pain, clutching at the seat of the chair and digging his nails into the underside of the wood because your hands are holding him down. His torn shirt has fallen completely off and only hangs from his wrists now. His hips are a little harder to control, but you push him as far as you can into the chair with your own chest to keep him where he is.

When the pain ceases to more of a dull sting, Kita finally finds the strength to lift his head and look down. You’ve slowed with your tongue on his abdomen now, and you’re sucking along the length of his injury with your lips too. Or, what was his injury.

His eyes are wide with shock. What was literally just an open and gushing wound is now sealed behind pinker, swollen skin. Even though the lights aren’t on in the kitchen, he can still see through the moonlight coming in through the windows that his injury has been speed-healed into a scar that
should have taken weeks to form.

Your lips are cold on his skin, so much so that they give off the illusion of being hot. And your tongue is like a direct contrast to your lips in temperature. It’s hot enough to be searing on his skin, dangerous enough. But the longer you keep licking and sucking at his stomach, the more the scar fades away.

Once you’ve finally deemed his treatment complete, you pull away from his stomach and loosen your grip on his forearms to look up into his face. His blood stains the lower half of your face and your eyes are still glowing a bright white. The contrast is staggering and almost creepy, but Kita is in awe. In awe of you, and how quickly you prioritized tending to his wound.

But you don’t stop there, because now you’re bringing your hands up to his shoulders to run them slowly, tantalizingly slowly, down the length of his arms.

It’s cold and hot at the same time. Similar to the sensation of when you had healed his injury at school after fighting Souichirou at the shrine. And when he looks between both arms, he sees that the cuts that had just appeared minutes ago are disappearing into faint scars on his skin, like they’re weeks old.

“There.” you say in a whisper once you’ve reached his hands, resting yours on top of his. “I can take care of your legs too, if you want to take off—”

Kita interrupts you by pulling you into a hug, making you yelp. He knows it’s spontaneous, he knows it’s probably not appropriate, he knows that he’ll likely get into trouble for all of this later, but all he feels is relief.

Relief that you’re alive and safe. Relief that he had waited to walk home with you after all. Relief that you’re still here, and in his arms. He’s so overwhelmingly, heart-achingly relieved. And he takes his time holding you in his arms, breathing you in. Everything is washing over him so strongly right now, and his pulse is thrumming, his endorphins are running, his heart is pounding.

Kita takes his time to savor this. To relish in the feeling of you in his arms, the scent of your hair climbing into his nose, the warmth he feels even when pressed against your relatively cool body. And he savors the feeling of you melting into his embrace, resting your head into the crook of his neck and sighing.
“Thank goodness…” he breathes at one point. “Thank goodness that you’re okay.”

Your hands are fisted into the remains of his shirt that hangs off of the chair he’s still sitting on, and you seem to be suppressing your voice, but Kita can feel something wet trailing down his collarbone and shoulder as you hum a choked, “Mhm.”

Kita pulls you closer, wanting to hush you and tell you it’s alright, but he lets you sob it out. It’s cruel, what you just had to go through. It’s clear as day that even if you may be one of the most powerful demons to walk this earth, you’re still just a young girl. You’re scared and vulnerable and without your family, like any young girl would be. And you don’t deserve something like this.

He runs a gentle hand down your back, but stops in his tracks when you gasp and freeze up in pain. Looking down and moving his hand, he sees that it’s covered in blood, and when he rips open the back of your shirt (it can’t be salvaged anyway), he sees that the cut Souichirou left on your back is deep and gruesome. And suddenly, he’s shaking with anger again.

“It can’t be healed.” you tell him, pulling away from his embrace, “It was a purified knife. A strong one.”

When he grits his teeth in anger, you smile gently and place a hand on top of his that’s resting on your elbow. “I’ll be okay. It’s just going to have to heal at a regular human’s pace.” you chuckle, although there’s no humor in the sound.

“I’m sorry.” he confesses.

“Huh?” you look up, genuinely.

“I’m sorry you had to go through all of that. I’m sorry I didn’t understand your pain up until now. And… I’m sorry that I couldn’t protect you. You never deserved any of this.” he means all of it. There’s no doubt in his mind that this might be wrong in the eyes of other demon hunters, but he means it.

“Kita-kun, it’s not like it’s your fault. Or your responsibility.”

“I’m going to get you your parents back.” he announces.
Your expression freezes, although it doesn’t look any less confused than it did before. “What?”

“I’m going to get them back for you.” he repeats, just as firm as the first time he said it.

“But, Kita-kun… You’ll get in so much trouble,” You seem torn. Just last week, you were begging him to go into the shrine and sneak the jar out for you, but now you don’t look so sure about it.

“I know. But you’re right. About demons and how humans treat them. I realize that now.” Kita admits, staring into your eyes that have faded back into their usual colors, “So I’m going to get them back for you.” No matter the consequences, he adds mentally.

You stare at him for a long time, probably thinking about a lot of things. But eventually, what you end up saying is, “I’m going to have to leave town.”

That figures. You can’t very well go to school with a demon hunter on your tail every day. And he’s likely spread the word through the association that you’re on the loose, and could possibly grow into the threat he is so adamant into believing you will be. It sucks that this is probably just a repeat of what you’ve had to do several times before. You mentioned that this is how you had to leave your last home too.

Kita… doesn’t want to see you go. Truly, he doesn’t. And he knows this. His heart wouldn’t be aching so painfully in his chest at your announcement otherwise. But this is what has to be done, and he’s always taken care of what needs to be done. “I know.” he says in a solemn whisper, letting his hands slide down your arms just slightly, smearing some of the blood from the cut on your left upper tricep. “I’ll miss you.”

The air grows stagnant and intense between the two of you, like time has frozen. Suddenly, the faint moonlight trickling into your kitchen window seems insignificant. Like it only shines to let you bathe in the shadows it creates. Because even in the darkness, you glow brighter than anything.

Kita realizes that you’re really quite beautiful. You’re so beautiful that he can’t bring himself to look away. He just wants to soak in this dense atmosphere, feel your presence weigh in on the room. Even with blood and streaks of tears on your face, he thinks you’re beautiful. Does that mean there’s something wrong with him?

Can you tell that he thinks that way about you? Have you always suspected that he’s been drawn to
you even when he’s rejected your advances? Your eyes tell him that you’re waiting for something. Maybe for him to do something? What should he do? All he wants to do is keep staring at you, drinking you in and savoring this fragile moment between you.

But you’re waiting for him. You’re waiting and waiting, but you seem to break through a threshold at some point. So when you finally lift up to your full height on your knees, you press your lips softly against his. He’s still for a moment, in slight shock, but he eventually brings himself to close his eyes and press back.

You taste like blood. Drying blood. His drying blood. It should be gross and it honestly kind of is, but Kita focuses on the pressure of your mouth moving against his, the texture of it. It’s soft, but it has some force behind it. As expected, your body temperature is a few degrees cooler than his, but it’s not like he dislikes it. If anything, your fingers running down his chest kind of cool his heating body.

You’re surprisingly submissive to him, after all that dirty talk you blew into his phone. Once his hands are on your shoulders, your knees falter a bit and you’re sitting on your calves on the floor. So Kita has to lean his head down to keep hold of your lips so he can slip his tongue in between yours. The action is a lot more domineering than he had intended it to be.

But you’re shivering in delight. Your hands rest on his thighs and allow him to probe your mouth shallowly, revelling in his assertive movements. You even let out an excited whimper when you open your mouth wider to let him push just a little deeper against your tongue. Wow, you are getting really enthusiastic about this, because your hands are traveling further up his thighs in delighted reaction to his kiss.

But.

“Kita-kun.” you heave a heady gasp when he pulls away.

He’s getting kind of excited too.

He muffles your small yelp when he goes right back in to kiss you again. Your fingers cling to the fabric of his torn sweatpants, and you moan eagerly at the now familiar sensation of his tongue in your mouth.

Yes, he likes this. Probably more than he should. Maybe the fact that he likes it at all is wrong, but
he’s done with making judgements of what’s right and wrong based on the fact that you have demon blood in your veins.

That demon tongue of yours is what saved him from a possibly fatal injury if he lost too much blood. Those demon hands of yours have healed all his other injuries not just once before as well. Those beautiful demon eyes and that incessant demon mouth capture him without you even having to cast a spell on him. And that demon heart that pulses in your chest and sends blood to your cheeks when you think of him and draw him and coddle him…

It’s his now.

Maybe it was his for a while, but he’s taking ownership of it with both hands now. And he’s not relinquishing it to anyone. Much less a moraless demon hunter who’s willing to take innocent lives based on fear alone.

The thought of that ruthless man who just tried to kill you twice over sets Kita’s nerves on fire, and he unconsciously moves an arm around your waist to pull you tighter against him, which ignites a thrilled moan in your throat. You’re pushing desperately up against him, clearly wanting more. Your fingers are trickling farther up his thighs to hook onto the waistband of his pants.

What’s scary is that Kita wants to give you more. He wants to give you everything without thinking of the repercussions. He wants to fill your heart to the brim and let it overflow so that you’re never unhappy again. He never, ever wants to see you in despair again.

“Mmph!” you yelp when he places his hand that’s not on your waist on the back of your head, pushing you closer still.

He wants you. You’re so much, but he wants it all.

He knows you have to leave, but he doesn’t want to let you go at all. For the first time, he wants to be stronger. Rather than being content with his own skillset and reliability, he wants to be stronger. For you. To protect you, so that he can keep you by his side. It’s never been so frustrating to be weak.

“Ah!” you pull away suddenly. In the ferocious whirlpool of his emotions, Kita had irritated the large wound on your back. But the breakaway gives you both a chance to catch your breath.
Even though Kita could probably spend the rest of the evening here kissing you in these bloodstained clothes and scraped skin, he should probably stop himself before he hurts you unintentionally. So pulling his hands away from your body, he stands, “We should go get you cleaned up.”

Your pout is small, but Kita sees it nonetheless. But you bounce back rather easily as you rise to your feet — shakily because you had been on your knees for a while. Then you take his hand and lead him upstairs to the bathroom. Kita just follows you without a word, right into the small tiled hallway just outside the door to the bathing room, where you grab your shirt collar with both hands and tear the already ruined blouse apart and let it drop to the floor.

Kita has to look away for a moment, a small flush warming his cheeks, because that was actually kind of hot. Also, your bra was already cut through when Souichirou slashed your back, so the straps just fall to the ground as well when you reach down to unzip your skirt. As you’re pulling your underwear and socks off, Kita can’t ignore the hideous gash that stretches diagonally across the majority of your back.

Stepping forward on instinct, he places a gentle hand underneath the deep fissure that damn hunter cut into your skin. He can’t quell the anger that bubbles up in his chest, it’s just so strong. You feel his shaky, angry breath fan your skin and you turn around to look up at him with a smile. Only you would be able to smile in a situation like this.

“Hey, it’s okay. I’ll be fine.” you say soothingly, caressing his face. How is it that you’re the one who’s comforting him in this situation?

“You need stitches.” his voice is strained, still holding in his rage.

“I’ll call a friend.” you fish your phone out of your skirt pocket and message someone.

“You should go to a doctor.”

“And have them ask questions about how I got this? No thanks.” you type away. The person responds right away. That’s a good sign. “Besides, this is a friend from my community. I can trust him.” you smile up at Kita with a wink before placing your phone down on the sink counter.

Kita tries not to be bothered by the word ‘him’ as you tug on his sweatpants, “Now, let’s get these off. You have to help me clean the wound.” you lift your face up to touch the tip of his nose with
your, chuckling giddily as you pull both the pants and boxers down together.

He’s already shirtless since you had torn it apart to clean his wound downstairs earlier, so now he’s just as naked as you are. And you are so very openly ogling him. “Hmm… As expected, you don’t disappoint, Kita-kun.” you run your hands down his bare hips briefly and leave a peck on his lips before disappearing into the bath area.

Kita wants to say that he was unaffected by that, but he is clenching his eyes shut and trying to calm the blood rushing to his ears right now. So he takes a deep breath and steps in after you, closing the door behind him.

You’ve got the water running in the bathtub already, so you’re plopped on the plastic stool and filling the plastic bucket on the tile counter with hot water from the faucet. “Kita-kun, can you use this to rinse my back?”

Without a word, Kita walks over to sit on the edge of the bathtub since you’re sitting on the only stool. Taking the filled bucket, he dips his cupped hand into the water to carry a small amount to spill onto your back. You shiver just a little, but you don’t seem to be in too much pain, so Kita continues pouring water onto your back, little by little, while you use the spray wand to wash the blood off of your face.

Some of the water you use to rinse your hair trickles down your back, making you hiss a little. So it does hurt. But Kita just continues to drizzle water along your back until the reddish water becomes a lighter pink. Your body has stopped most of the heavy bleeding already, which is incredibly impressive. So Kita begins pouring the water onto your back directly from the bucket as you rinse shampoo out of your hair from the other side.

Luckily, there isn’t too much dirt to clean off from your wound, despite the fact that you were rolling on the floor in pain earlier. God, Kita cannot get the horrendous images and sounds of your pain and suffering from Souichirou’s savage hands out of his mind. Which makes sense, since he’s staring at the after-effects of it right in the face.

On whim, Kita leans down to gently press his lips on your back, a spot above the middle of your wound. You’re in the middle of rinsing shampoo out of your hair, so you look at him from your head’s hanging position curiously. Then you smile and spray him with the wand, shooting water into his face.

To his credit, Kita doesn’t even flinch, only closes his eyes in reflex. But he isn’t above pouring the remaining water in the bucket over your head for revenge. Your cough and splutter and splash back
at him, laughing brightly, and Kita finally brings himself to smile at the sound.

It takes a good fifteen minutes for Kita to deem your wound clean enough for you to transfer to the bath, ever the perfectionist he is. But while you’re soaking, he takes his turn to wash the blood and grime off his body on the stool. It’s incredible, your healing powers. He doesn’t feel a bit of pain on the wounds you healed on his stomach and arms. The cuts and scratches on his legs sting just a little from the heat, but he can live with that.

When he finishes rinsing shampoo out of his hair and uses his hand to push it back, he turns to find you staring at him, your chin resting easily on your arms that are crossed on the edge of the tub. “What?” he asks for no reason.

“Nothing.” you answer.

So he goes back to his task of rubbing soap over his body, allowing bubbles to lather all over his skin. He can still feel your curious gaze on him, but he tries not to think too much of it. It’s just another daily task you’re watching. Kind of like when he plays volleyball in front of a crowd. He’s still doing the same thing, just in front of an audience.

“Can I suck your cock, Kita-kun?”

Okay, that is not something that the audience in the volleyball gymnasium would say, though. The shock factor catches him off balance enough for him to raise his voice just a little in outrage, “Hah?”

You break into a fit of giggles, and Kita is suddenly embarrassed. Kita doesn’t get embarrassed. But there you are, completely amused by his candid reaction. He can’t even bring himself to be upset because you just look so happy. “I just wanted to see how you’d react. But this is more than I could have ever expected.” you laugh giddily, hiding your mouth behind your hands.

“Is this how you react when I call you at night, Kita-kun?” you melt into a demure smile, “Would you like to see up close what I’m doing when I’m calling you?”

He would, to be brutally honest. But he’d rather get slashed up again by Souichirou than admit that to you, so he just splashes the bucket of water at you, “Idiot. You need to get stitched up before you’re doing anything.”
“Ehhh…” you pout as he goes back to rinsing the soap off of his body.

The rest of the bath is kind of humorous like that. You just banter back and forth until you decide you’re done soaking. Kita omits the bath in favor of helping you dry off your wound. He’s careful not to make any harsh contact with the cleaned gash, and you grab his face to give him a kiss of appreciation.

After wrapping your wet hair up in a towel, you lead him to your bedroom so you can slip on a pair of underwear and athletic shorts, as well as lend Kita some clean clothes from your dad’s room. To keep anything else from coming in contact with your back wound, you slip an apron on around your neck, while Kita ties the waist strings low. He also sealed and lined your wound with butterfly bandages for the time being while you waited for your friend to show up.

Kita tries not to let his imagination run too wild, but you’re making it awfully hard for him when you start cooking for him in that getup. He had just gotten off the phone with his grandmother, detailing the day’s events and notifying her that he wouldn’t be home for a while today so he can make sure your wounds are tended to.

“Oh, just stay the night over there, Shin-chan. I’m sure she’ll appreciate your company. We can make do without you for a day.” she had a giddiness about her voice when she had said that.

Then he walks into the scene of you cooking almost naked in that pink apron of yours, your wet hair pinned up with a clip, stir-frying something that smells amazing. And then you turn your head over to call over to him, “Kita-kun, would you do me a favor and throw away the bloody clothes in the bathroom? Just toss them with the other ones in that garbage bag over there.” you nod towards the black trash bag by the table that holds his bloody shirt.

You’re asking him to tidy up around the house. How fucking domestic is that? “You can use the glove over by the sink.” you point your chin to said gloves.

Well, it’s not like he’s got anything else to do, and he’s pretty good with cleaning. So he slaps on the gloves and gets to it. He even takes some paper towels and wipes down the blood stains on the bathroom and kitchen floors with disinfectant until there isn’t a trace of it anymore.

Once he stands and disposes of the paper towels and gloves, you slide the plate of that scrumptious smelling dish Kita smelled earlier onto the table and glide over to him. “Aw, Kita-kun, you didn’t have to do all of that. You’re so very sweet.” you drape your arms around his neck and bring him in to kiss you.
Honestly, he could get used to this, which makes it scary. Because once he gets used to it, then he’s going to miss you that much more. Kita rests his hands as low as he can to avoid touching your wound, but also not make it seem like he’s trying to cop a feel. You, however, don’t seem to mind at all, and arch your butt out to move the curve of his hands.

Pulling away from his mouth with a little smooching sound, you smile against his lips, “You can give it a little squeeze if you want.”

He’s very tempted. And when you pull him in to sensually move your lips against his, his fingers twitch and ache to press against something softer. Something that he knows is literally at his fingertips. So when you move to arch yourself closer to him, he slowly starts sliding his hands down to cup the curve of your butt.

And, oh, it is so very soft. Yes. He wants to say that just resting them there is enough, but once you arch your hips back, he can’t help but squeeze at the voluptuous flesh beneath your shorts. The softness of your lips against his mouth and the softness of your ass in his hands, it’s such a perfect combination. He could very well spend a few hours of his day doing this.

Alas, it’s short-lived, because the doorbell rings and you pull away from him. “That’s Hana-san. I’ll go let him in. You can start eating first, Kita-kun. I’ve already set it up.” you very intentionally take your time to slide your arms down his neck and chest before twirling away to answer the door.

Kita drags a hand down his face and sighs. He got caught up in your pace. Again.

Sitting his ass down on one of the chairs at the table, he’s overcome by the scent of the beef stir-fry you made and set in front of him. The dish is also filled with colorful vegetables and covered in a shiny glaze of something he knows will taste amazing. You’ve set up a bowl of rice and utensils for him, as well as a cup of tea.

But on the other side of the table sits a single rice bowl, filled only halfway with the staple carb and topped with a generous heap of raw beef and a raw egg. It doesn’t look like it’s marinated or seasoned or anything. In fact, the blood is plentiful from the raw meat, and it soaks into the white rice, painting it red.

Kita knows that demons’ main source of sustenance is blood, but he didn’t know that you could get so fancy with it. Or maybe you’re just dressing it up on purpose as not to upset his appetite. He wouldn’t doubt it, considering you’ve been raised to consider endless ways to curry humans’ favor.
You’re chatting casually with an older man when you reenter the kitchen. Kita stands to greet him when you introduce the man as Hanazawa-san, a doctor at a small clinic in the city that has a large demon clientele. “But he used to work as a surgeon in a regular human hospital, so he’s mainly doing charity work now.” you say playfully.

“Well, when you’ve been through life as much as I have, you do what you can to give back.” Hanazawa replies, “Now let’s take a look at that wound, [Name]-chan.”

“Okay~” you sing as you pull two silver bags out of a small refrigerator on kitchen counter. “A drink for you, sensei?” you offer him one of the bags like it’s a beer.

“Oh, thank you.” he says, taking the children’s juice bag looking beverage, but putting it aside for the time being. He has you straddle the back of the chair in front of your meal while he pulls up another one to start assessing and dressing your wound.

“Thanks for the meal.” You hum as you break the seal on your silver packet and suck on the opening to take a few gulps of what Kita suspects is blood. “Go ahead and eat, Kita-kun. That’s all for you.” you wink.

“Thank you for the meal.” he puts his hands together in gratitude before digging in. It tastes as delicious as it smelled and looked. Every bit of it. He’s surprised you know how to cook this well when you don’t even eat human food.

As you start taking small casual bites of your raw beef dish, Hanazawa starts peeling away the butterfly bandages, “So how’d you get such a nasty gash like this anyway?”

“You know that hunter man from the Ebita Shrine over by the edge of the city?”

“Do I.” Hanazawa chortles, “A very unpleasant man, that one is. Probably the most ruthless of them all in this area because he was hired by the imperial shrines.”

“Well yeah, he captured my parents.” you say it like you got a bad grade on your test.

“Oh no, I’m so sorry to hear that, [Name]-chan.” Hanazawa’s voice becomes softer, more
sympathetic.

“So am I.” you sigh, taking another slow bite of your beef and rice. “Anyway, I tried approaching
him and asked for them back, but he found out that we’re a family of white eyes and just attacked
me.”

Hanazawa snorts, which surprises both you and Kita. “Sometimes it amazes me how naive you are,
[Name]-chan. Who walks up to a hunter and simply asks for their demon parents back?”

Kita just continues to eat and listen to this conversation that’s happening as casually as any other
dinner chat. The topics are rather serious, but you’re speaking about them so easily. And Hanazawa
seems rather used to it as well. It’s kind of upsetting, in a way.

“Well, I brought Kita-kun there with me as a sponsor, so to speak.” you gesture to Kita as if that
should justify your reasoning, “He’s actually a hunter too, but he saved me. Twice.” you look up and
smile at him secretly.

“How admirable. A hunter joining the movement, eh?” Hanazawa spares a smile and glance over at
Kita before returning to stitching you up. You haven’t made a sound up until this point, which
impresses Kita immensely.

“Movement?” Kita pipes up.

“Oh yeah,” Hanazawa tone rises like he’s sharing a story from the news, “There’s like whole
underground civil rights movement for demons going on right now. It hasn’t been advancing too far
in the past decades, but it’s the understanding of newer generations like yours that aid us in our long
battle, young man.”

“Ah,” Kita says politely, albeit awkwardly, “Yes, [Surname] has been telling me about it. In tidbits.”

“A fine way to start learning.” Hanazawa nods, “It’s a blessing to see more people are willing to
listen.”

“Ow!” you finally yelp in pain at one of the stitches.
“Oops, sorry. This part’s a bit tender because this is where the wound cut deepest. Bear with me.” he warns you as he continues stitching your back.

As Kita and you continue eating, Hanazawa eventually pops the cap on his own blood bag to take a gulp before getting back to work on dressing your wound. You both talk casually about what’s going on in the demon community, and even that boy Kita ran into the other night is brought up. The light atmosphere and casual lifestyle of most demons you converse about really makes it clear to Kita that it is possible to coexist. Demons and humans are people alike and it is very possible to live among each other.

When Hanazawa finishes stitching you up, he has you take off the apron so he can wrap you up in some protective gauze. Kita tries not to antagonize Hanazawa with his glare as he winds his hand around your naked torso many times. It doesn’t seem to work however, since the doctor catches Kita’s gaze and gives him an amused smile and wink that reminds him uncannily of you. Are all demons this playful?

Once you’re wrapped up like a mummy up to your chest and over one shoulder, Hanazawa tells you to keep the bandages on for a good 24 hours. “I know you’re a fast healer, [Name]-chan, but you have to be careful with purified knife wounds. So try not to engage in any… rigorous activity while you’re healing.” The doctor’s gaze flits playfully between you and Kita. “You can bathe and redress the bandages after that 24 hours, alright?”

“Yes, sensei~” you sing, thanking him once again before he leaves with another blood bag you offer him.

Once he’s out the door, you hop back into the kitchen in your new mummified torso. Kita had been washing the dishes while you were being bandaged, so the kitchen is clean now and he supposes he has nothing left to do here. When you approach him, he turns to face you, “I’ll retrieve your parents tomorrow, when there are more people in the shrine and while Souichirou is likely still incapacitated. You can probably go as soon as I get them to you. I think it’d be best if you wait until you’re settled in a safe area before releasing your family. But do you think you can find someone to open it for you?”

Your face drops as Kita talks, clearly upset about the reminder that you have to leave. You frown but answer anyway, “I’ll find someone, I guess…”

“Well then I should probably… go. Will you be alright for the rest of the evening?” Kita finds himself asking, even though leaving is the last thing he wants to do. He wants to savor every last moment he can with you.
“Kita-kun, stay here. With me.” You say gently, but with a tone of finality. And the look in your eyes is enough to pierce his heart. It’s clear that you’ve taken slight offense to his intention to go, almost like you’re hurt by it. He’s sorry he ever even thought about leaving you on your own tonight.

When he doesn’t say anything, you walk up to him and put your hands on his waist, “If you’re sending me off tomorrow, then I want you here with me tonight. All of you. For the whole night.” You adamantly hook your fingers into the waistband of his pants, determination flashing all too familiarly in your eyes.

Kita grabs your wrist, “The doctor told you not to put any strain on your body while you’re healing.” He reminds you, but he’s losing the fight in his voice. The more he thinks about it, the more he wants to give you everything you want before he loses you.

Your lips spread into a lazy, Cheshire smile, “Then be gentle with me.”

So without much more struggle, you have Kita sitting on a kitchen chair he pulled out minutes later, while you’re between his legs and sucking him off. God knows that this is probably going to be the best head he’s ever going to receive in his life. Anything you do to him is probably going to be the greatest thing that’s ever happened to him.

His hands have found purchase in your still slightly damp hair, your clip sitting somewhere on the table. He’s groaning your name softly as your mouth slowly bobs up and down on his length. You hum occasionally when his head hits the back of your throat, and the vibrations send his hips into a frenzy. It’s amazing, what you’re doing to him with your mouth.

It’s kind of torturous losing the warmth of it when you pop off to fan your breath on his hard length. But you’re quick to replace it with your hand, warming him back up with quick pumps and an eager smile. “I’ve been dreaming about this, Kita-kun. To think the day would finally come where I can feel you with my own hands. Taste you with my own lips.” you make a point of wrapping said lips around his swollen head, sucking at it while digging your tongue into the slit.

“Ugh.” Kita involuntarily throws his head back, clutching at your head tighter. Clearly, you know how to put your thoughts into practice. There are so many things happening at once; your mouth sucking and licking around his tip, one hand pumping and rolling the length of his shaft with your twitching wrist, another hand fondling his balls. And then he brings his gaze back down to look at you.

Maybe it was a mistake, because you just look so content and pleased to have your hands and mouth
on him, to give him pleasure. Kita sighs as he absentmindedly runs one hand affectionately down the back of your head, and you meet his eyes with a mouthful of him.

That’s when you really drive down on him. Your hand on his length lowers down to the base so you can start bobbing your head unabashedly down the entire thing with a speed that he wasn’t ready for. Kita spits out curses that he didn’t even know he knew until they’re already out of his mouth, and you’re still pumping at him with your warm mouth, relentless.

“I’m… going to…” It’s weird. Despite the fact that he’s engaging in such a sexual activity, he can’t bring himself to say it with his own mouth.

It doesn’t seem to matter to you either way, because when he does come, you let him do so in your mouth, without letting a drop escape. The feeling of you swallowing around him, it’s so warm and tight and… incredibly hot. He can feel the heat spreading up his neck and across his face as he watches you pull your lips away from him only to lap up an extra drop that forms and falls over the side.

He wants to groan and bury his own face in between your legs, and find out just how enjoyable it is to pleasure someone he lo—

Whoa there.

That word just slipped out almost too easily. Does he… really feel that strongly about you? It’s been but a few weeks since he first officially talked to you, caught you stealing, allowed you to badger him, took you to shrine, and watched you almost get killed. Twice. Do things like that transpire into something as strong as… that word? Even in as short of an amount of time as that?

Kita is usually sure of everything. Sure of his duties, his skills, his logic, his emotions… But you suddenly created such a whirlwind in his diligent routines, and made such a mess of him. He can’t be so sure of anything anymore. From his perspective on demons to his sense of integrity, you’ve prodded and clung to him until he was wrapped around your finger.

It’s not like you did it intentionally either. You’re still an inexperienced, occasionally ditzy, school girl who bluffs her way into getting Kita to do your demon bidding. But you think of him for hours of the day, calling him, texting him, drawing him, and you blush when he finds out you might have fallen deeper into him than you want to admit. Maybe it wasn’t your intention to like him so much either.
But you’re not really giving Kita much more time to think about it, because you’re pulling down your shorts and panties to throw aside so you can spread your legs and straddle him on the chair. He can taste lingering essences of his scent when you mold your lips onto his, not wasting a moment to lick across the seam of his lips.

He’s concerned about the direct contact of your cunt against the underside of his cock, but his hands fall prey to the supple flesh of your ass and squeezes it, pushing your slit ever closer against him. You moan helplessly at the friction, grabbing onto the stile ears on the back of the chair to help you rub and grind yourself against his length that is hardening again at an unreasonable speed.

“Kita-kun,” you whine as you pull away from his mouth, leaning down to bite and pull at the collar of the t-shirt he borrowed. Off, you emanate.

He’s fallen into your pace, because he brings his hands away from your soft ass to pull the shirt that offends you so over his head to drop on the floor. Once it’s out of the way, you latch your lips onto the skin above his chest, sucking at it while still desperately rocking your hips against his.

Kita is panting. Panting from so many things. Your mouth on his chest, your legs on his thighs, your ass in his hands, and most of all, the heat of your pussy. Shit, it’s all so good. He has to bite down on your good shoulder to hold himself back, because his hips are itching to buck right up into yours. He wants to be rough — and he has a feeling that you’d like it — but the light scratch of the gauze tape that creates a barrier on your soft skin reminds him to be careful.

“Ah, ah!” you pant against his neck as you rub harder against him. Kita can feel you bringing one of your hands that was clutching the back of the chair down to rub between your legs. “Kita-kun,” you breathe as you pull back a few inches to settle more towards the middle of his thighs rather than right up against his crotch, “Watch me.”

He tries not to make his gulp obvious as Kita’s eyes trail down to follow your hand, until they reach your fingers that are gently sliding along the line of your slit. But once his eyes land on your swollen pussy, he can’t tear them away. The tip of your middle finger makes languid circles at the top of your slit where your clit is. You rub at the small bundle of nerves until you’re panting helplessly, and then once you’re moaning louder to signal your approaching peak, you slide your fingers right into your entrance.

It’s incredible how your two middle digits just disappear inside your slit, and Kita watches attentively at your moving knuckles, which give him an idea of how you’re pumping and hooking and bending your fingers inside your wet heat. “Damn…” he breathes without a thought.
“Oh!” your moan spikes up an octave, which makes Kita think that you’ve hit a good spot inside your walls. But when you takes a moment to glance up, he sees that you’re staring at him with the most heady, hooded gaze he could ever imagine on you. Your other hand pulls away from the chair ear to slide slowly down his shoulder and chest, just feeling his skin. But you’re looking at him. Getting off to him.

The face you make when you yelp as you slide a third finger inside your cunt has Kita feeling a little delirious. Suddenly, he wants to be the one making you make that face. He wants to be the one pulling noises out of your mouth. He’s tired of listening, imagining what you look like when you’re coming apart to your own touch.

You’ve always gone on and on about how you’ve imagined him on top of you, inside of you, taking you from behind, even coming inside you. And Kita is loathe to admit that he fell victim to the images you planted in his mind of his body writhing against yours, but he wants them now. He wants to make you come, over and over if he can.

It’s animalistic how aggressively he slaps your hand away from your dripping pussy to replace it with his own. He didn’t use much force, but the action was so sudden that it was almost uncalled for. But just like you showed him earlier, he slides his middle finger right into your slick heat.

Your walls swallow him. It’s incredible. Your heat, your wetness, your expression. It’s all so good. When he puts in a second finger, you grasp at his shoulders and bite your lip, begging him to do more. More.

To appease your desires and give you just a little more at the same time, he curls his fingers forward, making your breath hitch. And while you’re off guard, he presses his thumb on your clit as well, rubbing tender but quick circles into it. You moan loud, squeezing around him to the point that it makes it challenging to continue moving his fingers around inside you.

“Yes, Kita-kun! Just like that.” you tremble, coming in for another kiss.

Kita barely lets you have a breath now that he’s getting a hang of how to work with your body. He pushes forward with his mouth and just takes over. Your fingernails are digging into his shoulders at the dominating swipes of his tongue in your mouth and the relentless fingers on your cunt. He won’t let you a centimeter into his own mouth, but just rampages in on yours, pushing your tongue back, sucking your lip, pressing mercilessly into you.

When you finally manage to pull away for breath, it’s to scream. You roll your head back and scream as you come apart from Kita’s fingers. Your pussy clenches and pulses helplessly against his
digits and the secretion comes out to leak all over your and Kita’s thighs. It takes you a good minute to stop trembling on top of him, but when you do, he finally pulls his fingers out.

Curious, he swipes his tongue at one of his wet digits, tasting you. It’s a little salty, a little sweet, and definitely tastes like you. He can’t say he doesn’t like it, but he wonders if he tasted similar, and how you managed to swallow the entire thing.

However, he’s broken out of his contemplation when you grab and throw his wrist aside so you can grip at the stiles of the chair again as you mount him. “Oh, Kita-kun, I need you so bad. I need you inside of me. Please come inside of me.” you pant, not even waiting for his answer as you just aim yourself at his tip and sheathe the entire thing within seconds.

It’s tight.

You’re tight.

You’re so fucking tight.

And it feels amazing, goddamnit.

You’re moaning into his ear like you’re already in ecstasy, and wrapping your arms around his neck to feel more of his skin under your touch. Kita wants to moan too, it just feels so incredible. Your pussy grips him like a vice and he’s in so much heated pleasure that he doesn’t even know what to do next.

But you sure do. Holding tightly to his neck, you start pressing down into the balls of your feet on the floor to lift yourself up before lowering again to coat him in your wet heat. Shit. That friction is astounding. Before he knows it, Kita’s hands are back on your ass and helping you lift your weight onto and off of his shaft, trying not to strain your back.

“Fuck.” he hisses, eyebrows furrowing as his muscles strain to control the pace at which your body falls onto him. But the pleasure is marvelous enough to keep him going.

And eventually, you speed up your pace into a bounce, which Kita has no small part in increasing. His hands on your ass work tirelessly to slam you back down onto his hard cock in tune to your cries of pleasure. You won’t shut up, which is somewhat expected, considering how you never run out of
things to say when talking to Kita through text or phone call or in person. But he has never appreciated your voice as much as he does right now.

“Ah fuck!! Kita-kun, it’s so good! Harder, Kita-kun, harder, harder. Oh my god… Your cock is so big, I feel so amazing right now. More Kita-kun, ugh. Just fuck me open.” you sob and howl and whimper at every bounce that lands his cock harder into you.

He finds it hard to focus on protecting the wound on your back when you have such a dirty mouth. It just presses him harder to fuck your orgasm right out of you. Kita wants you to come apart twice as hard as you did when you came around his fingers. He wants to feel that pussy pulsing just as violently on his cock.

And he knows he’ll get just that if he keeps going at this pace, because you’re struggling to find the best way to hold onto him. You hug his shoulders, his head, his chest, and combinations of them, but you can’t seem to stay fixed in one position when your hips are being pummeled onto Kita’s hot cock. Until finally, you announce your incoming peak, “I’m almost…” You don’t even finish because you end up crying out in pleasure again.

“Me too.” Kita grunts, still aggressively bringing your hips down to crash into his.

“Oh, Kita-kun. Come deep inside me.” You beg, and that does it for him. Kita holds your hips down tight in his hands as he pushes his hips again, as if going deeper as he comes inside you will better alleviate him.

As he slowly descends from his high, you hit yours. And your pussy grips around the entire surface area of Kita’s dick just like he hoped it would. You lock on him without mercy and roll your hips while you’re at it, extending the fluttery after effects of his orgasm. And with a last desperate moan of his name, you come too, hard and full of movement.

You roll your hips against his until your body completely loses gas, and then you collapse on his chest, fitting your head into the crook of his neck to pant heavily. Kita wants to hug you closer to him, but to keep his arms away from your back injury, he wraps them low around your waist and pulls you close. You press closer with him still inside you, and the small bit of friction is enough to make him sigh in content.

Once you’re breathing at a normal pace again, you lift your head to kiss him deeply. And Kita lets you push against him this time, but not without pushing right back. Your lips move against each other’s in lazy tandem, bodies feeling ephemeral in the aftermath of your highs.
You want to stay like this, Kita can tell. But by the way you’re stiffening your back, he can tell all the movement is starting to aggravate your wound. In fact, he can see a bit of blood dotting the bandages along the diagonal line and he realizes he must have been too rough after all, despite trying hard to hold back.

Son a bitch, you don’t even seem to care. You’re already rolling your hips side to side on top of his shaft again, moaning softly against him as you body builds up more pleasure. So Kita takes hold of your arms and pulls you away from his torso, “You need to settle down. Your wound is going to reopen.”

“But Kita-kun,” you pout, wiggling your hips just a little more, “You’re already getting hard again.”

Damn it all, he is. But how can he not when you’re so purposely clenching hard around him? “No, we have to stop.” he keeps his voice firm. “You’re going to make all of Hanazawa sensei’s work pointless.” he uses his remaining strength to grip your upper thighs and lift you off of him.

You bawl over the loss of heat and fullness, but your voice falters when your legs tremble underneath your weight. Kita stands smoothly to catch you by the ass and pivot your weight onto the chair he had just vacated. The look on your face is of humorous outrage, “Excuse me? I don’t recall being the only one enjoying myself. You looked pretty damn guilty manually driving me onto your cock, Kita-kun.”

Despite your playful joke and even though Kita’s and your bodies have been pulled apart, the emotional tension is still stagnant in the room. So Kita leans in gently to press his lips into yours briefly before pulling back to whisper in his deepest voice, “I am. Sorry about that.”

Maybe the deep, post-sex voice thing worked. Maybe he embarrassed you. Or maybe you still have some sense of self preservation even after begging for him so desperately. But somehow, you end up blushing and becoming a modest shell again. He finds your flustered reaction so cute.

Taking mercy on you, he relinquishes you from the intimate stare and pulls back to say “I’ll be right back.” Kita returns upstairs to the bathroom to retrieve a towel from the cabinet of them he got one from earlier and brings it back down to you, who he sees is absentmindedly rubbing your hands up and down along the lengths of your thighs.

Tempting, but no. He has you stand up on your shaky legs and hold his shoulders for support while he cleans you up with the towel. And just like cleaning anything else, he’s thorough and detailed,
albeit extra gentle since it’s your body.

Once you’re good, he takes a clean spot on the towel to wipe down the chair too. Miraculously, nothing got on the floor, so he just pushes it back under the table before picking up the clothes you both had stripped off. When he hands you your bottoms and apron, he catches sight of your expression, which can be described as nothing but pure awe. Awe and gratefulness.

Reactively, he looks away to slip his own clothes back on. After pulling up your underwear and shorts as well, you sidle up to tuck yourself underneath his arm to press against his side. Wrapping your arms around his waist, you bring your lips to his neck in a tender kiss, “You’re so sweet, Kita-kun.”

Kita doesn’t know what to say, but when he opens his mouth in attempt to come up with something, you pull away and lead him back up by the hand to your bedroom. Once you’re on the second floor, you bounce on your feet giddily, “Come sleep by me tonight.”

“Shouldn’t you brush your teeth first.” he deadpans thoughtlessly, still following routine even in this situation.

“Ehhh…” you whine, turning back to him with an unbelievable expression.

“Let’s go.” he pulls your hand back in the direction of the bathroom to fulfill the basic needs of hygiene and social expectation. You follow begrudgingly and provide Kita with a spare toothbrush so you can brush side by side at the sink. Against his will, Kita finds himself glancing over to you or your reflection quite often, and you just smile around your foamy toothbrush back at his reflection.

It’s kind of an intimate situation, not to mention super fucking domestic again, but Kita doesn’t feel a hint of awkwardness in the air. In fact, if he wasn’t worried about smacking you in the face with his elbow from brushing his teeth, he would step closer to you just because.

You don’t let him escape your side when you’re both finished and back in your bedroom though. Turning the lights out, you don’t allow Kita to adjust to the darkness and just attack him with a giggle, crashing into him on top of the bed. “Hey!” he warns, catching and breaking your fall as best he can to avoid more damage to your injury, but you squirm on and around him until you’re both snuggled up underneath your blanket together.

“That was unnecessary.” he scolds, but allows you to tuck your head underneath his chin.
“I can’t help it, I just don’t want to be away from Kita-kun for even a second.” your muffled reply comes from against his neck.

Kita bites the inner part of his lip and ignores the heat he feels crawling up his cheeks, but he unconsciously pulls you closer, “Fine.” he whispers.

He spends the rest of the evening talking softly with you until you fall into a light slumber in his arms. And Kita starts thinking about how much he’s enjoying this. A huge breakaway from his routines, and he feels this amazing. It came with so much risk, but he can’t find it in himself to regret a single thing. There’s so much to learn, and he has a feeling that everything isn’t going to be as straightforward as it used to be.

There is so much for him to think about, and he knows that he’ll be far deeper into this than he ever was before, but he’ll do it. He’ll do it for you, and for the people you love. Because he…

Sighing into sleep, he presses his nose into your hair to fall into sleep before he can utter another thought to himself.

*  

It wasn’t easy to get your parents back from the Ebita Shrine, but it was particularly difficult either. Kita had blended in with a large group of tourists before slipping away into the back temple where he had simply jumped across the barrier, took a minute to find the jar that he saw in your sketch before, and slipped it into an inconspicuous bag before quietly joining another large group around the shrine.

Since their main demon hunter is likely out of commission at the moment, there weren’t too many people to worry about. Of course, Kita saw a shrine worker here and there, and he was extra careful anyway, because demon hunters are nothing if not deceivingly casual before springing on their prey. But since the shrine is so busy, he didn’t run into many problems with getting caught.

Admittedly, the jar was well hidden, but it was practically the same storage system as the one at the shrine Kita visits every morning. Just in a much larger scale. There were truly far more jars in that one temple than Kita could even count; much more than the shelf full that Kita stocks for his own neighborhood.
On his way back to your home, he wonders how many of those demons captured were actually deserving of death. How many of them could have been helped, or saved. How you would feel if you saw such a thing.

When he knocks on your door, he has the jar in a protective bag in his hands. You open the door and he sees that there are cardboard boxes stacked up in the hallway. Not many, just about five or six, but Kita knows your departure is near. “Kita-kun! You got them!” you gasp.

“Of course I did.” he steps inside and closes the door behind him. “I promised, didn’t I?”

Reaching up on the balls of your feet, you plant a kiss on his lips, “You sure did. Thank you.”

He hums in reply and allows for a pause to linger before asking, “Are you… going now?” he doesn’t know if you can hear the sadness in his voice, but he had tried his best not to let it show through.

“I think I probably should.” you nod solemnly, “I already called the landlord about having our stuff moved separately. He understands the situation, thankfully.”

“Is he a demon too?” Kita asks.

“Yes. He’s allowed other demon families to live here before, since he knows how we can be on the run every few years or so. It’s yet another great connection in our big community.’ You say it with gratefulness, but you still sigh, probably wondering why the situation still has to be this way anyway.

“He also contacted the school for me, telling them that my parents and I got into a car accident while out of town and that I wouldn’t be showing up for a while. I’d appreciate it if you acted clueless and tell that hunter that I disappeared if he shows up again.”

“Of course.” Kita answers immediately. Although he feels a tragic sense of pity that you have to get someone to lie about your whole family getting injured for something like this.

“Thank you.” you smile, “But anyway, I’m going to take the train up to Osaka for now, and we’ll see where I go from there once my parents are recovered. It might take a while, since they’ve been trapped in that thing for over two weeks now.”
“Yeah.” Kita doesn’t know if he should apologize for not understanding you and retrieving them sooner, but you just smile up at him with appreciation in your own.

“Thanks to you though, they at least have a chance to live now. You don’t know how grateful I am for what you’re doing for me, Kita-kun.” you slide your hands down his arms and gently curl your fingers around his, “Thank you.” the look in your eyes is going to make Kita combust, it’s filled with so much appreciation and affection and… and… love, that makes his heart beat fast and pulse pound in his ears and throat constrict from forgetting to breathe.

“Yeah.” is all he manages before you take his hand and your duffel in the other to lead him out of the house.

The trip to the subway station is far too short, and quite honestly, Kita doesn’t want to let go. He hasn’t been vocal about his feelings to you, but he wants to tell you right now not to go. Just to stay here and stand by that window where you always do and smile at him and draw in your sketchbook in the art clubroom and bother him during all his breaks and talk to him about all sorts of new things. He doesn’t want you to go.

But he needs to. No matter how he feels, you’re not safe here. And at Kita’s level, he can’t protect you. And now that you’ve beat down Souichirou twice, he’s definitely spread word about you to other hunters in the area. Even now, Kita feels anxious about you being out in broad daylight where any possible hunter can see you. He needs for you to be safe, so he has to let you go.

He has to, but once you make a move to walk into the station, his grip strengthens and you stumble back a little when he stops so abruptly. “Kita-kun.” you say curiously.

He’s looking down, unable to find the right words to say, only clenching his fist around the handles of the bag he’s holding. The bag that holds the weakened spirits of your parents that he can only hope are at least alive. He doesn’t know what he’d do if they ended up not making it and you were left alone.

“Kita-kun, stop thinking about unnecessary things. Everything is going to be alright.” you put your duffel down to face him and lift his chin. “I’ll be sure to contact you on the hour to update you, okay?”

He hesitates, and wants to shout at you to just wait another day, to have a chaperone who’s powerful enough to fend off a hunter to escort you there, to stay hidden somewhere else, to do… anything that would prevent you from leaving him today. But he can’t, so all he says is, “Okay.”
“Don’t think you’re going to get rid of me that easily, got it? I’ll see you again someday. So until then… thank you.” you lean up to kiss him tenderly, and he reflexively hugs you closer — gently as not to aggravate your injury. The kiss lasts for a good while, until Kita starts getting a little dizzy, actually.

When you pull away, you’re smiling, and taking what he thinks is a deep breath to recover from the kiss, before, “And… I love you.”

His eyes widen. He can’t stop them. Nor can he stop his skyrocketing heartbeat and thrumming pulse and reddening ears. You look like you really want to stop and make fun of him, but you just lift a white surgical mask up to cover your teasing smile. After hooking it onto your ears, you take the bag with the jar from Kita’s hands and pick up your duffel with a swift, “Goodbye, Kita-kun.”

And you take off. Like a whirlwind. You’ve disappeared into the subway station in a flash and Kita can only stand there, dumbfounded, staring after you.

You love him.

You love him.

There were so many moments in which Kita was hesitating in addressing his feelings for you, or putting a label to them. From when he first interacted with you up until you wrapped his body up in yours in the most intimate of settings. And he’s avoided it like he’s never avoided anything before.

And all you did was say it.

As easily as that. You confessed with a moment’s hesitation that you loved him and took off without needing an answer. Did you have a hunch that he felt the same? Or are you so confident that you’ll win him over that you didn’t need reassurance?

Regardless of either, Kita has to address it now. You love him. You said you love him. And he…

He loves you back.
“So~ I saw you on the news today.” your voice drawls to him over the phone, mischievously playful, which makes Kita suspect something.

“Were you watching the live play of nationals?” Kita simply asks in return.

“Mhmm~ And the personal interview. You looked like such a stud.” you praise so sweetly he swears it’s got an underlying message. But you’re probably being sincere. “So how was it? Being interviewed by the gorgeous Machino Ana?”

Ah, there it is.

A smirk pulls itself across Kita’s lips before he can stop it, “It was great, actually. I gave an honest answer about our team’s expectations, and she’s an attractive woman.”

You make something of an incredulous scoffing sound, “Did you really just say that to me, Kita-kun?”

“You asked.” he asks calmly, but there’s still a smirk on his face, “Are you jealous?”

“Me? Jealous? Of a successful and beautiful reporter that all bonehead jock boys drool over when they watch sports TV? Who even my own boyfriend openly admits to me is attractive?” your voice gets shriller as you continue, and Kita has to suppress his laughter behind him hand now, “How could I possibly be jealous ??”

“I might see her again. She’s interested in doing coverage for our school’s team. Perhaps I’ll ask for her contact information?” he pushes the joke a little, just to see how you’ll react.

“Kita Shinsuke-kun, you’re looking to get your head ripped off and your body sucked dry of blood by a jealous demon, aren’t you?” your voice is menacing, but he can still hear the humor hiding in it.
“You do know that demon women are two or three times as volatile as human women right? Because of the blood we take in, the chemical and hormonal balance in our bodies are different, so we’re more sensitive to our emotions and we react strongly to them. Why do you think you find so many crazy demon women rampaging through the streets? It’s highly possible that they just had their hearts broken. After they’ve been toyed with, they like to toy with men right back. It’s a curse of life; to be born both a demon and a woman, and *still have periods.*”

You’ve gone completely off tangent and forgotten about the pretty reporter you were using to bait him. He loves it when this happens. When you just get so caught up in demon and human dynamics that you just go on and on, and Kita gets to both hear your voice and learn more about what you’re passionate about.

As you go on about the estrogen ratios in human and demon women, he recalls that fox demon woman he had captured a few weeks ago. The one who had been taking over men’s bodies and causing a fuss. Had that been an act of revenge for a broken heart? Kita never would have bothered guessing.

“Is that so?” he replies when you finally finish. “So should I ask if they need a rebound or refer them to healthier alternatives to coping with heartbreak?”

“Oh *hell* no, those sly hussies will be all over you. What you do is you fucking tell those floozies to stay the fuck away from you, Kita-kun. And if they so much as move an eye to your crotch, just slash and bottle them up in your holy jar.”

Kita can’t hold it in anymore. He bursts out in laughter, putting a hand to his stomach to cope with the excessive use of his abdomen. You’re jealous one minute, then philosophical the next, only to turn downright malicious in another minute. It’s hilarious.

And maybe he’s kind of buzzed from the idea that you like him so much that you’d have him cut down any demon woman who eyed him the wrong way, even jokingly.

You talk and banter with him for several more minutes, about all sorts of things, and end the call on a positive note about your inevitable visit back home to take your college entrance exams and whatnot. And he shyly tells you he’s looking forward to seeing you in a hushed voice before you giggle back a giddy reply and hang up.

Taking a deep breath to calm his heart rate, Kita leans against the balcony railing of the hotel the
Inarizaki boys’ volleyball club is staying at. It was only a phone call, but just talking to you still makes his body go a bit aflutter during parts of the conversation. He can only hope that his teammates didn’t hear too much through the glass door he slid closed before taking your call.

He lets the cool air blow against his warm face for a few minutes before steeling his expression and returning to the room. Alas, it seems he won’t be able to get away from his teammates’ suspicions and mischievously teasing faces, “So… who was that, Shinsuke?” Ojiro waggles his eyebrows. “You were laughing it up out there.”

“Hm? No one you need to worry about.” he says calmly, going to dig through his bag for his pajamas to take a shower.

“You know, you’ve been on your phone quite often these days, Kita-san.” Atsumu looks perfectly natural lying down on his side like that, with his head resting in his palm and his elbow planted on his futon. But that smug look on his face is slyer than usual, “Is there someone you’re talking to? A lady friend, perhaps? One who left school a few weeks ago and likes feeding you oranges?”

“Atsumu, worry about yourself.” Kita replies coldly, reorganizing his bag so that it’ll be convenient to sift through his things later.

Atsumu sighs, sitting up, “Well, then I guess you leave us no choice, captain. Let’s hold him down!” he shouts like a battle cry before he and several other members of the volleyball club gang up on Kita and knock him to the floor, laughing and apologizing.

Kita is struggling to kick everyone off of this dog pile, but Osamu has already gotten ahold of his phone, and has flipped it open, “Osamu, stop!” he shouts.

“Eh… The last person on your call log is named ‘Thief.’ Why’s that? Did they steal something?” he asks in his usual unmoved expression, but he’s clicking around like he’s on a mission.

“Probably Kita-san’s heart~” Atsumu cackles before he’s thrown off into the line of futons. Several of his teammates fly off in different directions one by one just like Atsumu. Kita has started using his demon hunter combat skills. He cannot have Osamu digging any farther into his phone.

After coming to a standing position, he’s in front of last twin standing in seconds and has his hand out for his phone. Osamu wordlessly hands it back without a fuss, and bows in apology before walking off.
Kita takes the phone with him into the bathroom and keeps it in the pocket of his shorts as he prepares to wash up.

Those little brats. He cannot believe they ganged up on their captain like that. Kita thought he had developed more respect than that. To think they’re still pestering him about you even after all this time you’ve been gone. Maybe he hasn’t been discreet enough with his contacting you.

He tried to keep it on the down-low by only checking it briefly during school breaks, and before and after practice when he was back in the clubroom. There were times when he would message or talk to you all night, but he would try to keep them to a minimum. Even the faintest detail like exhaustion from sleep deprivation wouldn’t slide by his teammates. They were of that high of a caliber.

But as he begins washing up, his hand brushes against the faint line on his stomach. The only hint of a scar from that fateful night that Souichirou did a number on both him and you. He’s seen your scar; you’ve sent pictures. The stitches are out and you’ve healed up immensely, but the scar will probably be there permanently, leaving the trauma of that evening imprinted on your skin.

It still makes Kita’s teeth and fists clench when he thinks about it, and pushes him further into the world of demons and learning about them to help them. He’s starting to develop a reputation on demon advocacy, which is hopeful for the demons and inappropriate for the demon hunter association. But Kita knows there’ll be plenty more battles to come. And as long as he has you, he has something to fight for.

He chuckles as he remembers Osamu revealing your name on his phone as ‘Thief.’ And Atsumu, as cheeky as he is, was correct in that sense. He originally saved your contact information as ‘Thief’ because of that incident at the museum, but it’s amusingly appropriate in the metaphorical sense too.

Like you stole the necklace, you stole his heart. Slyly and right under his nose. You may have unintentionally left your own heart behind in his hands in the process, but you stole his and you got away with it.

And Kita doesn’t really want it back.

Chapter End Notes

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“Oi, ya got an extra pencil I can borrow?”

“Ah—! I— Ep— Uh!!”

With a sigh, you pop in to rescue your friend who’s about to have a nervous breakdown by sliding a spare pencil over to the boy at the desk behind her without a word. Your friend ceases stuttering and you hear a ‘thanks’ from both the guy and your friend.

Once morning classes are over and the bell signals lunch, you turn around expectantly to your friend, who sighs in tiredness from taking notes before digging around for her lunch, “Fuka-chan, you work too hard during lecture.” You comment.
“Ah, I can’t help it. I feel like the teachers talk a lot about stuff that’s not in the textbooks, so we might be tested on it later or something.” She reasons, organizing her books and pencils in her desk and bag before pulling out her lunch. “Okay, let’s go!”

“Okay!”

“Hey,” you’re interrupted by a gruff voice that sends Fuka jumping with a small shriek.

It’s the guy who needed a pencil, “Can I return this to you at the end of the day? I forgot my pencil bag today…” he rubs the back of his head sheepishly, although there’s a strange softness to his face as he says it. He’s got some naturally sharp and intimidating features though, so it’s a strange combination.

“Huh? Ah, it’s fine.”

“Really?!” His voice grows in volume, surprising you a bit at his enthusiasm. But he eventually clears his throat and thanks you again before stuffing his hands in his pockets and heading out for his own lunch break.

Honestly, you can see why Fuka was intimidated. Even the dude’s face when he smiles looks kind of mischievous and like he’s about to cause a mess of trouble. Which is why his politeness kind of threw you off.

“That was… Tanaka-kun?” You search for the right name. He’s been sitting diagonally behind you for a couple months now, but you’ve never spoken much to him.

“R-Right… Thanks for saving me earlier again, [Name]-chan. He… kinda scares me.”

“I can tell.” You comment as you both make your way out to the yard to your usual spot to eat lunch. “You were shaking so much I swear I could hear your bones rattling!” You laugh, earning a puffy-cheeked pout from your friend.

You only tease her for a little while longer before you’re both digging into your lunches and talking about school, homework, and the upcoming field trip to the temple. It’ll be a nice break to hang out
with friends and be out of school for a little while. It'll only be a day trip to one just outside of the city, but it’s still better than being cooped up inside all day, you both agree.

“Let’s go buy some charms!” Fuka suggests once you’re done taking photos of the shrines and doing other on-site assignments.

“Yeah, let’s!” you and the other girls agree and head there together in a bundle. Another great thing about school field trips is inter-class mingling. You get to hang out with your friends from other classes that you otherwise don’t usually see during the day.

Everyone is looking through the extensive omamori booth, some debating between two, some picking out one immediately, and some just wandering about without anything in mind, like you. Nothing is catching your eye, and everyone else is almost done picking and purchasing their omamori charms already.

None of them particularly interest you, but you also don’t want to be the only one to leave without a souvenir. “[Name]-chan, did you pick one?”

“Uh, give me another minute?” you ask sheepishly, feeling kind of pressured now. Maybe you’ll just cop out with a general ‘good luck’ charm. Can’t go wrong with that.

Just then though, near the very tail end of the booth, there’s a splash of black that peeks out from the other dark blue and deep purple omamori charms surrounding it. You read the kanji intricately sewn into the fabric, but you don’t really recognize the phrase. Through loose guessing, you get the idea of ‘connection’ from it.

Well, you don’t have anyone or anything you particularly want to connect with, but the design of the charm is one of a kind. The black is not at all foreboding with the intricate gold and white seamlessly sewn into it. It’s actually a bit more complex and decorative than the ones you’ve seen, and likely a bit more expensive. But still, it’s the only one that’s caught your attention so far, so why not?

Funny how another hand just happens to appear beside yours as you’re reaching for that charm, and stops at the exact same time as yours does when you realize you’re about to collide. You and the
owner of the other hand meet eyes at the same time, spewing out apologies and insisting the other go ahead first.

Oh, it’s Tanaka, actually. From your class. The guy you had lent a pencil to and scares the lights out of Fuka. “Were you uh… going for this one?” Tanaka picks up the black charm.

“Well… I was looking at it, but…”

“Here then, take it.” he offers it to you.

“What? No, it’s okay. You can have it.” you insist immediately, “You want it, right? I just thought it looked interesting. I’m not particularly attached to it.”

“Neither am I. I just thought it looked cool. But if you want it, then it’s yours. Here.” he counters, still holding it out to you.

You hesitate, studying his face that’s void of any intimidation today. In fact, he looks like he’s a bit nervous. He’s not meeting your eye, and you would almost guess he was getting a bit shy with his pulled-in shoulders. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah.” he thrusts the charm at you once more, willing you to take it.

“Then…” you reach forward slowly and accept the charm, accidentally brushing his fingers with your own. You notice how he stiffens and ticks his face away from yours just slightly. Ah, he must be the type that’s soft to girls, despite his rough appearance. “Thanks.”

“Sure…”

“Ah!” A voice scares you both a step back. After turning your heads, you notice it’s a maiden from the booth, “It’s uncommon to see two people go for that same charm at once. Not many even notice it!”

“Is that so…?” you respond, wondering what else you can say.
“You know all the *omamori* here are handmade by our shrine maidens. I just so happened to be finishing a second one of those. If you’d like to wait another few minutes, I’ll have it ready to be sold.” she holds up another black charm with very similar-looking gold and white patterns sewn into it. She seems to be finishing attaching the thread.

“Really? Then can I have that one when you’re done with it?”

“Why, of course. Just give me a moment, and I’ll be right with you.” she goes on to finish attaching the string and adding the shrine stamp.

“Lucky!” Tanaka turns to smile at you rather brightly. It totally melts away that scary look he usually dons in school. He also seems to have lost his earlier stiffness. Maybe he really actually wanted that charm after all.

“Yeah! What a coincidence.” you agree, matching his smile.

Maybe you spoke too soon when you thought he lost his initial nervousness. He stiffens once again once he you give him the smile. Fortunately, the shrine maiden hands him the charm before it can get awkward, so you both pay for your individual charms and part ways back to your own friends.

“Which one did you finally decide on?” they ask you.

You show off your new purchase, which definitely sticks out among their knowledge and love and success charms in both color and message, but you find yourself actually really liking it. You and your friends all take photos of all the charms you picked and tuck them away into your bags before exploring the rest of the temple for the remainder of the field trip. There’s no time to lose on this break from the regular school day.

About a week after the field trip, it’s back to the grind of the regular school day and more upcoming exams. The only things keeping you from going crazy under the pressure of all the school work are your after school outings with Fuka. You two often frequent a cafe or burger place together, or even go window-shopping for a little while before heading home.
Stress and exhaustion are accumulating on your body, and you can see its effect on Fuka too. Which is why you’re glad she’s your best friend. She’s always down for a pick-me-up. These days, she’s been especially eager to try new cafes and test everything on their menu over a span of visits that eventually lead to your regular patronage and employee recognition.

It’s another Sunday night when you’re struggling through your math equations that you think back to the shrine visit and wonder if maybe you should’ve gotten a knowledge charm after all. Because it might honestly take some divine intervention for you to rank well in these exams. They’re only midterms, but these are a benchmark for how well you’ll be able to do at the end of the year too, right?

Stretching your arms above you as you yawn, you lay your head down on your desk for a quick break. Your eyes need a break from square roots and other fractions for a minute, so you’ll close your eyes for a bit and get back to it in another few minutes. There’s school again tomorrow, and the weekends feel shorter and shorter these days now that your time’s taken up by studying, so you need to savor any rest time you can get.

Sitting beside your pencil on your desk is the black ‘Connection’ charm — as you have dubbed it to be. You’ve been using it as a bookmark for your homework to bring it around with you. Absentmindedly, you pick it up and just trace your fingers over the lines of the golden and white patterns and kanji. Each time you look at it, you find yourself liking it more. So no, you can’t say you regret getting this one instead of some successful studies charm.

It’s funny though, because a couple of your classmates asked you if you were dating Tanaka once after noticing you had the same charm. Is that a thing now? Getting matching omamori charms as if they’re couple keychains or something? You were quick to correct them, but reflecting on it, you were glad that Tanaka was able to get the same charm that you did if he liked it as much as you like it now.

Your thoughts veer off like that for another minute or so until your eyelids fall closed with the charm still tucked in your hand on the desk. Okay, maybe just a short nap. You can finish your practice problems refreshed after ten minutes.

* 

Daylight has broken through the windows. So much for a short nap. Your alarm is ringing irritably to signal the start of your Monday. Groaning, you slap your hand around for the snooze button, but you
don’t feel it in its usual spot on your bedside dresser. In fact… you don’t feel the hardwood of your dresser at all.

Come to think of it, that’s not even your usual alarm. You have a pop song set to ring on your phone to wake you up so that you’re not as irritable as you could be when woken up by the blaring siren beeping like this one. Tearing your eyes open, you sit up in your futon and search around for the clock, successfully finding it sitting on the desk by your head.

Your body freezes, alarms going off in your brain to back the blaring of the clock on the desk as you take in your surroundings and find yourself not recognizing a thing. Each new detail you notice further spikes the panic of the previous one.

First of all, there’s the detail with the alarms and how this is actually an alarm clock rather than your phone. Second of all, you sleep in a bed, not a futon on the floor. Not to mention you don’t even recall making it to your own bed last night. Your last memory was falling asleep at your desk. The architecture of the room is all wrong, with shelves and desks placed in unfamiliar corners and filled with manga that you don’t ever remember reading. And it’s kind of a mess.

And if you had to make a guess, this is likely a boy’s room, what with posters of idols and medals hanging off the walls. The smell too, it reeks of… well it’s not unpleasant, but it’s definitely testosterone.

You can hear your pulse thundering in your ears and it’s far surpassed the sound of the alarm clock by now. What kind of conclusion are you even supposed to come to? Did you get magically transported somewhere? Did you get kidnapped?? What the fuck is going on???

In a flurry, you’re on your feet and rushing to slam on the alarm, only to realize that it reads 6am on the clock. What the fuck?? Who the hell gets up at 6am?? School starts in over two hours. But then again, you probably have other things to be worrying about other than being late for school. Like finding out if you’ve actually been fucking kidnapped or not.

The next thing you notice is your skin. It’s… really smooth? And a shade different from your own. And… muscular…?

Oh no.

You look down and see the unfamiliar clothes you’re wearing, which is just some colorful shorts
(boxers?) and a tank top. Not too different from what you usually wear to sleep, but you don’t recognize these clothes at all!

Oh no, oh fucking no.

This can’t be, you begin monologuing to yourself about all the anime and manga and movies you’ve watched and wonder if this can really be happening. Peeking out of the room to check if the coast is clear in this unfamiliar house, you tiptoe into the hallway in search of the bathroom. There was no mirror inside the bedroom, so you’ve got to hunt it down elsewhere.

Honestly, you could just stretch the waistband of your shorts forward and check yourself if what you’re fearing has really come to be, but you’re too scared. Will you actually even be able to bring yourself to look in the mirror once you find it?

The opportunity comes once you spot the tiled floor and the sink in the room down the hall. The mirror is just above the sink, only steps away, but… You can’t move forward.

No, you have to. There’s no choice. Minutes are ticking and you don’t know if you’re in a dream or part of some sick lab experiment or some strange divine intervention, but you have to find out. So with a deep breath, you approach the mirror. Slowly… Slowly…

And once you see a face moving in the mirror, matching every muscle contraction of yours, you can feel the panic well up. More and more, until you literally just scream. It wasn’t the sound you were expecting to let out, it’s much huskier and tenorish than your own natural voice, which makes you scream again.

“Oh my god!” you shake, clutching onto the sides of the sink to hold yourself up, yet again recognizing the voice that comes out, but not as your own.

You recognize the facial features in the mirror too. The sharp eyes, the bright teeth, the aggressive brow, and the unmistakable shaved head. You dart your eyes everywhere to watch the crazed panic in them before looking down at your hands, your arms, your legs, your feet, your clothes… none of which are yours… “What the heck!!!!” you scream.

“What is going on?!” a female screams, bursting into the bathroom.
“Ahh!!” you scream back.

She’s got the same eyes and similar facial features to the ones you saw in the mirror, but has a bob-cut of blonde hair, and a bouncy chest. Something that you should also have, but you fucking don’t right now.

“Oi, the heck is up with you, screaming at the crack of dawn? Don’t you have volleyball practice or something?” she groans, rubbing at her bed hair and yawning.

You can barely get yourself to form the words mentally before you’re just spilling them out, “I’m a man.”

She gives you a look that says it is far too early for this. “You… sure are…!”

“Oh my god, this is not happening. Am I in some kind of shoujo manga? Is this a dream? Maybe I’m psychotic and this is a hallucination.” you start muttering to yourself with a hand over your eyes, needing a moment to just… freak out.

“Oi, what are you going on about… You okay, Ryu?” the female asks.

“No…” you answer honestly. Turning to the mirror again, you slide your hands down your face, pull at your cheeks, rub at your shaved head, touch your… adam’s apple.

No, not yours. This face, this body, this house, this sister(?), none of these are yours.

They’re Tanaka Ryunosuke’s.

You’ve been waiting at the school gate for over half an hour, concentrating on every girl’s face and trying to recognize your own. It’s weird, because you’ve never seen yourself from an outsider’s perspective, so you don’t even know if you would recognize yourself or not. Everyone who’s
walking past you to get into the school veers away from you though, looking kind of scared. It’s not like you’re giving off an aura or anything, you’re just trying to concentrate.

This morning had been a bust all around. After searching around for Tanaka’s phone, you couldn’t even open it because it was locked by passcode. And when you called your own cell phone number with the home phone, there was no answer. Not exactly a surprise because you tend to turn off your phone when you’re studying, so that’s on you.

And then there was the matter of getting ready for school. You were extremely careful not to be too invasive, but at the same time, you couldn’t help your own curiosity. You are a growing adolescent who is curious about boys!! Besides, you’re sure that if a boy woke up in a girl’s body, they’d take a peek too…

Oh god, if Tanaka is really in your body, and he took a peek at you… You suddenly feel a tinder of rage burning inside you, and surprisingly, the people walking around you into the school gates react by circling even farther around you to get inside.

Tanaka had gotten a call from someone earlier this morning, but you didn’t pick up because what would you even say? How could you even answer them? You’re not Tanaka and you don’t know what the shit he would say, or how he even talks to everyone around him! You’ve barely had a conversation with him outside of that charm purchase at the temple!

As you’re internally monologuing again, someone stops by you with a gentle, “Hey.”

Looking up, you feel like you’ve been knocked off your feet by the look of yourself. Seeing your own body and face standing right before you is pretty goddamn weird. And is that really what you sound like??

“Hey.” you return, in your own gruff, new voice. “You wanna… go somewhere to talk?”

“Yeah.” Your body is slightly shorter than Tanaka’s, but you can clearly see how your face looks when you turn away with a slight blush. What the hell is he blushing about?? This is a state of emergency!!!

Once you’re both hidden behind the back of the main school building where there are no windows and it’s far enough away from the clubrooms that no one will catch your conversation, you take a deep breath and say, “Tanaka-kun?”
“Yes!” Tanaka (in your body) straightens with his (your) arms at his sides.

“Just what in the world is going on?” you ask, trying to sound calm, but judging by the frightened look on your face and stiffness of your shoulders (that Tanaka is wielding), your aura must be intimidating him a bit, like all the other kids this morning.

“Yes! I don’t know!” Oh my god, why is your voice so squeamish.

“So you just woke up like this too?” you interrogate, as if it’s his fault.

“Yes! I woke up in this body and struggled to find my way around and I may or may not have caused some suspicion in your parents! I am incredibly sorry!” he bows ninety degrees before you.

“Hey, stop! Stop!” you lift him by the (your) shoulders. They’re so meek and flimsy compared to the ones you have right now. “Don’t bow to someone like that with my body! Have some pride!”

“Yes! I apologize!” he slaps his arms at his sides again.

Pinching the bridge of your (his) nose with a groan, you sigh, wondering how it all came to this. “Uhm…” your voice calls for your attention, and you offer it as requested, “[Surname]-san, right?”

“Yeah.”

“So you’re really [Surname]-san.” he sighs, in awe.

“Who else would I be, Tanaka?” you snap, accidentally dropping the formality. “It doesn’t look like anyone else woke up with a new body this morning!”

“S-Sorry!” he squeaks in your voice, which you’re starting to get annoyed with.
“Please stop making rodent sounds, it’s really unpleasant to have to hear myself sound like that.” you sigh. Come to think of it — you give your body a onceover — you look like a mess! “And how did you even dress yourself today? I look like I rolled out of a bush!”

“I’m sorry, I did my best…” he admits.

“You could’ve at least combed my hair,” you groan, running your (his) fingers through your own locks — which are rather silky, looks like those new products Fuka recommended to you are well worth the price. You can feel Tanaka stiffen beneath your touch, which you would understand in normal circumstances, but this is your body. You have a right to take care of it.

“And what is with this tie job, it shouldn’t be that hard…” you pull at the bowtie tied haphazardly around your blouse, and make to retie it neatly when you notice…

Tanaka yelps in your voice again, when you grab him by the shirt collar and lift your own body with relative ease (wow, he’s got some arm strength on him). “Tanaka-kun,” you start with a deadly lull to your male voice.

“Y-Yes!” he squeaks, panic swallowing his eyes as you bring your faces close.

“Explain to me why you are not wearing a bra.”

“I’m sorry!” he squirms, clamping his eyes shut, “I-I tried to, but it w-was difficult to figure out how to put it on properly! Please forgive me!! I am unworthy to carry your lovely body and I will atone severely for touching your chest!”

“So you did touch my chest.” you deadpan.

Another squeak.

You groan for what feels like the hundredth time today, and it’s not even nine yet. “Well, you’re just a boy. Guess you wouldn’t know how to put one on in the first place.” you release him from your grasp. You’re surprised by how high you had managed to lift your own body, because Tanaka goes down with a bit of a drop.
After taking a moment to calm down, Tanaka looks up at you and says, “I… I brought it with me, though! I figured I could just… ask you or another girl or someone to help me put it on… Forgive me for being so stupid that I can’t even figure out how to put a bra on.” he bows just his head this time.

“Well, at least you have some sense about you.” you blink dismissively, “Alright, take it out.”

“Eh?” Tanaka blinks back. It’s kind of funny watching your face make so many different expressions like that. So this is what you look like to other people. “Right now?”

“Yes, right now. There’s no one around yet, so just take it out and I’ll show you how to put it on. You can do it yourself once you’re in a bathroom stall or a locker room or something.” you hold your hand out expectantly.

“O-Okay.” he replies awkwardly, unzipping his (your) school bag and taking out the lacy pink bra.

Now it’s your turn to blush, “W-Why did you choose this one?!”

“E-Eh?” he freaks out in perfect tune with you, lifting his hands in surrender. “W-Well, I didn’t know which ones to wear. I just picked whatever matched with the underwear I woke up in this morning! I thought that girls like to match their underwear.”

“I have other ones that aren’t this fancy, you know?? If you wear something like this with the summer uniform, you’ll be able to see through it!!”

“Eh???” Tanaka widens your eyes in full-on panic at learning this.

You give up with another groan, needing to lower the tension between the both of you. “Forget it, just give it to me.” Making sure one last time that no one is around to see you handle a female’s underwear in a boy’s body, you give Tanaka a quick lesson on how to put on a bra.

“You hook it like this, okay? And unhook it like this.” you make sure he watches and learns the mechanics of the bra before showing him how to put it on. It’s weird wrapping it around your broad, but flat chest on top of a school shirt, but it’s what’s got to be done.
“The fastest way is to just put it on and hook it around the back. But if you can’t do it, then it’s just as effective to hook it on backwards and twist the bra around to face forward before pulling it up and securing it this way too.” you wrap the bra around your stomach to hook it from the front before twisting the band to bring the cups forward to match your explanation. “Got it?”

“Oh! How innovative!” He seems genuinely fascinated by this lesson, and you guess you can’t blame him. He’s probably learning a lot more about girls now than he ever could through some other means.

“Yeah, just make sure you put it on before classes start.” you remind him, handing the bra over to let him stuff back into his bag. “And another thing, pull up your skirt! You’re making me look like a grandma!”

“Eh??”

You’re starting to think that’s Tanaka’s favorite word. After convincing him to pull the skirt up a couple inches when he changes later, you remind him to smooth the back down before sitting. You also exchange phones so that you guys can at least communicate properly with your own words.

“In any case, let’s just go to class for now since we’re both here anyway.” you suggest, “Good thing we’re at least in the same class. Neither of us will answer questions unless called on. Just try not to fall asleep, alright?”

“Alright.” he agrees.

“And let’s meet again during lunch to talk more about this and figure something out. I’d hate to leave Fuka-chan on her own for today, but we’ve gotta do it.”

“L-Lunch…” he stutters. When you give him another questioning look, he just straightens again and agrees readily. “Not a problem!”

“Okay, good. See you then.”
Tanaka texts someone from his volleyball team to send the message that he’ll be missing volleyball practice today, and you also have him tell Fuka that he’ll have to take off somewhere else today for an errand so she can head home on her own. You were listening intently from Tanaka’s desk at his speech patterns to make sure it sounded natural, and he did a relatively good job.

And you think you did pretty decent at sounding like a typical high school boy. You greeted everyone who greeted you, and slouched slightly and even spread your legs a bit to look more guyish. Wearing pants to school is pretty damn great. Maybe you should start wearing spandex or something underneath your skirt when you get your body back.

If you can get it back, that is. You and Tanaka decided to take the bus down to the temple you had visited during the field trip after making some connections with the omamori you both bought. That seemed to be the only connection between you two, and the words on the charm were enough to raise suspicion too.

On the trip there, though, Tanaka still seems to be stiff around you, so when you’re over halfway done with the bus ride there, you’re tired enough of watching your body fidget to ask, “Why are you so nervous? I know this is weird, but it’s just me. And this is your body, shouldn’t you be used to seeing it?”

“Yeah, but… not like this. I kind of understand why some girls run away from me now…” he says, almost sounding dejected in your softer voice. “I guess my face can actually be pretty scary-looking.”

“You mean you didn’t know before?” That gets a chortle out of you. Which is nice, you feel like you haven’t laughed in weeks.

“Well, all this time, I’ve been cultivating myself as a pretty cool man, ya know?” he sits up straighter, and you want to tell him to stop talking so abrasively in your voice, but it’s just the two of you. And honestly, it’s kind of funny, although cringey.

“Oh, really. Tell me more.” you drone sarcastically, with a lazy smile and leaning your cheek in your hand against the back of the seat.

“Oh man! You make me look so cool right now in that pose! I should take note of this.” Tanaka tries to mirror your casual sitting position, and you admit, this definitely isn’t something that suits your body. It’s still funny to watch, somehow. Tanaka’s turning out to be an amusing guy.
When you both alight and find your way back to the temple, you make a beeline for the omamori booth. But neither of you see the shrine maiden who had sold you both the charms last time. “Excuse me,” you ask one of the maidens working, “We bought these charms from this shrine about a week ago, but we have a question about them.”

“Yes, what is your question?”

“Uhm… what does it… do?” you struggle to find the best way to ask.

“Hmm, this one…” the maiden looks at it with a thoughtful pucker in her lips, “It’s not very common, but it’s a phrase that incites self-discovery. This one in particular would offer assistance with improving bonds with others, bringing luck to new connections in order to learn more about the world and oneself.”

“Uh huh…” You blink back at Tanaka once before turning back to the shrine maiden, “And would this happen to have any… special effects to it? Like, immediate special effects?” You lean in, your eyes probably looking a little crazy.

“Well, I wouldn’t know, personally. Each omamori is special simply because they’re all made differently. Even if the general wish or intention is the same, or even if it was made by the same person, no one is ever in the exact same state of mind when making one charm and another.” She explains patiently, albeit stiffly under your scrutinious gaze.

“Okay, then can whoever made this come out and tell us about it? We have a dire problem with it right now, and we need answers.” You demand.

“What kind of dire problem?”

“We… we…” You start, but don’t know if you can bring yourself to actually explain your dilemma without sounding like you should be sent to a mental hospital.

“We just haven’t been ourselves,” Tanaka interjects. Sure, that’s one way to put it. “There’s a clear difference in our lives right now, and we’re now connected in a way that can’t be explained by anything other than this… spiritual event that’s happened. And the only thing we’ve had in common up until this point is that we both bought the same charm from this temple. So won’t you please help us?”
The shrine maiden looks slightly more at ease with Tanaka’s calmer approach. Not to mention he looks like a sweet girl compared to you, in your hulking body with your naturally sharp and intimidating features. After talking through the details of your field trip and figuring out who had sold you the omamori, the maiden says, “I’m afraid she only works during some weekends. That day, I think she filled in for someone else since we were expecting so many visitors, but she isn’t usually here during the week.”

And with that, hope was lost. At least until the weekend. You had practically begged for her to ask the girl who sold you the charms to come in or to at least get her contact information, but the maiden said that wasn’t allowed. Though you suppose you couldn’t blame her, since you were starting to sound creepily adamant about it. So you and Tanaka had no other choice but to accept your fate and wait in each other’s bodies until Saturday to return.

Leaving the shrine with dejected frustration and newfound impatience, you and Tanaka look at each other for a bit, wondering how you should go about the rest of this week. “Ugh, this sucks… And exams are coming up. If we can’t get switched back by then… Are we going to have to take each other’s tests?”

“Well, worse comes to worst, we could just write our own names on the papers?” Tanaka suggests.

“Yeah, I suppose you’re right.” There’s a thoughtful silence as you both walk back to the bus stop. “You think we could force it?”

“Force what? The switch?”

“Yeah.”

“Like how?” he asks.

“You know in all the mangas and stuff, when people switch bodies, there’s some sort of catalytic event that makes them switch back? Like, if we kiss or something. Or if we fall down some stairs together and crash into each other, it’ll knock our souls back into each other’s bodies!” you suggest.

Tanaka stares at you for a moment, with incredulous wide eyes. “Hearing it come from my own mouth… suddenly makes it sound kind of questionable…”
“Did you just… call yourself dumb? Or… are you calling me dumb?” you try to wrap your head around that one. If Tanaka Ryunosuke is judging you, then you should probably rethink what you just said.

“Anyway, isn’t there some other way? Like… usually, the switched souls have to learn something about themselves or each other or something. And that maiko-san said that this charm is about ‘self-discovery’ or something. So… I don’t know, maybe we should find out more about… each other? In order to discover more about ourselves? Or something?”

You’re pulling shit out of your ass now, but Tanaka isn’t really offering anything else useful, so you’re both kind of stuck here wondering how to go on about the week until you can meet the actual shrine maiden who sold you these goddamn omamori.

The two of you discuss possible options back and forth until you reach a park bench, but all of them sound half-assed in one way or another. When you both finally sit down, mentally exhausted at the situation, you slouch down into the park bench and lean your head against the back of it before finally bringing up the suggestion that you both have been avoiding.

“How about if we kiss?”

You half expected Tanaka to react with a flustered, bumbling hesitation, but he just blinks for a bit before nodding a bit, “I guess that’s an option.”

“Really?” You sit up, “I thought you’d get shy, but I didn’t expect you to take advantage of the situation.”

“W-What?! I’m not trying to do that at all!” He defends, actually blushing this time. Wow, that shade of red is really bright on your face. It’s kind of weird, but kind of cute in a way.

“I’m just kidding. We might as well try everything we can.” You laugh before sliding in closer to him on the bench, an arm along the back of it behind Tanaka. “So, shall we?”

For some reason, that makes Tanaka flush deeper. It’s kind of amusing to see your face make such a nervous expression in such a deep shade of red. Even more amusing to you that you’re the one leading the seduction. Maybe this male body comes with a boost of confidence too.
“Is this your first?” you whisper as you draw close enough to touch noses and fan your breath across Tanaka’s (your) face.

“W-What are you on about?” he stutters, although you can tell he’s trying his absolute hardest not to pull away. “O-Of course it… is.” He falls flat when he opts for the truth. It’s cute.

“I see.” You hum before going in to press softly against Tanaka with his lips, trying to wrap your mind around the fact that you’re kissing yourself and that wow, your lips are actually pretty soft. And nice to kiss. The more you know.

Pulling away after a good couple of seconds, you open your eyes to see that you are still staring at your own body, rather than sitting in it yourself. “Damn… Didn’t work.” you sigh, falling back against the bench again.

“G-Guess not.” Tanaka fiddles with his fingers in his lap, head down and not at all looking your way.

“Well, it was worth a try.” You run a hand up into your hair, only to remember that you don’t have hair, but a shaved head to run your palm against. What a strange but addicting sensation. You continue to rub your palm around in small circles on the surface of your (Tanaka’s) head for a little while before you feel his eyes on you.

Turning to confirm that he is indeed looking at you again with a shy expression, your lips break out into a cocky smile, “What’s with that face? Did you like it?”

“That’s—! I wasn’t— It—!!” He keeps stumbling around for some semblance of an answer, so you just chuckle and put him out of his misery. You don’t know where you’re conjuring this playboy aura from anyway, because it’s clearly not from Tanaka himself, despite you currently living in his body.

“I’m kidding. Again.” You reassure, “But let’s get down to it. I think we’re stuck like this for the time being… And obviously we can’t both just skip out on school for a week, so you’re going to have to tell me how to be you for a few days. And I’ll do the same.”

“O-Oh…” You’re getting used to this timid and nervous Tanaka, but you still really can’t get over it. Is this really the guy who scares off first-years in the hallway? “I suppose that’s the best option,
“Right, and I’d really rather not be questioned too much and have to make up a bunch of lies to keep up with. So we need to be as specific with each other as possible, okay?”

“Okay.” He agrees more readily this time, sitting up straighter.

“So first order of business… Do not ever leave the house without a bra on underneath that school uniform.”

* 

Tanaka glances back at you (in his body) when school is over for the day. You meet his eyes and give the faintest of nods as you begin packing your (his) stuff in your bag. Today went well for the most part. He had gotten dressed without too many qualms, had a relatively normal conversation with your parents during breakfast, attended class without falling asleep, sat at your desk with his legs together, ate lunch with your best friend, and now he’s going to go home with said best friend.

“Ready to go, [Name]-chan?” Fuka asks with her bag in tow with a comfortable smile on her face. Tanaka wants to cry and melt at the sight. Fuka has never smiled at him before when he was in his own body because she’s always just run away or avoided eye contact with him altogether. This is truly a beautiful sight to behold.

“Y-Yup!” he tries imitating your natural cheer, grabbing his bag and pushing in his chair. “Let’s go.”

He lets Fuka do most of the talking on the way out of school, and it turns out she’s actually quite talkative. He never would’ve guessed, seeing how quiet and nervous she turns when he’s tried to talk to her before. Best friends are truly a great thing~

Once they leave the school grounds, however, Fuka asks questions that require more than just a simple response, “Say, you wanna stop by Amour Laiteux today? They’ve got a brand new parfait item on the menu!”

huh.”
“Ah… actually, I was thinking of heading home a little earlier today to get some more studying done. Exams are already next week, you know?” Tanaka executes the line he’s been rehearsing in his head for the past hour.

“Eh~ But you left early yesterday too!” she whines, “Let’s go! We can study at the cafe too! Promise I will!” she smiles and holds her hand up in a pledge. SO DAMN CUTE.

“I don’t know…” he tries once more, starting to feel anxious. You did warn Tanaka that he would eventually have to hang out with Fuka during the week. It would be strange to reject her too often when she and you hang out practically every day after school.

‘If there was a Sweets Hunting club, then we’d be the officers of it.’ you had said.

Plus, you had agreed to attend his club activities for him, including morning practice (apparently, Daichi had quite a word with you today during the lunch break). So this was the least he could do.

“Alright, alright. You got me.” he caves, finding it hard to resist Fuka’s charm anyway.

“Yay! Let’s get there quick so we can beat the crowd!” she nabs his hand and starts power walking with purpose if he’s ever seen it.

However, he cannot admire the adorable excitement in her step as he is about to implode from the heat rising to his face because A GIRL IS HOLDING HIS HAND. WHAT SHOULD HE DO? THIS IS SO SUDDEN AND—

“F-Fuka-chan?!” he stutters, barely able to get the words out. Her hand is so soft! And so small, but it’s a perfect fit in your hand, which is also pretty small.

“Hurry, hurry!” she giggles, and it’s like he’s been shot with arrow after arrow in the heart.

Tanaka manages to keep it together for the most part until they reach the cafe, where they’re greeted familiarly by the worker inside. She’s also really cute, and the way she greets Fuka and him with such a bright, unrestrained smile makes Tanaka feel like he’s about to start floating. Even more so once they’re seated, because this fancy cafe is filled mainly with other young girls around their age.
“Viva body switch.” he mutters aloud.

“What was that, [Name]-chan?”

“N-Nothing.” Tanaka laughs nervously, running a hand down his head, which actually has a full head of nice, silky hair. It’s pretty heavy and kind of hot, which took some getting used to when he woke up in this body, but there’s no denying that he finds a guilty pleasure in exploring all these lovely, feminine parts of your body.

“Let’s order then!” Fuka recaptures his attention to bring to the menu, “I’m definitely getting the new parfait item. What are you thinking of getting?”

“Uhm…” Tanaka skims the menu only to find a bunch of different French names scattering the placard. There are small descriptions of the dessert in Japanese underneath the name, but they’re described with more foreign words… English was hard enough, but French?? “Maybe this?” he points at something random.

“Mille-feuille? Ooh, a nice choice! I think I tried that one last time. I love the flakiness of it. You know the name means ‘a thousand leaves’ because of all the crispy layers in the puff pastry. And I think it’s kind of special here because they glaze the top AND put some nutty powder on top. It really makes the texture…."

Tanaka can only let Fuka go on until she’s satisfied, and the conversation seems to extend longer when the employee comes to to take their orders but commends Fuka for her knowledge of French dessert. And they get really into it about more fancy dessert things until Tanaka is unsure if they’re still speaking in Japanese. Although admittedly, as overwhelmed as he is by all this dessert knowledge, it’s incredibly endearing to see Fuka so excited about something. He kind of ends up just staring lovingly at her.

“[Name]-chan? Hey, [Name]-chan.” she waves her hand in front of you.

“Huh? Oh, r-right!” Right, he’s you. And staring away at your best friend under this ruse is probably not something you would appreciate, but when is he ever going to get a chance like this again? “The m-meeel f-fway? Please?”

“One mille-feuille,” the waiter follows up with a kind smile as she scribbles down the order, “One special House Parfait, and the usual earl grey imperial tea for you ladies?”
“Yes, please!” Fuka claps her hands together. After thanking the waiter, she turns back to Tanaka with that bright smile that he may never get tired of, “I can’t believe we can get a taste of Mariage Frères for such a good price! Just another great thing about this cafe!”

Mari… Frer…. What?

“Right?” Tanaka chuckles. Maybe he’ll be able to get through today unscathed if he can just keep Fuka talking for most of the time, “Fuka-chan, what’s your top five desserts then?”

Fuka breaks the air with a loud gasp, “[Name]-chan, you can’t just spring such a loaded question on me all of a sudden! Oh my… where could I even begin to choose…”

Well, that keeps her busy until the desserts come out, and Tanaka is able to follow up each answer with a ‘why?’ question for a while. The conversation goes on like that until they both get their treats, and HOLY MOLY, DID CAKE ALWAYS TASTE THIS GOOD?!

Tanaka has never seen a dessert like this before, but Fuka had a point when she said something about the texture and the… glaze or whatever. This cake is phenomenal. “Oh my god!” he had freaked out at the first bite, “This is crazy good.”

“Right? Right??” Fuka had caught onto the excitement and the rest just rolled from there, melting at the taste of her own dessert. “And this parfait is perfect. There are so many wonderful combinations of flavors to taste with everything in here! You have to try some!!” she thrusts a spoon full of ice cream, berries, cookie crumbs, and whipped cream over in his direction.

A spoon… that was just in her own mouth seconds earlier. Tanaka had clearly witnessed it. And she’s offering a taste of that sweet indirect kiss that he’s only ever dreamed of… “A-Are you sure?” he trembles, starting to feel hot. Oh man, oh man. He can’t show that he’s nervous, but this is his first time he’s going to share a dessert with a girl!!!

“Don’t be silly, take a bite. Ahh~”

This is…!!! He’s living every man’s dream!!! She even makes the adorable ‘say ahh~’ sound that men can only dream of!! Does he dare to indulge in these pleasures of female companionship?? Well, again, this isn’t his body, so he’ll just accept her kindness on your behalf! He tries not to snort steam out of his nostrils as he opens his mouth for the bite of parfait.
“There we go!” Fuka giggles, “How is it?”

“Like I’ve kissed an angel…” Tanaka barely manages to squeak in his dizzy spell of pure joy. Honestly, Fuka could’ve fed him horse manure and he still would’ve said the same thing.

_Viva body-switching_, he wants to cry.

Tanaka and Fuka stay in the cafe for about two hours, although they don’t actually end up studying. So Fuka suggests a change in location and wastes no time in holding his hand when they leave, once again leaving Tanaka in a melting whirlwind of moe and happiness.

He barely even notices that they aren’t looking for a new study spot, but rather just walking down the streets and window-shopping in several clothing, stationary, and book stores. Tanaka enjoys every minute of it, just pretending he has a girlfriend in his head while Fuka is innocently just having another day with her best friend.

But as it gets dark, and Fuka still pushes to visit another stop beforehand, Tanaka begins to notice the pattern. She’s cheerful and promises that it’ll be the last stop before going home each time, but still continues to procrastinate further. And occasionally, he notices a stiffness about her posture, or how she tends to dart her eyes around the area quite often.

“Fuka-chan, are you okay?” he asks when they’re still walking down the street.

“Mhm! Why do you ask?” she answers almost too quickly.

“It feels like you don’t want to go home.” he jokes lightheartedly, but there’s an awkwardness in the laugh that Fuka follows with.

“Oh yeah, it’s a lot later than usual, huh? I guess I just really missed you yesterday. I wanted to make up for the lost time.”

“Aww, Fuka-chan. Don’t worry, I’ll always be here to eat cake with you.” Tanaka smiles with genuine support, not just because he’d like to eat cake with her again, but he believes that’s something that you would genuinely say. She is your best friend after all.
“Thanks, [Name]-chan. I guess we should probably head home now, huh…” she sighs, looking incredibly deflated, which really contrasts with how bright and cheerful she’s been all afternoon.

Tanaka hums in thought. There’s a strange feeling tickling at the back of his neck, telling him that something’s not right. But he wouldn’t even know how to bring it up, so he just offers, “You want me to walk home you with today, Fuka-chan?”

“Eh? Why would you want to?” her eyes widen in surprise, but also something that looks like concealed hopefulness.

“What’s wrong with wanting to hang out with my best friend for a little longer?” he makes a bold move, bumping Fuka’s shoulder with his own, hoping it’s a believable gesture of affection you would make.

“Okay!” she agrees, looking rather cheerful again.

“Great. Let’s go.” he’s the one who offers his hand this time, and Fuka happily takes it as they start walking together. Once again, Tanaka is reminded of the blessing his life has taken shape of as he walks hand in hand with a cute girl under the late afternoon sunset. He can’t stop sighing in bliss.

* *

“Ryu! We missed ya these past few days!” A short guy from class 3 gives you a hard slap in the back when you enter the boys volleyball club room after school. For a tiny dude, he packs a hell of a punch.

“Oof! Hey, Noya-san…” you greet him with the name that Tanaka had told you to address him with. “Sorry for missing out yesterday and this morning, guys. I got caught up in some personal stuff. Sorry if I’m off my game for the next few days too.”

“Well, missing a couple of practices isn’t going to revert all your progress, but is everything okay with you?” The third-year who you recall is named Sugawara (addressed as Suga-san) from a photo, asks with a kindness in his voice that matches his face.
“It should be fine, Suga-san. It’s kind of a pain, but I’ll get through it.” you try to keep your speech casual and dude-like.

“That’s the spirit, Ryu! You’ll get through anything with the right attitude!” There’s Noya again. He’s got pipes to match his punch.

“Alright, enough dilly-dallying. Get changed and let’s get to practice.” Another third-year with a strong voice claps his hands and gets everyone moving again. If you recall correctly, you’ll have to refer to him as ‘Daichi-san.’

You know, you thought you’d be able to handle being around all these boys in their natural habitat considering you’ve been conditioning yourself in Tanaka’s body not to react so strongly to every male thing about a body. But once all the skin starts showing up on broad backs and chiseled arms and thick thighs, you let out a helpless squeal and turn to your own locker.

“Tanaka? What was that?” Another second year asks. Narita?

“N-Nothing! It’s nothing.” you quickly start stripping off your shirt and pants too, trying to somehow calm the heat rising to your face by breathing deeply as you change. But while you look down, you stare down at your own chiseled, male body. There’s so much lean, broad muscle on every inch of your torso. Even your abdomen is showing developing signs of a six-pack. It’s like there’s barely an ounce of fat in this athlete’s body. You had never noticed these things before when you just saw Tanaka in class.

You seem to awe in your own body for a little too long, because the others are questioning you again, “Tanaka?”

And in your daze of glorifying your current body, you just look up and stare at the other guys with an incredulous look of discovery, “Dude, CHECK ME OUT. I am pretty damn ripped.” you revere as you flex your (Tanaka’s) muscles in a signature bodybuilder pose.

“For sure!! You’ve been going all out in at practice these days, Ryu!” Nishinoya joins in on the excitement. And suddenly, you feel a little more at ease around the group, laughing along with them about dumb, boy things.

The nerves return once practice gets started though. Stretches are a breeze, and warm-ups are really not that hard in this athletic body. But once all the drills start happening… your amateurity comes out
full throttle.

You miss spikes, you only just manage to hit serves over the net, you can barely keep up with receives with your eyes, let alone your body, and your timing with the team is totally off because you don’t know any of the practice plays. “Wow, Tanaka… you weren’t kidding when you warned us about being off your game.”

“My bad…” you rub at the back of your shaved head. It’s become a habit of yours now, the feeling of it is just so interesting. It kind of calms you. “Sorry if I’m slowing down practice, guys.”

“It’s fine, you’ll get the hang of things again soon enough.” the third-years give you supportive messages and pats on the back, and even one of the bouncy first-years gives you plenty of encouragement. The other first-years are kind of weird, one of them always talking about adjusting plays that you don’t even know or understand, and another one just straight-up instigating you. You recall Tanaka telling you that tall, blonde one was a pest, and you can kind of see what he means with all the quiet sneers.

“Hey, Tanaka.” the rebelliously styled coach calls you over.

“Yes, coach!” you try to sound energetic like you would imagine Tanaka to be.

“I’m gonna have you practice with B Team for today, so you can get back into the rhythm of things. We’ll switch it back up once you feel able to play comfortably again.”

“Yes…” you answer, although you don’t know who B Team is… You can only surmise that since he’s telling you to switch, that it won’t be with the group you’re currently playing with.

Luckily, Sugawara waves you over to give you some direction. “Come on, Tanaka, let’s review some of our formations before we try them out. It’ll be a good refresher for all of us.”

“Sure, why not.” The other second-years in this group agree and gather around for the explanation.

You are only barely able to follow, but you risk asking a few questions anyway. It might be weird for Tanaka not to know some of these things, but it’s better than just fidgeting around and dragging the team down because you don’t have a clue what’s going on. Admittedly, they give you weird looks, but Sugawara patiently explains it all to you with a kind smile. And a few teasing quips. What
an angel.

And when you finally land your first successful spike of practice, you feel like you could cry. “Hey, there ya go. That’s our Tanaka!” Sugawara is the first to offer you a high five.

“Thank you, Suga-san…” you pout a little, trying to hold back the tears. Why are you feeling so overwhelmed with emotion right now? You have to hold yourself together! Someone like Tanaka wouldn’t cry at something like this!

“Quit sobbing, Tanaka. Let’s keep it up.” Another second-year, Ennoshita, comes up with a high-five and a calm expression. He makes it sound like this isn’t uncommon…

“Yeah!” you agree whole-heartedly.

The rest of practice is grueling. All you’ve done after school is eat snacks and desserts and sit around studying, and all of this intensive exercise is such a huge change. Even in Tanaka’s body that’s used to all of it, you’re mentally overwhelmed.

There’s so goddamn much to volleyball. After the drills and the team practices, everyone stays later until dark to work on individual practice. And there are also team meetings in which the coach discusses with the team everything like the progress that’s happening and strategies to use for upcoming games against all these teams that you’ve only heard the schools’ names of in passing. This team really is trying to go to nationals.

By the time it’s cleanup, you’re exhausted. You don’t even bother changing out of your workout clothes afterwards, and just pull the club jacket on over your t-shirt. It’s gross, but you don’t have energy to spare right now. Not to mention, you’re freaking starving. You could probably eat a whole cake on your own right now.

However, what you end up doing is going to the convenience store down the hill from school with the other second-years. Which the coach runs, apparently. No wonder you had recognized him earlier. You occasionally visited Sakanoshita after school before. The hunger-satiating snacks are out at this time of day though, so you settle for some snack bar until you get home.

You’re greeted with a blessing in disguise, because Tanaka’s sister, Saeko, already has dinner ready for you to dig into once you get home. She seems to be out at work tonight, but the sight of a fresh meal ready for your angry stomach is a sight to behold. She had it ready last night too, and she
seemed pretty surprised when you started doing the dishes. You tried to play it off, saying you were in a good mood, but does Tanaka not help his sister around the house?

Well, considering he puts all his effort into volleyball, as shown by the passion in your one day with his team, maybe it’s not that big of a surprise. You feel like you’re halfway to death right now, so after you finish eating and washing the dishes, you head right for the bath.

Although you notice the laundry basket piling up, so you figure you could at least just toss them into the machine before taking a nice, long soak. The hot water is like honey against your tired muscles, even though they’re not even your muscles. After showering off all the grime and sweat from practice, you practically melt into the bathtub.

But you only last in the hot water for about three minutes before you have to regretfully sit up. There’s too much heat that conducts in this male body. You have been so warm all day. Which must mean he’s in tip-top shape and in perfect health, but you can’t enjoy the long, relaxing soak in the bathtub that you want because you feel like your face is about to implode.

Letting out a deep sigh, you rest your head against the back of the tub. Man, Tanaka puts way too much effort into his club activities. You can’t believe that you have to show up to morning practice tomorrow. No wonder that alarm got you up at 6am yesterday. You had snoozed through it this morning too, and just went to school at the regular time, but then you got approached by the volleyball club members during lunch. So it looks like you won’t be able to play hookey anymore.

You close your eyes in thought again, wondering how it all came to this. You also wonder how long it’ll be before you and Tanaka are able to switch back to your own bodies, because this is absolutely overwhelming. Acting like somebody else, and actually managing to fool the majority of them into thinking you’re some guy whom you only just started getting to know.

And you also think about how hard Tanaka seems to work in his club activities, because everyone kept giving you back-handed compliments today. They’d say things like “you usually spike that no problem” or “that was good, although it didn’t have the same bam kind of impact as usual” or “you missed it/finished the run last/are getting more tired easily, how unlike you.”

Does that mean that Tanaka usually performs in tip-top shape?? You’re pretty sure that this is a lot more intensive than you’ve ever seen another sports team at any of your schools before. Although you suppose this team is taking nationals rather seriously compared to all your small-scale sports clubs. You’ve gained a newfound respect for both the sport, and the whole team. Everyone works pretty hard and doesn’t complain much, from what you’ve seen on your first day.

As you continue to think about how much passion you saw in each of the members today in club practice, you eventually fall asleep in the aftermath of all your exhaustion.
Today’s dessert is an earl grey tea cake with a rather decadent and light buttercream. Tanaka can feel your body singing as each forkful passes into your mouth. To think that he could be living this luxurious of a life if he had a cute girlfriend like Fuka. Just watching her enjoy that slice of coffee walnut cake with the brightest smile on her face fills his heart with so much joy.

Although he feels bad about spending your money every time he opens your wallet to pay for the dessert. You had assured him it was okay to get at least one item each day because it would look weird if he didn’t. “And make sure to buy the newest Jump issues alongside her if you pass by the bookstore and leave them in my room. I’ll read them later.” You had requested.

He’s also been taking notes of all the cafes and names of desserts he’s been trying with Fuka, as well as photos to reminisce in the memories of later. He had to make up something on the spot when Fuka asked about the change in phone case, but he’s been gazing lovingly at the pictures of Fuka posing cutely with the desserts at the table sometimes. Call him creepy, but he really won’t ever get an opportunity like this again.

Sometimes he feels put on the spot whenever Fuka drags him into a clothing store, like he’s being put to the test by God when he has to change into a different outfit in your body. Tanaka does his best not to do anything to your body that you wouldn’t be okay with, but he can’t help staring in the mirror when he’s stripped down to his undergarments.

He’s gotten a hang of this bra thing, and now it only takes him about a minute to put it on properly. Although he had gotten scolded by you one day when you noticed that he had worn a more racy set of underwear under the school uniform.

“Why the hell are you wearing those??” You had whispered in a frenzy when you had pulled him aside to have him adjust the skirt on your body.

“I thought they were cute!” he had reasoned. Well… all of the underwear in your drawer was cute, but these were the ones that got his heart pumping and made him super curious, so he tried on the thong and it was surprisingly freeing and sexually empowering. “And wait… were you just checking me out?”
“It’s my body, I have every right to check it out.” You had huffed with a raised eyebrow. Tanaka took note of how cool that expression looked on his face at the moment.

Today was slightly more modest, but he still opted for the lighter pink set because he thought it would look cute on you. And lord almighty, does it look cute on you. He spends so much time turning around and admiring your almost naked body in the mirror that he forgets that Fuka is outside waiting to see the outfit, “[Name]-chan? Are you ready?”

“S-Sorry! Give me a minute.” He stutters out before scrambling to throw the dress over his head and slipping his arms into the holes of the garment. When he finally pulls the curtain of the changing stall aside, the first thing he sees is Fuka dressed in another adorable summer dress in a different color. She’s absolutely precious, and undoubtedly beautiful, but she has a different kind of charm than you. Fuka is cute and sweet and lovely, and you… you’re…

“Oh my gosh, [Name]-chan, you’re so beautiful!!” Fuka gasps with her hands cupping the bottom half of her face before she saunters forward to rest them on his shoulders. “You look so pretty in this dress, it looks amazing on you.”

“Y-You really think so?” Tanaka chuckles, taking another glance in the mirror. And Fuka is right. This maroon, flare dress is really simple, but gives you such a beautiful, almost sophisticated look. It looks great on your body, and Tanaka can’t help but admire it a bit more openly now that it’s been brought to his attention.

“It’s sooooo gorgeous, really.” Fuka insists, “Honestly, I was kind of surprised you agreed to try this on because you usually never even look at dresses. Which is such a shame, I mean, look how good this one looks on you!”

“Well… I mean, I guess.” Tanaka considers as he continues to twirl back and forth in the dress, observing the way it fits and falls to the curves of your body. Come to think of it, your closet and drawers are full of jeans and shorts and maybe one or two skirts other than the one you wear to school every day. Nothing outside of the formal black dress for funerals stored back in the corner of your closet.

“What about you, Fuka-chan? You look absolutely adorable! I really like this color on you.” He attempts to change the subject before she starts noticing more things that he’s doing that are out of character for you.

The conversation derails to the small adjustments Fuka wishes the dress would have and she ends up putting it in a ‘no’ pile before trying on more clothes. Tanaka tries not to ogle too much thereafter
and patiently goes through all the clothes that Fuka throws at him and recommends.

The rest of the day continues on like it has the previous couple of days; browsing shops, eating snacks, playing games every so often, and taking maybe an hour or so to study once in a while. Fuka is a sweet, excitable girl, and she’s rather smart so she always claims that she knows most of the material already and doesn’t need to study that hard. “I’d rather spend my time having fun with you!” She had smiled and Tanaka’s heart almost escaped from his (well, your) chest.

Still though, all the fun that he’s having hanging out with Fuka doesn’t stop him from noticing that she’s still a bit on edge about something. Maybe volleyball has ingrained that habit of noticing aural and physical details of those around him, because he can definitely tell that Fuka is giving off a similar energy to a team who’s on the brink of losing a set in a preliminary game.

Tanaka already knew from before the switch that Fuka was the type to be easily frightened, since she would yelp and get extremely nervous at the sight of his face. It was… disheartening, but now that he’s seen his own face from another perspective, he can kind of understand how people would be intimidated from first impression. Although that’s his thing, so it’s not like he can change who he is.

But comparing how Fuka acted around him to how she acts around you, and even other female classmates shows him that she only reacts that way when she’s possibly anticipating something he could only describe as… threatening.

“Fuka-chan?” He calls her attention.

Fuka stops swinging her feet over the seat of the park bench they’re sitting on to look up at him, smiling as she squeezes their hands that are laced together, “Yeah?”

WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?! IT WAS CUTE AS HECK AND TANAKA COULD VERY WELL DIE RIGHT AT THIS VERY MOMENT IF HE DIDN’T HAVE YOUR BODY TO TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR.

Summoning all his willpower from deep within his manly soul, he suppresses his blush and clears his throat before asking, “How have you been these days? Something worrying you?”

Fuka’s smile falls just a little, but she quirks it right back up before saying, “No, not really. What makes you say that?”
“Well, you’ve been pretty stiff these past few days whenever we go home. Like you’re waiting for something to come out and jump at you.” Tanaka tries to keep the tone light, but Fuka’s eyes visibly falter for just a moment yet again. There is definitely something bothering her. “You know you can talk to me about anything, right?” He squeezes her hand in an attempt to reassure her.

Fuka’s shoulders deflate a bit in what Tanaka hopes is relief, although her eyes are still hardened to hide something, “Thank you, [Name]-chan. But what about you? You’ve been kind of weird lately too. Don’t think I don’t notice that you and Tanaka-kun are always disappearing off together. What’s going on between you and him?”

“A-Ah! Him… He’s uh…” Tanaka begins to run his hand through your silky hair in a nervous habit. It’s kind of strange having hair to run his fingers through again, but he finds the sensation comforting. “We’re just… being friendly, because of our moms. You know how it is…” he laughs in a way that he hopes is convincing.

“Are you sure, [Name]-chan? Like, really sure? Because Tanaka-kun kind of scares me…” As expected… But Tanaka’s heart still cracks a little bit anyway. “And I saw him grabbing you! In a really rough, scary way! I was about to run in and try to help, but you didn’t seem scared and the situation calmed down after that but… still.”

Ah… Yes, that must’ve been the thong incident.

“No! No, it’s nothing dangerous or anything like that. Tanaka-kun just has… some strong opinions. He’s very expressive about them…” he chuckles nervously, wondering how he can defend himself even though he wasn’t even the one who did anything incriminating.

“Even so! I think I would’ve been scared half to death. I mean… He really looked like he could have hurt you! That’s really scary… having someone threaten your safety…” Fuka’s voice trails off in a rather thoughtful manner, like she’s thinking about something else all of a sudden, “D-Doesn’t that scare you?” She follows up in attempt to return the attention to him.

“Fuka-chan, are you really okay?” Tanaka all but demands this time, unable to stop his serious expression from marring your face.

“Y-Yeah! Of course!” Tanaka can feel Fuka’s palm beginning to sweat in his. “I’m just… It’s just… You know, I’m probably just stressed. Or tired or something. Maybe we should go home for today.”
Tanaka observes her for another few moments, and Fuka’s hand doesn’t become any less damp. But he doesn’t want to continue making her feel uncomfortable, so he takes a deep sigh and relents, “Alright, if that’s what you want. Let’s go.”

Fuka just hums an affirmation and follows along with her hand still in his. It’s cold.

—

“Hey, you got a minute?” Tanaka pulls you aside to one corner of the less populated hallways and you endure the wiggling eyebrows and excited expressions of your male classmates as you follow. They’ve been ecstatic and surprisingly envious of your “interaction” with yourself these past couple of days because you and Tanaka have been updating each other not only through text and calls, but in person as well.

You both try to limit in-person interactions to a minimum for more pressing questions because how would you explain your sudden friendship anyway? So far, you’ve both been going with a story about how your moms are friends and they’re using you to communicate with each other while one of their phones doesn’t work or something.

Tanaka leans with one arm pressed against the wall, with his (your) arms crossed. You take a moment to admire how cool your body looks in that posture, and how it kind of gives your breasts a little push. Tanaka manages to pull off a sexy look on you. “Hey, so I wanted to ask, is there something going on with Fuka?”

That makes your eyebrows furrow together, “What do you mean?”

“She was acting kind of weird yesterday. Like… she didn’t want to go home, and she kept looking around like she was looking for someone or something.” This is the first you’re hearing about this kind of behavior. Does Fuka usually do that? You do recall there were times when you both wouldn’t go home until after the sun had set, but you remember you had done it with good energy that made you lose track of time.

“Really? When did you guys end up going home?”
“Pretty late. Like maybe seven? She seemed pretty antsy whenever it came time to part ways, so I’ve been walking her home these days. But is everything… okay with her? Is her family… like…” The sight of concern on your own face is almost disconcerting, but you can tell that Tanaka is genuinely worried about your best friend. So maybe this actually is something serious.

Even if it is though, “Fuka-chan is super close with her family. Her little brother likes to annoy her sometimes but I can’t imagine that she’d ever be reluctant to go home. Her mom is the sweetest lady you’ll ever meet, and her dad is quite kind as well. I’ve met all of them and she’s only ever happy when she talks about her family.”

“Hmm.” Tanaka holds his chin in his fingers in pondering thought, “What about school then? Or people she knows outside of school? Is there anyone that… she doesn’t get along with? That would scare her?”

“No.” That makes your furrow your eyebrows even more, “I mean, come on. You know Fuka-chan by now. Everything scares her! When I sneak up behind her too suddenly, she gets frightened. Don’t you remember how freaked out she was when you asked her for a pencil?”

Tanaka groans a little at the memory, but nods anyway.

“But she’s a good student, and a nice girl. Who could ever dislike someone so cute? The meanest person she’s ever encountered is probably a teacher who scolded her for losing a bouncy ball in grade school.”

“Hmm.” There he goes again with the cryptic humming. How weird must Fuka have been acting for Tanaka to be this concerned? “So you can’t think of a single person who would make her feel… unsafe?”

“Unsafe?” You repeat, dumbfounded. Has it really come to that? Has there been something going on in Fuka’s life that you haven’t caught on to? “I… can’t think of anyone, no. But, if you really feel like it’s that concerning, then can I ask you to just keep an eye on her for now? Reassure her and make sure she’s okay?”

“Of course. I’ll do everything I can.” He announces with a solid determination that kind of, almost inspires you.

“Wow. You’re really worried about her.” You comment offhandedly.
“Well, why wouldn’t I be?” The way he asks sounds so rhetorical that you almost take a step back, aghast at his completely serious demeanor. Not at all the stuttering, shy reply you had been expecting at your attempted tease. “She’s clearly uncomfortable about something. Any jerk who’s going to make a sweet, young girl like Fuka-chan feel that way doesn’t deserve to live on.”

“Oh.”

You both just stand there in a bit awkward tension for a while. Or at least, it’s awkward for you. Tanaka looks like he’s stewing in both anger and passionate conviction right now because he’s so concerned about your best friend’s well-being. You get the feeling that it’s probably similar to how intense he might get on the volleyball court, from what you’ve gathered that people expect from him when you’re at practice.

Quite honestly, it really is intense. You have no idea how you could possibly imitate an aura like that. And you’ve come to learn that every volleyball player has an aura. All the third-years have this strange maturity to them when they’re on the court and in the zone, although they each give off different vibes. The same goes for the really energetic first-years who have been pulling off quick attacks on the daily that you didn’t even know were humanly possible.

Most of all, the biggest aura comes from the smallest package of the other second-year boy that Tanaka’s rather close with; Nishinoya. You have never been so overwhelmed by a guy’s energy, he’s like a spirit of the wild. But you do your best to stay in character and keep up with all these “manly” conversations you have during practice and in the club room.

“Ryu! How’s the jump serve coming along?! Want me to help?!”

“Ryu! Kiyoko-san is off refilling the water bottles! We should go help her carry them back!!”

“Ryu! Don’t get discouraged. Even if you’re not in tiptop condition, you’re still the manliest guy around!!”

As hard as you try to embody this “manliness” that they seem to expect of you, you really can’t get it perfect. It’s exhausting shouting and cheering for every single play that’s made, especially on top of having to make some of them yourself, and some of the other more observant members can tell.

You’ve been getting along with another boy in your grade, Ennoshita. He’s a calming spirit amidst
all these wild things, and you appreciate your small chats with him every so often. Although the downside to it is that his careful, observant, and frank personality is clearly suspicious of your behavior.

“Tanaka, is there something up with you? You’ve been weird lately.” He’s so outright with it when he catches you during your break.

He joins you outside of the gymnasium, leaning against the wall beside you. You had to step outside for your break because you really cannot keep up with all this jock-y conversation, in spite of how you’re starting to pick up on the jargon. There is really too much testosterone in there for you to handle.

“Ennoshita! Ah, it’s uh, nothing too big. I’m just figuring something out right now, but I’ll be back in action soon enough.” You hope…

“Well, you’re hard-headed enough not to let anything too small get in the way of volleyball. So I’m sure that whatever it is you’ve got going on, it’s important.” You can’t tell if he’s being rude or empathetic, but you’ll give him the benefit of the doubt and assume it’s the latter. “And you know we’re here to help out if you need.”

“Thank you.” You smile gently, truly grateful to have a normal conversation. You’re tempted to even open up a bit. “It’s kind of weird, nothing I’ve ever gone through before. So I have to take some time to wrap my head around it myself.”

You wonder if Tanaka is going through as much confusion as you are, or if maybe he’s having so much fun in your body that he’s forgotten about his own life. But you internally chuckle at that, because nah.

If there’s anything you’ve learned in these past couple of days gruelling through morning practice, and school, and hours of after school practice, it’s that Tanaka’s passion for volleyball exceeds anything else you’ve imagined. It’s clear just interacting with his teammates who have and expect the same energy towards the sport from you.

You and he are going to get through this, and you’re going to get your lives back. “Luckily, I have someone going through the same thing that I can talk to. So it’s not too bad.” You mention, twirling your water bottle around in your hand with your swerving wrist.
“Ah, you mean [Surname]-san?”

If you had been drinking that water from bottle, you’d probably have done a spit take. If Ennoshita, who’s in another class, has noticed your interactions with Tanaka during the school day, then you guys must be a lot less subtle than you had been going for. “You noticed?” you chuckle humorlessly, “As expected of Ennoshita, quite the observative one.”

“Well, it’s honestly not that hard to notice.”

Crap. “It isn’t?” you turn to him at a loss, wondering why you’re even trying then.

“I mean, come on, Tanaka. Your face scares off every girl you see. All of a sudden, one girl is regularly initiating conversation with you? It’s like watching a miracle of God at work.”

Ouch. You’re not even Tanaka but you felt that jab right through your own chest.

“Jeez, Ennoshita. Is it really that impossible for a guy like me? I’m actually pretty cool, I don’t why it was that hard to notice…” Strange, how you find your actual thoughts leaking out of your mouth so easily with this easy-going, yet savage friend of Tanaka’s. Is it weird that you find some charm in Tanaka now that you’ve been living his lifestyle? Even his friends don’t seem to think that highly of him in the popularity department despite how well they get along.

“Well, past your face and baldness--”

“Hey!”

“And the fact that you’re quick to strip and show off, and how undeniably desperate you are—”

“Uhh...”

“There must be something that’s charming about you. You managed to get one girl’s attention, at least. [Surname]-san seems nice. Don’t mess it up and there just might be hope for you.” Ennoshita just spouts all this as casually as if he was talking about schoolwork or how his day went. Incredible.
However, “It’s not like that between us.” Understanding Tanaka better to find charm in him is different from being attracted to him. You admit that this experience isn’t as bad as it could be because it’s just entertaining to mess with Tanaka while he’s in your body, but… no, it’s not like that. “We’re just helping each other out during a… weird time.”

“How surprisingly mature of you.” Ennoshita comments, sounding genuinely impressed, “You’ve been pretty calm these days, which has been relaxing on our ears but kind of confusing for the atmosphere. Hope that whatever you’re going through passes and you can feel like yourself again. And like I said, we’re here for you if you ever need.”

He pats your shoulder comfortingly and smiles with his sleepy eyes before returning to the gym. You suppose you should head back in soon too. Don’t want to slack off too much, especially now that you know that people have been catching on to your un-Tanaka like behavior more than you thought.

You try not to think too much about Tanaka for the rest of practice, and just throw yourself into being him for the duration of it. Make a powerful spike, cheer loudly whenever you get it in, lament loudly when you don’t, use your voice as much as possible, laugh and tease at your friends, show off and get cocky. It becomes a little easier as you drown yourself in your role.

It also leaves you exhausted as ever when you walk home with the boys and practically collapse on the floor of the entrance hall when you close the door to the house. You’re groaning as you catch a breath when the same blonde who came to check up on you the first morning you woke up in the house comes to greet you, “Ryu? You finally home? Come eat! I made karaage.”

“Nee-chan!!” You cry out as if the angels have come down to greet you, because Saeko is truly sent from God. When you step into the kitchen, though, you’re greeted by a couple new faces that occupy the table.

“Oh? Good evening.” You try to sound as casual as possible, because these two adults look pretty similar to both the Tanaka siblings, so you want to say they’re his parents. But at the same time, you could be wrong and they could be some close relatives or family friends. So you wait for someone to give you a nudge in the right direction.

“Ryu, my boy! What’s with that greeting, huh?” The man at the table grins with his arms held wide open. When you approach with an awkward laugh, the man who you’re assuming is Tanaka’s father claps you on the back, “How was practice, huh? You doing good?”
“Yeup!” You try to sound as enthusiastic as possible, “Our first years are crazy, so we’ve been getting into a new rhythm.” You also try to sound like you know what you’re talking about.

“Is that so?” Possibly-Mr. Tanaka barks with another laugh and claps at your back before gesturing for you to sit and eat, “You must be hungry, working up a sweat like that.”

“Starving.” You groan with absolutely sincerity, dropping into your seat and almost drooling at the smell of fried chicken, “Thanks, nee-chan.”

“Uh huh!” She calls from by the sink, where a woman beside her is helping her dry the dishes as she cleans them.

While you start scarfing down your dinner, the two new adults who’ve arrived are indeed revealed to be the Tanaka parents and they’re back for a couple of days to restock on local materials for their next trip back down to their main commercial city for their business.

“So how’s school been, Ryu-chan?” His mother asks, “You doing well in class?”

“Y-Yeah, not too bad.” Tanaka’s performance in class has been better since you’ve been acting in his place lately, but from what you’ve seen before, he was usually pretty average or below average in ranking for exams. But are you supposed to put up a front and please his parents or just be brash and proud of your underachievements??

“Yeah right! I bet you’re hitting more volleyballs than books since that’s all that’s ever in your head.” Tanaka’s father laughs again as he rubs at your shaved head — a loud, guttural laugh from a man who’s experienced a lot of life and still finds plenty of joy in it. You like it.

“Well, we’re trying to go to nationals here!” You say defensively, expecting Tanaka would answer similarly but also feeling how much you mean it. The volleyball club works endlessly hard with nationals in mind, despite the odds being held against them. In the short time you’ve trained with them so far, you can’t help but root for them with all your heart.

“Nationals, huh?! Now that’s the kind of ambition I like to see! You better make it onto Miyagi Sports TV then, otherwise you’ll just be all talk.”

“Do your best, Ryu-chan.” His mother smiles. “You’re gonna be the coolest on the court.”
You have to pause in awe of how bright and supportive this family is. How they don’t dwell too hard on what Tanaka lacks in academic achievement, but wholeheartedly support him in the endeavors he’s passionate about. No wonder Tanaka has such strong mental fortitude, he’s got a loving and supportive family backing him up. So you smile back like you’re going to make them proud, “Yeah. Thanks.”

“All RIGHT!!!” Tanaka shouts in victory when he manages to shoot down a good combo of zombies on the screen. He blows a dramatic puff of air at the muzzle of the game rifle before placing it back in the holder.

“Wow, [Name]-chan! I know you said you liked these kinds of games before but I didn’t know how good you were at them!” Fuka pants, catching her breath from all the scares she had at the zombies coming out of nowhere on screen.

“I’m not that good, but it’s still fun when you put your all into it!” Tanaka tries not to sound too flattered by Fuka’s compliment, knowing full well that he’s not the best gamer in the world. But the fact that he can come to an arcade to play games with a cute girl like Fuka and watch her adorable reactions to playing really sends his spirit up into the clouds.

Especially in moments like these, when Fuka groans and leans her head on his shoulder, slinking her arm around his, “That really freaked me out. Your heart is so strong…”

“It’s nothing like that. You get used to it eventually when you play enough, and the more you practice…” Tanaka goes on as the two of them begin to leave the arcade. They had stopped by to play for half an hour or so, but it was clear that Fuka’s heart could only take so much in day.

So to help her settle down, Tanaka and Fuka just take a walk around the shopping streets, stopping in front of several shops and several booths where the employees ask them to try out their products. Fuka is totally cute as she tries to figure out how to play with the different toys or skin products that people offer to them.

The two are browsing inside a rather large accessory and charm store that also has a handful of clothes stored to the side, trying on different sunglasses and oversized hats when Fuka gasps and
pulls another item down from the shelf, “[Name]-chan, look! These look so cool, I feel like they’re kind of your style too. What do you think?”

Tanaka stares down at the pair of clear, silver mirror swimming goggles that seem to reflect several pretty colors off of the frames. “Why?” he voices his thoughts as he takes and inspects the goggles in his hand. The material seems sturdy enough for an accessory store, though he can’t make an educated guess about it.

“Well, I mean, I know you kind of stopped swimming after middle school, but I don’t think it’d be a bad idea to have an extra pair just in case?” she shrugs with a cute smile.

Tanaka only offers a thoughtful hum in return, staring at the goggles as if they’ll give him all the answers to the questions popping up in his head about you. You used to swim? And you stopped once you got to high school? It’s true, Karasuno doesn’t really have a swim club, since there isn’t really a pool they could access that easily to practice in regularly. Was it something you enjoyed doing, though? Or did you give it up because it just wasn’t something you wanted to keep doing?

He could try to probe Fuka for answers, but how weird would it be for you not to even remember your own swimming history? Then again, it wouldn’t be the strangest thing you’ve asked all week. She had given Tanaka a particularly weird look when she kept trying to subtly ask for a tampon to use, but he wasn’t getting the memo. So what could another weird question hurt?

“Say, Fuka-chan, do you reme—”

Tanaka doesn’t get to finish his question though, because Fuka’s gasp and suddenly white face has his full attention. It’s like she’s seen a family of ghosts, the shock is just that apparent in her whole body.

“Fuka-chan, what’s the matter?”

“N-Nothing!” Her voice is weird. A higher pitch than Tanaka has ever remembered hearing, even when he was back in his own body. “Let’s just… let’s just keep looking around.”

Fuka grabs Tanaka’s hand with the strength of a mother in labor and drags him deeper into the store. Tanaka drops the goggles on the table of sunglasses and other eye accessories and trips after her. Although they don’t seem to have the same ease as before when they were browsing, and Fuka’s eyes keep darting to the entrance of the shop.
Tanaka tries to subtly follow and catch what she’s looking for, but can’t seem to notice a thing. All too suddenly, Fuka makes a break for the exit, dragging him with her and speed walking down the street as if she’s trying to run from something. “F-Fuka-chan! Slow down, slow down!” Tanaka pleads, tripping over the sidewalk cracks and bumping into other bystanders.

The density of the crowd is staggering, and Fuka’s litheness is a new talent he’s discovered. Who would’ve thought the small girl could be so agile?

It’s not until about five blocks later that Fuka decides to take a rest at a red light. Those were some of the longest blocks that Tanaka has ever run. In his own body, that distance would’ve been nothing, but he supposes not training every day will leave him winded more easily.

“Fu… ka… chan…” He pants.

“So… rry…” she pants along.

“What was… that abo--”

“Excuse me, miss. You dropped your wallet back there.”

Tanaka’s eyebrows furrow when he sees Fuka’s expression flash freeze. Her entire body is frozen actually, like it’s forgotten how to breathe. She doesn’t look like she wants to look up.

“Excuse me?” The voice calls out again and Fuka straightens as calmly as she can while trying to make herself seem as small and invisible as possible. Or at least, that’s what Tanaka thinks she’s trying to do.

He looks back and meets eyes with a man who’s holding a baby blue coin pouch out to them, “Is this yours?”

There’s no name on it, but Tanaka does recognize the delicate white trim of the edges of the pouch that Fuka fumbles with when organizing bills and coins after a dessert. “Oh hey, that does look like yours, doesn’t it Fuka-chan?” He turns back to Fuka to ask.
However, she suddenly seems to be in a hurry again, “Oh… yeah.” She replies stiffly, not even looking up at the man who’s returning the wallet.

“Fuka-chan?” Tanaka calls again, looking back and forth between her and the man.

“Well, here you are.” The man extends his reach a little farther with a step forward, but Tanaka whips his head around when he hears a short gasp from Fuka. She’s not even looking in this direction anymore, just staring insistently at the stoplight as she mumbles a soft thank you.

“Uhm…” Tanaka takes the liberty of grabbing the wallet for her and thanking the man before the light turns green, and Fuka starts walking off on her own. “Huh? Fuka-chan!” He gives the man a last hurried thanks and chases after her for another three blocks.

Actually, they keep a hurried pace until they hop on a bus and ride for about twenty minutes before getting off two miles away from Fuka’s neighborhood. She didn’t seem to want to talk during or after the ride, so the walk back to her house was rather solemn. But eventually, when they stopped in front of her house and Tanaka handed her back her wallet, he asked, “Fuka-chan, are you okay? You seemed really spooked back there. Is something wrong?”

“It’s nothing, [Name]-chan.” She denies with a small, fake smile on her face. Unfortunately, Tanaka does not find this look that cute on her.

“It’s not nothing, you were scared about something.” He steps forward, boldly picking up her hand. Uncharacteristic for his heart not to be thundering in his chest right now, but Fuka needs him right now. Or rather, she needs her best friend, who he is posing as. “Fuka-chan, whatever it is, you can tell me. I can help you.”

“Thanks, [Name]-chan, really. But it’s nothing you need to worry about. I don’t want to get you involved.” She says with a squeeze, “I promise I’m fine. I’ll see you tomorrow?”

He feels an intensive, dire need to probe further, because he can’t stand to see a sweet girl upset for any reason. But maybe it’s not his place, and he’s missing something that you have the right pieces to. You would probably be better able to comfort Fuka during this time, so he decides to leave it for now.
“I’m telling you, there’s something really weird going on.”

Tanaka is insisting that Fuka was being weird all day yesterday after school, but you have no idea why she would be acting the way she is. At least, not according to how he’s telling the story. Which is rather dramatic — you decided not to dwell on how detailed his retelling of Fuka’s sad expressions were. The infatuation fogged up your imagery of the encounter.

“Well, this is honestly all news to me. Fuka-chan has never acted that way around me before. Are you sure you’re not the one making her nervous with… ‘unusual’ behavior or something?” You put in air quotes, wondering if your best friend suspects anything. “But then again, we never really hung out as often as you two are hanging out now. And not for that long either.”

“Ugh, this is just frustrating to see her so upset and not know what to do about it.” Tanaka runs his fingers through his (your) hair with a guttural sigh. You can’t help but notice how it just stays like that for a little before falling back down.

“Tanaka, when was the last time you washed your hair?” You reroute the conversation.

“Huh? Uh, must’ve been like… three days ago or something?”

“Three days??” You burst, forgetting how loud your voice is with Tanaka’s lungs, giving everyone else in the hallway a bit of a jolt. You hold your hand up in a casual apology before turning to speak in a more indoor voice, “No wonder it’s getting greasy! You have to wash it every other day, or else it’ll look disgusting!”

“Ugh, but you have so much hair!” Tanaka groans, combing his fingers through some of it and grabbing, “Look at this, I don’t know how you maintain it. I kind of miss having a shaved head.” He looks up at you somewhat longingly at his own body’s hair, “You’ve been growing it out though. Should probably touch that up every week or so.”

“Tanaka, I don’t want to have to be in this body for another week! As cool as it is living your life, I want my own back.” You sigh as the warning bell for the end of break rings through the halls. “But tomorrow’s finally Friday, we can go to back to the temple after school and finally ask that shrine maiden about the omamori.”
“Right. Tomorrow.” Tanaka looks down at the floor as you both approach the classroom again. “I’ll have to come up with something to tell Fuka-chan if we can’t go home together. I don’t want her to go home alone or scared.”

“She’ll be fine for a day. She’s done it before.” You reassure him, “Despite how squeamish she can get, she’s a tough girl. Don’t worry about her.”

Honestly, you had other things to worry about. Like volleyball practice, and how you guys had a practice match coming up. Since you’ve still been “off” you were on the bench for the starting rotation. But that didn’t mean you wouldn’t be called up based on the coach and the team’s expectations and hopes in you. Or more specifically, Tanaka’s legacy.

You know by now that Tanaka was one of the powerful left spikers on the team, and an admirable pillar of energy for the team. So you feel rather guilty about not being able to provide the team the crazy, energetic foundation that they’re used to. And just sucking at the sport in general.

Right now, you’re at about 50% spiking rate for all balls set for you. Which is better than the 10% you had started out with from P.E. class experience. All you can do pre-game is actively warm up and greet the opposing school’s club members like you’re used to this. You haven’t done this kind of formal sports club stuff in a while. It makes you a bit nostalgic.

But that’s easy to say when you have such a fit body to work with. You still cannot get over Tanaka’s lean muscles every time you take off your shirt in front of a mirror. And if you’re completely honest, you have definitely copped a feel or two. A day…

It makes PE class a hell of a lot easier. You usually take it pretty easy as not to overexert your own body, but Tanaka’s body? It was just built to do so much more. Some of your classmates are competitive hotheads who turn every sport or test into an event, so at least you don’t look weird being the only one cashing in all your young, male energy.

Today your class is on the track field, and you’re dicking around with your male classmates for the timed dashes, while the girls run the same ones on the other side of the field. When Tanaka’s name is called up with several other boys, you line up alongside them in your assigned lane.
It’s strange, but your blood boils with anticipated energy for this little PE test. Now that you have Tanaka’s body as a tool, you want to use it to the best of your ability. So when the whistle is blown, you rush at the finish line like you have something to prove, and you end up with a time for the 100 meter that you never thought possible. It very well still may be impossible if you were in your own body, even if you were as active as you were in middle school, but you’ll savor this moment for now.

As you catch your breath, you turn over to where the girls are, and you spot Tanaka and Fuka together, as usual. She’s a little stiff, but she always has been when it comes to athletics. Maybe Tanaka will give her some sound advice and techniques while he’s in your body. In the distance, you notice how he puts a hand on Fuka’s shoulder as he says something to her.

Wow, they’ve gotten close enough for Tanaka to be comfortable to do that. It’s kind of hard to believe consider how frantically he would behave around girls at the beginning while in your body. You’re grateful that he got a little more used to it overtime, but you’re also a little envious that he’s rather close with your best friend now.

Thinking back to what he said earlier today, he sounded really concerned about her. He’s likely picked up on a lot of her little anxious quirks and habits, as well as her happy moments at the cafes and lunch. You wonder how weird Fuka must have acted for Tanaka to have brought up something like that. Because if there was something going on with her, surely she would’ve told you by now? Or at least, told Tanaka, who would then relay it to you.

Fuka is your best friend, but she still keeps some things to herself. Like the pains and pressures of expectations her family has of her, or coming to terms with the fact that she has mild depression and anxiety, and not wanting to bother her family or friends about it when they’ve got other worries to tend to. You’ve always presented yourself to Fuka as a safe place, and encouraged her to express herself openly, but that doesn’t make it any easier for her to do it.

From what you’ve gathered by acting as interim-Tanaka for the past week or so, you know that Tanaka is supposed to be a rather observant individual, and an overall fair judge of character. His teammates often expect him to notice many details about certain plays or strategies, and it’s clear that volleyball requires a lot of vigilance and instinct. If Tanaka has noticed something off about Fuka, maybe it really is something to look out for?

Just as you’re contemplating all of this, one of the boys pipes up, “Hey, what’s going on over there?”

You follow his gaze back over to the girls’ side of the track field, and your eyes widen as you see everyone gathering around and making a worrisome commotion over someone. It's only for a second, but you just manage to catch your body kneeling on the ground holding onto another girl.
And before it’s even fully clicked in your head, your body is moving.

“Tanaka?” You can hear the boys faintly call out after you, but your vision has tunneled.

All you’re concerned about is what’s happening within that circle of girls right now and what has happened to your friend. In seconds, you’re across the field and shouting for everyone to move it or lose it.

Though what you find is what you expected to see, it doesn’t make you feel any less dread. “Fuka-chan… Fuka-chan!” You shout, already on your knees beside her, gently slapping at her face in an attempt to wake her up.

“Fuka-chan!” You shout again, louder. She’s had fainting spells before, but she’s never been down for more than a few seconds. “Fuka-chan!!” Your voice is starting to sound desperate. You really, really don’t want to have to do this, but you bring two fingers down to her pulse, and find that it’s really just barely moving. So you begin to slap her a little harder, on the shoulder this time, shouting her name endless times.

No dice. You check her pulse again and no, no, no, no, no, fuck no. “Tell the teacher to call an ambulance!” You point at Tanaka, who’s staring down at you with intense worry, but shakily nods and runs off per your orders. “You! Go try and find an AED!” You order to another student nearby.

And you get right to work pumping at Fuka’s chest, trying to calm your nerves enough not to get too sporadic with your compressions. All of your previous CPR training comes flooding back to your body through muscle memory, for which you’re thankful, because all you can think about right now is keeping your friend alive.

…
Pinching her nose to tilt her head back, you lean down low and blow into her mouth twice without a second thought. Completely forgetting how scandalous this must look to your classmates despite the urgency of the situation.

Again.

...  

You repeat the cycle twice before checking her pulse again. And thank every single lord that may be out there, it’s returned, albeit only slightly. So you go through the cycle just once more before you check again and begin shaking and shouting once more, “Fuka-chan! Stay with me now. Fuka-chan!”

And just then, a ray of god shines down upon your best friend’s face; she opens her eyes with a strangled cough. You call her name several more times as she begins to blink her eyes open. She looks more than confused as she starts to make sense of everything. “Ta… Tanaka-kun...?” She murmurs weakly before coughing again.

“Oh, thank goodness!” You groan in relief, and you can hear all sorts of cries and-shouts around you
from fellow students. You hush Fuka and just tell her to relax and catch her breath. So she nods with a hum before slowly closing her eyes again, this time from exhaustion.

You keep her head elevated with your hand and two fingers on her pulse as you wait for the teacher to arrive with the paramedics. It all blurs around you as you just stare down at Fuka while they put her on a stretcher and carry her to the ambulance. The teacher announces he’ll be going with Fuka to the hospital and for everyone to return to the classroom.

Gathering enough of your senses to realize that Fuka is now in the truck with the professionals, you turn over to yourself. Or, not yourself, but Tanaka, who’s in your body, “You should go with her.”

“She’ll need a familiar face beside her when she wakes up properly. And you were right. You need to help me figure out what it is that had her so freaked out.” You explain in a lowered voice, “Please, Tanaka.”

He must hear the pleading in your voice if he doesn’t see it on your face, so he just answers you with a nod and flags down the teacher to announce he’s coming along. When the doors are closed and they drive off, you just stand there for another few minutes, trying to register that you just almost lost your best friend.

Your best friend, who has been troubled to the point of fainting and losing her own pulse. Your best friend who has had something bothering her for who knows how long, and you hadn’t even noticed. It took Tanaka barely a week to realize that something was off, and you had no idea that there was something going on that was so serious that it would incite a reaction in her body as extreme as this.

You should be there with her right now. You should be doing so much more than just standing here, staring after where the ambulance had been parked. But… you’re still in shock. If it took Fuka almost dying to get you to wake up and realize something was wrong, then were you really the friend you thought you were?
Tanaka hopes you don’t mind him chewing so hard on your lip. He’s nervous beyond belief. He’s never been in a situation as dire as this, and he can’t imagine how you must be feeling right now, having to send him off to accompany your best friend while you’re stuck in school for another two hours.

The ambulance ride was sizzling with tension, though the teacher tried to ask him a few questions about the situation when Fuka fainted. He’s barely able to answer because he’s just so torn up with his own questions.

What had happened? They were talking rather normally during the day, but then Tanaka kind of brought up the trip to the store yesterday, and Fuka suddenly tensed up. She seemed reluctant to answer, but she still looked physically stable. What caused such an extreme reaction all of a sudden? Did she suddenly start overthinking everything after he had brought up yesterday? Would that be enough for her body to shut down to the point of needing CPR?

Everything just buzzes in Tanaka’s head for the next minutes as Fuka is brought into the emergency room for some tests, and he answers whatever questions are asked of him robotically. Every minute feels far too long, yet passes ever so quickly as they wait for the doctors to finish their diagnosis.

Thankfully, Fuka is resting stably, and the doctors explain that she’ll be fine. She just needs to monitor her stress levels and stay hydrated — It had been a combination of a panic attack, which also incited a reaction from her preexisting asthma. Her mind and body reacted together in a few ways by causing a fainting spell and closing off a few airways in the sudden shock. Luckily, her condition was now stable, so she would be discharged in a few hours.

After her parents showed up to check on her and promise to come back to pick her up after work, they headed out again. The teacher had left for school as well, so Tanaka is left alone with Fuka in the aftermath. He had promised to keep Fuka company until her parents returned.

He wants to ask so badly what happened, but he reads that Fuka doesn’t need to be bombarded with more questions she doesn’t want to answer just yet. So he just takes his seat beside her bed near the window and wraps a hand around hers. Fuka smiles appreciatively and turns her palm up to curl her fingers around his hand too.

And to his surprise, she speaks first, “I’m sorry for scaring you like that.”

“No, no. Don’t be sorry at all. I’m just— We’re all just so glad that you’re okay. Truly.” He says in your soft, comforting voice. It’s a lot more fitting for this scenario than his usual scratchy timbre.
“Thank you… For looking out for me… Always.” She looks down at her lap in the bed, with an expression that’s full of emotions that one face can’t hold at once. “And… you were right. There’s something going on that’s… that’s been scaring me…”

Tanaka takes a moment to gather his thoughts and snooze the alarms in his head shouting at him to ask all kinds of questions. It’s weird, but he feels strangely calmer in this body. Maybe without all his usual energy, he’s capable of letting his thoughts settle first before leaving his mouth. “Would you… like to talk about it?”

That’s a sensible question, right? Not too intrusive or demanding?

Fuka takes a deep breath to prepare. She takes a few of them, actually, but Tanaka gives her as much time as she needs. “Y-You remember… that man? Who found my wallet?”

Tanaka wracks his memories for a face that matches the man from yesterday, “Yeah.”

“And do you remember how I used to go to Cafe Belle Vie almost every weekend?” She continues, fingers trembling a little in his hand.

“Yeah.” He lies, repeating the name of the cafe in his head in order to remember it for later.

“Well, there was another regular customer who went there. We would run into each other sometimes, and share a conversation about desserts or baking…” Her voice is starting to lower as she goes on. What Tanaka would do for his own ears right now.

“At first, it was fun and interesting. I thought I was making a friend, even. But then… he started offering to buy my drinks and desserts, and to sit at his table with him. And when I would leave, he would offer to walk me home and asked me for my contact information. I… didn’t think anything of it at first, so I just gave it to him…”

This is when Fuka has to take a deep breath before continuing. Tanaka offers her water or to just not continue, but she shakes her head and powers through, “He didn’t really contact me much, just on weekends, asking me if I would be at the cafe that day or something. But then he would be waiting for him in the cafe like usual and we’d talk… and he’d walk me home again. But then he started messaging me more. Asking me how I am, or about school, or what other desserts I’m trying…
“And then… sometimes he would call me. And I don’t know, the calls were already weird because he’d start asking personal questions. And he’d invite me to meet outside of Cafe Belle Vie. I’d always say that I’m busy with school or homework, but he would get really insistent… And I started getting uncomfortable… but I couldn’t really bring myself to be rude, so I just stopped responding to him one day.”

She sucks in another breath, and Tanaka is clenching his other hand in a fist as he listens to Fuka tell her story. “I stopped going to Cafe Belle Vie too, which only made him send more messages, asking why I didn’t come that weekend, or if I didn’t want to see him. And still, I didn’t respond. I thought that if I didn’t reply or answer his calls anymore that he’d eventually leave me alone. But then…”

Another breath. She squeezes Tanaka’s hand, and Tanaka squeezes back, hoping to be reassuring. “Then… one day, he was waiting outside of my house when I got home after school. It was late in the afternoon, so I wasn’t sure how long he had been waiting there.”

Tanaka really does have to apologize to you if your lip swells from all this biting he does. And possibly for a sore jaw from all the teeth clenching.

“Still… I tried to be polite and I just asked him to leave me alone because I’m still a student and busy and all that. But he kept talking to me and insisting that we were friends and that he… missed me. I was really scared at that point, so I just told him to leave and I ran into the house and locked the door. But he didn’t leave for a good ten minutes…

“And then… Well, he’s been kind of showing up around me at random places ever since then, and… I didn’t know what to do. I’ve just been avoiding him, but he’s really scared me a few times. He already knows where I live, so that’s why I’ve been so afraid to go home…” Fuka’s lip trembles and her voice breaks a bit. Tanaka stands from his seat to rub her arm soothingly with his free hand, shushing her gently.

“He… He’s there sometimes… I never know when, and it’s just… so awful… being afraid to go home.” She cries, tears streaking down her face to land on the hospital blanket on her lap. “And I feel so guilty… always having you walk me home, b-because… what if he does something to you too? It would be my fault, and I w-would never forgive myself…”

At this point, Tanaka has let go of Fuka’s hand and wrapped his arms around her shoulders, bringing her against his (or, your soft) chest. He feels somewhat out of place comforting someone else’s best friend, especially a girl, but Fuka needs someone right now. She needs you. So he’ll fill in for you as long as she needs.
She cries for a few more minutes and sniffles before calming her hiccoughs to finish her story, “A-And y-yesterday… He found us. At that store… He found us and chased after us… Even though we ran so far… He caught up to us… I was so afraid of what he would do to us, [Name]-chan…”

Tanaka nods and keeps stroking at her back with soft fingers, waiting patiently and letting her soak his shirt through to his chest. Though his body is gentle with handling Fuka, his mind is alight with rage right now, thinking about all the ways he wants to brutally punish that bastard who acted like he was innocently returning a wallet yesterday. What kind of horrid fucker would put a sweet girl through so much pain?

He is going to spike thirty thousand volleyballs right into his face.

He is going to kick his ass until his groin gets stuck in his stomach.

He is going to throw the bastard into the nearest ocean.

“And… Today… I saw him at school.”

Tanaka’s grip on Fuka tightens, “You what.”

“I s-saw him… standing outside of the gate… of the track field…” She cries, “He was just standing there… looking at me. like he was waiting for me. I got so scared… I don’t know what to do… He can find me so easily…”

Tanaka is going to find a scythe to behead that rotten creep, and then slice off each and every one of his limbs, and have each of them burned in a different fire.

But first, he lets Fuka cry it out. He just strokes her hair and her back for as long as it takes, and provides as solid of a support system as he can. When she finally pulls away to blow her nose and catch her breath, Tanaka speaks again, “Fuka-chan, thank you for telling me this. That must have been so, so scary to deal with on your own. But I’m going to help you out of this, okay? You have me to lean on whenever you need, and we are going to get rid of this creepy bastard.”

“How?” She hiccoughs.
He rubs her shoulder again reassuringly, “We’ll figure it out. Just don’t forget, you have me too.”

“Thank you, [Name]-chan.” She wraps her arms around him in a hug.

Just then, there’s a knock on the door. Fuka sniffs and pulls away as the door opens and Tanaka’s own body walks into the room, carrying all of his and Fuka’s belongings. “Hi.” You greet quietly. “I brought your stuff.”

“Thanks.” Tanaka says as he takes the backpacks from you. Fuka quietly thanks you too, fiddling awkwardly with her fingers. And suddenly he realizes that she must be wondering why he of all people in the class decided to come here to visit her.

“Oh, uhm uh… Fuka-chan. Tanaka here, is the one who… performed CPR on you when you fainted at school.” It feels weird for him to lie like that, as if he’s stealing your amazing deed for himself, painting a false picture of heroism.

“Oh yeah, I remember.” She nods, “I woke up briefly and saw your face before I fell asleep again. Thank you, Tanaka-kun… for saving me.”

“It’s not a problem. I’m glad you’re okay.” You smile at your friend with a forlorn look, likely wishing that you could do more for her right now. Tanaka suddenly feels more guilt weigh on him for taking a moment that should have been shared between you two, as best friends. He’s just an intruding third party who wasn’t ever meant to see or share these moments meant for someone else.

Fuka fills you in on the medical update of it all, and you look intensely relieved, though it’s clear in your eyes that there’s still something bothering you. But he’ll wait to probe you about it. For now, he just sits with you and Fuka in this hospital room, talking about what they missed in school and other mundane things until her parents return to pick her up.

He waits until you’ve all walked out of the hospital and waved goodbye to Fuka and her family from their disappearing car. “Shall we go for a walk?”
“Where’d you learn how to do CPR like that anyway?” Tanaka asks you as the two of you make your way down the street towards a park.

“I used to swim.” You shrug, pulling at the straps of your backpack just to have something to occupy your hands, “I swam with a team at the public pool since I was young, and even when I joined a swim club in middle school, I still volunteered there sometimes. You’re required to know basic lifeguard-type things if you work there.”

“No kidding…” Tanaka says with wonder in his voice, and his eyes. Which is kind of a weird look on you, but admittedly kind of pretty, if you do say so yourself. “You were so calm and you acted so fast. It was really something amazing…”

“It’s whatever. What’s important is that Fuka was alright.” You breathe a deep sigh, “In all honesty, I have never been so scared in my life… I can’t believe I almost could’ve lost my best friend today.”

It really was the worst of situations. On top of her anxiety attack, her asthma acted up at exactly the worst time and sealed her off from survival. It was like her body was working against her. And when Tanaka relays all the details about Fuka’s creepy stalker, you can feel your heart fall from your chest and light on fire. You did your best to let Tanaka finish explaining everything first, but you can’t help taking your anger out on a stray pinecone lying on the walking path of the park.

To your surprise, it actually hits a nearby tree and breaks apart after smashing into the trunk. “Ugh! I cannot believe this! Who the fuck is this bastard? I’m going to find him, and I’m going to turn that fucker in.”

“I actually talked to Fuka a little about that while you were in the bathroom. She said that she had tried to anonymously report him before, but since he hadn’t actually done anything to harm her, and she doesn’t have evidence for it, they can’t actually do anything about it.”

“Are you serious right now?!” You shout, “Augh!”

After you throw yourself onto a bench, in frustration, Tanaka joins you. “It freaking sucks, I know. And Fuka-chan said that the bastard is actually kind of powerful in stocks or something, so he could probably avoid incarceration with the right money.”

“This is such bullshit! She fainted, for god’s sake! Shouldn’t he be considered a threat to her well-
The two of you go back and forth about the situation, researching on your phones along the way, but finding no viable way to keep the man away from Fuka without hard evidence that he had done something other than follow her around and scare her like a fucking creep. In fact, the both of you just end up even more frustrated as the hour passes.

You’re slouching against the bench with your head lying on the back board, “Maybe I should approach him myself.” You sigh.

“What?!” Tanaka screeches. Ouch, your voice is annoying at that volume.

“I mean, maybe if I pose the right way, I could scare him off in your body, you know?” You raise your head and turn to face him, hunching forward and giving him your meanest glare. “You stay the hell away from Fuka, you jerkass.” You try to deepen your voice to the lowest octave.

Tanaka stares back at you, blinking until he jerks his head away in a snort, “Hahaha! Oh no, that is not it.”

“What? Are you not intimidated??” You readjust your pose to cross your arms across your chest instead, huffing with your chest puffed out.

Now he’s shaking. He tries his best to stifle his laughter into a hand, but he just shakes his head again, “[Surname], intimidation isn’t in the face. It’s gotta come from the heart.” He slams a fist into his chest, but jolts from the impact, “Ow… I forgot that these things are kind of sensitive…”

“What, are you saying I’m not convincing enough?” You retort.

“Well,” Tanaka leans an arm against the back of the bench, sucking in a breath, “You have the face down, but I don’t really think you should approach a grown man either way. Regardless of how you look, even in my body, a young girl shouldn’t be starting fights like that. It’s dangerous.”

“So what? You expect me to sit here and do nothing?! Fuka-chan is the one in danger. I’m supposed to be there for her! There’s only so much I can do outside of my own body. What use would I be if I can’t help my best friend?” You demand.
Tanaka presses his lips together with a helpless look in his eyes. A look that you really don’t want to see right now, because the guilt is going to bring you back to your senses. This anger, frustration, and desperation you feel from not being able to give your friend proper support when she needs it the most. And now you’re taking it out on Tanaka, who’s only been trying to help you.

You slump back against the bench with a defeated sigh, “I’m sorry. I’m not trying to… blame you or yell at you or anything… I’m just… This is just so crazy!”

There’s no other way to put it. On top of the body switching, this entire ordeal feels like something out of a movie or cheesy anime. Shouldn’t this kind of story be filled with silly antics and simple adolescent things like puberty and embarrassment instead of fear and despair over your closest friend? The absolute worst part of it all is that Tanaka had to get dragged into this too…

But at the same time, if it wasn’t for him, maybe he wouldn’t have noticed something off about Fuka in the first place. According to the story he relayed to you, this guy has been following her for a good while now, and you hadn’t noticed anything strange about her at all these past few weeks, even when you had been hanging around her as yourself every day. Maybe this was destined to be… Maybe you and Tanaka had switched bodies for a reason, and that reason was to give Fuka the help she really needed… From someone else…

After you groan again, Tanaka puts a hand on your shoulder to get your attention again, “Hey, it’s gonna be okay. I know it’s all up in the air right now, but… I can at least promise you this: I’m going to help out in any way I can. For as long as I can.”

It’s your turn to blink at him. There is nothing but determination gleaming in his eyes, and you’ve never, ever seen yourself with such conviction. It’s like looking at the version of you that you should be; resolute, strong, confident. The kind of charisma you had learned others expected of Tanaka. The kind of tenacity that you should learn from him.

You’re in complete awe, that he would be willing to go to such lengths to help your friend. And yet, you’re not really surprised. Because he’s been fond of Fuka from the beginning. He’s been looking out for her all this time, it’d be a wonder if he didn’t fall for her by now. And he’s an amazing guy, despite his gruff first impressions. He’d probably be able to protect her and give her the care that she deserves.

You hate yourself for feeling jealous right now. Fuka was just in the hospital and you’re here letting this ugly feeling build inside of you because of what? Your newfound admiration of Tanaka? This is absolutely not the time for any of this, and you need to get your head on right. And back into your own body, first and foremost.
Clearing your throat, you nod in gratitude, “Thank you, Tanaka. I… I’m really grateful to you for doing all of this for Fuka-chan.”

“Right…” He leans back this time, but you try not to read too much into it, “For Fuka-chan.”

***

Fuka actually takes the day off from school today, so you and Tanaka are free to return to the shrine together without having to worry too much about her. You had already informed Sawamura and a couple other second-years in the volleyball club that you wouldn’t be able to make it to practice today, so you meet him around the corner of the school after classes let out for the weekend. “Got your charm?” You hold your black omamori up.

“Yeah, right here.” He pulls it out of the pocket of his skirt before falling in step beside you.

“Alright, fingers crossed.” You breathe in deeply as you both head to the bus stop together like you had the last time.

On the way to the shrine, you make small talk about class and what’s happened at home since you last saw each other, and of course, Fuka. “Is she doing okay at home today?” Tanaka asks.

You had been messaging her last night on your phone and her parents had told her to take it easy for the weekend. She at least feels somewhat safe inside of her home since that guy can’t come in. But what had been lingering on your mind most of last night was how she had asked about Tanaka.

Fuka-chan [22:21]: did you mention anything to tanaka-kun yesterday when you went home?

Me [22:24]: about what u told me? Of course not

Me [22:24]: he was worried for you though

Fuka-chan [22:24]: i’m kind of nervous to see him again on monday…
Fuka-chan [22:25]: i know i shouldn’t be dwelling on this after all that’s happened but...

Me [22:25]: but…?

Fuka-chan [22:25]: i know it was cpr but… didn’t he kind of take my first kiss?

It wasn’t the conversation itself that made you feel weird, because quite honestly, it wasn’t Tanaka who had given her CPR. In a way, you had been the one to take her first kiss, if she really considers it to be that… It was what she said after that had you out of sorts for the rest of the night.

Fuka-chan [22:26]: but tbh… it’s weird but when i saw him looking at me when i woke up briefly… i had this weird thought...

Fuka-chan [22:26]: that maybe tanaka-kun isn’t too bad...

You didn’t know how to respond, so you just sent back some emojis and left it at that. Would it be weird if you kept it from Tanaka? Not that you’re trying to sabotage anything, but it was still a private conversation between you two. And it’s not like Fuka had said anything declarative…

Still, you would feel weird if you omitted it altogether, so you settle for a tweaked version of the truth, “She mentioned you, actually. About how thankful she was that you helped her out.”

“That wasn’t me though. Not really.” Tanaka states without missing a beat.

“Well, obviously I can’t tell her who it really was. She might think it’s me who needs to be in the hospital this time.”

“It would be hard to explain, but she shouldn’t dwell too much on it.” Tanaka insists, “It wasn’t me who saved her. That fact won’t change, even if it was my body that did.”

How valiant of him, not taking credit for saving Fuka and riding the wave of fame after the event. It had spread around the school like an angry wildfire, and you had been accepting commendations all day. People from outside of your own class were coming up to tell you that they heard about how
you saved Fuka in the middle of PE class, though some of their versions of the story were a bit embellished.

Even yesterday when you had returned to volleyball practice after your talk in the park with Tanaka, all of the club members had showered you with praise and proclamations to dedicate their own lives to you. Nishinoya had been louder than usual, which was saying something. Even your horridly missed spikes couldn’t bring down the lively atmosphere.

“I’m sure it’ll all die down,” You shrug after you both alight the bus, “But first things first. Let’s find that shrine maiden.”

Tanaka nods with a glint of determination in his eyes that you’re sure matches yours. The two of you climb the stairs and make a beeline for the omamori booth, searching for the right maiden like it’s a race. You find her immediately, because she’s sitting in the same spot she was before when she was weaving together the charm that she ended up giving to Tanaka last time.

Sauntering right up towards her with Tanaka in tow, you call for her attention, “Excuse me, miko-san. Yes, hello, we have a question for you about this omamori we bought from this shrine last time.” You had over the woven black charm.

Her eyes flit curiously between you and Tanaka before looking down at the charm in your hand, “Ah~! ‘Spiritual discovery,’ yes I remember these ones.” She smiles kindly up at you again, “You two were drawn to the exact same charm! It was like a strike of fate that I was preparing the second one at the time.”

“A ‘strike of fate’....” Tanaka chuckles awkwardly beside you.

“It seems you two have gotten closer since you returned here together.” She smiles.

“Oh, we have.” You can’t help the sarcasm, you just can’t. “That’s the very problem. We’re not sure how, but... we’re no longer ourselves. Our... spirits, have... exchanged homes, and we’ve been residing in each other’s bodies.”

You can’t tell if she believes you or not, so you kind of just wait for her to answer with something. Anything.
“We didn’t have anything really connecting us to each other before we bought the same omamori, so we guessed that it might have had something to do with this.” Tanaka adds in.

She’s still staring at you like she doesn’t know what the hell is going on, “...I’m sorry?”

“Look,” you sigh, “I know it’s hard to believe, but I am [Surname] [Name], residing in Tanaka Ryunosuke’s body right now. This,” you put your hands on Tanaka’s shoulder, “is my body. And my friend, Tanaka here, is inside of it. We know that it sounds all of impossible, but we wouldn’t be coming back to you asking for help if we didn’t desperately need it.”

“Uhm…” She considers you both for a moment, clearly unsure about the situation. Your hope for a good turnout is diminishing by the second. Until the shrine maiden stands from her seat, “I’m not quite sure what to believe, but why don’t you follow me?”

You and Tanaka exchange a nervous breath before following the maiden into an empty room in one wing of the shrine, probably the haiden for ceremonies and worship. After asking you to wait, she disappears briefly and returns with who you assume is one of the priests of this shrine. You both bow in greeting as the shrine maiden introduces you and Tanaka and warily explains your predicament.

“Why don’t you two have a seat here with me?” The kannushi priest kneels down and sits on his calves in front of the sanctuary. You and Tanaka mirror his sitting position, anxious anticipation plastered on your faces. He considers both of you for a few moments before gesturing at Tanaka, “Please tell me your name.”

“My real name?” Tanaka asks.

“Yes, if you would please.”

“My name is Tanaka Ryunosuke.”

The priest considers him for another moment before nodding and facing you next, “And your name?”

You give him your name in the same exact format as Tanaka’s, wondering if he has some sort of spiritual radar that can detect that something is off about your auras. But all he does is nod again, “And may I ask once more about what brings you here today?”
You and Tanaka exchange glances before you take the lead again and explain what you had told the shrine maiden earlier, taking out your charms and placing them in front of you. The priest listens patiently to your story that really begins to sound more ridiculous out loud by the minute, and he picks up both your omamori to inspect them.

After you’ve concluded your monologue, the priest leaves you all in silence as he looks at the omamori. You’re starting to wonder if he’s deciding whether or not to kick you out for attempting to pull a fast one on him, but Tanaka pipes up, “Is there anything that we can do to return to our own bodies? It’s impossible to continue living each other’s lives and lying to everyone around us. Please, we just need some guidance.”

“Oh, great— ‘But I do sense that there is some confused spiritual energy between you two, whatever that may be.’

And this right here,” he taps at the omamori at his knees, “is probably your greatest clue towards what your next step can be. This ‘spiritual discovery’ can be interpreted in a myriad of ways. If what you say is true about your spiritual exchange, then it seems that there’s something that’s keeping you two connected in order to learn something new; whether that is about discovering something about yourselves or each other.”

This is getting harder for you to wrap your head around. “So, if we were to ‘discover’ what we needed to discover, so to speak, would we finally be able to switch back?”

“I cannot promise you answers. Everyone’s spiritual journey is different, though it’s clear that there seems to be a connection between both of yours. Perhaps if you spend more time together, the answer may eventually come to you.”

You sigh deeply. This is not what you were hoping to hear. There is no clear solution as to what you and Tanaka are supposed to do next. What, are you supposed to just keep asking each other questions until you ‘discover’ something so riveting that your bodies shake each other back into place?

“I’m sorry but,” Tanaka speaks up, “in the case that... perhaps we’re not able to find that answer,
how long do you think this… exchange will last?”

Now that gets your heart pumping. You’re almost too nervous to hear the answer.

“Again, it’s hard to predict with something like this.” The priest lowers his head to stare at the omamori again, “If it’s not something that will take care of itself, perhaps the effect will last as long as this amulet was intended to remain in effect. Traditionally, the same omamori is used for about a year or so.”

You feel numb. Numb to the point that you can barely remember thanking the priest and the shrine maiden and leaving the shrine. Even when you’re seated on the bus, you’re in a daze. Tanaka isn’t much better off, but at least he tries to comfort you by keeping you grounded to the physical world with a hand on yours. You exchange a look — a silent understanding between the two of you that no one else could ever comprehend.

* 

The weekend passes by in a flurry books, snacks, and study dates. Tanaka spent most of his weekend over at Fuka’s house and preparing for the upcoming exams during the week. After what felt like a hopeless visit to the shrine, where he and you had left without any viable solutions for the future, Tanaka decided he’d have to take it a day at a time. And for now, he’ll focus on maintaining his facade as you through exams, at the very least.

Fuka has been doing well, much to his relief. She moves about with the same energy and happy expression as usual, and she’s especially giddy that he’s able to hang out with her all weekend. Not a week ago, Tanaka would have felt the same excitement to be spending time with a cute girl in her bedroom, but lots of things have changed. His concern overpowers his usual joy to be in Fuka’s presence; concern over the switch, concern over continuing to live convincingly as you, concern over Fuka and her stalker, and most especially… concern about you.

You already seemed so torn up about being unable to be at Fuka’s side, even blaming yourself for not preventing the situation (which is totally incomprehensible, it is absolutely not your fault), and the visit to the shrine just seemed to bring your spirits down even more. Tanaka wanted nothing more than to give you the comforting hug he had given Fuka while in the hospital.

He knew, however, that it wouldn’t be the same, because the meaning and intention behind the gesture would not have been the same for you as it was for Fuka. He can’t exactly pinpoint what it
was, but he knows that it would have been different. More than just comfort. It wouldn’t have felt right, using a vulnerable moment like that for himself, so he had settled for holding your hand.

It’s funny though, the number of times Fuka brings up ‘Tanaka-kun’ in conversation. They would be talking about anything from schoolwork, to online memes, to dessert, and someone Fuka would manage to bring him up. Or who she thinks he is.

When Tanaka had confronted her and asked why she kept bringing him up, she suddenly got fidgety and a little pink in the face. In the past, he would have internally screamed at how incredibly cute that was. “I just… really want to thank him properly. I mean… he basically saved my life, you know? That’s not a small ordeal… And I just, I can’t get him out of my head…”

Tanaka had to wrack his brain in so many directions to come up with a response. It was just so difficult to come up with something because no matter what he says, ‘Tanaka-kun’ is not the one who saved her! ‘Tanaka-kun’ doesn’t even have that knowledge or experience to begin with.

However, it’s taking away all of Fuka’s focus, so he figures that if she really wants to thank her savior, then she should. Her real one, at least. “He has volleyball club practice today. Do you want to go see him?”

“W-What??” She sputters, “Right now?!”

“Well, you’re clearly going to keep bringing him up if you don’t thank him properly, as you say, so yeah, right now. Let’s go.” He announces, standing from the floor where he was slouching over the table of open books and scattered notes. Not like he actually felt like studying anyway.

So they end up at school on a Sunday afternoon, outside of the gymnasium where Fuka is mentally preparing herself to step inside a room full of loud, sweaty boys hitting volleyballs all over the place (hopefully within court lines though). “Come on, Fuka-chan, it’s not a big deal. We’re just gonna go in quickly and we can be out before you know it.”

“I know, but! I don’t know. I’m just so nervous. I’ve never really talked to him before…” She plays with the hem of her shirt. She had actually spent quite a bit of time deciding what to wear for this excursion, and Tanaka doesn’t really know what to make of that. He was hoping she wouldn’t make it into such a big deal.

“Oh? Hello.” A calming, beautifully familiar voice melts into his ear and Tanaka looks up to meet
eyes with the only woman who could ever make his heart stop and reignite on its own with a look. “Can I help you?”

“Kiyoko-san! You’re as beautiful as ev—” He stops short, realizing his voice isn’t nearly as manly as it usually is when he declares his love for Kiyoko-san, and he berates himself for making the situation look weird for you, “I mean!!! No, I’m so sorry.” He bows profusely and repeatedly, to the point of dizzying himself, “I didn’t mean to address you so casually! I’ve uh… I’ve heard so much about you! The most gorgeous, elegant, amazing volleyball manager to ever walk the planet…”

He loses himself. He has completely lost it. Shimizu Kiyoko has always had that effect on him, and now he could very well have outing you because he couldn’t take the sudden whammy of being in her presence again after such a long period of time. It suddenly feels like it’s been years.

“[Surname]?”

Alas! A savior!

You appear at the door with a towel around your neck and a water bottle in your hand behind Kiyoko. “Oh, it is you. Kiyoko, they’re my classmates. I’ll be out for a minute to talk to them.”

If Tanaka wasn’t so dumbfounded with how casually and calmly you talk to Kiyoko, he would’ve noted how Fuka reacted to your appearance with a nervous squeak.

“Alright, don’t be too long.” Kiyoko replies as she takes the tray of water bottles out to refill.

And now, he’s absolutely floored. Kiyoko had responded to you?? Casually?? Instead of ignoring you?????????????????? It’s like watching a miracle at work. Tanaka doesn’t know if he can bounce back from this.

You, however, seem to be on top of everything as you let the captain know you’ll be stepping out for a minute to talk to a classmate who’s stopped by and meeting you and Fuka outside. “Hey, how’s it going?” You smile at them.

“H-Hello.” Fuka stutters, fingers clenched into fists now.
“Hello, Fuka-chan. [Surname].” You nod at him, “What brings you guys here on a Sunday?”

Tanaka manages to shake himself out of his reverie to answer you, “So! Uhm, sorry to bother you at practice today. But uh… Fuka-chan said that there was something she wanted to tell you… so…” He opens the floor for Fuka to speak with a dramatic hand gesture.

“Uhm—! I uh… Uhm.” Fuka sputters, “Hello. I just… wanted to…” Sucking in a deep breath, she bows down ninety degrees and says, “Thank you so very much for helping me the other day during class. You saved my life, and I can’t even begin to tell you how grateful I am.”

You look down at Fuka’s bowing form with a curious, but calm look. Something Tanaka would never have been able to pull off if a cute girl came up showing her respect for him. It makes him look cooler for sure, but will his friends suspect anything from him? He never realized how spastic he could be until he was watching someone else try to be him.

“Uhm… it’s fine. You can raise your head. I—“

“RYUUUUUUUUUU!!!!”

A small, loud ball of energy that Tanaka is proud to call one of his best friends but suddenly wishes had a bit more tact with his timing appears at the door, with an expression of complete awe and admiration. Noya turns his head between him and Fuka back to you and shouts, “Ryu! Is this the girl that you saved the other day?!”

“Wow, you’ve suddenly got girls bowing to you, Tanaka? Maybe this change in your volleyball skill set was traded in for this.” Suga appears behind Nishinoya, watching with an innocent smile on his face. Et tu, Suga-san?!

“You’ve really become a true hero, saving maidens in need!” Noya adds with a touched gaze.

You just sigh at the boys and turn back to Fuka, “Thanks for coming here to tell me that. I did what anyone would have done.” You answer, at least managing to look awkward.

“Yes, maybe they would have.” Fuka says as she stands up straight again, “But you were the one who did it. And if you hadn’t, I might not be standing here today. It’s a debt I may never be able to repay.”
“Don’t think of it as a debt. It was just a good deed. I don’t expect anything in return, and I hope that you have a full recovery.” You say. There’s a beat of silence where no one says anything, so you start again, “Uhm, well, if that’s all, then—"

“No!” Fuka interrupts, much to your, the team, and Tanaka’s surprise. “I uhm… well, I’d like to, to properly thank you.” Fuka fidgets with her shirt and takes another breath before raising her head again to ask, “Would you like to join us for dessert sometime? At our favorite cafe?”

“Uhm—“

“Uhm—“

“Ehhh~”

“RYU!!!!!”

“Please allow me to treat you as a thank you. [Name]-chan can join us, so it doesn’t feel too strange, right [Name]-chan?” She begs Tanaka with her eyes.

“Uhm, sure.” He says.

“Okay then.” You answer.

“Okay! Uhm, great! W-When are you free?”

“Right now!” Suga pipes up from the door, ignoring all the baffled cries and shouts from his teammates, “We were actually going to start cleaning up, but Tanaka can join you for today.”


“Can thank me later for letting you skip out of cleanup today. You go enjoy your dessert.” He waves
you off and Tanaka himself is dumbfounded and touched that his teammates would have his back like this. They really support him in his endeavors in trying to live a fruitful youth… If it was actually him, that is.

There’s a whole lot of back and forth with you insisting you shouldn’t shirk on your responsibilities, and the team downright kicking you out of the gym with urgent hissing, but you’re eventually walking with Tanaka and Fuka out of school to go to Amour Laiteux.

He can hear the shouts and cheers from the gym as the three of you leave campus, and if it were any other scenario, he’d have loved to be in the middle of that celebration with his friends. But his main concern is that you’ll have to go through the motions for him when you probably don’t share the same sentiment of excitement as his teammates.

Is this a date?

After all the hype and encouragement from the volleyball club, you can’t help but feel pumped to be going to a dessert cafe with your best friend. You’ve done it countless times before, but maybe it’s because it feels like it’s been a long while since you last stepped into a cafe. It’s only been about a week or so, but it’s already become hard to remember a time when you were carefree enough to just eat sweets almost every day after school. A time when you didn’t have to train your body, or perfect your volleyball skills, or contribute to a team, or focus on pretending you’re someone else.

Even though you’ll be back in a familiar setting, you still won’t be able to be yourself completely. Not under this guise or pretense. Which is one of the many reasons you’re glad that Tanaka will also be accompanying you. Maybe you won’t feel completely out of place with him there.

However, even with it being the three of you, you can’t write it off as not a date. Or at least, a gathering without romantic intentions. You’re fairly sure Fuka is starting to catch some feelings for Tanaka (or you acting as Tanaka), because she wouldn’t have shown up just to thank you otherwise. Not to mention she’s nervous, but in a different way than she was around Tanaka before. She has a sense of conviction about her now, like she came with a purpose and she’s determined to fulfill it. She spoke rather confidently to you earlier, which is more than the helpless stuttering she managed when the actual Tanaka tried to talk to her.
And of course, there was the thing with the “kiss.” She only mentioned it once through text, but knowing Fuka, she’s probably been dwelling on it ever since. And you wanted to ignore or deny it, but that blush on her face was one of nervous excitement. She may not know it yet, but she has a crush.

If only it weren’t so complicated. You know that it’s not really Tanaka that she’s developing feelings for, but you don’t have it in you to reject her on his behalf. Besides, who’s to say that Tanaka isn’t interested in Fuka? She’s cute and sweet and full of life, totally Tanaka’s type from what you’ve gleaned in conversation with the boys. And who knows? If you manage to switch back to your own bodies, maybe Fuka might start to genuinely like Tanaka for him.

The thought of Fuka and Tanaka together sends a pang through your heart, and an ugly tug of dislike at the idea, which you feel immediately guilty for. Who does that? Cringes at the picture of your best friend and someone who’s grown important to you being happy? This may not be the best setup, but you don’t want to stall anyone’s potential for happiness, especially not your best friend’s.

Which is why you do your best not to make Tanaka look bad when conversing with her on the way to and at the cafe. You don’t amp up the natural gruffness of his voice like you do around the team, and you keep the answers to personal questions vague as not to make any false statements that Tanaka himself wouldn’t make, but honestly, Fuka looks like she’s too nervous to really pay attention to them anyway.

Until Fuka catches an opportunity to change the topic into the most uncomfortable one that could possibly be put on the table, “So I didn’t know you guys were so close before. How do you know each other again, exactly?”

You look to Tanaka first, wondering if he wants to take this one, but when he starts sputtering and sounding weird and suspicious, you take over instead, “Our moms. They’re friends from… the supermarket or something, I honestly don’t know how. But whenever they want to send a casual invitation to each other, they seem to think the best way to do it is to ask through us instead of making a phone call or something.”

Believe enough, right? You look at Tanaka for approval and he nods a little too eagerly, “Right! And it happened often enough that Tanaka and I just talk kind of regularly now.”

There we go. You nod to Tanaka before taking a bite of the parfait Fuka had ordered for you. Originally, you had planned to just get a smoothie or something, but she had insisted on getting this because it was one of the best items on the menu and it was seasonal, so you gave in. And you have to say, eating a sweet treat after over a week of working your ass off in the gym and on the court, this tastes freaking amazing.
“Wow, this is so good. I can’t believe I’ve been missing out on this.” The cafe only started this new menu item recently, as in after your body switch with Tanaka.

“If you like, we can come again! I’m always checking out their new seasonal menu items!” Fuka offers excitedly before catching herself and pulling back, “A-Ah! I-I mean, only if you want to, that is. I know you must be busy, what with volleyball practice and all that.”

You look at Tanaka for that one, trying to get a telepathic signal as for whether or not to accept Fuka’s invitation. When he only answers with a blank look as if he’s not the one who will be coming again to another cafe outing, you decide to just accept for him, “That sounds fun. Thanks.”

“Sure!” Fuka squeaks a little too quickly. You have to admit, seeing her flustered like this over a boy — even though it’s really you — is kind of cute. Any boy who would be able to resist her cute flushed face is probably blind or incapable of proper human emotion.

In fact, when Fuka begins babbling about a French dessert-making technique that Tanaka asks about from reading the cafe menu catalogue, her eyes light up and she suddenly sounds like she’s alive again; a complete reversal of the scared, tense, solemn version of her you’ve only been able to see for a while. You’re so touched at seeing your friend’s joyous enthusiasm and energy again that you end up chuckling and letting out a soft, “Cute.” while you listen.

That may have been a mistake, because even though it was an offhand slip of the tongue, she and Tanaka heard it. And now Fuka’s face is going watermelon-pink, “S-Sorry?” She asks.

Tanaka’s face is looking a little pink too, for whatever reason. But turning back to Fuka, you figure you should probably give her an answer so she won’t be tossing around in bed later wondering what you were thinking, “Hm? Nothing, I just thought that it was great to see you smiling again, Fuka-chan.”

“Oh-Oh! T-Thank you.” She shyly digs around into her own dessert as she waits for the heat to die down in her face.

You try not to set off any more bombs for the rest of the dessert, and for the walk home, but Fuka seems to be hyper-aware of everything you do and say now, so it seems fruitless to try so hard. You know that girl, she’s going to overthink everything in her head later anyway. Even if you’re just walking beside her with your hands in your pockets, two feet away.
The three of you are just down a couple blocks from Fuka’s house when Tanaka suddenly announces, “Ah! I forgot! I need to get something at the convenience store!”

“What? What is it? We already bought a bunch of snacks and stuff before studying today.” Fuka says.

“Yeah, but I just realized I need to check for something. A… A special-edition manga is coming out this month and I need to see if they have it yet. And I need to pick up something else anyway.” Tanaka insists.

“But—”

“I’ll be as quick as possible, but Tanaka-kun, can you take Fuka-chan back home first and I’ll come back later?” He looks at you with innocent, yet begging eyes.

Wow, okay. So maybe he does want you to help get into good favor with your best friend. That hurts a little more than you expected it to, but what are you gonna do? Deny him after he’s helped you? If Tanaka wants to get closer to Fuka via you so he can be in her good graces later, then fine. You’ll do what you can.

“Yeah, sure.” You nod.

“Thanks! See you in a bit!” He takes off back in the direction you came, leaving you alone with an even more flustered Fuka.

While she’s getting back to that watermelon shade, you clear your throat and jut your chin forward, “Shall we?”

Tanaka saw him. He saw the bastard. And before he could even think about Fuka in tears again, he had left the girls to charge back to where he caught sight of the stalker.
This is probably a bad idea. Usually, Tanaka is full of bad ideas, but this one is probably going to be especially bad, because he can already feel himself sweating over the angry whipping he’s going to get from you later. He knows in every neuron of his brain that seeking out a fight with a creepy stalker is the last thing he should be doing in this body, yet somehow, it still moved before his brain could catch up.

“Oi.”

And there’s no turning back now anyway.

The fucker has the nerve to freeze up and act like he didn’t hear him.

“Hey, dirty creep hiding behind the news stand, I’m talking to you.” He calls out again, in an intentionally more menacing tone, but it just really come out angry in your female voice.

Nevertheless, the creepazoid responds, “What is it?” He clears his throat.

“You got a lotta chops for a jerk who just sent my friend into the hospital, don’tcha?” He’s letting his menacing slur come out with all the anger that’s flaring out now that he’s face to face with this bastard again.

“Young lady, I have no idea what you’re talking about, but I did not put anyone into the hospital.”

“Cut the crap, I know you’ve been stalking Fuka-chan for the past several weeks. I’m giving you this one and only warning to back off before you regret it forever.” He snarls at the asshole, who’s still holding his ground somehow.

And now, he’s brought up the nerve to sigh at him?? Why he oughta—

“Listen young lady,” Did he really just put a hand on Tanaka’s shoulder like he wouldn’t have the nerve to bite it right the fuck off? “You don’t know anything that’s happening between me and Fuka-chi, alright? Leave us be, she’s going to come around.”
“The fuck is going on in your twisted ass head?” Tanaka smacks the pervert’s hand away like it’s a mosquito, feeling sorry that he let the dirtbag’s hands on your body. ‘Fuka-chi’? Disgusted shivers are running down his spine. “I’m not kidding, stay away from my friend, or you’re really going to be sorry.”

Tanaka walks off, fuming at the thought of the fucker’s disgusting face and what scum he is when the dipshit opens his mouth again to call after him, “Fuka-chi might be confused right now, but she’s going to come around. And when she does, I’ll be waiting for her whenever she needs!”

And that’s what does it.

That’s what sends Tanaka over the edge and his fist hurling into the dumbfuck’s face. And his knee to his stomach. And his foot to his shin. And a bunch of other hits until the disgusting fuck of a stalker is curled into himself like an armadillo, barely able to stand on his feet.

Contrary to popular belief, Tanaka does not actually know how to fight that well. However, looking the way he does while growing up, it was impossible for some people not to misunderstand his face and try to start fights every so often. So despite how he was a pretty decent kid, he still had to learn to hold his own and at least throw a few punches. Action anime and sports manga could be surprisingly informative. And indirectly, so could bullies.

Over time though, his face only grew more menacing, and he built up the intimidating personality to match, so often times when he gave out a threat and walked away, people would usually back down. However, he had forgotten that in your body, people were less likely to take you as seriously, or to believe that a young high school girl would actually throw a punch.

Well the fucker who decided to underestimate him just because he’s in an adolescent female body is the one who buckled over in pain right now, already regretting what he said. But he sure is listening to what Tanaka has to say now, “You call yourself a man when you make a girl feel unsafe? What kind of jackass gets off on following a girl until she’s too afraid to be outside?”

The shithead just groans, which is better than anything Tanaka has heard him say so far. With a last bone-cracking grind to the jerk’s foot — and a strained scream from said jerkhole — Tanaka hisses out one last warning, “Swear to me that you’ll never come near my friend ever again.” When the man hesitates, Tanaka grinds harder, “Swear it!”

“Fine! Fine! I swear!”
“You swear what?!”

“I swear I won’t come near Fuka-chi again.”

“You’d better mean it.” Tanaka pulls his foot away and steps away for real this time, taking a good, long look at the sack of rat shit he just put down to the ground, and holds up his phone, “And if you need me to convince you further, I’m happy to ask the police what they think of this recording I took of your statement. And the pictures of you standing like a creep by Fuka-chan’s property.” Thank you to all the mystery and crime manga and movies he’s consumed. Like he said — they could be informative.

“Get lost, trash.”

* 

“You did what ?!”

Now, if anyone passing by saw a tall, gruff young man holding a small high school girl off the ground by the collar of her shirt and yelling in her face, surely they would try to intervene. Good thing Tanaka chose a secluded alley a few streets away from Fuka’s house to tell you that he just mauled a possibly dangerous stalker using your borrowed small teenage girl fists.

“I know, I know! I’m sorry for endangering your body like this and for the small knuckle bruises! I swear I’ll do my best to heal on your behalf and not leave any scarring!” He’s got his eyes clenched tight and facing the side as if anticipating a punishing smack.

“Tanaka, it’s not that.” You drop him back to the ground, sighing as you cross your arms, “I know you did that to protect Fuka-chan, but think about how dangerous that was! You’re not a tall, menacing, yankii-looking athlete right now. If that stalker guy wasn’t as spineless as he is, think about what he could’ve done to you. Then you’d really understand what’s so scary about being a girl.”

“You’re right, you’re totally right, about all of that.” Tanaka holds his hands up in surrender, but his eyes say that there’s something else on his mind, so you let him finish, “But even though all of that is true, I couldn’t just ignore it. That bastard came back and he’s gonna keep trying something, even
after all of this, so I had to teach him a lesson.”

Ugh, that conviction in his eyes is really making this hard for you, because despite the danger of it all, he still rushed in and did what he felt was right. And since he was willing to accept the repercussions of using your body to go after the guy, it doesn’t seem like he has any regrets.

“Grrghh!!” You throw your hands in the air, turning to pace in a small circle, “I’m so mad at you but that was really fucking cool.”

You ignore Tanaka’s surprised look and stuff your hands into your pockets as you’ve learned to do quite often when you’re hesitant to say something — boys have such deep pockets, it’s not fair. “And did he really actually promise to lay off? Like, permanently? That easily?”

“I wasn’t going to start a fight and have it end in nothing! The whole point was to scare him off for good.” He argues.

You groan again in frustration at both the situation and how you shouldn’t be as impressed by his act of valor as you are, “I can’t believe you just went in like that without thinking about it! No wonder you and Noya-san get along so well! I— ugh…” You stop to take a breath, “But… in the end, you did help Fuka-chan, so… thank you for that. As stupid as your method was.”

“I swear I wouldn’t have done it if I didn’t think I’d come out on top!” He adds.

“I’m aware.” You roll your eyes, and take a thoughtful moment before giving in and putting a hand on Tanaka’s shoulder. (Wow, your shoulder is really small in his hand) “And I’m hoping he won’t be too much of a problem anymore, thanks to you. Though if I ever get my body back and I don’t manage to scare him off on my own, you’re gonna have to teach me a thing or two to fend us off.”

“Girls shouldn’t have to fight off scumbags like that.” Tanaka says immediately, but when you narrow your eyes at him, he’s quick to follow up his statement, “But I’d be happy to help. And of course, if I’m nearby… you can just… ask me too.”

“Right, thanks. Do you have a special whistle that I can blow that only you will hear from far away? Like a dog?” You joke as you lead him out of the alleyway to go home.

“My hearing happens to be incredible, I’ll have you know.” He jokes back easily, following you
down the street. “It’s like a sixth sense of mine.”

“Hearing is already one of your five senses.”

“Don’t sweat the details! My point is, you can just call me or something, and I’ll come to you as soon as I can.”

Why does that make your heart flip a little? Maybe it’s the way he said it, even in your own voice, it sounded pretty confident and protective and capable.

“Sure, okay.” You snort, “I’ll send out code red if I ever sense any danger around me or Fuka-chan.”

“Course!” He says loudly, matter-of-factly, “But of course, you know, you can still call me even if it’s not an emergency. I mean, we’re friends now, right?”

Let’s not dwell on the throbbing disappointment you feel at that label and just answer his question, yeah? “Right. Of course. Though you probably know a lot more about me than many of my close friends do at this point.”

“Yeah, right. I know all these things about your body, sure, because I’ve been using it for you for the past week. But all I know about you as a person is what I’ve gleaned from all the people who talk to you and how they expect you to behave. I don’t actually have a full grasp of the person displaced from this body.”

“‘Displaced,’ huh? That’s not a word I expected to hear from you.” You observe out loud.

“Excuse you, I can be articulate with my words!” He quips back.

“Whoa! Another surprise bomb out of nowhere.” You laugh.

“You know what, I do know something about you: you’re pretenseless and laugh at people who don’t understand a few big words that no one uses; like that snob, Tsukishima.” He calls you out humorously.
“You mean ‘pretentious’?” You laugh brightly. Just then, you notice a vending machine coming up, so you throw in a few coins and buy some drinks for you and Tanaka before walking towards the park that you two talked at last time, “But I get how you feel about Tsukishima. He’s always making fun of me during practice, probably because he expects a big reaction out of you. You know what he said the other day? Said your spike had the power of a little girl and that you were losing your touch.”

“That little snot-nosed brat! I’m gonna—”

You laugh at Tanaka’s expected big reaction and are impressed that he manages to detail his cursing of the tall, blonde first-year for up to three minutes. “I mean, he’s not wrong though. Even though it’s your body, I don’t necessarily know how to control all your strength, so your spikes have been coming from an inexperienced little girl as of late.”

The two of you have chosen a bench to sit at and Tanaka just sighs as he twists open the soda bottle you got for him. “That’s to be expected. I’m sad I can’t be there playing volleyball every day, but I hope the team hasn’t been putting too much pressure on you to improve.”

“They have. They think you’re in a slump.” You chuckle, taking your own sip of green tea, “Some of them have been very active in trying to help you out of it.” And you go on to explain Nishinoya and Hinata’s efforts to feed you strange protein bars, or update your workout routine, or uplift your mood in strange ways, or get Shimizu to talk to you, all in hopes that it’ll get you back on your feet.

Rubbing at the back of his head with a groan — and effectively mussing up your hair — he apologizes for his teammates, “I swear they mean well.”

“Don’t worry, I know they do.” You agree, “They’re probably just trying to hype me up for the practice match you have coming up in a few days…”

“What?! Practice match?!”

“Yeah… they told us yesterday that some school finally accepted Takeda-sensei’s constant invitations.”

“Oh crap. Well… uh, assuming we’re still stuck in each other’s bodies, are you gonna be ready?”
“Not at all,” you snort, “But you’ve been doing your best for me and Fuka-chan, so it’d be downright rude for me not to return the favor.”

“Hey,” he turns on the bench to face you completely, “Honestly, you don’t have to worry about it. I know it’s been a lot, and I know you’re worried enough about not being able to help Fuka-chan directly. It’s just a practice match, you really don’t have to worry about it.”

“That’s nice of you, Tanaka, but there are a lot of people counting on you. Not just the team, but the coaches too. Depending on the performance your body gives in front of everyone, you might not be a starter for the actual tournaments.”

“That’s the standard for any team member, not just me. But I can’t expect you to build the skill of a starting member and win a match in a week, no matter what the team says.”

That was a very mature reassurance, and not at all what you expected. “Wow. Uhm, thanks. Didn’t know I needed that,” you chuckle softly, “I didn’t realize it, but the guys have been packing on the pressure. They expect a lot from you, probably because they completely trust you to get back on your feet.”

“Sounds like them.” He nods, “I would trust them too, no matter what. That’s just the kind of guys they are.”

You notice Tanaka get a thoughtful look on his face, and you begin to wonder how he built such a strong relationship of trust with his friends and teammates. Even Tsukishima, who obviously still has some sort of expectation for Tanaka to improve even though you’ve been throwing off everyone’s groove for the past week.

“Volleyball is important to you, huh, Tanaka?” The thought is out of your mouth before you realize you asked it. And for some reason, you’ve got your upper arm propped up on the back of the bench to support your head as you give Tanaka your full attention.

To your surprise, instead of bursting into loud, bold proclamations about how it’s more than just a club and that the sport is life, he breathes out a deep sigh, “Yeah, it is. It’s been a part of my life since I was a kid, of course it’s important to me. And before all this happened—” he gestures at the air around him, you get what he means “—It would probably have been the only priority I ever had.”
“Sorry,” you shrug, not knowing why you’re apologizing but feeling the urge to do it anyway.

“No, it’s not your fault. At least, I don’t think it is.” You both chuckle at that, “As crazy as this has been, it’s also been… kind of cool.”

The timid, almost guilty look on his face pulls a laugh out of you, “Yeah? How so?”

“I mean, when else will I ever be able to understand the female experience firsthand? I’ve learned a lot… Of course! Not anymore than I should, obviously. But you know, like— more than I normally would. Like you know—”

“I know, Tanaka.” You nod into your hand that’s still supporting your head, “Trust me, I will never take waking up without a random erection for granted ever again.”

He laughs with you on that one, “And I’ll never take for granted how much effort girls put into their appearances again. Fuka-chan spent over an hour on my hair last night to get it to look like this today.”

“Huh, yeah, I was wondering about the curls. They look good though.” You shrug.

“They look good?? [Surname], they look amazing. Don’t underestimate the power of the overnight curlers.” He retorts, sounding offended on Fuka’s behalf, which makes you laugh. They’re pretty in sync with their opinions.

Tanaka looks like he’s taking a moment to think about what he’s going to say next. “You know, Fuka-chan says that you never let her style you up. Is there a reason for that?”

“Are you trying to start a heart-to-heart with me about how I should be more confident in myself, Tanaka-kun?” You ask sardonically.

“She also mentioned how you haven’t been as tsundere as usual.” He snorts.

You scoff, pressing your back against the bench once more and crossing your arms as you turn your gaze away from Tanaka, “Whatever.”
He bursts into laughter, turning to sit forward on the bench again too, “It’s fine. You don’t have to tell me. But for the record, Fuka-chan seems to be pretty happy to be able to do all this girly stuff with you.”

“That’s because Fuka-chan is the girly one, not me.”

“Oh?”

You hesitate to continue, but decide to go for it before you lose the courage, “I already told you I used to be in a swim club and volunteered as a lifeguard, didn’t I?”

“Yeah. Fuka-chan brings it up sometimes too.”

Of course he’d remember something if Fuka brought it up. Anyway.

“Well I was in the water half of the time, there wasn’t a point in dolling myself up just to cover my head in a cap and wash it all away once I got in the pool. And plus…” Actually, you kind of don’t want to say the next part.

“And plus…?” Tanaka leans in, listening attentively.

“Plus…” You take a small breath; you need it, “It’s just never been my thing, okay? Pretty clothes and lots of accessories and makeup and all that, they’re better suited for cute girls like Fuka-chan anyway.”

“Oh come on, [Surname], you’re plenty cute. Trust me, I’ve been in your body long enough to know.” Tanaka insists.

“Oh yeah?” You challenge, pivoting in your seat to face him again, planting an arm on the backrest to lean in, “Tell me, out of all the people that you’ve interacted with in this past week, how many of them talked to you first instead of Fuka-chan?”
He looks stumped, or like he knows the answer but doesn’t want to share. “Uhm… well, I uh… can’t really… remember.”

He can’t even look at you. “Tanaka.”

“Okay, I mean… I guess, if I had to round up… I suppose more people on average… spoke to Fuka-chan first.” He shrugs.

“Yeah? And out of all those people who talked to her this week, how many talked to you at all? Even offered you a greeting?”

“Well all of them were just dudes with bad intentions!” He defends.

“Uh huh, and let’s say, if we were to put Fuka-chan and me side by side, who would the average dude pick? No stakes, no rewards, just choose.”

Now he’s blinking, probably realizing that you’re a piece of wallpaper next to your best friend. At least when it came to being noticed by boys.

“Well— who wants an average dude anyway? You deserve better than that!” Tanaka retorts.

“Okay, sure.” You lean in and reach for a lock of curled hair, twirling it around your finger and wondering if you should continue talking. You can’t imagine anything good coming out of this conversation, but now that you’ve started, you can’t really stop. “But what if… one day, Fuka-chan and I happened to like the same boy? It’s not hard to imagine the choice he’d make.”

There’s a blush spreading on him, and you just watch curiously at how your face looks with the color climbing up your neck and cheeks. You don’t know if he’s picking up on what you’re hinting at, but you can tell that the atmosphere has grown a little tense. So you guess you should try to remedy it before it gets too awkward.

By completely brushing off the vulnerability you just showed him!

“I mean, it’s just hypothetical — obviously. But still, I just… you know what, never mind! I should
“Yeah… I uh…” The speed at which Tanaka stands up shouldn’t hurt you as much as it does, but alas. “I think I left something at Fuka-chan’s house too.”

“Right. Why don’t you go, I’ll just talk to you later.” You stand too, clearing your already cleared throat again.

“Yeah.”

“Okay.”

“Bye.”

“Bye.”

*Great*, you think as you all but speed back to Tanaka’s house. All you did was hint at the possibility of you liking him and he was all too eager to escape. That is the last time you put your insecurities on display to a boy like that. Fuka can call you a tsundere all she wants.

Tanaka’s balls are nowhere in sight when he returns to Fuka’s house to search for them, so he guesses they must’ve stayed with his body — yet another thing he’s found to be in your possession.

He didn’t actually leave anything there, so Fuka’s surprise at his return is completely preceded. She’s incredibly happy to see him though, and ushers him back into her room immediately to gush about the day, since she didn’t get a chance to do it privately earlier.

“Okay, so you were gone for a while, which totally freaked me out at first, but Tanaka-kun is surprisingly really easy to talk to!”
“Oh yeah?” Tanaka chuckles awkwardly, listening quietly as Fuka goes on about how she brought out some tea and snacks and was able to have an entire conversation about them with you, and how funny you are, and just overall squealing about having a boy in her living room.

“Eep!” She squeezes her pillow in her cute, small arms, “Do you think he would come again if I invited him? Would he think I’m too forward if I invite him to my room?”

“Oh…”

“It would be, huh? Agh!! What am I thinking?? I haven’t even messaged him yet!” She buries her face into the pillow.

“Wait, he gave you his number?” Tanaka asks.

“Yeah! But what do I even say to him?” She pulls out her phone to stare at the newly added contact information. Tanaka uses the opportunity to discreetly put his phone on silent mode.

“Why are you thinking so hard about it anyway?” Tanaka doesn’t want to dare to ask, but he feels he should get a better grasp of the situation.

Fuka lets out a big sigh, “I don’t know, [Name]-chan… I think… I’m starting to like him? Ahhh!! It’s so weird to say out loud!!!” She buries her face into the pillow once more.

It’s much weirder to hear it directly. Tanaka has to admit, Fuka is adorable beyond legality, especially when she’s getting flustered about developing a crush. And as flattered as he is to hear that it’s a crush on him, he knows it’s not really on him.

All the things that Fuka likes about ‘Tanaka’ are all actually you. You’re the one who saved her, you’re the one who knows how to converse with her, you’re the one who’s funny and easy to talk to. Who wouldn’t fall for her own best friend in male form?

“Actually, I asked if I could come in and watch him practice sometime but he didn’t seem too keen on the idea. Do you think he thinks I’m being pushy?” She asks.
“He’s uh… probably just nervous about messing up while you’re watching?” Tanaka offers. Given how you had mentioned that you were worried about making him lose his starting spot, he can appreciate how you didn’t straight up invite Fuka to watch you play for him.

“I still kind of want to watch though… Do you think he’d be mad if I came anyway? Should I wait until their actual matches to start?”

“Uhm… well,” You’re probably not going to be happy with him about this, but Fuka looks like she’s about to explode right now. It’s too cute to resist, “Tanaka said that they have a practice match coming up this week…”

“They do?? Can we go watch it together?” She jumps to her knees in front of him, grabbing his hands and pouting adorably. “Pleeeassee, [Name]-chan?”

“Uhm, yeah. I guess.” He was actually going to come watch the match anyway if you were both still in each other’s bodies by then. And honestly, it doesn’t look like you’ll be switching back anytime soon, so he’ll have to just roll with the punches and watch silently as Fuka’s fake crush on him grows.

He continues to listen to her gushing for a while longer, but his mind just floats back towards you and what you said earlier. ‘What if Fuka-chan and I happened to like the same boy?’

Even though you claimed it was purely hypothetical, he couldn’t keep his heart from both racing and aching just a bit. Because if he were to jump headfirst right into conclusions —as he usually does— then he would assume that since Fuka is technically developing a crush on ‘Tanaka,’ that maybe you could also…?

Okay, okay, he needs to take a step back. If he’s learned anything about this entire body switching experience, it’s that he should stop and assess the situation clearly before taking action. This isn’t volleyball, where he can usually make snap decisions and let his body follow through without delay. He needs to take his time to work through this… and think…

And he thinks that… if you happened to like anyone, on the off chance that maybe it wasn’t him, then he’d be upset. As strange as this whole thing has been, and as weird as it is to learn about you while staring at his own face and body working without his control, he’s grown attracted to you. Not that having your entire body available for him to admire at any time of day didn’t factor into it, but if you happened to like someone else… after all that you’ve gone through together and all that he’s
learned about you, his heart would hurt. A lot. Just the prospect of it already puts an ache in his chest.

You practically said to his face that you didn’t think that someone would choose you if you were competing with your best friend, and that broke his heart. To think that you would feel that way despite loving Fuka as much as you do, all he wants is to prove you wrong. He wants to smash through that assumption of yours like a spike through a three-man block.

Maybe he’ll have to teach you a thing or two about that.

***

It’s the Monday night before the practice match, and you are the last one left in the gym. Usually, it’s the two rambunctious first years who are always up late and practicing their quick attacks, but tonight you couldn’t shake the nerves during cleanup, so you just set up the net again secretly after everyone leaves. But you’ve gotta say, it’s hard trying to spike a ball by yourself.

You’re both relieved and embarrassed when Tanaka shows up about half an hour into your self-practice and offers you some help, no questions asked.

“Timing comes with practice and your relationship with your setter. But honestly, Kageyama’s a fuckin’ prodigy so you really don’t have to do as much with your aim when he tosses to you.” He explains, “So for now, I would just say trust your teammates to let you focus on spiking. Don’t be afraid to use all your strength, even if it’s just a feint.”

“But what if there’s a block?”

“You try to aim your spike in a direction that’ll avoid or get through the block. But that’s harder to do in the beginning. Why don’t we just work on building your confidence in calling for the ball first?”

“Okay.” You nod timidly.

It’s kind of daunting to play volleyball in Tanaka’s body right in front of him when he can see all the
things you’re doing wrong with it, but he’s supportive and patient with all of his advice. Some of the suggestions he gives you are things that the rest of the team has told you too, so you have a better idea of what kind of habits you should be more aware of now. He actually laughs at you a few times when you funk up a few plays, so at least he’s a good sport about it.

It’s kind of funny how he has to adjust your long, teenage boy limbs with his smaller, teenage girl body to fix your posture. And sometimes, when he tries to provide a practical example using your body, he doesn’t get as much traction or height as he expects, so you both end up laughing when he trips up occasionally.

“Why don’t we call it a night?” He suggests when it starts to approach after dinner hours. “You need to be well rested for tomorrow.”

“I’ll try.” You nod with a sigh, “Thanks, Tanaka…” *For everything.*

He seems to hear your silent thought and returns it with a smile, “Not a problem.”

As the two of you give the gym a second cleaning for the night, you think about how unbelievably glad you are that things aren’t weird between you after the last talk you had. You can’t be making things more complicated than they already are by bringing your feelings into the mix, especially with no switch-back date in sight. This match is only going to be a step in this uphill battle until you both can find a way back to your own bodies. So until things have settled down, all of that weird flippy stuff your heart is doing needs to take a back seat. Or stay in the trunk.

“Oi!! Ryu!!” Nishinoya jumps and drags you down by the elbow he hooks around your neck as he lands beside you when you’re changing in the clubroom before afternoon practice, “How are you feeling today??! Need me to psych you up for the match?”

“I’ll take any boost you got, Noya-san!” You stand tall, acting like you’re ready to face your big first match.

“That’s the spirit!!” The bright libero laughs.

“Tanaka-san!! Are you back in the zone for today’s match??” Hinata jumps excitedly, forgetting his current task of changing into his gym shorts.
“Put some pants on, Hinata. I’m as ready as I’ll ever be. We’ll see if I can get my mojo back and show those Tomiya guys what I’m made of!!” You do your best to exchange energies with all the members, even though you’re totally bluffing it. It works though, and their excitement gets you excited, which helps balance out the nervousness weighing you down.

You manage to go through the motions of warmups, practice, greeting the volleyball club from Tomiya High School, and standing in your starting position. For Tanaka’s sake, you hope this won’t be the last time his body is standing in this spot.

To your surprise, when both teams are in their starting positions on either side of the net, you spot two girls up in the spectators’ balcony above the court, and you freeze when you see your own body staring down at you from several feet up with an encouraging smile and fist in the air. And of course, beside Tanaka is your best friend, waving with a shy smile now that she sees you’ve spotted them.

Suddenly, all the hype your teammates bashed into you gets caught in your throat, and you can’t do much else besides offer an awkward wave back.

“Ryu!! You didn’t tell me that were gonna have girls here!!” Nishinoya whisper-shouts from his position behind you.

“Aren’t they the girls who came here last time? I didn’t realize Tanaka actually knew any girls.” Azumane ponders.

“With all due respect, Asahi-san, Tanaka-san is super cool! Of course he’d be popular with girls!” Hinata defends. You know, you find yourself on board with that argument now that you know what you know about the guy.

“Shut up, dumbass!” Kageyama, Hinata’s ever-scowling partner-in-crime, shouts at the little middle blocker. “We’re about to start a match! Who cares about a couple of girls?”

“They’re very cute!” Nishinoya shouts. “To think, Ryu has his own girl fans!! I’m so freakin’ jealous!!”

“Everyone be quiet!” Sawamura shuts everyone up, which you are intensely grateful for because as the conversation went on, it just got more audible for the rest of the gym. Meaning not only your team members, but the other team, the coaches, and Fuka and Tanaka could hear as well.
It was a nice distraction while it lasted though, because once the match starts up, all you can focus on is the ball, and doing whatever you can in your section and power to not let it fall on your side of the court. It’s rough, but not any more than it is in regular practices. A few of your receives are flyaways, some of your spikes are duds, anxiety is sky-high when you hear someone calling “Tanaka!” and you don’t know from where, and Tomiya’s play style veers toward defense; meaning, you are blocked at least half the time.

All of that practice didn’t go to nothing though, because you do contribute to a handful of points during the first set. Most of them are getting the ball to a more capable spiker though, or miraculously making your own block (though you were mostly following the rest of the wall that was formed by the net). So you’re at least happy to say that losing the first set isn’t entirely your fault. Though of course, you did contribute to several lost points.

No one lets it get to you. All your teammates shout, “Don’t mind!” like a mantra and give you encouraging pats — or smacks, in Nishinoya’s case — on the back. You can hear Tanaka and Fuka screaming for you in the stands too. None of it gets easier for you, because you’re constantly on high alert when the ball is up in the air, but your ambition grows. Especially when you manage to keep a small lead during the second set.

Doing your best to channel all the energy everyone is sending you, you take your breaths and keep your focus. And when the opportunity comes, your body has moved before your mind has realized it.

There’s a small opening on the edge of the court because they only have a two-man wall for their block this time. You don’t think about the if’s or the but’s and remember what Tanaka said to you about trusting the team. So you do just that and call for the ball.

Like magic, it appears in front of your hand right as you strike it down in front of the net with all the power you’ve amped up in your run and jump. You only get a brief glimpse of where the ball lands before you’re on your feet again, but when the whistle is blown and the student referee signals that it’s in the line, you let out the biggest celebratory shout you ever have in your life.

“YEAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

Even in Tanaka’s loud voice though, it’s not enough to drown out the happy shouts of the rest of the volleyball club. In seconds, they’re surrounding you and squeezing you with hugs and noogies even though the set isn’t even over yet. But you don’t care! The celebration is worth it, because that play was faster than the blink of an eye, but you did it!! You scored a point for you team!! You can finally start to redeem Tanaka’s honor in the volleyball club!!!
Or so you think.

Because after another blink, and a moment of disorientation, you look around and you’re no longer surrounded by sweaty, smiling boys in black uniforms. You’re looking down at a bundle of sweaty, smiling boys in black uniforms. From above.

Instead of hearing the roars and calls of half a dozen male voices around you, there’s only one shrill, excited squeal from beside you. The person squealing is hugging you tightly and jumping as she shouts, “Did you see that?? Did you see it?? Oh my gosh, it was so cool, [Name]-chan!!”

“[Name]-chan’…” You repeat slowly.

The sound of your feminine voice brings you to look down and your hands, your clothes, your hair, your chest, your butt, and then you scream. “I’m [Name]-chan!!! Ahhh!!!” You shriek as you hug Fuka back tightly and jump with her, while she replies with a confused, “What…?”

Tanaka is overwhelmed with the exponential increase in his own body temperature. He is hot and sweaty and surrounded by a bunch of other hot and sweaty guys.

BUT WHO GIVES A DAMN?? BECAUSE THEY’RE HIS HOT AND SWEATY GUYS!!!
“Okay everyone, shut up!” Daichi’s captain voice comes out because they have been celebrating for way too long. “Get back into your positions! And Tanaka.”

“Yes, sir!” Tanaka responds automatically, trying not to let tears form in his eyes at the familiar sound of his own voice again. But they’re there anyway and everyone can see and hear the emotion building up. So they automatically assume it’s because of the successful play that was just made.

The captain offers a smile, “Welcome back.”

He blinks for a moment and takes all the pats on the back before letting his gaze drift up towards the stands, where he spots you jumping and hugging Fuka in celebration too. You catch his gaze, and he’s suddenly gobsmacked by how pretty you are now that he gets to see you again through his own eyes, smiling brightly at him and pumping your fist cutely in victory.

His lips spread into the most meaningful smile he’s ever felt stretch across his face, “I’m back.”

Karasuno manages to win the practice match in the third set. Though they play one more game against Tomiya and lose by a close margin before the guest volleyball club has to take off. It’s been about a week and a half since Tanaka has been able to play volleyball comfortably in his own body, but that makes it all the more refreshing. The exhilaration of nailing a spike to the ground and shouting in victory with his comrades is multiplied after this extended vacation.

He welcomes every toss, every pass, every quip from his teammates — even Tsukishima’s — and every point, won or lost. They’re all his again, and he’s never felt so happy to be in his own skin again.

Granted, he very much enjoyed being in yours for a short period, but there is really nothing like living completely and truthfully as himself. It’s like he’s been purged of all his secrets that were weighing him down, and he feels lighter, yet stronger than ever.

Which comes in handy when the matches are over and you run down from the stands to jump into his arms in a hug, “Tanaka!!! I can’t believe it!!” You laugh almost deliriously in joy.
“I know, right?!” He’s too happy to feel self-conscious about you pressing your chest against him, so he laughs and hugs you back. “That spike was amazing!”

“It was just one point, but I sure as hell am proud of it!!” You pull back to shout. “Now I don’t have to worry about embarrassing you anymore.”

“You never embarrassed me.” He smiles, “If anything, you always went the extra mile, and I can’t be anything but proud of that. Thank you.”

“No, thank you.” You sigh blissfully, “It’s so good to finally see you like this. With my own eyes.”

“Likewise.”

His private mini-celebration with you is interrupted by a few cleared throats and curious stares. That’s when he and you take your steps back away from each other.

“Tanaka, aren’t you going to introduce us to your… friends?” Suga is the one who breaks the ice with a knowing smile.

“O-Of course!” He coughs, suddenly noticing Fuka standing on the side of the gym awkwardly. He introduces both you and her to his teammates as his classmates.

You bow and beam your unstoppable smile at his club members, “Nice to meet you all. I’ve heard a lot about you from Tanaka. You’re a great team.”

“T-Thank you!” Several of the second and first-years are taken aback at your bright compliment, which Tanaka understands. Your pretty face amplified by your beautiful energy could bring the dead back to life.

It’s not long, however, before Sawamura orders everyone to gather up for cleanup and a meeting, so Tanaka wants to at least arrange another time to talk to you again before you leave. “Hey, talk later?”

“Y-Yeah! Of course.” Weird, you sounded surprisingly hesitant for that one. “Uhm, also, I think
someone else wants to offer her congratulations.” You pivot to the side to beckon Fuka over towards
you and him.

Before she’s within earshot, you lean in to murmur, “I’m gonna leave your phone in your shoe
locker. Give me mine tomorrow?”

“Yes, sure.” He nods, somewhat disappointed, but at least glad that there’s a time that he’ll be able
to talk to you again.

“Fuka-chan, Tanaka did amazing, didn’t he?” You turn all your attention to your friend and urge her
to speak to him, “Why don’t you guys talk for a bit while I go to the bathroom?” You raise your
 eyebrows in a subtle signal that you’re not actually going to the bathroom. “Back in a bit!” You
 announce before either Tanaka or Fuka can stop you.

Well, hopefully this isn’t weird; talking to Fuka for the time truly as himself rather than under the
guise of her trusted friend. “Hi. Thanks for coming out to support the team.”

“Y-Yes!” She yips, already turning a light pink, “It was… that was so amazing! Your spikes were so
cool, Tanaka-kun.”

He thanks her as calmly and appreciatively as he can, even though he wasn’t the one playing for the
majority of the first match. Though he did go out of his way during the second match because he just
missed playing volleyball so much. But he supposes that after almost two weeks of his team
adjusting and trying to get him back in sync, it was hard for them to switch right back into gear as if
nothing had ever happened.

Regardless, Fuka seems to have watched the entire game through a sparkling lens because she seems
genuinely awed by it all. “I never knew how intense volleyball could be! And you’re such a good
player.”

“Aha… no, I’ve still got a lot to learn.” Strange, how he doesn’t find it hard at all to be modest and
calm in front of a cute girl. If this was him from half a month ago, he’d be a stuttering, blushing mess
right now. Or hiding behind one of his senpai.

“Say, would it be okay if… if I came to watch again sometime?” Fuka’s eyes are wide and hopeful,
dangerously cute and hard to turn down because he doesn’t want to hurt her feelings. But he also
doesn’t want to encourage her “crush” any further since it was based on false pretenses. Plus, that
would also make… other matters complicated.

Tanaka’s eyes find you leaning by the door right away and for some reason, he can feel his heart moving a beat more rapidly than it was earlier. Not unlike how it feels when he’s warming up for a match. “I guess I don’t mind.” He finally answers Fuka’s question.

“Okay! Great!” Fuka pumps on the balls of her feet in excitement, “So, uhm… I’ll see you in class then!”

“Have a good night.” He nods to her.

“To you as well! A good night!” She says too quickly and then grimaces at herself before speeding towards the door. Tanaka chuckles as she breezes right past you to be out of sight as soon as possible, and he sees you chuckling as well. You give him a last casual wave before following your best friend out of the gym, and Tanaka takes in a deep breath.

Only to have it knocked right back out of him when Noya and Suga attack him from behind, shouting and interrogating him about who he is and what’s happened to him. He’s probably got a lot of explaining (lying) to do, but he is so very glad to be back with his family of volleyball nuts again.

***

You and Tanaka may never truly know the key event that switched you two back to your own bodies, because the temple definitely doesn’t have the answers. And the both of you stared at your souvenir omamori and talked endlessly about all the possible reasons it could’ve happened when it did.

“Maybe it was after a climactic event? Since it was right after I made the spike, but not before the match ended.”

“Maybe it was an exchange, like the monk told us it was about spiritual discovery or something like that, right? Maybe we discovered something about each other?”

It’s the early evening in the park where you two have taken refuge on a bench with your vending
machine drinks as usual. Finally, you two had time to rendezvous a couple days after the practice match. Tanaka’s been working his way back into his volleyball club routine, and you’ve been trying to really get up to speed with Fuka without making it look like you’re trying to get up to speed.

“I discovered a lot of things about you, but what does that have to do with it happening at that exact time?” You wonder.

“Maybe you achieved some sort of spiritual awakening when you made your spike?”

“Well, what about you then? If it happened right after I made the spike, then does that mean you already had your ‘spiritual awakening’ before me? And I don’t even know what I ‘discovered’ in that exact moment anyway. It all happened so fast.”

Tanaka shrugs, lifting his soda bottle up for sip, “Who knows? How’d you feel at the time?”

“...Good.” You admit, “Like I finally accomplished something for you.”

“For me?” Tanaka looks bewildered. “What do you mean?”

“Well… I mean, you’d been doing so much already by trying to live normally as a girl for me, and then on top of that, you realized something was wrong with Fuka-chan. You were there for her when I couldn’t be, and… you know, you did all of it and even scared off her stalker without having signed up for any of it.” You shrug, pressing your lips together and looking at the grass instead of at Tanaka, “I just… guess I always felt guilty that I couldn’t do anything for you other than suck at volleyball.”

“As if,” Tanaka scoffs, “Did you forget that you lived my life for me too? Dealing with all my crazy friends and family?”

“I like your family.” You smile at the memory of everyone aiming snacks into Tanaka’s dad’s mouth for points.

“Which is already a service to God in itself.” Tanaka insists, punching your arm lightly, “And come on, don’t act like getting up for morning practice and working your ass off for afternoon practice was easy. You went into an actual match and kept my honor for me. That’s a fucking lot, if you ask me.”
“I can do you one better.” You laugh, turning in your seat to face him, “You went out shopping and eating dessert with Fuka-chan all week and you still managed not to run out of allowance.”

“Oh yeah? What about how you helped my sister around the house even after practice and made her like me more?” He challenges, turning to face you as well.

“Are you bragging or complaining because she’s gonna expect you to keep helping her out?”

“Maybe both.”

You both laugh effortlessly as you continue to talk about all the small things that happened while you lived each other’s lives, because now you can. Now that it’s over, you’re all too elated to have Tanaka to babble about the experience with. It’s hard to believe that the two of you were just classmates who barely knew each other’s names not even a month ago. You feel like he could be your best friend now.

Your best friend… that you have a small crush on. It’s undeniable, since you’re looking straight into his face and your heart is pulsing in what feels like your throat. Even though you told yourself you’d deal with this dilemma after you switched back, it doesn’t make it any easier. Your feelings are there, but Fuka has been talking about Tanaka a lot more. And now that her every interaction with him is actually his genuine self, you can’t stop her from falling for him.

“By the way,” you bring up, a little more quiet than you were just a minute ago, “Fuka-chan asked if you wanna join us for waffles this weekend.”

“This weekend? Sure.” He agrees easily.

“Great, she’ll be so happy about that.”

You wish you could be as happy about it too.

***
Things have finally settled back into their normal routines. It’s been over a month since Tanaka and you had returned to your own bodies, and it looks like they’re there to stay. However, the one new thing that he finds hard to get used to is having girls cheering him on at home practice matches. There’s only been one more organized since the Tomiya match, but having more female presences there to encourage the team really did wonders for Karasuno’s spirit.

Noya managed to save even some of the most impossible spikes to catch, Hinata glowed at every single “Nice kill!” shouted for his points — whether he actually spiked them or not — Asahi was showing a little more power than usual, and even Tsukishima was scoffing less. And Tanaka himself, well he almost took off his shirt quite a few times in the heat of all the moments before his senpai stopped him.

So of course, the post-match congratulations were likely to be quite a rowdy affair. If Tanaka was honest, he was looking quite forward to your reaction to seeing him play at his full strength. He’d accept all of your compliments humbly and humorously before throwing in a joke that was actually a subtle flex, and then you’d laugh that ridiculously pretty laugh of yours and give him a high-five. Maybe even a hug if you were feeling dramatic like at the last match.

So to say that he is devastatingly thrown and disappointed by your, “Nice game, Tanaka!!” and fist bump before moving aside to let Fuka talk to him would be a… somewhat accurate, if not incredibly understated description of his feelings. In fact, he’s so thrown that he doesn’t even hear what Fuka says to him when she walks up to offer her praise and thoughts on the match.

For some reason, you’re making the rounds and giving everyone on the team a compliment, even calling them by name even though you’re supposed to barely know most of them. Most of it, you’ve probably passed off as hearing about them from Tanaka rather than having practiced closely with them for a week in the past, but you seem a lot chummier with some of the members than he expected.

Especially with Ennoshita, the bastard who’s always making jokes about how he’s going to replace Tanaka in the starting position if he isn’t careful. Since when did you get so close to that guy anyway?? You’re chatting with him as if you’ve been friends longer than you have with Tanaka!!! Granted, at least you’re not smiling like you do when you’re with him, so there’s tha—

Nope, you just laughed at something Ennoshita said, which definitely either means Tanaka is the butt of joke, or Hinata is the butt of the joke. And judging by the way the guy actually glances up in Tanaka’s direction with a faint smile, it looks like he’s being betrayed by his own teammate.
“Oi! Ennoshita. The hell are you sayin’ that’s so funny, huh?!” He practically snarls.

“Eh? Me?” Ennoshita and you both turn your heads to Tanaka, then over to each other before letting out what can only be a secret chuckle before turning to him again. Which means!!! He really was making fun of Tanaka, the bastard!!! “Nothing, I don’t think you’d get the joke.”

“The hell did you just say???” Tanaka storms up and grabs Ennoshita by the collar to shake him, but his rival on both the court and with girls isn’t threatened at all. He just continues to laugh.

“Calm down, Tanaka. I didn’t say anything bad about you.”

“Like hell you didn’t!!!” He keeps shaking.

“Well, anyway. I think we should probably head home for tonight,” you announce as you return to Fuka, whom Tanaka now realizes he just left in the middle of their conversation. “Great match! Goodnight, guys!”

“S-See you in class tomorrow, Tanaka-kun!” Fuka adds before walking with you out of the gym. You only offer a last minute wave before making your exit, leaving Tanaka speechless.

“Hey, they’re gone. You can let go of me now.”

“Like hell I will!!”

* 

You’ve been trying your best not to make things awkward, but it’s altogether impossible when you think you’re starting to fall deeper and deeper into your little crush. It’s been weeks since you’ve switched back, and now Tanaka is usually the main topic of conversation between you and Fuka during your dessert outings.

How can you help it when you agree with all the great things your friend is gushing about over the
guy you both happen to like?? She just makes it so easy to talk about him, because she wants to know everything, and you happen to know a lot about him. And often, that leads to having to save your own ass for the sake of both your secret about the switch, and your secret about your crush.

“I wonder how Tanaka-kun styles himself when he’s not in the school uniform?”

“He’s surprisingly stylish,” you look up from your tart thoughtfully, “I think he likes to have some color in his wardrobe, but it’s still pretty simple.” Also, you know for a fact that he has underwear in all kinds of colors.

“Ohhh, have you seen him wearing street clothes a lot before, [Name]-chan?” Fuka leans over with stars in her eyes, “Do you hang out with him often, actually?”

“That’s— Uhm, well… not really? It’s just what I’ve seen in his room.”

“You’ve been in his room before??” She gasps.

Shit. “Oh yeah, I never told you. I… I used to drop off stuff at their house for my mom. And uh, yeah he invited me to his room. We just talked, no big deal.”

“Wow… I’m so jealous, [Name]-chan!” Fuka practically whines. Whew. “But you and Tanaka-kun are really so much closer than I realized… After all this time, I never knew… And you can talk to him so easily! And get invited into his house and his room. I want to see Tanaka-kun’s room… What does it look like?”

And so on and so forth. Sometimes, you had to stop yourself from gushing about Tanaka in one way or another, because you found it surprisingly easy to do. And the more you talk to Fuka about it, the more you realize that you do think that he’s cool, and funny, and hard-working, and strong, and athletic, and passionate, and kind, and sensitive, and… handsome.

 Weird, before all of this, you never would’ve noticed Tanaka all that much, let alone think he was handsome. Guys with shaved heads were definitely not your thing, but now they’re all you think about in your free time. And with Fuka being so expressive about her own crush on him, you can’t bring yourself to tell her or anyone about your feelings.

Although it seems like Ennoshita has already sussed you out. He was telling you after Karasuno’s
last practice match about how hopeless Tanaka can be around girls, but you’ve become a surprising exception in his life. But you can’t bring yourself to tell him about this if it’ll only complicate things. It’s not like you’d really have a chance after he spent over a week with someone as cute and quirky as Fuka and now basically has her heart ripe for the picking.

And it all becomes way too palpable for you to face when Fuka announces that she’s going to confess. You almost choke on your tea when she tells you in her room one day after school. “A-All of a sudden? Final exams are coming.” You try to keep your composure.

“I know, which is why I’ll wait until exams are over to do it. I just really want to do it before summer break starts. I don’t know if I’ll be able to see him during the vacation, and… if he says no, then at least I have the whole break to mend my heart.” She reasons.

You hesitate as you finish cleaning off the tea you spilled on the table before daring to ask, “And if he says yes…?”

Fuka doesn’t answer right away, but when she throws herself onto her bed and kicks at her mattress while screaming into the pillow, you can tell that she’s excited at the prospect of summer love. So what are you supposed to do but support her?

***

“This is the true strength of your senpai.” Tanaka and Noya perfect their back-to-back poses after revealing their passing grades for their last final exams, giving them the green light to join the summer training camp in Tokyo.

He actually studied his ass off for these exams, and he went out of his way to pass them for the sake of this training camp. It truly feels like everything is back in place, with him prioritizing volleyball over everything. And of course, Karasuno’s volleyball team wouldn’t be complete without the two idiot first-years who didn’t pass one exam each.

But Tanaka Ryunosuke is a man of valor, who will put his pride on the line in order to help his team. Which is how he got into this mess of trying to convince his sister to drive Hinata and Kageyama up to Tokyo once they’ve finished their makeup exams. He’s been trying to wear her down all week, convince her with special treatment, drumming events in Tokyo, and even haggling with chores, but she’s blatantly refused every single time!
And now with barely two days left before the trip to Tokyo, he’s entirely and overwhelmingly lost on how to badger her again to a point that she’d actually agree. He wonders and wonders until he sees you approaching in the hallway in school.

“Hey! [Surname].” He calls for you without needing to think about it.

Your head snaps up in his direction and your warm smile could very well fix his entire day right now, “Tanaka, hey. Your training camp is this weekend, right? You excited?”

“Uhh… yeah but I got myself into some trouble where I promised Hinata and Kageyama that my sister would drive them up to Tokyo after they finished their makeup exams, but she keeps saying no…”

“You promised them that before you got your sister to agree?” The incredulous look you give him makes him want to curl back in embarrassment, but you set him free with an understanding laugh almost right afterwards, “What a kind teammate you are. And let me guess, you’re determined to keep trying to convince Saeko-nee-san until you can follow through with your promise?”

“You bet. But it’s been so hard! I don’t know what else I’m supposed to do!!” He groans, grabbing at his head in frustration, “She wouldn’t even budge when I told her there was a Taiko festival happening in Tokyo at the same time.”

You hum in thought, “Well, when I was acting as Tanaka Ryunosuke, I noticed she was pretty impressed and nicer to me when I helped her around the house. But she didn’t really respond to me when I spoke nicely to her; always thought I was being sarcastic or something.”

“So… I should offer to help her do more chores at home?” He tries. But he technically already tried that with the bargaining.

“So, I think she responds better to actions than words.” You explain. “It doesn’t have to be housework, since you might not even have time to help her do it. Just… show her your conviction.”

His conviction…
He thinks about what you said for the rest of the afternoon, through practice, through Hinata and Kageyama’s last cram sessions, and throughout his trip home. And it’s times like these that he wished he was closer with or more appreciative of everything his sister did for him, because he can’t think of any goddamn thing that he can do for her that would convince her.

Which is why he ends up on his knees in order to show his conviction. If anything, he has to at least prove that he’s sincere, and that he really wants for his entire team to be at the training camp, not just to look cool as a senpai. And to his great surprise, she agrees before he can completely prostrate himself to the ground.

“Save that for when it’s truly important, Ryu.” Saeko had advised him.

He’s too happy to really understand what she’s saying to him, but what’s important is that she agreed. She agreed!! The first-years will be able to join the training camp. And what’s even more interesting, Tanaka wants to tell you about it right away.

It feels kind of silly to be smiling so widely just because he’s sending you a text, but before he can really mull on how ridiculous he’s being that he’s so excited to tell you about it that he can’t wait until he sees you at school tomorrow to do it, you text him back.

[Surname] [08:12]: ‘Congrats~ ^^ now the camp will be complete and you’re gonna be the coolest senpai ever’

Why is Tanaka’s heart racing so intensely because of a text? But as he texts you back and partakes in casual conversation with you over the next few hours, the answer is clear as day to him. It’s because they’re coming from you.

And it grows even clearer when he sees you walk into the classroom with a lazy, “G’morning~” and his heart does the exact same thing. Nothing is different about you, or the day, or what’s going on between you, but Tanaka can feel a palpable emotion much clearer in his chest that’s spreading heat to every part of his body like a splash of watercolor on blank paper. Heck, even his thoughts are getting more poetic.

Even though he had already thanked you yesterday through text, Tanaka still wants to say it to you aloud. And possibly also give himself an excuse to talk to you. So he casually interrupts your small
talk with Fuka to get your attention, “Hey, [Surname]. Thanks again for your advice. It really helped me figure out how to approach my sister better. Not just for this time either.”

“You saying you understand her better now?” You smile proudly at him, “Good for you. I’m glad it worked out. I know the team probably wouldn’t feel complete without those two first-years.”

“They definitely wouldn’t.” Tanaka laughs in agreement.

“Which first-years?” Fuka chimes in curiously.

“Hinata-kun and Kageyama-kun. That little redhead and that tall, angrier looking one. The setter, if you remember.” You offer.

“Oh… I think… I remember, yeah.” Fuka nods slowly, “Wow, how do you know the team so well, [Name]-chan? I thought it was your first time meeting them that day of the practice match too.”

“A-Ah! That’s—“ Your voice falters and scrambles for an answer.

“O-Oh! That’s probably because I’m always talking so much about them. [Surname] probably knows the team as well as I do now.” Tanaka tries to come in for a save. Which he then realizes as he says it, is completely true. “My bad, I know you probably don’t want to just hear about volleyball all the time.”

“No!” You’re quick to retort, “I mean, no, I don’t mind. I think it’s cool how you’re so passionate about it. And the team. That’s why you worked so hard to ask your sister for help, isn’t it?”

When Tanaka nods with an appreciative smile, he swears to God that he hopes he isn’t just imagining the light pinkness around your ears.

“Fuka-chan thinks it’s cool too, right Fuka-chan?” You add, in what Tanaka assumes is an attempt to shift the attention away from you while you collect yourself. Which is damn cute.

“Definitely! Even though we’ve only watched a couple practice games, I can tell you guys work really hard and care a lot about volleyball!” Fuka agrees with her own adorable smile.
He tries to be humble in his thanks and follow-up babbling about the club and his teammates and the summer training camps they have lined up, which is when Fuka finds an opening to bring up something completely unexpected, “So… I know you have to leave tonight for your training camp, but do you think you would have time for dessert with us today after club?”

“Today?” Tanaka ponders. It’d be kind of a tight schedule since he hasn’t packed yet. And he’d still have to grab some dinner and shower before heading back to school for their midnight departure.

“Only if you have time, of course!” Fuka adds timidly.

“Oh come on, Tanaka always has time for some nice girls, don’t you, Tanaka?” You announce knowingly, raising your eyebrows at him.

Well, for you, why not? “Yeah, I do. Let’s do it.” He agrees happily.

So to his own embarrassment, his cleanup job in the gym this afternoon might be a little more shoddy than usual because he’s kind of excited about the cafe outing afterwards. Even more so when he’s actually reprimanded about it by Ennoshita just as he’s putting the mop away.

“What are you in such a rush for anyway? You have until tonight to prepare for the camp. Knowing you, you still haven’t packed yet.” The second-year guesses.

“It’s okay, Ryu!!! I’m also completely unpacked so far!” Noya announces.

“It’s not that, guys.” Tanaka defends, but he wonders if he can announce that he’s going out with two cute girls with a straight face. “I’m… gonna hang out with [Surname] and Fuka-chan.”

The uproar is instant.

“YOU WHAT??”

“RYUUUUUUUU!!!!”
“EHHHH?!?!?”

“Right before training camp? How bold of you.”

“Again?”

“There’s hope for him.”

“RYU!! HE’S LIVING THE DREAM!!”

“Those same girls from last time?”

Again, Tanaka tries to be as humble as possible, but it’s hard when his teammates’ reactions are just
inflating his head. And/or popping the air out with certain comments. But none of that is going to
affect his excitement for tonight. Honestly, he doubts that anything will as he’s walking out of the
club room in fresh clothes to the front of the school.

That is, until he sees that it’s only Fuka waiting. “Ah, [Name]-chan suddenly got an emergency call
from home, so she can’t make it today.”

“Oh.” Well that’s too bad.

“Is it still okay if it’s just the two of us?” Fuka asks, looking nervous like he might say no. As if.

“Yeah, sure.”

Half an hour later, they’re seated at a cafe that he’s visited with Fuka before while he as still posing
as you. Funnily enough, they both end up ordering the same things as they did before. And as
nervous as Fuka seemed earlier about it just being the two of them, she’s talking pretty naturally now
that Tanaka asked some of the dessert questions he used before, also when he was posing as you. He
even makes her laugh a couple of times.
It’s funny, how comfortably he’s settled into this setting, even as a different person. The familiarity of eating these desserts with Fuka reminds him of the absurd experience he had while inhabiting another person’s body, and it makes life seem a lot easier now. Talking to a girl is no longer as challenging as it used to be, now that he’s had some practice. Even if it was unconventional.

However, none of that practice talking to Fuka as a girl could have prepared Tanaka for this.

“I like you, Tanaka-kun.”

Tanaka’s spoon freezes in place and he blinks a few times before he finds his voice again, “Come again?”

“I know you said it wasn’t a big deal how you saved me before,” Well, actually it is, especially because — again — he didn’t do that. “But getting to know you after all of that, I’ve come to realize… how cool you are. Oh my gosh, I’m sorry, I’m getting so nervous.”

She slaps her hands to her cheeks and turns away as the red starts to color up the entirety of her face. It’s cute and endearing, but… Tanaka isn’t sure he likes where this is going.

He gives Fuka a few moments of silence to collect herself before she takes a courageous breath again, “I… I think you’re really cool, Tanaka-kun, and I already know you’re a good person. Who knows if I would still be here if it wasn’t for you? So… I just wanted to tell you. Before summer break. Because… I didn’t really want to wait until the next semester to see you again.”

Tanaka can’t stop blinking. Or maybe he’s just doing it to pass the time because he has no idea how to respond to this. So for now, he just puffs out a simple, “Oh.”

“I know, I know! It must seem ridiculous, right?” Fuka hides her face in her hands, “To just like you and suddenly confess to you when we haven’t really known each other for that long.”

Well, he wouldn’t say that. As an avid believer in love at first sight, Tanaka also thinks it’s entirely possible to fall for someone in a short snippet of time. Especially if it involves getting tangled up in a wild event that brings them together. Take his switch with you, for instance; Tanaka had barely talked to you just a couple months ago, but now his heart rushes and his eyes sparkle when you—

Oh…
“But even so!” Fuka continues where she left off, “I wanted to tell you. Y-You don’t have to give me an answer right away… b-but I definitely, definitely had to tell you before summer break. I think I would have regretted it otherwise.”

It’s Tanaka’s turn to take a breath, because he needs to mentally prepare for this even though he doesn’t want to keep Fuka waiting. “Thank you, Fuka-chan. For your heartfelt feelings. I’m uh… I’m happy that you told me.”

“You are?” Her eyes widen with hope that breaks his heart to have to crush.

“Yeah, I am. But…” Okay, maybe one more breath. He takes them all the time during matches, surely they’ll work to calm him for this too, right?? “I can’t accept your feelings, because I can’t reciprocate them. I’m sorry.”

“Oh.” Fuka blinks, clearly in shock and slowly starting to show signs of disheartening. “I see.”

“You’re a lovely girl, Fuka-chan, there’s no doubt about it. But… I already have someone I like.”

“Ah.” She lets out a breathless laugh, “Of course. I’m sure whoever she is is really lucky. But uh… thank you, for being so kind about it.” She clears her throat and turns her glassy eyes away as she stands, “Can you excuse me for a minute.”

Tanaka never wanted to — or even expected to — make a girl cry like this. Honestly, this was the kind of tragedy he used to yearn for when all he could do to experience it was through manga and anime. He dreamed of being that cool guy that all the girls wanted and had to deal with breaking a few hearts because there was just too much love being thrown at him. But now that he’s entered just a delicate situation involving the happiness and well-being of other people, this isn’t all it’s cracked up to be.

And as bad as he feels about what he just did to Fuka, all he can think about is what he’s gonna say to you.
Today was the day that Fuka was going to confess, so you had done your part and not showed up to the after school outing so she could have some privacy with him. It was hard, sitting in your room alone while trying to come to terms with how your best friend and your crush might be together the next time you hear from them. But you had made a promise to both Fuka and yourself to be supportive of them. You wouldn’t dare go back on your word.

You’ve been going around your room organizing books and manga, snacking, trying and failing to focus on a task, pacing, lying on your bed and hugging a pillow, thinking that maybe you should have a stuffed animal or two to decorate your room like other teenage girls, and a bunch of other useless things to keep your mind occupied. To your dismay, you’re incapable of putting Tanaka and Fuka’s happy faces out of your mind.

And then your imagination piles on image after image of what your future as a trio may look like, or rather, them as a couple and you tagging along. Fuka and Tanaka will begin sharing dessert together at the table, leaving you to order and finish your own, you’ll be tasked with taking couple photos for them on outings. Overtime the photos will pile up and for one of their anniversaries, you’re helping Fuka print them out and assemble them into a scrapbook for her gift to Tanaka, while in the meantime you’re also secretly helping Tanaka pick and make reservations for them at a brand new, fancy cafe that teenagers can’t usually afford but know Fuka has been dying to go to.

Soon enough, several years have passed by, Fuka and Tanaka have stayed together through college and it’s about time he got down on one knee for her. All their family, friends, and maybe even you think so at this point. He proposes on the roof of the cafe where Fuka first confessed, when the waiter brings in their desserts and also sets down the ring box alongside the fluffy pancakes they’ve ordered. You had told him it was a lame idea, but Fuka loved it anyway.

Obviously, you’re assigned to be the maid of honor, forced to help plan the entire wedding and give a speech during the banquet about how you can’t believe your two best friends have been together for this long. And you and Tanaka exchange a secret toast of your own about how this wouldn’t have been possible if weren’t for that ridiculous mishap that happened in high school.

Fast forward another couple of years, their first child is already two, and they have another on the way. Her name is Chiaki and that little girl loves you, and is confiding in you about how excited she is to be getting a little brother. You admit that you’re excited too, but then Fuka and Tanaka walk in with the same lovey-dovey eyes they’ve had since high school, holding and rubbing on her growing stomach and you can only watch with quelled sadness because even after all these years, you’re still in love with Tanaka and it hurts to see them together now as much as it did the day you first heard he accepted her confession in high school, as the day he announced he was going to propose to Fuka, as the day they exchanged vows.
And all the pain has bottled up and grown and grown to the point where you’ve put so much strain on your heart that you’ve contracted a chronic disease that leaves you with barely three more years to live. You’ve been trying to bring it up to Chiaki but it would just hurt even more, possibly to the point of triggering another strok—

Ring. Ring.

Ring. Ring.

Your phone pulls you out of the intensively detailed future you had been building in your daydream/lucid dream. You’re unsure of whether you were actually starting to nod off or not.

The caller ID is from Fuka, and you note the time is hours after she would have confessed already. In fact, Karasuno’s training camp bus to Tokyo is leaving in an hour or so. There’s no way she doesn’t have his answer now if he gave it to her today. With a deep breath, you pick up, “Hello?!”

Instead of the squealing and excited peal of laughter you had expected and would surely sound exactly like what Chiaki’s laugh would be, you hear sniffles from the other end of the phone. “Hello? Fuka-chan? Fuka-chan, what— what happened?”

“Tanaka-kun…”

“Yeah?? What about Tanaka?”

“H-He said no.” She clears her throat, obviously trying to be strong about it, but her sniffles completely give her away. She’s probably already cried out the majority of her pain. “But it’s okay, I guess… I told him how I felt. I said what I needed to say.”

“Well! That’s right! You did, and you know what, Tanaka is an idiot if he can’t see how great you are. So you’re better off anyway.” In this, you truly believe. Because in all honestly, you had already named both of their children; there was no way you saw this coming. How could Tanaka reject someone as cute and sweet as Fuka?? Aren’t athletes supposed to be opportunistic? What reason could possibly make him think he can do better than your best friend, the sweetest creature to ever walk the earth?
“I don’t blame him,” Fuka chuckles, “He said he has someone he likes already.”

“Wait, what?” Now that result was even farther from your vision of possible outcomes, because you wrack and wrack your brain, and suddenly want to slap yourself for forgetting.

How could you possibly forget the fact that he has the most gorgeous woman you’ve ever laid eyes on as his club manager?? This entire time, even you had been thrown for a loop at Shimizu Kiyoko’s unstoppable beauty when posing as Tanaka. And you knew with all the locker room gossip that he and Nishinoya regularly idolized her, and she had a few casual admirers in the rest of the club too. Of course Tanaka already had someone in mind, how did that possibly fly over your head this entire time??

“Oh my god, I am so sorry, Fuka-chan. I completely forgot that he might already like someone. I should’ve remembered and warned you about it.” You groan in genuine frustration, running a hand through your hair.

“Wait, you know who Tanaka-kun likes?” She asks curiously.

You breathe a rough sigh, “Yeah… I have an idea.”

“Uhm… well, what do you… think?” She hesitates to ask. It’s a weird way to phrase the question about who Tanaka likes, but you suppose you don’t need to think much of it.

“Well, I mean, she’s someone Tanaka has been around for a while, not to mention she’s probably the most beautiful girl I’ve ever seen. Also, she seems fairly unattainable, which I guess is even more attractive to bonehead guys sometimes.”

To your surprise, Fuka scoffs. “Wow. Okay that’s a bit narcissistic, [Name]-chan.”

“What? How? I’m being honest. Even as a girl, I think she’s objectively the prettiest girl I’ve ever seen. It’d be hard to compete with someone like her. I mean, not that I know her well, I’ve only met her a couple of times, of course! But Tanaka used to talk about her sometimes.” You try to cover up your loose ends.

“Wait, hold on a second. Who are you talking about, [Name]-chan?” Fuka takes a pause to ask.
You take another deep sigh before deciding. “Well, I suppose it’s fine to tell you. Just don’t tell Tanaka that you know, okay?”

“Okay…?”

“I’m guessing it’s probably their manager, Shimizu-senpai. Remember that really gorgeous girl who was helping give out water and towels and stuff during the practice matches?”

“The… manager?” Fuka repeats. You’re not sure what to make of the silence, to judge it as shocked or understanding or dreadful. And then you’re hit with another shock bomb: Fuka laughs.

And she laughs for a while. “Fuka-chan?”

The next minute it takes for her to settle down, your anxiety builds. What could she possibly be laughing at??

“Oh, [Name]-chan, this is golden.” She sighs, “I think I can understand Tanaka-kun a bit better now. Thanks.”

Wait, what? “What?”

“It’s nothing. But… I think I’ll be just fine. I’m glad I told him. And… I think things will be just fine. For all of us.”

“Okay…?”

“Either way, just know that I’m fine. Thank you for supporting me through this.” She says tenderly.

You are beyond confused right now, but you take a phrase you remember from a certain first-year you remember working with in the volleyball club to respond, “I don’t really get it, but if you say so, then I’m glad.”
Even after you hang up with Fuka, though, you’re lost. Completely lost. You have no idea what could’ve completely triggered Fuka’s change in mood when she had been all but crying when she had first called you. Obviously, you’re happy that she’s better now, but your mind is completely botched with questions about why Tanaka didn’t accept her confession too. Nothing makes sense, and now that it’s summer vacation, you’ll only get answers if you reach out to Tanaka yourself.

And that is a big no because even aside from the talking-to-your-crush-who-also-rejected-your-best-friend dynamic, he’s busy with training camp. You can’t bring about another distraction for him. He’s probably not right in the head right now either because he had the audacity to reject Fuka. What dude in his right mind would even think of such a thing??

Honestly, you had half a mind to storm back to school on their returning day from camp and demand answers from him then and there, but what happens between the two of them is their business. Even if it does involve your feelings. And… just because Tanaka isn’t going to propose to Fuka on the roof of a cafe and have two children with her doesn’t mean your heart hurts less.

Sure, it’s not nearly as sharp of a pain knowing you won’t have to pine over your crush-turned-your-bff’s-boyfriend, but knowing Tanaka likes someone still hits that part of your heart like a dull spike. Top that off with the fact that said best friend is now heartbroken, pain is coming at you through all kinds of channels.

So even though you planned to leave Tanaka alone about the matter — unless he decided to confide in you about it himself, in which case you wouldn’t be prying — you couldn’t stop thinking about it. Especially after that weird reaction Fuka gave you after you told her your guess about Shimizu. How she’s able to invite and hang out with you at a cafe like nothing has changed is beyond your scope of understanding.

Seriously, she didn’t even order an extra large parfait like she usually does when she’s sad. Though to your surprise, she didn’t shy away at all from the topic of Tanaka or romance or volleyball or anything of the sort. The way she talked about it, you’d think she had put it all behind her and moved on already. And it had only been a couple of days since her confession.

“Man… Tanaka-kun is so cool, you know? He was such a gentleman about it when he turned me down.” She sighs almost dreamily, scraping gently at her gelato with her spoon, “You’re so lucky, [Name]-chan.”

“Me?” You blink away from your own slice of cake, “Why?”

“I-I just meant, as a friend, you know?” She follows up, eyes suddenly back on her gelato like it’s
the most interesting thing in the room, “I’m impressed that you can be so cool around him. It’s a wonder you haven’t fallen for him too.”

“Ah,” you chuckle softly, scraping at your own cake now, “Well, he’s a great guy and all, but not for me.” You lie through your teeth, swallowing the fib with your bite of red velvet.

“Eh?? Why not!!” She shouts, surprising not just you, but several other patrons in the cafe. After a quick bow to the room, she turns back to you in a softer voice, “I mean, why not? If you think about it, you’re a much better fit for him than me, [Name]-chan.”

That makes you furrow your eyebrows. “What makes you say that all of a sudden?”

“Nothing! I just— I—“ She’s answering too quickly again. What the hell is going on? She seems to pick up that you’re onto her strange behavior, so she sits back in her chair with a sigh, “It came to me recently, [Name]-chan, that all this time I’ve been fawning over Tanaka-kun… I didn’t think about how you might have already been getting close to him because… you already liked him.”

“What?!” You quickly bow to the rest of the cafe this time for being too loud, “That’s nonsense. Tanaka and I are really just friends, nothing more.”

“That doesn’t mean you can’t have feelings for him too.” She shrugs, “And I was too caught up in what happened when he saved me that… I didn’t notice how happy and talkative you got whenever Tanaka-kun was around.”

“That’s not— When have I ever…??”

“Come on, [Name]-chan. I’ve already been turned down. You can tell me. I promise I won’t be upset.”

You stare at her for a good few moments, wondering if you should take every word she’s saying at face value. Will there really be no repercussions for you being honest with your friend? Isn’t this too soon for her? Too soon for you? Too soon for you? Do you really want to face this… truth that you’ve been hiding from all this time?

“Well, if you don’t like him, it’s not a big deal either.” She relents, “I just didn’t want you to keep it in if that’s how you really felt.”
You want to feel relieved when she leaves it at that and returns to her softening gelato, but the truth of the matter is that you don’t. “No, Fuka-chan, wait…”

She waits patiently as you take another breath, with a weird glint in her eye that resembles excitement. “I... You’re right. I think I like Tanaka.”

“Uh huh?” She leans in. Really, why doesn’t she look so excited about this?

“Well, we just got closer in such a rapid time frame. It was impossible for me not to see his good points, whether it was for volleyball, or helping me, or... my best friend.” How can you paraphrase that he played every part of your life exactly as you coached him to without complaint or compromise? “I avoided it for a long time. Maybe because you had already realized you liked him before I did, and I didn’t want to get in the way of what could have been a good thing.”

“[Name]-cha—“

“No, it’s fine. It’s true.” You sigh again, “Even until now, I didn’t want to face the reality that I liked him. I haven’t even said it aloud until now.”

She takes your hand in hers, smiling fondly at you, “Well, I’m proud of you then. It’s not always easy to admit that you like someone.”

“Tell me about it,” you scoff, “You’re really amazing, Fuka-chan. While it took me this long to even admit it to myself, you’ve already gathered up the courage to go up to him and tell him how you feel.”

“Well, I never felt that way about someone before.” She shrugs, “I felt like if I waited too long, I would go stir-crazy from holding it in. So now that I’ve told him, I feel a lot lighter.”

“Really? It was that easy?”

“Well... no.” She admits, looking away for a moment, “Actually, the main reason I can be so accepting of this rejection is because of what Tanaka-kun told me. Like I said, he was a real gentleman about it.”
“What did he tell you?” What could he have possibly said that would have your fragile-hearted, strawberry mochi of a friend bounce back so calmly from a heartbreak?

“Mm… let’s just say that I support him and what he wants.” She smiles a fond, accepting smile, “Same goes for you. I’ll always support you, no matter what.”

“Uhm, thanks, I guess.” You laugh, “That’s very mature.”

“Well, you know me.” She flicks her hair back, making you laugh again.

When you both finally leave the cafe, it’s in good spirits. You spend the remainder of the afternoon browsing through shops around town, spending more money than you should be, enjoying the full day to yourselves. At one point in a clothing shop, Fuka insists that you try on some bright sundresses, but when you refuse, she whines, “Whyyyy~? You tried them on last time! And you looked so cute!”

“I did?” You wrack your memories for the last time you went shopping with Fuka and—Shoot, that must’ve been when Tanaka went with her. He didn’t know that you strayed away from girlier clothes at the time. You decide to be lenient today though, and try on the handful of dresses Fuka picks for you. It’s better than just standing outside waiting for her anyway.

When you’re pulling your pants off to change, your phone falls out of your pocket. “Oops,” when you pick it up, you see on the lock screen that you have a message from Tanaka.

Tanaka Ryunosuke [17:37]: ‘Hey, do you have time today? I have to tell you something’

You stare at the message with furrowed eyebrows for a few seconds, wondering what this could be about. You quickly text back asking when before pulling on the dress. You spend the next half hour in the store dressing up and down in different clothes, but nothing really looks good enough on you for you to buy. And while shopping, you agree to meet Tanaka after you’re done hanging out with Fuka in a few hours.

“Who’re you talking to?” Fuka asks as she returns from the counter after paying for her purchase.
“Hm?” You look up from your phone and tuck it away after sending the message, “Ah, it’s Tanaka. He says he wants to meet.”

“What?? Today?! When?!” She bends down and looks up in excitement.

“Uh… later tonight? When he’s done with practice and we’re done hanging out, I guess.”

Then she grabs your arm, looking serious. “How. Much. Time.”

“I don’t know! Like, two hours?”

She shrieks, “Let’s go! There’s no time to dally around!!”

“Wait— Fuka-chan?! Fuka-chan!” You shout as she drags you out of the store and to what you will soon realize, is your doom.

Tanaka waits at the park bench with sweaty palms in his pockets and a rapidly increasing heartbeat as he thinks about what he’s going to say when he sees you. Asking you to come out here to meet him — after dark, even — was completely on whim after freaking Ennoshita of all people talked some sense, which snowballed into courage, into him.

The entire training camp had turned into a tangled knot of drama and tension when Hinata made some big announcement about wanting to spike his signature quick with Kageyama without closing his eyes. And then there was that whole collision with Asahi and now the first-years are fighting and there’s all kinds of internal conflict going on in the team.

And on top of all of that, Tanaka had girl problems tumbling into the mix. It had been impossible to keep quiet about his first declined confession to his teammates when they knew he had gone out to meet Fuka before the bus ride to Tokyo. They made that first hour into the commute an endlessly loud commotion, but as proud and envious and happy for him as his teammates were, he couldn’t help but feel torn about the whole thing.
He spent a lot of the ride up staring out the window, thinking. Thinking about the confession, what he said after the confession, and how he would move forward from here. Because he knows, after having played volleyball for this long, that the only way to go is forward.

He remembers how his heart would flip even when you would put moves on him back when you were in his body. He had assumed it was just an effect of the situation at the time, but there had been a flutty, face-warming effect to it that he hadn’t understood. But as the days went on, and his heart started leapng higher in his chest when he saw you, it became clear to him what he was feeling for you.

And the more unmistakable his feelings became, the more complicated the situation seemed to become, as you started avoiding him occasionally, making room for Fuka in the conversation, and altogether just pushing her towards him, he realized. And now he realizes you were probably doing that because your friend had a misinformation crush on him, now that she’s actually come out and confessed to him.

What he didn’t understand, however, was why you would do that when you knew that her feelings weren’t built on genuine interaction. The whole reason Fuka started to “like” him was because you had saved her while in his body. Were you trying to encourage her to like him despite that? Did you think she’d grow to genuinely like him for him? Or maybe… you were diverting his attention to Fuka because you didn’t like him?

That could be it. You didn’t like him and you didn’t want to hurt his feelings so you just avoided him and pushed Fuka towards him instead, hoping he’d start to like her? It was crazy logic, but not impossible. The prospect of it still hurts him though. Would you really go that far because you didn’t like him??

He had tried to shift his focus away from that during the training camp, but then everything snowballed downhill and practice back home has still been tense. Not just for the first-years, but for everyone. He’s been doing his best to keep the mood up, but even he has his limits when his mind is filled with complicated thoughts about you.

To his surprise, that’s when Ennoshita had popped up during individual practice and questioned him, since apparently he wasn’t acting himself.

“It’s about [Surname], isn’t it.” He had stated rather than asked.
“When the hell did you start addressing her without an honorific, Ennoshita you bastard??” He had shouted back.

“So it is.” The fellow second-year confirmed. “Let me guess: You’re afraid to tell her how you feel because her best friend just confessed to you.”

“T-That’s— The hell do you know, man?? I never said that.”

“Tanaka, I saw her helping you practice before that practice match against Tomiya. I’ve never seen a girl genuinely happy to be around you before. You usually scare them off early with a creepy nose flare or immediate declaration of love.”

“What?!” He saw that? That was still when you were both in each other’s bodies. But… he had a point. Switched or not, happiness was hard to mistake when it was caught candidly. “That was when we were— when I was in my slump. She was just helping me. I don’t know how she actually feels.” He admitted with a sigh.

Ennoshita pats him on the shoulder with one hand, “Well, if it was possible for one girl to develop feelings and confess to you, who says it’s impossible for another girl to like you?”

“What was that?!” Tanaka yelled.

“But from what I’ve seen between you two, I’d say it’s worth a shot.” He had left it at that to return to his practice.

So after a burst of guts led him to send a message asking you to meet, he’s been waiting at this park bench for an hour now, thinking over and over what he’ll saying to you when you arrive. It’s approaching the designated time you said you’d come, and he’s got a vague idea of what he could say to you. Whether he can actually follow it through is another question.

“Tanaka?” Your voice calls from a few meters away.
Shit. You’re early.

He doesn’t know if he feels dizzy because he stood up far too quickly, or because you look absolutely drop-dead beautiful. You’re wearing a baby-blue, button-down shirt dress, cinched at the waist with a thin, brown belt. Your hair is tied down along one shoulder in a flattering braid, and you’re wearing sandals and wrist accessories that match your belt. It’s a very mature ensemble that he has definitely never seen you in before, but is very fitting. And so very beautiful.

“H-Hi!” He manages to choke out as you approach, “You look very beautiful!” He blurts out naturally, too used to shouting out compliments to his manager.

“T-Thanks!” You shout back, your cheeks flushing. That’s when he notices you’re wearing a small touch of makeup too. “Fuka-chan wanted me to be dressed up when I met you for some reason.”

“Ah…” He chuckles shyly. Fuka-chan!!! Such a sweet girl!!! “Well, uh, you want to have a seat?”

“Okay,” you agree, sitting on the bench first without a beat. Tanaka just follows your action slowly, trying to buy just a few more seconds of mental prep time.

However, it seems he let those seconds drag out too long, because you’ve broken the silence first, “So how was the training camp? Did you get to see Tokyo Tower or anything?”

“No… we saw some regular transmission towers though. We’ll see the real thing next time! Maybe…”

“Maybe’? What’s the point of going to Tokyo if you’re not going to see some cool capital city things?” You scoff playfully.

“It was a training camp! Plus we weren’t really in the city. We were in Saitama. But it was a freaking killer weekend.” Before he knows it, he’s fallen into casual conversation with you almost too easily. By the time he realizes it, he’s been chatting and laughing with you for twenty minutes. And he only realizes he’s gotten off track because you bring it up first.

“So what did you want to tell me about anyway?”
“Oh, right!” Shit. He got so caught up that he’d practically forgotten his entire purpose in basically summoning you here. Though strangely enough, he almost wishes he could put it off for just a while longer… He didn’t realize it before, but he’s missed this. Just sitting and talking with you like there’s nothing else to think about.

But no, he has to go through with this. He has to just take a deep breath and—

“I like you!”

FUCK.

FUCK. Fuck. FUCK.

“Heh?” Your jaw falls a bit.

“No, wait. Shit. Sorry. I didn’t mean that. No, wait! I did! But like, not like that! No— I mean—! Can I start again?!” Tanaka splutters to organize all those thoughts he had so carefully organized before this. Where are they now?? Why didn’t he put them in a binder or something?!

“Oh-Okay.” You agree.

“Really?! Okay!” He scrambles again, clearing his throat excessively to buy just a little more time. Before he takes a deep, calming breath and settles for, “No, actually. Yeah, I like you.”

You blink at him cutely for a few more seconds before bursting, “What?! Tanaka, what the hell are you saying right now?!”

“You heard me. It’s that simple.” His heart is beating, but his head feels this strange wave of calm settle through his body, ironic as that is. Like he’s getting himself back together for a tough rally. “Look… I’ve been trying to wait for the right time to tell you this, which has been hard even before what happened with Fuka-chan. And… I don’t exactly know what your feelings are, but I can’t keep drawing this out anymore. We’ve been tiptoeing around it since before we even switched back.”

“What do you mean by that?”
“[Surname], I like you. I’m pretty sure I started liking you when we switched, when you would go to all my practices for me, and be kind to my family, and take up all my responsibilities despite how hard they were. Honestly, I couldn’t ever ask any girl to do for me what you did, or expect them to work as hard at it as you did.”

“Of course I did, Tanaka. How could I not when you were doing the exact same thing for me? It only made sense.” You reply softly, though you’re not looking directly at him, which makes him hopeful that you’re still willing to listen to what he has to say.

“It’s not just that though! I know that the switch turned our lives upside-down for a while. But I’m actually really glad it happened, because I got a chance to get to know you. Even after we switched back, I can’t think of anything I’d rather be doing than sitting here on this bench talking with you.”

You bring your hand to your chest with a dramatic gasp, “What about volleyball?!”

He wants to be serious about this, but he can’t stop his face from lighting up at your humorous tug at the conversation, “I can’t play volleyball properly if all I’m doing is thinking about you.”

“T-Tanaka!” That stops you, bringing out that slightly tsundere side of you that he enjoys seeing. The cute, shy side that occasionally pops out from within your fearless, capable personality. A part of you that only Fuka and he have really come to know and cherish, and that he kind of wants to keep for himself.

The entire scene is so sweet, absolutely everything he could have ever wanted out of a shoujo manga type of confession: the sky fading in hues of orange and purple, your pretty face slightly framed by the shadows of the leaves and branches of the tree you’re sitting under, and the tint of red that swells brighter and deeper along your face and ears as you listen to him. All he could possibly need is an answer from you — preferably in the form of you hiding your face in your hands and returning his feelings.

“I thought you turned Fuka-chan down because you liked Shimizu-san.”

It’s like he can hear the car tires screeching before shattering through his thoughts and expectations when you say that. “What? What made you think that?”

“You told Fuka-chan that you liked someone else, so I just assumed it was Shimizu-san since
Nishinoya-kun would always expect me to gush with him about her.”

“I told Fuka-chan that I liked you.” He admits slowly, softly.

“You— You told her— And she— Wait a minute.” You turn forward in your seat and put your fingers to your temples, collecting your thoughts. “Fuka-chan knew??”

He gives you another moment, in which you seem to be piecing everything together on your own. “Is that why she made me get all dressed up? Did she know what you were going to tell me tonight?!”

“No, I didn’t tell her about tonight. But I guess she made a good assumption.” Tanaka smiles with a shrug.

“But— But she… And you… But Fuka-chan likes you.” You say.

“Maybe. But I like you.” Tanaka says back.

“Why?”

Tanaka sighs because you look like you genuinely don’t have an idea why he would like you. Or maybe in your mind, choose you over Fuka, who you’ve always thought of as the more desirable out of you two. “I could write a book of reasons, but I guess if I had to completely over summarize it, I’d say it’s because I like being with you. I know I don’t have a lot of experience with girls, but I know that I’ve never enjoyed being around anyone as much as I have with you.”

You still don’t seem to get it judging by the look on your face, so he continues, “You’re smart, passionate, confident, funny, kind, your laugh is beautiful, your face is beautiful, and I’ve been in your body long enough to know it’s beautiful beyond words. And just… I can’t help it, it was just natural for me to start liking you after a while.”

You’re looking down at your hands in your lap and pressing your lips together, and Tanaka is starting to get nervous. He’s said pretty much everything he needed to say, and he was pretty confident earlier. He hadn’t even tried to fathom what would happen if you rejected him, which he’s starting to worry more about now that you won’t even look at him. Do you really not like him back?? Oh god, he must look pathetic then.
“But uh… if you don’t feel the same, I understand.” He sits back.

There’s a thick silence for a good minute or so, which honestly feels like it’s stretched into a few weeks already in Tanaka’s head. So when you finally decide to speak again, he feels like he can finally take a breath, “I do like you.”

“You do?!” He shouts before he can stop himself, “I mean— sorry. Go on.” He means to stop then, but he can’t help the second outburst either “But you do?!”

You chuckle and nod down at your lap, “I do… And, if Fuka-chan knew and still did all this for me,” You gesture down at yourself, “Then I’m guessing she’s okay with it.”

“Looks like it.” Tanaka tries to keep his cool this time.

“But is it really okay?” You sigh, “Won’t Fuka-chan be hurt if I start going out with the boy she confessed to? Wouldn’t that make me a bad friend?”

That one takes Tanaka a moment, since he doesn’t want to give you an answer that sounds like he’s pushing his own agenda, but he also doesn’t want you to make your decision for others. “You know, in volleyball, we’re faced with decisions to make at every second. And any decision we make can lead to any outcome, we can never predict how it’ll turn out. Will my spike go through? Will it be in bounds? Will I get blocked? Should I pass? Which spot on the court gives me the best shot? Who else might be in a better position to score right now? There’s a lot to take into account, and even with tons of practice, you never know what’s going to happen. And I’m rambling a lot right now but…”

Tanaka had been speaking more and more rapidly as he went on. Maybe the volleyball metaphor wasn’t the best way to go about this. “Anyway, whatever decision we make has endless possible outcomes. But I’d like to think that we trust ourselves — and our team — enough to at least be confident in them.”

You seem to need another moment, but to his delight, you scoot closer to him. And finally, you look at him!!! Full in the face!! Though you’re a bit shorter than him so he has to tilt his head down. “Okay. Then… I’ll be confident enough to keep liking you.”

“Really?!” Tanaka grabs your hand in his before thinking about it. Maybe he should work on controlling his impulses more, but he can’t control how goddamn happy he is right now. Because if
“Really.” You nod, flit your eyes away for a moment, then look back up at him, “Can I kiss you?”

“O-Oh! Uhm— okay, hold on. Can I—“ You don’t wait for him to get that piece of gum he was reaching for, just bring his face down to press your lips against his. Just like you had once before in hopes of catalyzing some sort of body switch magic.

If he’s truly honest, he had enjoyed it then. But now that he’s in his own body, facing you in your own body, actually getting to feel your lips with his own, this is really exponentially better. Your lips are soft, your hands are small, your skin is plush, your body is warm, and Tanaka can envelop all of it in his own arms.

What he thought was heaven before when he was frolicking around in your body? Really just another plane of earth compared to how it feels to be able to scoop you into his arms and kiss you with all his might. He’s not at all experienced, and all his adolescent years pining after the idea of girls and having a cute girlfriend has probably wound up his body with all the young teenage boy emotions and hormones to the point of implosion.

He realizes that he’s gripping you a little too tightly when you pull away, gasping for breath and asking to be let go. “Sorry! Shit, sorry! Oh my god, I’m sorry.” He practically throws you back across the bench and scurries to his own side to give you space.

“It’s okay.” You laugh, turning back to him but not moving from your spot, “Do you want to try again?”

Tanaka’s face lights up and his heart jumps high in his chest as he returns to your side, wrapping you back in his arms and leaning in to kiss you once more.

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It is absolute agony having to wait until the post-game ceremonies are over for you to run up and congratulate the team. But when it’s your turn, you all but sprint down the stairs to meet them on
their way out. Actually, you’re also kind of screaming as you run up to them and body slam your boyfriend with flight and force that would make Nishinoya proud.

Luckily for the both of you, Tanaka was prepared for this, and he managed to divert your momentum by catching you and spinning you in the air once before coming to a stop. “You made it to nationals!! Again!!! I can’t believe it, you guys are so amazing!!”

“Ryu!!! You were way too cool out there!!” Saeko joins in on the hug and laughs and gushes with you, to Tanaka’s discomfort. But he seems happy about it anyway, especially when Fuka comes up to offer her own congratulations to him and the rest of the team.

“Wow, Ryu. You’ve turned out to be quite the ladies’ man, haven’t cha??” Saeko punches him in the chest after you’ve relinquished him from your hold. “Look at all these cute girls running up to you! [Name]-chan here was so loud during the game.”

“I— No, that’s not—!!” He’s immediately pink. It’s hilarious to you how Tanaka used to vie for this kind of attention from girls, but he turns into a blubbery mess once he actually gets it.

“You’re the one who brought the taiko team, Saeko-san.” You quip back, laughing amiably with her. Even when you were back in Tanaka’s body, you got along with the girl. But after you had been officially introduced to her as yourself, you got along like soul sisters. She and everyone else took spectacularly to the news about you two.

You and Tanaka hadn’t been dating for that long when the team first found out. It was probably right before the team was going to leave for nationals in Tokyo last year that some of the club members caught you two swapping spit behind the gym. And maybe a month after that when Saeko caught you two making out in his room. And the following week was when you were introduced to the rest of the Tanaka family when — you guessed it — they caught you kissing by his house and they happened to be back home. Funnily enough, every situation involved a lot of tears, though none of them sad in the least.

At least everyone in Tanaka’s circle is that happy for him. Your family was… less enthusiastic when they met him, since he still has that delinquent look about him. They’ve come around slowly. You just have to remind them every now and then that he’s nicer than he looks in photos. And in person.

Though none of that has made it easier for you to make out wherever you want. It’s hard to help though, since Tanaka practically begs for affection like a puppy and you can’t resist how starkly adorable he becomes in front of you. Seeing this loud, potty-mouthed, yankii-looking, aggressive power spiker get shy and whiny for your attention obviously makes you want to kiss him!!
And kiss him you do. You save the longest and warmest of kisses for late nights in his room. You’re not above sneaking into his room to spend the night, and Saeko loves you so much that she doesn’t blink when she catches you two together anymore. Which happens more often than you’d like to admit, considering she doesn’t really knock and Tanaka’s sliding door has no lock.

You’ve got a lot to celebrate tonight though, so you’re not going to let anything stop you from congratulating your boyfriend properly for his win. You’re already sitting on his bedroom floor when he’s returned from the celebratory team dinner. And to your delight, he drops all his stuff and collapses into your lap to kiss and hug you upon his return.

After several long, slow, increasingly heated kisses, Tanaka finally pulls away long enough to rest his forehead on yours and say in a husky groan, “Hi.”

“Hi.” You smile, pushing back up to kiss him again.

“You look beautiful.” He glances down at your patterned navy dress. It’s tighter at the torso but has a flowy skirt, and most importantly, it’s easy to take off.

“Thank you. And you played so well today, my cool ace boyfriend.” You lay it on thick with the compliments, and just as you expected, he’s blushing and coughing and looking anywhere but at you as he tries to pretend to be modest.

“It was nothing that a man like me can’t accomplish.” He clears his throat, still not looking at you.

“Mmm? But there is no man like you.” You coo, caressing his face and feeling for yourself how much warmer he gets. “There is not a man in this world who is as cool as Tanaka Ryunosuke.”

He groans, unable to take any more praise as he lifts you by the thighs up to lie you on his futon. Then he just rests his weight on top of you as he hides his red face into your neck with lots of kisses. “What did I do to deserve you?”

“The same thing you did to make it to nationals a second year in a row: you worked so hard.” You stroke his head down to his neck, again and again, rewarding him with every form of affection you know. “And now, your hard work has paid off. You’re going to Tokyo. Again!”
He sighs happily into your neck before lifting his head to look down at you, taking in the sight of you lying so pretty on top of his bed, hair fanned out on his pillow, and looking up at him with the proudest, most loving grin. “I’m so happy.” He confesses, “I’m so, so happy. And having you with me makes everything even better.”

He leans down to leave a long, tender kiss on your lips, taking part of your soul to blend with his, “I love you.”

“Mhm,” you agree, “And I love you.”

There are a few more loving words exchanged between you two as you begin to peel each other’s clothes off layer by layer, but you’re only half listening to them. All you’re paying attention to is your strong, built boyfriend and his smooth, tanned skin. You want as much of it under your hands as you can touch.

This time, you’re seated on his lap, pushed as close to his chest as you can be. He bends his neck back to press more kisses to your mouth, and you rub his shoulders as you kiss back, melting at how smooth his skin is. He’s still a little musky since he played a long match and hasn’t showered yet, but you don’t mind. You want to share your own joy for his victory with him as soon as possible.

So you make sure to keep running your hands all over his back, chest, arms, abs — especially his abs — thighs, neck, sides, anything you can touch to show him how eager you are to worship him tonight. “You’re so sexy, Ryu-kun.” You giggle when he licks and nips at your neck, and he groans his response.

“You’re one to talk, beautiful.”

Tanaka has shown to be a delicate, catering lover throughout your relationship. He loves you beyond the moon and because he’s not always the best with his words, he makes sure to show you thoroughly with his actions and affections. He’s taken as much pride in learning all the sweet spots on your body as he has in his powerful straight spike.

His hands lay gently but firmly on your hips as he kisses his way across the expanse of your shoulders and collar. Though he loves your breasts too much to leave them alone for too long, so he moves one hand up to squeeze and massage at one while he takes the nipple of the other into his mouth. You sigh as his tongue flicks and presses around your breast and he moves in on your clit with his other thumb. Even at the sweet, languid pace he’s moving his thumb on you, he’s learned quite well how to stroke you into flames so that your entire body warms up from center to tips.
His hand is big enough to cover the expanse of your thigh even with his thumb tucked between your legs, and he presses into your skin and muscle, clearly in love with the texture and thickness of it against his palm. The hand that’s on your breast has started pinching and his mouth on the other has been nipping for a while now. Your lower lips have been pooling more and more wetness despite not yet having been touched yet, and you’re all but throbbing for Tanaka to put something in you.

“Agh, Ryu…” You gasp, hugging his neck to keep him pressed against your chest as you start bucking your hips into his finger. “A little lower…”

He heeds your call and slides his long fingers across your upper thigh to bring them to caress up your slit. He hums happily at your wetness, smiling proudly to himself as if he’s won another trophy, to which you whine childishly back in embarrassment. He comes up to kiss away the pout on your face, even making his way across your cheek to whisper in your ear. “You’re so wet.” He says predictably, as if it wasn’t already obvious that you’re becoming a dripping, whiny mess for him.

“I know…” You mutter, still pouting.

“So, what do you want me to do?” He shows you the smirk that really gets your pussy throbbing for him, and your next breath trembles as you suck it in.

No matter how many times you’ve slept with your boyfriend, you still get pretty shy and embarrassed when it comes to sexual teases. A drastic reversal of your relationship dynamic outside open doors. You’ve usually been the caretaker, more confident in who you are and what you want, reassuring Tanaka about one thing or other. But all that melts away when you basically turn into a baby in your boyfriend’s arms, whining and crying for love.

Inversely, Tanaka’s usual blushy personality in public, when you take him by the hand or surprise him with a kiss or you do anything even remotely romantic, gets swallowed up by his striking uptake of confidence when he manages to make you moan and come. He’s become a master of the slow tease, more than willing to take his time to watch you come undone by and for him.

“Mmm…” You whine again, feeling stupid as you do so but unable to help the super submissive reaction that comes right out of you. You just coax him into moving further by rubbing at his neck, gently caressing up behind his ears with your fingers. You know a few spots of your own.

The shiver you feel move through Tanaka’s body is rewarding, and he even lets up a little on the teasing. His fingers start dipping into the folds of your slit as they curl forward, “Like this?” He
murmurs in a criminally low voice, “You like that?”

“Yea…”

“Yeah? You want more?” He presses his forehead against yours, making it only slightly harder to see the pure delight in his smile.

“Yes.”

So through little exchanges like that, Tanaka’s fingers tickle their way deeper into your folds, dipping in and out of the entrance of your sweet, tight, wet cunt. He’s got an arm wrapped around your waist to support you as you start to bounce a little on his fingers. “Ryu… Ryu…!!” Your small shouts pick up speed as you climb closer to climax, unable to think of much more to say as you reach it.

“Yes, yes. Come for me, baby. You’re so pretty when you come for me.” He encourages you, curling and stretching his fingers inside of you to trigger your pleasure spots and bring you to high heaven. His thumb starts flexing around on your clit to drive you absolutely insane.

“Oh— Oh!!” You cry out when you come, throwing your head back and hugging Tanaka’s face into your chest as you ride out your high on his fingers. Your walls close in around his fingers, liking the squeeze, but needing something more. “Ah… Ah… ah.”

When he pulls his fingers out and brings them up to his mouth, you slap them away and take his mouth for your own. His slight surprise brings his hands back to your hips, leaving your own cum to smear down along your side. You kiss and kiss him until you can find your center again, with a calmer heartbeat and more air in your lungs. Though it’s not easy, taking into consideration how good of a kisser Tanaka has become.

So you try to distract him from teasing you further by taking his hard length into your palm and stroking. He curses in a blissful sigh, leaning back on his hands on the futon as you climb out of his lap and lie on your stomach between his legs. There is no way Tanaka’s victory would be complete without some congratulatory head, so you make yourself comfortable as you start with a small lick.

Starting at the top, you wrap your lips around just the head and suck, dragging your lips back until they close back together at the very tip. After giving the tip a swirl with your tongue and a slight dig into the slit, you repeat the action. Suck at the head and drag your lips to the top like he’s your favorite flavor of candy. Then again. Lick up the length of his shaft. And again. Take him an inch
deeper, drag back up again.

You go through this sequence and switch it up with a lick or suck at his balls or somewhere else on his cock for a good couple minutes, glancing at Tanaka’s pink face every now and then to see his patience has yet to crumble. Fine by you, you’re ready to do this until your jaw falls off tonight. You’re going to spoil him properly for scoring the big win, treat him so well that he won’t be able to stop bragging about you and how well you suck him off to all his friends.

Honestly, this facet to sex is more your forte. You get to show off how talented you are, and since your mouth is stuffed with cock, you won’t be able to let anything embarrassing slip out. And you can tell that Tanaka absolutely revels in it. He tries to make sex as pleasurable for you as possible, but he can’t turn you away when you bring yourself to your knees for him.

You can’t ever forget the first time you gave Tanaka head. You weren’t very good at it yet, but the experience was so novel and fantastical to him that he actually blacked out for a short minute. You know CPR but that didn’t stop your concern from coming out to slap him in the face several times to wake him up. It was so comical that you only save it for the most special occasions to use as ammo.

Look how far he’s come now though. Just sitting back on his futon, relaxed with legs spread wide, just watching you torture him with the softest ribbon caresses of pleasure like he has all night. He even brings a hand down to pet your head, letting you know how good of a job you’re doing. Even when you start to take his entire length into your mouth, he just lets you do as you please — though you do notice a strain in his grip as he’s doing his best to keep his hips at bay.

As much as you’d like to take it a step further and have him begging to fuck your mouth already, you will yourself to keep the pace. You take him down to the back of your throat, letting your lips skim the surface of his hips where it meets the hilt of his cock, and slide right back up, taking your sweet ass time. A low hum passes through your throat into his dick and Tanaka’s legs shudder around you, “Fuck…”

He actually does beg for it a couple of times, but you’re merciless, and you make him wait until you’ve milked him to a most satisfying completion — an orgasm that lasts up to a minute, with the help of the aftershocks guided by your tongue and mouth. And there’s not a drop to tell the tale. He had come in slower, thicker leaks that allowed you to swallow from him like sips from a glass of wine.

His voice drags out as long as his cum did, and you have half a mind to ask if he’s just exaggerating. But then again, you did just spend a good half of the last hour building him up and pushing him to some limits any lesser men wouldn’t be able to withstand.
Crawling back to the center of his legs, you come up to your knees for another long kiss. Tanaka pulls his hands forward to hold your face to him throughout the duration of it, kissing you like you taste even better than before. It’s slow-winding, romantic. Everything about this and Tanaka himself just blooms with appreciation and love for you, making it clear that he wants to enjoy this, to savor you and all that you are to him.

For how straightforward and quick he is to jump to conclusions in volleyball and just about anything else, he’s learned to take his sweet time with you. And you kind of like that maturity about him in the bedroom, so you deal with all of the questionable looks you get when Tanaka makes a scene about something or other. Just so you can keep it like a little secret to yourself. Because goodness knows that it’s no one’s business what Tanaka’s tongue does inside your mouth.

Before long, your boyfriend’s big hand is sliding down the length of your thigh to hook behind the back of your knee to drag it around his waist. He does the same for your other leg, effectively spreading you across his hips and lowering you to be closer for him to kiss. You moan softly as he drags his hands up and down your back, imprinting a heat along your skin as he peppers his lips across his collar again.

“God, I love you so much.” He groans, rubbing at your thighs again, unable to get enough of the milky smoothness.

“I love you too.” You hum with a coy smile, tilting your hips up for him. So he follows your lead and uses his hand to gently push the head of his newly hardened cock through your folds. The remaining length, he’ll let you sit on yourself. Just having the tip in makes you excited beyond belief, since he wasn’t the only one being built up during the blow job. So you sink down on him with a moan that reveals how long you’ve actually been waiting for this.

Tanaka moans too, resting his face in your chest for a breath — though you have plenty of reason to believe he’s just there because he enjoys it — and getting accustomed to the hot pleasure of your tightness. You take your time too, because even though Tanaka isn’t much larger than average in size, what he does with it goes beyond your comprehension of how to use a dick to fuck your woman. So you know you’ll be in for it if you don’t quickly make yourself comfortable with the stretch.

You start first, bringing your arms around his neck as a foundation as you roll and ride him out slowly. His hands stay obediently at your hips as he watches you move on top of him, his eyes drowned in lust and awe. Your wetness coats him in a smooth layer to slip around, making it easier for you to slide his cock in faster and deeper, and make your thighs burn at the effort.

It feels like he gets thicker and hotter inside of you as you keep bouncing, and it warms you from the inside out, turning your chest and cheeks pink. A thin layer of sweat forms all over your skin, and
your knees are screaming for you to give out, but you keep bouncing, keep riding. Partly because you can clearly feel your peak coming, but mostly because you can tell much Tanaka fucking loves seeing you on top of him like this: in such love and in need of his dick that you’ll turn yourself into a panting, sweaty, blushing mess for him.

“Ryu…” You whine, starting to slow because maybe your knees had a point.

And like he read your mind, you don’t have to say another word more, because Tanaka presses you to his chest and rolls over to lie you down on his futon. “Babe, you’re so good to me.” He kisses you, pushing himself back inside you in a last, achingly slow rut.

It’s the last of that pace you’ll enjoy for night, because once Tanaka picks up speed, he doesn’t slow down again. And you absolutely love it. Tanaka’s body, trained and built from years of volleyball, is lean and smooth in the perfect proportion. And though you can’t see it on the court, his hips are probably one of the most powerful parts of it. He thrusts into you so deep and so hard, it’s almost like a punch.

He has to hold your shoulders down in order to keep you from flying off of his futon as he just pounds and hammers into you without a hint of mercy. You had long ago told him to do away with it, because when he finally lets go of all his restraint and patience, that truly carnal and needy side of him comes out and loves you more intensely than you can even remember sometimes.

You take it all with encouraging pleads and your legs wrapped around his waist. His dark eyes, his intense expression, his deep growl, his bruising grip, his unstoppable strength, his blinding speed, and his thick cock that moves so fast and hard inside of you that you can’t keep up with when he’s there and when he isn’t. “R-Ryu!! Agh-gh!! Yes, yes.” Your voice trembles not from your own pleasure, but from his jackhammering speed that shakes your throat like you have hiccoughs.

It’s beyond you how he can go at this pace, hitting spots inside of you over and over again, and still somehow keep you hostage for orgasm for longer than usual. Are you just that worked up? Or does he just know your body that well? He pounds into you for twice as long as he usually does before you actually start to feel it coming, effectively dragging out your pleading and tortured cries. He tells you he knows, he knows, but why isn’t he doing anything about it?

Until he finally does angle himself a little lower to hit you harder, higher, right in the spot that sends stars into your eyes. You cry out something — you really can’t hear yourself at this point — and he says, “Wait for me. Wait and come with me.”

You whine, wanting anything but that, but loosen your stomach muscles anyway to relieve some of
the tension you had been working so hard to build. He thrusts and thrusts and thrusts until finally, finally he kisses you and brings a hand to your clit to carries you back along the path to orgasm again. And it hits you almost too quickly — you don’t even remember it coming. You’re just suddenly swallowed and drowned by a tidal wave of pleasure like you’ve been swimming in it this entire time.

If you were in your right mind, you’d be really apologetic to Saeko right now if she’s still in the house, because your voice is coming out in volumes and tones that you don’t even recognize as your own. However, you’re floating in a bed of clouds that muffle all your other thoughts right now. Firm, tan, sinewy clouds that wrap around your body and hug you close and coat you in the smell of sweat and victory and satisfaction.

Tanaka’s cloudy arms hold you to him as he rolls onto his back and leaves your weight to rest on top of him. He always loves a long cuddle, even though sometimes you end up regretting the mess afterwards. But today, you’ll stay with him as long as he wants, “Congrats on the win, babe.” You kiss him again.

He kisses you back with a satisfied chuckle, “I’m already a winner.”

Chapter End Notes

istg i love fuka-chan, okay? she's gonna be fine.

catch me on Tumblr raving over s4 and probably natsuya

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