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HAIKYUU PROMPTS (REUPLOAD/CLOSED)

by Virus138

Summary

YAAAAAAAA 100 CHAPTERS DONE WHOOP WHOOP!!!!

Keep a look out for Haikyuu Prompt part 2 my loves ;)
And check out my original work!! <3

Notes

GUYS I AM CRYING
MY ORIGINAL HAIKYUU PROMPTS GOT DELETED
LIKE, IT'S NOT THERE
118 CHAPTERS
SO MANY KUDOS AND BOOKMARKS AND ALL YOUR LOVELY COMMENTS
GONE!

Honestly I've been crying for like half an hour but now I'm up putting the prompts back up. I don't think I'm gonna put the Christmas ones up because that's a lot of work. I have no idea why my prompts got deleted. The most believable excuse would be that I accidentally deleted it but how could I press delete and then confirm the deletion by accident? Maybe it got flagged, cuz of the pictures? I dunno, either way...

Please kudo this work guys, I was so proud of the amount of Kudos I got and now we're back at zero. I hope all you readers that read this before find this again, I'm so sorry this happened guys!!!
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Kuroo x Akaashi: 99
Kageyama tilted Hinata back, so he was lying down on the desk, his slim legs wrapped around Kageyama’s thighs. He’d have to move Hinata’s legs to take his trousers off, which pissed him off. He liked the feel and the weight of Hinata’s legs wrapped around him. During their meet ups Kageyama tried not to look Hinata in the eyes. He was one of the higher ranking generals in this region and a large portion of the army answered to him. Hinata was one of those soldiers and Kageyama much preferred to have the ginger think he was a cold and calm leader than an embarrassed young man. Hinata made him nervous in all the best ways but sometimes it made it hard to undo his belt buckle quickly.

Hinata was always the same – cautious, quiet and uncertain. Even now, after almost four months of this. While Kageyama was one of the best, Hinata still had a lot to learn. When he first arrived, Kageyama was pretty sure he didn’t meet 50% of the requirements – he was too short, too thin and prone to sickness. But he gave him a chance and when it was clear he wasn’t going to make it – go home in disgrace or be offered the chance to improve if he let Kageyama let out his frustration on him.

Hinata had thought Kageyama was going to beat him up. Sometimes the general wondered if Hinata would have preferred that.

“Come on, you know how this works,” Kageyama murmured, undoing the top button of Hinata’s camo jacket slowly. Those evenings were the only time he spoke softly and was gentle – all day he yelled at Hinata and beat him into shape but in the soft light of the candle in his room he could afford to be sweet.

“Sorry. I got distracted,” Hinata’s voice was quiet too as he pushed Kageyama’s hands away slowly and quickly unbuttoned his jacket all the way down, slipping it off his shoulders and onto the floor. He raised his brown eyes to Kageyama’s. The raven swallowed and grabbed his wrist, yanking him forward and against his chest to break the eye contact. He hooked his thumbs into the back of Hinata’s belt and drew them around, coming to the front and playing with the buckle all while Hinata leaned against him, his fingers working clumsily at Kageyama’s shirt. In one swift motion Kageyama drew the belt from the loops in Hinata’s trousers.

“Kageyama,” Hinata pulled his head away from Kageyama’s chest, shuffling backwards on the desk and looked up at his general, “why won’t you promote me?”

Caught off guard, the belt slipped out of Kageyama’s hand and hit the floor, “you’re not good enough-“

“I am,” Hinata snapped with anger that Kageyama was used to hearing on the training field, not in the private confines of his bunker, “Yamaguchi was a level lower than me, but he got promoted.
General Azumane said that it was your decision and there was nothing that he could do about it. So why won’t you promote me?’’

Kageyama gritted his teeth and shoved Hinata’s legs off his hips, yanking his pants down in an almost painful way. Hinata winced but clenched his teeth, knowing he crossed the line. No matter what they did, Kageyama was still his superior. He always would be, no matter how much Hinata wanted to kick him.

With the trousers discarded alongside Hinata’s clothes, Kageyama took care of his. The many badges on his jacket glinted as it fell to the floor. Shuffling out of his trousers took time that Hinata took to glance up and down his body. Kageyama had gotten more muscular around the arms and stomach area and his hair needed a trim soon. There was a new bruise below his collarbone.

Once he was mostly naked he pulled Hinata closer. He looked a little guilty when he pressed a kiss to Hinata’s forehead, running his hand briefly through his fiery hair.

‘‘I will promote you when you get better,’’ when it’s safe for you to have a higher rank.

Hinata nodded slowly, not wanting to make Kageyama angry again. It had been a long time since Hinata minded the things they did whenever Kageyama felt the need. Nowadays he looked forward to getting called to Kageyama’s office. He pulled his legs around Kageyama’s hips again and nuzzled into his neck.

Hinata glanced over Kageyama’s shoulder at the small but comfy looking bed – nothing like the bunks he had back in the bunkers.

‘‘How come we never do it on the bed?’’ Hinata asked before he could bit his tongue. Cuz he would get it dirty, cuz it was Kageyama’s private area-

Without a word Kageyama picked him up (or more like Hinata kept himself folded against Hinata by the sheer power of his legs) and walked over to the bed, dumping him on there like a sack of potatoes.

‘‘I didn’t know you wanted to,’’ Kageyama shrugged, ‘‘get under the covers.’’

Hinata gave a big grin, ‘‘oh, sweet!’’ he disappeared under the blankets like a little kid. They were soft, something he wasn’t used to. Kageyama dug underneath, couldn’t find him so he dived under as well. Hinata’s teeth flashed in the darkness as he grinned again, ‘‘ha, you fell for my bait!’’

Kageyama rolled his eyes and huffed affectionately, finding him in the dark and pulling him close.

‘‘You’re such a kid,’’ he said, smoothing his hands down his back, ‘‘I love you.’’

Hinata’s heart skipped a beat, even though he was used to hearing it now. Kageyama always chose specific moments to tell him – when it was dark and he couldn’t see his face, right after climax when Hinata was too tired to open his eyes or the moment before he slammed the doors in his face.

‘‘I love you too,’’ Hinata found his face in the dark and pressed a loud kiss to his lips, ‘‘you’re the best. When you’re not yelling. Or being stubborn. Or being mean or anti social or giving that weird smile-’’

‘‘Okay,’’ Kageyama nearly laughed, ‘‘I get it!’’ he pushed Hinata back and lay on top of him. He connected their lips again and Hinata smiled into the kiss.

‘‘I don’t really feel like doing anything today,’’ Kageyama murmured lazily against Hinata’s lips, his
hand rubbing circles onto his arm, “I want you to stay, though, obviously.”

“Seriously!?”

“Yes.”

Hinata hummed happily as Kageyama yanked the covers off their heads. He settled down, turning Hinata around easily and pressing against his back, hands winding around his waist. Hinata tucked one hand underneath the pillow, marvelling in the softness. Usually they did it and Kageyama took care to clean him and give him some caresses before sending him on his way. Or he drew him a bath and cuddled him in the water, but he never let him sleep in the bed before. To be fair, Hinata never asked. It was as warm and comfortable and soothing as he imagined. He could almost feel the tension and tiredness from the day of training drain out of him as his free hand curled around one of Kageyama’s wrists.

“I love you.” Kageyama whispered.

Hinata tried to turn but Kageyama hugged him harder, preventing the movement.

“Why won’t you look at me when you say it?”

“Cuz it’s embarrassing and I’m supposed to be your superior,” Kageyama grumbled, kissing his shoulder, “one day.”

Hinata sighed loudly, “who’s the kid now?”

“Wanna sleep on the floor?”

Hinata laughed, “love you too, general.”

Kageyama kissed the other shoulder, “I know, I’m awesome.”
Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kuroo (top) x Tsukki (bottom)
Prompt by: sins
Prompt: Kuroo find Tsukki, a drug addict, in an alleyway and takes him in

Kuroo walked past the alley and forced himself to keep walking. No doubling back – every person ever who doubled back got dragged into some crazy story; gangs, superheroes or a story about a rampaging serial killer. Oh, nope – Kuroo’s legs completely blanked the rational part of his brain and stepped backwards, his head turning to glance into the gloom of the alley. He was right – there was a person propped up against the wall. He tried to tell himself to walk on – it was probably a very dead person and if he got involved it’d end his volleyball career, and his apartment was too nice to lose it over a-

Fuck it; Kuroo’s legs were already pushing him into the dark alleyway. It was nigh time and there was no one around. Now darker thoughts were creeping into his head – what if it wasn’t a person at all. The UFO, a werewolf, a zombie…Kuroo had to remind himself that he wasn’t a child. He walked closer. Okay, it was definitely a human…unless it was a vampire. You never could tell nowadays.

The guy was tall, or at least he had long legs. He was sprawled on the floor, leaning against the wall, his legs open and limp. There was a half-drunk beer in his hand. His hair was greasy and matted together, his face streaked with dirt, but he looked like a kid. Definitely not over twenty four. Kuroo felt a pang in his chest – he felt for this guy. So young and already so ruined. But he was not taking him home. He was not taking him-

He had already picked him up and thrown him over his shoulder, not caring that he got his clothes dirty. The kid didn’t stir. Was he dead? Kuroo cursed his good heart and stupid ideas. This is what you got if you decided to go for a walk in the middle of the night. Thankfully his apartment wasn’t far away. Ten minutes later, when he walked through the automatic doors of the apartment his shoulders ached. The kid was skinny but he was tall, too.

Luckily most people were asleep so Kuroo could take the lift up to his apartment without running into someone important. The perks of being one of the highest paid volleyball players in Japan was that you got an amazing apartment. The cons – you occasionally bumped into the president, your favourite pop star or the English ambassador while going to the reception in your pyjamas. Kuroo could only wonder what would happen if he walked into the elevator with an unconscious body in the middle of the day. The prime minister would probably have a heart attack.

The kid was beginning to stir when Kuroo walked through the doors to his apartment. It was more of a suite than an apartment really – you walked right into a large livingroom with expensive leather sofas with one wall taken up by a huge window that looked out at Tokyo. The view was breathtaking even to Kuroo, who had lived in that apartment for a few years.

Feeling like his arms were going to give out, Kuroo dumped the boy on one of the couches and left to get a clean change of clothing for him. He sighed as he rummaged through his closet. He needed a bath and to sleep, probably. Kuroo had to check for injuries as well, and then make sure he did not
bring a serial killer into his house. It was all awfully troublesome.

Kuroo walked back into his livingroom with clothes in hand, and his eyes fell onto the empty couch, streaked with dirt. His mouth fell open and he was about to swear when he spotted the guy. He was frozen mid-movement, like he had bolted towards the doors, staring out of the window, a look of wonder on his face as he took in the view of Tokyo at night.

“Hey,” Kuroo said and the kid snapped out of it, running towards the doors. Thanking his coach for making him run laps around the gym, Kuroo shot across the room, jumping over the couch and catching the kid by the wrist. He didn’t even know why he did it – if he wanted to go, it meant less problems for Kuroo. But he felt sorry for him and apparently it was enough, “where do you think you’re going.”

The guy’s features were schooled into a scowl, “are you a cop?”

“No.”

The guy sniffed and suddenly lunged forward, knocking Kuroo back and shoving his hands into the pockets of his jeans, his fingers poking around wildly, looking for something. His hazel eyes were clouded and his teeth were gritted. Kuroo easily grabbed his wrists and put them in the air.

He raised an eyebrow, “druggie.”

“Am not.”

He grabbed the sleeve of his flannel and yanked it up, exposing a mud-streaked arm. No sign of injections. But he was sniffing. Cocaine, maybe?

“Name,” Kuroo demanded. The guy tried to yank his wrists away, “name, kid.”

“Fuck off. Let go.”

Without as much as a blink, Kuroo released one of his wrists and slammed his hand into his pocket, rummaging around. All sorts of things brushed against his fingers, wrappers, cogs…and then, finally, the hard plastic edge of an ID. Kuroo snatched it out before the kid could react. It took a second. Kuroo shoved him back. The kid fell down onto the couch and Kuroo consulted the ID.

Tsukishima Kei, Kanto University

“What do you wanna be called?” Kuroo asked the kid, who was glaring at him from the couch, “Kei, Tsukishima…? Okay, Tsukishima then.” He grabbed Tsukishima’s arm and yanked him up, easily turning him and pushing him into the bathroom. “Strip.”

“The fuck?”

Kuroo yanked the flannel off one of his arms quickly. The kid pushed him away harshly.

“Listen, kid,” Kuroo was losing his patience, “as far as I’m concerned I rescued you from dying in a gutter, so shut the fuck up and do as I tell you. Strip and get in the shower.”

Something dark passed over Tsukishima’s face but then he gave the fakest, sweetest smile Kuroo had ever seen and finished taking off his flannel. Cautious to turn his back on the druggie, Kuroo walked around to the shower area and grabbed a handful of shampoos and body washes. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Tsukishima take off his t-shirt and jeans and then, without even hesitating, his underwear. Kuroo schooled his features into impassiveness, not even flinching when Tsukishima
gave him a venomous smirk and climbed into the shower cabin, his eyes not leaving Kuroo’s for a second. It was a challenge.

Kuroo tossed the shampoo and shower gel at him and slammed the cabin doors shut harshly.

“Wash your hair properly,” he ordered, leaning against the glass doors and crossing his arms.

“Sure, sure,” Tsukishima said, his voice devoid of emotion. The water was turned on. Both men were silent. Kuroo watched Tsukishima’s blurry outline through the glass doors, wondering if he’d try to commit suicide. That’s what druggies usually did in situations like this, right? It was probably what Kuroo would do, but Tsukishima’s movements were calm and ordinary. He saw his blurry arms as they soaped his hair and ran down his body, rubbing his skin hard enough to bruise, Kuroo guessed.

Kuroo checked the watch around his wrist. Ten minutes. Fifteen.

“Oi, come out now,” he said. Tsukishima didn’t react. “I said come out,” this kid was getting on his nerves. Kuroo grabbed the handle of the cabin and yanked it open, exposing Tsukishima, “out you come.”

Before Kuroo could react Tsukishima grabbed the shower head and directed a spray of nearly-hot water in his face. Using the fact that Kuroo was momentarily blinded, Tsukishima jumped on top of him, shoving him to the ground. Lucky for Kuroo his head hit the shower rug and not the marble floor, though it still hurt like hell. With his head ringing he couldn’t fight back properly, and Tsukishima had no trouble pinning his wrists down. Kuroo blinked as Tsukishima lowered his face down so their noses were nearly touching. His hazel eyes were mostly pupil. He looked mad.

“Where is it,” he snarled, “where do you keep your shit. No way does a rich guy like you keep clean. What is it, huh? Steroids? LSD? Tell me what you have, you fucking-”

At first Kuroo didn’t register his words. His head hurt like hell, and he kind of couldn’t get over the fact that Tsukishima was blonde. Pale, damp hair curled across his temple. It almost made him look angelic. And he was much paler than Kuroo assumed – that ‘tan’ must have been dirt. He smelt nice, too.

Then everything sharpened and Kuroo heard Tsukishima’s words. Shit, so he was dangerous after all, and who knew what kind of drugs he took. As soon as Kuroo’s clear vision came back he growled and flipped Tsukishima over, a little more forcefully than he intended. Whilst they were practically the same height Tsukishima was practically all skin and bones, while Kuroo’s arms and stomach were cored with muscle. He pinned the blonde down, ignoring the curses that were thrown in his face. Tsukishima tried wildly to rip away from him but Kuroo kept him in place. He tried to lay down some ground rules and get Tsukishima to calm down, but he just kept kicking and screaming abuse at him.

Annoyed, Kuroo grabbed his arm and yanked him up, dragging the naked man through the livingroom and into the bedroom. He grabbed the chair from the desk and smacked it in the middle of the room, slamming Tsukishima into it. A quick glance around the room later Kuroo held a pair of fluffy pink handcuffs in his hand. They were something a previous one night stand had left behind – kinky, but effective. Kuroo forced Tsukishima’s hands behind him and cuffed them together. Tsukishima was jerking so violently Kuroo was scared he’d actually tip the chair over, so he dug around in his cupboard and tied his ankles to the chair legs with rope (where did he get the rope from?).

He really didn’t want to keep a random stranger tied up but if he let him go he’d probably wreck
havoc in his apartment. He wanted to talk it out with him but Tsukishima was in a raving state, so Kuroo simply shook his head and went to the kitchen, locking the doors.

He could hear Tsukishima ranting and screaming all night. Thankfully the walls were thick, so his screams didn’t carry far out of the apartment. Around 2am, when Kuroo was about to snap and fully go shoot him, he went quiet. Too tired to even investigate, Kuroo fell onto the couch and fell asleep. He woke around six am to whimper. Tired and still irked, he grabbed a glass of water and shuffled into his bedroom, wondering what he would find.

Tsukishima’s head was hanging down. His arms and legs were stiff and his whole naked form was trembling. Kuroo felt a pang of guilt. Maybe he’d earned getting put in a chair for the whole night, but perhaps not naked. Tsukishima raised his head when Kuroo came in. His eyes were glistening with tears.

“Shit, sorry,” Kuroo untied his legs and hands. The blond made no move to get up, just remained trembling on the chair. Kuroo sighed and heaved him up, moving him to the bed and trying not to stare at his naked body. He took the clothes from yesterday from the bathroom and wrestled Tsukishima into them, as the blonde blubbered.

“Look, I can give up if I want to. Really, I just need one last dose, please…”

Kuroo handcuffed one of his wrists to the headboard of the bed, “wait here.” He went into the kitchen and made him a cup of tea. He opened the fridge – nothing inside. He grabbed a few protein bars from the cupboard and came back to the bedroom where Tsukishima was whimpering to himself. He put the warm cup in his free hand and took a protein bar from its packaging. Tsukishima took a sip of the tea, tears running down his cheeks. It was such a pathetic sight that Kuroo really wanted to give him a hug. Instead, he took the half-full cup out of his hand and pushed the protein bar into it.

“Here, eat it. You’ll feel better.”

Tsukishima sniffed, “food doesn’t make it better. It’ll only make me sick.”

Kuroo sighed and put his hand around Tsukishima’s, pushing it towards his mouth, “give it a try. Just a few bites.”

Hesitantly Tsukishima bit into the bar. His face contorted as he swallowed, the bar falling out of his hand and onto the covers.

“Okay, I’ll get you something…better. Later. Drink the tea,” he gave the cup back to him, but Tsukishima did not bring it to his lips.

He stared at Kuroo with wide eyes, “something better. Do you mean…?”

“I mean food,” Kuroo said sternly, “normal food for a sick person.”

Despite the tears, Tsukishima snarled, “I am not sick. Let me go, I don’t need this.”

“You’ll stay here until you’re better,” Kuroo snapped. He didn’t know why he said it – he was pretty sure it was illegal to keep a man hand cuffed to his bed against his will, but Tsukishima seemed to hazy to realise that.

“No, you can’t, you can’t! I need my stuff! You can’t keep me here!” he was back to his raging state. He threw the cup to the floor, where it smashed and sprayed the carpet with tea.
Kuroo gave him a cold look and slapped one of the protein bars onto the bedside table, “you will eat this. After you’re better, you will clean this up.”

For the next two months, Kuroo kept Tsukishima in his apartment. He got sick with the food at first, but gradually he was able to eat yoghurt and fruit without puking, and then other foods. For a large part of the day he cried, slept or yelled abuse at Kuroo. On his good moments he was quiet. Kuroo liked it then; he would sit next to Tsukishima and talk to him. He started calling him Tsukki. He learned that he played volleyball in high school, and he had liked it. He was a smart guy and he got mixed up with drugs by accident. He never dealt. He did a few nights in jail for taking some. He did anything that got in his hands. He handled three jobs.

It took two months for Kuroo to gather all that because Tsukishima was rarely in a state to speak and it took a while to coax him into talking. He seemed to like contact, strangely enough, in his good moments. Kuroo would hold his hand sometimes, and then Tsukki would burst into tears and grip his fingers like his life depended on it. Kuroo didn’t mind. Sometimes he sat with him in the garden.

It was hard. Sometimes it almost seemed like Tsukki was recovered. He’d crack mean jokes and tease Kuroo mercilessly. But that could change. In minutes he’d be back to delusional ravaging, scratching at his head and crying like a child. He slept more, stared into space. He was weak. He threw up a lot and at night he shook so much Kuroo stopped cuffing him to the bed and begun cuffing Tsukki to himself, and sleeping with him in his arms. They both knew if Kuroo had left him where he found him, Tsukki would be long dead. Overdosed or malnutrition, maybe sick with a virus.

Tsukki didn’t want to hear about a doctor or a hospital and Kuroo suspected he had more trouble with the police than he let on. Kuroo googled everything he could, got him medicine, the best food, tried to distract him. He was in a bad place, and sometimes Kuroo hated him. He’d lose his temper and yell at him to shut up when he was hazy with fever and anger, or he’d leave him crying and lie on the couch, unable to sleep. More often than not, though, he’d sit by him and wait for him to rant until his throat was sore and he got placid and calm enough to be touched.

Kuroo would hold his hand and play with his fingers, or he’d lay down next to him and put his arm around him. Tsukki seemed to enjoy the contact. He’d fold himself closer to Kuroo and hold on to his clothing. When Kuroo was at practice he thought of him constantly. It was impossible to pin point the moment where he begun caring about him. At first it was pity. He felt like Tsukki was a wounded child whose only comfort was the small touches. Then, when he was angry, he took satisfaction in holding Tsukki down or forcing him into an embrace.

When he really couldn’t take his mood swings Kuroo would go further. He once forced kisses on him until he stopped swearing and screaming. Another time he had been feverish and murmuring his name during the night and Kuroo couldn’t stop himself. He slipped his hand under his t-shirt and touched his skin, his lips working hickeys into his neck. If Tsukki noticed the next morning, he didn’t comment. Sometimes when he was comforting him he’d kiss his forehead and sometimes…as if his lips had a mind of their own they’d slip lower to kiss his lips and sometimes even lower, to press against his feverish skin.

Kuroo made sure that Tsukki ate and drank enough and he even allowed him to take paracetamol when he said it hurt. Once, full of pain killers, he was super drowsy. Kuroo poured him a bath and then got in himself, holding Tsukki in his lap and letting him drift off against him. Sometimes he felt bad for the way he treated Tsukki – once he was kind and patient, the next he was angry and cold. Eventually Tsukki started craving his touched. When he was crying he’d crawl into Kuroo’s lap and press little sloppy kisses to his lips that made Kuroo’s heart melt. When he was ‘feeling ok’ and they could talk they did so with Tsukki lying on Kuroo’s chest. When he was angry and raving Kuroo
would either leave him alone to swear at the walls or kiss him roughly until he stopped. Tsukki was vicious then – he bit his lip and hit his chest with his free hand. Kuroo hated it when he was like that.

Four months later Tsukki was depressed more times than he was angry but Kuroo didn’t know if that was any better.

“I wasn’t like this before.”

“Hm?” Kuroo looked up from a manga he’d been reading on the armchair at Tsukki. The blond was curled up on the sofa under a blanket, watching TV. Or he had been watching it, till now. Kuroo took the remote and switched it off, “what do you mean?”

“Before I started…taking stuff, I was completely different,” a rare smile ghosted his lips, “stubborn and smug, that’s what people said. I didn’t show emotions easily. I liked myself like that. This,” he gestured to himself, “I hate this slobbering, angry mess I am. I bet you do too. It’s ridiculous for a stranger to have to take care of a burden like me.”

Kuroo dropped the manga on the floor and knelt in front of Tsukki, taking his face in his hands, his face stern, “Tsukishima Kei, if you say one more bad word about my Tsukki I will smack you.”

Tsukki smiled again, “so I’m yours now, huh?”

Kuroo grinned wolfishly and leaned their forehead together, “damn right.”

Tsukki’s face crumpled and his eyes filled with tears, “it used to be an experiment. I took one thing and then I needed more, and then I realised getting high or something is better than just getting through life and…” he sniffed and wiped away the tears angrily, “this isn’t me, I hate crying. I hate getting emotional, so why…”

Kuroo pulled his hands away from his face and kissed his nose, “hey. It’s bad, but it was worse, and it’ll get better. We’ll get through this. I won’t leave you alone with this. I won’t.”

Tsukki sniffed and nodded, despite the tears falling off his jaw. Kuroo stood up and extended his hand to him. Tsukishima let himself be dragged into the bedroom, wiping tears along the way.

“I’m sor-”

“Shhh,” Kuroo smiled at him over his shoulder and let him into the room first, “I think it’s time to sleep. Come on, strip. No handcuff today.”

More often than not Tsukki went to sleep without the cuff. Only if he threw a bad tantrum and got violent in the evening did he have to have it on. Tsukki obediently pulled his sweater over his head and wiped away the tears angrily, “this isn’t me, I hate crying. I hate getting emotional, so why…”

Kuroo took his shirt off and found his bed boxers. He pulled them on and tossed Tsukki’s nightshirt at him, smiling.

“Come on, you know the drill.”

But Tsukki was looking at him with hazy eyes. The nightshirt hit his chest and slid to the floor uselessly.

“Tsukki…”

In a flash Tsukki was on Kuroo. At first Kuroo thought he was attacking him but then he realised what was going on. Tsukki grabbed his face and crushed their lips together, kissing him roughly. Kuroo broke the kiss and searched his eyes.
“This you?”

“Yes.”

“Not the drugs?”

“It’s me, Kuroo,” Tsukki whispered, “promise.”

Kuroo exhaled shallowly and pushed Tsukki back onto the bed, crawling over him and kissing him heatedly. What he had fantasised about all those times, what he had nearly done when Tsukki was half-unconscious, it was finally happening.

Tsukki pressed his body against Kuroo’s, his hips rolling. Kuroo kissed his neck, growling against his skin. He wanted to leave marks, he wanted to take Tsukki right then, but he was scared. He was scared that Tsukki would go away and his addiction would come out, taking him over, so he went slower. He tasted his skin, savouring it, his fingers caressing his chest in a soothing manner. Tsukki’s breath gradually sped up and his fingers begun clawing at Kuroo’s shoulder as his kisses became rougher and harder.

Tsukki took his face in his hands and kissed him passionately and when he pulled away he had a crazy half-smile on his lips.

“Hey, will you give it to me?”

“What?”

His pupils dilated, “the drugs. I need them in my system, they keep me rooted. Please, Kuroo. I’ll do anything…”

“Oh, Tsukki, no…” Kuroo felt defeated. Five months had passed…It was like living with a possessed person – you never knew when the demon was gonna come out. He got out of bed and ran a hand through his hair, frustrated.

“No, no, wait!” Tsukki got up and grabbed Kuroo’s wrists desperately, “look, I’ll be yours for as long as you want. I’ll do what you want – I’ll have sex with you, I’ll love you. Kuroo. Kuroo, please, if you love me, if you like me…please… give me something, anything. I need it. I need…” his breath was ragged now, his eyes wild. He pulled Kuroo into a hug, his damp forehead leaning against his shoulder, “please, I need it. I need you. Please, Kuroo. For me. I love you. I love you so much. I love you…”

Kuroo gritted his teeth. Tsukki knew how to get to him. He pushed him onto the bed angrily, grabbed his wrist and chained him to the headboard.

“No!” Tsukki shrieked, “stop it, you’re mad! You’re a psycho! You can’t keep me chained up! Kuroo you bastard, let go! Let go! Fuck you!”

Without a word Kuroo left the room.

Kuroo woke up in the morning, on the couch, with a jolt.

“Kuroo, I’m sorry.”

His vision cleared and he saw Tsukki, kneeling by the couch, in clean clothes. He jumped to a sitting position, staring at Tsukki. Which one was it?
“How did you get out?”

“They’re not real handcuffs, Kuroo. They’re easy to break,” Tsukki looked like he was going to cry again. It was kind of a permanent look for him now, “I’m sorry for yesterday, Kuroo.” He reached out, hesitated, and pressed his hand to Kuroo’s face. Kuroo couldn’t stop himself from pressing his hand against Tsukki’s smaller one. He kissed his palm.

“it’s okay. We’ll get through this.”

Tsukki smiled shakily, “I meant what I said, you know. I love you.”

Kuroo smiled, “I-”

He blinked. Was it just him or…no, Tsukki was really getting blurry. It was like he was disappearing, and his apartment…

“what’s happening?” Kuroo asked, panicked, as everything around him seemed to blur out of existence.


Kuroo blinked and the world came into focus. But it wasn’t his world.

“Tsukki?”

The blond in front of him sighed and stood up, “I asked you not to call me that, Kuroo-san. It’s Doctor Tsukishima.”

Kuroo stared at him blankly. He was wearing a white lab coat. Kuroo himself was in a small bed, an IV drip connected to his arm.

“What…?”

“How are you feeling? Any better? How are the hallucinations?” Tsukki asked, noting something in his notepad.

“Hallucinations?”

“It’s drawback when you’re away from your drug for a while. You’re doing great, by the way. Five months since you’ve last touched Heroin.”

“What I…I don’t do drugs…” Kuroo said, confused.

“You don’t anymore,” Tsukki agreed. His face was devoid of emotion – cold and calculating, “but I see memory loss is a bigger problem.”

Kuroo gritted his teeth. This was weird. And annoying, “Tsukki, what are you saying? Why are we here? Did you do something?” he started to get out of bed.

Tsukki made a gesture for him to sit down, but Kuroo ignored him, “I see you’re not ready for chatting yet, Kuroo-san,” he took a syringe from the table and injected something into the IV.

“Tsukki, why are you like this!? We were just…I was just helping you…”

Tsukki smiled tightly. It didn’t look like a real smile, “no, I’ve been helping you, Kuroo-san. Don’t worry; we’ll get through this.”
His vision was going again.

“What did you inject…?”

He blinked and Tsukki was in front of him again.

“You…what?” the blond asked. A single tear rolled down his cheek.

“I…I…definitely prefer you like this,” Kuroo murmured.

“What are you talking about?”

Kuroo didn’t remember anymore so he shrugged and leaned forward, pecking Tsukki’s lips, “I love you. So much,” he opened his arms and Tsukki crawled into his lap, “don’t worry, we’ll get through this.”
Chapter Summary

Pairing: Oikawa (top) x Kageyama (Bottom)
Prompt by: tobiooooo
Prompt: During a one night stand after the Aoba Johsai/Karasuno match, Oikawa and Kageyama are having hate sex and Kageyama accidentally moans Hinata's name.

Oikawa was pissed, and it showed.

Kageyama had let his former senpai do this and that before, mostly so both of them could let out frustration. Oikawa had given him his first hand job when he was graduating from junior high. Kageyama blew him after the practice match against Aoba Johsai and he made sure to bit once or twice. But they had never gone all the way.

Oikawa usually stayed composed during their rendezvous. Sometimes he tugged on Kageyama’s head harshly or gripped his wrist too tightly but he remained teasing and amused through their encounters. As for Kageyama he blushed if Oikawa touched him and other than that he kept a straight face. They were enemies after all.

The last match of the day of the spring high tournament – Aoba Johsai vs Karasuno, and Karasuno had won. They had just fought and won the chance to go against Shiratorizawa Academy and go to nationals. Oikawa was angry. He didn’t even bother pretending differently. Once Karasuno arrived back at the school they all waked together and split up one by one. As soon as Kageyama turned the corner he bumped into Oikawa, who glanced at him with a chilling expression, grabbed his wrist and dragged him off in an unknown direction. Kageyama stayed silent – it was pretty obvious that Oikawa had gone his way after getting back to Aoba Johsai in hopes of bumping into him.

“Where are we going?” Kageyama asked finally.

Oikawa didn’t reply. Kageyama tried to pull his arm from Oikawa’s grip but the older boy was stronger. Oikawa kept turning into streets so it was impossible to keep track of where they were going. Finally he stopped in front of a non-descript house and fished out keys from his pocket.

“Text your mom,” he said coldly, “and tell her you’re staying at a friend’s house tonight.”

Kageyama frowned, “you’re being weird. I’m going home.”

Oikawa turned. His eyes flashed, “text her, or she’ll be worried where you are all night.”

Kageyama got a chilly feeling that Oikawa wasn’t going to let him go so he obediently took his phone from his pocket as Oikawa unlocked his doors. His house was dark.

Kageyama put his phone away, “where are your parents?”

“They went to visit my older sister,” he said quietly, holding the doors open for Kageyama. It was too dark to see his facial expression and it didn’t look like he was turning the lights on. Kageyama took off his shoes. He felt nervous. “The bedroom is down the hall,” Oikawa said in a low voice. Kageyama shivered and Oikawa made no move – it looked like Kageyama was meant to go first.
His bedroom was as dark as the rest of the house. Kageyama flinched when the doors were slammed shut behind him. He turned just as Oikawa was locking it.

"Oikawa, you’re being weird." Kageyama said bluntly, doing his best to glare at the older boy, "I get that you’re pissed-"

Suddenly Oikawa grabbed him by his polo shirt and pulled him in for a rough kiss. It was messy and uncontrolled. Kageyama shoved Oikawa away.

"Chill out, Jesus. And keep your damn lips away from mine."

Oikawa glared at him, "I’ll do what I want, Tobio-chan." He grabbed his wrist and pulled him in again.

Kageyama managed to avoid the kiss, pressing his hand against Oikawa’s lips, "I said, keep-"

Oikawa swiftly turned them around and pushed Kageyama against the wall, grabbing his other wrist and pinning both to the wall. Slowly and deliberately Oikawa tilted his head and pressed his lips to Kageyama’s. This time the kiss was slower and deeper. It didn’t last long and after Oikawa pulled away he hovered close enough that his lips brushed against Kageyama’s ever once in a while. Slowly he let one hand fall from Kageyama’s wrist and to his jeans, undoing the button expertly. His fingers slipped right in, pulling Kageyama’s half-hard length out. He quickly pumped it to full erection.

Kageyama bit his lip. His pinned hand curled into a fist, the other one closed over Oikawa’s wrist like he should stop him but didn’t want to. For once Oikawa didn’t make any teasing remarks and simply moved his hand over Kageyama’s erection until a muffled moan escaped his lips. Oikawa went faster and Kageyama gritted his teeth, leaning his forehead against Oikawa’s shoulder.

Oikawa’s lips quirked up in a half-smile. His thumb brushed over the head of Kageyama’s dick. The setter jerked and squeezed Oikawa’s wrist. He was close and Oikawa knew it. It seemed that his wrist couldn’t get tired as he went even faster, nearly driving Kageyama over the edge. And then he stopped.

"Wha…What are you…?"

"Beg." Oikawa said icily.

"Are you serious-" Oikawa released his throbbing member all together, "fine, fine. Please. Please finish."

"Teasing you always makes me feel better, Tobio-chan," Oikawa laughed and grabbed his dick. It was almost painful now. A mixture of pleasure and pain built up and soon Kageyama was gasping and moaning, his face hidden in Oikawa’s shoulder. Finally, with one final movement, Kageyama shivered and was overcome with bliss.

"H-Hinata…" he moaned as pleasure overtook his senses. He shuddered and came in Oikawa’s hand. The bliss didn’t last long enough and he quickly peeled himself away from Oikawa, who hadn’t moved. Kageyama looked up at him. His eyes were dark.

"What did you just say?"

Kageyama frowned, "I didn’t-"

"You called chibi-chan’s name, didn’t you?" Oikawa’s eyes narrowed, "I’m not your stupid little
Hinata. I’m Toru Oikawa and I’m about to fuck you so hard you won’t ever dare to call his name again when you’re with me.”

Kageyama swallowed thickly, “it just happened…”

“Yeah, this is gonna ‘just happen’ too,” he pulled Kageyama away from the wall and pushed him onto the bed. Before Kageyama could even sit up, Oikawa grabbed his trousers and yanked them off.

“Stop throwing me around like a rag doll, god-dammit…”

“Shut up, Tobio-chan. Don’t test my patience.”

Kageyama snorted, “what patience?” Oikawa crawled in between his legs and lay on top of him, his clothed crotch brushing against Kageyama’s dick, “look, I don’t even know why I called his name, it’s not like a like him or anything…”

“I honestly don’t care, Tobio-chan.”

“Oh yeah? Cuz you seem pretty pissed.”

Oikawa opened his mouth to say something, closed it and shoved a finger into Kageyama instead. The setter’s mouth flew open as he yelped.

“W-what the hell are you doing!?” he demanded.

Oikawa grinned cheekily, “preparing you, Tobio-chan. Get the lube, it’s in that drawer.”

Kageyama gritted his teeth and reached out for the nightstand. Oikawa suddenly inserted another finger into him. Kageyama hissed at the sudden intrusion, his hand falling limply onto the mattress. Oikawa chuckled and moved his fingers faster as Kageyama’s hand blindly found the knob and shoved it open. He patted around, all the time trying not to let lose any embarrassing noises, and pulled out the first bottle he came across.

“Well done,” Oikawa said, taking it from him and unzipping his jeans.

Kageyama felt weirdly hollow without Oikawa’s fingers, “we’re…not actually doing it, are we?”

“Scared, Tobio-chan? Is it your first time?” Oikawa released his length and slathered it in lube.

Kageyama glanced at Oikawa’s dick and ignored his question, “what about a condom?”

Oikawa grabbed Kageyama’s legs and pulled him down, positioning himself. He flashed him a charming grin, “I’ll try not to infect you with anything.” Kageyama opened his mouth to protest but closed it again. He didn’t want to look like a coward. Oikawa begun pushing the head in. He put his hand comfortingly on Kageyama’s hip, “don’t be frightened, Tobio-chan”

Embarrassed by the sudden caring gesture, Kageyama flushed, “I’m not.”

“Good,” Oikawa grinned darkly and pushed himself in. Kageyama exclaimed in pain and surprise and Oikawa didn’t stop, despite the protests, until his whole length was buried in Kageyama’s ass.

“It is my first time, you dickhead,” Kageyama managed to say, sweat breaking out on his forehead.

Oikawa chuckled like a super-villain, “I know that.” he connected his lips to Kageyama’s neck, making an impressive hickey and kissing around it, lightly enough so Kageyama wouldn’t feel it,
“ready?”

“Do your worst, shitty-kawa,” Kageyama breathed out, using Iwaizumi’s nickname.

Oikawa grunted in annoyance, “this is for Aoba Johsai, Tobio-chan,” he pulled out and slammed back in.

Kageyama half screamed half swore, “you fucking savage! Slow down!”

Oikawa ignored him, lost in the sensation of Kageyama’s insides clenching on his erection. This time slower he pulled out halfway and pushed back in, quickly building a steady rhythm. Kageyama’s breath grew ragged but it still wasn’t it. Oikawa shifted slightly and slammed into Kageyama. The setter exclaimed, his pupils growing. Oikawa grinned – he’d found the spot. Oikawa continued hitting the spot, feeling pleasure with each movement. Suddenly he felt something on his hand.

Kageyama fumbled with his fingers, trying clumsily take Oikawa’s hand. Oikawa slowed for a moment, his thrusts becoming deliberate and sensual, leaving Kageyama to moan on every thrust. The older boy pushed Kageyama’s hand above his shoulder and twined their finger together, pushing himself higher. Kageyama gave a quiet, breathless moan and found Oikawa’s face with his free hand, pulling him in for a sloppy kiss. He had a pretty good idea where he was going with the kiss but with the next thrust all plans were forgotten. He opened his mouth and moaned again. Oikawa used the moment to slide his tongue into Kageyama’s mouth, tasting him. With the next thrust, Oikawa groaned. He was getting close.

Oikawa broke the kiss, “say my name.”

“Oikawa…” Kageyama whined breathlessly.

“No, my name,” Oikawa grunted, squeezing Kageyama’s fingers.

“Toru…”

Oikawa smiled and kissed a quick trail of kisses down his jaw and neck, “once more,” he murmured against his collarbone.

“Toru…”

Oikawa violently picked up the pace, thrusting into Kageyama mercilessly. He grabbed his kouhai’s member and pumped it in time. He was secretly satisfied when Kageyama came first, all over his stomach, although Oikawa followed him closely, filling him to the brim.

The next half an hour was a haze for Kageyama. He felt Oikawa roll off him and he must have dozed off for a few minutes. When he woke up he was clean of his spunk and Oikawa was changing into PJS. The next time he woke up he was in one of Oikawa’s t-shirts and Oikawa was crawling into bed.

“Goodnight,” Kageyama blurted, feeling the need to say something.

Oikawa hovered over him and kissed his forehead, “goodnight, my little kouhai,” he murmured, lying behind Kageyama and putting an arm around his waist, snuggling into his back, “let’s do this again sometime.”
Having three Alphas in your team was tough. Even though Tsukishima thought Asahi was a wimp, Daichi was too bossy and Kageyama was an all round prick on a primitive level his inner omega yearned for them. Everyone just assumed Tsukki was a beta and he never told them otherwise – if you were a beta, you were treated the same as you were before. If you were an Alpha, you got more respect. If you were an omega, people went crazy. Omega’s were rare – a woman omega could have a multitude of healthy children while a man omega could sometimes fall pregnant. Tsukki found that creepy.

Tsukki took all the pills he could find on the internet black market to keep his heat down, his pheromones on the lowest and everything else in check, so no one knew he was an Omega. He knew how people looked at Noya, who was the other Omega. Even though everyone knew Asahi was set on mating with him, he still got stared at and his relationship with his teammates has become…strange since he presented. Tsukki didn’t want to have those problems.

Still, his heat fell right on the second Tokyo away games. He couldn’t relieve himself with everyone in their futons and he had the misfortune of sleeping next to Kageyama and Yamaguchi. Kageyama never seemed more alluring before – Tsukki woke up in the middle of the night all hot and bothered and he just wanted to grab Kageyama and ride him till he couldn’t move. The thought scared him so much he stumbled to his feet and started towards the doors. On the way Asahi’s pheromones attacked his senses and then Daichi’s. By the time he reached the doors he thought he’d go crazy with lust.

Stumbling down the dark hallway he found the showers and shoved his way inside. The shower head was leaking and the floor was still damp enough to wet his clothes as he slid to the bottom of the last cabin. He pulled his throbbing member from the confines of his boxers clumsily and begun touching himself erratically. It didn’t help with the pressure or the burning in his stomach. He felt feverish, like his whole body was on fire. It was too hot to bare.

Whimpering quietly, Tsukishima turned the shower on with his free hand. Freezing cold water cascaded onto his head, relieving the heat for a blissful minute. Then it was back full force. Tsukishima pumped his hand harder, knowing full well it wasn’t going to help. He wanted to stall fingering himself for as long as possible, because after that he became a pathetic mess. He hated it.

He came and it was more painful than anything else. Tears of frustration rose to his eyes as he made a chocking noise, pulling his boxers up and putting his head on his knees. His actions had not helped at all – his body demanded an alpha.

He sat under the cold shower, shivering, for a few minutes, wondering what he was going to do. In his half-delusional, wet and lustful state he couldn’t go back to a room where three alpha’s slept. God, why did his heat have to fall on the Tokyo away games?
Suddenly a smell hit his nostrils. Fresh and minty and so good. An alpha was near. At first Tsukki wanted to go to them. His Omega ordered him to, but he didn’t budge. He’d rather suffer than be humiliated by pouncing on either Asahi, Kageyama or Daichi. He was set on sitting through his heat alone but to his terror he heard the doors open. He felt too weak to even raise his head from his knees. Maybe the Karasuno Alpha’s wouldn’t find him…no, the pounding shower gave him away…

A pair of cool hands touched his arms, which were folded around his knees. He raised his head hesitantly and inhaled sharply. In front of him was the captain of the Nekoma volleyball team, the same infuriating guy he’d been training with. He was without his usual smirk or grin. His face was fully serious, his eyes glistening in the dark. Tsukki realised how ragged his breath was. Kuroo’s smell washed over him like a wave, taking the pain away and leaving only the burning lust. He had not thought, for a second, that Kuroo was an alpha. Now that he thought back on it, it was pretty obvious. Kuroo was a big guy with good leadership skills… he must have been masking his pheromones. Well, they were on full display now, and so were Tsukki’s.

Kuroo’s gaze was so intense Tsukki averted his gaze, trying to control his breathing and say something like ‘I’m fine, please go’. Kuroo put his hand on his cheek, tilting his head back in his direction. Tsukki couldn’t help but lean into his palm, enjoying the contact of his cool skin. Kuroo drew his thumb against Tsukki’s cheekbone.

“I could smell you from my room,” he murmured quietly and then he was gone. He stood up and turned the shower off. Tsukki whimpered pathetically. There was a soothing hand in his hair a second later and then Kuroo was kneeling in front of him again, pulling his knees apart and settling in between his legs, pulling him close. Tsukki’s breath sped up as he nuzzled into Kuroo, his skin cooling down to an acceptable temperature, “do you want me to…?”

Tsukki panicked. Of course he didn’t want his first time to be with the captain of the opposition but god he smelled so good and his hands felt so right. He flushed and parted his lips, trying to force his voice to work. Kuroo ran a hand through his spiky hair, averting his gaze. He looked embarrassed, shy even. Tsukishima had never seen him like that. And then, as if acting on impulse, Kuroo leaned forward, pressing his lips briefly to Tsukki’s in a kiss that was a question more than anything.

Too weak to say anything, Tsukki leaned into him, fisting his hand in his shirt. The scent around him shifted suddenly to something more…spicy.

“Let’s take your wet clothes off,” Kuroo said, slipping his fingers skilfully under the hem of his t-shirt and pulling it over his head. Kuroo tilted his head and kissed him again, this time for longer, really tasting him as he slipped his boxers off in one swift motion. Tsukishima flushed even harder, his heart pounding and his whole body burning. He leaned forward, weaving one hand in Kuroo’s hair as the Nekoma captain caressed his thigh, his fingers pressing hard enough for Tsukishima to groan.

At that point both were too lost in the sensation of each other to realise that they had no condoms and neither realised this. Tsukki didn’t know Kuroo very well but he shamelessly moaned his name quietly as for the next two hours Kuroo fucked his brains out. After Tsukki came for the fourth time and he finally felt spent and filled, Kuroo pulled out of him in a swift motion. In the darkness his eyes seemed to shine more than before.

“Can I bite you?” he asked out of the blue.

Tsukki paled. He knew many Alphas wanted to mate with the first Omega they came across, but he could not be bonded to the Nekoma captain at the age of sixteen.

“No, no way-”
“Please,” Kuroo leaned forward, nuzzling his lips against Tsukishima’s collarbone. The blond froze, “I’ve been around a bunch of Omega’s most of this year, and none of them…none of them felt like this. I want you to be mine.” He murmured affectionately against his skin and then Tsukishima felt the sharp point of a tooth drawing against his skin, not hard enough to break the surface yet.

He shoved Kuroo off him hard. His eyes were glowing golden now, “no,” Tsukki said as sternly as a naked, tired-enough-to-pass-out Omega could, “no biting. Thanks and all, but I think you should go.”

Kuroo shook his head, got up and left the bathroom. Suddenly Tsukki felt cold and terrified. And sad. Tears pooled in his eyes again for unknown reasons and he rubbed them away angrily. Shivering, he leaned back against the shower wall.

And then Kuroo’s smell was back and the captain was standing in the doorway of the shower, holding a fluffy towel in one hand, a change of clean clothes and water. Tsukki looked up at him startled as he placed the clothes and drink on the bench and went to Tsukki, placing the towel over his hair and rubbing gently till it was just damp, not soaking wet, a curling softly across his forehead.

“You forgot your glasses,” Kuroo said quietly and Tsukki blinked. He was right – everything behind him seemed blurry somehow. Kuroo slipped the towel to his shoulders, patting his skin dry and then extended a hand, helping him stand, continuing to dry him. He ignored Tsukki’s weak hands pushing against his wrists, trying to get him to stop, “Shhhh, let me do this,” Kuroo finished drying him off and helped him step out of the shower, pulling a white t-shirt over his head and helping him into a clean pair of boxers. Both items were too big – Tsukki wondered if they were Kuroo’s.

Kuroo put gentle pressure on Tsukki’s shoulders, making him sit on the bench, and uncapped the water, giving him a drink and kneeling in front of him. Tsukki placed the water bottle on the bench. Kuroo watched him.

“Do you want me to go?” Kuroo asked quietly.

Tsukki couldn’t imagine how they could act normally around each other during the practice matches tomorrow, “thank you, but I think that would be best”.

Something flashed in Kuroo’s eyes but he stood up and pressed an affectionate kiss to Tsukki’s temple.

“Thanks for today,” he said, his eyes sad, and left. Tsukki finished the water and went back to his futon, his thoughts occupied by the dark haired captain.

Tsukki didn’t get to see Kuroo the next day because he got sick and was taken back home, to the hospital.

Tsukki had never thought he’d regret not using a condom, mostly cuz he never thought he’d have sex.

Fast forward eleven months and Tsukki wished he’d gotten that fucking durex.

He was seventeen now. It had been a while since he played volleyball, and all his free time was occupied. When he found out he’s pregnant with an eighteen year olds baby he wanted to abort. It was the obvious option – that way he could play volleyball, live his life and never be tied to the captain. In the end his mother wouldn’t let him. With tears in her eyes she told him he’d regret it if he
went through with it. Tsukki hated her for convincing him.

He moved away after finishing his first year, away from everyone. He rarely spoke to his parents and his brother, too ashamed that he, a man, was not only an omega but now a father. He rebuked all attempts of his teammates trying to contact him. The pregnancy was hard. More often than not he was by himself sitting in the little flat he had gotten from his saved up money. It was spacious and nice enough to raise a child in but it was also lonely. The local council, amazed that a male Omega had gotten pregnant and was going to live in their area, gave him enough money to live a comfortable life without working while he was pregnant and promised to support him for the first four to five years of the child’s life, after which they would help him find a job.

To spend his time on something else than worrying he wouldn’t survive giving birth or what he would do with the child he googled diets to make the child healthy and read books. He read so many books he was practically a scholar by the end of the pregnancy.

Giving birth was worse. Obviously Tsukki would have to have a C section and the whole thing took hours of agony and drifting in and out of consciousness. He nearly bled out. And then he was back in his house, not alone anymore. Little Shiro was with him. He was a spitting image of Kuroo – he had his eyes, his dark hair and tan skin. Somehow Tsukki couldn’t hate him for that. He couldn’t hate him at all.

When Shiro wouldn’t let him sleep at night with his wailing or when he threw a tantrum Tsukki felt angry and annoyed less and less. He patiently changed his diaper, gave him milk or took him on a tour of the house, giving him various objects to concentrate on rather than whatever got him in a state. At the best times Shiro was quiet and affectionate. He’d lie quietly in Tsukki’s arms while he watched TV, or fall asleep on his chest, curled in a little ball, or take Tsukki’s finger and try to suck on it. When he had visitors he’d cling to Tsukki like his life depended on it, and it made him a little happy. It was like having someone who loved him and him only.

His first word was ‘daddy’. He learned to crawl around super fast so Tsukki had a hard time chasing him around the house and then he began walking. Tsukki would take him on walks to the park, holding his little hand as he hobbled along clumsily and carrying him when he got tired. But when Shiro was quiet or sleeping Tsukki always went back to thinking about Kuroo. The captain never knew he had a child – he was probably starting a volleyball career and that was better. After all, Kuroo had only helped him when he was in pain. He didn’t have to pay for it. But that didn’t stop Tsukki from wondering what it would be like if his little family was complete.

Tsukki’s days passed on watching Shiro grow. He was amazed at how interesting the child was. At first the Alphas and more confident Betas around the area tried to get with him, but he was cold and determined to keep them away. Somehow, in his head, Kuroo was the only one he accepted as a possible mate, and even that hadn’t worked out. By the time Shiro was four no one stopped him in the streets to try and invite him to coffee or ‘their place’ anymore.

‘Daddy!’

A little bundle of energy jumped onto Tsukki, who groaned from under the covers.

‘Shiro, for god’s sake…’

‘Wake up daddy, wake up daddy, wake up daddy…’ the excited five year old bounced on Tsukki’s leg, grinning. His little black locks stuck up like he had been struck by lightning. Even though he had Kuroo’s colouring, his nose shape, eye shape and built were much more similar to
"What time is it?"

"Late!"

Tsukki groaned again and pulled back the covers, "Alright, little man, fancy a cuddle before breakfast?"

"You just want to sleep longer, lazy bum!" Shiro called but happily crawled under the covers.

Tsukki smiled sleepily, "Where'd you learn that word? It's not very nice."

"Lazy bum!" Shiro called happily, "Ren from school taught me."

Tsukki rolled his eyes. Whenever his son got in trouble, he usually got in trouble with Ren, his best friend. Sending Shiro to kindergarten had been one of the hardest things in Tsukki's life, nearly as hard as deciding to have Shiro. Now he thanked the gods his mother convinced him to keep his baby, even if their relations hadn't improved that much. Tsukki liked being with just Shiro too much to reach out to his distant family now. At twenty one he only visited his family for Christmas and Easter. They adored Shiro.

Shiro wriggled.

"Lay patiently," Tsukki said, yawning.

"I can't, daddy! I'm hungry!"

"Alright, alright," Tsukki threw back the covers, "one minute."

He went to the bathroom, combing his fingers through his hair quickly and jumped in the shower for a few minutes, dressing in two point five seconds. Then he brushed his teeth with Shiro, the latter standing on a little stool so they could pull faces at each other in the mirror as they brushed away.

"Cakes! Cakes!" Shiro called happily as he charged into the kitchen.

"It's pancakes, Shiro. You can't have cakes for breakfast," Tsukki smiled, ruffling his hair. He wondered what his little bundle of joy would present as – Tsukki hoped not an Omega. That'd just make his life hard.

"What about birthday?"

"Yeah, I suppose you can have cake for your birthday for breakfast. Get the eggs," Tsukki pulled a pan from the shelf and set it on the stove. Shiro loved helping out in the kitchen so Tsukki had set most ingredients in the lower shelves beneath the counter, so the five year old could get them easily. He hobbled over, an egg in each hand, as Tsukki pulled out a bowl. He picked his son up.

"Ok, crack."

Shiro slammed an egg into a bowl, where it exploded, looking miserable. The other quickly joined it.

"Awesome," Tsukki assured, setting Shiro down, "get the flour," he picked out the eggshells as the boy ran to the cupboard. The doorbell rang.

"Me! Me!" Shiro shrieked, running to the front door. Tsukki would be worried except everyone dodgy knew better than to mess with his son. He had psychopathic tendencies. Tsukki heard muffled
conversation from down the hall.

“Who is it?” Tsukki called.

Shiro came running back, “a man wants to talk to you, daddy,” he said, bouncing on the spot, his eyes wide with excitement, “daddy, he has the same hair as me!”

Tsukki dropped the spoon he’d been holding.

“Shiro, go get ready for school, okay? We’ll finish the pancakes later and we’ll grab some breakfast on the way.”

Shiro squinted at Tsukki, “daddy, are you okay?”

Tsukki forced a smile, “of course. Go get dressed.”

Shiro ran to his room and Tsukki stiffly walked towards the front door. The same hair…it couldn’t be Kuroo. There was no way it was Kuroo.

But of course it was Kuroo in the doorway. He didn’t change much. His hair was still a dark mess, like Shiro’s. His eyes widened when he saw Tsukki.

“So it’s true,” he said in disbelief, “I have a son and you didn’t tell me.”

Tsukki winced, “do you want to come in?”

Kuroo glared at him coldly, “I don’t know,” his eyes softened when Tsukki started wringing his fingers out nervously, “how have you been?”

“Good, actually. He’s…” Tsukki shrugged, staring at the floor, “can we talk about this after he’s in school? Don’t tell him that…I don’t want him to find out like that…”

Kuroo was silent for a minute, “he looks like me.”

Tsukki nodded.

Kuroo tilted his head, “he looks like us.”

Tsukki dropped his hands, his face impassive.

“What’s his name?”

“Shiro.”

Kuroo smiled, “white and black, huh.”

Tsukki shrugged, suddenly embarrassed, “I…just liked that name.”

Shiro came running down the stairs, his book bag jumping in his hand.

“Ready, ready, ready!” Shiro said excitedly and stopped when he saw Kuroo still standing in the doorway, “daddy, who’s that?”

Tsukki hesitated.

“I’m your dad’s friend,” Kuroo put in for him with an easy smile, “my name is Kuroo.”
Shiro stuck a chubby hand in the air, “hi. I’m Shiro. I’m five.”

Kuroo’s smile widened, “nearly a man, huh.”

“Oh, no, don’t encourage-”

“See, daddy! I’m a man. I can have Maccies for breakfast!” Shiro said pointedly.

Tsukki rolled his eyes, “I am not giving you McDonalds for breakfast.”

Shiro pouted and then brightened, “apple pastry, then!”

“Okay, okay,” Tsukki smiled at his kid and extended a hand. Shiro wrapped his chubby fingers around his.

Kuroo watched the scene and he practically melted. This was all he ever wanted since he met Tsukki during the practice match – to love him, to start a family, to have a simple, happy life with children.

“Let’s go!” Shiro said excitedly, pulling Tsukki’s hand, “Mr Kuroo, you come too!”

Tsukishima’s hands were wrapped around his tea cup. It was November – pretty chilly outside already. He was staring out of the kitchen window while Kuroo stared at him.

“Well?” Kuroo broke the silence.

Tsukki didn’t look at him, “what do you want me to say?”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

Tsukki swallowed visibly, “I didn’t want to ruin your life. I barely knew you. I still barely know you.”

“Because you ran away,” Kuroo gritted his teeth, “no one would tell me what happened to you or where you were. I haven’t been with anyone since then, Tsukki.” He forced Tsukishima to meet his eyes, “I wanted this. You know I did.”

Tsukishima shook his head, “you had a career. Volleyball…”

“I liked it, yes. It was fun. But I liked you more. I haven’t…I haven’t played in a long time,” Kuroo shook his head, “I couldn’t get you out of my head. Sometimes…I wished I’d had just bitten you, no matter what you said,” Tsukki shivered, “that way you wouldn’t have ran away.”

“I didn’t run away,” Tsukki’s voice was hoarse, “I just…I was ashamed, okay? And you were so… I was scared to tell you. I didn’t know how you’d react. I was scared to be tied down to one person…” he shrugged, “I guess I am anyway.”

“You broke my heart.” Kuroo said bluntly.

Tsukki snorted, “yeah, right. You banged me once. You didn’t know me well enough.”

“I haven’t seen you for five year,” Kuroo shook his head, “and yet still you’re everything I think about. When I contacted your mom and she finally decided to tell me I have a son…I was shocked, Tsukki. But I was happy. This is what I wanted,” Tsukki was shaking. He let go of his cup. Kuroo reached out and touched his wrist, rubbing his thumb against his skin.
``Hello?...yes, yes he can have nuts, just don’t give him sesame seeds. Come on, Ms Mori, we’ve been through this a million times…okay, you know what, just don’t give him nuts. Shiro knows what he can’t have…okay, okay give him the nutella. Okay, thanks. Bye,’” Tsukki shook his head turning around to find Kuroo leaning against the wall, a smile on his face. The doors were closed.

‘‘You’ve done well,’’ he said quietly.

Tsukki shrugged, blushing, ‘‘it wasn’t that hard. He’s an easy kid…”

‘‘It was a struggle, don’t deny it,’’ Kuroo said.

Tsukki sighed, ‘‘isn’t it always?’’

Kuroo walked over to him, his fingers brushing against his cheek absently, ‘‘you’re twenty one now, right?’’

Tsukki nodded, trying not to flinch away from the contact. It had been so long since he’d been around an Alpha.

Kuroo put his hand against Tsukki’s cheek, ‘‘my request still stands. Let me bite you,’’ he leaned forward, ‘‘be mine, Tsukki.’’

Tsukki’s found it hard to speak, his heart pounding wildly in his chest, ‘‘I-I’m good.’’

Kuroo sighed, pulling away, ‘‘it’s my child too, Tsukki.’’

Tsukishima rubbed his hands over his face, sighing deeply, ‘‘I know.’’

Kuroo tilted his head to the side, ‘‘you’ve changed.’’

‘‘Parenthood kind of does that.’’

The older man laughed without mirth, looking at Tsukki with melancholy in his eyes, ‘‘Tsukki. I want to raise him. I want us to be a family,” he shook his head, ‘‘I haven’t been able to live normally without you. I didn’t even have fun with volleyball anymore,’’ he smiled sadly, ‘‘it’s like you cast a spell on me.’’

Tsukki inhaled sharply, ‘‘you know, this is starting to sound strangely like a love confession.”

Kuroo smiled for real now, ‘‘maybe it is.’’

Tsukki swallowed. Kuroo stepped forward, pushing him against the wall gently. Their faces were so close their breath mingled. When the kiss finally happened, something exploded in Kuroo, like all the good emotions had been holed away somewhere and was now released. His body ached for Tsukki. He wanted to have him by his side, always.

Tsukki’s mouth responded after a moment, soft against his own. The blond’s hand came to cup Kuroo’s cheek, his lips pressed harder. Kuroo found the top button of his shirt and popped it open, and then another, and another, all the way down. He slid his hand up Tsukishima’s chest and pushed the shirt off his shoulder, exposing his neck.

Kuroo broke the kiss, ‘‘what would you do if I bit you now?’’
Tsukki pulled him in for a brief kiss, “I guess I would have to live with it.”

In the next second Tsukki was on the bed and Kuroo was on top of him, kissing him passionately. His jeans were off, then Tsukki’s, then both their boxers. Kuroo kissed every inch of Tsukki’s body, like he couldn’t get enough of him. It was so different than that time at the shower – this was uncontrolled and passionate.

“Wait,” Tsukki breathed out, “I don’t have a…”

Kuroo silenced him with his lips, showing him the packaged condom that somehow appeared in his hand.

Kuroo grinned, “I come prepared.”

With a roll of his eyes Tsukki pulled him closer for another kiss. They went fast and wild at first, and then slow and sensual, for hours, savouring each other’s bodies. And then, when Tsukki was reaching his climax he felt a sharp pain on his neck followed by an intense wave of pleasure. He moaned Kuroo’s name loudly. After they were done it was Tsukki who was completely drained. Kuroo would gladly keep going but he didn’t want to kill the Omega. Instead he lay next to him, admiring his sleeping form, the pale skin, and the relatively large bite mark surrounded by hickeys. Tsukki was finally his. No other Alpha or Beta could take him away from Kuroo now.

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Shiro’s little face scrunched up in concentration, “but…daddy, you’re my daddy.”

Tsukki nodded patiently, “yes, and this is your other daddy. That’s why he has the same hair as you.”

Shiro pointed a chubby finger at Kuroo, “so…you’re my daddy?”

Kuroo nodded, “that’s right. And Tsukki is too.”

The child look at his little fingers like he was trying to calculate it, “so…I have two daddies?”

Tsukki shrugged, “that’s right.”

Cautiously, Shiro walked up to Kuroo and looked up at him, “so…since you’re my daddy…will you take me to McDonalds for breakfast?”

Kuroo grinned, “you bet.”

Shiro grabbed his leg and hugged himself to it like a little monkey, “daddy, let’s keep him!” he called to Tsukki who grinned affectionately.

“Okay, okay.”

Shiro looked up at Kuroo, “are you gonna live with us now?”

Kuroo smiled, “yup.”

Shiro beamed up at him, “daddy makes really good pancakes.”

“Okay, big man, time for your bath,” Tsukki picked him up and gave Kuroo a peck on the cheek, “your turn to make dinner,” he whispered.
My Kingdom for Your Graces

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Tsukki (top) x Yamaguchi (bottom)
Prompt by: I'm sorry, I don't have it written down ;-;
Prompt: Yamaguchi wakes up in the middle of the night at Training Camp to find his best friend is touching him

How did it happen? Oh, right. Hinata threw up over the futons. Yamaguchi kind of vaguely remembered telling Tanaka not to pack all the futons together – and now, after Hinata’s little sick episode, the whole bag was soaking wet and dripping. Fun. Basically, there were no beds.

Suga had been very innovative, distributing blankets and covers to create a nest big enough for everyone if they lay down next to each other, relatively close. Thanks to the multitude of blankets the members of the Karasuno team wouldn’t have to sleep on bare ground for the whole week of the away games. Still, not everyone was happy, especially since they had to double up under blankets if they actually didn’t want to feel the floor.

Yamaguchi, who actually hated being sandwiched between people, took one corner of the nest, between the wall and Tsukishima, who always slept next to him. So, naturally, they were going to share a blanket. Hinata and Kageyama had to share one, and they were making a racket, while Noya was already fast asleep, pressed against Asahi’s side. It was obvious the giant wanted to put his arm around the libero and was building up the courage to do so. Daichi was on the other end, capping the interesting mix of people. Yamaguchi was the only one who noticed Daichi massaging Suga’s wrist as the other boy drifted off. Tanaka was yelled at multiple times for spreading out too much and eventually the lights were turned off and everyone fell asleep.

Yamaguchi woke up to Tsukishima touching him. Under the covers, his hand rested innocently next to his waist. His shirt had ridden up, exposing a strip of skin and Tsukki’s fingers were brushing against it every now and then. The touch was so soft Yamaguchi nearly didn’t feel it – it was luck that he woke up when he did. Yamaguchi was lying on his back, like he always did, and Tsukishima was curled sideways, creating a sort of wall between him and Yamaguchi and the rest of the team. Yamaguchi exhaled and opened his eyes, but that didn’t stop Tsukishima.

“’You awake?’” Tsukishima breathed against his ear, his lips brushing against his skin. Yamaguchi gave a tiny nod and tried to move away but Tsukishima had effectively caged him in. His fingers returned, warm and not unpleasant, tickling his skin more confidently. Tsukki raised his hand under the covers, his fingertips trailing over Yamaguchi’s bellybutton. The shorter boy shivered and Tsukishima slipped his whole hand under the hem of his t-shirt, spreading his hand against his stomach. Yamaguchi’s heart jumped. Tsukki’s hand was warm. His thumb was brushing against Yamaguchi’s stomach in a comforting manner. Tsukki was being sweeter and more intimate than Yamaguchi thought he was capable of being, especially with someone like him.

The hand moved higher, inch by inch. Tsukki propped his head up on his hand, looking down at Yamaguchi, who tried to not breathe, not move, and not do much of anything. Tsukki found his nipple and drew his finger over it, pressing it down. Yamaguchi bit his lip. What was Tsukki doing? Tsukki continued to play with it. Yamaguchi bit down on his lip harder to prevent himself from
waking the others up.

Once Tsukki was done with one, he moved on to the other. Without a warning he twisted it, making Yamaguchi gasp. Tsukki breathed out in amusement, sparing Yamaguchi and moving on, higher, tracing his collarbones and the down again, from under the shirt. Yamaguchi almost missed the warmth of Tsukki’s fingers on his skin but soon the hand was back, going up over his t-shirt to Yamaguchi’s face. Tsukki’s fingers brushed against his jaw and cheekbone, over his freckles and traced the outline of his lips. Yamaguchi flushed bright red and tried to move away again, but he couldn’t. Tsukki’s lips pressed to the sensitive area behind his ear, his teeth nicking his earlobe. Yamaguchi shivered. Tsukki’s hand slipped to his shoulder, rubbing soothing circles into it. Yamaguchi sighed when Tsukishima started giving his neck tiny, quiet kisses, trailing down and then up. He kissed the corner of Yamaguchi’s mouth.

Tsukishima grabbed Yamaguchi’s waist and expertly and swiftly flipped him sideways, so they were facing each other. Yamaguchi pushed himself back into the wall, squeezing his eyes shut.

Tsukki’s breath ghosted over his ear, “don’t be frightened. I’m not going to hurt you.” Yamaguchi forced himself to relax and pull away from the wall before he broke his spine. Tsukki put an arm around his waist and leaned forward, kissing his forehead first, then his freckly nose, his chin, his jaw, his cheek and then finally connecting their lips.

Tsukki wished he could kiss him deeper but he didn’t want the others to hear so he settled for a small peck. To his surprise once he pulled away, Yamaguchi leaned forward. Tsukki knew he was shy and he was tired of waiting for Yamaguchi to make a move. It was his turn. Tsukki complied, kissing Yamaguchi again. He ran his tongue over his friend’s lips and when Yamaguchi hesitantly opened his mouth Tsukki thought ‘screw it’. He slipped his tongue inside, exploring his mouth and when they broke the kiss a wet pop resounded through the room. Tsukki hoped no one heard it but decided it was better to be safe than sorry.

He cupped Yamaguchi’s face. His eyes were half closed, his mouth parted. Tsukki nuzzled his lips against his. “Meet me at the showers in five minutes,” he murmured, standing up and heading out. Yamaguchi watched him go with an unconscious look on his face, before realising what was going on. What Tsukki wanted to do. He could stay in bed and pretend to sleep – Tsukki would be annoyed the next day but he wouldn’t hold it against him. This new Tsukki was a bit scary, but he was exciting, too. His touches made Yamaguchi’s heart pound. Taking a deep breath, he waited and when the time was up he stood up and followed Tsukki to the showers.
We Were the Kings and Queens of Promise

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kyoutani (top) x Yahaba (bottom)
Prompt by: LostChildoftheGalexies
Prompt: Medieval AU where Yahaba is a prince and Kyou is the son of farmers coming to pay respects to the royal family

Kyoutani wondered how two of the most magnificent people he had ever seen could have a son so bland and uninteresting.

As Kyoutani knelt in front of the King and Queen, he inspected the pair. The Queen, Toru Oikawa II, had a lazy smile on his lips. He radiated power and confidence. His face was beautiful – so beautiful that even Kyoutani had to admit it was. His movements were graceful and his clothes only made his beauty radiate more. As Kyoutani looked up at him, sitting in his throne, he had to admit he seemed worth bowing to.

The King, Hajime Iwaizumi I, wore a beautiful uniform through which you could see his arms, corded with muscle. His face was set in a cold, emotionless expression but somehow his eyes were warm. He had a strong jaw and nose and he looked like he could win a fight. He’d be well matched for Kyoutani, even.

And then, standing by his parents, was their son, Prince Yahaba. And God, was he a disappointment. He had short, dull brown hair and brown eyes. His face was still round and sweet enough to be considered childish, his arms too thin, his shoulders too narrow for him to look strong. He looked neither intimidating nor beautiful. He had no presence and yet Kyoutani couldn’t stop staring at him, challenging him to prove him wrong and do something interesting. It was like he put no effort in anything he did. Kyoutani hated people like that.

Yahaba gave him an uninterested look. Kyoutani sneered at him, knowing full well how terrifying he looked when he did that. The prince blanched.

Kyoutani’s father was gushing, thanking the King for letting them come into the region, promising crops, thanking for the farm they were assigned… It was a wonder the King even accepted low born farmers like them into the palace. Kyoutani knew the King had more important things to do but he listened to his father’s pleasantries and then it was the Queen who spoke.

‘‘Thank you, sir, for coming all the way to pay your respects,’’ he said with a pleasant smile, ‘‘if you would please wait outside we will have a servant bring you some parting gifts.’’

His parents left the room, bowing the whole way. Kyoutani straightened, nodded to the royal couple and followed them.

‘‘Boy.’’

Kyoutani stopped and turned to the Queen, who was still smiling at him.

‘‘What is your name? You didn’t care to introduce yourself.’’
“Kyoutani,” Kyou answered and then remembered himself, “your highness.”

Oikawa smiled lazily, “you remind me a bit of a mad dog.”

Iwaizumi blanched, “Toru!”

The Queen laughed, “sorry, sorry. You may go now, Mad-Dog-chan,”

Kyou nodded again and left, followed by the King’s reprimands and his Queen’s laughter.

He was halfway down the hall when another voice stopped him.

“You know, I could have you whipped for looking at me like that.”

It was the prince. Kyoutani turned and challenged him with his eyes. Yahaba looked taken aback and pissed off.

“I’m your prince. Act like it,” he looked disgusted, “stupid farmer boy.”

Kyoutani said nothing, just kept staring at him. To Yahaba’s credit, he didn’t look away. Kyoutani looked him up and down. He wore dark clothes that covered most of his skin – dang, the royal family was probably as religious as every other person in the wretched village they had just moved into. The rules themselves made Kyoutani’s head spin – wear dark, modest clothes, go to church, pray every day, don’t be involved in witchcraft…like it was even real.

Without speaking, Kyoutani turned and walked out of the hall, and out of the palace, feeling the prince stare daggers into his back.

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“Thief! Thief!”

Kyoutani didn’t even know why he did it. He was sick of the life in the village and the man at the stall had been preaching in his face two days prior, calling him a disgusting disbeliever, making the villagers laugh at him. When Kyoutani saw he was one of the vendors at the local Saturday market he couldn’t help but sneak to his stall and take an apple, just to spite him, even if he would never know.

Well, he saw him.

“This disgusting mad dog is a thief!” the man shrieked.

“I’m not a dog!” Kyoutani snapped, taking the apple and tossing it in the man’s fat belly. Already fellow vendors were running to Kyoutani, grabbing his arms. The boy elbowed one in the face. Blood spluttered on his sleeve as the man’s nose broke. The next received a kick in the knee caps and he crumpled to the floor. He punched the third in the face but already a fourth was grabbing his arm and the fifth was grabbing the other. The second man got up from the ground, swearing, a grabbed Kyoutani by the back of his neck, slamming his head into the stall.

Kyou’s vision swam, his head spun. Two of the men grabbed him under his arms and started dragging him to the town centre as the vendor spurred them on, calling him a wild dog, a dirty thief, a stupid farmers boy…

Kyoutani must have blanket out for a moment because the next thing he knew he was shirtless, tied to the pole in the town centre where palace prisoners were usually whipped. He opened his mouth to
protest, realising what was about to happen, when the whip fell. His back exploded in pain and he
groaned through clenched teeth, refusing to scream.

‘Whip the dirty thief! Who does he think he is?!’ the vendor was yelling to the small crowd of
onlookers who begun cheering him on, not because they shared his opinion but because Kyoutani
was scary looking and their day was as bland and boring as the one before, ‘he is a godless man!
Twenty whips for the heretic! Thief!’

Twenty!? Kyou thought as the second whip fell, searing a stripe into his back. He growled, his eyes
squeezed shut. His hands held onto the rough rope that encircled his wrists, rubbing into his skin
painfully. The third whip fell and Kyoutani’s vision went dark. His knees dug into the ground as he
felt himself grow weaker. The crowd was going off now, yelling ridiculous things – the black lines
running across his blond head were the proof of his pact with the devil. The fact that his hands were
clean meant he was a lazy slob who never worked a day in his life. They were calling for more
whips, jeering and laughing.

The fourth lash hit his back, breaking the skin. Kyoutani pushed himself into the pole he was tied to,
breathing hard. It felt like he couldn’t catch his breath. The pain was overwhelming. Every nerve of
his body was screaming. He was pretty sure he wouldn’t survive twenty, but at least he was going to
stay conscious for as long as he could. The villagers wouldn’t get the satisfaction of seeing him faint
like a girl. A small part of him was regretting his choice of stealing the man’s fruit but he pushed that
part away. No point regretting anything now.

The lashes were hard, each breaking his skin. The man whipping him seemed to have fun with it,
making sure the whip curved in the air nicely, gaining momentum before hitting Kyou’s back. When
the eighteenth lash hit his back, Kyou’s vision went. A dozen lashes later, he came around. It seemed
like they would just keep coming. The people were yelling, urging him to scream, but Kyoutani kept
biting his lip, refusing them.

And then, suddenly, the crowd fell silent and he heard a voice. It sounded outraged. There was a
sound of multiple apologies and grovelling but Kyoutani couldn’t actually make out the words. His
eyes fluttered open. A man was kneeling in front of him. No, not any man. The prince. Yahaba. His
brows were furrowed in worry, his eyes wide. He was calling something to someone. Kyoutani
caught his eye and held it until his vision went dark.

Kyoutani woke up to searing pain. He was lying on the most uncomfortable bed ever – it was soft
and there were too many pillows. He practically sunk into the mattress. He was in a strange room – it
was richly decorated with furs, a red carpet, thick curtains, large armchairs and a happily crackling
fire place. The prince sat in one of the armchairs by the bed, watching him. When he realised
Kyoutani’s eyes were open, he jumped up.

‘Oh my god! Oh my god…you’re awake! You’re finally…’ he stared at Kyoutani in disbelief and
then ran to the jug on the window sill, pouring water into a cup. Kyou was lying on his stomach and
his back hurt, but the initial pain was dying down. He shifted, growling. He was naked, ‘uh, you’re
going to have to sit up…’ Yahaba motioned to Kyoutani and the man realised with a growing
annoyance than he wouldn’t be able to sit up by himself.

‘Can’t…’ he grumbled into the pillows.

Yahaba hesitated before setting the cup down and gently grabbing Kyoutani, holding him under his
arm and waist, avoiding his back. Kyou noticed that the prince was out of his conservative black
clothes, and instead wore black pants and a lose white tunic. Kyoutani gritted his teeth, leaning into
the prince as he heaved him into a sitting position. He touched the bandages wound around his middle. They probably run around his back.

“Did you…?”

“’The physician…” Yahaba bit his lip, “’the physician did that and gave you some sort of ointment… he said if you don’t come around in a week, you will die. I…you were out six days.’”

Kyoutani fought to keep a straight face, “’does my family know?’”

Yahaba nodded, composing himself, “’I informed them. Father wanted to send you to a hospital but…I didn’t…I wouldn’t…uh, you came around a few times and the physician gave you some food but you weren’t responding and…um…’”

“’You’re frantic.” Kyoutani stated. Yahaba looked at him, wringing his hands nervously and then sat down next to him quickly. Close.

“I thought you were going to die,” he whispered, his voice breaking, “’I was scared out of my mind.’”

Kyoutani caught his eyes, holding his gaze, “’I’m just a farmer boy.’”

Yahaba’s mouth quirked in a nervous smile, “’yes.’” He leaned down and picked the cup up, shoving it in Kyoutani’s hand, “’drink it. You’ll feel better…I think.’”

Kyoutani brought the cup to his lips, not breaking eye contact with Yahaba as he drank the content. He gave the cup back, “’thanks, your highness.’”

“’Not your highness,’” Yahaba said sharply and then spoke more quietly, “’Shigeru. Please.’”

Kyoutani searched his face, “’why did you help me?’” he asked gruffly.

“I…” he wrung his hands nervously, “’I…”

Kyou narrowed his eyes, “’why are you nervous?’”

Yahaba raised his eyes and met Kyou’s once more, “’you’re the only one who acknowledged me,” Kyou frowned, not understanding, “’you…people usually acknowledge my parents because they’re formidable. But you looked at me, and not like you wanted to get in my good graces because I’m a prince either. You looked at me like an equal. I…liked that. I…liked…you…” he broke the eye contact, looking down at his hand, “’you always look at me like that. I like it.’”

Kyoutani was surprised. Usually he got scolded for staring at people or scaring them with his glare, but the prince actually liked it.

“Then why aren’t you looking?” Kyoutani asked gruffly. He raised the prince’s chin with his finger, leaning forward. Something was pushing him, making him want to touch the prince. He brushed their noses together. Yahaba closed his eyes briefly, taking him in, and then pulled away sharply.

“’You are just a farmer boy,’” he said it like he wanted to convince himself. Overall he was speaking like he was embarrassed by his words. He walked to the window. It was hidden behind thick wood. No doubt the physician had prescribed to keep Kyou away from the sun for health reasons. It made the room dark and gloomy. The fire crackled happily in the fireplace, “’you…could stay here.’” Kyoutani watched him, “’I need a valet anyway, and father said I could hire whoever I like,” he looked at Kyou, “’I like you,’” he repeated.
Kyou tilted his head to the side, eyes narrowing, ‘’it’s weird. Why do you like me so much?’’

Yahaba sighed, ‘’I told you. You acknowledge my presence.’’

‘’Is that it?’’ it hurt to speak.

Yahaba looked at him for a moment, ‘’maybe. Maybe not.’’

Kyoutani growled. He hated cryptic people.

‘’What’s a valet?’’

A smile graced Yahaba’s face, ‘’the person in charge of dressing me,’’ he waited a beat, ‘’and undressing me. Don’t worry, I can do it myself. It’s…just an excuse to keep you in the palace. And it pays well enough for you parents to live comfortably.’’

Kyoutani was silent for a moment, ‘’you’re smarter than you look. You have it all figured out.’’

Yahaba shrugged, ‘’I had a lot of thinking time whilst you were half dead on my bed.’’

Something tugged inside of Kyoutani, ‘’this is your bed?’’

Yahaba nodded, kneeling in front of Kyoutani and placing a hand on his shoulder, ‘’let me change your bandages.’’

Kyou took his wrists off his arm and held them loosely in his lap. Yahaba held his breath.

‘’I’ll accept your offer, Shigeru.’’

Kyoutani spent the next few weeks getting better. The physician came to change the bandages. He sometimes went out in the garden, mostly to sit on a tree and pick leaves whilst Yahaba read underneath. They sat in the library a lot, drinking tea. Yahaba started teaching Kyoutani how to read, even though Kyou was a bad, grumpy student and a slow learner. Yahaba started drafting letters there, too, and Kyou would watch the way the ink spread, making pretty letters. Sometimes they just sat by the window, and Kyou would put his head on Yahaba’s lap. He’d nap and the prince would play with his short hair, tracing his finger against the black lines.

Sometimes Yahaba went to lessons or parties or spent time with his parents, and then Kyou sat by himself in the gardens or the library, trying to read. He fit in with the kitchen staff, learning how to make things like bread or sometimes just sitting and listening to them gossip. The girl maids used him for the harder, more ‘manly’ tasks like taking down heavy drapes that needed washing or polishing the candelabras. Sometimes Yahaba dressed him up and sneaked him into parties so they could dance together and neither would feel lonely.

Kyou sent the money he got for being a ‘valet’ (he wasn’t actually one) to his parents. They got a cottage far away from the strictly religious village. Kyou found that he wasn’t actually missing them, not with Yahaba around. The Queen took a liking to him too. Oikawa would sometimes invite him for a tea and a chat, teasing him mercilessly. But really, Kyoutani always waited for the evening, when he could see Yahaba undress.

Yahaba took off his heavy black jacket and begun undoing the strings of his blouse, as Kyoutani sat on the bed, watching him. It was mesmerising, seeing him uncover each bit of skin at a time. Yahaba
knew Kyoutani liked to watch and he deliberately went slow. He glanced at him over his shoulder and smiled. Kyou watched the show, barely breathing, as always, and when Yahaba was in his nightclothes he crawled onto Kyou’s lap. Kyoutani put his hands on his hips, massaging the skin through the material of his shirt.

Yahaba leaned forward, pressing their foreheads together and stroking his cheek with his hand. They couldn’t kiss. If they did, they wouldn’t be able to stop. Maybe one day Yahaba would get Kyoutani knighted or something, raise his ranked enough to be able to be with him without endangering his position as future king. Not yet, though. For now just being with each other was enough.

That night they fell asleep in each other’s arms, as always.
"You're getting married!?"

Suga flushed. It was a few days before graduation for the third years and he decided he’d rather his friends knew it was happening. He glanced around at the faces full of disbelief. Daichi looked angry, his teeth clenched. Suga’s shoulders sagged. He’d wished that it would be him he was getting married to. He wouldn’t mind that. At least Daichi was his friend and from the same school.

"Yeah. My parents found me a match and…” he trailed off.

"It’s 2016!" Nishinoya exclaimed, "arranged marriages don’t happen anymore!"

Suga smiled sheepishly, "not publicly, but you know how it is with Omega’s…all those alpha’s wanting…well, this is a way of keeping me safe, is what my parents said."

"But that’s unfair!" Asahi was pale, "do you know this guy?"

Here comes the bomb.

"It’s the captain of Shiratorizawa." He said before he could chicken out.

Hinata, Nishinoya and Tanaka screamed in disbelief. Daichi’s whole face fell. Kageyama’s hands balled into fists.

"Did he want it?" Ennoshita asked gently.

Suga smiled again to hide his embarrassment and nervousness, "well, no. His parents decided I’m a good match so I think he’s about as shocked as I am."

"So…” Yamaguchi looked worried, "what happens now?"

Suga sighed, "civil wedding, then comes the heat…” he blushed again.

"And then the baby." Tsukishima said bluntly.

"Tsukki!” Yamaguchi was appalled.

Suga laughed nervously, "its okay. It’s the truth. But I wanted you guys to know."

Later, Suga was the last one out. He had helped clean the gym and took his time getting dressed, lost in thought. The wedding was supposed to take place in two months, or so. It was going to be a quiet affair with only the closest family members of both grooms present. Suga wondered what his life
would look like form now on. He was going to be nineteen next month. Ushijima would probably keep playing volleyball, maybe make the national team. Suga…Suga hadn’t even been good enough in high school to be a regular, so he’d probably find a quiet job close to home. That is, if Ushijima let him. Alphas tended to be protective and sometimes forced their Omegas, or even Betas, to stay at home all day. If that was the case, Suga’s life would really be bland. Suga hadn’t actually spoken to Ushijima before – he’d seen him a few times. Seen him play. He seemed terrifying.

Slowly, Suga packed his uniform into his bag when suddenly someone’s arms went around him.

“Daichi.” He said quietly.

The captain hummed against his shoulder, pulling his back against his chest.

“Don’t marry him.” Suga remained silent, “I’m a Beta. Marry me.”

The setter pressed his hand against Daichi’s and leaned into him, “I wish that was possible.”

He felt Daichi’s nose nuzzle against his neck, and then his mouth. He spoke directly against his skin, “if I give you the bite now, they won’t be able to say anything. You’ll be mine, legally.”

Suga shook his head and pushed himself away so he wouldn’t tempt Daichi, “you can’t. It’s been decided. If you bite me, Ushijima’s parents could send you to prison or demand punishment by combat,” tears gathered in Suga’s eyes, surprising him. He blinked rapidly, “I’m his in everything but papers already.”

Daichi’s eyes flashed, “do you love him?”

Suga sniffed, rubbing at his eyes to stop the tears, “I don’t know him, Dai.”

Daichi took Suga’s hands away from his eyes and held onto them. His fingers were warm, “you know me.”

“It’s too late.” Suga sniffed once more and took a deep breath, composing himself, “you should go. Before you do something stupid.”

Daichi pulled him forward by his hands, pressing a warm kiss to Suga’s forehead, “see you tomorrow at practice.”

Suga watched him go, flushed. He wished with his whole heart it was Daichi he could marry. He loved him as a friend and he could definitely learn to love him as something more. Ushijima was a terrifying giant, a legend almost, who he didn’t know. The idea of meeting him was surreal, the idea of loving him unfathomable.

He took a deep breath and composed himself. He hadn’t had a heat yet; the wedding wasn’t until a few months…he was going to be fine. And he wasn’t going to cry anymore.

Graduation came too soon and before Suga knew it he was at home, lying about all day, thinking about the upcoming wedding and packing slowly. He was supposed to move in with Ushijima straight after the wedding and have his first heat at his place. Suga wondered what it was like. He even googled it. Apparently it was super bad if you didn’t have a mate or someone to spend it with. Suga knew he was a ‘late bloomer’ since you could get your first heat any time between fourteen and twenty, and he was already nineteen. He wondered if Ushijima would leave him alone until his heat came. If that was the case, he hoped his heat would come even later.
On the big day he didn’t even get to see Ushijima for a large portion of the morning. His mother, grim and worried, walked around nervously all morning. From what Suga saw he guessed the day wasn’t going to be a joyous one. He sat around in his Pajamas for ages, since the wedding was at three pm. At twelve, Daichi came.

Suga opened the doors and nearly cried, ‘‘I thought you wouldn’t come.’’

With an easy smile Daichi hugged him tightly, ‘‘I wouldn’t miss my best friend’s wedding.’’

Suga nodded into his blazer and broke away before he started bawling like a baby. He was glad Daichi was there to put him in his smart white suit and get his hair to stay down. He actually made the time before the wedding bearable. It was as if the scene in the changing room weeks prior never happened – like Daichi never proposed to Suga, like the omega wasn’t being forced into a wedding with a man he didn’t know.

Both families decided it would be better to have a wedding at the register office. They didn’t decorate the room or anything because for Suga and Ushijima this wasn’t their ‘big day’ just a procedure they had to go through because of their social standing and biology. Of course both grooms were still expected to look smart.

Suga and Daichi were the last ones in the office. On one side was Suga’s parents and his closest family, with a space left for Daichi. Eight people over all, sitting on uncomfortable looking chairs, looking as nervous as Suga felt. On the other side was Ushijima’s family of six. They looked at Suga like he was a business offer. The civil servant looked impatient, standing in front of Ushijima. Suga glanced at his fiancé. He looked different from when he was on court. His face was composed and steely, with no hint of emotion. He wore a smart black tux and Suga had to admit he looked a bit handsome, even if his huge shape and the bulk of his arms scared the shit out of him. Suga had never seen such a big nineteen year old. Even Aone from Date Tech was smaller (to be fair, he was a first year though).

Ushijima caught Suga’s eye and his facial expression didn’t change. Daichi had to practically pull him to stand opposite the Alpha and without him there, Suga’s mind suddenly went blurry. The civil servant was saying something and he felt himself respond, but it was all surreal, like he was watching the scene through water. He found Daichi in the little crowd of people and held his gaze, trying to tell himself it was going to be okay. Why was he panicking? The realisation that what was happening now would change the rest of his life hit him hard. His palms begun sweating. His eyes stung from tears he fought to keep back. When a board was set in front of him and a pen was put in his hand, his signature was wobbly.

And then it was all over.

Like Suga suspected, Ushijima left him alone for the first few days. He went to sleep late, when Suga was already fast asleep, and got up in the morning early enough for Suga to wonder if he didn’t secretly sleep on the couch. He was barely home at all – if Suga could even call it home. Ushijima lived in a big enough apartment which could be described as ‘cosy’ had Suga not felt like he was intruding from the second he walked inside. As soon as Ushijima graduated, his college offered him a place on the team and he spent most of his days either in lessons or at practice. Suga decided to drop education. There was nothing he really wanted to be, and he knew most people would treat him like a fragile little thing when they found out he was an Omega.

The first few days Suga spent moping around and unpacking, trying to feel more at home in the apartment, but he just couldn’t. All the utensils in the kitchen were in the exact spots Suga wouldn’t
put them in. The walls were white and the furniture was spaced out wrong, giving the apartment a cold feel. After the third day, when Suga had nothing to do, he begun moving furniture around more. He put the armchair closer to the couch, opposite the TV. He moved the table from the living room to the kitchen. He ordered a bedside table. He moved furniture closer together until finally the interior began feeling warm.

“Ushijima…” Suga finally gathered the courage to strike a conversation that wasn’t small talk with his husband, nine days after their weddings, “uh…could I paint the bedroom a different colour?”

Ushijima looked up from his kit, which he was pulling from his bag, “sure. It’s your apartment too.”

Suga still wasn’t used to Ushijima’s gruff voice and his cold way of speaking. In those nine days, Suga didn’t remember the Alpha displaying any emotions, “okay, thanks-”

Suddenly a sharp pain cut through his abdomen and he fell to his knees. His head spun for a few seconds, before clearing. Ushijima was kneeling in front of him in seconds, holding his arms and peering into his face. Suga glanced down between his legs and paled.

“Oh no…oh no…shit…” Suga’s heat had started. He put a hand on the Alpha’s chest, trying to push him back. His nose picked up a different smell than Ushijima’s usual one – desire, lust, worry… Suga glanced up at his husband fearfully. His eyes were softer, somehow. His hands relaxed on Suga’s shoulders, “my suppressants. I need my-”

“You don’t need them,” Ushijima’s voice was soft compared to Suga’s panicked, high pitched tone, “this is normal.”

“N-no, it’s okay, once I take them it’ll be fine…” Suga’s breath sped up. The pain was building up. His erection was becoming painful.

“’You don’t need suppressants,’” Ushijima repeated, “’you have me right here.’”

Suga felt a wave of fear wash over him when he realised what Ushijima was implying. He felt sick, his whole form shivering.

“Please, I can’t in this state…”

Ushijima studied his face for a second before disappearing behind the doors. Suga put his arms around himself. He felt cold on the outside but burning hot inside. The Alpha came back a minute later. Suga’s eyes were filling with tears and he had no energy to stop them spilling down his cheeks. He was scared. He’d never gone into heat before. He felt something touch his hand. Ushijima opened his fingers gently and pressed a few pills into his palm. Suga threw them into his mouth and Ushijima passed him a glass of water.

Suga shivered as it went down, “thank you.”

Suddenly Ushijima was against him, his lips brushing against Suga’s neck. Suga’s hand opened by itself, the empty glass falling out of his hand. Ushijima caught it easily and put it out of hand reach, his hand coming back to caress Suga’s hip.

“Ushi…”

He felt different now, and not because of the suppressants. They hadn’t started working yet but as soon as Ushijima touched him, the pain went away, as did the feverish feeling. Now there was just a burning heat in the pit of his stomach and this strange desire to have the Alpha touch him. Ushijima’s lips ghosted over Suga’s neck, making the omega shiver again.
“Harder…” Suga whispered in his ear.

Ushijima happily obliged, kissing his neck hard enough to bruise. He kissed a hickey into the space below his ear, nibbling on his neck as he tugged impatiently on Suga’s shirt. The heat increased, nearly driving Suga crazy. He pushed his t-shirt over his head and Ushijima took the opportunity to do the same. They pressed together. The feel of Ushijima’s bare skin against his sent pleasure coursing up and down his spine.

“Bed…” he said breathlessly.

He yelped when Ushijima picked him up easily and practically tossed him onto the bed. The Alpha crawled on top of him, roughly jerking his trousers off. The next hour was filled with bliss so intense Suga was in a haze most of it. There was nothing gentle or sensual about it. It was passionate and hard and wild. At first Ushijima did his best to prepare Suga but it all went to hell the moment Suga stuttered his name out. At first the penetration hurt but Suga couldn’t find his voice to tell Ushijima to stop.

Once he got used to Ushijima’s impressive length, it all went mad. Suga had never had sex before but he was pretty sure making someone feel this good was a sin. Strangely enough, once they were done and Ushijima crawled off him to take a shower Suga couldn’t remember exactly what they did, just that it felt really good. And then the suppressants kicked in and he realised what he had done. Embarrassed and shaken up, he hid his face in his pillow and soon fell into an uneasy sleep.

The next four days were a haze. Suga woke up, yearning for Ushijima and the Alpha obliged, screwing his brains out, always in the same violent, rough, intoxicating way. They could do it for hours, leaving Suga to fall asleep or pass out immediately after. Sometimes he woke up in the bath with Ushijima, leaning against his broad chest as the Alpha washed him as best as he could. Ushijima woke him up sometimes so he could eat. Suga could barely get through the meal before pouncing on his Alpha. There was no time for suppressants. Ushijima didn’t go to college that week, knowing full well that if he left Suga alone the pain would be unbearable.

After his heat was over, Suga slept a full day. Ushijima acted normal around him, even though Suga was too ashamed to strike up a normal conversation. He abandoned the idea of painting the room. He could barely stand it when Ushijima was around. Suga had never in his life felt so ashamed – not when it was his fault that Karasuno lost a practice match, not when he got the lowest score in class… truth be told, he felt like a common whore and he hated Ushijima for letting him act like that, even though it wasn’t his fault. Suga promised himself that during his next heat he’d take so many suppressants he wouldn’t be able to get it up even if he wanted a quick wank in the bathroom.

A few weeks later Suga was still jumpy.

“I won’t bite.” Ushijima snapped one day when Suga was making himself a sandwich and Ushijima reached above his head to get the coffee. Suga flinched so hard his knife clattered to the floor.

“I-I know…” Suga said uneasily, picking up the utensil.

Ushijima watched him with an unreadable expression, “what we did was completely normal. There’s no shame in it.”

“I know,” Suga lied.

“Then why…” Ushijima reached out to touch his face and Suga flinched again against his will. The Alpha dropped his hand. Suga could tell he wanted to say a lot of things, but since he wasn’t a talker he remained silent, going to the opposite side of the kitchen to make his coffee. Suga hated how
painfully awkward their relationship was. It had been months since they got married and yet nothing changed…

||| III |||

A few months later still nothing changed. Suga was getting a bit fed up with it, to tell you the truth. Out of the twelve hours when they weren’t sleeping, Ushijima was there maybe three. He woke up early, at six, sometimes five, went for a run, came home. He ate breakfast when Suga was only waking up, too sleepy to eat with him, and then when he finally woke up Ushijima had already gone for lessons. His courses ended at four and until eight, sometimes nine, he had practice. On weekends he had matches. When he came home he did his homework and practiced tosses and receives in front of the house. He took long baths. He seemed to do anything as to not spend time with Suga.

Suga still knew practically nothing about him. So one day, when Ushijima was outside practicing spiking, Suga came to him.

“Hey,” he said. It was dark outside and Ushijima was practicing under a little light in the back of the apartment building. “I could toss to you, if you want,” he shrugged, feeling awkward, “I was a setter, afterall.”

Ushijima fixed him with a look that made Suga shiver, “why?”

Suga sighed and kicked the ground, nervous, “you don’t spend time with me.”

Ushijima’s face softened an inch, “I didn’t know you wanted me to spend time with you.”

To be fair, Suga didn’t really want to, but it was the only way of actually improving their relationship. Since they were already tied for life, he could at least do something about the burning awkwardness. Plus, Ushijima hadn’t even bitten him yet. It kind of got to you on a subconscious level; that you weren’t a good enough mate.

Ushijima tossed Suga the ball. He caught it easily. For the next half an hour they practiced. Ushijima’s spikes were killer and all Suga could do was watch in wonder and get the ball once it was spiked. They didn’t talk and Suga felt like even though they were practicing together, Ushijima wasn’t actually acknowledging his presence at all.

Suga tossed the ball to Ushijima and he hit it hard enough that it bounced off the apartment’s wall and out into the garden.

“I’ll get it,” Suga didn’t wait for a reply and ran after the ball. He never got there.

Halfway to it, a terrible pain shot through his stomach. He cried out and fell to his knees, clutching his abdomen. In a flash Ushijima was by him, picking him up.

“I’m fine,” Suga wheezed as another wave of pain hit him. He whimpered and curled in Ushijima’s arms, shoving his face into his chest. The smell of the Alpha seemed to call him, even if only a little, “Ushi, it hurts.”

Suga might have imagined Ushijima shifting him so he was closer to him. Then all Suga felt was the cool breeze as Ushijima ran back to the apartment and the softness of the mattress as he was laid onto it. He opened his eyes weakly. Ushijima was pacing around the room, speaking harshly into the phone.

“I don’t know, he collapsed…no, he’s conscious…what? Omega. He’s an Omega…” Ushijima’s eyes narrowed, “yes, we have…I don’t know, a few. Yes, a lot. What’s wrong with him?” Ushijima
listened for a little while and Suga watched, surprised, as his eyes widened and a look of pure shock blossomed on his face, "I-I...how do I check? Uh, I think we got one as a present...um...okay...what do I do if...alright, thank you."

Suga blinked at him. The pain was gone but Suga still felt drained.

"Is something wrong with me?"

Ushijima still looked nervous, "wait a second." He disappeared and for a good ten minutes he didn’t come back. When he did, he held a small, long device in his hand.

Suga’s eyes widened, ‘’you’re kidding. A pregnancy test!?’’

Ushijima looked at him cautiously, ‘’if you’re pregnant, then there’s nothing to worry about if you feel weak or if there’s some pain. If not, then we need to get you to the hospital, quickly,’’ he held the test to him, ‘’so check.’’

It was the most words Suga had ever heard him utter. Nervously he took the test from him.

‘’How do I even use this?’’ he asked, glaring at the device. He read the instructions while Ushijima watched. He groaned, ‘’seriously!? I don’t even need to go,’’ he tossed the test away in annoyance.

Ushijima growled. The sound sent a shiver running up Suga’s spine. He picked the test up and shoved it into Suga’s hand, ‘’listen, you will take this fucking test because if you are dying of some unknown disease I need to get you to the hospital.’’

Suga kissed his teeth. It was rare for him to get so wound up, ‘’fine. Fuck you.’’

Ushijima blinked in surprise as Suga stormed past him and locked himself in the bathroom. Angrily he unzipped his jeans and pulled his dick out. Lucky for Ushijima, he kind of did have to go. Putting the pregnancy test into his stream of piss was by far the weirdest thing he had ever done. He kept it there for the duration, not really knowing how long he was meant to, then he tossed the test onto the sink. The instructions said to wait for three minutes.

Those were the longest three minutes of his life.

Three minutes. What if it was nothing? Ushijima seemed really worried. It was kind of a nice change to his usual indifference towards his husband. He actually showed emotions when Suga collapsed. What if he thought that Suga had pretended to get his attention away from practice? Would he think Suga was annoying. God, what was wrong with him lately. He had been so emotionally unstable. He missed his team, with their straightforwardness; if Daichi was mad, his face was terrifying; if Hinata was happy his eyes were all shiny and his grin looked ready to break his face; if Noya was pumped up he looked like he was practically on fire; if Yamaguchi got sad his face got all droopy and his eyes got glassy; if Asahi was embarrassed, he was redder than a kid’s nose on Red Nose Day. When Ushijima was mad, happy, pumped up, sad or embarrassed, you couldn’t tell. Heck, did he even feel any of those emotions?

Two minutes. What if he was sick? What if he was going to die? That wasn’t fair. Even if Ushijima was infuriating, Suga still wanted to be happy with him. Some part of him stepped up to the challenge and wanted to make the cold giant happy, too. But if he was sick, he’d never get the chance. Or what if he’d have to get chemo or something? Would Ushijima lose the little interest he had for Suga? Maybe I’d be better to die, then. That way Ushijima would actually spend his ‘last weeks’ with him, take care of him, maybe smile…

One minute. What if he was pregnant? What if the test showed those two lines? Ushijima would hate
him for sure. If there was anything that could destroy your career it was affairs, injuries and babies. Suga getting pregnant would surely wreck his career, and cause him loads of problems – apparently pregnant omegas were even more desirable to Alphas than normal. If there were Alphas going after him, then Ushijima would have to protect him and probably mark him often and-

“Sugawara? Are you okay?”

“Uh, yeah, one second,” Suga bit his lip and slowly reached for the pregnancy test. *Please don’t be two lines, please don’t be two lines, please don’t be two lines…*

Fuck.

Suga’s knees suddenly felt weak and he sank down the sink, holding the test in his hand tightly, till the screen cracked and the two lines disappeared. He swore quietly and tossed the thing in the bin, rubbing his face. His eyes felt tired. The whole idea that there was a life growing in his stomach was…strange beyond imagination. He didn’t even have a very big bump yet – he just thought he had gained weight from lazing about all day – but the kid was already kicking. Probably a huge bugger Alpha like his dad.

“Suga.” Ushijima’s voice was gentle through the doors.

“Yeah, I’m coming,” Suga’s voice was hoarse. He forced himself to get up and unlock the doors. Ushijima was standing in the doors, his eyes full of worry.

“And?”

Suga’s hand went to his stomach automatically and Ushijima’s eyes widened a fracture.

“You’re…?”

Suga nodded. He couldn’t meet Ushijima’s eyes. He clutched his stomach, feeling like he was going to be sick.

“That’s great,” Ushijima breathe out. Suga looked up at him, surprised. Ushijima was smiling. It was a small smile, but a smile none the less. He cupped Suga’s cheek in his hand and pressed a kiss to his forehead, “I’m happy.”

“But your career-“

“You’re more important,” Ushijima stroked his cheek, “I don’t want you to be frightened. I’ve got you.”

Tears filled Suga’s eyes. Dang, at least he knew why he was so emotional lately. Stupid hormones.

“I think you should sleep now.” Ushijima said gently. In two seconds his whole attitude changed. Suddenly he was a caring husband.

Too drained by the events of the day, Suga crawled under the covers. To his surprise, Ushijima stripped to his boxers and crawled in with him. Suga felt a warm arm press against his aching stomach and a kiss on his shoulder.

“This is the first time we’ve slept together,” Suga whispered.

“What do you mean?” Ushijima said into the darkness, “I’ve been hugging you every night since
you moved in.’’

Suga flushed at that confession, ‘‘I was always asleep so I didn’t…’’

Another kiss, ‘‘goodnight, Suga.’’

‘‘Goodnight, Ushi.’’

‘‘I don’t need those!’’ Suga cringed away from the bottle of vitamins.

‘‘The doctor-’’

‘‘The doctor can go fuck himself.’’

‘‘I love it when you’re all hormonal,’’ Ushi laughed, pressing a vitamin tablet against Suga’s lips until the boy grumbled angrily and opened his mouth, swallowing it and shivering.

Ushijima caressed Suga’s exposed stomach lovingly. In the last nine months Ushi had gone from emotionless, grumpy volleyball player to a gentle and caring soon-to-be father.

‘‘You sure you don’t wanna check the gender?’’ Ushi asked, kissing his bellybutton.

‘‘All I need to know that it’s gonna be big,’’ Suga smiled as Ushi nuzzled his nose against his stomach. He put a hand on his large stomach, next to Ushijima’s, ‘‘oh, the baby’s kicking again.’’

Ushijima waited intently and grinned when the baby kicked against his hand.

‘‘I can’t wait.’’ He murmured.

Since Suga didn’t posses a vagina, the doctors decided that in a week’s time he would simply have a C section.

‘‘I can,’’ he murmured, ‘‘I’m not really looking forward to having my stomach cut open.’’

Suga was still breathing heavily. The oxygen mask had just been taken off and he was propped up on the pillows. Beneath his now flat stomach were the stitches. He was pumped full of painkillers and he was woozy. He didn’t remember what happened during the C section, just that Ushi held onto his hand tightly. Now he was waiting excitedly for the nurses to clean their baby, so he could finally see it.

‘‘Well done, Suga-chan,’’ one of the nurses said excitedly, coming over with a little wailing bundle.

‘‘They’re both healthy boys!’’ said the second nurse, carrying another bundle.

Ushijima’s eyes widened, ‘‘wait…twins!? ’’

The nurses nodded excitedly. Suga didn’t even have the energy to be surprised, he just smiled sleepily and extended his arms for one.

‘‘That’s why your stomach was so big,’’ Ushijima took the other, and cradled him in his arms, smiling down at him. Both boys had Suga’s silver hair and Ushi couldn’t see their eyes, which were scrunched shut. Both were beautiful.
‘‘What should we name them?’’ Suga mumbled, touching the baby’s button nose. He smiled at the baby Ushijima was holding. He was screaming his head off, ‘‘Hibiki for that one, I think. Means ‘sound’.’’

Ushi’s smile broadened, ‘‘Hibiki Ushijima. I like it. Then how about Susumu for the other? It means ‘makes progress’ I think.’’

Suga gave a weak laugh, ‘‘that’s so volleyball. But, yes. Susumu Ushijima it is.’’

‘‘Susumu and Hibiki,’’ Ushi murmured, kissing Suga’s forehead.

Susumu and Hibiki turned out to be a handful, but both Suga and Ushi loved every second taking care of them. And then, a few weeks after they were born, Suga had his second heat, which didn’t happen when he was pregnant. Ushijima imiediatly called the twins’ grandparents and they were taken away for a few days so Ushi could take care of Suga well.

‘‘I’m sorry about this,’’ Suga murmured into his pillow, embarrassed, as Ushi came into the room carrying a bottle of lube.

‘‘don’t worry about it,’’ Ushi said gently, ‘‘I was meaning to give you The Bite anyway.’’ Suga looked at him shyly from the pillow, ‘‘and don’t worry, I have condoms this time. I don’t think you’re ready for another pregnancy.’’

Suga hid his face in the pillow, ‘‘what if I’m never ready?’’ his voice was muffled. The heat in the pit of his stomach was getting unbearable.

‘‘Then I’m completely fine with having just Hibiki and Susumu,’’ Ushi assured him gently, leaning over him and kissing his shoulder, ‘‘come here.’’ He pulled Suga up and took his shirt off, kissing his back while he fumbled with his jeans. Suga was glad Ushijima couldn’t see his face, which was scarlet. Suga whimpered when Ushijima’s hand finally closed around his throbbing length and leaned back, pushing his back against his chest.

Ushijima pumped his hand up and down in a steady rhythm while Suga writhed and wriggled in his lap, whimpering and moaning. As soon as he reached his climax Ushijima flipped him over, coated his fingers in lube and begun preparing him. The first few times were rough and erratic, as always. But then, around the fourth round, Ushijima went slow, kissing Suga on the lips when his moans got too loud and lacing their fingers together. His free hand traced against his chest as he thrusted slowly. Whilst the other times satisfied Suga in every way, this way made his heart pound and his arms pull Ushi closer.

When he was close, Suga felt a searing pain in his neck followed by an intense wave of pleasure that made his whole body shudder as he came. Ushijima filled the condom a moment later and he collapsed on top of Suga, a pleasant warmth.

‘‘did you bite me?’’ Suga asked breathlessly, touching the throbbing spot.

Ushi kissed the fingers covering the spot, ‘‘yes.’’

Suga gave a breathless laugh, ‘‘I thought you’d never get around to it.’’

‘‘I thought it was pretty clear to others that you were mine,’’ Ushi murmured, kissing him, ‘‘you are mine. Forever. I love you. And I love the kids. You make me happy.’’
Suga’s heart pounded in his chest so hard he thought he was having a heart attack. He looped his arms around Ushi’s neck and pulled him closer, pecking his lips.

“You make me happy too,” he spoke so his lips brushed against Ushi’s with each word, “I love you.”
Kageyama was hungry as fuck.

Living in the countryside was great – the houses were large and there weren’t that many people, which meant the temptation wasn’t that big and there was a larger chance that no one would find out that Kageyama was a vampire.

Yup. Bitten as a kid, his parents usually gave him blood substitute or he’d go hunting wild animals. It was surprisingly less interesting than you’d think. For the bigger part, it didn’t change his life much. He was more competitive and his reflexes were faster, thanks to which he was a regular on the Karasuno volleyball team. But the hunger got to him sometimes, and then he needed to drink the blood of a living thing – he tried not to kill, though. If his prey was a rabbit or a squirrel he sometimes couldn’t control his thirst and drank them dry. If it was larger, he drank only so much so the animal could leave calmly after the act.

Kageyama was out and about, hungry as hell. His parents had left on a trip to his aunt for four days and they left him loads of substitute blood but this night it couldn’t quench his thirst. So, as Kageyama tended to do, he walked around gruffly until he decided to head out into the forest and catch something that had blood that was warm and alive. Once he was a safe distance away from the houses he let his senses take over. His vision sharpened and his nose begun picking up scents. There were little animals not far away, scurrying on the ground. A cold blooded lizard. The warm scent of a deer…Kageyama inhaled sharply. Another scent hit his nose, this one completely different to anything he ever smelt before. His eyes glazed over, his breathing quickened. Every inch of his body reacted, turning in the direction he came from, towards the town. A part of Kageyama tried to stop himself as he leapt, running faster than humanly possible in the direction of the houses. If what he smelt was a person he wouldn’t be able to stop himself…

His vision cleared and he realised he knew where he was. With dread he looked up at the window of the house in front of which he was standing. Hinata was leaning out of the window, eyes closed, a lazy smile on his lips as he breathed in the fresh night air. Kageyama inhaled despite himself, getting a nose-full of the most alluring scent he ever smelt. He could practically feel Hinata’s blood pumping. Hinata moved away from the window and into his room and before Kageyama knew what he was doing, he jumped up, grabbing the ledge of the window and swinging himself into his room.

Hinata, unsuspecting anything, was getting ready for bed. How late was it? He tugged his t-shirt off and Kageyama jumped off the window ledge and onto the carpet. Hinata whipped around and his eyes widened.

“…Kageyama? How the hell did you get in my room?”

“Say,” Kageyama begun approaching Hinata. His smell was driving him crazy, “would you do
something for me?’”

Hinata stumbled back, “you’re scaring me, Kageyama,” he laughed nervously, “your eyes are all dark.”

Kageyama tilted his head to the side, like a bird, staring at Hinata. He reached out his hand.

“I think you should go-” the ginger spluttered, retreating. He tripped and fell to the floor. Kageyama pounced on him, pinning his arms to the ground, “my parents are downstairs. I could scream…” Hinata said, panicking.


“You’re not-”

The vampire let his fangs extend and watched as Hinata’s eyes widened with fear. No, not fear…

“Cool!” Hinata exclaimed, shoving Kageyama back and grabbing his face, inspecting the fangs from every direction, “that is so awesome!” his eyes were shining, “does it mean your super agile!? Can you go paaaaah! And whoosh! Is that what you did now? Went pouuuuu! From the street to my window?” he hesitated, “why did you come through my window?”

Kageyama looked at him with dark eyes. Everything except Hinata was blurring in and out. He could see his pulse jumping in his neck, “I’m thirsty…” Kageyama’s voice was raspy.

Hinata paled, “uh…wait…the fangs…” he gestured to Kageyama, “come with the rest? Are you a vampire?”

Kageyama growled. All he could concentrate on was Hinata’s pulse jumping in his neck, “I don’t know. Never met another one.”

Hinata rubbed his neck awkwardly, “are you thinking about biting me? God, you’re thinking about biting me, aren’t you?”

“You just…smell so good…”

“It’s aloe vera shampoo,” Hinata said weakly before being shoved to the floor again. Kageyama hovered above him, his hands brushing feverishly against Hinata’s neck and chest.

He lowered his face and pressed his lips to Hinata’s neck, “let me bite you. Just a bit.”

Hinata was shaking, “will…w-will it hurt?”

Kageyama didn’t know. He remained silent until Hinata inhaled loudly, “okay. You’ve sent me loads of tosses, so this is payback. Make it quick though. I’m ready,” he gave a little war cry, squeezed his eyes shut and balled his hands into fists at his sides.

Kageyama inhaled his scent, losing himself in it. A part of him knew it was wrong. He was taking advantage of Hinata’s kindness, but the vampire part of him didn’t care. Without further warning, Kageyama shoved his teeth into Hinata’s neck. The boy yelled through clenched teeth, jerking upwards. Kageyama held him down, licking the blood greedily. It tasted even better than Hinata smelled.

And then Hinata moaned.
Authentically moaned.

The sound stimulated Kageyama in all the wrong ways. He pressed against Hinata harder unconsciously, lapping at the blood and licking a large portion of his neck as well.

‘Mmmm,’ Hinata grabbed a handful of Kageyama’s dark hair, his breath irregular and jerky next to Kageyama’s ear. Kageyama couldn’t stop himself. He grabbed Hinata’s waist and, without disconnecting his lips, pulled both of them up, pulling Hinata into his lap and rolling his hips. Hinata moaned again, his eyes glassy, as he held on to Kageyama desperately.

Kageyama knew his first was quenched and with great difficulty he pulled his fangs out, liking the puncture marks. They healed instantly.

‘Will...I…’ Hinata wheezed against Kageyama’s ear, ‘turn into a…vampire…now?’

The animals Kageyama had hunted never seemed to, so he shook his head. Now that he was back to himself, the fangs retracted into his gums, he felt ashamed and embarrassed. And more than a little aroused. Who knew Hinata could moan like that?

Hinata slowly untangled his hand from Kageyama’s hair. Kageyama glared at the floor. Hinata coughed awkwardly and begun getting up. Woozy from loss of blood, he stumbled and fell back into Kageyama.

‘Whoa…’

‘Sorry,’ Hinata laughed sheepishly, pushing himself away from Kageyama’s chest to look at him, ‘I’m just a little…’

Kageyama brushed a stray lock of ginger hair from his forehead. His thirst was gone, but Hinata still smelled really good. Kageyama didn’t remember him smelling like that.

He looked away, awkwardly, ‘th…thanks.’ He said gruffly.

He felt Hinata study him, ‘you want to do something,’ the middle blocker observed, ‘so just do it.’

‘You wouldn’t want…’

‘I would,’ Hinata grinned, settling himself on Kageyama’s lap.

“We’re…both guys. It’s weird,” Kageyama grumbled, looking away, even as his hands crept alongside Hinata’s bare back, pressing against his spine, “you just…taste so sweet,” he leaned forward, as if in a trance, and licked some drying blood from his collarbone. His lips lingered there before pressing a few sloppy smooches up his neck and to his lips. Kageyama’s mouth hovered by Hinata’s, “you sure?”

“I’d always wanted to date a vampire,” Hinata grinned, “a girl, obviously, but…” his voice changed to a murmur as he closed the space, “you’ll do.”

Their kiss was slow, experimental. Hinata rested his hand on Kageyama’s warm neck.

“I have a lot of questions,” he murmured, tugging on his shirt, “you better answer them.”

“All of them,” Kageyama promised, kissing him again. His thumbs found the hem of his boxers and tugged them down, “tomorrow.”

Hinata flushed when Kageyama smoothly pulled out his length, sliding his fingers along it slowly.
“What are…w-what are you…?”

Kageyama flushed, looking away again, “do you not like it?”

Hinata made a little embarrassing noise when he glanced at Kageyama’s face, “I don’t hate it,” he whispered, because saying ‘I like it’ would be way too embarrassing. Kageyama gripped in a more firm way, gaining confidence when a little moan slipped from Hinata’s mouth. He began pumping faster, sometimes running his thumb over the head. Hinata groaned and buried his face in Kageyama’s neck, his nails digging into his shoulders.

To tell the truth, he didn’t last long.

He moaned Kageyama’s name and came over his fingers. Already hazy from the loss of blood, his vision blurred as bliss overtook him. He leaned into Kageyama, waiting for the shivers to pass, feeling both amazing and weak at the same time. He felt Kageyama mop up the mess and then carry him to bed, putting him under the covers.

“’That’s enough for today.’”

Lips brushed against his forehead. He opened his eyes a fracture to see Kageyama swipe his t-shirt from the floor and put it on, moving to the open window.

“See you tomorrow, Hinata,” he said, still blushing, and jumped out of the window.

“See you…” Hinata murmured before drifting off.
I'm Just a Teenage Dirtbag Baby

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Iwaizumi (top) x Oikawa (bottom)
Prompt by: yoyoyo242
Prompt: Delinquent!Iwa x nerd!Oikawa

“Oi, Shittykawa!”

Oikawa exhaled slowly and closed his locker, forcing a smile before turning to face the school’s most renowned delinquent, Iwaizumi Hajime himself.

“Good morning, Iwa-chan,” he said, trying to sound perky and cheerful even though he wanted to hunch his shoulders and flee from Iwaizumi’s terrifying glare.

Iwaizumi slammed his arm into the lockers by Oikawa’s head, causing him to flinch, “I’ve heard you’ve been chatting to some new guy in your Chem class,” he leaned forward, glaring at Oikawa intensely, “what’s that about?”

Iwaizumi had a bad jealousy problem. It was a problem because Oikawa was in no way his boyfriend or lover and yet the delinquent felt the need to monitor him like a parent. And he got awfully jealous when Oikawa talked to any guy other than him – it was all a little psychopathic, really, but Oikawa was too scared to tell Iwaizumi to simply fuck off.

“We sit next to each other, If I don’t talk to him I’ll come across as rude,” Oikawa laughed nervously, “you get jealous way too easily, Iwa-chan.”

Iwaizumi leaned in even closer, his eyes shooting daggers, “don’t test me,” he growled.

Oikawa swallowed thickly and Iwaizumi’s eyes shifted to his lips. For a second Oikawa expected the dark haired boy to kiss him, but he pushed away from him and walked down the hall to where his friends were waiting. The students down the corridor parted for him quickly, glancing worriedly as he passed them. Oikawa only breathed out a sigh of relief when Iwaizumi disappeared behind the corner. He had a scratch on his neck – he had probably gotten into a fight again, which meant he was in a bad mood…which meant he’d take it out on Oikawa.

Kindaichi approached him, hands in pockets. Even though he was his best friend, Iwaizumi didn’t like him talking to Oikawa either. It pissed Oikawa off.

“What was that about?”

Oikawa laughed sheepishly, “you saw?”

“Half of Aoba Johsai saw,” Kindaichi shook his head, “you should really do something about him. You act all happy and cheery but we all know you hate the way he treats you,” he fixed Oikawa with a stern look, “it’s time you stop being a shy, nerdy kid and stand up for yourself.”

With a laugh, Oikawa diverted the attention away from him, “Jheez, you sound just like a captain. Maybe during the next volleyball match I should just let you do the speeches?”
Kindaichi was thrown off track. He grinned, “nah, you’re a good captain.”

Glad that his plan had worked, Oikawa laughed, “aw, stop it. You’re making me blush.”

For the rest of the day Oikawa avoided Iwaizumi and pretty soon the dark haired teen was out of his head as he joked around with his friends, flirted with girls and ate a lunch on the school’s rooftop with Kindaichi. Halfway through the day the tannoy called Iwaizumi Hajime and Terushima Yuji to the principal. Oikawa went on with his day, going to practice (Iwaizumi wasn’t there) and then, after he was finally dressed and ready to go home, he got a text.

By gates. Come mine?

Oikawa sighed. He knew that if he refused Iwaizumi would get all mopey and depressed, and he couldn’t lie that it made him a little happy that the delinquent wanted him of all people to spend time with. With his heart beating faster than normal he set out to the school gates through the dark. Iwaizumi was leaning against the gates, staring at his phone screen. There was a band aid under his eye and he looked like he had been in a fight.

“Iwa-chan!” Oikawa called brightly, jogging over, “what’s that on your face.”

Iwaizumi put his phone away, “I got into a fight.”

Blink, “with who…?”

“Terushima Yuji,” Iwaizumi said the name like a challenge.

Oikawa paled, “do not tell me you beat him up because he was nice to me.”

A vein popped in Iwaizumi’s forehead, “no, it was because he came to me and declared that he’d get you to date him. The fight was levelled. Kind of…”

Oikawa gritted his teeth and punched Iwaizumi’s stomach. The delinquent looked more surprised than anything, “you’re not my boyfriend, or my mother. Quit being so controlling!”

Iwaizumi looked at him for a second before sighting and taking his wrist, massaging his skin, “sorry. I’ll get you cakes as an apology,” he said. He always got sweet when he knew he crossed the line and somehow Oikawa never could stay angry, “are you still coming mine?”

“Yeah, okay,” Oikawa said quietly.

Iwaizumi pulled him into a hug, “please don’t be mad.”

Oikawa forced a laugh and patted his back, trying to turn it into a bro hug. Iwaizumi just hugged him harder, nuzzling his cheek against his hair, “I’m not.”

“Liar,” Iwaizumi pulled away, “come on, let’s get the cakes before the bakery closes. You can stay at mine tonight.”

It wasn’t unusual for Oikawa to stay at Iwaizumi’s house. To his parents they just looked like really good friends. They didn’t know Iwaizumi bullied him 80% of the time and provided un-needed sexual tension the other 20%. It was a love-hate relationship really, mostly because when Iwaizumi got jealous he took it out on Oikawa verbally.

The walk to Iwaizumi’s house was short and silent. Oikawa ate his cake without speaking, offering Iwaizumi a bite mutely. Iwaizumi opened his house with his keys and let Oikawa inside. His mother
cheerfully invited him to dinner, like always. They ate. They went upstairs. They watched a movie in comfortable silence. Oikawa got to take a shower first and Iwaizumi borrowed him pyjamas. They watched more movies. Played some play station. Then, finally, Iwaizumi turned the lights off and they lay down on his bed. Iwaizumi always slept from the side of the wall.

“Toru?” All sleepiness left Oikawa’s body. Iwaizumi rarely called him by his first name, “are you still angry?” Oikawa shrugged. He didn’t want to drill the matter but he was tired of pretending like Iwaizumi’s behaviour didn’t tire him out. A warm hand squeezed his shoulder as Iwaizumi leaned over him, his eyes shining in the dark, “I’m sorry. I won’t fight with your…friends anymore.”

Oikawa sighed, feeling annoyance rise in him, “you’ll still do the other stuff though.”

Iwaizumi pulled an arm around him, nuzzling his face into his neck, “what stuff?”

Oikawa gritted his teeth, “trash talking me in the corridor. Monitoring me like a third parent. Making it impossible to go into a relationship because you beat up anyone who gets close. Getting jealous over the smallest things…why do you even care so much!”

Iwaizumi sighed, his warm breath tickling Oikawa’s neck, “you know I like you. Don’t pretend you don’t,” Oikawa rolled his eyes. Of course he knew, “so since you know you shouldn’t act like you’re single.”

“I am single!” Oikawa snapped and imediately regretted his words. Iwaizumi flipped him over and looked down at him. Oikawa was angry now, “you never asked me out, and it looks like I wouldn’t have a choice anyway! Seriously, your behaviour is freaky at best. You’re like a stalker. Or a creepy obsessed psychopath.”

Iwaizumi glanced away, his cheeks colouring scarlet with embarrassment, “you think I’m creepy?”

Oikawa looked at him for a minute in silence, “I think you need a psychiatrist.”

Anger flashed in Iwaizumi’s eyes, “I don’t! I just wanted to make it clear that you were mine without having…to actually…s-say it-”

“Calm down,” Oikawa sat up, “It was a joke. And for the record, I’m not yours.”

Iwaizumi leaned forward, brushing his lips against Oikawa’s forehead, “don’t you want to be?”

Oikawa snorted, “sure, if you quiet following me around like a lost puppy and let me actually have a life, then why not,” his voice softened, “it looks like you think we’re already going out anyway.”

Iwaizumi turned an even darker red, “I’ll do everything you said. Promise,” he finally looked at Oikawa, brushing his thumb over his cheekbone, “will you go out with me?”

Oikawa leaned forward and kissed his band aid, “sure.”

Iwaizumi hugged him, weaving his hand into his hair and pressing him into his torso.

“But don’t talk to Terushima anymore,” Iwaizumi murmured and Oikawa shivered when he felt his boyfriend’s lips on his shoulder, caressing his skin gently, “you’re mine now.” Oikawa shivered and Iwaizumi pulled away, pressing their foreheads together. His voice was husky, “tell me you’re mine.”

Oikawa swallowed and blushed, “I’m yours,” he murmured, not meeting his eyes.
Iwaizumi finally smiled, ‘‘that’s right,’’ he whispered and finally kissed him, ‘‘my Toru.’’
He Chased Me and He Wouldn't Stop...Tag, You're It

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kuroo (top) x Tsukki (bottom)
Prompt by: Kael
Prompt: Tsukki tries to escape Demon!Kuroo's clutches and gets punished in the most delicious way

The forest was so dark Tsukishima almost wished he had stayed in the dungeon. You know the forest is really bad if a person actually wants to go back to their prison. The tightly packed trees made it impossible to navigate without tripping or scratching your arms on their sharp branches. The floor was frozen mud, which hurt like hell about the fifth time Tsukki tripped and fell to his knees. The night was too dark, the moon obscured by canopies of trees. And it was cold. His face and fingers were pink and frostbitten. His breath long since had stopped coming out in puffs.

It was hopeless. On the first day he told Tsukki that there was no way out of the forest, that it was enchanted to be his prison forever. It was repentance for all his sins. Who would’ve thought hell was this cold? Tsukki couldn’t see anything in front of him, despite having his glasses which were slowly freezing over. There was no sound – no rivers rushing, no night animals crawling around, no owls hooting in the trees. Tsukki stopped and shivered. In the darkness he was a little kid again – vulnerable to monsters and scared out of his mind.

Something moved in the inky blackness in front of him. Tsukki swallowed and stumbled back as a horn slipped out of the night, and then another. Huge, majestic horns set atop a head Tsukki knew very well. A well built body clad in a crimson cape and black clothing embroidered in rich golden thread. Thick boots, silent as the creature moved closer to Tsukki. A tan hand on his chin, warm fingers deliciously hot against his chilled skin.

“Kei,” the creature murmured sensually, smiling slowly and dangerously, “I told you not to run away.”

The devil had caught him once again.

The dungeon was unlike any Tsukki had ever seen. He was extremely lucky to be living in such accommodations after what he did when he was alive. Kuroo, the Demon Lord of this realm, led Tsukki through the rust covered bars in the left wall of his majestic castle, clad in the dark night. The trip through the moist dungeon tunnels under the castle was almost as chilling as Tsukki’s run through the forest. But Kuroo didn’t toss him into any of the freezing cells. They walked to the very end of the corridor where a huge, brass door stood guard to the rooms below.

Kuroo pushed Tsukki through the doors and he barely managed to catch the ladder. Squeezing his eyes shut, he begun the descent into the blinding darkness. He knew if he fell Kuroo would catch him, which didn’t make the trip any less terrifying. When his feet finally touched the ground, Kuroo was already standing next to him. He took Tsukki’s elbow and yanked him down the corridor. Tsukki could tell the lord was pissed only by the way his fingers tightened painfully on his skin. The corridor at the bottom of the ladder was drier, alight with fire torches. The warmth spread through
Tsukki’s chilled skin like a lover’s kiss.

There were so many protection spells around even Tsukki’s spirit mind spinned. They weren’t spell to keep Tsukki in – they were protection from others. So no one could hurt him and he wouldn’t be able to hurt himself. To be fair, you can’t kill someone who’s already dead. And you can’t punish someone when they are already in hell.

Tsukki looked at the red brick walls surrounding him, refusing to glance at Kuroo. They turned a corner and reached metal doors, shut with chains. Kuroo clicked his fingers and the chains fell at his feet with a clatter. The doors opened by themselves, revealing Tsukki’s prison and home.

There was a small dining area, grand none the less. The huge table that Kuroo ate at with him was empty, the chandelier above dim. Kuroo took his boots off and placed them by the doors as they slammed shut. Kuroo warmed his freezing toes against the lush red carpet. His cold body was illuminated by dozens of candles.

“Come,” Kuroo said calmly, crossing the dining room to an opening in the wall, covered by a curtain of beads. Tsukki followed without a word, feeling the beads move over him as he ducked into the sleeping room.

The main ‘bed’ was in the corner, a huge stack of furs and pillows. All around carefully embroidered and sewn sitting pillows were scattered. The rich reds and golds of the room made Tsukki feel warmer already. The colourful steam rising lazily in the air made him woozy, like always. Kuroo liked to have him subdued, mostly so he could ignore the embarrassment flooding him during their activities and simply enjoy them.

Tsukki had done some pretty bad stuff in his life, which earned him an eternity of damnation. To his misfortune, Kuroo, the demon taking care of his trial, took a liking to him and decided that his punishment would be becoming his. Now he was stuck in this lush prison, waiting for Kuroo to do with him what he would. He had books and painting supplies and Kuroo for company. It was good, as far as punishments go.

“What did I tell you about running away?” Kuroo asked, grinning devilishly.

“Get off,” Tsukki snapped, yanking his elbow out of his hand, even though he knew he shouldn’t.

“Get off?” Kuroo repeated, raising his eyebrows, ‘well, then you get down. Come on, on your knees.” Tsukki glanced at his bleeding knees and ripped pants from all his falls and glared at Kuroo. The demon kissed his teeth impatiently and shoved Tsukki to the ground. The blond hissed in pain when his bleeding knees made contact with the carpet. Kuroo slowly and deliberately took off the huge leather belt and let it fall to the floor by the bed, “for later use,” he said, yanking his trousers down and exposing his demonic length. Tsukki swallowed. He knew from experience that depending on what he did that thing could be a device of intense pleasure or mind numbing pain.

“Suck,” Kuroo ordered with a lazy smile.

Tsukki glared at him and leaned forward. Don’t make him angry, don’t make him angry…he chanted in his head as he took the head in his mouth. It was already slick with pre-cum. Tsukki wondered how a puny little human could get an immortal demon so aroused. Slowly, Tsukki took the whole length in his mouth, sucking gently and then harder. Kuroo liked to pretend blowing him was a lover’s pleasure and not just a chore. Tsukki released the length with a wet pop and licked along the length, teasing the tip with his tongue.

“Well, at least I can say you’re very sorry for what you did,” Kuroo laughed but his voice was
strained. A hand tangled itself in Tsukki’s hair, pushing him forward, encouraging, but not forcing him so he would gag. Unfortunately since Kuroo was a demon he had good stamina. After fifteen minutes Tsukki’s mouth was growing tired, although he was enjoying Kuroo’s reactions – the quiet hiss when he nibbled on his member, the sped up breath… He pulled away from Kuroo’s dick and kissed his thighs in the sweetest, most apologetic way he could muster without swearing and finished the job with his hand.

Of course, Kuroo was far from finished.

With a click of his finger, both their clothes were gone. As always, shame flooded through Tsukki as he tried to cover himself from Kuroo’s hungry eyes. Another click and the smoke drifted up in thicker clouds. Tsukki’s fingers loosened by themselves. Kuroo swiped the discarded belt from the floor and before Tsukki knew it he was being tossed onto the bed, his hands tied with the belt above his head. He shifted uncomfortably under Kuroo’s prying eyes but his body was already reacting.

“You’re still shivering, Kei,” Kuroo said, grinning, before dipping his head to trail his tongue from his bellybutton up. Tsukki hissed at the temperature change between his still cool skin and Kuroo’s hot tongue. Kuroo ignored the hiss, licking up slowly and kissing a few spots, paying extra attention to Tsukki’s nipples and making sure his neck was covered in marks, “how should I punish you?” he murmured in Tsukki’s ear, his fingers moving lazily against Tsukki’s own erection, “oh, I know!” Kuroo said brightly, pulling away and snapping his fingers.

Tsukki yelped when a device closed against his erection, covering his head and squeezing it hard, “oh, no, not that…” he whimpered.

Kuroo grinned, “I’m not going to listen to you since you won’t listen to me,” he sighed dramatically, playing with one of Tsukki’s nipples, “you know how nice this can be and yet you chose to run off and make me angry.” His fingers travelled down, over Tsukki’s trapped cock and further down, poking at his enterance, “take the shame, Kei,” he murmured, shoving a finger inside.

Tsukki’s back arched at the sensation but he made no noise. Displeased, Kuroo shoved another finger in without a warning, twisting them around until Tsukki gasped, his hands jerking in his binds. Kuroo grinned, pulling his fingers out as quickly and violently as he did when he shoved them in and clicked his fingers again. Tsukki squeezed his eyes shut, not wanting to see what monstrosity Kuroo had magicked up now.

“I call this device The Punisher,” Kuroo purred and Tsukki kept his eyes shut, “I think you will quite enjoy it.”

Tsukki felt something cold press against his enterance and force it’s way in, despite his quiet protests. The thing seemed to go on forever. Just when Tsukki felt like he was at his limit more of The Punisher shoved itself inside his aching hole, making him groan and breathe faster. His dick was now painfully hard but his restraint kept him from coming. He shuffled uncomfortably and gasped sharply when The Punisher shoved itself inside more, stuffing him.

“Now the real fun begins,” Kuroo’s melodic voice reached his ears and The Punisher begun moving. First it was only buzzing, and then it was twisting around by itself and shoving itself in and out. Tsukki moaned loudly, his eyes flying open. Kuroo was watching him, his eyes half-lidded and shining as he touched himself. Two minutes later, he was at his limit.

“P-please…take it off…” he moaned weakly, arching his back. His restrained hands were beginning to go numb.

“You’re not going to come from a toy, are you?” Kuroo laughed, giving himself a few more lazy
“P-please…” Tsukki hated begging but he felt like he was about to burst. His dick ached. A small portion of the pain was intense pleasure at being close.

Without a warning The Punisher shoved itself out of Tsukki’s abused hole and disappeared, replaced by Kuroo’s warm, dripping length. The demon curiously explored the area around Tsukki’s hole with the tip of his dick before shoving it inside without a warning. Tsukki’s moans could probably be heard at the upper levels of the castle. Kuroo, thanks to the play before, was close within minutes. Tears leaked out of the corners of Tsukki’s eyes.

“Please, take it off…” he half-whimpered, half-moaned with Kuroo’s particularly hard thrust, “please, I need to…”

Kuroo ceased moving and leaned over Tsukki, grinning. “what do you say?”

“I’m sorry I tried to run away,” Tsukki sniffed, his eyes angry and glistening with tears. His hips rolled against Kuroo’s dick, his ass already missing the movement, “I won’t do it again.”

Kuroo’s eyes softened, “and?”

“I’m yours,” Tsukki let a tear roll down his cheek. Kuroo wiped it away.

“’That’s right. And…?”

Tsukki leaned forward, kissing him feverishly, “I love you.”

Kuroo smiled and clicked his fingers. The restraint on Tsukki’s cock and his hands disappeared. Tsukki threw his arms around Kuroo’s neck as he brought him to the most amazing orgasm he ever experienced. He was shivering for a few minutes after as Kuroo attacked his neck and face with kisses.

Tsukki, now cleaned up and grumpy again, sat rolled in a blanket like a pancake on the bed of furs. Kuroo walked into the room carrying a steaming mug and gave it to Tsukki.

“God, you’re an idiot. You nearly got hypothermia!” Kuroo was saying in his best mother-voice. Tsukki rolled his eyes and drank the warm liquid in the mug. It warmed him up inside. Kuroo came to sit next to him, unrolling the blanket and pulling it around himself as well. One of his arms went around Tsukki’s hips, the other moving to massage at his bandaged knees. He kissed his temple affectionately, “I’m not angry anymore, so you don’t be either, okay?”

“I can’t believed you used a toy on me,” Tsukki grumbled, “with a shit name as well.”

Kuroo grinned charmingly, the light of the candles reflecting off his horns, “come on, Kei. You need to be open to new possibilities,” he kissed his cheek, “you were fun.”

“And you were a dickhead.”

“I’m just doing my job,” Kuroo laughed but his thumb rubbed at his hip comfortingly, “it’s your fault for trying to run off,” he kissed his hair again, inhaling his smell, “I’d be lonely without you.”

Tsukki finished his drink and put it on the floor, throwing his legs over Kuroo’s and snuggling into his chest, “I know.” Kuroo hummed happily, pulling his arms around his Tsukki.
I Wish I Was a Punk Rocker with Flowers In My Hair

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Tsukki (top) x Yamaguchi (bottom)
Prompt by: 8viciroo8
Prompt: Punk!Tsukki x Pastel!Yamaguchi

One goal: get the date.

Yamaguchi was easily terrified but he was also stubborn and he was determined to make Kei Tsukishima his date. Tsukki – as Yamaguchi called him in his head – was the polar opposite of him. Yamaguchi, strangely enough, became the ‘flower child’ when he entered college. His days were filled with after-school art catch up, staining his fingertips with pastels daily, sitting on a table at lunch and playing the guitar or chilling in the field on a hot day, making flower chains for the girls (and sometimes for himself)

While Tsukki…Tsukki wore band t-shirts, always listened to music and talked excitedly about bands Yamaguchi never heard about. He was intimidating with his height and Omni-present glare. Somehow, though, there was something alluring about him. Tsukki never noticed Yamaguchi glancing at him in lessons or coming to his volleyball practice.

For two years of college Yamaguchi observed Tsukki from a distance and now that uni was creeping up on them, the boy decided it was now or never. His chance to ask Tsukki out. The College Prom was coming out and if by any chance, even if only a little bit, Tsukki wanted to go with him, he had to try. Even if Tsukki was scary. Even if his group of friends were like a cult. Even if Tsukki would perceive him as weird for the rest of their life.

Yamaguchi decided to do it a month before the prom. To complete the mission, he read up on ‘how to ask someone out’ on the internet. He was presented with ten easy points, and he decided to use them to the fullest to get his dream date.

1. **Start a Conversation**

“T-Tsukishima-kun,” cursing his stuttering voice he watched nervously as Tsukki, as if in slow motion, turned around, his resting bitch face making Yamaguchi’s heart race, “where are you headed off to?”

Good. He had made his move.

“History,” Tsukki said, his eyebrow raising an inch like he wanted to frown but was stopping himself, “you should be too.”

Yamaguchi laughed nervously, feeling his cheeks heat up, “I didn’t realise you knew we were in the same class.”

Tsukki rolled his eyes, “I make a point of knowing who’s in my class.”

“I-I’m Tadashi Yamaguchi, by the way.”
“I know,” Tsukki was already reaching for the white headphones hanging around his neck, contrasting with his black t-shirt, “was there something you wanted?”

“Would you like to-”

2. **Don’t ask for a date immediately**

“…Would you like to go to class together?” he blurted, tugging on his pastel blue t-shirt nervously.

With a sight like he was performing a chore, Tsukki nodded his head down the corridor, “come on then.”

Yes! He had gotten him to agree for a walk… well, it wasn’t really a walk but… there was still hope! Although Tsukki didn’t put his headphones around his head, he didn’t speak. Yamaguchi felt awkward. They were going to be late to class if they walked this slow but Tsukki didn’t speed up and Yamaguchi didn’t want to hurry him.

3. **Say something positive**

Positive, positive…

“I-I think History’s fun,” Yamaguchi said with a hopeful smile, “don’t you?”

Tsukki shrugged, unimpressed, “I don’t particularly hate it.”

With a tilt of his head, Yamaguchi glanced at his interest, “so you like it?” Tsukki shrugged mutely and Yamaguchi racked his brain. This was getting really awkward.

4. **Keep the conversation going**

HOW!?

“I like your shirt!”

Tsukki raised an eyebrow, “you listen to Panic?”

Yamaguchi racked his head. Panic? Was that an abbreviation or was there literally a band called ‘Panic’. His head swam with useless information. He listened to stuff like The Lumineers and Alessia Cara, not scary sounding bands like ‘panic’!

“N-no, are they good?” Yamaguchi stammered out. What were the points!?!?!?

?. **Make a good impression**

Oh, yeah, that was going so well.

The corridors were empty but Tsukki didn’t speed up. He didn’t seem in any rush to get to lesson on time.

Tsukki ignored his question, “you seem nervous.”

Yamaguchi jumped, “nervous? No way!” he laughed it off.

?. **Use the right body language**

Yamaguchi leaned closer to Tsukki, following his steps as they marched down the corridor.
The blond sighed, “you’re stuttering and blushing all over the place, you don’t reply for long periods of time and you look as nervous as a kid during a nativity play,” he sighed again, this time in a more…sad way, “am I really that scary?”

Yamaguchi sighed too and slumped forward. Great. He was doing fucking amazing, “no. Quite the opposite actually…” he said dejectedly as they stopped in front of their class.

Tsukki’s face was neutral, “what do you mean?”

Oh, fuck it.

10. Ask for the date

“I like you,” Yamaguchi said bluntly, “please go to prom with me.”

Tsukki stared at him. Only after about five seconds Yamaguchi realised what he said and flushed from head to toe.

“…If you want,” he finished lamely.

More silence. God, just say no…

“Okay. I was going to ask you, too,” Tsukki said emotionlessly, “I guess you beat me to it.”

Yamaguchi looked up at this tall piece of fine ass clad in black in awe, “what?”

Tsukki sighed in annoyance, “you’re cute. The fact that you’re so shy and cheerful and always wear pastels makes me want to hug you. The way you wear flower crowns at break actually makes me smile,” Tsukki stopped and frowned to himself, “was that weird?”

Yamaguchi shook his head in awe.

Tsukki shrugged, like he didn’t care either way, “eat lunch with me today. I’ll show you what Panic is.”

Yamaguchi’s eyes shone, “sure, Tsukki!”

Tsukki’s mouth quirked up, “Tsukki?”

Yamaguchi flushed again, “it’s…i-it’s a…”

“You can call me what you want,” Tsukki declared, his face stony, “and don’t worry. I wont bring my punk friends,” the half-smile was back, “I know they scare you.”

Yamaguchi smiled at the floor, “just us two then.”

“OI!” The doors to the classroom were throw open and their pissed-off History teacher glared at them from the door, “HOW LONG DO YOU PLAN TO CONFESSION YOUR LOVE FOR EACH OTHER IN FRONT OF MY CLASS!”

That’s when Tsukki remembered the doors to the classroom were not sound proof.
The World's Gonna End Now, The Sky Will Fall Down Now

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Akaashi (top) x Tsukki (bottom)
Prompt by: Tsuki_luvr69
Prompt: Apocalypse AU

All Tsukishima wanted to do on the 16th of September was get to school.

It was a seemingly ordinary day – the sun was beating down on him, making his shirt stick to his back. Apparently it didn’t get the memo that summer ended sixteen days prior. Tsukki was already pretty late and the roads were deserted of students. And, well everybody. Okay, so people were at work but usually there were a few elderly couples going out for a walk or tired mothers pushing strollers…was it maybe too hot?

No, something was wrong.

Tsukishima stopped in the middle of the sun-warmed tarmac, glancing around at the empty road. The street was empty but apparently so were the houses…or so they seemed. Under the buzzing of the cicadas there was an underlying sound. Not cars, not talking…groaning. Wet, distant groaning noises reached his ears, gaining in volume. Tsukki glanced behind him. A few meters of street and then it disappeared from view, sloping downwards. Cautiously, gripping the strap of his bag, Tsukki walked towards it, one foot at a time. More freaked out than he would like to admit, he glanced over the edge and down.

He breathed out, relieved. There were people after all! They were walking in a big bunch, slowly, up the slope. Maybe there was some marathon or charity run he didn’t know about, since he didn’t watch the news? Tsukki squinted down. No, the people were walking…or more like…shuffling? Someone raised their head to look up at him and Tsukki heart stopped. The face was ashy, grey even. The eyes were gone, black holes staring at him. The person’s tongue was lolling out of his mouth, saliva dripping down his shirt. Fingers spasming. Bits of flesh coming away on the arms. He was limping – a large chunk of his left leg was missing. His throat made a groaning noise as he shuffled forward, faster now that he had seen Tsukki.

FUCKING ZOMBIES?!

Tsukki stumbled back blindly, first slowly, then faster. He was about to turn and run to school before that horde reached him when a strong arm grabbed his elbow.

That’s it he thought I’m gonna die. But instead of biting him, the zombie dragged him quickly to the bushes by the road and flung him down, lowering himself next to him. At that point Tsukishima realised it wasn’t a Zombie, but Kuroo Tetsuroo.

“’The fuck you doing out of Tokyo?’” he hissed quietly, lowering his head so he was invisible from the bush. Kuroo peered between the leaves, “’the fuck is going on?’”

“’don’t you watch the news?’” Kuroo asked calmly, “’some epidemic disease spread in Tokyo and all of Japan has gone to hell. People are calling it End of the World 2k16 and hashtagging on instagram
like the apocalypse is something fun,” a grin made it’s way to his face, “I suppose it is, but I still decided to leg it from Tokyo. Where are you heading?”

“School,” Tsukki said gruffly, “is there a cure?”

“If someone’s gonna find one, I bet it’s you,” Kuroo turned to him and flashed him a grin, “mind if I tag along to Karasuno.”

Tsukki shrugged. The horde was nearly upon them, “do what you wa-“

Suddenly Kuroo was on top of him, pressing a hand against his mouth. Tsukki grabbed his wrist and tried to pry his hand away, but Kuroo was strong and he wasn’t even looking at him. Tsukki heard shuffling and groaning as the horde moved past and froze. Slowly, Kuroo lowered his head. As light-hearted as he was about this disease, he was still pretty scared. Tsukki wondered how he made it all the way from Tokyo.

After a few minutes the shuffling had disappeared and the groaning cut off, but Kuroo still watched the road nervously. Slowly he lowered his head down until his lips were right by Tsukki’s ear.

“don’t let them bite you,” he whispered, grinned and pulled him up. Tsukki still couldn’t get his head around the whole situation.

“I don’t get it…”

“Let’s just get to Karasuno, maybe they have the news or something,” Kuroo said and Tsukki noticed how his tone was almost comforting.

They walked back onto the road. The once immaculate tarmac was now sprayed with an array of blood, pus and guts. The mixture stuck to the soles of Tsukki’s shoes. He shivered. Suddenly he didn’t feel so hot anymore.

“Come on, Karasuno’s that way, rig-“

“HEY HEY HEY!” Kuroo turned in a flash and Tsukishima went with him. Two people were running up the slope that the horde had come from. Bokuto and Akaashi. Bokuto grabbed the front of Kuroo’s shirt while Akaashi looked unimpressed, “how dare you leave us behind you bastard?”

“What’s going on?”

Akaashi turned to Tsukki, “the schools from Tokyo were going to Karasuno for practice matches,” Tsukki remembered coach saying something about that, “bus broke down, we were overrun by Zombies. People split up. Kuroo legged it without us.”

Kuroo gave a sheepish laugh, “come on, I panicked.”

Bokuto shook his shirt, his vein popping in his forehead “you left us for dead!”

“Well, clearly you can fend off for yourselves,” Kuroo grinned and Bokuto released him, turning to Tsukishima.

“Hey, hey, hey Tsukki!” he grinned, his fight with Kuroo forgotten, “you going to Karasuno by any chance?” Tsukki nodded carefully and Bokuto threw his arm around his shoulders, “great, I’ll tag along.”

“Please don’t touch me.”
Akaashi put his hand in the air and spoke calmly, "we need to take a detour. The normal tour takes us through the Centrum, which will have a lot of Zombies. Possibly."

"Whoa, how do you know which way we’re going?" Bokuto asked in awe.

Akaashi shrugged, "I memorised the area when we were here last."

Tsukki sighed and nodded towards the empty road, "let’s get a move on. We can go around but I’d rather get there before nightfall. Getting attacked by something you can’t see isn’t fun."

"The nerd speaks the truth!" Bokuto proclaimed and Kuroo whacked him over the head.

Akaashi glared at him, "be nice."

With a shrug, Tsukki cut Bokuto a look, "I don’t care what the owl says."

"This is way too dangerous…" Bokuto whispered. The ‘round’ way meant cutting through the larger farmhouses at the edge of the town. Just reaching them took a couple of hours in the unforgiving sun and a much-disputed trip to loot a shop for water, food and supplies. Most of their schoolbooks had landed in the dirt to make room for the booty. Now, carrying makeshift weapons, the group reached the farm area and it was not pretty.

It wasn’t exactly a farm – it wasn’t anything like a farm actually. Just large houses with acres of land and forest around. It was hard to believe that the highway was just half an hour away. Kuroo was at the head of the group, wielding a shelf from the bookcase in the library, broken in half. Kuroo had spent fifteen minutes studding it with nails from fences all around so now it looked like a make-shift death bat. Bokuto went after with a wrench he jacket from a car on the road. He also offered to jack the car but the new models couldn’t be used without a key. Plus, Bokuto couldn’t drive. Next came Tsukki, feeling a bit ridiculous with a pole taken from a mop on sale inside the shop. Akaashi had snapped the head off, leaving Tsukki with the stick. Well, if someone made fun he could always just say he could do Aikido. And then hit them over the head before they could question it.

Akaashi closed the ranks, keeping a lookout behind the group in case a Zombie sneaked up on them. It all felt like a surreal dream to Tsukki, maybe because he didn’t watch the news. Akaashi had an actual baseball bat. Apparently he swiped it from one of the baseball kids back at the school, God knows why. He wielded it like a sword. Tsukki couldn’t lie – he felt a bit safer knowing someone as composed and watchful as Akaashi had his back.

"Shit. This is bad."

Tsukki glanced over Bokuto’s shoulder and swore under his breath. The huge houses stood silent and vigilant down the narrow road, which was filled with Zombies. Most looked old, with flowery patterned dresses and v-neck granddad jumpers. But they were all equally dangerous.

"What do we do?" Bokuto asked anxiously, his wrench raised, ready to attack.

Tsukki glanced at the sun setting behind the hills in the distance and made a split second decision. They wouldn’t make it back before nightfall no matter what and it was better to barricade themselves in one of the houses than risk being outside when it was dark. Who knew if the beasts slept.

"That one," Tsukki pointed to the nearest house, "Kuroo and Bokuto, you clear a path for Akaashi and I to run through. We’ll get to the house and get the doors open. Follow closely, don’t split up. Once we’re inside, we clear the house of whatever Zombies we find. Akaashi and I will get to the
kitchen, grab weapons and food. We meet in the master bedroom, which will probably be upstairs. It’s most likely to have a lock. We barricade ourselves in until morning.” He said it very fast and by the end Kuroo and Bokuto looked mildly impressed while Akaashi nodded in approval.

“You just want the easy job,” Bokuto complained, hefting his crowbar, “okay. Let’s do this. Follow me, Kuroo.” He charged.

“No, you follow me!” Kuroo yelled, keeping up with Bokuto. Akaashi glanced at Tsukki and they followed, their feet hitting the tarmac loudly. The first few Zombies turned, alerted by Kuroo’s yell. They begun shuffling towards them and the boys were prepared.

Bokuto slammed his wrench into the eye socket of the first Zombie. The curved end came out of the back of its head, splattering blood everywhere, and the Zombie fell forward.

“Son of a bitch!” Bokuto shoved the dead Zombie off him just in time to catch another in the head before it chewed his nose off.

Kuroo calmly slammed his board to the left and then quickly to the right. The nails in his board caught one Zombie in the head and were wrenched out as quickly as they came, slamming into the second. Both went down. Kuroo felt like a ninja. Tsukki rolled his eyes as he ran past, whacking a Zombie out of the way. It stumbled but didn’t fall. At least the path was clear though. Akaashi and Tsukki charged through, batting away any Zombies that came too close, going too fast to risk being bitten.

Tsukki practically fell on the doors and fumbled around, trying the handle. Locked. He glanced backwards. The Zombies were preoccupied with Kuroo and Bokuto who were making a lot of noise, but they’d notice them sooner or later, and the next house was at least twenty metres away. This house was their only chance.

“Akaashi, your bat,” Tsukki stuck out his hand and Akaashi obediently gave him the bat, trading weapons and holding the broom stick in his hand. Tsukki hit the handle with the bat. It crooked. Again. About to fall off.

“Fuck,” Akaashi swore and Tsukki turned for a second. A little Zombie girl was charging towards them, teeth bared. She was faster than the adults, more feral looking. From a few feet away she jumped towards Akaashi who neatly swatted her out of the air and into the ground, where her skull smashed against the ground. Tsukki wondered if Hinata would be a jumping Zombie too, if he got bit, before smashing the bat against the handle again. It gave way. He shoved his fingers in the crack and pulled the doors open.

“SESAME OPEN THE FUCK UP!” Bokuto screamed, charging towards them, Kuroo hot on his feet. Apparently the Zombies became too overwhelming and were closing behind them like the red sea after Moses led the Egyptians through. Tsukki stumbled into the house. Akaashi fell into him and they tumbled to the floor when Kuroo and Bokuto pushed their way in, slamming the doors shut and pushing the nearest sofa against the doors. The Zombies banged on it. Tsukki didn’t notice.

Akaashi had landed on top of Tsukki, who banged his head on the floor. He didn’t feel the pain though. Akaashi’s face was close, close enough for Tsukki to imagine what it would be like… Akaashi’s half closed dark eyes suddenly opened wide and he sat up abruptly, helping Tsukki up while Kuroo and Bokuto ran around, finding more furniture and yelling the whole time.

A groan made all of them turn towards the staircase. An elderly Zombie man was making his way down the stairs, so slowly and carefully Tsukki almost felt sorry for him. He went down one step, two steps…then he tripped and rolled down, old bones cracking, and landed on the floor, pus
exploding form his face and eyes. Tsukki cringed.

“‘That does our job for us,’” Kuroo jumped over the man and ran up the stairs, “‘come on, Bokuto.’”

Tsukki snapped into action. He ran into the kitchen, which was easy to spot as it was connected to the main hall, and yanked a drawer open, revealing a nice set of knives. He tucked two into the waistbands of his jeans and tossed Akaashi a meat cleaver. The dark haired boy had opened his backpack in a hurry and was filling it with the contents of the fridge alongside the energy drinks and sweets they found in the corner shop. Silently and efficiently they stocked up on weapons and food and then hopped over the dead Zombie, charging up to where Bokuto was holding the doors open. He slammed them close behind them, like they were being chased, and the sudden silence rang in Tsukki’s ears.

“‘Bed,’” Kuroo snapped and the four of them moved the huge king size towards the doors. It didn’t look like anyone had slept in it for a while. For good measure, Bokuto and Akaashi grabbed a clothes cupboard and put it on the bed, pressing it against the doors. While those three worried about security, Tsukki walked up to the window and peered out. The Zombies were milling outside aimlessly once more. He sighed. He had hoped to be in school by now but truthfully, without the three ‘city-boys’ he wouldn’t have made it. And if the school was as bad as the rest of Japan, at least he wasn’t alone. The sun finally set behind the horizon, leaving the sky a dark pink, soon to turn black. Tsukishima wasn’t looking forward to that.

“I vote Tsukki for first watch,’” Kuroo flopped down on the floor and closed his eyes, “‘I’m dead exhausted.’”

“Akaashi, I’m counting on you,’” Bokuto grabbed his teammate’s backpack and rummaged around, pulling out a chunk of ham and biting into it. Tsukki cringed. Some food was passed around. Water. Sweets. Akaashi and Tsukki were given coke so they’d stay awake longer. Kuroo sleepily chewed on some strawberry laces and Bokuto forced him to drink some water. When it was finally dark the two curled up in the corner, suspiciously close to each other, and Tsukki and Akaashi were left to keep watch.

Akaashi and Tsukki squeezed themselves in between the headboard of the bed acting as a barricade and the cupboard, their weapons at arm’s length. Apparently the Zombies hadn’t figured out how to get into the house and the old man had been living by himself. Even after all the sugar intake, Tsukki was pretty sleepily.

Akaashi pressed his arm to Tsukki’s, warming him. Even if the days were boiling, the nights got pretty cold. When Tsukki didn’t react to the contact, Akaashi spoke.

“I’ve always liked the way you play,’’ he whispered.

Tsukki tried to keep the surprise off his face, “‘I play normally.’”

“No. Somehow you’re the only one I can’t read,’” Akaashi shrugged, “‘it’s fun.’”

“That’s because I don’t care about volleyball so there’s no emotion to show,’’ Tsukki mumbled.

Akaashi looked out into the darkness, “‘that’s not true. If you didn’t care you wouldn’t stay in the club.’”

“‘Maybe I have nothing better to do.’”

“You should come round mine sometimes, then. Visit Tokyo. Stay for a few days,’” Akaashi murmured and Tsukki didn’t reply, “‘I’d like that. Having you round.’”
‘You’re surprisingly chatty,’ Tsukki snorted to hide his embarrassment. To be fair he’d like that too.

‘Sorry,’ Akaashi pulled his knees up and looped his arms around them loosely. About half an hour passed in silence, ‘are you sleepy?’ Akaashi asked eventually.

‘Slightly,’ Tsukki admitted, ‘but I’ll be fine for a few hours.’

Akaashi closed his hand around his shoulder and pulled him down so his head landed on his lap. The blond looked up at Akaashi.

‘I’m fine for now. I’ll wake you up if something happens.’

Tsukki wanted to protest but he was so damn sleepy… ‘okay. Thanks.’

He closed his eyes and felt Akaashi brush his hand against his cheek. Sleepily Tsukki reached up, took his hand, laced their fingers together and pressed them to his chest, falling asleep.

Tsukki woke up only once, when Akaashi moved them to the floor when it was Bokuto’s and Kuroo’s turn to watch the doors. In the morning they ate a sullen breakfast of bread, jam (spread on the bread with the cleaver since no one took smaller ones), yoghurt and iced tea. It was a pretty good breakfast, in truth.

Everyone seemed to be stalling so eventually Tsukki walked up to the window and peered out.

‘The same situation,’ he informed his team. There was no way they’d get through a whole road of Zombies, not knowing how many more they were. Tsukki was scared he’d led them to their deaths. They could deal with a few rows of Zombies with their reflexes and flexibility but they’d soon be at their limit.

‘The roofs,’ Bokuto said suddenly, ‘we could walk on the roofs.’

Kuroo gave him a strange look, ‘Tsukki’s not actually a crow. And you’re not an owl. And I’m not a cat. We’d die.’

Akaashi shook his head, ‘the houses are too far apart.’

‘It’s better than the ground,’ Bokuto shrugged and pointed to the corner of the room, ‘plus we could use that.’

The ladder seemed to be staring at them.

It was surprisingly windy on the roof of the house. Tsukki sat on the irregular tiles, holding on for dear life as Bokuto angled the huge ladder and finally let it go. On several different occasions Tsukki thought the Fukurodani captain would fall to the hungry Zombies below, but he held his balance. The ladder fell and Tsukki held his breath. It reached the other roof. Didn’t fall. Bokuto tested it with his foot. It stayed in place but didn’t feel very stable. Beneath them the street was packed with Zombie. If Tsukki fell, it was a one way trip.

‘Rock paper scissors,’ Kuroo decided, looking uncertainly at the ladder. Slowly the boys extended their fists, not moving from their secure positions on the rooftop. Rock-paper-scissors. Fuck. Tsukki
lost. Marvellous.

“I’ll go,” Akaashi offered immediately but Tsukki already got up.

“No. I lost, fair and square.” The last thing Tsukki needed was to look like a coward who was gonna hold on to Akaashi’s skirt for the duration of their trip. Shakily and trying not to look down, Tsukki stepped on the tiles, making his way to the ladder. He was praying he wouldn’t slip. And that the ladder would take his weight. And that the dead walking below wouldn’t get to eat him…

“Good luck, man,” Kuroo said solemnly.

“Nice knowing you.” Bokuto added.

“At least encourage him!” Akaashi snapped but Tsukki already stepped onto the ladder. He could crawl but that would be way too embarrassing, plus Akaashi would have a clear view of his ass… damn it, if he was going out he was going out with dignity. Pride would get him killed. Taking a deep breath, Tsukki placed one foot on the first bar. The ladder creaked and shifted. Tsukki swallowed thickly and put his other foot forward. He was doing well. The ladder wasn’t shifting. With his arms at his sides, wobbling and clumsy, he finally made it to the other end. He nearly fell to his knees but reminded himself that others were watching.

Akaashi was next. He followed Tsukki’s method, walking slowly and precisely, his face not betraying any emotion. When he got to the other side he grabbed Tsukki’s wrist.

“Are you okay?”

Tsukki nodded and gave him a questioning look. He nodded. Bokuto went next, on all fours. He looked like he was saying a prayer. Kuroo went like Akaashi and Tsukki, slowly but standing up. Six bars. Five. Four. Kuroo’s foot slipped and for one terrifying moment he was up in the air, flying, and then falling.

“KUROO!” Bokuto screeched.

The Zombies below turned their heads upwards.

Akaashi surged forward.

Tsukki pushed him back.

Kuroo fell.

His hand extended and grabbed onto the ladder.

There was a sickening crack as the ladder broke in two, splinters falling like snow.

With a yell, the three of them fell forward, grabbing the bars.

Kuroo yelped, clinging onto the ladder for dear life.

“Pull!” Bokuto yelled and they yanked the ladder up, groaning with effort. Finally Kuroo was safely on the rooftop. Bokuto actually hugged him.

“There goes the ladder plan,” Akaashi sighed but Bokuto was already looking in a different direction.

Kuroo followed his gaze, “that looks pretty cool,” he pointed down. Tsukki turned. Down below
was a jeep, idling on the curb. Just sitting there. He glanced at Akaashi, ‘’are you guys thinking what I’m thinking?’’

Bokuto grinned, ‘’let’s get down.’’

The team climbed down shakily using the windows and vines on the old house, jumping into someone’s garden. It was Zombie-free but behind the gates were tons of the walking dead and they had gotten rid of their weapons, which would pull them off balance. Tsukki looked around. Weapons, weapons…

‘’Shed.’’

The others turned towards the little shed in the corner of the garden. Kuroo snapped into action first, running to it and fiddling with the lock till it fell at his feet. The doors opened. No Zombies. Kuroo picked up a spade and twirled it in his hand. Put it down. Picked up a pitchfork.

‘’I’m gonna hunt Shrek,’’ he announced with a grin.

Akaashi spotted something and his eyes actually lit up. He picked up a chainsaw and revved it, half-smiling at the murderous sound it made. Tsukki still had his knives tucked into his belt loops but he picked up Kuroo’s abandoned spade anyway. Bokuto took one too – the kind that had a sharper end.

‘’Ready, team?’’ Kuroo asked, grinning devilishly, ‘’let’s get that car.’’

The fence was pretty short and easy to jump through. For a second Tsukki felt a little awesome, like a top secret agent or something. They landed on the hard tarmac outside and the Zombies turned. About fourteen between them and the car, more coming.

‘’I’m driving,’’ Akaashi said coldly before charging forward, slicing three heads in one go. Brain matter splattered over the pavement. Kuroo gave a little whoop and joined him, getting a Zombie in the chest and actually lifting him up on the fork and shaking him until he looked like a rag doll. Bloody all over, the Zombie slid off the end and Kuroo finished him with a messy blow to the head. Four down. Tsukki ran forward, jabbing his spade into an old lady’s soft scalp and actually scooping out some brain. She dropped to the floor. With a war cry, Bokuto slammed his spade into the eye of a Zombie in a suit, pulling it in and out repeatedly, then moving onto the next one.

‘’Tsukki, come on!’’ Akaashi yelled, nearly by the car. That was when a Zombie came up behind him and grabbed his arm, opening it’s disgusting mouth. Kuroo yelled and ran towards him. He was going to be too late. Without thinking, Tsukki lifted his spade and threw it through the air. It smacked the Zombie in the head, getting his attention. The few extra seconds meant Kuroo got to Akaashi on time, slamming his fork into the Zombie so hard both of them nearly toppled over.

‘’Come on!’’ Bokuto shrieked. He had opened both doors to the idling jeep. The three of them charged and dived inside, slamming the doors shut, ‘’gas?’’

‘’Half-full. We should make it,’’ Akaashi said distractedly, changing the gear and turning the wheel. Tsukki only managed to breathe out when they rolled away from the street of Zombies and into the little forest path. It was mostly empty of Zombies.

‘’I didn’t know you could drive,’’ Tsukki admitted.

‘’Dad taught me,’’ he glanced at the blond, ‘’thanks for the throw.’’

‘’Thanks for saving my life, Kuroo-sama,’’ Kuroo snapped from the back. He was sweaty and pissed off.
“Just drive,” Bokuto murmured, passing out with exhaustion.

Bokuto was fully conscious when they finally reached Karasuno.

Seeing the familiar walls actually made Tsukki feel a whole lot better. That is, until he saw the crowd of students on the other side of the school, pressing against the bars, hands outstretched.

“Not stopping,” Akaashi announced, “what do I do.”

“WHAM!” Bokuto and Kuroo yelled.

“Wait, what?” Tsukki sat up straighter and looked towards the gym. Was there any way… could it be… he froze. There was something in the window. A ginger ball of energy, waving his hands back and forth.

“Tsukki?” Akaashi questioned.

“Wham,” Tsukki said with cold determination. Akaashi hit the gas pedal and the jeep lunged forward, slamming into the gates. It smashed open, the jeep running over several Zombies, changing them into pulp. The metal doors to the gym slammed open and Suga was there, waving his arms, and a wave of relief washed over Tsukki… it hadn’t all been for nothing…

“Shit, it won’t go,” Akaashi hit the pedal but the jeep just hummed. It wouldn’t go.

“We need to run it,” Bokuto said. Already more Zombie students were appearing, “ready, set… go!”

Doors were thrown open and the four of them ran like they had never ran before.

“Go, go, go!” Suga urged them. Bokuto was first, skidding so hard on the gym floor he slipped and slid through the gym. Next, Kuroo, then Akaashi and Tsukki. Suga slammed the doors shut with a loud bang and locked the doors.

Finally.

They made it.

Kageyama and Hinata were practicing volleyball, as always. There was no point.

Suga and Daichi were in the kitchen, trying to prepare a decent supper from what they had. The supplies wouldn’t last long, but for now they were enough.

Noya was wondering around, trying to catch a signal. Good luck with that.

Yamaguchi had his arm around Yachi, who was sound asleep. She looked like she had been crying.

Asahi was drinking a beer. Whatever, he looked eighteen anyway.

Tanaka joined him. Whatever, the police wouldn’t catch him anyway.

Kuroo and Bokuto were sleeping too. They deserved the rest.
Tsukki and Akaashi were making out in the supply closet. After all the frustration, fear and denial of the past two days, they had to let it out. Of course, it was more than that, but they weren’t ready to admit that.

Not just yet.

For now, Akaashi’s kisses were warm and encouraging and his hands were comforting, not sexual. Exactly what Tsukki needed. They were in his hair, on his hips. They took off his glasses and tilted his head so they could kiss more deeply. They brushed against his cheek and neck, setting him on fire.

For Akaashi it was good to feel Tsukki’s weight in his lap, how solid he was with his hand. The way Tsukki’s arms were around his neck gave him a sense of purpose; someone to protect. Maybe tomorrow Tsukki would find a cure. Maybe he wouldn’t ever. Maybe it would be Noya who would find a cure, or Hinata. Or maybe even Akaashi. Maybe all of them would. Maybe tomorrow one of them would go on a rampage and kill everyone, or they’d split to look for families or the country would come out and say it was all one big joke. Maybe they’d ran out of food and starve or Tsukki would watch the news and lose his mind or Kageyama and Hinata would kill each other at some point. Or maybe desperation would drive them to hosting their own hunger games, or committing a mass suicide or having a massive, mind blowing orgy. Nothing was certain.

Except for Tsukki’s hands and his heat and the knowledge that Akaashi and Tsukishima were completely right in this whole messed up, wrong world.
Tsukishima was seriously starting to admire girls and it wasn’t even midnight yet.

He also realised that whoever invented masquerade balls should hang by his balls.

Tsukishima was in a dress, and for good reason. As part of the Karasuno Assassin Guild he had to be prepared to go to large measure to kill his targets, but this was a bit ridiculous, even for his liking. A masquerade ball, a simple black dress and a dickhead noble to kill. Lovely. Tsukki touched his mask, making sure it was in place. The black feathery contraption barely weighed a thing. The long blonde wig scratched his scalp and the dagger concealed under his dress was uncomfortable. He looked like a woman in mourning, which meant no man would approach her for a dance and he could easily locate his target.

Duke of Seijou, Tooru Oikawa, was easy to spot. He was exactly like Tsukki’s boss had described – tall, brown hair, brown eyes, a beautiful face and charming smile. A small crowd of girls seemed to materialise wherever he went and he was dancing most of the time, changing partners like girls changed shoes. And, as described, he wore a red and gold jacket, dark trousers and hunting boots (who wore hunting boots to a ball)? Once Tsukki spotted him, it was only a matter of time. Last month on the Assassin list he ranked second, right after dumb-ass Kageyama. This was going to be an easy job.

Prying himself from the column he had been leaning against, he began walking towards the target. Suga and Noya had made sure that as a girl he looked irresistible – the black dress created curves Tsukki, as a man, did not have and the mask created an illusion of a pretty face. Plus, you know, nobles dig blondes. He walked slowly, sensually, like Shimizu had taught him (most embarrassing moments of his life). He only had one chance. On normal occasions Oikawa was flanked by numerous guards and it was almost impossible to get to him. This was his chance.

Oikawa raised his eyes and met Tsukki’s. Tsukki made sure his mouth stretched in a slow, deliberate smile as the crowd parted, noticing him now that he wasn’t in the shadowed corner of the ball room. The musicians had just started a tune. Perfect timing – it would be easy to get Oikawa into a dance, then take the dagger out, stab him in the heart and clear out in the midst of the panic. Oikawa grinned at Tsukki and set his drink down, starting to walk in his direction.

“What is a lovely lady like you doing without a dance partner?” he asked charmingly, extending his hand towards Tsukki.

The Assassin took it daintily and let Oikawa pull him to the dance floor, ignoring the glares of jealous girls, “my dear husband died, unfortunately, two months ago.” Tsukki whispered. He was never a good actor and just making sure he didn’t sound too manly was hard enough but Oikawa’s features schooled themselves into the perfect face of pity and understanding.
"I am sorry to hear that," he twirled Tsukki quickly. The Assassin used the momentum to snatch his dagger from under the slit of his dress and pressed it against his wrist, placing his hand lightly on Oikawa’s shoulder so he would not feel the metal, ‘‘if you ever need someone to speak to, my manor will always be open.’’

Maybe slitting his throat would be the easier option? ‘‘Thank you, my lord.’’

‘‘I’m a Duke,’’ Oikawa’s too-sweet smile remained in place.

‘‘Your Grace,’’ Tsukki corrected himself, fighting hard not to step on the Duke’s foot on purpose. Another twirl was coming. He could move his arm so the knife would slash Oikawa’s throat and twirl away before anyone caught on. Here it came. Five seconds. Four.

Oikawa twirled him three seconds to early. Losing his cool for a moment, Tsukki attacked anyway, slashing his knife in the air. Oikawa stumbled back, clutching the shallow cut on his throat, his eyes wide. Crap, too much momentum. He had been too far. Chance: wasted. Shit. Daichi was going to kill him.

‘‘Murderess! Seize her!’’ Oikawa screeched. The music died abruptly and his personal guards rushed forward, a blur of black uniforms and swords. Well, fuck. Tsukki had never fought in a dress, but now was as good as any time… ‘‘She tried to kill me!’’ Oikawa bellowed and the guards attacked.

The analysis took Tsukki less than three seconds. Eight guards, three on the left, four on the right, one behind him. He only had his dagger in his hand, they all had swords.

Should be an easy fight.

Tsukki parried the first blow, the steel of his dagger clashing against the sword of the guard. He swung his arm in a wide arc, the sword falling out of the guard’s hand. A quick elbow to the face and a tooth flying through the air later the guard was down. Tsukki kicked back. His legs were restrained by the dress but he still managed to get the guard behind him in the knee cap. He hissed and fell to his knees. Tsukki turned swiftly on the spot, his leg emerging from the slit to catch the man in the jaw. His eyes rolled back as he hit the floor. Using the momentum, Tsukki swung the other way, catching the third guard in his crown jewels. This one also went down.

One of the guards was hanging back, watching him. Studying. Shit, that one would probably be harder than the rest. This time Tsukki charged, his hand lashing out as he ran past the guard, his dagger slashing his throat open. He stopped for a second in front of a guard, stabbing him in the stomach. When he doubled over, Tsukki was already gone. No time, no time. Soon other guards would be here. Oikawa was still screeching his head off, his sword in hand, ready to attack but holding back. Tsukki threw the dagger in the air and punched a guard in the face, three times, very quickly. He went down just as the dagger slashed the throat of the last guard and Tsukki caught it out of the air.

One more guard, the one standing back. He was watching him with a…wide grin? With a mad yell and the screams of a dozen of girls, huddling in the corners, Oikawa charged forward, sword at the ready. Tsukki grinned. Here was his second chance.

Oikawa never made it to him.

Without a warning the last guard knocked his hat back, exposing his face and brought his sword up and sideways, neatly cutting Oikawa’s head off. Blood spluttered on the marble floor as Oikawa’s wide-eyed head rolled on the floor. A moment of silence before the women started screeching. Tsukki gazed up, his furious, masked gaze meeting the killer’s sparkling eyes. The doors burst open,
more guards running into the room. The killer bowed to the audience dramatically and jumped up, grabbing the ledge of the window and pulling himself up gracefully.

Tsukki wasn’t about to let him go.

He glanced at the curtain to his left and without a moment’s hesitation grabbed the red leather, scaling the curtain like he did with numerous walls and trees back at the guild. He smashed the window he landed on and jumped outside into the cool night air at the same time as the Duke’s killer. The dark haired man ran into the night and Tsukki kept up easily. The guards would never find them.

Somehow, Tsukki was faster. He reached the man and jumped onto him, toppling him to the floor with an ’’oof’’. He flipped him over, so Tsukki was on top of him, and pinned him down.

The man’s face contorted in anger that was quickly exchanged with a look of amusement and lust, ‘’why, hello. Nice moves for a girl in a dress. Nice face, too.’’

‘’That was my target,’’ Tsukki snarled.

‘’Oh, the voice? Not so much. I’m a hit-man, darling. I kill when I’m told to kill, sorry not sorry,’’ he tried to get his arm from Tsukki’s grip but Tsukki didn’t budge, ‘’you’re pretty strong for a woman. Mind letting me up?’’

‘’Sure,’’ Tsukki hissed, ‘’right after I open your stomach and feed you your intestines.’’

The man grinned, ‘’pretty and dangerous, what I like. I’m Kuroo, by the way. Just Kuroo. More commonly known as The Black Cat. And you are…?’’

‘’Eat shit, Kitty,’’ Tsukki snapped, ‘’next time you decide to acquire one of my targets will be your last day on earth, courtesy of the Karasuno guild.’’

Kuroo blew a lock of Tsukki’s long wig-hair off his cheek and smiled, ‘’so I’ll find you at the Karasuno guild, huh?’’ Tsukki blanched. What was he talking about? ‘’sorry for the target and all. Maybe I’ll make it up to you with dinner.’’

Tsukki pressed his knee lightly against Kuroo’s crotch, ‘’how about you recompensated by letting me cut off the little guy here?’’ he asked sweetly.

‘’I assure you, he is not little,’’ Kuroo’s voice sounded strained.

Suddenly the air was filled with noises – the guards had caught up with them. Caught off guard Tsukki found himself being flipped in the air and landing on the soft grass, Kuroo on top of him. Tsukki opened his mouth to snap something at him when the man leaned down and kissed him. There was no moment of shock – Tsukki struggled immediately, pushing against Kuroo who had a tight grip on him. The soft peck had turned into something deeper upon Tsukki’s struggle. Kuroo pressed his lips to Tsukki’s so hard it almost hurt, his tongue slipping into his mouth. Kuroo leaned down further so his whole body pressed against Tsukki’s when he struggled, brushing together. The guards finally ran past and the night was quiet once again.

Kuroo pulled away, leaving Tsukki gasping for air.

‘’Let me take that mask off next time, sweetheart,’’ Kuroo murmured hotly against Tsukki’s ear, jumping up and disappearing into the night.
“Come on, Tsukki, how could you let this guy get away?”

“Shut up, Yamaguchi,” Tsukki snapped, hitting his sword against Yamaguchi with double force, sending the younger boy stumbling back. They were in the Guild training room on a bright day and Tsukki once again was glad for being back in his normal clothes, “I told you, he took me by surprise.”

“At this rate the good name of Karasuno will go out of the window,” Kageyama said from the corner, where he was lacing his shoes.

Tsukki stopped parrying and smiled sweetly at him, “since you’re still considered number one assassin then clearly it already has.”

Kageyama turned to him with his ‘I will fuck you up’ face when the doors opened.

Daichi, clad all in black with his travelling cloak on, walked inside, “You three, I’ve got more assignments. It’s going to be a busy day,” he glanced around at them, “Yamaguchi, you will go with Noya to the Red Court. He’ll explain your goal. Kageyama, you, Asahi and Hinata and going to gather information on this new phantom Guild I’ve been hearing so much about. And Tsukishima…you will hunt down a popular hitman, known by the name ‘Black Cat’. You’ll find him somewhere in the N Sector. He needs to be in the fortress of Fort Dunn by sunset. The guards from the fortress have insisted upon helping you…”

Tsukki paled. Crap. He hadn’t told anyone that the guy who got his target was the Black Cat, who had not only overpowered him but kissed him as well…and now he had to capture him before sunset? Well shit, his reputation was going to go to hell.

Tsukki was a good killer, but he was also a great navigator. In an hour, flanked by four Fort Dunn guards, he stopped underneath a tavern. That, presumably, was where he would find the Black Cat, charged with the murder of Duke Oikawa and countless others (thank god the guards didn’t know he was the mysterious Black Woman people were speaking about).

“What’s the plan, sir?” the guards didn’t know his name either, for safety reasons. They thought they were hiring a guard, not an assassin.

“I’ll go in,” he said confidently, “and I’ll get him out here. From then on it’s your job to restrain him and take him to the Fort.”

The guards exchanged looks and nodded, “do your best, sir.”

With his head held high, Tsukki walked into the tavern. The man behind the bar glanced at him and said nothing. Everyone who knew about the Karasuno Assassin guild also knew to keep their mouth shuts when a member walked into their workplace. Tsukki walked up the man, leaning on the counter. He wasn’t naïve enough to think Kuroo gave his real name to him. Hell, Kuroo maybe wasn’t his name either, “tall, black spiky hair, dark eyes.”

The man cleaned the counter calmly, “fourth room upstairs.”

Tsukki left without a word, walking up the rickety stairs to the second floor of the tavern where customers could rent out a room. Tsukki counter doors. One, two, three…four. He stood in front of it. There was a possibility that The Black Cat was not home or that he was waiting for him, for whatever reason. But it had been four days and that was unlikely so Tsukki plucked an arrow from its place at his back, levelled his bow and kicked the doors open.
“Don’t move,” Tsukki snapped at Kuroo, who was sitting in a cheap-looking armchair, pointing the bow at him.

Kuroo’s face showed minimal surprise as he slowly put his hands up on shoulder level, “who are you?”

Tsukki rolled his eyes, “ball. Remember?”

Kuroo’s face remained blank.

“Whatever. Get up. You’re coming with me.”

“Where to?”


Kuroo gave him a minimal smile, “you’ve heard.”

Tsukki’s face was impassive. He motioned with his bow, “up.”

“Okay.”

Kuroo stood and in a split second was running towards the doors. Tsukki fired, getting him in the leg. Kuroo yelped and fell, hissing. Tsukki was impressed when he yanked the arrow out and tried to stand. Wobbly. There was no way he’d outrun Tsukki. He seemed to realise that too because in the next instant he was lunging himself at the assassin, trying to knocking him over. They toppled into the wall. Kuroo brought his fist back and Tsukki ducked, avoiding getting punched in the face. Tsukki grabbed Kuroo’s bleeding hand and spun them around.

Oh, look. A window.

With all his might Tsukki pushed Kuroo back. The man hit the fragile glass and then they were falling through the air. All too soon Tsukki’s breath was knocked out of him. It was Kuroo who absorbed most of the impact. He groaned, lying on the floor, head lolling. Tsukki got up with as much dignity as possible, glancing at the guards who stood where he left them, looking awestruck.

“All yours, boys.”

Tsukki crouched in the shadows on the ledge of the small window in Kuroo’s cell. Kuroo himself was sitting with his back against the wall, looking bored. He hadn’t noticed Tsukki yet.

“Hey, kitty.”

Kuroo turned slowly. Nothing seemed to surprise him. He smiled, “I figured out who you are. No wonder the voice didn’t seem right. You’re a guy.”

Tsukki didn’t say anything, just studied the hitman.

“Why are you here.”

I couldn’t stop thinking about you Tsukki couldn’t say that so he just shrugged, “it’s satisfying to see you like this after you killed my target.”

Kuroo laughed, ”sorry,” he looked at him slyly, “you make a very convincing girl,” he stood and
walked towards the window, looking up at Tsukki, “and for the record, I don’t regret kissing you.”

Tsukki wanted to go down to him but he didn’t know what the hitman was going to do. He could kill him with his bare hands, probably. But there would be time. Kuroo couldn’t be held prisoner too long. Instead, Tsukki tucked his feet behind the ledge of the window and let himself down, upside down. His face was in level with Kuroo’s and the hitman took the chance as soon as it appeared.

He leaned forward, kissing Tsukki. He was warm, despite the chill in the air, “I knew you liked the kiss,” he pulled away, grinning, before kissing him again. Tsukki melted. He could probably stay like this forever but Kuroo’s dinner was coming soon and he could probably die if too much blood rushed to his brain, so he broke the kiss.

“Come find me when you’re out,” he whispered.

“Aren’t you going to let me out?” Kuroo smiled, nuzzling his forehead against Tsukki’s.

“You’re a big boy. Let yourself out,” Tsukki pulled himself up gracefully and disappeared into the night.

Tsukki suspected that now that Kuroo had something to do he’d be out of the prison within an hour. For now Tsukki had more assignments to complete and more people to kill.

Oh what a happy, happy life.
Tsukishima was only taking responsibility because technically it was his fault Kageyama was made to stay with him on Friday to clean the gym.

Kageyama was only letting him because he really, really felt like crap.

On Sunday his parents had gone, just left him with a high fever and shivers like you wouldn’t believe to go to an opera and stay the night at a fancy hotel. Kageyama didn’t blame him – they’d been planning the trip for weeks. Okay, maybe a little selfish part of him did. Kageyama hated being sick. He couldn’t play volleyball because he felt too weak to move. He couldn’t watch volleyball because his vision blurred and his mind was woozy. He couldn’t make himself any food because just the thought of crawling out of bed made his head spin. It was just a cold from staying in the rain too long, but it felt like he was dying.

After another episode of violent shivers Kageyama picked his phone up and scrolled through his contacts, trying to concentrate on the blurry letters.

Azumane-san…okay, just the thought of asking the shy giant for help made multiple awkward scenarios bloom in Kageyama’s head. The Ace would probably make a mess, constantly apologise and in the end probably catch Kageyama’s cold. The last thing he needed was for their Ace to be sick. At least Karasuno had a different setter if Kageyama couldn’t make it to school the next day.

Daichi-san…well, he was their captain so he’d probably come but then again it was like asking Jesus to come and take care of you individually.

Hinata…oh hell no. He’d make fun of Kageyama for being sick and trash his kitchen.

Noya-san…he didn’t know Noya well enough to ask him to come all the way to his house to make him soup.

Suga-san…Suga was the team mom so he’d probably rush right over and make Kageyama a nice, warm dinner, get him the correct medicine…there was no way Kageyama was going to make someone as nice as Suga spend his Sunday caring for him.

Tanaka Senpai…lol, no.

Tsukishima.

Kageyama’s brows furrowed. It was Tsukishima’s fault that Daichi decided to pick on them and make them clean the gym, resulting in returning home in the pounding rain. He was going to have to take responsibility. Kageyama clicked his name and waited as the ringtone rang in his ear. There was a click and Tsukishima picked up.
“What do you want?”

“I’m sick.”

Pause.

“So?”

“It’s your fault. Come before I starve,” Kageyama said in a raspy voice, pulling his covers tighter around himself.

“No.”

Kageyama sighed. This really was the worst, “…please.” He hated how pathetic he sounded.

Another pause. A dramatic pause.

“Fuck sake,” another pause and then a softer, “wait for me.”

Click.

Kageyama’s phone fell out of his hand and he bundled himself in the covers, closing his eyes and dozing off into a fever-induced dream.

|||*|||

Tsukishima was shaking Kageyama’s shoulder. He was only there because he felt responsible but seeing Kageyama looking like a Sushi roll, all shivering and vulnerable struck a chord inside Tsukki. He wouldn’t admit to it, though. Kageyama opened his eyes weakly.

“Hey,” Tsukki crouched down and touched Kageyama’s forehead cautiously, his finger rearing back from the searing heat. He lifted the plastic bag hanging from his other hand, “I got some instant chicken soup, since I can’t make any from scratch. Do you want that. Or tea? I’ve got some medicine too, if you want.”

“You sound worried,” Kageyama murmured sleepily, “it’s gross.”

Tsukishima shut up immediately, ‘’screw you. I’ll go home.’’

Kageyama grabbed his wrist, ‘’I’m kidding. It’s nice,’’ he looked at him with glassy eyes. He seemed a bit delusional, ‘’thanks. I’ll have all three.’’

Tsukishima pulled his hand away from Kageyama’s quickly and walked into his kitchen, forgetting to even reprimand Kageyama for not locking his front doors. He had just looked…so different, in bed, than he did usually during practice. There was no sign of the strong, terrifying King of the Court. Just Kageyama Tobio.

Tsukki found the kettle. It was a different model than the one he had at home but he supposed pouring water into the top and clicking the button would do the job. As it boiled he looked for a bowl. There were three cupboards and, lucky as always, Tsukki only found the bowls on the third try. He opened the chicken soup packet. Noodles…Kageyama was too weak to eat those. Putting them in a separate bowl, he poured the boiled water into the bowl and put the spices and oils inside. It was a shitty chicken soup but at least it was warm.

Next the tea. Tsukishima opened all the cupboards, trying not to bang, feeling like an intruder robbing a family. Earl Grey…the heck was that? Written in English, not Japanese. Fancy. Tsukki...
opened the box and found tea bags. Sighting, he made the tea, spending another five minutes trying to find the sugar. He didn’t know if Kageyama put sugar in his tea (Tsukki didn’t) but he decided he couldn’t be asked to go back to the kitchen to add sugar later if he did. He tucked the cough syrup and painkillers into his pocket, took the bowl into one hand, the tea into the other and went back to Kageyama’s room.

He had to wake him up again. The effort.

“Here, eat this first,” he put the soup in Kageyama’s lap once he sat up, placing the cup of tea on his nightstand next to the medicine and the syrup, “anything else?”

Kageyama motioned to the space next to him. Reluctantly Tsukki walked around the bed and sat next to Kageyama, pulling his knees up and playing with his fingers. Kageyama ate in silence.

Tsukki sighed loudly, “stop slurping.”

“Sorry”

More silence. Kageyama finished the soup and put the empty bowl on the nightstand, “thanks,” he drank the tea, “thanks for that too,” he picked up the pain killers, “how many do I take.”

“Dunno. Two?”

“Will I die if I take three?”

“Will you die if you don’t?” Tsukki checked his temperature again. It had gone down, “you can’t be that sick.”

Kageyama growled but took two pills, swallowing them dry and making Tsukishima cringe. He took the syrup.

“Uh…”

Tsukishima took it from his hand and took the second spoon from his pocket, uncorking the syrup and pouring thick crimson liquid onto it, “say ‘ahh’.”

“The fuck?” Kageyama pulled away from the spoon which Tsukki extended towards him.

“Fucks sake, it’s gonna spill. Take the fucking syrup,” Tsukki snapped, losing his patience.

Kageyama growled again but leaned forward, clamping his lips around the spoon and taking its contents into his mouth. He swallowed. Shivered. Shivered again.

“I’m cold.”

“Go under the blanket then.”

Kageyama slipped under it, curling in a ball.

“It’s not enough,” he said shakily. He was cold. So cold. The heat from the soup and tea was long forgotten, “t-there’s a blanket on the couch. G-get it please.”

Tsukki got up without a word, finding the blanket pretty easily. It was frayed and didn’t look like it would provide much warmth, but Tsukki took it to Kageyama’s room anyway. The setter was out of bed when he walked in, leaning against his closet.
‘What are you doing?’

‘Trying to get a jumper,’’ he was just in a t-shirt.

Tsukishima sighed. It was like babysitting. He hated babysitting. But seeing Kageyama lean against the closet without any strength made it impossible for him to leave him like that. He took him by the shoulder and steered him back to the bed, where he collapsed on the covers. Tsukishima opened the closet, rummaging through until he found a sweater. He tossed it to Kageyama. The boy didn’t move.

‘Oi,’’ Tsukishima pulled him up. Kageyama fell back against him, drowsy from the pills and the fever, ‘’shit, dumbass. Don’t do that! Don’t…’’ his voice died when Kageyama rubbed his cheek against his shoulder, his eyes closed.

‘Warm,’’ he murmured.

The sweater fell out of Tsukishima’s hand, ‘’fuck it,’’ he whispered to himself, laying Kageyama down and pulling all the covers on top of him.

His eyes fluttered opened and he pushed the covers back, inviting Tsukki.

‘’No,’’ Tsukishima blurted. That was way too…

‘’Please. Tsukishima. I’m so cold,’’ Kageyama murmured. His whole face was flushed with the fever, ‘’Tsukishima. Tsukki. Kei. Please.’’

‘’Just don’t puke on me,’’ Tsukishima snapped, his resolve crumbling when Kageyama called his name for the second time. He took off his shirt and wiggled under the covers, letting Kageyama fold them over him.

‘’Here,’’ Tsukki took Kageyama’s hand and pressed it to his chest, ‘’it’s warm, isn’t it.’’

Kageyama looked up at him, a twinkle of his old confusion and frustration coming through, but he pressed his other hand to Tsukishima’s chest too, ‘’yeah.’’

Tsukishima’s hand slipped from Kageyama’s hand to his wrist and up his arm, rubbing gently, trying to warm him up even though his skin was hot, ‘’you’re warm as fuck. Your fever should break soon.’’

‘’Take your glasses off.’’

‘’Why?’’

‘’You might fall asleep,’’ Kageyama’s thumb moved an inch, almost like a caress.

Tsukishima took his glasses off and reached past Kageyama to put them on the nightstand. His arm hovered over Kageyama before he decided on setting it down, tucking it under his arm and around his middle. Kageyama didn’t react. Tsukishima pulled him closer.

‘’Come on. I’m warm. Use me, then,’’ Tsukki murmured. In reality, for some reason, he was craving Kageyama’s touch. He tucked his other hand under Kageyama’s neck, pushing his head onto his shoulder, his other hand moving up and down his back. The setter shivered. Tsukki didn’t know if it was because he was cold, sick or if he liked his touch, ‘’Kageyama. Are you sleeping?’’

‘’No.’’
Tsukishima pushed him back so he was on his back and he crawled on top of him, hovering on his elbows.

“What are you doing?”

Tsukishima settled himself on top of Kageyama, pushing his leg between his, “I’m warming you up.”

“I’m warm already,” Kageyama whispered. Tsukki pulled back to look at his face. It was red.

“Are you blushing or feverish?” Kageyama remained silent. Tsukishima leaned forward till their noses were touching, “why are you ignoring me?”

Kageyama swallowed visibly, his eyes flickering to Tsukki’s lips for a second, “you’re touching me weirdly.”

Without even thinking about it, Tsukishima moved his leg up, pressing hard against Kageyama’s front. Kageyama gasped harshly, pressing himself into the pillows, “there’s nothing weird about this,” Tsukki murmured, following him down. He was acting purely on instinct. He didn’t know if he could think rationally, if he could stop. He didn’t think he wanted to stop.

“T-Tsukki your leg…”

“What about it?” Tsukki rubbed it up and down and Kageyama squirmed.

“D-don’t…” Tsukishima dipped his head forward but Kageyama moved his head away, even though there wasn’t much space to move. It was the first time Tsukishima saw him acting…shy, “I’m sick.”

Tsukishima kissed him. Kageyama inhaled deeply but didn’t resist. There was no intro. Tsukishima deepened the kiss imediatly, like he couldn’t control himself and Kageyama let him, opening his mouth. He jolted when Tsukishima slid his hand down the curve of his ass and down his thigh. He ground his leg into his bulge.

“I’m meant to be resting,” Kageyama panted, fist his hand and placing it on Tsukki’s shoulder.

“You are,” Tsukki murmured against his ear, “I’m just making it more…enjoyable.”

“How do you know I’m enjoying it?” Tsukki raised an eyebrow and met Kageyama’s eye before sliding his fingers over his bulge. Kageyama tensed, his body pushing closer to Tsukki’s subconsciously, “p-please don’t…”

“Don’t what?”

“Don’t touch me there. My head’s spinning and…” the world was blurry. His head was pounding and his dick was pounding and his whole body was hot from the fever, but the fire in the pit of his stomach was all Tsukishima’s doing.

Tsukki moved his hand to Kageyama’s thigh, resting it there firmly, “are you sure?”

“Yeah,” he didn’t want it to happen when he was in a drug/fever induced state.

Tsukki pulled away and sat next to him, “what do you want me to do then?”

Kageyama looked at him. He looked as composed and calm as always. It pissed him off.
“Just...stay.”

Tsukki lay down without a word.

“And hug me.”

Tsukishima obediently slid his arms around Kageyama, pulling him against his chest.

“Are you mad?”

“No. Not at all,” he rubbed his back slowly, smoothing his hair with his other hand, “this is all my fault, so I’m taking responsibility. And I’m being a little selfish. And I’m only telling you this because you’re half conscious,” he murmured against his hair.

Kageyama pulled an arm around his waist, “I like you like this. You’re sweet.”

Tsukki snorted, “you did not call me sweet,” he smiled to himself, “just hurry up and get better. We can’t do without our setter, can we?”
I Need a Doctor to Bring Me Back to Life

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Ushijima (top) x Oikawa (bottom)
Prompt by: Mellajhhj
Prompt: Patient x Doctor

“Mr Oikawa…”

“No! FUCK OFF!”

[VIOLENT]

Wakatoshi Ushijima sighed, looking at the pile of blankets and pillows Tooru Oikawa was buried under. When the man first arrived at the hospital he was all about acting like a charming, tragic hero. Now when he wasn’t pumped full of drugs he was bratty and demanding and when he was he was woozy and giggling. Ushijima definitely preferred seeing him show real emotion than pretend.

“Mr Oikawa, it’s just a blood test…”

Oikawa’s bed head popped from under the covers so he looked like some kind of overgrown turtle, “I don’t wanna go, Doctor Ushiwaka.”

Ushijima sighed, “please don’t put my names together like that.”

“Then call me Tooru, not,” Oikawa cringed, “Mr Oikawa.”

Another sight, “fine, Tooru. But only if you go to the test.”

Oikawa whined, “I can’t. I’m scared. I don’t like needles!”

[PLEADING]

Ushijima set his clipboard on the bedside table and without any warning shoved his hands under Oikawa’s armpits and hauled him out of the pile and into a standing position, “I’ll hold your hand, so just come along.”

“I’m not a child,” Oikawa swatted him away angrily, stumbled back, tripped and fell onto the bed.

[ANGRY]

“Then stop acting one,” Ushijima forced his tone to be calm and extended his hand to Oikawa, “come on, Tooru. It'll only take half a minute.”

Oikawa jumped over the bed and landed on the other side, growling at the doctor, “if you want me to go to your fucking bloodtest you’ll have to drag me out of here by force, doctor.”

“They’ve given you something mood-altering again, didn’t they?”

“Pain killers,” Oikawa hissed.
Ushijima rubbed his eyes, “I’ll have a chat with the nurses.”

[GUILTY]

Oikawa crossed his arms over his chest, “whatever. It’s not their fault they can’t deal with me,” he grumbled, flushing. At the beginning the nurses were all over him. Now the way his mood changed from one second to the next made them stay away and give him whatever would keep him in bed, sleepy or happy.

[SAD]

A tear rolled down Oikawa’s cheek. He swore, surprised, and wiped it away. It was followed by a second, and then third. He swore again, his face crumpling as the first sob ripped its way from his chest.

“I’ll go get your therapist,” Ushijima said quietly.

“No!” Oikawa was shaking, the tears coming in a constant stream, “he won’t do anything. I’m dying, doctor. He can’t help me come to terms with that.”

Ushijima walked briskly around the bed and put his hands on Oikawa’s shoulders gently, “you’re not dying, Tooru. You’re getting treated.”

Oikawa sniffed, looking down at his toes, “I’ve been ‘treated’ for six months now, with no results. I should be at Uni. I should…” he rubbed his eyes slowly, tears dripping off his nose, “the nurses said they’re gonna try chemo. Then I’ll really look like a freak and…” he hiccupped, “and you won’t like me then, doctor.”

Ushijima rubbed his arms, “I’ll like you no matter what.”

Oikawa looked up at him, “promise?”

“Yes.”

[IMPULSIVE]

Oikawa stood on his tiptoes and kissed him. Ushijima pushed him down gently, breaking the kiss, “Mr Oikawa, we talked about this. It’s not appropriate…”

“You’re not supposed to call me that,” Oikawa whispered, stepping back and smoothing his hospital pyjamas, “you said you’d like me no matter what.”

“I…didn’t mean it like that,” Ushijima said quietly.

Oikawa sniffed and forced a smile, “I know. I’m sorry.”

Ushijima felt a painful stab in his heart. It was true that Oikawa’s situation was dire. He could get better, but just seeing him so defeated broke Ushijima’s heart.

“Tell you what,” he wiped a stray tear away, “if you do this test, I’ll take you for a drive in the evening.”

Oikawa’s whole face lit up.

[HOPEFUL]
“Really?”

Ushijima smiled, “yeah, really.”

Oikawa grinned, “I’ll do it then.”

||*|||

“Oh, fuck,” Kageyama swore when the doors opened and Ushijima led Oikawa in.

“Kageyama,” Suga snapped, plastering a smile on his face, “we need to be nice to all patients.”

“He’s unbearable,” Kageyama whispered harshly. Suga didn’t have time to reply before Oikawa arrived in front of them.

“Good morning, Tooru,” Suga smiled, “how are you today.”

“I’m okay, Nurse,” Oikawa said, giddy and excited. He wanted the whole thing over with so he could get ready for the trip in the evening. And he had to tell the others. They’d be happy for him. He needed some happiness right now, “what about you?”

“Not too bad, thank you,” Suga motioned to the chair. Kageyama made a point of not looking at Oikawa, swiping invisible dust from his scrubs. Ushijima leaned against the doors, waiting. Oikawa sat down in the chair and Suga pulled a band around his arm and Oikawa closed his eyes.

[DETERMINED]

Tap, stab, pull. Tap, stab, pull. It wasn’t that hard. Only thirty seconds...

He hissed when the needle went in and sighed when it was out. A small price to pay for the promise of spending some time with Ushijima out of the hospital. They’d only been on a drive twice before. The first time was on Oikawa’s first night, when he had a breakdown. The second time was when Oikawa confessed and Ushijima turned him down.

“You’re very obedient today, Tooru,” Suga said proudly, marking his vial.

“I wonder what they gave him,” Kageyama said innocently and Suga cleared his throat.

“Ignore Kageyama, he’s having a bad day.”

“It’s not a problem, Nurse,” Oikawa said with a smile. Suga blinked, surprised. Normally Oikawa would snap a retort back but now he was practically skipping out of the room. Suga stopped Ushijima before he left.

“You’re taking him out, aren’t you? That’s why he’s so happy.”

“Yeah.”

Suga shook his head, “as long as he’s happy. I feel for him, you know. He’s only nineteen.”

“And he’s going to get better,” Ushijima said firmly, “sometimes I wish I wasn’t his doctor.”

Suga sighed, “is he that difficult?”

“No,” Ushijima watched Oikawa stop and turn, waiting for him, “if I wasn’t his doctor I’d be able to make him happy in the way he wants me to,” Suga looked at him sympathetically, “see you later,
Oikawa sat down in his usual chair. His friends, busy with a heated argument, ignored him.

"I'm telling you, if the spike hadn't been off, they would have won the game," Hinata was saying, gesturing wildly, "the ace was all like 'whoosh!' and the middle blocker just went like, you know, 'pow!'".

Kenma’s brows furrowed, "but they still lost. There were too many mistakes," he shook his head, going back to his game. He had been in the hospital for so long all the blond had grown out of his hair, which was now dark brown. He tapped a few keys on his console, "hi, Tooru."

"Hey," Oikawa grinned at his friends. Hinata fist bumped him.

"We were watching the Volleyball semi finals," Hinata explained, "you missed it."

"Well, I was doing better things," Oikawa said with a sly smile. Hinata opened his mouth to ask about it when a plastic cup descended on Kenma’s head.

"Kenma, take your meds," Doctor Kuroo’s deep voice made Kenma look up. The doctor tapped the cup on his foreheads, "you forgot them again."

"Sorry," Kenma took the cup. Kuroo passed him another cup, this one filled with water.

"Everyone okay here?"

Hinata and Oikawa nodded.

"Hinata, I’ve got the videos from last year’s Volleyball game," he informed him, "and Oikawa, I’ve managed to convince the cooks to smuggle in some chocolate for you."

Both patients grinned, "thanks, doc."

[AMUSED]

Kenma swallowed his pills and gave back the cups. Kuroo ruffled his hair and tucked the cups into the pockets of his lab coat, walking off.

The hospital they were in was the largest in Japan with so many wards you could meet anyone, from children with leukaemia to eighty year old war veterans. Oikawa was in the ward where all the cancer patients were. His wasn’t that advanced but every day he passed people after chemo or other treatments, slowly dying. It was pretty depressing so he often ventured to the ‘common area’ in the middle of the hospital where the people from all the different wards could socialise.

Hinata had just had his leg amputated and was going through rehab. Even though he could never play Volleyball again, he still enjoyed watching it on TV. He was a pretty bright guy for someone whose leg got jammed in a creek. The story was that Hinata was walking through the forest during an evening walk, fell into a well concealed, old hunter hole and got his leg stuck. He spent twenty eight hours there until they found him. The blood didn’t reach the leg and it had died. Apparently it had been all black and disgusting. The only way to save the rest of Hinata was to cut it off.

Kenma, on the other hand, was on the opposite side of the hospital to them, in the ‘psych ward’. He had severe depression and panic attacks after his father had shot his mom and siblings a year prior.
Every day he had to take his ‘happy pills’ to stop from freaking out, which meant he pretty much played games all day, too tired and drowsy to do much more. Kuroo seemed to have a soft spot for him and often visited him, bringing new games and snacks.

“Hey,” Tsukishima appeared out of nowhere, sitting in his usual spot.

“God, I always forget how ugly your face is.” Hinata said, cringing dramatically.

“Old joke,” Tsukki said, but he grinned as he rubbed the burns on his cheek. He had been in a school fire a few weeks before and now his face and a large part of his body were covered with ugly, jagged burns and scars. He was the newest addition to their hospital squad, “Doctor Yamaguchi has wife problems again, I think. He knocked over like five things when he checked up on me this morning.”

“You’re lucky you have such a docile doctor,” Oikawa said, “mine made me go to a blood test. Well, he *persuaded* me. He’s taking me out on a drive again,” he said proudly.

“No way,” Tsukki said, “what did you *do* to him?”

Oikawa shrugged, “it’s just my charm.”

“Good for you,” Hinata leaned over from his wheelchair and slapped Oikawa on the back, smiling, “I wish Doctor Shimizu would take me outside once in a while, but she’s so busy she just wheels me to the bench outside and leaves me for half an hour to watch old people walking around.”

“Maybe ask Nurse Kageyama to take you outside,” Oikawa said, “he likes you, right?”

“He doesn’t like me,” Hinata snorted, “we talk about Volleyball and we argue a lot. But maybe he’d do it.”

“He’ll be less busy than a doctor, I think,” Kageyama said, playing with the fluff on his hospital issued dressing gown.

“Or maybe get Doctor Asahi to wheel you out to the park like he does with Yachi,” Kenma said quietly.

“Speaking of Yachi, where is she?” Hinata turned in his wheelchair and grinned when Yachi rolled in through the doors on her wheelchair. She had become paralysed in an accident four months prior, from the neck down. She was smiling as Doctor Asahi wheeled her towards her friends, humming softly.

“Hi guys,” Yachi said brightly, “I’d wave but I can’t move my hand.”

“Old,” Tsukki rolled his eyes and grinned.

Yachi’s eyes moved to him, “Tsukki-chan! Looking gorgeous.”

“Oh ha-ha. Very funny.”

Hinata cracked up.

“I hope all of you took your meds,” Asahi said, smiling at them as he docked Yachi next to Hinata.

“Yes doc,” they chorused.

“Hey, doc, take me on a walk next time you take Yachi,” Hinata said with a shit-eating grin.
Asahi laughed, “okay, I’ll ask Shimizu if I’m allowed,” he left briskly, already noting something on his pad. Doctors sure were busy.

“Doctor Shimizu is doing an open heart surgery today, by the way,” Hinata said.

“Oh, I heard!” Yachi said, “Nurse Tanaka is supposed to assist.”

“Whose getting operated?” Tsukki asked.

“Someone called Ms Chiyo.”

“RIP Ms Chiyo,” Oikawa sighed dramatically.

Kenma’s electronic watch beeped, “I need to go to my appointment with Doctor Noya. See you guys later.” He got up and walked sluggishly towards the doors. Kuroo caught sight of him across the room and rushed to his side, taking his elbow gently and steering him to the doors.

“Isn’t it ridiculous that there’s one psychiatrist for four wards?” Hinata took a yo-yo from his pocket and begun playing with it.

“Poor Doctor Noya, he has to deal with all of us,” Oikawa said, stretching.

“I wish I could do that,” Yachi murmured, watching Oikawa stretch.

“Hey,” the yo-yo travelled back to Hinata’s hand, “we promised not to be bitter, remember? I’ll walk again. You’ll learn to move. Oikawa’s not going to die. Tsukishima will get a skin graft and be pretty again.”

Tsukki snorted, “ever read the book ‘Face’? Yeah, it looks worse after a skin graft.”

“Not necessarily…”

“I need to run,” Oikawa stood up.

“Ha-ha,” Hinata and Yachi said with straight faces before bursting into giggles.

“I need to get ready for my date,” Oikawa winked at them, “catch you guys later.”

“It’s not a date!” Tsukishima called after him and Oikawa flipped him off over his shoulder.

Ushijima pulled up to the gates and rolled down his window. Oikawa was humming happily. He liked the doctor’s car. It was clean and it smelled nice. Sitting in the front seat next to him made Oikawa was too happy. He liked Ushijima in civil clothes too. Today he was wearing a black t-shirt, a coat and jeans.

“Where you off to, doc?” Daichi, head of security, was leaning against the doc.

“I’m taking Mr Oikawa out for a little drive,” Ushijima said.

“Oh, yeah, drive,” Terushima said from the other side.

“Teru,” Daichi snapped and turned back to Ushijima, “be back by closing time, doctor.”

“Thanks,” Ushijima rolled the window back up and waited for the gates to open. And then they
were off, driving through roads of Tokyo. Even though they were meant to go for an evening drive the sun was still high up.

Even though Oikawa wanted to savour every second of being with the doctor, he soon nodded off. When he woke up the sky was tinted purple and pink and Ushijima was parking the car by the sea.

‘‘Whoa,’’ Oikawa sat up abruptly in his chair, ‘‘where are we?’’

‘‘I thought you’d want to see the ocean,’’ Ushijima said quietly, ‘‘you were asleep for a few hours.’’ Oikawa unclipped his seatbelt and jumped out of the car. A strong wind tugged on his jacket and ruffled his hair. He ran up to the cliff they had parked by. ‘‘hey, be careful!’’ Ushijima called after him.

Oikawa stood as close to the edge of the cliff as he dared and spread his arms wide, feeling the cold wind on his face, the tug as it hit his body. He inhaled. Salty air filled his lungs. He exhaled. He grinned. He laughed. The sea below was crashing against a sandy beach. The sun was setting behind the horizon. Ushijima came up behind him.

‘‘We won’t get back in time,’’ Oikawa said and laughed. He felt like laughing. He was so happy.

‘‘I’ve told them you’ll stay at mine tonight.’’

Oikawa stopped laughing. He dropped his arms. He turned.

‘‘So I’m having the chemo after all.’’

Ushijima sighed and rubbed his forehead, ‘‘yeah.’’

Oikawa hugged him suddenly, pressing his face into his chest, ‘‘that’s okay. I can do it. Just don’t leave me.’’

Ushijima hugged him back, pressing his cheek to the top of his head, ‘‘okay.’’

Oikawa fingered his jacket zipper nervously, ‘‘and tonight…’’

‘‘Yeah,’’ Ushijima whispered, ‘‘whatever you want. We can do whatever you want.’’

Oikawa smiled and leaned into him more, breathing in his smell, ‘‘thank you doctor.’’

[HAPPY]
Mother Mary Can't You Help Me, Cause I've Gone Astray

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kuroo (top) x Tsukki (bottom)  
Prompt by: B Malfury  
Prompt: Tsukki is a devout monk who patches up Kuroo, a pirate. In return, Kuroo teaches Tsukki that sex is just like entering heaven...

The sun rose over the Monastery, illuminating the complex arrangement of old, stone buildings. The sea crashed against the sandy beach below the unforgiving eyes of the Monastery’s windows. A pirate was using the beach as a bed.

Brother Kei was walking down the beach in the early morning sun before the head Monk awoke everyone for Morning Prayer. He was actually practicing praying. He hadn’t been a Monk very long and the whole concept of praying all day was still a little strange. With a wooden rosary in hand, he tried to repeat the Lord’s Prayer but he kept getting distracted. The seagulls above were making an annoying, high screeching noise and the waves kept getting too close to his shoes. He didn’t like getting wet.

With a sigh, Kei pocketed the beads. He lifted the bottoms of his brown robes so the sand wouldn’t get into them. Searching the endless folds for sand grains was a task Kei didn’t much care for. He looked up at the imposing Monastery behind him. Shaking his head, he continued walking; walking around a jutting out cliff to its other side. He needed some time before the head Monk begun yelling at him.

Kei looked up into the sky. It was bright blue. It was going to be a beautiful da-

His foot caught on something and he went sprawling forward into the sand. There went his plan to keep his garments clean.

“What the-”

He turned and gasped. There was a man lying in the sand, hair damp and curling over his forehead, eyes closed. Wait, not a man. A pirate. That much was clear. His white shirt was open, revealing a large portion of his chest which was partially obscured by dangling golden chains. A scabbard was dangling from his leg. He only had one boot but it looked well made. There was a little, short braid of black hair in his hair tipped with a bead. Above his collarbone, the pirate Insignia was tattooed. Kei swallowed thickly.

Crawling closer to the man, he took out his prayer beads. Gods, he didn’t know any last rites prayer. This wasn’t part of his training.

“Okay, come on now,” he placed his hand over the pirate’s chest and looked heavenward, thinking of something on the spot, “dear lord, please have this man’s soul in your care…even if he was a bad man, please-”

The Pirate’s eyes shot open and he grabbed Kei’s wrist, “I’m not dead yet,” he snapped. Then his eyes rolled back and he lost consciousness again.
A bead of sweat rolled down Kei’s temple. This man was a Pirate so probably a sinner, who had no place in the kingdom of God, but the holy scriptures taught that Monks should help those in need and this man was very clearly in need. Kei might have been a decent person but the head Monk certainly was not. If he saw the Pirate he’d not only have him turned out imiediatly, but he’d also turn him over to the authorities. Maybe the Pirate did nothing wrong…wait, no; just being a Pirate was breaking the law.

There was no blood seeping through the man’s clothes but Kei wasn’t sure if he wasn’t injured. His consciousness (and fear of hell) dictated him to pick the man up, with some effort, and proceed to drag him towards the Monastery. For now he’d put him in his room. No Monk could go into the room of another, since those places were dedicated to private prayer. He’d be safe there until Kei figured out how to tell the head Monk about him.

Never had Kei felt as anxious as when he was dragging the unconscious pirate through the halls of the Monastery, praying that he’d get to his room before the bell for Morning Prayer sounded. Wheezing and panting Kei managed to get the Pirate to the base of the rickety wooden stairs leading to the first floor. Trying to make as little noise as possible, Kei practically pushed him up the wooden stairs until they reached the top where he spent a few valuable seconds catching his breath.

He breathed out in relief when the Pirate was finally dumped onto his small bed in his tiny room. That’s when the bell sounded. Kei swore, then apologised to God for swearing and grabbed the chain that held his water pot above the fireplace. He took the man’s hands and tied them to the headboard of the bed securely, then took his sword out of his scabbard for good measure and left his room, locking it. Kei rushed to Morning Prayer.

He had a lot to pray for.

||*|||

When Kei entered his room again, the Pirate was awake and pulling on his restraints.

“Dang, you’re good at this shit,” he said, tugging on the chain.

Kei shut the door, “keep it down. The others don’t know you’re here.”

The Pirate whistled, ”pretty rebellious for a Monk, aren’t you, brother?” he sat up and winced, “I think I have a few cracked ribs. They should heal in a couple of days though.”

Hesitantly Kei undid the chains and the Pirate massaged his wrists, ”wanna tell me where I am?”

“St Michael’s Monastery, West Reef,” Kei said cautiously.

The man didn’t look surprised, “I figured I’d end up here. You know, when I fell out of my ship. We got into a bit of a scuffle with a different company and…you know, it’s all a bit embarrassing really. Shit, I’m thirsty. Do you have anything? I’m Kuroo, by the way.”

Kei blinked at the onslaught of words and reached for the canister tied to his belt. Kuroo drank greedily and when the Monk passed him a chunk of bread he dug in like he hadn’t eaten in days. To be fair, who knew how long he had been floating on the sea.

Finally Kuroo sighed and sat back, looking expectantly at Kei, “so, what drove one of you religious folk to save a wretched sinning Pirate like me?” his eyes glinted, “or maybe you didn’t know I was a Pirate and now you’re about to alert the authorities?”

“No.”
Kuroo raised his head, a sly smile sliding into place, “what’s your name?”

“Brother Kei.”

“Kei,” Kuroo smirked, “why did you save me?”

“It was the right thing to do,” Kei said immediately.

The Pirate raised an eyebrow, “does saving a sinner from death count as a good deed,” he leaned forward and whispered dramatically, “were you afraid you’d go to hell if you didn’t save me?”

Kei flinched away, “you are talking nonsense.”

Kuroo leaned back and scanned the room, “where’s my sword.”

Kei remained silent.

Kuroo leaned back against his bed, “okay, okay, I’m sorry, let’s start again. Thanks for saving me, even though I’m a pirate. I’m in your debt.”

With an uncomfortable nod, Kei spoke, “you may stay here until you’re fully healed. But no one can know about you.”

Kuroo tilted his head to the side. Now that his hair was dry it stuck up all over the place, “you are a rebellious one.”

“I just think everyone should have a chance to be saved.” Kei said blankly.

“Well said,” Kuroo grinned, “I think you are the first religious bastard who doesn’t piss me off. Not that you’re a bastard,” he added quickly.

Kei rubbed his eyes with the balls of his palms, “please stop talking.”

“Sorry,” Kuroo grinned again, not sounding very sorry, “do you want to pray now, Monk-san?”

Kei hesitated and looked down, “…No, I don’t want to pray.”

“Isn’t that what you people do? Pray all day?”

Kei shrugged, keeping his face neutral, “I do not feel the need.”

Kuroo stretched. He reminded Kei of a cat, “don’t get offended but you don’t strike me as a very religious fellow.”

Kei shrugged.

“Wanna tell me your life story?”

“No.”

“Wanna hear mine?”

“No.”

“Suit yourself,” Kuroo tugged on his shirt, pulling it over his head.

Kei flushed with anger, “what are you doing?”
Kuroo begun prodding at his ribs, “checking for further damage. Don’t act so prude, I know you’re supposed to be celibate and all, but you’ve done it before you became a Monk, right?”

Kei shifted, trying not to show his discomfort, “I haven’t.”

Kuroo’s eyes widened, “what!? You’ve never had sex!?”

“Keep it down,” Kei hissed, “no, I haven’t. And I pride myself in it.”

“Not with a woman?”

“No.”

“Not even with a man?”

“Are you deaf? Of course not. That’s impure and unnatural,” Kei snapped.

“Really? I’ve done it loads of times,” Kuroo said conversationally, shaking the sand from his shirt onto the floor, “it’s fantastic.”

“Please be quiet.”

“Fine,” Kuroo pulled his shirt back on, “but we will come back to this subject.”

“You know what, praying has suddenly become a great option,” Kei glared at him, knelt and took out his prayer beads.

Kuroo licked his lips hungrily, “you’d look great doing something else in that position.”

“Even my goodwill has limits,” Kei reminded him tightly, mostly because he had no idea what he meant.

“So do you touch yourself or is that banned as well?”

It had been three days since Kei found Kuroo on the beach. So far no one had discovered the Pirate in Kei’s room but the Monk was growing nervous. He rarely ate much so smuggling Kuroo food wasn’t hard but sleeping on the floor wasn’t exactly comfortable. Since Kuroo was the injured on he had to sleep on the bed (Kei’s words). And most of all, Kuroo made Kei nervous, with his behaviour and how comfortable he was and his questions, like this one.

Kei didn’t look up from where he was washing his linens in a basin in the corner, “of course not. That is impure. We do not get sexual urges.”

“You make yourself sound like some inhuman beings,” Kuroo snorted, “and that’s not true. You’d see a bouncing pair of tits, you’d be all over that shit.”

“Breasts and women never interested me,” Kei said calmly.

“Well, if you saw me naked you’d pounce on me imediately.”

Kei glanced sceptically at Kuroo, who was sprawled on his bed, his head propped up on his hand, and raised an eyebrow, “have you ever seen yourself?”

That was another reason why Kei didn’t like having Kuroo around. He had never had problem
abstaining from the women in the village or the boys who sometimes tried to get him undressed and when he became a Monk all of that stopped. But for the first time in forever Kei actually felt a pull to someone. He couldn’t lie that Kuroo’s hard, scarred muscles, his smirk and his dangerous reputation light up something in the pit of his stomach. Plus it was nice to speak to someone about something else than God.

“So…can’t you get me some Monk clothes so I can walk around?"

“No way,” Kei said, “if someone saw you, they’d recognise you as an outsider.”

“But I’m bored when you’re out praying all day.”

Kei sighed, losing his patience and dropped the linens in the basin, “if you’re well enough to walk around then just leave.”

Kuroo shut up after that.

The incense was making Kei dizzy but he sat through the whole evening prayer, three days after. Once a week they had a massive, long prayer in the chapel in the evening full of perfumed smoke, chanting and kneeling on uncomfortable stone floors. Kei hated those nights but he followed the rules. He didn’t speak out, especially not now when one wrong move could lead to having Kuroo found out.

So Kei simply prayed. Usually his mind drifted away pretty quickly but this time around he vigilantly sat through the hours of prayer, asking God to look after him and Kuroo, so they could get through this whole thing without getting found out. And for a few minutes he prayed that he’d finally feel happy. He didn’t remember when he last felt anything other than sadness, indifference or annoyance.

Finally the head Monk, a silent, cold man, rang the huge brass bell at the altar and the two dozen of Monks rose, bowed to the altar, and begun leaving in silence. Kei took a little detour outside, to the hot spring that sprouted behind the Monastery. It was salty water from the sea but you could still wash with it and Kei decided that Kuroo needed a bath. With a huge basin tucked under his arm he ventured into the night. It wasn’t unusual to find a Monk getting water to wash in his room (it was impure to see each other’s bodies so there was no communal bath). These days Kei was careful not to do anything out of order.

Getting the basin to the hot spring was no big deal but returning to his room, up the stairs, with a basin full of water was a challenge. Kei reached the top of the stairs and nearly fell. Suddenly someone’s hands closed around the other end of the basin, steadying it and Kei. The Monk peered over the edge of the basin at his saviour.

“Thank you.”

A short, blond Monk nodded and hurried past. Kei frowned when he saw his eyes, which were like a cat’s. Surely he would remember seeing a strange boy like that around. Or maybe he was new? Kei shrugged as best as he could with a basin full of water and barrelled his way into his room, closing the doors with his foot.

“What’s this?” Kuroo asked, grinning at the steaming water.

“You bath,” Kei heaved the basin to the corner and set it down, sloshing some water onto the wood, ”get undressed and wash yourself. I won’t look.”
“I can’t wash myself!” Kuroo complained, “I can barely move!”

“Three days ago you wanted me to sneak you around,” Kei reminded him, tossing him a sponge.

Kuroo tossed the sponge back, “come on. It’s a good deed. It’s probably a sin to leave an injured person to his own devices.”

“Stop making yourself out to be such a victim,” Kei sighed but gestured to the basin, “sit. It’s probably a sin to take care of you, but I’ll do it because I’m a good person. Know my kindness.”

“You’re the best,” Kuroo pulled his shirt over his head and tugged the jewelry over his head. He shuffled out of his pants and limped exaggeratedly to the basin, sitting down next to it. Kei suddenly felt embarrassed, sitting next to the pirate whose only source of decency was the underwear covering his manhood.

Trying not to show his discomfort, Kei popped a handful of herbs from his pocket into the water and dipped the sponge in the water. Kuroo leaned back on his hands when Kei extended his hand to put the sponge to his chest.

“You’re going to have to come closer,” Kuroo smirked, “don’t worry, I won’t bite.”

Kei sighed and crawled between his legs, beginning to scrub his chest harshly. Kuroo winced but said nothing. Kei slowed his movements, spreading the herb water over his muscles and trying not to blush.

“Don’t forget the neck.”

Kei sighed loudly and moved the sponge up, over his tattoo. He hadn’t had the chance to look at it properly. A small black skull. Kei rubbed his finger over it.

“I became a Pirate when I was twelve,” Kuroo said, reading Kei’s question in his movements. Kei moved the sponge up, around his neck, trying to not look at his face, “my parents died in a fire and I got put in an orphanage. I hated that place,” Kei dipped the sponge in the water and slapped it onto Kuroo’s stomach, washing his abs, “one night a Pirate ship appeared at the horizon. The Pirates looted my village and burned it to the ground. They killed the head of the orphanage, who used to beat me,” Kei’s movements slowed for a moment. Kuroo tucked his finger under the Monk’s chin and raised his face to meet his eyes, “does that scare you? That it made me happy to watch that place burn?”

Kei took his hand from his face and begun washing his arm, “carry on.”

“I was running off from the village. It was my big chance to finally be free. Two Pirates caught me before I could run off. They were going to kill me. I was only twelve but I was quick and I managed to get one of them down. Amused, the other one picked me up and took me to her ship. She was the captain of the Pirates and she had liked my spirit.”

Kei moved onto the other arm.

“I started off as a cabin boy and the punching bag for all twenty eight Pirates on board. I went through pretty much every job you can think off as I grew older; ABS, Swabbie, Powder Monkey, Rigger, Master Gunner…sorry, you probably don’t know what I’m going on about,” Kuroo laughed as Kei begun scrubbing his leg, “and then, when I was eighteen, the Captain died and… well, she was a cool lady. And then during a battle I fell out of the ship, like a complete idiot, and got washed up here.”
“So,” Kei scrubbed his other leg, “how old are you?”

“Twenty four. And you’re what…eighteen?”

“Nineteen. Turn around.”

Kuroo obediently turned, exposing his muscular back. Kei ran the sponge over his muscles, revelling on how hard they were under his hand.

“Okay, I’ve finished,” he dropped the sponge back into the basin.

Kuroo picked it up, turning around, “okay, my turn. Take your clothes off.”

Kei flushed at the suggestion, “I can’t. It’s in the rules. I can’t undress in front of you.”

Kuroo sighed loudly and dropped the sponge back in the basin, “tell me anyway. You’re story. How you ended up in a place you’re blatantly not happy in.”

Kei hesitated, “okay, but you’re going to have to turn around. I need to wash as well.”

Kuroo walked to the bed and sat on it, his back to Kei, facing the wall, “okay. Begin.”

Kei untied the cord of his belt and slipped his garments off until he was standing in just his underwear. He glanced at Kuroo. Even though the Pirate wasn’t looking, he still felt embarrassed. For good measure he turned his back to Kuroo as well, beginning by washing his face and arms.

“Last year I…came close to doing something unclean. My family was very religious and wanted me to…lose my decency after I’ve been married. A boy from the village…he liked me. A lot. Or so he said. And…” he sighed, “I don’t know. It kind of made me like him too. Or maybe I just didn’t know how to say no. I didn’t know what to do with my life. I have really bad eyesight and I’m not particularly good at anything. So I thought one wild night in the haystack in my family barn with that boy wouldn’t do much harm.”

“I was wrong. He begun by undressing me and…it felt wrong. All of it but I was too embarrassed to tell him no,” Kei washed his legs, flushing at the memory and at the fact that he was saying all this to an experienced Pirate, “my father walked in on us just when he was leaning in to kiss me. He got off with a scolding from his parents. Mine sent me here.”

“I...really didn’t know what I wanted to do, so I guessed being a Monk was as good as being anything. But I don’t like it,” he was washing his shoulder, “in fact, I hate it. I don’t believe in God as much as others. I don’t find comfort in prayer. If it wasn’t for you, I’d probably throw myself off the cliff.”

Kei froze and flushed even harder, “you’re looking at me right now, aren’t you?”

Pause.

“No.” Kuroo lied.

||*||

Another week passed. Kuroo was bored out of his mind but he was still safe in Kei’s room. Kei knew Kuroo would leave in day’s time, and sometimes he found it hard to breathe. One evening Kei couldn’t sleep on his spot on the floor, so he struck up a conversation.

“Kuroo.”
“Yes, brother?”

“Are you sleeping?”

Kuroo sat up in Kei’s bed, “no.”

“I can’t sleep.”

Kuroo patted the space next to him, “come here. We can talk about something.”

At this point, Kei didn’t even mind. He wanted to soak in as much of Kuroo before he left. He lay down next to him on his back and looked up at the ceiling.

“I’m going to leave tomorrow.” Kuroo whispered and Kei’s heart shattered, “I’m better now.”

“Okay.”

They lay in silence.

“Kuroo.”

“Mmmh?”

“What’s sex like?”

Kuroo laughed quietly, “it’s good. Really good.”

Kei turned to him. Kuroo propped his face on his hand and looked down at him, “describe it. I’m curious.”

“I could show you…” Kuroo reached for his belt but Kei swatted his hand away.

“No. Just tell me.”

Kuroo grinned, ”Alright, it’s like…it’s like entering heaven.”

Kei snorted, “no way.”

“No, really! It’s like…the whole time you feel really good and you’re warm and you can feel the person so you know you’re not alone. And…shit, the sensation is amazing. Like nothing you’ve ever felt. It’s better than ‘bathing in God’s divine light’. And when you reach orgasm you can practically hear Angels singing.”

Kei gave a little laugh, “is it really that good?”

“Really. It is. Which is why I will never understand celibate life. Sex is the best thing next to food and money.”

Kei smiled into the pillow, “sounds fun.”

Kuroo touched his face, tilting it up, “seriously. Let me show you.”

“No. I can’t.”

Kuroo sighed, “let me at least kiss you. A goodbye kiss.”

Kei slowly pulled himself up so he was in level with Kuroo. The pirate put a hand on his hip and
connected their lips. It was a long, slow kiss and when Kuroo broke it he didn’t move, so their lips brushed against each other when they breathed.

“Again,” Kei murmured, pulling Kuroo into another kiss. The hand on his hip begun stroking up and down, going lower and lower, taking hold of the material and hitching it up. Kei jolted when he felt Kuroo’s hand on his bare leg, sliding up.

“No, Kuroo-”

Kuroo silenced him with another kiss. And another. And another, until Kei felt weak.

“Don’t worry. I’ll teach you,” he whispered hotly in his ear and then he disappeared under the thin blanket.

“W-what are you doing?” Kei whispered, hating how scared he sounded.

“You’re going to have to keep your voice down,” Kuroo whispered against his thigh before yanking his underwear down. In the next instant something hot and wet closed around Kei’s member and Kei had to clamp a hand around his mouth to keep an embarrassing sound from escaping. Kuroo was right. It was warm and it felt good, to know Kuroo was there, doing it to him. Kei’s free hand curled in the pillow as he whimpered. Kuroo was bobbing his head up and down now, sending sparks of pleasure up Kei’s spine. With a sharp jerk his member seemed to explode and an intense wave of pleasure nearly caused him to pass out. When he came to, Kuroo was above him again, grinning.

“How was that?”

“T-that…what did you…” Kei couldn’t catch his breath.

“I’ve only just started,” Kuroo smirked and kissed him on the mouth, his tongue venturing deeply. His hands found the robe tying Kei’s robes together and undid it swiftly. He practically ripped the brown material from his body, eager to see and touch Kei’s pale skin. He kissed his chest and stomach, leaving marks down his neck.

“And this is a very sensitive spot,” Kuroo murmured in Kei’s ear before sucking beneath it making Kei gasp. His fingers traced around his hole, “I’m going to have to stretch you, first. This may burn a little,” without further warning, he slid a finger into him. He was tight. Tighter than Kuroo was used to but with a few quick movements he was able to slip another finger in. Kei shifted uncomfortably and Kuroo kissed him again to occupy his attention, his hand weaving itself into his hair. When the third finger went in, Kei hissed.

“I-I think I want to stop. This feels weird-” Kuroo kissed him again, rubbing his back comfortably. He pulled his fingers in and out a few more times before slipping his trousers off and pulled his throbbing erection out. He hovered above Kei for a second, admiring his pale, kiss-marked body before pulling him up with a yelp. He spat on his hand, coating the head in saliva and gently settling Kei onto it. Kei cried out and Kuroo clamped a hand over his mouth to keep him quiet.

He pulled himself up, slipping the whole head in and removing his hand.

“Stop, it hurts…” Kei whispered breathlessly, his eyes clenched shut.

“Give it a moment,” Kuroo kissed him a few times affectionately on the lips, “you just need to get used to it.”

Kei was choking back tears, “kiss me more,” he whispered. Kuroo happily obliged, “I don’t
Kuroo was gradually sliding in, inch by inch, “I know, Kei. I know.” He kissed his nose, “but for now I’m here. Just concentrate on that.”

Kei inhaled sharply when Kuroo pulled him all the way down, and Kuroo stopped moving for a few seconds, kissing him hotly on the neck.

Kei felt full and hot and he suddenly needed Kuroo to move. He didn’t know how to tell him so he just moved his hips up, desperately. Kuroo huffed a.

“You’re going to have to be quiet now.” Kuroo warned him, pulling him up and harshly slamming him back down. Kei clamped his hand over his mouth again but a loud moan erupted anyway, “shit…” Kuroo said but he grinned and connected their lips, absorbing Kei’s noises. He went in and out again. Kei’s back arched and he wrapped his arms around Kuroo’s neck. Kuroo settled into a fast rhythm, one hand moving to play with Kei’s now-prominent erection. When Kuroo pulled back for air the room was filled with tiny, quiet moans that made Kuroo want to listen to them all night. Of course that way they’d be found out so he allowed himself a few moans between kisses.

“Kuroo…” Kei whispered, his voice high and strained. Kuroo was panting. It felt good inside Kei. Better than inside of anyone. And for Kei it finally felt warm and erratic and right. The feel of Kuroo inside him was amazing. It sent shivers up his spine. His warm mouth and his constantly moving dick and his pumping hand meant that Kei couldn’t see clearly and breathe properly.

“I-I feel like I’m going to…”

“I know,” Kuroo whispered, sweaty like Kei, “me too.”

He connected their lips, hard, and laced their hands together. With a muffled moan Kei came on Kuroo’s hand, shaking, and a second later he felt himself being filled up with hot liquid. Kuroo pulled out and disconnected their lips. The air was filled with panting. Half-consciously Kei touched the spunk on his stomach.

“How was it?” Kuroo asked, still a little breathless.

Kei smiled at him, “good. As good as you said. Better,” his eyes were glazed over with lust, “let’s do it again.”

Kuroo grinned and pulled Kei to him.

||“||

It was time to say goodbye.

Kuroo stood in the middle of Kei’s – of Kei’s and his – room, looking hopelessly at Kei.

“Kei, I…”

“Just say goodbye and go,” Kei said, his voice devoid of emotion. He was really beginning to consider jumping off that cliff.

“No, listen-”

“I don’t want to. Just please go before anyone find you here. The window-”

There was a yell outside followed by a couple of screams and a loud commotion. Kei jumped, used
to the whole Monastery being freakishly quiet and turned to Kuroo. He didn’t look surprised. He looked pretty confident. Something was wrong.

‘’Kuroo, what did you do…?’’ Kei whispered, fear pumping through his veins.

Slowly, Kuroo smirked, ‘’I might have lied a little to you, brother. Sorry, is that a sin?’’ he grabbed Kei’s wrist and pulled him to his chest, ‘’am I going to hell for it?’’

The doors burst open and the head Monk ran inside, ‘’quickly, brother, they’re looting-’’ he stopped dead in his tracks when he saw Kuroo and his eyes widened with fear, ‘’brother Kei, step away from that man at once.’’

Kei tried to pull away but Kuroo held him firmly in place, ‘’sorry, old man, but brother Kei will be coming with me.’’

‘’That isn’t-’’ someone grabbed the Head Monk’s arm and dragged him outside.

‘’Kuroo, what’s going on!??’

‘’You see,’’ Kuroo turned Kei around so he was facing him, ‘’I wasn’t actually washed up here by accident. This is all a part of an elaborate plan that I couldn’t come up with by myself. Don’t worry, I’m not the only one who lied to you. This whole Monastery is one big lie. Under this castle there is a huge mountain of gold and jewels – the people’s tax that the church had practically stolen. So we’re stealing it back, since we are ‘the people’ are we not?’’

Kei struggled, ‘’I don’t understand…’’

Kuroo grinned, ‘’while you were out praying I took the liberty of exploring the Monastery and drawing a map. My comrade snuck in here one night and took it from me,’’ Kei remembered the blonde Monk with the cat eyes, ‘’and now the Pirates have attacked.’’

Kei stopped struggling, ‘’how could you…?’’ he whispered.

Kuroo’s eyes softened, ‘’Kei. Listen to me. These people are evil. We may not be Angels but at least we don’t pretend we’re here for the good of the people. Did you know the higher ups in this Monastery all own land and richly furnished houses in town? Did you know they go to the brothels nearly every night?’’ he touched Kei’s cheek, ‘’I’m sorry I lied to you, but I couldn’t risk them finding out. You can be mad at me later. You can kick me and hit me all you like. But for now, trust me and come with me.’’

‘’Come with you?’’

‘’Yes. You said yourself you hate it here. You’ll love it out there. There’s nothing to confine you. You can do what you want. You don’t have to ever pray to their stupid Gods.’’ He brought the hand he was holding tightly to his lips, ‘’Kei, I was never going to say goodbye to you. I can’t even think about you staying here while I go. So, please, come with me.’’

Kei was at a loss of words. It was overwhelming, ‘’you want me to become a Pirate?’’

Kuroo grinned, ‘’yeah.’’

‘’What will you’re captain say?’’

Kuroo kissed him, ‘’he’ll have to deal with it. What do you say?’’
Kei glanced around his room, at the blank walls, the uncomfortable bed, the basin in the corner. He smiled, “fine. But only because I have nothing else to do.”

Kuroo grinned and kissed him again, taking his hand and pulling him into the corridor, now filled with pirates.

“Nice speech,” a guy with a partly shaved head grinned.

“Shut up, Tanaka,” Kuroo smiled, “this is Kei. Take him to the ship,” he turned to the others, “boys, we have some looting to do.”

The ship was so impressive it took Kei’s breath away. It bobbed on the waters, a magnificent vessel. Tanaka ushered him into one of the boats docked all along the shores and swam the short distance to the ship’s hull. There, he pointed to the rope ladder dangling in the air.

“Straight up.”

Kei took hold of the slippery bars and heaved himself up, his Monk clothes restraining his movements. The deck was full of bustling Pirates, but someone was waiting for him.

“I’m Kenma,” said the cat-eyed Monk, now dressed in a sleeveless shirt and red trousers.

“Kei,” the ex Monk murmured, astounded.

Kenma nodded, “you’re going to have to sign the Code tonight,” he was all business, “most of the booty has been loaded now, so we’ll be leaving soon. We have no clear destination, as always – the captain likes to think one step at a time,” Kenma led Kei to a cabin. He opened the doors, revealing stairs going below deck. Kei followed him, “we need to change you out of that thing. Also, you might want to change your name. Most people here don’t have their birth names. It helps if anyone’s after you.”

Kei thought about it. His last name had been Tsukishima before he joined the Monastery. Tsukishima, Tsukishima, Tsukishima…

“Tsukki, then.”

Kenma nodded, “okay, Tsukki,” he opened the doors to a large, grand bedroom. Tsukki looked around in awe as Kenma opened a few cupboards, pulling out clothes, “put these on.”

Ten minutes later Tsukki emerged onto the deck with Kenma, dressed in a lose black tunic, black pants and boots. Kuroo was just climbing onto deck.

“Whoa, who are you?” he asked, spotting Tsukki and grinning at him.

“This is Tsukki,” Kenma said, gesturing to Tsukki, “new crewmember,” he called louder and the Pirates gathered around cheered loudly.

Tanaka came up and slapped a Captain’s hat onto Kuroo’s head, “good to have you back, cap.”

Tsukki’s eyes widened, “You’re not just a Pirate, you’re a Pirate Captain?”

Kuroo grinned, “surprise.”

“Captain, set course!” someone called.
“Alright boys, to your stations,” Kuroo called and everyone started moving as one with a chorus of “Aye aye Captain”. He turned to Tsukki and smiled, “Tsukki. I like it. There’s a ginger kid by the mast, the rigger. Go to him, he’ll show you the ropes,” he stole a quick peck from the still-stunned Tsukki, “and in the evening I hope to see you in my cabin.”

Tsukki grinned and pushed himself away from Kuroo.

“Aye aye Captain.”
Iwaizumi stood on the edge of the cliff, looking down into the unforgiving sea. The waves crashed on the beach, pulling sand, the constantly moving sand particles glinting like knives. He wondered how long it would take the waves to carry his body out to sea. He wondered if sailors would drag his limp, soulless form from the ocean or if it would wash up on some beach in a faraway place Iwaizumi never got the chance to travel to. Or maybe the sea would swallow him whole and no one would ever find him, a missing case forever. And then he didn’t want to wonder anymore.

He was tired and the dangerous waved below suddenly seemed comforting. The sun shining above his head was making him sleepy. Just three more steps and it’d be over. Or maybe the earth wouldn’t withstand his weight and he’d plummet down earlier. Iwaizumi knew that drowning wasn’t very poetic. You didn’t simply suffocate; your blood capillaries burst and… maybe he’d hit his head on a rock. That definitely wasn’t poetic. But right then, for the first time in his life, Iwaizumi felt poetic. He felt like some long dead writer could write a poem about the dark haired boy, standing on the edge of the cliff.

And he stood above the sea,

His eyes watching the tide,

Soon his soul would be free,

A boy, dead inside.

Iwaizumi didn’t need to take a deep breath. He didn’t want to breathe anymore. His resolve was strong. He took the first step. Looked down. Froze.

A person was lying face down on the beach, half of him covered by the sea. Don’t, Iwaizumi told himself, you can’t even help yourself, so how will you help him? And then the ocean receded, taking that wretched sand, and revealed the rest of the man…or the thing. Iwaizumi gasped and stumbled backwards, falling and hitting his ass hard on the rocky cliff. Had he really just seen…tiredness evaporated from him like steam from an open sauna. He stood blindly running down the cliff and around. His legs wouldn’t move fast enough as he barrelled closer to the creature on the beach, closer, closer…

He fell to his knees, sand flying everywhere, and gaped in wonder at the magnificent tail attached to the man’s waist. It was long and twitched weakly, the fin at the end nearly transparent. With awe and curiosity, Iwaizumi reached out slowly and touched the shimmering aquamarine scales. They were real. A little noise of disbelief made its way out of Iwaizumi’s mouth. He moved his fingers higher up, to where the scales became scarce and gave way to creamy, soft skin. A bare chest and a breathtakingly beautiful face. Openings in his neck, fluttering weakly – gills.
A merman.

Iwaizumi went to laugh in disbelief but the laughter died in this throat. Sticking out from the merman’s side was a hook. A jagged, ugly, bronze piece of metal from a fishing boat, soaked with silver liquid. The merman’s blood. Raw emotion washed over him for the first time in months – something other than tearing sadness, tiredness or indifference. Panic. His hands fluttered as he touched the hook hesitantly. He couldn’t take him to a hospital but he had to get the hook out before the merman got an infection. Could he get an infection?

The sea had gotten farther now. The tide had gone. The sand was beginning to dry.

Iwaizumi pulled his shirt off and tied it around the merman’s waist, ready to cover the wound and put pressure on it. Taking a deep breath he tilted him to the side. The merman groaned softly, his soft-looking hands clawing at the sand unconsciously. So he was alive. Iwaizumi took hold of the hook from the back, muttered a quick apology to the merman and pulled it out slowly, curving his hand to get it out cleanly. The merman tensed, his magnificent tale shuddering. Iwaizumi tossed the hook away quickly, his hand coated in the silver blood and grabbed his shirt, ready to yank it down.

But the wound wasn’t there anymore.

Instead, a cut was closing at amazing speed, till it was a scratch and then just smooth skin. Iwaizumi exhaled. So all the merman needed to heal was to have that wretched hook out. Now what…? He couldn’t just toss him back to the sea, that would be a waste…

The merman shuddered again and again and Iwaizumi watched hopelessly as the gills in his neck closed and the scales begun falling from his tail, melting into the sand and giving way to a pair of legs. Smooth, hairless legs… His fins melted away and the merman…now a man, shuddered for a final time and opened his eyes. He was seeing the sky and the sun. His eyes widened in child-like wonder and slowly he extended his hand up, trying to close it around the burning star. His face furrowed in confusion when all he met was air.

Then, slowly, his eyes shifted to Iwaizumi, who was leaning over him anxiously. The man’s mouth opened a fracture when he saw him and his soft fingers went up, caressing his cheek. That’s right. Iwaizumi forgot to shave again. The man ran his fingers over the sharp stubble and then sat up abruptly, running his hands over Iwaizumi’s face and hair, his eyes and face displaying curiosity and awe. And then one of his legs bumped against the other.

His movements froze. He dropped his hands and slowly, terror painted all over his face, he turned to look where his tail has been. His eyes widened as he grabbed his thigh, sliding his hands over the smooth skin in disbelief. He was shaking his head. Tears filled his eyes and begun to spill. He touched them, surprised, and looked at the water on his fingertips in shock. More tears spilled over his cheeks and he clamped his hands over his face, his breathing speeding up.

His gaze shifted to the receding sea and he pushed himself up, stumbling a step towards it before falling to his knees, unused to his legs. With a helpless expression, Iwaizumi pulled him to a sitting position and shook sand out of his hair.

’’Hey, calm down. Can you talk? Do you understand me?’’

The merman just looked at him pleadingly and kept extending his hand towards the sea, until finally he dropped his hand and begun sobbing. With no idea what to do, Iwaizumi retrieved his silver-stained shirt and draped it over the sobbing man. He looked up at him, his teary eyes heart broken.

’’I’m Iwaizumi,’’ he whispered as gently as he could, ’’it’s okay. I know you can’t understand me,
but it’ll be okay. I’ll take care of you. We’ll get your tail back, if we can.’’

The soothing tone must have done the trick because the sobs quickly subsided and then the man just sat on the sand limply, staring at Iwaizumi. The dark haired man took his hand gently and slipped it into the sleeve of the shirt, repeating the action with the second one and buttoning his shirt down, trying not to look at his now fully human parts. The shirt was too big on him, covering all the important bits.

‘’My car is just around the corner. I didn’t think I’d ever get in it again but…’’ he didn’t know why he kept talking to him. He clearly didn’t understand, ”do you have a name? Ah, d-don’t answer that. You can’t anyway. Um, how about I give you one? So I can call you something?” the man tilted his head and Iwaizumi racked his brain for a name. His mind was blank. All he could remember was the name of his dog when he was three. It would have to do, ”what about Tooru?” he pointed to him, ”you’re Tooru, okay? Tooru. Tooru,” Tooru’s mouth shaped in a T and a gurgling noise came out, ”and I’m Iwaizumi. Iwaizumi. Try saying it,” Iwaizumi continued gently, ”Iwaizumi. I-wa-i-zu-mi.”

“I-Iw…Iw…Iwa…” Tooru coughed, his shoulders shaking.

“Iwa will do. Let’s get you out of here before you catch a cold.” Iwaizumi pulled Tooru to his feet and draped his arm over his shoulders, helping him walk. The whole time Tooru stared at his feet taking steps with wonder, stray tears still falling down his face. They moved slowly up the slope and as they begun walking on grass the tears stopped. Tooru stopped walking a few times too, to wiggle his toes in the grass.

Iwaizumi brought him to his car which was meant to stand parked by the hill until the police figured out what happened to him. Tooru pushed himself away from Iwaizumi and practically fell on top of the car, making little noises of surprise as his fingers moved over the sun-warmed silver car. Iwaizumi unlocked it and Tooru jumped at the unexpected sound. Iwaizumi opened the doors for him and had to practically sit him down himself. The merman begun imediately bouncing on the seat.

Closing the door Iwaizumi got in on the driver side and reached over to put Tooru’s seat belt on. Tooru made a little sound of distress when the material was pulled over him and pushed Iwaizumi away, looking at him fearfully.

”It’s okay, it’s okay,” Iwaizumi made placating gestures, taking his own seatbelt and clipping it in. Tooru relaxed a fracture, ”see? It’s for your own safety.” He pulled the seat belt over him, this time slower, and successfully clipped it on the other side. Tooru took the material and tugged on it, watching it slide back into it’s holder. He pulled it again and again it slid out of his hands. And then he laughed.

Every nerve in Iwaizumi’s body responded to that sweet sound, burning up and jerking. His heart begun pounding like mad. The short laugh ended quickly as Tooru fingered the seat belt contentedly, ”please don’t do that again,” Iwaizumi whispered weakly, turning the key in the ignition. Tooru jumped again when the car came to life and made a loud noise when they started rolling towards the street. He watched the hills and cliffs pass by and then he caught sight of the ocean, receding behind them. He grabbed Iwaizumi’s hand and shook it desperately, pointing to the ocean.

Iwaizumi placed a calming hand on Tooru’s head, “its okay. We’ll come back. I promise.” He moved his hand through his hair comfortingly, ”really. Please calm down. Here, look at this. Cool, isn’t it,” he turned Tooru’s head towards the street and he made that noise again, quieter now, as he watched the trees and the lamp posts swish past them. Iwaizumi changed gears and with a little squee Tooru grabbed the stick and begun moving it up and down.
“No, no, no!” Iwaizumi fought to keep control of the car, putting Tooru’s hands on his lap with his free hand, “don’t touch that.” he changed gears again, keeping a protective hand over the gearstick. A second later, Tooru laid his hand gently on top of Iwaizumi’s. The dark haired man glanced over at Tooru, happily watching the landscape, and decided he didn’t mind the hand there.

They finally arrived at Iwaizumi’s house when it was dark, even though the sea was only half an hour away. Iwaizumi got out of the car and then helped Tooru out too. Once the merman stepped out, he inhaled the night air in surprise and then glanced up. With an awed noise, he took in the millions of twinkling stars, craning his head as far as it would go. And farther. And farther.

“‘Tooru!’” Iwaizumi reached out but Tooru managed to tilt back all the way and fell backwards, hitting his head on the road. He winced, his fingers going to the back of his head. Iwaizumi swore and knelt down. Tooru extended his fingers towards him, showing him something. Iwaizumi looked down. Blood. Red blood. Tooru looked as surprised as Iwaizumi, who quickly shook it off and checked the back of his head.

“‘It’s just a small cut. You have to be more careful,’” Iwaizumi said, relieved, and pulled Tooru to his feet.

He led him through the front gate, using his keys to unlock the doors to his small house as Tooru gazed up in wonder at the houses around.

“‘This is where I live,’” Iwaizumi explained awkwardly, gesturing to the livingroom as they walked in. Tooru managed to limp his way in by himself, looking around as Iwaizumi turned on the lights. His brown hair was sticking up all over the place as he turned on the spot, trying to take everything in, “‘come on, I’ll show you everything before you trip again.’”

He led the merman around the livingroom slowly.

“‘This is the couch,’” Tooru touched it gently with his hand, his eyes practically shining as he took Iwaizumi’s favourite fluffy pillow in his arms and snuggled his face into it.

“‘This is the TV, but I don’t think you’re ready for that yet. This is the table,’” he pointed to the small, glass coffee table. Tooru started putting the pillow down and was immensely surprised when it hit an invisible glass surface. With an “ohhh!” noise Oikawa dived under the table, looking up in shock at the pillow that seemed to levitate above his head. Iwaizumi watched Tooru sprawled out on the floor, his hair a mess, and chuckled.

“‘You know what, scratch the tour. Let’s get you some proper clothes first. And some food.’” Iwaizumi said. Tooru looked at him and grinned from beneath the table, not understanding the words but reacting to the voice. Iwaizumi extended his hand, “‘come on, Tooru.’”

At the sound of his new name, the merman leapt up clumsily and took Iwaizumi’s hand eagerly. Iwaizumi half-pulled him to his bedroom, even though Tooru absolutely needed to touch every single object on the way. Once inside the bedroom, Tooru spotted the bed first.

“Waaaah!” he went and lunged himself on it, landing amidst Iwaizumi’s pillows and blankets and snuggling his face into the blanket, kicking his feet happily. It was a ridiculous and adorable sight, seeing a grown man, and a pretty tall one too, acting like a little kid. He dug around in his closet, producing an old, white turtleneck he got one Christmas and a pair of boxers. He sat down next to Tooru and tapped his back. The merman sat up imiediatly and Iwaizumi begun unbuttoning his shirt. Tooru watched him curiously.

Iwaizumi tugged the shirt off but couldn’t bring himself to put clothes on Tooru. Not yet, “‘you’re
pretty,’’ he confessed quietly, putting his hands on his knees and looking at him. With a big smile, Tooru copied his pose. Feeling like a pervert, Iwaizumi sighed, ‘‘arms up,’’ he put his arms up and Tooru copied. With some difficulty Iwaizumi pulled the shirt onto Tooru and managed to wriggle him into boxers. He imagined that was what having a kid was like.

‘‘Now, for food,’’ Iwaizumi extended his hand to Tooru again and the merman took it happily, letting himself be taken to the kitchen. The dark haired man sat him safely behind the counter, out of the way of any sharp utensils, and gave him an egg-shaped kitchen timer to play with while he poured water into a pan. He took his phone out in the process. He had sixteen missed calls, twenty three text messages and seven voicemails. Sighting, he pressed the first one as he poured pasta into the water.

BEEP

‘‘Son, this is your mother. You have to pick up the phone. What’s wrong? You haven’t come down in almost four months, I’m worried about you. Your dad is too. Please don’t do anything stupid. I know it’s hard, after Jane and all, but please…’’

Iwaizumi turned the stove on and the timer fell out of Tooru’s hand. He reached for the flames and Iwaizumi swatted his hand away.

‘‘Don’t touch that. Here, eat some grapes,’’

‘‘…and your dad love you very much. Please call me.’’

BEEP

Tooru plucked a grape from the box he gave to Tooru and popped one in his mouth. Tooru chewed slowly and then his whole face lit up. He started shovelling the grapes in his mouth.

‘‘Careful, you’ll choke.’’

‘‘Iwaizumi, this is Yahaba. What’s up with you, I’ve been covering your ass at Uni for two months now. If you don’t call me back in two days, I’m gonna let the professors kick you out.’’

BEEP

‘‘I-I-Iwa,’’ Tooru called with some difficulty, extending a grape in his direction.

‘‘Hajime, this is your sister…’’

Iwaizumi leaned down and took the grape gently out of Tooru’s hand with his teeth. Tooru grinned at him and Iwaizumi couldn’t help smiling back. He reached into the top shelf and took out a jar of spaghetti sauce. He decided to go vegetarian, since he didn’t know if Mermaids could eat meat.

‘‘…call mom and dad, they’re driving me nuts.’’

BEEP

‘‘Yahaba again. Look, I know it’s hard after Jane and everything, but you’ve been like a zombie lately. You didn’t pay your bills so I had to find another roommate. If you need a place to stay, you can still crash at our-mine. I hope to see you after Summer Break.’’

BEEP
“Hello, this is Shimizu. I'm calling to inform you that your next psychiatrist appointment is on the 10th of September at 4:30 pm. Please do not be late. Good day.”

BEEP

“Hajime, your mother is going mental. Stop being so selfish and call us. We’re your parents. Whatever it is, we can fix it.”

BEEP

“Haji, this is Jane-”

Iwaizumi saw red as that voice filled the kitchen. He grabbed the phone and threw it against the wall. It smashed into a million pieces before Iwaizumi could comprehend what he had done. Breathing hard, he turned to Tooru, expecting him to cower away in fear. Instead, he offered him a sad smile and extended a grape in his direction.

“I don’t want any,” Iwaizumi said, his voice breaking. Tooru waved the grape in the air expectantly, “I said I don’t…” he shook his head and walked up to Tooru, eating the grape from his hand. As he chewed, Tooru brought up his hand to caress his cheek.

Iwaizumi forced a smile, “let’s finish dinner, okay?”

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Twenty minutes later they were sitting by the little glass table, two steaming bowls of spaghetti in front of them.

“Okay,” Iwaizumi tried to get Tooru to hold a fork but it kept falling out of his hand. Tooru wasn’t concentrating. He poked the sauce with his finger and riled back when he felt it was hot. Then, hesitantly, he licked the sauce off his finger and repeated the action, “here, you’re meant to eat it with the pasta,” Iwaizumi twirled some spaghetti onto his fork, blew on it, and poked the fork against Tooru’s mouth. The merman opened his mouth obediently and then bit down, fork and all, wincing. He didn’t pass on the opportunity to get a mouthful of food though. Iwaizumi laughed a little and got more spaghetti on the fork, eating it slowly so Tooru could see (without the fork), “see? Like that.”

Tooru copied his action. Then Iwaizumi ate some more. Like that, they finished both bowls.

Iwaizumi wondered if he should give Tooru a bath, but he wasn’t sure if showing him water right then would be good. He might go hysterical again. Plus, Iwaizumi didn’t exactly need a two meter mermaid in his bath tub, so he simply changed the fidgeting Tooru into pyjamas, gave him a glass of water to drink before sleep and turned off the lights.

“Here, lie down,” Iwaizumi plopped Tooru onto the bed next to him, but the merman was fidgety. He slipped out of his grip and walked up to the window, pressing his nose against the glass and looking at the stars in wonder. Iwaizumi watched him, leaning his head on his hand. Suddenly Tooru’s eyes went sad and he pressed a longing hand against the glass, looking out into the distance. Seeing the ocean, “Tooru,” Iwaizumi whispered, “please come here. Please.”

Reluctantly, Tooru pulled himself away from the glass and shuffled over to the bed. He could walk almost perfectly now. He crawled into bed with Iwaizumi and pressed his face hard into the other man’s chest, like he was stopping himself from looking outside and remembering his home.
September

“‘Tooru, I’m going to go to school today,’” Iwaizumi smiled at Tooru, who was on the floor flipping the pages of a book. Ordinary objects could occupy him for hours. Iwaizumi, decked out in his uniform, leaned down to Tooru eye level, taking out his new phone and filming Tooru on the floor. Tooru kicked his legs happily and showed the camera his book. Iwaizumi smiled, “‘I’ll be back in the evening. There’s yoghurt in the fridge and sweet buns in the cupboard. Be good, okay?’” he kissed his forehead and went into the corridor, pulling his shoes on. He opened the doors, stepped outside, and closed it. He walked ten steps before the doors to his house were thrown open and a panicked Tooru barrelled towards him in his pyjamas.

“‘Iwa! Iwa…” he looked like he was going to have a panic attack.

Iwaizumi swore, put and arm around his shoulders and pulled him back into the house.

“I’ll only be gone a few hours. I need to go to my lecture and I need to tell Yahaba I’ve bought this place, so he doesn’t have to worry about me not having anywhere to sleep,” he explained as slowly as he could, sitting Tooru on the couch and going into the kitchen. He got a few sweet buns and filled a thermos with tea. He set those down by the couch, and got a bottle of water, a yoghurt and a carton of cereal for good measure, leaving those for Tooru as well. Then he took Tooru’s face in his hands, “‘I’m coming back. I promise. I’ll come back to you, so don’t freak out. Just be good, okay?’” he rubbed his thumbs against Tooru’s cheeks and the merman nodded like he understood. Tooru smiled, switched on the TV and left.

Iwaizumi still hadn’t given Tooru a bath. He stuck him under the shower every night but never allowed the water pooling around his ankles to get deeper. He was scared that even if the water was a little deep, Tooru would change back and remember that his home was waiting for him. It was selfish, but Iwaizumi didn’t want Tooru to go back.

When Iwaizumi walked into his class pre-lecture, Yahaba nearly jumped out of his skin.

“‘Iwaizumi! You turned up!’”

Iwaizumi shrugged.

“‘Where have you been all these months? You nearly got kicked out.’”

“I…” Iwaizumi hesitated as Yahaba reached him, grabbing him by the shoulders, “‘I met up someone.’”

Yahaba rolled his eyes, “‘don’t tell me you decided to run off on a wild sex trip out of nowhere.’”

“No…No. It’s just…I’ve decided that I’m going to try and live a little.”

Yahaba grinned, “‘good man. Come. I heard our new lecturer is hot.’”

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October

“‘Trick or treat!’”

Delighted, Tooru grabbed handfuls of sweets from his bag and tossed them into the kid’s pumpkin-
shaped plastic candy holders, as Iwaizumi watched. His childlike delight at seeing the kid’s costumes made Iwaizumi’s heart melt.

“Happy Halloween!” the kids chorused and ran off towards their parents waiting behind the gate for their little ones. They waves and smiled at Tooru, admiring his face from afar. Tooru waves back enthusiastically.

“Come on,” Iwaizumi closed the doors, “you’re having way too much fun with this.”

He dug his phone from his pocket and filmed the merman, “happy Halloween, Tooru!”

Tooru grinned and extended a handful of candy towards the camera. Then he took the phone from Iwaizumi and turned it on them, pressing a loud kiss to his cheek. He giggled.

“Iwa.” He said happily.

Iwaizumi pressed stop and replayed it, showing Tooru. The merman loved seeing videos of them. He could watch them for hours. He began walking towards the couch, phone in hand. Iwaizumi followed him.

Before they could reach the couch, the doorbell rang again. Excited, Tooru ran to the doors and opened them, revealing a little girl, giving him a gap-tooth grin. There was a red wig on her head and a green satin tail around her legs.

“I’m the little mermaid,” she lisped proudly. Tooru stood frozen, his hand half way to the sweet bag. Iwaizumi quickly stepped in, grabbing a handful of sweets and putting it in the girl’s plastic bag.

“Great costume,” he said and the girl squealed at the candy, running back to her mom, her tail wagging.

Tooru watched her, his eyes sad. Iwaizumi closed the doors slowly and pulled Tooru against him, nuzzling his face into his neck until Tooru cracked a smile and pressed a single sweet against his chest. Iwaizumi grinned and tucked it into the back pocket of his jeans – the black ones he wore only on Halloween and funerals.

The doorbell rang again. Iwaizumi rubbed Tooru’s back gently, “want to go get that?”

Tooru reached for the handle and opened the doors. But it wasn’t a child standing behind them.

“Jane,” Iwaizumi breathed in disbelief.

Pretty, blonde Jane gave him a sad smile, her red lipstick perfect, as always. Except for that one time.

Tooru grinned and extended a handful of sweets towards the woman. Jane blinked.

“Who is this?”

Tooru shook his fist expectantly. Jane gave him an uncertain smile and opened her handbag. Tooru dropped the candy inside.

For the first time when seeing or hearing Jane Iwaizumi felt nothing, just a terrifying calm.

“Haji,” she said gently, “let’s talk. Please.”

“How did you get my address?” Iwaizumi said quietly.
Jane shuffled uncertainly in the doorway, “K-Kyoutani got it from Yahaba.” Iwaizumi said nothing, “please. I don’t want you to do anything stupid because of me-”

“You should have thought about that before you did something stupid,” Iwaizumi snapped, his anger finally surging up, “leave. You’re ruining our Halloween.”

“If you’ve moved on then I’m so happy, please, I just want to speak-”

“Get out of my house.” Iwaizumi took a threatening step towards her.

“I’m so, so sorry Haji,” she whispered, her eyes pleading, “I don’t want to cut ties…”

“You already have. I swear to god, if you don’t leave right now-”

Without a warning Tooru shoved her back, harshly, so she nearly tripped over the potted plant by the doors, and slammed the doors in her face. Iwaizumi stared at him, shocked. The merman was practically fuming. Iwaizumi felt the strength go out of him. For a moment he was back to being that Iwaizumi that stood on the edge of the cliff, wanting to jump.

“If you want to call, my number is still the same,” Jane called from the outside and then her heels tapped away as she left them alone.

Iwaizumi’s legs felt weak. He rubbed a hand over his face. And now Tooru’s first Halloween was ruined…

Tooru opened the doors and placed the unfinished bag of sweets on the front porch and took the little neon skeleton from the hook on the front doors. He had been so excited when Iwaizumi picked it up from the corner shop, but now he put it on the table and ignored it completely, taking Iwaizumi by the hand and taking him to the bedroom.

He sat Iwaizumi down on the bed and dug under the pillows, finding his pyjama bottoms and kneeling in front of him. Iwaizumi had no energy to stop him when he unbuttoned his black jeans and slid them off, his fingers poking lightly at the hair on his legs. Then he pulled his t-shirt off and pulled his pyjama pants off. Iwaizumi looked up at him when Tooru put his hand in his hair, patting gently. He realised that the merman was copying what Iwaizumi usually did to comfort him – dress him for bed and pat his hair.

Tooru closed the doors and turned the light off, crawling onto the bed and sitting. He patted his lap and Iwaizumi hesitantly laid his head on his lap, letting his long legs dangle off the side of the bed.

“Iwa…” Tooru said softly.

Iwaizumi sighed, “there’s no point in me telling you. You can’t understand anyway.”

Tooru brushed his hair from his forehead, “Iwa,” he repeated.

Iwaizumi forced himself to relax and with another sigh he took Tooru’s hand, playing with his fingers as he spoke, “Jane and I dated for three years. We’ve known each other forever. When we were kids, she swore she’d marry me. We were happy, until Kyoutani came along. He was a cool guy, had some anger issues but wasn’t too bad. Yahaba and I took him into our little apartment, let him rent out the couch. Meanwhile, I proposed to Jane. She said yes.”

“My parents knew and loved her. My sister used to take her on shopping sprees. Yahaba and Kyoutani didn’t mind her coming over for game or movie nights. She was…the best I ever had. I
was so happy. We were going to get married right after we left uni. And then everything started changing."

"First she became distant. Then, a few months later, she confessed in tears that somehow I had gotten her pregnant and she aborted our baby illegally without my knowledge," Iwaizumi felt tears gather in his eyes and he tried to blink them away, but they fell anyway. This was the first time he spoke about this and it was to a merman who didn’t understand what he was saying, "I promised I’d stay by her. She was a wreck, even though it had been her choice. I took care of her as best as I could, even though I was devastated."

"This all happened last year. One day I knew she was having a bad one. She had been crying in the morning. At this point she slept a lot with me in my little bed in the apartment near uni. So that evening I went out to get her favourite Chinese and a chocolate cake. Chocolate makes you feel better, you know. I came home. Yahaba had gone to his parents the day before. I walk into my room and find Kyoutani, fucking her brains out on my bed. Her perfect lipstick, which was always perfect when I kissed her, was smeared all over."

Iwaizumi sniffed and rubbed his eyes, "I loved her. I wanted to be with her even after she killed my baby. And she did…that to me. With one of my best friends…My parents didn’t understand. They took her side. Said it was the emotions, that I should forgive her. But I couldn’t. She and Kyoutani went to live outside the city a little while later, ditching Uni, and I couldn’t sleep in that same bed anymore. I bought this house. I started having dreams about the baby and her and…at first I took depressants. Then, when the doctor wouldn’t prescribe me anymore, I was sad all the time. Tired. Nothing made me happy anymore. So…that day when I found you, I was going to kill myself," he smiled, wiping his tears away, "in a way, you saved me Tooru."

Something wet hit his cheek. He looked up to see Oikawa weeping. He sniffed, rubbing his eyes.

Iwaizumi huffed a laugh, "you can’t even understand what I’m saying. Are you crying because I’m crying?"

Tooru didn’t reply. He composed himself, rubbing the tears away. He moved his hand against Iwaizumi’s eyes, closing them, and begun playing with his hair.

And then a sound filled the air.

Iwaizumi tried to open his eyes but he found he was too tired. He realised Tooru was singing, in a language he did not understand. The soft, mesmerising words washed over him as Tooru continued to play with his hair and he felt all his worries go away. Suddenly Jane and his unborn baby and his depression were far away, long forgotten problems. Every nerve, bone and sinew in his body relaxed under the soft pressure of Tooru’s voice and soon he found himself drifting into the most blissful sleep he ever had.

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December

"Tooru, smile!"

Tooru turned his head and Iwaizumi grinned from behind his phone. Tooru grinned and showed his arm, which was tangled in Christmas lights proudly. Iwaizumi laughed and clicked his phone off, untangling them slowly, ‘‘you’re helpless.’’

Tooru grinned like it was a good thing.
“I told you not to play with the lights, especially not during Christmas morning,” Iwaizumi said, smiling fondly as he rewound the lights around their small Christmas tree, “do you want to eat breakfast.”

Tooru ignored him. He already saw the funkily packed little package under the tree and was dragging it out into the daylight, poking at the package. Iwaizumi tugged on the band of his pyjama bottoms uncomfortably, “I…I got you a present.”

Tooru was inspecting the ribbon; pressing down on it and watching it spring back with delight. Iwaizumi smiled fondly.

“’Here,’’ he sat down opposite Tooru on the floor, took his hand and helped him pull one end of the ribbon. It came apart and Tooru immediately latched onto it, turning it in his hands. Iwaizumi took it gently from his hands and helped him rip the paper open revealing a little box. Iwaizumi sat back, flushing a little, “well, what do you think?”

Tooru brought the box up and shook it suspiciously.

“O-oh, you have to open it,” flustered, Iwaizumi took the box from him and opened it, taking a gaming console out. He extended it to Tooru, “for you,” he mumbled, looking away.

Slowly, Tooru took the console from his hands, holding it gently in his lap. He pressed a random button, then another button – the start one. The screen lit up with colourful characters and suddenly saving up all month to buy it for him all seemed worth it. The look on his face made Iwaizumi grin uncontrollably.

Suddenly Tooru launched himself at Iwaizumi, smashing their lips together. They landed on the floor, with a surprised Iwaizumi pinned down by Tooru’s body weight. It took him a second, but he kissed back. Tooru’s kisses were sloppy (apparently mermaids didn’t kiss that often) but Iwaizumi loved every second of it. He sat up and Tooru fell into his lap, grinning at his new console.

“I didn’t know you’d like it that much,” he whispered fondly, nuzzling his nose against his hair.

“Iwa,” Tooru said with so much glee in his voice it nearly made Iwaizumi’s heart burst. He pulled him against his chest, hugging him fiercely for half an hour as Tooru learned the basics of his game, “merry Christmas.”

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December

“Come on, it’s just a little while from here,” Iwaizumi said, trying to keep the excitement from his voice as he pulled a panting Tooru up a hill. He was bundled up in so many layers the only thing not covered in fur or felt was his face, rosy from the cold.

Finally they reached the top and Tooru bent over, wheezing. When he finally straightened, his eyes widened. The little sea town was alight with a million lights in the dark night – no one was sleeping. It was the New Year. Tooru made his little sound of amazement.

“Come here,” Iwaizumi opened his arm for Tooru, who ran to his side. He turned his camera on and snapped a quick photo, “okay, now for the main attraction,” he checked his watch and turned Tooru so he was facing the town, wrapping his arms around him from behind, “one, two, three…”

Tooru gasped as a thousand fireworks flew into the sky, lighting up the world and the sky.
“Happy New Year,” Iwaizumi whispered in his ear.

**January**

“’Iwa!’” Tooru cried in delight, gripping his hand tightly in excitement as he watched the fireworks explode, one after the other. They watched and watched until Tooru’s hands went numb. They turned around and Iwaizumi gasped. The sea was alight with the fireworks, the lights reflecting off the surface, creating a mesmerising illusion.

“’Iwa!’” Tooru said excitedly, pointing to the ocean as if to say ‘look, look! My home!’ And Iwaizumi was more terrified than ever that he wanted to say ‘let me go back there!’

“I love you, Tooru,” Iwaizumi’s voice must have broken because Tooru turned from the sea and smiled, taking Iwaizumi’s hand and leading him down the slope and back home.

Even though it was past midnight Tooru had wanted to watch a movie when they came home. He pointed at the TV until Iwaizumi changed them into pyjamas and brought pillows and blankets to the couch and gave Iwaizumi the remote. He usually flicked through channels until something caught his eye – usually it was a cartoon. This time it was a New Year’s Special, some erotic Spanish movie with subtitles.

“’Oh, no...’” Iwaizumi groaned but Tooru had already put the remote on the floor and snuggled up to Iwaizumi, content with his choice. Iwaizumi sighed and brushed Tooru’s hair out of his eyes. The merman was watching intently. He learned from movies and he took watching TV like homework. Only ten minutes into the movie, the sex started. It was very subtle at first. The man slid his hand up the woman’s thigh, and it was all innocent until he started fingering her. Iwaizumi was uncomfortable but Tooru was watching the displays of affection with ridiculous concentration. When the woman unzipped the man’s trousers and pulled his erection out Tooru perked up, like ‘oh! I know what that is!’ then he tilted his head, curious, when the woman gave him a handjob.

In the next instant Iwaizumi felt Tooru’s hand slid up his thigh and reach into his underwear.

“No, no, no,” he said, quickly pulling Tooru’s hand out even though his member responded.

Tooru made a whiny noise and nodded his chin towards the TV.

“Tooru, you don’t know what you’re doing-”

Tooru smacked their lips together. He had gotten better at kissing now. He crawled into Iwaizumi’s lap, putting his hands on his shoulders and giving him the most sombre, determined look Iwaizumi saw.

He didn’t need to be told twice.

Their clothes were off in two seconds, ‘this may hurt a little,’ he whispered, even though Tooru couldn’t understand him, as he inserted a finger into him, trying to prepare him as best as he could. All through the preparation Tooru remained stiff but he didn’t push him away or start crying. And then, later, when his first moan escaped his lips, Iwaizumi was gone. He wasn’t using his normal voice – this was his special Siren voice and it filled every part of Iwaizumi’s body with pleasure.

Of course Iwaizumi also gave Tooru pleasure, all through the New Year’s Night.

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March

It was Iwaizumi’s free day from school and his part time job, and he wanted to do something special for Tooru. So he took him on a trip.

It wasn’t a trip to the hill or to the beach or out to town – this was a proper trip. They drove to the city, where there was a Sealife. Iwaizumi went there twice as a kid and he loved every moment – Tooru, who had the mentality of a child when it came to human stuff – would be amazed. So they drove for a couple of hours, with Tooru so excited he was constantly wriggling in his seat. And in the queue for the tickets, too.

Iwaizumi took him to the walk-through tunnel, where the only thing separating you from sharks, turtles and gallons of water was a glass tunnel, holding his hands over his eyes the entire time.

“Ready?” he couldn’t believe how giddy he was himself as he took his hands away, letting Tooru see.

At first he was mesmerised and delighted. He laughed as he twirled around, face turned up to the shark swimming overhead. A huge turtle approached to his left and Tooru ran up to the glass, pressing his hands to it. To Iwaizumi’s surprise, the turtle seemed to press his flippers back. Another turtle swam closer, drifting slowly just above Tooru’s head. Tooru looked up at him and grinned. A shark swam by, moving energetically. Tooru followed him down the glass and the turtles followed him. A few moments later every single creature in that huge tank was flocking around where Tooru stood, leaving the rest empty.

Tooru was grinning, looking around at the creatures so quickly…as if he was communicating with them. And then he twitched and stepped back, his face contorting in the most painful to watch sadness Iwaizumi ever so. He went to press his hand against his mouth but decided against it, rushing towards the animals and beginning to bang his fist against the glass. Faster, harder. His eyes filled with tears. He was mouthing something, the first tears spilling. Iwaizumi begun walking towards him. Shit, this was a terrible idea.

“Sir, please calm him down,” a security guard appeared at the end of the tunnel. Only now did Iwaizumi notice that the people previously in the tunnel had fled.

“Sorry,” Iwaizumi said quickly, taking Tooru by the wrist, “come on, Tooru. Let’s go.”

For the first time, Tooru ripped his wrist out of Iwaizumi’s grip and stumbled away from him and the guard, looking desperately at the creatures.

The guard grabbed his arm.

“Don’t touch him!” Iwaizumi yelled.

Tooru screamed. He used his inhuman voice, and the glass seemed to vibrate. The guard fell to his knees and Iwaizumi was filled with every bit of tearing sadness Tooru was feeling. He wrapped his arms around him quickly, hiding the view of the tank away from him.

“I’m so sorry, Tooru. I’m sorry. Let’s go now, okay? Let’s go.”

Tooru was weeping, holding onto his shirt. Iwaizumi pushed him gently towards the end of the tunnel, hoping the exit was somewhere close by. They walked right into the huge central hall with all the little tanks of exotic fish, and Iwaizumi instantly knew that it was the last straw. Tooru, still sobbing, covered his ears, as if all the fish were sending a high velocity SOS signal straight to him. Iwaizumi touched his wrist and Tooru jerked back. When he opened his eyes, his pupils were
Before Iwaizumi’s eyes could even register what Tooru was doing, the merman grabbed the fire extinguisher by the wall and ran to the first tank, slamming it into the glass. It shattered, releasing the fish.

Iwaizumi ran after him trying not to step on the fish on the floor. Another tank. Another. Tooru was in a rage, crying, trying to free creatures he had never seen in captivity. Five. Six.

Iwaizumi finally reached him, yanking the extinguisher out of his hands and grabbing him by the shoulders, “stop it, Tooru! You’re not saving them! You can’t save them!”

Tooru looked over Iwaizumi’s shoulder at the vibrant array of fish, flapping helplessly on the soaking wet floor. Dying. Sobbing, Tooru fell to his knees, picking the nearest fish into his hands and bursting into uncontrollable hysterics, clutching the dying creature to his chest. Security guards rushed into the room, the director of the aquarium shrieking his head off. They all stopped for a second, seeing this beautiful boy weeping on the floor.

“I’m so sorry, he’s mentally unstable,” Iwaizumi pulled Tooru to his feet and pushed him towards the doors, “I will contact you about damage and repairs. Please, right now…”

Without waiting for a reply, he dragged Tooru outside and into the car, where he finally breathed out. He realised Tooru was soaking wet and he was still clutching the dead fish to his chest. Iwaizumi shuffled out of his jacket and draped it over his shoulders. Then he waited for Tooru to stop crying.

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Despite his dread, Iwaizumi had taken Tooru to the sea so he could toss the dead fish back to its home. For the next four days he was depressed, and then he was back to normal but Iwaizumi wanted to apologise.

“Hey,” he walked into their room, holding a box, “I brought you something. As an apology.”

He opened the box and a fat white cat jumped out, surprisingly agile for its size. Tooru’s eyes brightened immediately as he grabbed the cat, making little surprised noises as he gleefully rubbed his nose against the cat’s. Iwaizumi was glad to see him smile.

“What should we call him?” Iwaizumi asked, scratching the cat behind his ears. Tooru made a few noises. Iwaizumi laughed, ‘okay, you know what, let’s just call him Cat.”

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June

Iwaizumi was lying in Tooru’s lap as the merman stroked his hair.

“Tooru,” Iwaizumi whispered, “I wanted to tell you that I’m happy. I’m happier than I’ve ever been. I’m going to reconcile with my parents. I’ll finish Uni and get a proper job so we can live somewhere nice,” he reached up to stroke Tooru’s face. “I’m so happy. You’ve made me happy. Thank you, Tooru. I love you.”

Even though he did not understand, Tooru smiled. But it was a sad smile. He leaned down to press a sweet peck against Iwaizumi’s lips and stroked his face. And then he started singing and Iwaizumi drifted off in the lap of his loved one, content and happy.

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Tooru stood on the edge of the cliff, looking out into the calm, dark waters of his home. It was night. The stars were shining bright. The waves seemed to call to him. If someone saw him, they might have written a beautiful poem about him.

*The ocean calls to him like a siren’s song,*

*The waves, the stones, the sand, the foam,*

*He has been away for far too long,*

*A beautiful ghost boy finally goes home*

Tooru wished that he could write, so he could thank Iwaizumi Hajime for everything; for teaching him everything from how to use a fork to how the basics of how to drive a car. For making him food every day and for working hard so they could pay the bills. For saving his life and then taking care of him. For giving him his first console, his first cat, his first Christmas, his first kiss and his human name. For spending his Halloween night giving out candy to stupid children because it made Tooru happy. For loving him.

His heart broke, knowing he had to go. But in this world, he was dying. No matter how happy he was with Iwaizumi, he was not human. The sea called to him, like a mother. It was his home, and he could finally admit that he was homesick.

Tooru looked down at the ocean below and at the moon reflecting in the waves. Finally, he was going home.

He spread his arms wide on his sides, feeling the wind flap through Iwaizumi’s jacket. Iwaizumi wouldn’t be angry that he’d taken it. He never got angry with anything Tooru did. Tooru loved him for it, and for so many more reasons. He wished he could speak well enough so he could tell him that.

With Iwaizumi’s face in his head, he hurled himself forward, ready for the ocean to welcome back its lost child.

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“No! No, it’s not true!” Iwaizumi was screaming. He rarely screamed. Practically never.

“I’m very sorry, sir,” the police officer said quietly, mournfully, “you may see for yourself, but I’d advise against it.”

“You can shove your advice up your ass!” Iwaizumi yelled, pushing past him, “I’m telling you, not him. He wouldn’t-”

He stopped. The beach was secured by police tape, cops milling around. And there, floating a little way off shore, was a body, face down. In his jacket. With Tooru’s hair. With his jeans and his trainers, the one they had bought together. Tooru’s first sneakers.

Iwaizumi fell to his knees and cried.

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Iwaizumi was crying a long time after. He sat in bed, bundled in the covers and blankets and pillows that he still hadn’t washed. The covers that still smelt like him – like Tooru. Of sea salt and the ocean breeze. The covers which they had shared just two weeks before.
Cat was nuzzled against his side, mourning the loss of one of his owners. His warmth was only a fraction of what Tooru provided, and would never provide again. He had stopped questioning himself why Tooru never changed back into his original form...he denied the fact that his love had turned him fully human. Iwaizumi sat in his last clean pair of jeans, the black ones. He dug in the back pocket. The old sweet from Halloween, now gross and squashed, the one Tooru gave him, the one Tooru touched, lay in his palm, the chocolate oozing out through the openings in the wrapper.

Tooru’s console, the one which he had played every single day since he got it from Iwaizumi, was tucked under his wrist, his phone in hand. He was watching the videos. Again.

Tooru on the floor, grinning up at Iwaizumi. Tooru pressing a happy kiss to Iwaizumi’s cheek on Halloween. The selfie, bad quality, during New Years Eve, on top of the hill. The countless pictures and videos that documented their everyday life. Proof that the strange merman had really existed.

Iwaizumi wiped his tears. All he seemed to be doing was cry these days. Cry alone. Cat was not much company. And he had promised Tooru something – that’d he’d get his shit together. That he’d mend relationships.

Wiping tears with the back of his hand, Tooru left his gallery and went into contacts, picking his mother’s number.

Tooru had given him a gift. He had saved his life.

Iwaizumi wasn’t going to waste that life.
Find Me Where the Wild Things Are

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Bokuto (top) x Akaashi (bottom)
Prompt by: MafiaBoss
Prompt: Bokuto stumbles upon Akaashi, a fox spirit, one day.

Bokuto laid his eyes on the most beautiful being, and the being swore profoundly.

All his life, before he died, his father had told him never to go near the Ameribo forest, ‘the forbidden forest’ as it was full of creatures not of this world. And now here was one – a beautiful man with ears, a tail and shimmering, otherworldly eyes.

He turned on its foot and begun running. Without a second of hesitation, Bokuto threw the rope which he had been using to catch a runaway cow. It flew through the air and fell around the creature. Bokuto pulled, tightening the rope. The being swore again as it fell to the floor. Bokuto stood over him, eyes wide and sparkling.

‘’Whoa,’’ he whispered, ‘’a panther spirit.’’

The thing stared at him in surprise, his voice mesmerising, ‘’I am not a panther spirit, insolent human. I am a fox spirit.’’

Bokuto frowned, looking down at him. He had black, pointy ears sticking up from his dark hair and a bushy black tail poking out from a hole in his white kimono.

‘’So why are your ears black?’’

‘’Because I am a black fox,’’ annoyance was creeping into his voice, ‘’you do not seem very surprised to see me.’’

Bokuto grinned, ‘’I live by the Ameribo forest, rumoured to be home of magical creatures – it’s expected I see one at least once in my life.’’

‘’Human, did you just call me strange?’’ The fox said, but Bokuto ignored him.

‘’My name is Bokuto. I’m the son of the farmer,’’ he begun untying the rope, ‘’I’m sorry, I hope you don’t curse me for this and-’’

In a blink of an eye, the man transformed into a small black fox and gracefully escaped the rope. Bokuto’s eyes widened to the size of sauce plates as he stared at the fox in disbelief. Suddenly he fell to the floor, eye-to-eye with the creature.

‘’Marry me,’’ he blurted. The fox stared blankly at him. Bokuto sat back on his toes and stared at him intently, determined, ‘’my father told me before he died to marry someone amazing. You’re amazing, so please marry me.’’

Bokuto blinked at the man was back, sitting in front of him. He mimicked his position, hands folded on his lap and his face devoid of emotion. He tilted his head slightly, ‘’what a bizarre and brave
request from a human,’’ he murmured, more to himself, ‘‘do you wish to die?’’

Bokuto, to his surprise, laughed, ‘‘no, actually. My life may be bland as hell, but I don’t want to die. I know creatures like you can’t stay in the human world for a very long time so I’ll sacrifice myself and live with you in the forest.’’

The fox spirit snorted, ‘‘you are an insolent and arrogant man. Kitsune do not marry weakling humans.’’

Bokuto gave him a wide, confident grin, ‘‘I can prove I’m not weak. Whatever you say, I’ll do it. But you have to swear to marry me.’’

The fox spirit considered this for a moment before standing up, his motions fluid, ‘‘as you wish,’’ the sky seemed to darken as he placed his hand out in front of him, arm outstretched, ‘‘I, Akaashi, the Kitsune of the Ameribo Tribe swear on the sky and sea, Earth and the fiery pits of inferno to become this mortal’s in matrimony,’’ his eyes shifted to the astounded Bokuto and he seemed to smirk a little, ‘‘if he is able to find me again.’’

There was a flash and in the next instant the spirit fox was gone.

The surprise finally settled, leaving a warm feeling in Bokuto’s chest, ‘‘Akaashi, huh?’’

Bokuto was a bit of a simple guy. If he had a goal, he did everything to reach it. That same day he sold his little farm to the shop owner in town, packed all the food and water he could carry and left the village. Now, standing on the edge of the Ameribo forest, he felt something pulling him to it. He knew Akaashi was somewhere there, because the forest wasn’t really anywhere. This might have been the entrance but once he entered it would be like entering a different dimension – a never ending, labyrinth. And somewhere in there he’d find Akaashi, who would have to eventually return. He gripped his backpack tight with excitement and stepped in.

A few steps into the forest the scenery seemed to change. In his village of Ama-ko it had been night but here the light filtered in warmly through the trees. The leaves seemed to have a glowing green quality to them, moving softly in the breeze, whispering and singing. Bokuto glanced behind him. Where there had been an opening a minute before that led to the village there were now more trees. Bokuto was unfazed. Since he was a child he had wanted to see the strange Spirit realm his father told him about. After he died Bokuto was left with only his little farm, and tending to it soon became tedious. He wasn’t made for it. He was made for adventure. There was nothing to leave behind and everything before him. Akaashi, waiting.

Bokuto walked merrily through the forest, admiring the play of light on the shimmering leaves. Once or twice he passed a bush overgrown with colourful flowers and strange fruit. He didn’t eat anything – he had plenty in his rucksack. The landscape was breathtaking and there was no rush. He would find Akaashi in the end – he just had to find someone and ask them where he lived.

Bokuto was in such a merry mood that he realised a second too late that he wasn’t paying attention to where he was going. His foot slipped on a sharp slope and with a loud cry he tumbled down a hill into a clearing, staining his clothes with grass. Groaning and planted face-first in the grass, he tried to talk himself into getting up. But the grass was soft – softer than any pillow.

Something hit the back of his exposed neck. Then his leg. Water. Cold water. Thunder rolled ahead. Bokuto jumped to his feet. Impossible! It had been the middle of a summer’s day a few seconds
before, but now the sky above was overcast with heavy, steel-coloured clouds that had begun raining icy cold rain onto Bokuto’s head. A laugh reached his head and he spun around in the rapidly forming mud.

A woman stood on the edge of the clearing, her arms extended towards the sky, her face tilted to catch raindrops in her mouth. She wore a short dress that looked like it was made of storm clouds. It pooled around her knees and shoulders. A lightning bolt struck down and hit the space where Bokuto had lain a few moments earlier. A little freaked out but determined to ask about Akaashi’s whereabouts, Bokuto ran up to the woman.

“’Scuse me, Miss!’ he called over the sound of thunder, “I have a question, if you don’t mind, so please stop blasting me!’”

The woman, more annoyed than surprised at the sound of his voice, turned. She was a little scary looking with choppy blonde hair, “what d’ya want from the great Ameonna, runt?’” she dropped her hands and the thundering stopped. Only a heavy patter of rain remained. Even though the woman was soaked, she didn’t seem to care.

“A what, sorry?’”

The woman rolled her eyes, “I’m the Ameonna of Ameribo. You know, the rain making spirit?” when Bokuto gave her a blank look she sighed and put a hand on her hip, ”humans. Just call me Saeko. You’re probably the one Akaashi warned us about.”

Bokuto’s face lit up, “you know Akaashi?”

“I know everyone, kid,’” Saeko said, flashing him a grin and extending her arms, letting the rain splatter across her skin, “I’ve been everywhere you can possibly go in Ameribo. I know everyone’s business. I know Akaashi swore the Holy Oath to marry you if you found him – of course he never thought you’d make it this close. And yet here you are, in the forest of the spirits,”’ her grin widened, “brave little one. I like you. And Akaashi owes me a few bucks so I’ll help you.”

Before Bokuto could throw himself to her feet and kiss them in gratitude the rain suddenly stopped and the sun peeked out, blasting Bokuto in the face with sudden light. Saeko’s dress turned white, all trace of the stormy material it seemed to be made of: gone.

Saeko whipped round and Bokuto followed her line of gaze. A short boy with a funky hairstyle was strolling casually down the clearing, whistling, the collar of his traditional Chinese jacket turned up.

“NOYA!” Saeko screamed in annoyance, “get the hell away from me, d’ya hear!”’

The boy looked up at her and his face turned sour, “Saeko, you were supposed to keep to the Binma region. We agreed on that!”

Saeko kissed her teeth in annoyance, “fucking Hiyoribo know it all.”

Noya caught sight of Bokuto and his eyes widened, “oh my good spirit, who let the human into the forest?”

Saeko rubbed the back of her head in annoyance, “he wandered in by himself. Akaashi swore he’d marry him if he found him.”

Noya’s eyes bulged out of his head, “no way! He has guts!”

Bokuto grinned, “thanks.”
“He has guts and he has help, so leave.” Saeko snapped.

Noya crossed his arms over his chest, “no way, Enjin is my area.”

“This is middle ground between Binma and Enjin!” Saeko protested.

“So I can be here, as can you,” Noya said, smirking, “so what’s the problem?”

“The problem is that I’m an Ameonna – a rain making spirit,” she yelled in his face, “and you’re a Hiyoribo – a rain stopping spirit! YOU CANCEL ME OUT.”

Noya sighed, “if you want to create your storm clouds somewhere, go back to Binma, for the love of the spirits. I’m allowed to take a little stroll after afternoon tea without bumping into shrieking Ameonna from the start, am I not?”

Bokuto cleared his throat loudly, “excuse me, I’ll be on my way now, so if you’d point me in the direction of Akaashi-”

The two weren’t listening, busy screaming at each other. Gradually as Saeko got angrier her skin turned a cloudy grey. Bokuto swore he saw lightning flash again her cheek, but Noya meanly grabbed her wrist, the skin around his fingers turning back to normal. Saeko yanked her wrist away, backing it up for a hit.

A bright flash filled the air, making Bokuto automatically slam his eyes shut. When he opened them Saeko was sprawled on the grass on one side, Noya on the other. A young girls stood in between them, wearing a gown seemingly made from pure sunlight. It hurt Bokuto’s eyes so he could not look directly at her, but she seemed to have short golden hair of the same shining quality.

“You’re at it again?” a sweet, slightly shy voice reached Bokuto’s ears, “and in front of Akaashi’s human as well!”

“That’s because Saeko-”

“I’m so sorry for their behaviour,” a hand was placed on Bokuto’s shoulder. He still couldn’t look at the girl, “I am Yachi, the Amaterasu of the Ameribo.”

“I’m sorry, I don’t know what that is,” Bokuto squinted.

“A sun goddess,” a quiet voice said from behind Bokuto. He turned to find a slightly-bored looking boy behind him. He clearly wasn’t human – his hair went from brown to blond, a pair of cat ears popping up. He was playing with his tail as he took Bokuto in.

“Kenma, perfect timing!” Yachi exclaimed, sounding relieved, “I’m sorry about this commotion. I think you best be on your way. Akaashi has been so miserable these last few centuries – having someone like you is ought to make him feel better, right? Ken-chan, will you help him?”

Kenma gave a quiet sigh, “Akaashi’s not home. I think he knew this one would come so he went off somewhere.”

“Pretty please,” Yachi said pleadingly, “I have so much on my hands anyway…”

“Okay, okay,” Kenma nodded to Bokuto to follow him. Bokuto stared at him with his mouth ajar and followed eagerly.

“I’m Bokuto, by the wa-” he turned to call but the clearing was gone. Behind his back were more
trees.

“Hurry up. You don’t want to get lost,” Kenma said quietly and with a quiet pop he was gone, leaving a small golden and brown cat trotting in front of him.

“So cool,” Bokuto whispered, following him.

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“There’s four areas in Ameribo,” Kenma was back to human form and was walking next to Bokuto as the man munched on a piece of bread, “the forest itself is alive, so each area will be as big as the forest decides it to be on any given day. One day your neighbour is on the field next to yours, the next your houses are squeezed together… Anyway, we’re in Binma right now. That clearing was the division between Binma and Enjin. There is also Kitigami and Jakurei. If you don’t want to get lost you should at least know which one you’re in.”

“So which one is Akaashi in?” Bokuto asked excitedly with his mouth full, over-the-moon that he was talking to an actual magical creature.

Kenma sighed like it was an inconvenience, “spirit knows.”

They walked on in silence, “so… is this all of Ameribo? Forest and more forest?”

“No. If you know where you’re going, the landscape changes to accommodate you. If there’s someone nearby, it will do so also. It’s a bit like a game, really.”

“So what exactly are you? Some kind of cat spirit?”

Kenma nodded, “a Bakeneko.”

“Cool!” Bokuto grinned, “so, what kind of other spirits are there?”

Kenma counted on his hand quietly, “there’s shape shifters like me and Akaashi and spirits like Saeko, who control the weather. There’s spirits who cancel out other spirits’ abilities. There are gods and monsters, although many look human. There’s spirits of particular things, like mountains or family life…there’s millions of them. There’s protector spirits. There’s demons. And then there are unknowns, which aren’t really classified as anything. You get fairies and sprites and possessed objects. If you’re lucky enough we might even bump into a personification.”

Bokuto tried to get his head around it all, his eyes wide, mouth slightly ajar, brows furrowed.

Kenma cracked a shy smile, “if you succeed you will have to learn all these things, and many more.”

Bokuto’s face slowly transformed into one of determination, “I can’t wait,” he said and then he fell. Or rather, someone fell on him and they both went down.

Bokuto banged his head on the grassy bed of the forest and looked up, surprised; at whoever was sitting on top of him. It was a human man, leaning way too close to his face. His hands were fisted in Bokuto’s shirt, his shaved head making him look dangerous, “you got money, punk? Give it to me!”

“This is Tanaka, the spirit of Poverty.”

“What did you call me, Goddamit?” Tanaka growled menacingly in his face.

“By your name. Sorry, if you prefer the official title. Bokuto, this is a Binbogami.”

Now that Kenma mentioned it, Bokuto saw that Tanaka was wearing rags. He looked like the very definition of poverty.

“Bokuto, huh?” Tanaka’s attention went back to the human, his face twisting in an intimidating scowl, “so you’re the human all of Ameribo’s been gossiping about since Dawn.”

“Tanaka, stop that,” there was a sight and another man materialised from thin air. This one also looked like a human but he was dressed in a golden jacket and trousers, a large brown pouch tied to his belt. Despite his flashy outfit, his face was not unusual and humble, “come on, don’t act like a punk.”

Tanaka grumbled something and extended a hand to Bokuto, pulling him to his feet.

“Thanks,” Bokuto said, remembering something. He dug in his pocket and produced one of the golden coins he had received for selling the farm. He extended it towards Tanaka who opened his palm with a look of wonder on his face. Bokuto dropped the coin in his hand but as soon as it made contact with his skin it disappeared, appearing in the other man’s hand.

He sighed, “oh, the joys of being the ‘spirit that carries money’. It is pretty useless,” he smiled kindly at Bokuto, “my name is Ennoshita. I am the Kanedama of the forest.”

“One of the spirits that cancels out someone else,” Kenma said, “although in this case it’s more like they’re just opposites.”

Bokuto glanced at Tanaka, who still stood with his hands extended. To his surprise the man’s face was overflowing with tears and snot, his eyes filled with gratitude, “the kind human being gave me a coin,” he wailed suddenly, “a human’s never given me a coin!”

“That’s because a human has never been in Ameribo,” Ennoshita said, walking to him and trying to calm him down. Before he could reach him, however, Tanaka disappeared. The Kanedama sighed and smiled sheepishly at Kenma and Bokuto, “he’s being dramatic. I’ll go find him so he doesn’t hurt himself. It was nice meeting you,” he tossed the coin back to Bokuto and disappeared. Kenma glanced at him.

“S-so cool,” Bokuto whispered, gripping the coin tightly.

Kenma glanced around the forest and made an exasperated face, “I have no idea where Akaashi could be,” he admitted, “we’re going to have to ask for help.” He set about picking up twigs from the floor, piling them in his thin arms. Without questioning him, Bokuto copied his actions until they had a little bonfire stack by the foot of a tree. Kenma put his hands together and rubbed them, eyes closed as he concentrated. A second later a fire sprouted amongst the twigs.

“How…how did you…!??”

The Bakeneko shrugged, “everyone around here knows how to summon fire, although it is dangerous. The fire could always become a demon or come alive. They’re hard to catch and a real nuisance,” he said like it was the most ordinary thing in the world, tossing some moss on top of the fire.
“So what exactly are we doing?”

“You’ll see.”

Smoke begun coming from the moss. Then more. Then way more than a tiny bonfire could produce. Bokuto stared at the smoke until his eyes watered. He could have sworn the smoke was starting to shape itself.

“I call upon Suga, the Enenra of the Ameribo Tribe, born from smoke and raised from fire,” it would have been a cool chant had Kenma not said it in a monotone, like he would say ‘hello, pizza delivery’.

Now the fire was definitely shaping itself into something…something that begun looking remotely human… the whole forest seemed to exhale slowly as a man emerged from the smoke, his legs disappearing into it. As he moved his hands they flickered in and out of existence, changing into smoke with more sudden movements. His hair was as white as ash.

“This is a monster,” Kenma said. Bokuto held his breath as the entity opened his eyes and glanced at Kenma.

He frowned, “that’s mean, Ken-chan. How can you call me a monster?” he whined in a strangely gentle voice.

“You are what you are – a smoke monster. I’m just a stupid kitty. Tanaka’s an old beggar. The Shojos are dirty alcoholics,” Kenma shrugged.

“We all have our flaws,” Suga laughed and turned to Bokuto, “I hope I didn’t scare you, human-chan.”

“Are you kidding!? You’re made of smoke! That is amazing!”

Suga laughed and blushed, ”he’s sweet. Anyway, what’s so urgent that you actually built a fire?”

“ Heard about Akaashi?”

Suga waved his hand dismissively. It evaporated into smoke for a few seconds, “yes, yes. This is him, then?”

“Yes. We need to know where Akaashi is.”

Suga sighed, “I’m a monster, not a seer.”

“You travel faster than anyone,” Kenma crossed his arms over his chest, “if anyone knows, you know.”

“I don’t know,” Suga said slowly, “but I know someone who might know.”

“Okay, that’s better than nothing,” Bokuto said eagerly, “please tell us, smoke-monster-san.”

Suga smiled, pleased with himself, “Yaku is the second fastest traveller in all of Ameribo.”

Kenma groaned, “if you catch him.”

Suga smiled sweetly and waved his hand, his fingers disappearing, “mount Karana, good luck.” He dissolved into smoke, which changed into a pathetic dribble which eventually was snuffed out. Kenma kicked the little bonfire apart.
“Come, human. We have a long climb ahead of us.”

Kenma, in cat form, hopped onto the boulder of some ruin on top of Mount Karana, licking his paw calmly. Bokuto’s hand shot out and grabbed a handful of rocks and dirt as he pulled himself up, wheezing and panting, red and breathless.

“Never…again…” he gulped the chilly air, “this Yaku…better know…where Akaashi is.”

“Stand up,” Kenma said, back to human form.

Bokuto glanced down. His stomach dropped as he looked at the multitude of trees, miles below. There was a river shimmering in the distance. After getting over his initial terror, he realised Ameribo was even more beautiful from up here. He could have admired all day if he hadn’t realised that this ‘Yaku’ was nowhere to be seen.

Bokuto looked around the mountaintop, “where is he? Kenma, there’s no one here!”

“Yes there is,” Kenma turned towards the steep side of the mountain and cupped his hands around his mouth, screaming, “Yaku-san!”

His voice echoed into the void and nothing happened. Bokuto opened his mouth. With a triumphant cry, a boy shot from the clouds. He was flying.

Well, he was standing on a piece of wood, moving as if the air was a road, arms held high. He did a loop over Kenma’s head and zipped up, moving the clouds.

“He’s a Fujin.”

“Flying spirit?” Bokuto guessed.

“No. Wind God.”

Bokuto blanched, “I probably shouldn’t insult him, then,” he mumbled to himself.

“Yaku-san, we need help!” Kenma yelled again and Yaku swept from the clouds, stopping in front of Bokuto, hovering a few inches off the surface of the mountain.

He peered into Bokuto’s face, “news travels with birds,” he announced, “is this him?”

Kenma nodded, “we’re looking for Akaashi.”

“I bet you are,” Yaku did a somersault in the air, his feet planted on his board, “but I’m a very busy wind God, so come by another time…”

Yaku went to fly away but Kenma yanked him back by the collar of his white shirt, “you owe us a direction as one of the Winds.” He said calmly.

Yaku growled and slapped his hand away, flying a little farther away, out of his reach, “try the Nodeke River,” he snapped, shooting into the clouds.

Bokuto grinned. Finally. Finally a real destination – just one more step and Akaashi would be his.
Having a set goal, Bokuto found it much easier to walk down Mount Karana and follow Kenma back into the woods. The sun was lower than before in the sky. For some reason, Bokuto was getting anxious. He wanted to find Akaashi quickly. Lost in thought, he didn’t notice when the trees suddenly became scarce and he nearly walked into the Nodeke River, had Kenma not grabbed his arm.

“Wait,” he whispered, “I sense…”

“THAT MOTHERFUCKING IDIOT!” a scream ripped through the air and a dark haired boy charged towards the river. Bokuto’s heart fluttered. Akaashi!? It fell. No, it wasn’t Akaashi. This guy’s hair was spiky and he kept blurring, like he was an illusion. He jumped into the river.

Kenma swore, “abort, abort, that’s a Hiderigami!”

“What?” Bokuto took a step back as the river surged up. The Hiderigami extended his arms upriver.

“The spirit of drought!” Kenma yelled before a massive body of grey-ish water rose before the Hiderigami and rushed towards them. Bokuto only had time to grab onto the nearest tree when the icy wave tore into him like a million knives. He blacked out.

When he came around, he was in a cave. Slowly Bokuto was getting annoyed with the constant, dizzying change of scenery. The sun had sunk progressively lower. He sat up quickly and nearly banged heads with the most beautiful man he had ever seen.

“Careful, careful,” the man jerked back and laughed, a cold bandage falling from his hand, “let big brother Oikawa take care of you.”

Kenma peeled himself from the wall of the cave. Bokuto was glad to see the Bakeneko still there, even if he seemed anxious to go, “thanks for patching him up, Oikawa, but we really should-”

“No problem, Ken-chan,” Oikawa said happily, standing up, “after all, it’s my fault Iwa made that big, bad flood.”

Kenma ignored him, “Bokuto, let’s go. Now.”

Oikawa sighed dramatically, “you act like I’m evil just because I’m wicked.”

“You are evil,” Kenma sounded like he was reminding him.

“Nonsense,” Oikawa laughed but his beautiful boy image flickered, revealing a dark, horned form for a second, “I only want the best for our dear visitor. A human boy. I have not seen one for millennia,” Oikawa kneeled in front of Bokuto and put a hand on his face, “Akaashi get annoyed easily and isn’t very good at expressing his emotions. He’s no good for you. Why don’t you stay here with me, in my mountains and my caves…”

“Oikawa, let the human go,” Kenma snapped.

Oikawa reeled on him, transforming into the black monster for a few seconds and yelling something in a strange language.

“Humans are off limits to the wicked,” Kenma said coldly, “and you are a wicked mountain spirit.”

Oikawa huffed, “and you are an over dramatic kitty-cat.” He turned back to Bokuto, “what do you say?”
“I say the Jami should know their place,” a cold voice snapped from the mouth of the cave. Three heads turned and Bokuto gasped. A tall man with black hair stood against the doorway, covering most of the entrance with his massive black wings.

“And I say crow demons should stay outside, where they belong,” Oikawa said sweetly.

The man pointed a finger at Oikawa, “I challenge you.”

Kenma groaned, ‘not again, Kageyama. You know how this ends.’

“Listen to the cat, crow,” Oikawa said, “you might actually get hurt this time.”

Kageyama glared coldly at Bokuto, “Go now. This is a matter between the Jami and the Karasutengu.”

“The human stays,” Oikawa snapped, even though Kenma was already pushing him towards the exit. Oikawa moved towards him. The cave mouth seemed to shift, beginning to close in on itself. Kageyama lunged himself at him and with a roar straight from hell, where the man once stood now a huge crow-like entity vibrated with power. The cave shook, the mouth opening again. Bokuto screamed.

“Demons,” Kenma hissed under his breath, annoyed, and pushed Bokuto out of the cave. Bokuto stepped out, his foot met air, and he screamed as he plummeted towards the ground, miles below. It was like they were back on the top of Mount Karana. Suddenly he jumped in the air, like on a bungee, and then levitated hopelessly in the middle of nothing, upside down. Kenma was in cat form, holding onto the edge of the cave, which now stood in the middle of a mountain. His tail had become impossibly long, curling around Bokuto’s leg and keeping him from falling to his death. But cat-Kenma was meowing in a panicked fashion, his paws slipping.

A shadow shot out from the cave with a goose-bump-inducing rumble. For a few seconds all Bokuto saw was black feathers and then he was screaming, holding onto a massive crow’s – Kageyama’s – bird leg for dear life as he swooshed through the air, faster than wind. Cat-Kenma was curled all around his other leg. Bokuto felt sick. His head pounded as he glanced at the ground below, swirling beneath him at an alarming speed.

He closed his eyes, concentration on not hurling when Kageyama finally slowed and descended, circling lower and lower which didn’t help Bokuto’s jumping stomach. He shook his leg irritably and Bokuto fell, bumping his butt on the floor. Kenma jumped down gracefully. They seemed to communicate, animal to animal, before Kageyama flew back the way he came from, probably to kick Oikawa’s ass – if the cave was still in the same place.

Shaken, Bokuto got to his feet, his stomach settling.

“Who goes there?”

Bokuto turned, way too quickly for his stomachs liking, and came face to face with an apparition of some sort. It was a soldier, slightly transparent, with his arms crossed over his chest. He stood in the middle of the path Kageyama had dropped them on, blocking off the only way through. On either side of the path trees were packed too tightly for even little Kenma to wriggle through.

“It’s just us, Daichi,” Kenma was back to human form.

“Sorry, I cannot let you pass.”

The Bakeneko gave him a blank stare, “you let me pass a fortnight ago.”
“That was a fortnight ago,” Daichi shrugged, “today is today. New rules.”

Kenma’s stare turned into a mild glare, “you Jibakurei are always making new rules. It’s annoying.”

A vein popped in Daichi’s temple, “I am a spirit that protects a specific place. This is my specific place. *Scram.*”

“Huh? But it’s just a footpath,” Bokuto wasn’t impressed.

Daichi looked down on him slowly, his whole face turning dark and terrifying and weird. Bokuto gulped.

“Can you at least tell us where Akaashi is?” Kenma said loudly, diverting Daichi’s attention.

“No.” Daichi shifted, his armour clinking.

“But you do know where he is,” Bokuto looked at him slyly.

Daichi glared at him, “I do, but I promised him I wouldn’t help you out. Oh, yeah, I know who you are. I just don’t know what you’re still doing on *my* footpath.”

He looked like he was going to add something more but a hand slid from nowhere and around his shoulder. A deathly pale hand, with long fingers. Bokuto nearly jumped from his skin. And then Bokuto realised that Daichi hadn’t just stopped talking – he had stopped altogether. Bokuto looked to his left. Kenma didn’t move a muscle, staring at Daichi. They were frozen.

Out of nowhere, like the hand, an arm appeared, then a shoulder. Slowly a woman materialised behind Daichi. She had dark hair and her whole being was shifting, like she wasn’t made of anything particular. Her hair grew long and then reversed back to its short state. The only constant thing in her were her eyes. They were beautiful eyes, shimmering and blue, and they didn’t seem as scary as the rest of her. Bokuto still stumbled back as she went through Daichi.

She reached her ghostly arms towards Bokuto. His legs froze, preventing him from going further. His mouth wouldn’t move. The woman reached him, standing in front of him, her eyes studious and unmoving.

And then they crinkled around the edges, as if she was smiling with a phantom mouth, and she tilted her head, pressing the blank space where her lips should have been to Bokuto’s mouth. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead – was she going to suck his soul out!? But after giving him that ‘kiss’ she floated back, her shoulder shaking like she was laughing, and dissolved like mist.

Kenma and Daichi came back to life and both shuddered like a bucket of cold water had been dumped over their heads.

“Mu-Onna. The Nothing Woman,” Daichi snapped, looking around, “how does she still not understand she can’t come and go without my say so?”

“Shimizu goes where she likes,” Kenma said simply, not fazed by the fact that he had just been frozen in time. He turned to Bokuto, who was still too freaked out to move much, “you sure you want to go on?”

Bokuto hesitated. He had nearly died by falling off a moving cave, given a trip by a crow demon and sexually assaulted by a woman with a half-face, and all that in only the last hour. The sun was climbing lower and lower, bathing the forest in orange light. Who knew what kind of horrors waited for him after it got dark. But then he remember Akaashi – the beautiful, surreal Kitsune, “of course,”
he nodded determinedly, ‘‘I won’t break my promise to Akaashi.’’

A hint of a satisfied smile appeared on Kenma’s lips. He turned to Daichi, ‘‘let us through, or I’ll tell Suga the reason why you keep summoning him isn’t because you’re in need of company but because you want to drag him off into the bushes and do—’’

‘‘OKAY!’’ Daichi yelled, moving to the side so they could pass, ‘‘god, Kenma, try not to drag my reputation through the mood on the first day, will you?’’

‘‘We’ll say a prayer for this ship in the temple,’’ Kenma said cryptically, moving past him. Bokuto followed eagerly. Each step up the slope meant a step closer to Akaashi. The slope seemed to go on forever when Bokuto looked up. It was flanked by trees on either side and disappeared in the distance. He shuffled on regardless, looking at him battered shoes as they hit the ground evenly. He glanced up to check if Kenma was still there and nearly tripped. Where there had only been a footpath and trees now stood a magnificent temple.

A huge man was guarding the doors, looking serene and a little spaced out, leaning against a large golden bell.

‘‘Welcome, weary travellers. How may I assist you?’’

‘‘We want to use the portal in the temple,’’ Kenma went straight to the point.

The man closed his hands in front of him in prayer, ‘‘I am sorry, but the temple is closed. Come back during opening times.’’

‘‘The temple is never closed!!’’ Kenma protested.

‘‘It is now,’’ the man said sharply, giving Kenma a look that seemed to speak volumes but which Bokuto didn’t understand. The man pointed towards the forest, ‘‘Shoo. Off you go. And tell Noya to stop raining on me for fun. He knows I can’t move from this spot.’’

Bokuto followed the now-grumpy Kenma into the darkening forest. The sky was now a pretty shade of purple, ‘‘who was that?’’

‘‘Asahi, a Noderabo. His entire thing is standing near a bell. He is literally ‘a creature that stands near a temple bell’. It’s a bit pointless really,’’ Kenma shrugged, ‘‘so he takes the role of high priest, high priestess, oracle and teleportation. Although he sleeps most of the time.’’

‘‘Are the woods safe at night?’’ Bokuto asked cautiously. Out in the open it had been fine, but between the trees it was dark and a little scary.

‘‘Oh, yes, they’re-’’

A blood freezing roar filled the forest, so sudden Bokuto nearly tripped.

Kenma paled, ‘‘oh…oh, no. No, no, no,’’ he looked at Bokuto, panicking, ‘‘it’s a… hell, I need to go. If one of them find me here…’’

‘‘One of who?’’ Bokuto asked but Kenma was already transforming into a cat and then – that bugger! – he ran off in the opposite direction, leaving Bokuto alone. Another roar shook the trees. Bokuto searched for a weapon. There was a sharp-ish rock by his foot. He picked it up, looking in all directions. The creature’s roar seemed to be coming from everywhere. Bokuto had to be ready.

Finally it appeared. First a pale face emerged, cat-shaped eyes, like Kenma’s, studying him with cold
amusement. They were the strangest shade of green. Then came the thing that would make a hissing noise, not a roar. It circled Bokuto, like prey.

“Come on,” Bokuto huffed under his breath, angling his rock, “I’m not scared,” he lied.

The thing charged and Bokuto threw the rock. The thing dodged it without much trouble and Bokuto started stumbling back. Suddenly a black streak shot past him and collided with the thing, tumbling to the ground. It was a huge black wolf, jaws wide, eyes crazy. With a snarl the spider man transformed into a lion – a real life lion! – and pushed the wolf off him with his legs. The wolf backed up to stand in front of Bokuto and snarled. The lion seemed to grin but he placating backed up and ran off into the woods.

Bokuto blinked and it was no longer a wolf standing in front of him. It was a man very much resembling the animal – dark hair, dark eyes. “Sorry about that. You shouldn’t mess with Obake. Especially not Lev.”

“Who are you?” Bokuto felt himself grow weak. Not only had he been deserted by Kuroo but now he had nearly died from the hands of a Shapeshifter.

“Name’s Kuroo,” the man grinned, “I’m an Okami, a wolf spirit. I get to choose if I protect your life or take it. Lucky you, I suppose.”

“So…you’re gonna protect me?”

“Till I get bored of it,” Kuroo shrugged, “better keep me entertained then, huh?”

“I’m not some dancing girl,” Bokuto snapped, pointing a finger at Kuroo, his courage and idiocy surging back up, “do you know where Akaashi is?”

“Maybe,” Kuroo looked lazily at his fingertips, “you sure you want to go, though? Even if you find him, living forever in Ameribo might not be as much fun as you think.”

Bokuto knew that – but he’d be with Akaashi. That was important. Even if he had known him for less than five minutes. He was the most right thing in his life, “I don’t care. Just take me to him,” he considered his words, “I’m Bokuto, by the way” he flashed a big grin and, to his surprise, the spirit mimicked it, nodding towards the forest and turning.

“Okay, follow me then, hum-AH! FUCKS SAKE YAMAGUCHI!”

Bokuto yelped. Right behind Kuroo, where there had been nothing, now stood a young boy. He had an unremarkable face…no, wait. There was something weird about it. Bokuto realised that the freckles on his face weren’t freckles at all – they seemed to be a constellation, shifting and sparkling like someone dumped a tube of glitter on the boy’s face. His hair was gradually shifting from dark brown to black to green.

“I told you to stop materialising out of nowhere!” Kuroo raged as the boy – Yamaguchi – rubbed the back of his head sheepishly.

“Sorry, Kuroo,” he said, “I just wanted to see the human boy everyone’s been talking about before I get on with the job.”

Kuroo sighed and gestured Bokuto over, “make it quick, or Tsukki will get mad.”

Yamaguchi wasn’t listening to him anymore, staring at Bokuto with an open mouth. It was the first
time a spirit showed more interest in him than he in them, ‘‘wow, a real human! Although you remind me more of an owl. That’s so awesome! I always wanted to see a human!’’

‘‘Thanks,’’ Bokuto felt a surge of pride, ‘‘the stars on your face are pretty cool.’’

Yamaguchi practically melted from the praise, ‘‘Do you really die from getting stabbed in the throat? Or having your throat ripped out?’’

‘‘Imagine if we were like that; we’d have died ten times over,’’ Kuroo laughed.

Bokuto once again questioned his life choices. Then something dawned on him, ‘‘you…guys are immortal, right?’’

Yamaguchi nodded eagerly but it was Kuroo who spoke, ‘‘if you’re worrying about not being able to spend a very long time with Akaashi, don’t. Any human that steps into Ameribo becomes immortal after spending a night here – until you step out. So make your choice wisely.’’

Bokuto shrugged. There was nothing on the outside world for him – not even his farm anymore, ‘‘so, what exactly are you?’’

‘‘Omagatoki! I’m the personification of Dusk,’’ Yamaguchi said proudly, ‘‘which reminds me; I need to go. The night won’t come by itself.’’

An idea bloomed in Bokuto’s head, ‘‘you’re dusk… so you’re the sky?’’

‘‘A part of it, yes.’’

‘‘The sky is everywhere…so you see everything that happens.’’

Yamaguchi hesitated before realisation dawned on his face, ‘‘you want me to tell you where Akaashi is!’’

‘‘Exactly!’’ Bokuto exclaimed excitedly even though Kuroo didn’t look impressed with Yamaguchi’s deducting skills.

‘‘That’s easy – the last time I saw him, he was on Obakami Island.’’ He shrugged like it was an obvious answer and Bokuto nearly jumped on him to kiss him.

‘‘Thanks,’’ he said with a massive grin, ‘‘I might give you an autograph one day, as a thank you.’’

Yamaguchi’s whole face lit up as he smiled. Literally lit up – then the rest of him. With a flash he was gone and the world turned dark.

‘‘The night has fallen,’’ Kuroo whispered menacingly.

‘‘What are they?’’ Bokuto was hidden behind a rock next to a large lake.

‘‘The Shojo,’’ Kuroo whispered. He was crouched as small as possible but Bokuto was worried his hair still stuck up over the rock. Of course, it wasn’t like the creatures would notice. The lake stretched out far, the waters seemingly made of ink, but a secluded area was alight. What at first Bokuto thought where fairy lights and turned out to be tiny pixies fluttering around garlands of flower lit up the whole scene. A dozen or so of short, humanoid creatures laughed and drank from bottles and glasses. The scent of alcohol could be smelt even in Kuroo’s and Bokuto’s hiding place. They were all naked like babies and they all had bright red hair. Somehow they seemed even more
intimidating than Oikawa, Kageyama or even Lev.

“‘The what?’” Bokuto whispered.

“A type of sea sprite. Red haired alcoholics. We need to find a way of getting to that boat,” he jabbed a finger at one of the three silver boats bobbing on non-existent lake waves, “without them spotting us.”

“I propose quiet sneaking,” Bokuto said, “come on, start crawling.”

Kuroo sighed and did as he was told, dipping low and crawling on all fours in the shadows. Bokuto followed him. One, two, three…the silver boats were closer and closer. A few more meters…

A drunk pixie, flying in a zig zag, hovered above their heads. She belched shockingly loudly for her tiny size and fluttered away, but the damage had been down.

“Who goes there?” one Shojo called and imiediatly a handful of pixie shot toward Kuroo and Bokuto, hovering around them and illuminating them.

The leader, a short boy with fiery orange hair, stood on the rock like an explorer, exposing more than Bokuto would have liked to see, “I know you are a wolf, Kuroo, but I would have never thought your animalistic habits translate to your human ways.”

Kuroo jumped up, furious, “Big words for someone your size, Hinata.”

The boy flushed and yelled angrily, “Shaddap!” he composed himself and grinned at Bokuto, “is this the renowned human? Come, join us. Don’t worry, you don’t have to take your clothes off.”

Now all the Shojo were waiting eagerly, submerged to their shoulders in bubbling warm water. With no other choice Bokuto followed Kuroo. They sat on the bank of the lake. A fat glass of alcohol was shoved into his hand.

“Let’s toast,” Hinata raised his glass, “to the human!”

His entourage dissolved into giggles but they raised their assortment of cups and bottles and drank eagerly. Bokuto cautiously put the glass to his lips.

“‘You drink that, you’ll wake up back in your village with your limbs amputated,’” Kuroo murmured from the corner of his mouth. Bokuto stiffened and placed the glass down.

“Thanks, but I don’t drink,” he said quickly.

“Aw,” Hinata looked disappointed for only a second, “tell us, why were you sneaking along the lake like criminals? Is there something you wanted to steal?” he raised his cup to his lips.

A Shojo gave them a pointed look, “one of our silver boats, perhaps?”

“If you’re offering…” Bokuto said weakly.

Kuroo slapped a hand on his shoulder, a little too hard, “maybe we should go now. You know, we need to get him to Akaashi-”

“I heard Akaashi’s on Obakami Island though,” Hinata pointed out to the murky darkness with a sly smile, “how do you plan on getting there without a boat?”

Kuroo’s hand tightened on Bokuto’s shoulder. He almost seemed to be saying “wait for my
signal…”

“Well if you could borrow us yours…”

“That comes with a price,” a Shojo said, “you know that.”

The hand was gone, returning to slap his arm harshly. In a second both him and Kuroo were on their feet, running. At first Bokuto didn’t know where he was going. He stumbled wildly after Kuroo, who aimed straight for the boats. He practically fell inside, dragging Bokuto in, and grabbed a pair of silver oars, tossing them in Bokuto’s face. Without a word he started moving his hands, his muscles rippling as the oars cut through the water. All Bokuto could think about was ‘row, row, row…’

He made the mistake of glancing behind him. An angry mob of orange humanoid-fish were cutting across the water, popping in and out, snapping their fangs at him. He screamed, rowing faster, and wondered why the hell the Shojo needed the boats if they could do that.

“Keep rowing!” Kuroo called, jumping to his feet. The boat nearly tipped over as he ran to the front, and used his oar to swat away any fish that came too close. Bokuto rowed frantically while wondering when exactly Kuroo was going to get bored with protecting him. Faster, faster.

“Even if we get onshore-” he gasped, trying to catch his breath. His muscles burned.

“We don’t have to,” Kuroo called over his shoulders. The Shojo were getting closer, the water they splashed around soaking Kuroo, “just get to the border…”

“What border?” Bokuto’s muscles were screaming in process. The water no longer felt like a liquid but like inky sludge. That’s when the Shojo hit something invisible in front of the boat. A wall of light shot up briefly, disappearing in the night sky. Somehow they had gotten through but the Shojo were left flapping behind the border, furious.

“That border,” Kuroo nearly collapsed. There were bite marks all down his arms, even though Bokuto had not seen any of the fish get that close, but he was already healing. His oar was now just a stump.

“GET THE FUCK OFF MY PROPERTY, YOU FILTHY HUMAN!” a cold voice boomed from nowhere. Bokuto jumped, swivelling around, but Kuroo waves his hand dismissively.

“Don’t worry, it’s just my boyfriend.”

“Your wha-”

A bright flash hit Bokuto’s eyes and a second later a person was standing in the boat with them. It was a tall boy with pale blonde hair, wearing all silver. He looked very angry.

“You have precisely three seconds to-”

“Hey, Tsukki.”

The boy stopped and glanced behind Bokuto at Kuroo, who was lying on the boat’s bottom, wet and grinning.

Tsukki sighed and massaged his temples, “what did you do now?”

“Had a fight with Lev, picked up this human and got a bunch of Shojo pissed off,” he said, grinning at him upside-down, “may I just say you look cute. Like always.”
“And you look like a drenched rat,” Tsukki snapped, “I just had a fight with Yachi over sun/moon business and I’m really not in the mood for this, so would you please stop bringing things over my barrier?”

“You’re a moon god! You can’t own the river as well!” Kuroo laughed, but Tsukki wasn’t having it.

“I’m a Tsukuyomi,” he growled, “I will own what I want.”

“Aren’t I enough?” Kuroo smiled, getting up, and Tsukki’s eyes softened. Bokuto suddenly felt like he was intruding on a very intimate moment.

“Uh, so about Akaashi…”

The pissed off look came back and Bokuto almost wished he hadn’t said anything. Kuroo, thankfully, saved him once again. He grabbed Tsukki’s hand and pulled him forward, “Tsukki,” he said in a sweet voice, “can you borrow Futakuchi to us?”

“Why?”

“Akaashi is somewhere in Obakami, but Obakami is huge and I can’t be asked to search every corner,” he rubbed his thumbs against his skin, “pretty please?”

Tsukki growled but snapped his fingers, “Ugaikyo.”

A silver mirror appeared in his hand and he tossed it to Kuroo.

“Gentler!” the mirror spoke.

“See you later,” Tsukki said, giving Kuroo a pointed look, and disappeared.

“Is that mirror…”

“Possessed?” Kuroo turned it to face Bokuto, “yes.”

The glass rippled and a face appeared in it, a little pissed off, “it’s Futakuchi, not ‘mirror’.”

“Sorry, sorry,” Kuroo said. The boat hit something and Bokuto toppled over. Kuroo laughed and he picked himself up, groaning and looked up, bewildered, at a massive island that had not been there before. The boat was hitting the rocks that rimmed it repeatedly, “welcome to Obakami Island. Futakuchi, find Akaashi.”

“Say please.”

Kuroo shook the mirror, “I’ll break your glass.”

“I’ll curse you with bad luck,” Futakuchi warned but a moment later the mirror lit up like a candle, shining a beam into the darkness.

Kuroo grinned, “you’re prince is close, damsel.”

When Bokuto saw Akaashi he nearly cried.

The Kitsune sat in the middle of a clearing, surrounded by trees where little pixies fluttered, making
the scene alight and beautiful. Akaashi sat in a lotus position, hands on his knees, fingers together, eyes closed.

“I’ll go now. Tsukki and I have a dinner date,” Kuroo whispered, clapping him on the shoulder.

Bokuto wanted to thank him but he was already running through the forest in wolf form. Bokuto exhaled and all his emotions exploded. He ran to the Kitsune and threw his arms around him. Akaashi gave a loud yelp as they toppled to the floor. Bokuto pulled away and grinned, “found you.”

Akaashi looked up at him. He didn’t look surprised. He sat up, “you need more self restraint.”

Bokuto surged forward, crushing his lips to Akaashi’s. At first he thought Akaashi was going to hit him with some divine power, but after a second the Kitsune responded, pulling away just as quickly, a little bewildered, “this is the first time a stranger has kissed me.”

Bokuto laughed, more relieved than he could describe, “this has been a day of firsts for me.”

“I can imagine,” something glinted in Akaashi’s eye. Bokuto stopped.

“I bumped into a lot of interesting people…” he said carefully.

Akaashi smiled, making Bokuto melt, “I know.”

Bokuto couldn’t make himself be angry at Akaashi. He smiled, “you asked them to try and make me go back, didn’t you?”

“I had to test you,” he smiled, “plus, I only asked a few. A lot wanted to see the first human to come to Ameribo. And a lot are just assholes.”

Bokuto touched his face in disbelief, “I can’t believe I found you.”

“I can,” Akaashi shrugged, “you’re very determined.”

“And very, very tired,” Bokuto smiled, leaning against his shoulder.

Akaashi stood, pulling Bokuto up, “well, I suppose we better go home, then.” he kept their hands together, “I’d like to get to know you better.”
This Queen Don't Need a King

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kuroo (top) x Tsukki (bottom)
Prompt by: Justgotmemed
Prompt: Prince Kuroo has no idea that his salty, new, female maid is actually Prince Kei, his future bride whose sneaked into his kingdom to check him out.

“I hear he is a very tall man. Perhaps he will be taller than Kei,” Tsukki didn’t know why he had to spend a few hours each week at his mother’s court. It was a tedious duty, but not much better than hunting with his father every month. Even as the second prince, Tsukki didn’t understand what fun it was to kill animals for sport. Mostly he preferred spending time by himself or riding with his friend and valet, Tadashi. Of course, soon it wouldn’t matter what he preferred, “isn’t that lovely?” his mother crooned and her circle of pretty ladies nodded.

They were sitting around a small table adorned with roses and lemon cakes on pretty plates. Each lady make sure to take one, to show that they were thankful for the treat and enjoyed the taste, but no more. Never more, in case their petite waists escaped the murderous clutches of their corsets and petticoats. Tsukki was the only man there. Now that his brother was about to become king and there was no fear he would fall to disease, his mother insisted he learn the more ‘feminine’ side of things for his new husband.

Ah, his husband. The man being discussed like the menu for a party at a table of top gossipers in the country. Tsukki had lost interest a long time ago. He was staring blankly at the wall, not thinking about anything, and nodding along when his mother touched his hand, anticipating an answer. The queen always had to be answered.

“Kei, isn’t that fantastic? A tall husband!” she said enthusiastically and Tsukki hoped his nod wasn’t too stiff. The last thing he needed was another lecture on how ungrateful he was, how he didn’t know his duty to his family and the kingdom, like he received on the night when he was told he was to wed, after his outburst. For a second he wished to be with the men, the insufferable, proud idiots standing in the corners of the room, talking about politics or hunting, as long as he could get away from the constant crooning and fake compliments.

“Have a cake, my prince,” one of the prettier, younger ladies offered him a plate, “I heard the empire prefers their queens plump and healthy.”

“He shan’t be a queen! He shall be the second emperor,” another lady chastised her, sipping her tea.

“Oh, you must be awfully excited to be the emperor, majesty,” a third laughed.

“Do you suppose the emperor will be fat and not beautiful at all?” this was directed at the queen and she sent a benevolent smile around the circle, acting like a goddess who knew everything.

“Why, my dear, I believe he will be every bit as manly and imposing as his father,” she said sweetly, “of course that does not mean he will be handsome of face. Kei, would you mind terribly if he was not beautiful?”
I would mind even if he was the most beautiful man on the planet, he thought in his head but he forced a smile, “of course not, mother.”

His mother looked around the circle with a smile that said ‘look at him – such innocence. Bless the child’. But he was not a child. He was an eighteen year old man with a plan.

“Kei is so excited for this wedding,” his mother gushed and the ladies adorned faces of concentration, almost comical to watch. Each movement was so exaggerated and exercised it made Tsukki want to laugh, “he has even decided to travel all the way to France, to his uncle, so he may learn how to act at different courts, since he shall live at one in a year’s time. He is so very thrilled about this trip, are you not, Kei?”

Heads turned his way.

“Of course, mother. I can hardly stand the wait.”

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“It’s a stupid idea,” Uncle Ukai said, drinking his tea. The delicate cup looked strange in his large, calloused hand and he didn’t seem to know how to handle it, even after years of being away from the front lines, “a very stupid idea indeed.”

Tsukki took a deep breath. He had prepared for the ex commander of the army to not enjoy his plan and he knew exactly how to persuade him, “General-”

“Uncle.”

“Uncle. I know this may seem strange-”

Ukai set his tea down and a glint lit in his eye, “are you being serious? This is the best I’ve heard in months. Yes, it is a stupid, reckless plan but wars are not fought and won through planning. The strategist may plan all they want, but the battlefield will remain unknown to them. Out there, you fight with instinct and you’re stupidity is mistaken for courage,” he shook his head and sat back, “forgive me, I tend to reminisce the old days. My point is; it’s a stupid plan, but a plan nonetheless, and I shall support it.”

Tsukki’s face lit up. Hope bloomed in his chest, “will you really, uncle?”

Ukai rubbed his chin, “yes, although it may prove difficult,” he stood and walked to the window, deep in thought, “tell me your plan again.”

“I wish to sneak into the emperor’s court as one of the servants and spy on him, figure out what he is like. If he is a bad man and a bad ruler, I shall object to the wedding. It is simple.”

Ukai turned to him, “I could have a ship ready in a week. It will take a month at least to travel to the empire – it will be a rough journey. Once there you would have to work hard to get yourself employed at the castle – and be ready to depart four months later, in time for the wedding… there is also the matter of your disguise.”

“Disguise, uncle?”

Ukai gave him an exasperated look, “even though he had not received a painting, the emperor knows you are a tall man of pale hair and blue eyes. You will not have the colouring of the people of the empire, and you will not speak like them. You will be found out imiediatly,” he shook his head, an idea blossoming in his head, “no, you must change completely for this plan to work.
Tsukki only became used to his costume after the voyage, when he was interviewing for the job at the castle. Ukai had packed his cases full of plain, simple dresses and turned him over to the most renowned theatre in the province. They had transformed him from Tsukki, the prince, to Shima, the maid. They changed his way of speaking and walking. His blond hair was now safely hidden under a short brown wig, kept in place with carefully arranged pins – Tsukki had mastered the craft during the voyage, between avoiding seasick men and sick perverted men who wanted to know what a ‘pretty girl like him’ was doing on a ship, alone. Tsukki had to shave every morning, carefully and diligently, and he made sure he spoke quietly and little, so he just seemed to have a deep voice for a girl.

Now, sitting in the uncomfortable chair opposite some woman, he felt fully in role and determined to make his plan work. The woman was the head maid in the imperial palace and he would have to appeal to her – first for the job, then to be made handmaiden to the newly crowned emperor. She seemed distracted,

‘Okay, Shima,’’ she was looking over the papers Tsukki had presented – faked, of course, ‘‘I see here you have been a maid in two Kingdoms over the seas, so you have experience,’’ she pushed the paper to the other side of the table, ‘‘to tell you the truth, I will take anyone at this point. The emperor is going crazy, I swear to god. Don’t tell him that,’’ she laughed nervously and for a second Tsukki was scared he was one of those rulers who went mad and begun murdering everyone, ‘‘he’s just so worried about his future husband, the prince, liking it here. It is different from his home land and he has us all working over time, ordering the best furniture for his room, planning the wedding all day…’’

‘‘He is?’’ Tsukki was surprised to hear his arrival was such an important thing to a man who had a whole empire to rule.

‘‘I am sorry, I tend to yammer on when I am under a lot of stress,’’ she smiled at Tsukki, ‘‘I will gladly employ you, Shima. You look like a girl with experience that can judge a situation well. I hope you can start imiediatly?’’ Tsukki nodded and stood when she stood, ‘‘good, follow me. The rules are simple – stay away from the royals unless you are directed to serve them in any way. Do your duties quickly and efficiently. The other maids will fill you in on the details, I am sure’’

Tsukki nodded, more overwhelmed than he thought he would be. The empire was very different from his kingdom – the buildings were squat and short, made from gold and crimson, not tall and elegant, like the glass palaces at home. Instead of the green hills and plains, the empire was filled with massive, exotic trees reaching towards the sky and strange flowers. And the streets…it was like the foreigners market, except it was everywhere. The sun was stronger, the people more sun tanned. He wondered if it ever snowed here.

The inside of the palace was quiet, even the courtyard. It was like the majestic gates, manned at all times, shut out the noise.

‘‘Come, we shall use the back enterance for the servants,’’ the head maid turned the corner, ‘‘you must always use this do-’’

A tall, hooded figure bumped into her. She yelped and fell backwards. A hand shot out, steadying her, but the figure was thrown off balance and the hood was thrown back.

‘‘Highness!’’ the head maid squeaked. Tsukki inhaled sharply. His first glance of the emperor – of
his future husband. He was indeed tall, slightly more so than Tsukki. His skin had a warm tan, but he was not dark, not precisely. His black hair stuck up wildly, perhaps mussed by the hood, perhaps not. His face…it wasn’t the standard idea of handsome. Not everyone would find him appealing. His eyes were a bit too sharp and his mouth was curled in a smirk that would infuriated many men. But he seemed powerful; there was no doubt in that. He looked like a man no one would step up to, like a man who could lead. But looks could be deceiving.

“Highness, please do not tell me you have gone to the festivals!” in her dismay, the head maid forgot to bow, but the emperor did not seem to mind.

He put his hands firmly on her shoulders, calming her down, “calm now, Mei. It was only for a while – no harm done,” his face softened and his smirk disappeared into a kinder smile, “I found furs like you would not believe. I think he shall like them. They were-” he stopped, glanced at Tsukki who tried hard not to challenge him with his gaze, not to stare, “another new maid?”

“Highness,” Tsukki curtsy was flawless.

“Her name is Shima, highness.’’

The Emperor tilted his head, observant. Something glinted in his eye, “include her in my bathing entourage.’’

Well, that was easy.

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Tsukki had been decked out in a maid’s uniform all day – a simple white, long sleeved shirt, a black, short skirt and an apron. Smart boots accompanied the attire, and had to be changed for smart black shoes each time he travelled from the garden to the castle (which has been too often). He had met other maids but not caught sight of the emperor or the imperial family at all. Then, in the evening, he had been ushered in with half a dozen other maids into the emperor’s private bath house, donned only in a white kimono, and with a sense of dread he realised what kind of thing the emperor must get up to with serving girls fitted with lose clothes in the confines of his bath house.

The entourage was in the bath house long before the emperor. He was put to work scrubbing the massive pool-like bath. The maids worked in silence – no gossip, only concentration. Tsukki soon found that his hands, which had rarely wielded a sword and never a rag, were unaccustomed to cleaning, as was the rest of his body. His knees ached from kneeling on the cold marble, his arms burned from moving them back and forth as he scrubbed the bottom, even though it seemed perfectly clean. His fingers ached from holding a rag or broom all day and his legs hurt from running back and forth all day. Still, he diligently cleaned on. He couldn’t show that he was inexperienced or he might be degraded from a desirable position he had gotten by luck. This was his chance to really get to know the emperor.

After the whole bath had been cleaned, the maids gracefully, almost like dancers, brought out buckets of herb and violet water, filling one third of the bath. Then men rushed from nowhere with huge pails of boiling water, filling it to the end. They were not done, though. The maids added more concoctions into the water – lavender oil and jasmine flowers. By the time they were done and the emperor finally walked in, the water was the perfect temperature for bathing.

Without any shame he threw off his bathing robe, exposing himself. Tsukki couldn’t help but glance down to where his… he fought hard to keep his eyes from bulging. That was going to be in him…

“Perfect water, as always, girls,’’ the emperor said casually, stepping in and finally covering himself,
“ah, I see one of you is unaccustomed to our ways. Shima, was it?” the others giggled, “you’re red as a rose. Forgive me, little one, for that little display – I should have warned you,” he sifted his hand through the water, letting it run between his fingers, “not so little, though, are you? Practically my height. What have your parents been feeding you?” he laughed not unkindly, “tell me. You’re not from around here. You’re from the kingdom my betrothed is from, are you not? You must have heard about him, maybe even seen him. Tell me.”

For a second Tsukki was worried his wig was crooked but he dared not reach and fix it, “I know as much as any other person in the city, highness,” he said quietly, willing his voice to become more feminine.

The emperor’s face filled with disappointment, “I see,” he lost interest, his fingers playing with a jasmine flower that had floated too close, “I see.” He sighed and leaned his head back, “you may go, girls. Thank you.” The girls bowed, one by one and, untouched, walked from the room. “You. Shima. Wait.”

Tsukki hovered by the doors, unsure.

“Come,” the emperor gestured and he came, “I...even though I am the ruler, this marriage has been arranged for me by my advisors. I’m as nervous as I imagine he is. Kei. That’s his name, but you know that, don’t you?” he turned to her, his eyes pleading, water sloshing, “do you at least know how he feels about this marriage?”

How did Tsukki feel about it?

“I...” he played with the water, not meeting his eyes, “this is the first time I’ll be charged with the responsibility of taking care of a person. He will have no one here – no family, no friends at first. I’ll be the one he comes to with his problems and worries. It will be my duty to make him happy. I won’t to make him happy but...” he seemed frustrated suddenly, “I know nothing about him. I don’t know how I should make his room to make him feel at home. I don’t know what kind of presents he would like. I don’t know if I should be affectionate with him or if he would like time to adjust. I...I hate not knowing.”

Tsukki remained silent, moving the words through his head. He cared. The emperor of one of the biggest countries in the world actually cared about him, not his family, not his status and not his duty. He was worried about things like presents and furniture.

He cleared his throat, “I’m sorry, Shima. I probably have overwhelmed you, and on the first day as well.”

Tsukki suddenly felt the need to say something, “highness, if I may...I think the prince will be happy just knowing you are a good man,” it came out awful. Cheesy and too comfortable, too ignorant. But the emperor’s whole face lit up and he looked hopeful as a child.

“Do you think so?”

“Yes. I really think so.”

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“Shima, for god’s sake, stop shuffling around, you’re making me nervous.” Emperor Kuroo said, slamming the accounts book he had been studying shut.

At first, when the emperor pursued a kind of friendship with him, Tsukki had been scared. It was risky and he had to be careful. But soon he learned the ruler was preoccupied with many things,
especially him (as in, the prince he was meant to marry). They fell into an easy routine and a month later they were as comfortable around each other as old friends.

“I am cleaning, highness. That involves a great deal of shuffling,” Tsukki said, standing on his tiptoes to run the duster over the top shelf of the bookcase. Over the weeks his hands had grown stronger, his arms more resilient. He could now wake up without burning pain in his joints from days of cleaning.

“It’s hot,” Kuroo ran his hand through his hair, sighting. Even though the entryway to the balcony was open it was still stuffy.

“Perhaps a ride to the river?” Tsukki proposed, moving onto the imperial bed, piles high with blankets and pillow. The bed where he would sleep soon, nestled next to Kuroo.

The emperor murmured something incoherent and then added, “do you think Kei likes riding?”

“Perhaps,” Tsukki said vaguely, plumping the pillows up. It had become easy to move in the skirts he had, even though he longed for the comfort of trousers.

“Maybe I’ll take him riding,” Kuroo murmured, more to himself now.

“Maybe,” Tsukki straightened, feeling the need to add something more, “please do not worry, highness. I’m sure it will turn out fine.”

Kuroo forced a smile, “yes. I’m sure he’s a wonderful man.”

In the month that Tsukki had been at the Imperial palace, he had become more worried about if he would be sufficient enough for the emperor, and not the other way round. Kuroo thought about him a lot – fantasised. He was scared his dream image of ‘Kei’ would not be anything like the Tsukki that would arrive. In short, the emperor was giving him self esteem issues.

With a sight Kuroo stood and took his shirt off swiftly. Tsukki flushed seeing his hard muscle that lit a fire in the pit of his stomach, “will you strip so carelessly in front of you husband too?”

Kuroo remember he was not accustomed to his stripping and smiled sheepishly, “if it will please him. Do you think it will, Shima?”

Tsukki shrugged, turning back to the bookshelf to hide his blush, “I couldn’t say.”

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Two months. Tsukki had finally stopped denying Kuroo’s pleads to go riding or hiking with him. His argument of ‘I am just a maid’ were always trumped by his argument of ‘I am the emperor’.

That is how, two months after Tsukki’s arrival in court, he was laying on his back, staring at the stars, the emperor next to him. He was a surprisingly carefree man. He knew how to lead but he also knew he was only twenty two and had his whole life in front of him. Kuroo had just finished showing him the constellations, which Tsukki pretended not to know the names of. They lay in silence and from the way Kuroo shifted he knew a question about Prince Kei was coming.

“What is his family like?” he asked softly, “do you know?”

Tsukki chose his words carefully, “I hear his mother is a typical lady – gossip and parties is all she can think of.”
"I suppose that’s hard for him. Being trumped by parties and gossip,” he sighed, like he genuinely felt for him, ‘what about his father? Brother?’”

“His father loves hunting. There were always hunts riding through my village. And his brother… well, he will be a good king, with god’s blessing.”

Kuroo propped himself up and looked down on him, ‘sometimes I feel like you’re not telling me everything.’”

Tsukki hid his surprise at his perceptiveness behind a huff of annoyance. He stood, dusting his skirt off stray grass, ‘come, highness. It is late.’”

Kuroo stood up, continuing, ‘I think he will like it here. The climate will be a little different but… from what I hear, their court is full of schemers and gossips,” he stopped, ‘do you think he will be like that? Corrupted?’”

Tsukki sighed, ‘I suppose you will have to find out for yourself.’”

Three months passed and before Tsukki knew it, he was in the whirlpool of getting the wedding day ready, despite it being in three months from then. Kuroo was the most excited and nervous person in all this. Tsukki finally got to meet his family.

His mother was dark haired and dark eyed, like him. She was solid and intelligent, perhaps a little cold at times. She spent a lot of time with the manual workers, ordering a whole new chapel to be raised for their wedding, thinking guests, thinking logics. His father on the other hand, a jolly man, spent a lot of time with the maids and Kuroo himself, picking out the right colours, the right flowers, the right pattern on the carpet…all of it had to be so perfect it made Tsukki’s head spin. He was almost glad he wouldn’t be around for the massive cleaning of the whole palace which would begin a month before the wedding. Almost.

He’d miss Kuroo. He had to keep reminding himself he’d come back in two months, finally by himself. And then there was the dread that Kuroo would be disappointed or furious for the whole deceit.

“Shima!” Tsukki came, as always, at Kuroo’s call. He was standing in front of a seamstress, holding a fold of material on each hand – a rich blue one with silver stitching and a flourishing red one with black finishing, “a lady’s opinion – which one do you think?”

To Tsukki it did not matter – Kuroo would look ravishing in either. But as Shima, he had to take the liberty of having an opinion, ‘red, I think, highness.’”

Kuroo pointed with a quiet thanks and the seamstress disappeared. He turned to Tsukki, “I need to look good on that day. It will be his first time seeing me – I need to make a good impression. Seriously, Shima, I need to look perfect.”

“You always do,” Tsukki said before he could stop himself but Kuroo thought nothing of it.

“Thanks, Shima. I hope he thinks so too.”

Tsukki was silently saying goodbye to Kuroo, the day before his departure. They were standing on a cliff overlooking the sea where Tsukki was destined to arrive two months later. Kuroo looked
‘Shima’ kicked her legs over the cliff. For once Kuroo wasn’t talking about him and Tsukki felt the need to fill the silence.

‘What do you think he will look like?’

Kuroo shrugged, ‘he may not be beautiful at all, and I will not care one bit. He may be beautiful. I imagine him beautiful,’ he tilted his head and glanced at Tsukki, ‘perhaps with a face a little like yours.’

Tsukki’s heart skipped a beat and to hide his embarrassment he stood, ‘come, you must still send out invitations,’ he walked a few steps in front of Kuroo and stooped, looking out into the woods, ‘your highness, I want you to know that whatever happens, it will be alright. The prince will arrive and he will love you. You will have a perfect life. You will make him happy. So no matter what happens, don’t abandon those dreams.’

Suddenly he was swirled in the air and Kuroo faced him, peering into his face. Being so close to him made Tsukki forget to breathe, ‘you’re talking like a person whose about to disappear forever,’ he said, searching his face, ‘are you going to disappear forever?’

Tsukki forced a laugh, ‘no, I won’t disappear.’

*Not forever, anyway.*

Tsukki was nearly late for his own wedding. That same night he snuck out of the castle and to the port where his uncles ship waited, as promised. In the cabins below, for the last time, he removed the pins to Shima’s wig, wiggled out of the skirt and finally, after four months, slipped into trousers and a male tunic. His hair had gotten longer. He cut it, somewhat messily. He looked in the mirror. He was already missing Kuroo’s company. Finally he emerged on deck and the sailors were startled to see a man emerge where a woman had disappeared.

The journey was long and rough. The food ran out close to the end and they had to take a detour because of a storm. Ukai send word that his mother was having a heart attack that he wasn’t back home yet and ordered the ship on. Tsukki wondered when he would next see his uncle. At home he was packed in four days. The goodbye feast was brief and most of his family cried, promising to come visit and assuring that the emperor was no doubt a good man. Tsukki knew that already.

He was shoved back onto the ship quickly enough. Tsukki was getting really tired of the sea but the prospect of seeing Kuroo kept him from being sick like the other men. They arrived on the set term. Tsukki took care with himself – put on his best clothes, combed his hair. He wondered if Kuroo would recognise him. He finally emerged onto the deck of the ship. He could see the royal entourage waiting on the low cliff for him. Kuroo’s mother, whose fire he had been starting some mornings. Kuroo’s father, who helped him, chose the colour of the drapes of his future room. And Kuroo – in a smart tunic from the red material he had chosen. Looking nervous. Trying not to.

He walked to the family followed by the dozen servants his mother had spared him which brought gifts of gold and silk in chests. Kuroo was staring at him, hard. He neared. Kuroo frowned. Then realisation dawned on him.

And he said nothing.

He kept his head down, pretending he was shy, so his parents wouldn’t recognise him. For now Kuroo’s disbelief was enough. The emperor spoke, welcoming him, introducing Kuroo. For a
second Tsukki was scared he’d exploit him, send him back, break his heart. But then he felt his warm hand around his, the brush of his lips on his hand.

“I have waited for you, prince Kei,” he murmured. The next moments were a blur. He was put in his own private carriage and taken to the palace, which had been his home for four months and now it would be forever. And then he was being surrounded by the maids who realised who he was and begun laughing or crying in disdain. Mei nearly had a heart attack, whispering, ‘I yelled at the prince. I made the prince scrub the floors.’

And then he was summoned to the emperor’s chambers.

He walked in slowly, cautiously. He was prepared for a cold speech or a full out yelling match but Kuroo did neither. He watched him approach him like Tsukki was some kind of god or entity.

“Kei,” he whispered.

“I prefer Tsukki. It’s a childhood nickname-’’ he stopped himself before he could continue babbling, ‘’uh, I’m sorry I-’’

Kuroo hid his face in his hands and groaned, ‘’I made a fool of myself. I stripped in front of you and said all those things, like some kid with a crush-’’

Tsukki took his wrists gently and pulled his hands off his face, ‘’it made me fall for you,’’ he whispered, ‘’the way you cared about me as a person. The way you treated other people. The way you were so carefree…’’ he dropped his hands before Kuroo could push him away. That would sting too much, ‘’I’m sorry I lied to you. I wanted to know what you were like. I don’t regret doing it, though.’’

Kuroo looked at him for a long while and then offered a small smile, ‘’to think you’re actually a man.’’

Tsukki played with his fingers, nervous, ‘’acting skills right there.’’

Kuroo came to him, touching his face, his shoulders, his hands. He kissed him, over and over, ‘’you’re everything I imagined,’’ he whispered, dropping kisses on his jaw and neck, running his hands through his hair, kissing him again, ‘’I’m so happy I could die.’’

‘’Don’t do that,’’ Tsukki whispered, weak from the kisses, clutching his tunic.

Kuroo kissed his forehead, caressing his cheek, ‘’my Tsukki. Finally here.’’

Tsukki didn’t remind him that he had been here before, just let the emperor kiss him more.

“I don’t think I can wait until our wedding night,’’ he murmured against his hair, hugging him close.

“It’s just a few hours,’’ Tsukki said, smoothing his hands down his back.

“I still can’t wait,” Kuroo kissed him deeply and Tsukki responded eagerly. However when they broke apart, he skipped away.

“I’ll make it easy for you,’’ he said with a smile, ‘’see you at the altar,’’ and he left for his rooms, knowing exactly which way he was going and what he would find.
We Used to Play Pretend, Give Each Other Different Names

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kuroo (top) x Tsukki (bottom)
Prompt by: Kuroneko112
Prompt: Kuroo & Tsukki are undercover agents who have to pretend to be in a relationship on a mission.

“Morning, team,” Officer Ukai walked into the briefing room as always – with a stack of folders, “we have been assigned a few important bits today, so please be quiet…HINATA I SAID STOP TALKING!”

Everyone fell silent quickly and Ukai threw the stack of papers onto his desk with a loud bang, “all of you need discipline. It has been already six months since you came from the police academy and you still act like a pack of kids,” he glared at the dozen police officers gathered in front of him, and they averted their eyes. Ukai picked up the first folder, “hopefully these will shape you into real men. Not you, Hinata. You have parking duty. And Tanaka, you have street patrol.” Tanaka groaned and Hinata opened his mouth to argue, standing up. His chair scraped loudly on the floor. Kenma, who was next to him, tugged him down. Ukai dropped the first folder, “Daichi, there was a revolt in the center prison. They are asking for reinforcements. You will lead team 3b.”

Daichi flushed a little, being handed such a responsibility. Suga grinned and hit him on the back, “good for you, Daichi!”

“Sugawara,” Suga perked up as another folder went down, “you and Nishinoya will investigate a new drug lord in the Eastern side of the city. A large amount of cocaine has been found on a ship coming from China – someone must have ordered it.” Noya sent Suga a grin and Suga stuck up his thumb, “Kenma, you’re going to help out with a presentation at the police academy called,” Ukai frowned, “’where you are six months after you graduate’”.

Kenma put his hand up, “why me? I’m bad at talking.”

Ukai shrugged, already moving onto the next folder, “you were the valedictorian of your class,” next folder, “Bokuto, Terushima and Yamaguchi,” he grinned meanly, “you’re gonna go catch more graffiti bastards.”

“Fucks sake,” Teru snapped, “can’t we do something fun?”

“You can do your job, idiot,” Ukai said.

“But Tanaka has street patrol!” Bokuto complained.

“Do you expect him to do everything?” Ukai asked innocently, closing the subject, “Azumane! You’re doing a speech in the high school about uniformed jobs!”

Asahi paled, “do I have to?”

“Yes,” Ukai said dismissively, “and Tsukishima. You and Kuroo are going to catch a serial killer.”
“We’re going to do what now?”

Apparantly this mission was important; Kuroo and Tsuchi got their own briefing. As far as his co-workers went, Kuroo didn’t really know Tsuchi. He hung out with Bokuto and Kenma in the academy and they never paired up together. They had done one-or-one training with each other a few times, but that was about it. That made Kuroo nervous. It was his first big undercover mission and he was paired up with Tsuchi – what did he work like? What was his rhythm?

The briefing was led by Shimizu, so a bunch of guys who were going to work on the tech and info for the mission were drooling and not listening, but Shimizu was matter-of-fact, clicking through slides like her life depended on it, “this man had murdered seven people, and wounded twelve others. The eye-witness testimonies report he is a middle-height man, probably in his mid thirties, with dark hair. There had been four reports of the man emerging from the nearby community centre and pursuing his victims. There are also a few other things; the attacks happen on Thursdays and the killer targets only gay men.”

“We have basis to believe the killer takes part in the weekly gay-couple-support group. It is our best lead. The killings begun two months ago and now the feds are interested – we have been given the mission of finding this man and apprehending him. Now, we have a few leads,” she clicked a slide and a mug shot of a man appeared on the screen. He was middle aged, normal looking, unremarkable, “Chen Takahiro, a half-Japanese immigrant from China. He fits the description and is reported to come to the couple support group alone. He had been in jail twice before – once for drug abuse and once for breaking and entering.”

Click.

“and this is Osawara Koichi, another man who fits the description. He doesn’t have a record – really there is no information about him, which makes him dangerous. Now, Tsuchishima and Kuroo, your job will be to go undercover and interview both men, subtly, figure out if they could be the killer. Follow them. Patrol the area where the crimes happen.

“Wait,” Tsuchi put a hand up, his face emotionless, “you want us to go undercover as what?”

“A gay couple, of course,” Shimizu said simply, already moving on, “the murder weapon, we believe, is a Bowie knife that is commonly used in the army. Osawara is, in fact, a war veteran which makes him even more of a suspect,” Shimizu turned to Tsuchi and Kuroo, who were still hung up on the fact that they were meant to pretend they were gay, “basically you are supposed to unveil the murderer by any means possible, as quickly as possible.”

Tsukki’s face told Kuroo that he’d rather have parking duty than this. They were standing in front of the community center, a squat brick building. Ugly, uninviting. They were in civil clothing – Kuroo in a t-shirt and hoodie, Tsuchi in a grey jumper.

“Maybe we should hold hands,” Kuroo spoke into the chilly air. He probably should have taken a coat, “you know, we’re meant to be a couple after all.”

Tsukki hesitated but extended his hand. Kuroo took it. His fingers were cold.

“This is weird. Let’s get the job done as quickly as possible” Tsuchi muttered, pulling Kuroo towards the community center. The inside was lit with bright light, nearly yellow. In the middle of a
large, bare room were a few chairs, arranged in a circle. There were couples all around – some holding hands. A woman was standing up - a drag queen. Her huge blue hair, exotic make up and bright clothes were the only colourful thing in the sea of hoodies and worn jeans. She spotted Kuroo and Tsukki and smiled broadly.

''New comers. Please, come in. We don’t judge here. Please sit,’’ she pointed to two empty chairs, ‘‘what are your names?’’

‘‘I’m Sakami,’’ Kuroo said, trying to sound cheerful. They had gotten a whole new identity for this mission, ‘‘I’m a personal trainer.’’

Someone whistled. Someone else hit them on the head.

‘‘Kyoshi.’’

‘‘And what do you do for a living, Kyoshi?’’ She asked gently.

‘‘I’m a cardiologist.’’

She nodded, ‘‘important job. My name is Sana. Welcome to the support group.’’

A ‘welcome’ went around and Kuroo saw Tsukki try to smile. ‘He’s a bit nervous’ he mouthed at Sana, who nodded like she understood. Kuroo rubbed his thumb against Tsukki’s hand for good measure. Tsukki squeezed his fingers painfully in a ‘do that again and I will rip your balls out and stick them to your forehead’ way. Now that the attention was off them and on Sana again, Kuroo looked around. He spotted both targets – Chen was sitting with his arms crossed, staring at them with a burning gaze. Yup, he could definitely be a killer. Osawara was tucked into the side of a large man who was rubbing his shoulder, not paying them any attention.

‘‘Okay, my sweet birds,’’ Sana said in a soothing voice, ‘‘why don’t we start with Chen-chan first?’’
Chen pulled his gaze away from them, his eyes flicking lazily to Sana, ‘‘Chen, tell us how your boyfriend is doing.’’

‘‘He’s fine,’’ his voice was raspy, like he smoked forty cigarettes a day, ‘‘his chemo is going well. He still refuses to talk about us though – says he’s ugly and I’ll leave him anyway.’’

His voice was so devoid of emotion Kuroo had a hard time believing he even had a boyfriend.

‘‘And what did he say to the flowers?’’ Sana asked gently.

Chen shifted, ‘‘he was happy, for a while. Yesterday he tried to break up with me again. I wouldn’t let him. He doesn’t need to be alone while he is dying.’’

Sana shook her head and put her hand on his hand, ‘‘you must have hope that he will get better. My sweet birds, any advice for poor Chen-chan?’’

‘‘Take him home,’’ Osawa said. He looked sleepy, leaning against the buff arm of his partner. On closer look, Kuroo spotted a few white scars on his cheek and a wrinkle under his eyes. He was probably younger than he looked, but the army takes its toll of people, ‘‘if he really is dying, he should do it in the comfort of your house. There you can mend your relationship, be alone. Take care of him.’’

Chen’s face was impassive but he nodded in acknowledgement. Sana smiled, ‘‘beautifully put, Koichi-chan. How about you and Miko? How are you two darling coping?’’
The big guy – Miko – squeezed his shoulder, “he still has nightmares. He…” Miko fell silent.

Osawa hid his face in his arm, embarrassed, “it’s okay. Tell them.”

Miko sighed, “he lashed out two days ago. He thought he was still in Syria. Broke plates and…” he fell silent again, giving him a worried look.

“And I cut his arm,” Osawa mumbled.

“I won’t leave him,” Miko assured, “but he think I will. Would someone please tell him differently.”

Sana moved her eyes to Kuroo, “Sakami-chan, any advice?”

Kuroo swallowed. It was his turn not to blow the cover, “have you tried therapy?”

“I…” Miko hesitated, “Osawa isn’t comfortable with therapy.”

Red bells ringing. What were the signs of a psychopath? “Well, I think it’s either the therapy, which he wouldn’t like, or these violent outbursts, which will break his down eventually.”

Osawa sent him a shy look from above Miko’s shoulder. Miko smiled sadly, “See, Koichi? Maybe it’s for the best.”

Osawa shrugged. Sana decided it was time to move on, “Sakami-chan and Kyoshi-chan, what is the problem with your relationship?”

Kuroo thought about that, but his mind drew a blank. He gave Tsukki an urgent look and the blond cleared his throat.

“It’s all his fault,” he stated bluntly, “I’m the doctor here, I’m the one who has the important job, but he’s never home. Always going on jogs or spending time with his clients. He even tries to get me to eat healthy!”

“Hey now-” Kuroo wasn’t really enjoying this rant about his imaginary flaws.

“Don’t interrupt me, Sakami. See!? He won’t even listen!” Tsukki was putting on a good act. Kuroo had to admit he was impressed, “the other day I returned home from a nightshift, all tired and half-dead, and do you know what I see?” the circle held their breath, “Some man on the floor of my bedroom and Sakami above him, his hands all over his leg.”

“I told you, I was stretching his muscles!” Kuroo protested.

Sana chuckled, “now, now, my sweet birds. I think your problems are stemming from jealousy and the fact that you do not spend enough time together. Any advice for this sweet couple, my loves?”

A boy with pale hair spoke up. He couldn’t have been older than eighteen, “I think you should go to the movies or something. A date, you know? Have some alone time.”

Kuroo forced a smile, “yeah, maybe.”

Tsukki snorted, still playing the part. His hand had long since slipped from his grip, “yeah, right. We’ve planned before. He never has time. And if he does, his idea of a date is going to a vegan café to eat salad.”

Kuroo took his hand again, trying to play the role of the caring boyfriend, “then this time we’ll go
where you want, okay?’’

Sana smiled, like she was genuinely delighted, “see, Kyoshi-chan? He’s trying – you have to try as well. Can you do that?”

Tsukki shrugged. Sana’s watch beeped and she clicked it, spreading her hands, “unfortunately this is all we have time for today. Before we go, let’s say a quick prayer for the deceased, shall we?”

Kuroo was surprised when the guy next to him took his hand. People linked hands all the way down the circle. In seconds it had gone from gay-support-group to religious prayer circle, “dear lord, we ask you to keep the souls of the deceased in your hearts – Chiki, Hitori, Inayama, Kami, Izumi…”

Kuroo realised she was saying the names of those who had died. She went through the whole list, the sick ones too, “please take care of all those faced with homophobic crime in the world and in our local community, and keep those gathered here safe from the hands of this ruthless killer. Amen,” she opened her eyes and hands around the circle were dropped, “see you next Thursday, my sweet birds.”

What did you think?"

Kuroo’s walkie-talkie cackled and Tsukishima’s calm voice came through, “Chen is definitely more suspicious,” Kuroo tried not to jump to conclusions. More often than not the psychopaths were the nice ones. Osawa was not under the radar.

“True, but I want to keep an eye on Osawa too.”

Kuroo murmured in agreement, “anything suspicious on your end?” he was behind the building where half of the couples had disappeared. Here was where a bunch of victims got attacked but it was as dark and quiet as ever. The single bulb illuminating the back of the building flickered. Kuroo looked around. Nothing. No one.

“No. Maybe they won’t do it tonight.”

“Maybe,” Kuroo agreed, “we need to file a report.”

“Twenty minutes, then we clear.”

“Okay.”

“We’ve established that the drug lord must at least be Chinese – they communicate in that language and communicate in it also,” Suga was standing at the podium, talking to the teams working on the cases, who were taking down hasty notes, “we know the drug lord picks up from the lake where a luxury cruiser – or a cargo ship disguised as one – comes every now and again. Noya and I request to go undercover into the den to figure out the exact day for pick up and to unmask the drug lord.”

Ukai nodded, and motioned to the drug team, “talk it over. I’ll let you decide.”

The team shuffled out and he gestured to Kuroo and Tsukki, “I’ve read the report. Fill everyone else in.”

Tsukki took the podium as Kuroo hung back, “We haven’t come closer to figuring out the killer yet,
but both men definitely are suspicious. Chen has a violent presence and the way he speaks about his hospitalised partner makes us believe he does not actually have one. As for Osawa, to anyone who didn’t suspect him, he’d look like a normal person. We found out, however, that he fought in Syria and had violent episodes when he believes he is back there – during those he might well go after his victims.’’

Tsukki fell silent and Kuroo picked up, ‘‘and of course both men have dark hair and look to be middle aged. They fit the description perfectly but we cannot apprehend them without more evidence.’’

Ukai nodded solemnly, ‘‘don’t give yourself away and keep it up.’’

Next Thursday, Kuroo and Tsukki were back at the support group. They opted not to hold hands and actually had a story this time round.

‘‘Well, my sweet birds, how did your date go?’’ Sana crooned at them.

Tsukki kissed his teeth irritably, ‘‘what date? There was no date.’’

‘‘I told you I had a client,’’ Kuroo said defensively and turned to Sana, ‘‘it was very last minute, great pay, but he’s making a big deal out of it.’’

‘‘It was our night, and you chose a client over me,’’ Tsukki snapped.

Sana put her hands on their hands comfortingly, ‘‘now, now. Let’s not get angry. Sakami-chan, Kyoshi-chan is right. You cannot promise to go on a date with him and then go to work because it pays,’’ she chuckled, not unkindly, ‘‘money will not pay for your happiness if Kyoshi-chan has enough.’’

Kuroo did his best to school his features into one of slight worry. He glanced at Tsukki. He was gritting his teeth, looking really angry but sad at the same time. Once again Kuroo admired his acting skills, ‘‘I’m sorry,’’ he said, taking his other hand, ‘‘look, I promise we’ll go this week. Let’s go Sunday. I promise, no clients, no anything.’’

‘‘Yeah, right.’’ Tsukki mumbled.

‘‘Ts- Kyoshi. Please. I promise. Really,’’ he held his hand tighter, ‘‘I love you.’’ he said, his improv skills running out. It worked though. There were a few ‘awwwws’ around the circle, and Sana pulled away, triumphant. She placed her hands on her hips.

‘‘Beautiful. Now, why don’t you sweet birdies kiss and make up?’’

Tsukki’s mask slipped for only a second and he quickly turned to Kuroo. Tsukki didn’t lean forward, so Kuroo did, pressing their lips together in a short kiss. Tsukki’s lips were warm, surprisingly soft. Kuroo caught the little exhale that left his mouth when their lips connected. Tsukki’s hand, still under Kuroo’s, balled into a tight fist. Kuroo had to force himself to pull away and to smile at Sana. He wondered what Tsukki had thought of that kiss.

‘‘Well done, my sweet birds,’’ Sana spread her arms wide, ‘‘now, why don’t we move on?’’

Kuroo was behind the building again, scanning the area. Instead of standing in plain view this time
around he crouched down on the roof, his eyes seeing further. And this time, someone arrived. It was
dark, so Kuroo couldn’t see his face but by his pale hair he realised it was the eighteen year old boy
who had suggested he take Tsukki on a date. He relaxed, and tensed up again when a second later
another man appeared. This one had dark hair and was completely clad in black, smoking a cigarette.
He pushed the silver haired boy against the wall. Kuroo was about to jump down when he realised
the two were making out passionately, the smoke discarded on the floor. He relaxed. The light
flickered and turned off. Three seconds later it turned back on.

The eighteen year old was sliding down the wall, his throat slit, blood pouring down his shirt and the
killer was disappearing around the corner. Kuroo jumped. His legs protested painfully when he hit
the floor. He glanced at the boy – he was already dead, staring at him with dead eyes. Swallowing
hard, he gave chase.

He fumbled for his walkie-talkie as he ran, keeping his eyes on the killer. He just had to get his
face… the killer fell into a car Kuroo hadn’t seen before and swivelled away. Kuroo stopped running
and instead looked at the registration number hard. He swore. The killer had made it look like he had
driven through the mud, but the fact was he had placed it so it was impossible to distinguish the
number.

Kuroo nearly threw his walkie-talkie but opted for talking to Tsukki in the end, “Tsukishima, do you
copy?”

“Get to the lake.”

“What?”

“Now.”

The walkie-talkie clicked off and Kuroo ran again.

Twenty minutes later he slid next to Tsukki behind the bush.

“I nearly got the killer…” he was gasping for air and whispering, “but…he got away. Plate was
covered. He got another one…”

Tsukki mutely passed him a water bottle from his bag. He drank greedily and Tsukki pointed
towards the lake, where a cruise ship was docked.

“Chen left the community centre in a different direction than usually,” Tsukki whispered, “I
followed him.” Kuroo exhaled. That meant that the killer had to be Osawa – he hadn’t fucker up.
Tsukki covered him, “guess whose the new drug lord?”

Kuroo looked quickly towards the cargo ship. Chen was shaking hands with another man, boxes
behind him – boxes of cocaine, “this isn’t our mission! This is Suga’s and Noya’s-“

Tsukki wasn’t listening, “look they’re going aboard. Okay, they’re swimming away. Now’s our
chance,” he was running before Kuroo could grab his collar, taking his gun out in the process.
Kuroo swore and followed him. When Chen looked up at Tsukki, he was already holding the gun
out in front of him, “step away from the cargo and get on the floor.”

Chen didn’t react, “I knew there was something dodgy about you two.”

“You, too,” Kuroo finally caught up and pointed his gun at him too, “get on the floor.”

Chen smiled slowly, “I think you two should.”
Kuro glanced to his left and nearly swore. Half a dozen of Chen’s men were piling out of a van that had broken through the trees a second before, holding guns out and pointing them at the two cops. Amongst their ranks, trying to keep the surprise off their faces, were Noya and Suga. Great – not only were they going to get killed, they might also blow their cover.

Slowly Tsukki lowered his gun to the floor. The group laughed, beginning to swear at them and make fun. Kuroo followed Tsukki’s movements. He was still bent over, putting his gun down painfully slow, “on three,” he mouthed. Kuroo counted in his head.

One, the gun was going down. Two, it hovered over the pebbled floor. Three, and he was up. Tsukki smashed his elbow into Chen’s surprised face, knocking out a few teeth. He swiped his leg under his feet and he hit the floor, hitting his head and passing out. Kuroo slammed his fist into another’s stomach. He grabbed the gun which he released and shot the third one in the leg before he could cock his gun – he fell to the floor with a scream.

Noya and Suga jumped into action imiediatly. Suga took down two. Noya got one, and was going for another. The man cocked his gun and, as if in slow motion, Kuroo realised with a stab of fear that he was pointing it right at Tsukki. Without thinking about it he lunged himself forward, the bullet piercing him. As he went down he saw Noya use the butt of a discarded gun to his head. The man went down.

“Shit, shit,” Tsukki’s worried face appeared above him, “fuck, don’t you dare die. The fuck did you do that for, you idiot!? Fuck.”

Kuroo grinned, “chill out, they got my arm.”

Tsukki blanched for a second, “oh,” he murmured weakly and sat back, relief flooding his features. Kuroo winced, clasping his hand around his bleeding shoulder.

“Thanks for that. You just cut our job short,” Noya said with a grin, standing amidst the bodies, “let’s get them into the van.”

“And Kuroo to a hospital,” Suga added.

He hoped his shoulder would heal before next Thursday.

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“Right so let me get this straight – Tsukishima and Kuroo helped Nishinoya and Sugawara apprehend the drug lord?” Ukai scratched his head, “well, shit then. That’s great – it means Osawa is our target.”

“Not necessarily,” Kuroo put in and stood up, “when I…witnessed and failed to stop another murder, I saw the killer was smoking. If he is smoking there’s a good chance he is addicted but I had not seen Osawa smoke cigarettes – I haven’t smelt them on him either.”

“It doesn’t rule him out,” Tsukki said, and shrugged, “I think we need to investigate more before we move in for the arrest – that could blow it completely.”

Ukai nodded, “I agree.”

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Another Thursday, another meeting.
A guy had been staring at Tsukishima strangely – even Kuroo spotted it. He was new and clearly high. His eyes were wide and bloodshot. Sana was taking her time arriving so everyone was gathered in small circles, talking. Tsukishima had escaped the prying eyes of the new comer by going over to the refreshments table full of digestives and cheap juice.

“Heard you’re a cardiologist? Because you made my heart stop,” a low murmur reached his ear. He whipped around and came face to face with the newbie. His heart froze for a second in fear. He was too close. Tsukki moved his eyes frantically around the room, trying to pin point Kuroo, but he was chatting to a group of guys on the other corner of the room – about the murder of the silver haired guy, no doubt.

“I am, actually,” Tsukki found his voice, “and I don’t think that’s what cardiologists do.”

“What do cardiologists do?” the guy moved closer and Tsukki stepped back, his legs hitting the table. Shit, what did cardiologists do? The guy wasn’t so high that he didn’t notice the obvious lack of reply. He frowned, “it’s your profession. What do you do?”

“I…” Tsukki fumbled for words. The guy’s smell was overwhelming, making him want to be sick. He was dizzy. What had his new identity name been again?

Noticing his moment of weakness, the guy swooped in for the kill, grabbing his shoulder harshly and crushing their lips together. Tsukki nearly gagged. The guy clearly hadn’t brushed his teeth for a few days. Gathering his strength he shoved him off.

“What the fuck! I’m not gay!” he screamed in his face. The whole room fell silent with a shocked gasp. Guys turned in his direction, “I’m bi…” he squeaked but the guy was already talking over him.

“I knew it! He’s a cop!” he turned to the people, jabbing an angry finger at his chest, “a fucking lark.”

“what’s this about now?” Sana appeared in the doorway.

“He’s a cop! I’ve seen him round the city with his uniform on! He arrested me for smoking one fucking joint.” the newbie growled, “he’s been lying to you! His name probably aint even what you think.”

Tsukki’s head went blank. Shit.

Sana put a hand to her lips, “Kyoshi-chan, is this true?”

“No, of course not!” Tsukki said quickly.

With a triumphant smirk, the guy gestured to him, ”he’s a cardiologist, right? Tell us what a cardiologist does.”

Tsukki opened his mouth, “I…I take care of the heart.”

“A primary school child knows that,” someone called, “more detail.”

“I…” Tsukki gritted his teeth, “fine, I’m not Kyoshi. I’m a cop but the murders-“

Sana rushed to Kuroo, “Sakami-chan, did you know?”

Tsukki stared him down. Do it he thought.
And for once Kuroo played his part convincingly, “a cop!? I didn’t! Jesus, we’ve only been together six months! Kyoshi…I thought the reason why you were always gone was because you had night shifts!” he took a deep breath, looking truly shaken, “are you even gay?”

“I’m not gay,” Tsukki said, “just with you, it doesn’t seem to matter.”

With a jolt, Tsukki realised that was true. He looked away and moved his hand quickly at his side – break it off.

“I-I can’t believe this. Kyoshi…shit, what the hell do I even call you? I don’t want to see you right now. I need time to…” Kuroo rubbed his forehead, like he was really heartbroken.

“The truth is, you have broken our rules and disrespected what we stand for,” Sana said, sounding harsher than ever, “this is not a police case – this is a support group! And we will continue to support each other, without you,” she gestured to the doors, “please don’t come here again.”

And Tsukki left.

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‘Wait outside for me, little bird’ was what Sana had said in her melodic voice after the session, and so Kuroo stood outside, waiting for her and cursing Tsukki in his head. How the hell did his cover get blown? He had to summon the acting skills he didn’t even know he had. Kuroo rapped his fingers on the wall behind him, deep in thought. So when the doors opened, making him jump, and a man emerged he nearly didn’t recognise Sana.

She had gotten rid of the thick make up and the flashy clothes, now wearing only a t-shirt and a black hoodie. Her black hair was exposed now that the blue wig was gone and she looked fully like a man.

“Surprised?” at least the voice was still the same. She – he – came down the steps and stood next to Kuroo, leaning against the wall, “I was, too – when we found out Kyoshi wasn’t who he said he was. It must have broken your heart,” he put a hand on Kuroo’s shoulder. His nails were still painted, “tell me, how are you coping?”

“I don’t know,” Kuroo shrugged, “it still hasn’t really hit me, I guess.”

“Mmh, I get you. Life is tough, ain’t it?

Kuroo realised that the sweet, melodic tone of the voice was gone, leaving a fully manly, east-side accent once you listened for a while.

“It is.”

“And a cop as well,” Sana laughed, “ridiculous, isn’t it? He’s a good actor, I’ll give him that. Grade A liar,” the laughter died suddenly, “what about you, Sakami. Are you lying?”

“No! Of course not,” Kuroo said.

“Mmh,” Sana grinned and reached into his pocket, “you know, cops always work in twos, don’t they?” he produced a pack of cigarettes and took one out, a slow smile spreading across his face, “cigarette?”

Fuck.
Kuroo managed to fling himself backwards as the knife came out, slashing an arc in the air. He tripped over his feet and fell backwards, wincing as his shot arm hit the floor. And it had been healing so nicely… Sana was on him in seconds, his eyes widened, his lips twisted in a crazy smile. He held the knife to his throat, drawing a bubble of blood.

“Do you want me to tell you the truth, officer? Hm? Hm? You want me to tell you the truth?” he pressed harder. Kuroo was scared to swallow. His fingers were inching closer to his gun, hidden under his shirt, “the truth is I hate all these gutless people. Gays should be happy, right? ‘Gay’ means happy. Why aren’t these idiots happy!? For some there’s no hope. They’re too spineless or too stupid or just too worthless to have a meaningful relationship. So I get rid of them. You can understand that, right? And you…you’re too much of a dumbass to realise your partner had been lying all this time. You don’t deserve to have another. Let me cut you here and now, ok? Hm? Okay? Okay?” he moved his arm, ready to slash down. Kuroo reached for his gun.

“Get the fuck off him!”

A hand yanked his collar and Sana toppled off Kuroo, his knife falling from his hand.

“Another one!” Sana laughed as Tsukki loomed over him. He grabbed his leg and he went down, hard, next to Kuroo. Sana lunged for his knife, but Kuroo slammed his foot down on his hand. He howled in pain.

Tsukki was on him a second later, yanking his hands back roughly and locking handcuffs around his wrists, “you are under arrest for murder and attempted murder. You have the right to remain silent, the right to a lawyer…”

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It was over.

Tsukki and Kuroo were sitting in their police car, watching the other cops haul Sana away with a little disbelief. The case they had been working on for three weeks was closed, after so many deaths – that could have been prevented. A little overwhelmed and more than a little tired, they just sat there and watched.

“Good job,” Kuroo whispered eventually in the dark.

Tsukki looked over and spotted the cut on his throat from Sana’s knife. He turned sideways and reached over, running his thumb over the still-wet cut. Kuroo winced. It wasn’t deep, but it stung. Tsukki touched it more gently, and when he spoke it was in a whisper, “you should probably put a plaster on that…” he looked up.

Kuroo was closer. Close like that other guy, except he smelled good. Like after shave. And when he looked in his eyes, they weren’t red and unresponsive. Instead, his pupils were dilated. When were pupils dilated?

Oh, right. When you felt attracted to someone.

“so, ‘I’m not gay, just with you it doesn’t seem to matter’, right?” Kuroo whispered.

“’That was just the act…” Tsukki murmured, but he didn’t pull away, rubbing his fingers absently under the cut. Kuroo put a hand on his cheek, trying to pull his face higher. Tsukki tilted it sideways, but still he didn’t pull away.

“’They’ll see…”
Kuroo looked up. It was true – a few cop cars were around, the officers talking amongst each other, writing reports, calling the office…

Tsukki yelped when Kuroo pulled him into his lap, so he was straddling him.

“’What are you…” Kuroo turned the key in the ignition and the car came to life. He begun driving with Tsukki in his lap, his mouth working absently at his shoulder, “’that’s dangerous!’” Tsukki protested but Kuroo kept driving. At least his eyes were on the road. Tsukki sighed and leaned into him, making himself small so Kuroo could see the road. Kuroo drove with one hand through the empty streets, his other hand rubbing Tsukki’s back. He parked by the first store he saw. It was closed, the parking lot empty.

Kuroo turned the car off and pulled Tsukki up, looking at him. He was tired, that much was clear, but his eyes were soft, loving. Tsukki gave a little smiled and leaned forward, pressing their lips together. It was slow and sweet and perfect.

“’We need to get the car back to the station,’” Tsukki murmured against his lips.

Kuroo grinned, “’screw that. Let’s just sleep on the back seat.’”

“’Okay,’” Tsukki smiled, kissing him harder, “’I’m not tired yet though, partner.’”

And suddenly Kuroo was fully awake.
You Just Made Me Trip, Fall and Land On Your Lap

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Ukai (top) x Takeda (bottom)
Prompt by: AuspiciousVagabond
Prompt: Power-Bottom!Takeda

If Ukai had stamina, then Takeda had indefatigability.

Sunday – morning shopping. It was early – maybe six. The only people around the supermarket were the old ladies with nothing to do all day, hobbling over to buy fresh buns. Ukai had parked the car in the shadow of the supermarket, behind the building – technically it was the staff car park but the staff were still too sleepy to notice that one the cars wasn’t theirs.

Ukai was kissing Takeda, hard. Somehow, when he wasn’t paying attention he looked so ravishable. Just now he had been trying to untangle Ukai’s earphones, his all-time favourite job, his brows scrunched up in concentration, his fingers working through the wire. He hasn’t noticed that Ukai was gently touching his curls until he touched his neck. Takeda looked up.

‘‘We’re here.’’

‘‘Oh,’’ Takeda looked a little surprised. He looked cute like that – big eyes, mouth slightly open. Without thinking about it, Ukai swept down and kissed him. Takeda opened his mouth slightly, eager, leaning forward. He had told Ukai before that he loved his kisses (except when he had just had a cigarette – then he made him chew gum). Ukai loved the feel of his soft lips against his. Takeda was small compared to him – smaller hands, smaller waist, smaller frame. Shorter… Ukai sighed, getting excited just from thinking about his small body under him.

As if reading his mind, Takeda crawled on top of him, into his lap. Ukai ran his hands down his boyfriend’s back. They had a lazy morning in bed and now Ukai was wearing only his tracksuit bottoms and Ukai’s huge jersey. Craving skin on skin contact, Ukai quickly unzipped the zipper, smoothing his hand down his chest.

‘‘What if someone comes?’’ he asked, grinning, one of his hand going down to cup Takeda’s ass. Takeda giggled, flushing, ‘‘then we’ll give them a show.’’

Ukai grinned devilishly, sliding the jersey off his shoulder and tracing his mouth against it. Takeda squirmed. Ukai bit his flesh, making him hiss in pain. He licked the bite half-apologetically, coming to his neck.

‘‘Mmmm, no hickeys. I have work tomorrow,’’ Takeda half-moaned.

‘‘You wear a collared shirt,’’ Ukai said slyly before sucking on his neck.

Takeda exhaled, his hands locking around Ukai’s neck. They kissed again, roughly, and Takeda ground his hips against Ukai’s erection, making him growl. Ukai kissed his shoulder and down his chest, both hands coming to cup his ass. Takeda sighed into his hair.
“Shin…” Takeda whined against his hair, “let me…”

Ukai chuckled, “god, you don’t look it but you’re such a slut.”

Takeda gasped like a nun who heard a child swear in church, “you did not just call me the s-word!” he said, appalled.

Ukai laughed, “don’t act so innocent,” Ukai cupped his face affectionately, “I like you like this. What’s the phrase? Uncontrollable desire…” Takeda kissed him softly, “you have it written all over your face.”

“If you don’t want me to, I won’t do it,” Takeda mumbled, looking away and flushing.

Ukai kissed him hotly, “are you kidding? Please do it.”

Takeda gave him a smile so sweet it squeezed Ukai’s chest, before slipping between his legs onto the car floor. He undid the zipper with his mouth, wiggling his eyebrows at Ukai.

“See what I mean?” Ukai laughed but the sound was cut off pretty quickly when he inhaled sharply. Takeda had released his erection and taken it into his mouth, cutting off any words that might have formed. Ukai growled, his hand tangling in Takeda’s hair as he went up and down.

“Fuck, Tetsu…”

A knock. Ukai nearly jumped. One of the employees of the supermarket, a boy no older than twenty, was knocking on his door.

“Tetsu, stop,” he hissed rolling the window down. To his pleasure/terror, Takeda continued.

“Hello, sir. You can’t be parked here. This is a staff parking.” The man said.

“Right,” Ukai’s voice was tight, “um…I’ll move-ah.”

“Move-ah?”

“Move. Yes.” Ukai was leaning out of the window to hide the view of Takeda as best as he could, “a-anything else?”

The man raised an eyebrow, “sir, are you okay?”

“Yeah, of course,” Ukai said, wishing the man would disappear, “I’ll move the car…in just a minute.”

The man frowned and then realisation dawned on his face. He turned beet-red, “o-oh! Right, sir. Great. Um, I’ll go back inside. Take as long as you need…” he ran off. Probably a virgin.

“Fuck’s sake, Tetsu,” Ukai whispered, half-laughing, half-moaning.

Takeda hummed against his dick and Ukai grabbed onto the open window, gritting his teeth. Five minutes later he came and a pleased Takeda appeared between his legs, folding his arms across his knees and leaning his head on them, looking up at Ukai, “should we go shopping now?”

|||*|||

As soon as they crossed the threshold of their apartment, Takeda pressed himself against Ukai. The blond dropped his bags and picked the teacher up. Takeda wound his legs around his waist, letting
the coach carry him easily to the kitchen, where he sat him on the counter.

"You’re so unsatisfied," he growled, grinning and kissing his neck.

Takeda laughed breathlessly, "I just like you a lot."

Ukai practically tore the jersey off him, running his hand down his chest and stomach.

"That tickles-ah!"

Ukai tucked his hand into the front of his jeans, rubbing his bulge through his underwear.

"What was that?" Ukai asked slyly, pulling the jeans off.

"Nothing at all," Takeda let him push him down flat onto the counter, "do we have…?"

"Shit, lube," Ukai glanced towards the bedroom and then at Takeda, eyes half closed, ready and waiting, "fuck it, I’m not going."

"We’re not having dry sex," Takeda protested.

Ukai glanced around and grinned. He reached out, grabbing the handle of the fridge and pulling out a can of whipped cream, "this or mayo?"

Takeda’s eyes widened, "that is disgusting."

"It’s practical," Ukai closed the fridge with his shoulders, shaking the can, "unless you want to run to the bedroom?"

Takeda sighed. Ukai knew he loved having sex in strange places as much as the bed. Takeda might look innocent but inside he was a raging alcoholic and sex maniac, "I'll take it." Ukai grinned, but decided to have some fun first. He squirted it over Takeda’s nipple, "what are you-"

"I like whipped cream," Ukai said, repeating the action on the second nipple, "it looks pretty," he glanced up at Takeda, flushed and breathing irregularly. He growled hungrily and kissed him passionately, "you look pretty."

"You taste like whipped cream," Takeda said, smiling, "hurry up. I can’t wait."

"Fine, fine," Ukai grinned at his eagerness and shook the can. He unzipped his pants and pulled out his erection and squirted the cream along the length of it, "it kind of looks like a sweet hot-dog," he said.

Takeda groaned into his hands, "please stop."

Ukai grinned wolfishly and smoothed his hand down his dick a few times to spread the cream evenly. He pulled off Takeda’s boxers and squirted the cream around his hole, licking it off teasingly. Takeda squirmed with anticipation. Finally he felt Ukai’s warm, whipped cream covered dick enter him and he sighed loudly. Ukai went in slowly but once he pulled out and slammed back in, there was no mercy. He went fast and hard, pushing Takeda into the counter. The contrast between his burning body and the cold marble beneath him was maddening.

Too soon ‘cream’ erupted from Takeda’s dick and stained his stomach. A minute later it filled him up. He groaned when Ukai was going to pull out, breathing hard.

"Again," he whined, and Ukai obliged.
Half and hour later he was trying to clean his sticky dick with a kitchen towel and failing miserably. Takeda sat on the counter, butt-naked. Ukai looked up and grinned affectionately, ‘‘we’re going to have to clean the counter.’’ In response Takeda flicked his tongue against the can’s head, licking off excess cream before squirting some in his mouth, ‘‘fuck, stop it,’’ Ukai groaned when he felt his dick respond. He kissed the top of Takeda’s head, ‘‘I’m going to take a shower.’’

Takeda sat on the counter, hearing Ukai turn the water on. He looked at his clothes dejectedly, rumpled on the floor. The perspective of a naked Ukai in the bathroom was much more appealing so Takeda hopped off the counter and wandered into the corridor. He experimentally pressed the handle. The doors opened, revealing a steamed up cabin and the outline of Ukai inside. With a sly grin he slipped inside the cabin.

Ukai turned around and sighed affectionately at the sight of his sticky boyfriend, ‘‘you’re like a power bottom. You’re never satisfied.’’

Takeda pulled his arms around Ukai, ‘‘that’s because I love you.’’

Ukai hummed happily, pouring water over Takeda’s hair, ‘‘I love you too.’’

The steam came up around them. It warmed Takeda and made him sleepy. He wanted to wake up.

‘‘Can I fuck you?’’ Ukai murmured.

Takeda nodded eagerly. Ukai put the shower back in its holder, letting it rain warm water on them, and picked Takeda up again. He buried himself in straight away, making Takeda moan, and pressed him against the wall.

‘‘Faster, Shin,’’ he whispered in his ear, wrapping his arms around his neck and burying his face in his shoulder. Ukai did as he was asked, going so fast Takeda was practically screaming by the end.

‘‘Shin…ah, sh…’’

Ukai came inside. They made more mess. Spent, Takeda would have slid down the wall but Ukai gently lowered him and washed him – his hair first, then his body, then himself. He patted him dry and dressed him in a clean t-shirt and jeans. He picked him up, bridal style, and lay him on the bed, turning on the TV.

‘‘I’ll get you some food,’’ he kissed the top of his head.

Takeda grinned at him, ‘‘I love you.’’

‘‘I love you too,’’ Ukai kissed him properly on the lips and disappeared into the sinful kitchen.

It was night and their third round.

Ukai finished and grinned at Takeda, wondering if his boyfriend would ask for more.

‘‘One more,’’ yup! Takeda’s voice was soft, ‘‘go slow this time.’’

Ukai smiled. Takeda liked to have gentle sex before they went to sleep. Somehow it calmed him and Ukai loved it, because Takeda always told him he loved him. No matter how many time she heard it, it always made his heart skip a beat.

‘‘Okay,’’ Ukai kissed him softly, pulling him close and stroking his thigh lovingly, pressing sweet
kisses over the bite marks and love bites scattered around his neck and upper chest. He pulled himself into Takeda’s abused hole, his dick already slick from their previous activities. He went in slow and came out slow, repeating the actions until Takeda pushed himself into the bed, his hand curling in his pillow. He gasped softly when Ukai hit his spot. The blond nuzzled his face into his neck, his lips gently nipping at the skin.

Takeda found his hand in the dark and laced their hands together, but remained silent. It looked like Ukai would have to help him a little. He cupped his face and attacked it with sweet kisses, ‘‘I love you, Tetsu.’’

Takeda pulled him closer, ‘‘I love you, too. I love you so much. Shin, I love you.’’ He was whispering heatedly. Ukai had to force himself to continue going slow, his mouth kissing Takeda’s hair, forehead and hands.

When they were done, Takeda finally looked done. Ukai gathered him in his arms, already looking forward to the next Sunday. Takeda nuzzled his head into his shoulder, placing his hand on Ukai’s stomach.

‘‘Satisfied?’’

‘‘Satisfied.’’
Jesus and Rock ‘n’ Roll Couldn't Save My Immortal Soul

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Bokuto (top) x Akaashi (bottom)
Prompt by: Ice_Flow
Prompt: Demon!Bokuto x Human!Akaashi

It started out as a normal Saturday morning, with Akaashi trying to summon the devil.

Okay, that’s laying it a bit thick. He was just trying to summon a minor demon. The reason? He was lonely. He had tried everything, but it never worked. After his parents died when he was four, he locked all his emotions away, and no relative wanted this ‘child that doesn’t act like a child’ so he went to an orphanage, where he was youngest, so no one wanted to play with him. People in primary thought he wouldn’t play with them because he rarely showed emotions and was ‘scary’. These kids carried this belief to high school where they spread this news around and he soon became the weird kid; the last one picked for the team in PE; the one without a partner during chemistry…

Uni wasn’t much better. He got in on a scholarship so he had no time to go to parties. He just studied, studied, studied… soon he got the title of ‘nerd’ and not even his roomie wanted to hang out with him. In the second year he moved in with his friend and Akaashi was all by himself. He graduated alone – no friends to take pictures with and no parents to be proud of him. Of course he didn’t let that bring him down.

He went to live in one of cool apartments in New York, working as an interior designer for a good company. That is, until that Saturday morning.

The week preceding it had been the worst in Akaashi’s life. He had made three kind-of friends in the company and he decided he trusted them enough to come out to them. Bad move. Word got to the boss and he soon got fired. For ‘poor effort’ they said, but Akaashi knew it was homophobia. He had loved his job and he had put every effort he could – it was either that or his best effort just wasn’t enough.

That was on Monday. On Tuesday he got rejected from all jobs he applied for because he ‘didn’t have the communication skills’…just because he was quiet. On Wednesday he went to a bar. No one spoke to him – not even the barman. Akaashi was really beginning to hate the fact that he was so quiet. That night he registered for a friend site but all he got were creeps. On Thursday he contemplated suicide. On Friday he stood on top of Brooklyn Bridge and looked down, ready to jump. A few stupid teenagers took out their phones and urged him on, talking about how they would go ‘viral’. Akaashi returned home and burst into tears – he did that a lot, when no one was looking.

On Saturday morning Akaashi woke up and made himself coffee. He drank it. He was in his super-large work shirt. They didn’t have his size when he was buying it and now he decided to sleep in it and his boxers only. He was filing through the bookshelf, looking for something to read. The previous tenants had left behind a lot of stuff, including a lot of books. Akaashi hadn’t had time to read before, but now he decided it was time. He read the backs of the books but most were in different languages – greek? He pulled out one at random. There was a picture of a fluffy pokemon-like animal on the front.
Akaashi quickly put his cup down and opened the pages, wondering if maybe he should get a cat, and nearly dropped the book. It was written in English (or translated into) and completed with pictures. It was a demon summoning book. The previous tenants had been freaking Satanists. He flipped pages hurriedly. There were pentagrams and incantations as well as pictures of what summoned who. There were some pretty scary things – a large wolf-like being with bat wings; a woman with glowing eyes; a pit of darkness…

And then, on one page, there was a creature. It was fluffy and small with big eyes and Akaashi knew straight away that no creature could substitute for it. He quickly read the description – friendly, playful, affectionate…the pentagram looked pretty simple and the incantation was short. Maybe… Akaashi shrugged. There was practically no chance the book was real – I mean, who translated demon summoning rituals into English? But he dug out a sharpie anyway and rolled back the carpet in his room. Referring to the book, he sketched the pentagram. It was a good one – he wasn’t a designer for nothing.

Akaashi cleared his throat awkwardly in the silent room. The traffic outside honked. He spoke, chanting the words as best as he could, frowning and stuttering. When he was done he studied the words, trying to figure out how to say them again, better, when…

“A virgin!” The book fell from Akaashi’s hands as he gasped and stepped back. A man was standing in the middle of the pentagram, but he was definitely not human. His hair was black and white and spiky, like his eyebrows. His eyes were golden. He wore only lose white pants tied in place with a red cord. He looked delighted, “a virgin interrupted my training!”

Akaashi stared at him and then down at the book, “you…you were meant to be…”

“Fluffy and cute,” the man spread his arms, “am I not?” Akaashi didn’t reply and the demon laughed, “that’s my pet, Boku. Smart, eh? Get him to lure cute virgins like yourself into summoning me,” he grinned, “so I can devour their souls.”

Akaashi’s eyes widened and he stepped back, “you can’t get out of the circle…”

The man looked unaffected, glancing at the sharpie pentagram around his bare feet, “I wouldn’t be able to…” Akaashi stared in terror as he easily stepped over the line, “but you forgot the candles.”

And then he was in front of Akaashi, grinning.

Terrified out of his mind, Akaashi slid to the floor, staring in fear at the pentagram. What had he done…his life was shit, but he didn’t want to die…not ripped to shreds…his soul swallowed by some demon. Not knowing what to do, he hid his face in his hands, like a child. If I can’t see it, it can’t see me…

“Hey…”

Akaashi whimpered. He didn’t want to die. Warm hands closed around his wrists and pulled his hands from his face. He kept his eyes scrunched shut.

“Please…” he whispered, “please don’t…”

A soft chuckle. He must seem pathetic to this powerful demon…

Lips pressed to his forehead. His eyes opened. The demon was kissing his forehead. Akaashi remembered to breathe. He smelled good – like warmth and home, somehow.

“You’re a bit broken,” the demon whispered in his ear, “but I can fix you.”
Akaashi realised he was still holding his hands and quickly pulled them from his.

The demon pulled away, the moment broken. He chuckled again, “how typical of you humans. First you summon me, and then you’re scared. Am I really that terrifying?” the man raised an eyebrow and Akaashi realised that no, he wasn’t. He slowly relaxed. The man extended his hand to him, “my name is Bokuto. And who are you?”

Akaashi looked at his hand. It looked normal. It was probably warm, “Akaashi,” he whispered, slipping his hand into Bokuto’s.

Suddenly Bokuto gripped his hand and spoke very quickly, “youarenowboundtomeandwillfollowmehomeinomatterwhatitakesswearontheriverofstyx”

Akaashi ripped his hand away, “what the-”

Bokuto grinned, “come on, then.”

Akaashi stared at his hand. A mark was scorched into the back of it – incarnate. It seemed to change in front of his eyes, “what did you do!”

Bokuto stepped back into the circle, “I’ll explain later. For now you need to get through the Inferno. Don’t worry, I’ll be with you the whole time,” he grinned and extended his hand, “come on then, Akaashi.”

Tears gathered in Akaashi’s eyes. This was unfair. This was…

Bokuto grew impatient and whispered something. The circle lit up, ready to transport him back wherever he came from. Akaashi watched in disbelief as silver handcuffs appeared around his wrists and an invisible force pushed him into the circle with Bokuto. The demon put an arm around him, “say goodbye to your apartment,” and with a flash they were gone.

**Circle One**

*Dreams are excursions into the limbo of things, a semi-deliverance from the human prison*

Akaashi landed hard on the floor. It was white, with mist curling around him so the floor disappeared into nothing. The walls stretched high, the ceiling disappearing in the same mist. In front of him… more mist. He stood shakily. Bokuto was there, disturbing the perfect whiteness of that place.

“Where are we?” Akaashi felt like he was standing on glass.

“Circle one – limbo,” Bokuto spread his hands, “the big nothing. This is where non Christians and un-baptised pagans come after they die.”

Akaashi looked around but all he saw was mist, “so where are they?”

Bokuto shrugged, “they cease to exist.”

Akaashi’s stomach dropped and he looked at Bokuto with fear and disbelief, “why did you bring me here?” he whispered, voice breaking.

“Hey, now. This is the only way in. Think of it as a metal detector at the school gates – right now they’re checking your head. You have metal earrings – beep. But you don’t,” he extended his hand, “so all you have to do is take my hand willingly and I will guide you through the rest.”

Akaashi shook his head, “this is crazy.”
“How do you think I feel? I have to go past this every time I wanna leave,” Bokuto’s hand remained hanging between them.

“I’m in hell,” Akaashi whispered to himself.

“Yes, you are,” Bokuto said, matter-of-factly, “and you have approximately twenty seconds to take my hand before you dissolve because if I’m guessing correctly you are not baptised.” Akaashi looked around, feeling a hysterical panic attack coming on. Bokuto’s voice turned soothing, “hey, just take my hand. Akaashi. Just take it. I’ll take you through the rest real quick, you’ll see. There’s nothing to be afraid of. Please, Akaashi.”

Akaashi sniffed, blinking the tears away, and slapped his hand into Bokuto’s. The white missed dissolved.

Circle Two

*Love is the rose, lust is the thorn*

This time there was no landing. The world simply went black, as if Akaashi closed his eyes, and then dissolved into colour. Bokuto was still holding his hand. They were in a small room designed to look like a Turkish harem – the floor was piled high with colourful pillows and duvets. A large bed stood in the corner with comfortable looking furs thrown over it. On a low table stood a jug of wine, two cups and a bowl of grapes. Up by the grand chandelier smoke floated, making the room look hazy and sleepy. But Akaashi wasn’t sleepy.

Suddenly his skin was alive, burning. His vision clouded. The pit of his stomach was alight with desire, every inch of his body reacting suddenly to Bokuto. The feel of his hand against Akaashi’s was enough to drive the human mad.

“Akaashi…” Bokuto said warningly but Akaashi didn’t listen. He grabbed Bokuto’s wrist and pushed him back onto the bed. He wanted him. Akaashi pulled himself on top, kissing down his neck, wanting to leave a mark, “Akaashi…” Bokuto’s voice was soft, “it’s the circle. It’s affecting you. If you don’t fight it, you’ll be stuck here forever.” Akaashi ignored him, his hands clenched on his chest. Bokuto pushed him backwards and looked into his eyes, “Akaashi.”

To his surprise, Akaashi was crying again, “I want this. I’m lonely. I want to do this. Please.”

Bokuto sighed and pushed a stray lock of hair from his forehead. Akaashi ground his hips against Bokuto’s front, “look, after we get home I’m more than happy to. Really. But right now you need to get off me.”

For a second Bokuto thought Akaashi would listen to him but then the boy lunged, pressing their lips together in a bruising kiss. Bokuto grabbed his shoulders and shoved him back harshly, “Akaashi, listen to me!”

Akaashi seemed to snap out of it. He slid off Bokuto’s lap, his arms coming around him. A tear dripped from his jaw, “I’m sorry. I know I’m weird. That’s why no one…That’s why…”

Bokuto gritted his teeth, grabbed his wrist and pulled him close. He buried his face in Akaashi’s shoulder and pulled his arms around him tightly, and then the circle faded into nothing.

Circle Three

*Gluttony and idleness are two of life’s great joys, but they are not honourable*
Akaashi was sitting at the head of the table across from Bokuto. The chair was uncomfortable. He tried to stand, but below the waist he could not move. Out of nowhere, the table filled itself with food. Everything from roast meats to sauces to potatoes in every shape of form; platters of ham, cheese and fruits, milkshakes and huge American burgers and pierogi; pastries and cakes and tarts…

Akaashi took one look at the table and he felt sick.

“Don’t eat anything,” Bokuto warned, “if you do, you will have to stay in this circle forever. I know it’s hard, but-”

“Don’t worry,” Akaashi feared he was turning green, “I won’t try anything.”

Bokuto stared at him for a second in amazement and then his face twisted in anger, “what the hell, Akaashi! You’re not eating properly, are you? That’s why you’re not hungry. You should have balanced meals-”

But already the circle was dissolving.

**Circle Four**

*Greed in the end fails even the greedy*

Akaashi had a hard landing again, this time in a pile of coins.

He gasped, ‘oh my god, Bokuto!’ he picked a handful up. Just that single handful was more than he would make in a year. Bokuto stood in front of him, not sparing a look at the money, ‘look, Bokuto!’ Akaashi was overcome with more joy than he had felt in months, ‘with this I could go places! I could buy things! Maybe I could get a girlfriend, even if she was only with me for this…or I could get a teacher to show me how to behave in public so people would like me.’

He glanced to his side. A large booth labelled ‘BANK’ stood there, in the middle of the treasury.

“If you put even one coin in that bank, you fail,” Bokuto said, crouching down, “drop the money, Akaashi.”

Akaashi snarled, holding the coins to his chest, “it’s mine!”

“Hey, hey, hey,” Bokuto said, “put that down. Come on. I didn’t make a pact with the laws of nature to have you just to leave you with those stupid gold diggers.”

Akaashi glanced around. Where before there had only been gold now stood jelly-like shadowy things, clad from head to toe in jewels.

“If you drop the money, we can get out of here,” Bokuto said firmly, “come on. This is only circle four. You’re stronger than this.”

Akaashi released the money and the circle shifted.

**Circle Five**

*Anger builds nothing but can destroy everything*

Even before the circle finished shifting, Akaashi was angry.

The fact that the next circle was simply a red room fuelled his anger more. Why was it red!?
Bokuto appeared next to him. Stupid Bokuto.

“'You,’” Akaashi yelled, ‘'why the hell did you bring me here? Cuz you felt like it!? How selfish are you? I have a life to live and now I can’t go back!’’ he began walking towards Bokuto.

“'Careful now,’” Bokuto said calmly.

“'Shut the fuck up!’” Akaashi yelled and hit a glass wall. He fell backwards, clutching his forehead.

“I did say-’’

“'Yeah, you said a bunch of things, and now I’m here!’’ Akaashi yelled at him, ‘'just shut the hell up and get me back home. Get me back!’’

Bokuto sighed and pressed his hand to the glass, ‘'you’re going to have to forgive me.’’

“'Like hell!’’

“Akaashi, if you don’t forgive me, you’ll be stranded here until you yell yourself hoarse. Until your throat is ripped to shreds. I could leave, but I won’t,’’ he sighed, ‘'yeah, okay, sometimes I’m impulsive. This was one of these times, but now I’m supposed to take care of you. So please just say you forgive me and let’s move on.’’

“'Fuck yourself!’”

Bokuto gave a small smile, ‘'I’d rather fuck you.’’

Akaashi slammed his hand against the invisible glass, pushing himself as close to Bokuto as he could, trying to intimidate him…Bokuto. He was looking at him gently, his hand still pressed against the glass.

“'Forgive me.’”

Akaashi gritted his teeth, so angry that he felt like he might cry again.

“'Akaashi.’’

He sniffed and slowly put his fist against Bokuto’s hand, uncurling his fingers and pressing it in line with his hand, ‘'I forgive you,’’ he whispered and the ground under his feet moved.

**Circle Six**

*The Heresy of one age becomes the orthodoxy of the next*

The glass disappeared and Akaashi felt Bokuto’s palm against his hand. The demon linked their fingers together, letting their hands fall in between them. Akaashi remained silent.

They were in a building that was partly a church, partly a Buddhist temple, partly a Mosque, partly a synagogue…

“'Circle six: heresy,’’ Bokuto explained.

“'I’m an atheist.’’

The circle shifted.
Circle Seven

*Suicide is a man’s way of telling God; you can’t fire me – I quit.*

“Circle seven – violence,” Bokuto said, “especially for you, the second layer: suicide.”

Akaashi started shaking. They were on a bridge, the unforgiving waters rushing on one side – on the other; rocks. You fall, you die. Behind them were jagged cliffs with gnarled trees reaching towards the grey sky, ropes hanging from them. The loops were already tied. In front of them, at the end of the bridge, was a pharmacy.

“Walk,” Bokuto said calmly, pulling Akaashi forward. Akaashi clung to his arm as they walked into the pharmacy. No one was around. One half of it was taken up by pills – the prescription ones. The ones you could overdose on. A bottle of sleeping pills fell from a shelf and rolled on the floor, hitting Akaashi’s foot. On the other half, there were weapons. The big ones – guns to shoot yourself in the head, knives to stab your heart… below were shaving razors for the wrists and lighters for the skin. And even lower – the little metal bits from sharpeners, pried from their confines by desperate teenagers, their fingers bloody. Bottles of bleach. A train ticket.

An ashy hand picked up the lighter. Akaashi looked up. A dead man stood in front of him with a melancholy smile. He held an unlit cigarette in Akaashi’s direction, “you smoke?”

Akaashi ripped away from Bokuto. He ran towards the back doors, throwing them open, needing air…

He fell right into a graveyard. It stretched for miles. Tombstones upon tombstones, and next to them…people. Dead people, each sitting on or next to their tombstones. Old ladies who didn’t want to rot away slowly. Adults who found that life is no fairytale. Teenage boys who were just not good enough. Kids as young as eleven, bullied till they couldn’t take it. And Akaashi could have been one of them.

He screamed and fell to his knees. He didn’t want to die…he didn’t want to die… A warm hand pressed against his back, ruffled his hair. He looked up. Bokuto was there.

“I don’t want to die;” Akaashi whispered and flung himself into Bokuto’s arms.

Finally, the circle disappeared.

Circle Eight

*Rather fail with honour than succeed by fraud*

Akaashi landed on a chair, sobbing. That experience had nearly broken him. He wanted out. He wanted…

“Bokuto,” he grabbed Bokuto’s hand. The demon was sitting in the chair opposite him, “Bokuto, you’re so good to me. So handsome. So intelligent. Why don’t you take me back. You can come visit whenever you like…”

Bokuto swept down and sealed his lips with a kiss, “you’re saying lies. Say something real.”

Akaashi sniffed, “I’m scared.”

The chairs dissolved.
Circle Nine

Old age and treachery will always beat youth and exuberance.

When Akaashi materialised in the room, he was on a sofa, opposite a man. He didn’t know the man. The mark on the back of his hand burned. The man smiled pleasantly. Bokuto wasn’t there.

“Hey,” he said, “you want to go back, don’t you? Back to your life. You had a beautiful life, didn’t you? A life worth living. I can help you get back,” he was speaking quickly, “in ten seconds he will be here. I need you to tell him ‘let me go’. Then you can go home. Okay, ready? Here he comes.”

Akaashi was still taking in the man’s words when Bokuto materialised next to him. He scowled at the man.

“Well?” the man said expectantly.

Akaashi turned to Bokuto, “let’s go home.”

The man howled and the scene dissolved.

Akaashi fell to his knees in Bokuto’s home. He knew it was his home because it smelt like him and it felt right. Safe. He sniffed and Bokuto picked him up, laying him on a comfortable bed. He hovered over him, brushing his hair out of his face. He kissed his forehead, his nose.

“You did good,” Bokuto whispered, brushing his tears away. He kissed his lips softly. Again. And again. He kissed the corner of his mouth, his cheek, just below his ear. His jaw, his neck, his collarbone, his throat. He found his hand and brought it to his lips, kissing each finger in turn and then the tattoo. He repeated the action with the other hand until Akaashi stopped crying. He sniffed one last time and looked at Bokuto with puffy, red eyes.

Bokuto smiled, “no more crying.”

Akaashi nodded, “no more crying.”

Bokuto grinned, “and now, my little virgin… let’s make a sinner out of you.”

Many eternities later

“Come to beeeeed…” Bokuto whined, reaching a hand out to Akaashi.

Akaashi was leaning against the doorframe, a mug of tea in his hand. He was staring at Bokuto, who was undressed and ready, on the bed intensely.

“Please,” Bokuto did his best puppy-eyes, “don’t be mean, Akaashi!”

Akaashi raised an eyebrow.

“I preferred when you were a cry baby that I had to take care of,” Bokuto complained, rolling over, “hey, I know! I’ll just start bawling. Then you’ll do what I want.”

This, finally, made Akaashi smile. He came to the bed and touched Bokuto’s cheek with his knuckles, “hey, remember what we said,” he whispered, “no more crying.”
Sleeping In and Sleeping For the Wrong Team

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Hinata (top) x Kenma (bottom)
Prompt by: Snow
Prompt: Sleeping beauty AU!

“Kenma,” Kuroo walked into his son’s room, looking at his watch, “your teacher won’t be able to make it today, so you have a long weekend. Just take care of yourself and don’t leave the house,” Kenma looked up at his father, opening his mouth to complain, but he was already swearing, muttering that he was late for work and hurrying out of their apartment. Kenma sighed. He was sitting on the floor in his living room, watching TV. He was gazing out of the window at the city spread outside, bustling with life. It was morning and Kenma was free.

Normally any rich, sheltered kid would jump at the possibility of doing something crazy – something they’d make a movie about. Running off to Las Vegas or throwing a wild house party, perhaps. But Kenma had none of these ideas. He simply turned back to the TV. Nothing interesting was on. He twisted his hair around his finger. His roots were showing – he’d have to re-dye it soon. Kuroo usually insisted that he go to a professional salon but Kenma liked doing it himself – messily, clumsily. It made him feel like a normal kid.

Being the son of one of the richest CEOs in the world wasn’t as fun as it sounded. Kenma had practically a whole floor of one of the sky scrapers in New York to himself, but he could not throw parties. He had a massive allowance but between his tutoring, which begun at 7am and ended at 5pm, he had no time to go out. Because of his home-schooling he didn’t have friends, so there was no one to go out with anyway. And Kenma had to be perfect – no girls in his bedroom, no going out after 7pm, no fast food, no electronics… the list was endless. Kuroo had been a ‘fun’ dad once upon a time, before his wife died. Now Kenma’s life felt more like a rehearsed play than anything else.

He picked at the expensive carpet, ripping a soft strand out and rubbing it between his fingers till it turned to fluff. He sighed. His breath blew it off is fingers and towards the TV. Kenma switched it off and stood up. His resolve was strong – even without friends he could enjoy the city, which he was a stranger to even if he lived there his whole life.

He waited a while to make sure his father was well clear of the apartment. The last thing he needed was getting a lecture in the middle of a New York street. Kenma pulled on a hoodie and tucked his hair into it. He grabbed a hundred bucks, not really knowing what he was going to do with it, and tied his shoes. He went outside. He stepped into the lift, his heart hammering in his chest. He hopes his face was as straight as usually – if the receptionist of the apartment thought something was up, she’d call Kuroo imiediatly.

Thankfully she noticed nothing, talking on the phone and scribbling something down at the same time. Kenma stepped into the rotating doors and a second later he was blasted with chilly air that smelt like freedom. Okay, freedom didn’t have a smell. The air smelt of petrol and smoke and breakfast.

Hunching his shoulders as if he could guard off the chill, Kenma set off in front of him, walking towards the most obscure part of town he knew – the past where his father said he shouldn’t go,
because he’d get robbed and stabbed. Well in the bright light of day it seemed unlikely that someone would want to stab a skinny kid like Kenma, so he walked on. He managed to slink through the dark alleys between buildings without trouble and entered the little street full of vendors and street food.

Kenma had grown to be a picky eater, so he didn’t spare the Chinese and Indian delicacies even a glance. A dark skinned woman called to him from her divan, which housed golden jewerly and dream catchers. Another man encouraged him to try his crepes. Kenma walked on with his head down, until he reached the last stall. The man behind it wasn’t calling to him. He was in a large jacket and a hat that hid a large part of his face in shadow. On his table were a dozen gaming consoles, and that’s it.

“What are these?” Kenma asked, intrigued by the colourful designs.

“They’re games.”

“Games?” Kenma frowned, “do they run electrically?”

The man shook his head, “batteries,” he gestured with a gloved hand, “take your pick. I will throw in the batteries for free.”

Kenma, who had never been taught about dodgy vendors, took in all the colours, “I don’t know which one to pick.”

The man drew his large hand over the table, his fingers hovering over a red one. He picked it up, produced a large batter from his pocket and tucked it in, extending it to Kenma, “it will change your life. Trust me. Twenty bucks.”

Kenma took it eagerly. It was smooth in his hands. He ached to begin punching the buttons, but he decided to return home first. He passed the man the hundred bucks, “keep the change,” he said and ran off, back the way he came from, clutching the console protectively to his chest. Finally something other than magazines and books.

He got back to the richer district and shot past the receptionist, who looked after him, confused. The trip in the elevator was short but Kenma couldn’t stay still. Once it pinged and released him onto his floor he ran like a tornado to his room, closed the doors, jumped onto the bed and turned the game on.

Happy music blasted, high pitched and modified. Kenma looked at the console in awe as it lit up with a game of pixelated blocks and colourful characters. He pressed play and the game swallowed him whole.

||*||

Hinata was sleeping when it came through.

The high-school programmer had worked half of the night on his coding assessment and this morning he had to re-programme someone's computer. It had been slow, miserable two-hour work and now, exhausted, his cup of untouched coffee next to him, he was asleep on the keyboard. He had just begun snoring when his computer pinged loudly. Hinata jolted awake, nearly falling off his chair. It was dark already – the glow of the screen illuminatated his face, hurting his eyes. Behind him his room was a mess of black shadows and objects on the floor – it’d be a real obstacle course to get to the bathroom.

Hinata squinted against the invasive light and looked at the message flashing across his screen.
Hinata frowned. Why was someone sending him a call for help through his computer? Was this a prank? Possibly, but Hinata was intrigued. He checked the time. 6 pm. They should still be up. He punched a few buttons and a Skype call came up. For a minute it filled his room with a dull beeping and then, one by one, the three blank screens lit up, revealing his friends.

Tsukki, as always, was in front of his computer, the light reflecting in his glasses. He held a mug of steaming coffee in one hand, his headphones around his head. He looked grumpy, as always, perhaps because it was seven am over there and he wasn’t sleeping. He was probably still working on a project – while Hinata was a high-school programmer in New York, Tsukki was a full blown college hacker in Tokyo, Japan.

Bokuto was lying on his stomach under his covers, looking sleepy. It was around 11 pm in England. Hinata noted that he was shirtless. Outside the steady patter of the omnipresent London rain filled the silence. While Tsukki and Hinata had set jobs, Bokuto was a free lancer – he’d take any job about anything electronics related.

Lev was the last one to come in. He had his toothbrush stuck between his teeth, his PJs on. It was two am in Moscow but he was only just going to sleep. Lev didn’t have anything to do with programming – he hijacked cameras for money and took photos for Russian informators and intelligence. His fingers flew over the keyboard and a second later Hinata’s Skype lit up with a message.

"Sound on, dumbass"

Hinata quickly pressed a key, embarrassed. He pressed his earphones harder into his ears.

"What’s up?" Bokuto’s voice was sleepy. Once upon a time he and Hinata had both gone to middle school in California. It seemed like a life time ago – before Bokuto moved to the wonderful land of tea and public transport. Now his English was tinted with the accent of East London’s streets, "what are you waking me up for?"

"I got a message," Hinata quickly hyperlinked the message to the call and he waited as his overseas friends clicked the link.

"I got like ten," Tsukki murmured as he scrolled to find the link. He had been born in England and moved to Japan when he was twelve, making both his languages impeccable, "everyone wants me to hack – school kids who need stuff taken off their records, gangsters who need camera memory erased...by the way, Lev, I’ll have a job for you..." his glasses lit up with red as the alert popped up. He frowned.

Bokuto looked more awake, "the fuck?"

"What’s this?" Lev asked, voice distorted by the toothbrush in his mouth. He had only learned English in school and college and been to England a few times, leaving his words a little broken and heavily accented.

"I got it a few minutes ago," Hinata explained, "it’s a call for help."

"We know what it is," Tsukki snapped, "do you know where it’s coming from?"

Hinata shook his head, "but this is the first time I’ve gotten an SOS call on the computer. Tsukki, can you track the signal down?"
Tsukki sighed, but put his cup down and begun typing faster than the camera could follow.

“‘I’m going to need Kuroo to break into the systems for me, and Lev, you’re going to have to erase the cameras after I’m gone, if this needs breaking into,’” Hinata took a sip of his coffee and cringed. Cold.

Lev disappeared from view and came back without the toothbrush, “‘why do you help, Hinata? This could be trick.’”

“A trick, Lev,” Tsukki corrected him automatically. He was zoned out, engrossed in his task.

The Russian ignored him, “‘this could be just kids, messing. And you could be arrest.’”

Hinata grinned, “‘I’ve always wanted to be a detective. This is more fun than spending another six hours rewiring people’s computers.’”

“Or you could just go to school,” Bokuto said but he was awake now, grinning, “‘I reckon this could involve murder. A bloody Sherlock Holmes case, innit?’”

“Got it,” Tsukki clicked a few more buttons and a few files appeared on the chat, “‘one of the apartment buildings in the district area, a thirty minute ride from your place, Hinata. 15th floor.’”

Hinata looked at the pictures of the building, amazed. Maybe breaking into something so high-tech was a bad idea after all. It was probably some rich kid messing around and they were only a rag tag bunch of nerds. He glanced at his friends – too late. Bokuto and Lev looked pumped, and Tsukki looked smug.

“You’re going to rescue some posh kid, Hinata? It’d be banging if they paid as a thank you,” Bokuto was grinning, pulling a t-shirt on, sitting up…

“Plan?” Lev inquired.

Hinata took a deep breath. No backing down now, “‘okay, we’ll communicate through the wireless Bluetooth buds. Bokuto, you’ll have to disable the front doors for me, since I have no card. Then I’ll need the code for the lift, since this is one of those places where people own whole floors. Lev, you’re gonna follow my progress through the cameras. Once I’m done, you’ll erase them. Pretty simple.’”

Tsukki pulled a blanket around his shoulders, “‘you have no idea what to expect. Could be a domestically abused woman. Could be a bored kid. Could be a psychopathic murderer waiting for another victim, or the cops luring in hackers.’”

Hinata shook his head, determined, “‘the SOS had been sent straight to me. This must be something important.’”

“Mate, you might not even get past the front doors,” Bokuto said.

“Be careful,” Lev said, already tapping away, “’Tsukki, send address.’”

Hinata dug his wireless Bluetooth earpiece from his cupboard. He lived in a dinghy little apartment, spending all his job money on rent, cheap food and more gear. He was probably the best equipped eighteen year old in New York. He stood from his chair, turning on the light and digging out some decent looking clothes as the others bickered. After a few minutes Hinata found a white shirt and a black jumper. He tugged them on, wishing that for once his hair wasn’t as bright as it was. It’d be easier to find him if something went wrong, but if he put on a hat he’d look suspicious. He was
beginning to doubt this mission again, but he wasn’t one to back down.

Not knowing what to expect, Hinata had packed a whole bag of electronics – cables, phones, an iPad, even his old Nintendo… They were all smartly hid away in a messenger bag.

“I’m lost,” Hinata said into the air. He was out of the taxi, in the middle of a street that should have been dark but was illuminated by the impossibly tall apartment blocks. It looked like every light was on.

“No you’re not,” Bokuto’s voice came through the piece in his ear, “just keep walking down the pavement.”

“Sidewalk,” Hinata corrected him, nervous.

down the damn street and turn left.

“It’s a big one,” Lev supplied, “super tall and white.”

“What, like you?” Bokuto snorted at his own joke.

“Children,” Tsukki’s voice was condescending, “let him do his job.”

Hinata followed their instructions, clutching his bag, and turned the corner. He inhaled sharply. The building was huge, stretching into the night sky. Somewhere there was the person who needed saving.

“What? What?” Lev was saying. Hinata could hear tapping, “I can’t see you at the front doors.”

“It’s huge!” Hinata breathed.

“Bigger than Big Ben?” Bokuto asked.

“Bigger than Tokyo To-“ Tsukki stopped himself and kissed his teeth, “there will be time for sightseeing later. Get on with it.”

“Right,” Hinata took a deep breath and willed his face to relax into an easy smile. He approached the doors. Outside was a large intercom with a place to swipe your card if you lived inside and a button to press if you wanted to check in or speak to the receptionist. The latter was not an option.

“Ready when you are,” Bokuto’s voice was concentrated. Hinata decided to trust him and stepped forward. The doors swished round. Hinata quickly stepped into one of the chambers and walked briskly into the lobby. The receptionist was busy with about four people, all trying to talk to her at the same time. The brightly lit lobby made Hinata dizzy but he managed to locate the lift in the corner.

“Keep walking,” Tsukki ordered.

“I see you,” Lev said and Hinata glanced at the camera outside the lift. It turned towards him and he swallowed – it was eerie, even if he knew Lev was watching. Lev sometimes hacked into their laptop camera’s filming them when they were wanking, in their embarrassing underwear or in other socially awkward situations and then posting them on chat for the others to crack up about. It got to the point where Hinata had tape over his camera when he wasn’t on Skype.

Like the doors, the elevator opened without a problem. Hinata stepped inside, checking his watch.
Seven, “I need the code.” He looked at the complicated board of numbers on the keyboard. There was silence, “Bokuto?”

“Give me a second, Jesus.”

Someone caught sight of him, standing like a mug in the elevator. He tried to look confident. The person’s eyes slid over him, uninterested, but if he stayed there much longer, without the doors closing, someone would notice. Hinata willed Bokuto to hurry, before someone came. The security guard, who had been staring blankly into space when he came in, spotted him. His eyes lingered on him. He was suspicious.

“five-six-six-eight-zero,” Lev whispered and Hinata quickly punched the numbers in, smiling quickly at the guard, who relaxed.

“Lev, how did you know?”

“Bokuto was taking time, so I hack into cameras from yesterday and check the code for fifteenth floor.” Lev said, sounding proud of himself.

“Good job, Lev,” Hinata grinned as the lift swished upwards. Bokuto begun complaining but Hinata cut him off, “who was going to this floor? On the camera?”

“Man in thirties. Dark hair.”

Hinata didn’t know what he expected but the description was very…vague. Perhaps he had expected a group of illegal immigrants crowded into one elevator or the president. With a soft ping, the elevator opened onto the mysterious 15th floor. It was scarcely furnished and tastefully arranged, but it seemed cold. The only bit Hinata liked was the floor to ceiling windows overlooking the city in the night.

“What does it look like?” Bokuto asked excitedly.

“Why doesn’t he just take a fucking picture, eh?” Tsukki snapped.

“It’s posh,” Lev informed him and the cameras in the corridor all swerved to look at Hinata, “check rooms.”

Hinata obediently walked up to the first doors and opened them quietly. They gave way easily, silently. They revealed a kitchen, covered in dark. The lights in the corridor were automatic – they reacted to movement. Here, everything was dark and big and cold. With his heart in his throat, Hinata crept through the room to the open doorway that led into the livingroom. This room was definitely nicer, even if Hinata could only see a bit of it because of the dark. Cream couches were arranged in a semi-circle, facing the huge windows, a coffee table between them. The floor was covered in plush white carpet and Hinata suddenly worried that he’d streak mud all over the floors. Silently, he took his shoes off.

“No one here,” he murmured. Now that he was aware of them, the cameras were everywhere. Rich people really valued their security, unsurprising. He listened for voices. Nothing. Silence. No-, “I hear music. Or more like a melody from a game.” Hinata crossed the livingroom quickly and emerged into the corridor, walking up to the next doors. He pressed his wireless-free ear to them. The tingling music was coming from behind. Slowly, he eased the door open.

This room was also dark, but not empty. A boy, probably around his own age, lay on the bed, holding a game in front of him. It illuminated his cat-like eyes – but they did not move. It was as if he
was a statue...as if he was asleep. Not even his brown-blonde hair moved. No muscle. He held the
game in front of him, his thumb on the start button. It freaked Hinata out but he crept closer.

"Excuse me?"

No answer.

"Did you find someone?" Tsukki asked.

Hinata leaned over the boy’s shoulder and looked at the game and gasped. Impossible...the guy’s
avatar was in the game – it had the same hair, the same eyes, even the exact same clothes. But the
avatar wasn’t playing the game – he was banging on the screen, its tiny pixelated mouth screaming.
A speech bubble appeared above it: SOS. He was amongst floating blocks. A figure hidden behind a
broads hat sat on one of the blocks, gazing down on him.

"Is it murder?" Lev asked, his voice strangely high pitched.

"Worse," Hinata choked out, "it’s magic."

"It’s fucking what?"

"Hinata, turn the fucking light on!" Lev rarely got angry and it made Hinata snap into action. He
touched the walls, his hands sliding along until he found the light switch. The spacious room was
flooded with light and cameras angled themselves at the bed, "is that..." Hinata saw the camera
zoom in on the game in the guy’s hands, "in the game!?"

"What is going on?" Tsukki demanded.

"I-I think the guy’s stuck in the game."

"Come again?"

Hinata took a deep breath, trying to compose himself, "there’s a boy on the bed. He seems to be
asleep, but with his eyes open, and an avatar that looks exactly like him is sending a distress call from
the game, trying to get out."

A moment of silence.

"I’ve seen weirder stuff," Bokuto said, but his voice was a bit shaky, "Hinata, this is what we do –
dab with electronics. Just get yourself in there, get the guy out and dip out."

It made sense. That was what he had come for, afterall, "right," he tried to keep hold of his sudden
bravery, dropping the bag by the foot of the guy’s bed and digging out his Nintendo and a cable. He
dropped them on the bed, willing the boy to wake up. He shook his shoulders. Nothing. He waved a
hand in front of his eyes. He flicked his forehead, "wake up, sleeping beauty!"

"Hinata!"

"Alright, alright," his hands were clammy as he plugged one end of the cable into the game and
connected the two devices. His own Nintendo lit up with the game, the same music tinkling around
him, not in tune with the other guy’s. Slowly, Hinata lay down on his stomach next to the guy and
took his hand for courage.

"Don’t let me die in some pixelated world," Hinata said and pressed start.

The world seemed to fold in on itself, the walls of the room giving way to red blocks that quickly
closed around Hinata. They were not solids – the red stretched out. He was suddenly standing on a yellow block, floating slowly upwards. The boy who had been motionless next to him on the bed stood on the block two from his, staring at him in disbelief.

“Someone came…” he whispered.

The figure above them cackled. From under the hat Hinata could see twinkling eyes, brown hair and a young, handsome face.

“Look at that, Ken-chan,” the figure said in a sweet voice, “someone actually came for you.”

The boy’s mouth moved a few times but no words came out. The man jumped down and landed on the block between them, “and now the real fun begins,” he tilted his hat in their direction, “my name is Oikawa,” he took the hat off with a flourish and gestured to the boy, “this is Kenma. And you are?”

“Hinata,” he glared at the man, “what’s going on? How is he here?”

The man shrugged, smiling vaguely, “better not dwell on it, shortie. It might melt your brain,” he threw the hat in the air, “you have your hacks, and I have mine. Also I enjoy messing with people,” he extended his hand in front of him, “here’s my game – Hinata, if you get to Kenma before the time is up, you will both go back to the real world. If not, you will both be de-coded.”

Hinata didn’t even want to think about what that meant. He glanced at Kenma. He wasn’t that far away, so maybe-

The hat came back into Oikawa’s hand, except now it was a gun. He aimed, sticking his tongue out of his mouth like it was one big joke, and fired. A bullet shot through the red towards a START button Hinata hadn’t noticed. The bullet hit it, pressing it in, and with a loud, prison-like buzz a timer appeared behind him in huge, white writing – three minutes. With the timer, the blocks lurched. Hinata shot up, while Kenma stayed down. He watched in horror as Oikawa pushed Kenma offhandedly off his block.

With a scream cut short, Kenma managed to grab hold of his block and tried to haul himself back up. Every time he came close Oikawa would fire a hot beam at him, making him cry out and fall back again, clinging by his fingertips. Hinata had to think fast. He looked at the blocks, some moving slower than other, some speeding up suddenly – they were unreliable, but they were his only chance. With a deep breath, Hinata jumped and fell hard onto a block crawling slowly along. The impact knocked the breath out of him but he quickly got up.

Kenma was still impossibly far, but another block was coming his way. He jumped but by the time he landed, this block was practically in the same spot as the one before it. Two minutes. Kenma’s fingers were white – he wouldn’t hold on for another one hundred and twenty seconds. Hinata analysed the situation in three seconds flat. There was a block coming towards him – it was a short window of opportunity, and if he didn’t take it-

“Kenma, let go!” Hinata screamed. He expected Kenma to look at him like he was crazy or question him but he simply released the block, making the window. He fell hard. That block was going faster than Hinata’s, so they would have to meet eventually…

Suddenly Kenma screamed as the block shot up, past Hinata. Oikawa cackled loudly. Thirty seconds left. He looked up. Kenma was looking at him like no one ever had – with desperation, with pleading, with the knowledge that he could save them both. It made Hinata feel brave, and maybe a little reckless. He extended his hands.
“Jump!”

This time Kenma hesitated. Ten seconds. The countdown reverberated down Hinata’s spine mercilessly and Kenma scrunched his eyes shut, and jumped. At the same time Hinata’s block shot up and he was sure Kenma would fall to his death but a second later Hinata had him in his arms. The impact unbalanced him and they tilted over the sad. Two seconds. Oikawa looked mad with rage. When the last two seconds beat away, when Hinata felt like he and Kenma would be swallowed by the red, the pixels evaporated, leaving the room.

Hinata came around first, gasping. He dropped his Nintendo and disconnected the devices, “hello? Hello?”

“Fuck, are you alright?” that was Bokuto.

“I-yeah. Yeah. Thanks guys. Thank you,” he swallowed. Kenma groaned. He was coming around too, “delete the footage on the cameras, please. I’ll talk to you guys later.”

“You better explain everything at Intern-con,” Tsukki said.

“Good job!” Lev called, “doors will close in ten minutes.”

Hinata pulled the earpiece from his ear and tucked it into his pocket. He exhaled and sat back. The console fell out of Kenma’s hand and he pulled himself up, his fingers stiff, everything hurting. He looked at Hinata. His eyes widened with surprise and then softened with something else and out of nowhere Kenma flung himself into Hinata’s arms. Hinata hugged him tightly around his waist, holding Kenma tightly against him. Kenma wrapped his arms around Hinata’s neck and was whispering ‘thank you’ over and over again.

Was this what it felt like to be a hero?

Kenma held on tightly to Hinata, who was real and warm and solid, not a pixel, not a phantom father whom he saw for an hour each day. He inhaled. Hinata smelled like metal and cheap cologne and the night. It was a good smell. Kenma wanted to melt into it. He imagined if freedom had a smell, it smelled like this.

A click. The kitchen lights coming on. A voice, “Kenma?” his father was back.

Kenma shoved Hinata off him quickly, grabbing his bag and pulling it over his head, “go. You have to go.”

“Am I Cinderella now?”

Kenma pushed Hinata out into the corridor. They ran silently past the kitchen doors and Kenma shoved Hinata into the elevator. That’s when he noticed something, “your shoes…”

Hinata grinned, “bring them to me. 24 Browning Street.” The elevator doors closed.

Hinata returned home barefoot that day, his toes studded with blunt glass and black with dirt. But it was all worth it. Two days later Kenma appeared at his doors.

“Hi,” Hinata said, surprised to see this rich kid, hidden in the folds of his large hoodie, fidgeting at the doors to his apartment.
“Hi,” Kenma replies. Hinata’s shoes were in his hand – the laces tied together and dangling from Kenma’s hand, “I have your shoes.”

Hinata smiled and stepped back, “come in, sleeping beauty. Leave the shoes by the door. I’ve got some cheap tea and target biscuits, if you want.”

To his surprise, Kenma offered him a shy smile, “I’d like that.”

Hinata ushered him into his room, which he had thankfully kind-of cleaned. While he prepared the snacks, Kenma marvelled at his room. He watched his gear in awe, touched the car posters on his walls, sat on his small bed, patted his feet against Hinata’s bare floors…

Hinata came in and set the tray on the bed, since he had no table.

“So…” he begun but was cut off by Kenma’s lips smashing against his in a brief, rushed kiss. He flushed as Kenma pulled away, comforted by the fact that he was also red.

“I wanted my first kiss to be with my hero,” he said firmly and then his resolve wavered, “I’m sorry, was that weird? Did I sound stupid?”

Hinata grinned so hard he thought his face would split, “no. Not at all.”

Kenma looked at his hands, “I’m glad.”

Hinata, still grinning, leaned forward, ”hey, do you want to go to the intern-con with me?”

Kenma tilted his head, “what’s that?”

“It’s like this big convention for computer nerds,” Hinata laughed nervously, “my friends would probably like to meet you. I mean, they did help me to break into your house…”

Kenma nodded eagerly, “yeah, I’ll come.”

Hinata grinned and picked up his tea, “cool.”

For a moment he felt like he and Kenma could be teenagers they made movies about.
Bokuto was behind him – his Bokuto, the one he trusted the most in the whole world – and all Kuroo could think about was how scared he was. It was so out of character for him. The feeling of fear was mostly unknown to him and yet here he was, on their bed, his back pressed against Bokuto’s chest, and all he felt was fear. He was still in his school uniform but Bokuto was taking care of that, undoing one button at a time. Slow and sensual. Gentle. His hand slipped under the material, his fingers brushing against Kuroo’s collarbone, then lower.

“You’re so tense I feel like you’re going to snap in a second,” Bokuto whispered in his ear and Kuroo could hear the unreleased laughter in his voice. The hand under his shirt brushed lovingly against his skin in an attempt to comfort him, “relax, Kuroo. I told you I know what I’m doing.”

Kuroo swallowed. He knew Bokuto was pent up and it was unfair to deny this to him and yet he was scared – that it would hurt, that Bokuto wouldn’t like doing it with him, that Kuroo wouldn’t like doing it with Bokuto but would be too nervous to tell him, that it would be completely different, that Bokuto didn’t actually know what he was doing…

The hand disappeared and then Bokuto’s whole warmth left him. He glanced back quickly to see Bokuto grinning at him lazily, sprawled across the bed, “what? I’m not going to do anything when your whole body is as rigid as a super strict practice schedule.”

Kuroo dropped his eyes. He might have been a fearsome captain and a loud friend but with Bokuto he felt vulnerable, shy sometimes. It wasn’t exactly bad, “I’m sorry.”

Bokuto laughed. Kuroo liked the sound of it, especially since he knew Bokuto wasn’t laughing at him, “don’t be stupid. I can wait,” he flung one arm out, “do you wanna cuddle?” Kuroo smiled and quickly crawled next to Bokuto, letting his boyfriend fold his arm around him and putting his head on his shoulder. Bokuto stroked his back slowly, making Kuroo shiver, “I don’t want you to force yourself,” he whispered, serious. Bokuto was rarely serious.

“I’m not,” Kuroo lied, “just today I had a bad day and…”

“Shhh. It’s okay. You don’t need to explain,” Bokuto said, smiling at him. Kuroo smiled gratefully and put his head back on Bokuto’s shoulder; promising himself that he’d prepare himself mentally for sex and finally fucking do it.

Kuroo was putting the last plate onto the drier when he felt arms snake around his waist and a hot kiss was placed on his neck. He sighed in pleasure at the contact.
“Someone needs to relax, huh?” Bokuto whispered and Kuroo smiled, leaning into him. A second later he was the exact opposite of relaxed as Bokuto’s hand slipped under his t-shirt, stroking his stomach slowly, “let’s get you to bed,” he murmured.

Kuroo quickly turned around, pressing a hasty kiss to Bokuto’s lips, “actually, I’m a bit tired today. I’ll just take a shower and go to sleep, okay?”

Something glinted in Bokuto’s eye as he tugged Kuroo closer by the waistband of his jeans, “why don’t we take one together, then?”

Kuroo flushed, “n-no, that’s…” he stuttered. Fuck.

Bokuto released him and raised an eyebrow, “you’re not still scared of doing it with me, are you?”

“What’s not-”

“That’s exactly it,” Bokuto stepped forward, pushing Kuroo gently against the kitchen counter. He stroked his face briefly, “look, I know you’ve never done it before, but I want to be your first. I don’t know if that makes me selfish, but that’s what I want. I know you’re scared it’s going to hurt, and it might, a little bit. But you know I will never do anything to hurt you. I’ll be gentle. I don’t want to pressure you but fuck,” he ran a hand through his hair, mussing it up. He was frustrated – not with Kuroo. With himself and his own needs, “every time you walk around the house, so relaxed and unsuspecting I want to jump you. When you undress I want to take you, it’s...all I can think about is you, Kuroo. You’re my boyfriend but it’s driving me nuts that I don’t have you fully…”

Kuroo was blushing harder with every sentence and now he was looking away. Bokuto lifted his chin with his finger and pressed a gentle kiss to his lips. Another one, “I love you. Take your time. Just know I have my limits, too.”

Kuroo sighed and pulled his arms around Bokuto’s neck, pulling him into a tight hug. They stood like that for a long time, in each other’s arms, and then Kuroo went and took his shower and went to sleep.

Two weeks later Bokuto was tipsy. After the kitchen episode he didn’t mention sex but now he was coming onto Kuroo with all his might.

“I told you six was enough,” Kuroo complained as he helped a bright-faced, grinning Bokuto into the room. He could stand by himself but Kuroo knew that if someone didn’t put him to bed, he’d probably do somethings stupid. He pushed Bokuto down on the bed and pulled his tie swiftly from his neck. Bokuto made a ‘woohoo’ noise and Kuroo rolled his eyes.

“I will strangle you with this,” he warned, tossing the tie to the floor and beginning to unbutton his shirt. Kuroo yelped when Bokuto suddenly moved his leg up harshly, pressing against his dick. He hissed and slapped Bokuto’s chest, “stop it. You’re drunk.”

“Just tipsy,” Bokuto leaned forward. His eyes were glazed over, “and we’re on the bed, in the dark, and you’re undressing me,” he grinned slyly, “you’re doing it on purpose, aren’t you? Tormenting me and then playing a prude.

Kuroo tugged his shirt off harshly and dug under the pillow, pulling out the t-shirt he used as a PJ, “I feel like you’re about to say something you’re going to regret, so I’d advise you to shut up.”
Bokuto snatched the shirt from his hand, tossed it on the floor and grabbed his ass with both hands, making Kuroo yelp again. He pushed him forward, grinding against him with a smirk, “I’d advise you to get your clothes off.”

Kuroo slapped his hands away and stood up, “you’re ridiculous. I’m sleeping on the couch today.”

Bokuto seemed to sober up a little, “what do you mean? Did I make you angry?”

Kuroo stopped at the doors, looking out into the corridor rather than at Bokuto, “will you get tired of me? If I don’t have sex with you?”

That sobered Bokuto up completely, “Kuroo,” he said sharply, “come here.”

Kuroo didn’t want to go, scared of his advances, but when he looked back Bokuto’s eyes were soft, all lust gone. His hand was extended to Kuroo. After a second he took it and let Bokuto pull him to sit next to him. Bokuto put an arm around his waist, turning to face him.

“I’ve had enough of waiting, that’s true, but I will never, ever get tired of you. For fucks sake, Kuroo, this isn’t some stupid high school crush,” even though his words were sharp, his tone was gentle. His free hand was caressing Kuroo’s wrist, “this is love, at least on my part,” the last bit was whispered, “do you even want to do it with me?”

Kuroo kissed him quickly, over and over, “I love you, too. Of course I want to do it…it’s just…it scares me. I haven’t been scared of anything for a long time.”

Bokuto cracked a smile, “I’d say something inspirational about fear but truth be told I don’t like being scared either,” he kissed his forehead, “I know what it’s like. I’ve been there and I was scared too.”

“Did it turn out okay?” Kuroo whispered.

“No,” Bokuto said before he remembered he was meant to be comforting Kuroo, not scaring him further, “well, I didn’t know the guy. It was a one night stand, he didn’t know I was a virgin and we didn’t have lube. So it was pretty…well, it wasn’t great,” he kissed his forehead again, “but this is going to be.”

And Kuroo believed him. He leaned forward, letting Bokuto kiss his nose, his cheeks, his lips…

This time Kuroo decided to stick to his decision. He pulled his t-shirt over his head and hooked his fingers in Bokuto’s belt but the other man chuckled and held his wrists gently, “slow down. No need to rush.”

Kuroo nodded, putting his hand cautiously on Bokuto’s bare chest and leaning up to kiss him. It was one of their sweetest kisses, sensual and slow. No tongue, just the brush of lips on lips. Bokuto’s hand went to his thigh, caressing it through the material of his jeans. Kuroo was so lost in the kiss that he didn’t notice when Bokuto undid the button until he was sliding the jeans off, the kiss broken. When he returned back up he just pressed his forehead to Kuroo’s and stared into his eyes. Kuroo stared back, wondering how in daytime Bokuto’s eyes could be hazel, almost golden and in the darkness they turned black.

Finally, slowly, Bokuto took Kuroo’s hand and put it on his belt. Kuroo undid it clumsily with one hand and Bokuto wiggled out of them by himself. Kuroo crawled back and lay fully on the bed, letting Bokuto hover over him and caress his neck with sweet kisses.

“All okay?” Bokuto murmured against his skin. In response Kuroo tugged at his boxers. He was
shaking, half with want and half with fear, but he knew that if he didn’t do it now, he’d never have
the courage to do it again. Besides, he trusted Bokuto. The boxers came off swiftly and Kuroo
surprised himself by reaching for Bokuto’s impressive length, already mostly hard. Kuroo had only
ever wanked himself off, but he hoped Bokuto’s dick worked the same way his did.

He worked slowly at first, up and down. His hand motions were fluid, not jerky, and it made Bokuto
hiss and press his forehead against Kuroo’s shoulder. He began picking up speed, running his thumb
over the tip to get more precum along it. Just when his hand was getting tired Bokuto bit down on his
neck, a little painfully, and came. He lay against Kuroo for a minute, breathing hard. He kissed the
bite, “sorry.” Kuroo touched the come on his stomach thoughtfully. Bokuto winced, “for that too.”

Kuroo found himself grinning, “it’s cute to see you out of control.”

Bokuto’s smile was a little dark, “let’s see who has no control here.” And he disappeared beneath
the covers. Kuroo flushed, hiding his face in his hands now that Bokuto couldn’t see. Was he going
to give him a blowjob? The quick tug down of his boxers and a warm mouth on his boner were
answer enough. He groaned quietly and Bokuto laughed, the sound reverberating down his erection,
making Kuroo squirm.

Bokuto was definitely good at his job. At first Kuroo was thinking about how many guys Bokuto
had blown and vice versa but his skilled tongue and hot mouth quickly made his mind go blank.
Waves of pleasure coursed through him, making him moan quietly and shiver.

“Bokuto-” he moaned, fisting his hand in his pillow and coming into Bokuto’s mouth, something he
only realised after the blissful shivers died down and Bokuto reappeared, grinning and wiping the
corner of his mouth.

“You definitely have less self control,” he said.

“I tried to warn you!” Kuroo complained, still breathing quickly. Bokuto pulled himself up and
kissed him. Kuroo could taste himself on his lips – he wondered if Bokuto liked the taste, but was
too embarrassed to ask.

“How are you so far?” Bokuto asked, pulling Kuroo’s sweaty hair out of his eyes.

“Good,” he murmured, “really good. What about you?”

Bokuto smiled – a proper smile, not a grin or a smirk, and kissed him again, “the best.”

Kuroo couldn’t help the smile that crept onto his face as he pulled Bokuto in for a hug. Bokuto
pulled him tightly against his chest, “can I go further?”

Kuroo nodded into his shoulder, “all the way.”

Bokuto set him down gently, bombarding his neck with soft kisses. He reached under the bed and
pulled out a bottle of lube, “especially for you.” He squirted some on his fingers and used his free
hand to push Kuroo’s legs open and settle himself between them. He probed a finger against his
enterance. He slipped one in with a little resistance.

Kuroo shifted uncomfortably, “it’s cold.”

Bokuto laughed, “yeah, it is. Necessary precaution, though,” he moved the finger in and out, adding
another one when Kuroo loosened up, “want three, or do you want to move on?” he murmured in
his ear.
“Three,” he said, his voice gruff.

Bokuto complied. This time Kuroo hissed in pain and Bokuto made sure to go slower, until he was stretched out properly and relaxed on the mattress. Bokuto pulled out the fingers and nuzzled his nose against Kuroo’s, “d’you want me to put on a condom?” Kuroo shook his head and Bokuto smiled, kissing the tip of his nose, “okay. Here we go.”

He practically drowned his cock in lube, making sure it was nice and slick before positioning his head at Kuroo’s stretched entrance, “tell me if it hurts.”

Kuroo nodded, bracing himself as if he was about to be stabbed. Bokuto began kissing his neck to distract him from the initial pain as the head went in, surprisingly easily. Kuroo tensed up anyway. Bokuto started playing with one of his nipples, trying to distract him further, and it seemed to work. His tension eased into shivers. Bokuto slipped his member further, an agonizing inch by inch. Every ten seconds he felt the burning need to bury himself in Kuroo fully, to feel the heat, to take him, to make him his. He made himself go slow, though.

When Bokuto was in fully Kuroo’s eyes were scrunched shut and he was biting his lip. Bokuto kissed him, making him open his eyes, “tell me when,” he whispered, kissing him over and over till he hooked his arms around Bokuto’s neck and nodded.

Bokuto really tried to be slow, but his resolve broke down about a minute in. Kuroo didn’t seem to mind. He was moaning sweetly in Bokuto’s ear and he went harder and harder, his hands holding his hips harshly. Kuroo untangled his arms to kiss Bokuto more, his kisses broken up by moans. His back was arching. Bokuto was overcome by the feel of Kuroo, how hot he was… his name on his lips...

When he felt he was close he grabbed Kuroo’s erection and begun pumping harshly, almost painfully. The contrast between the pain and pleasure nearly drove Kuroo wild. They came together and their pants and whispers filled the room long after their climax. After the cleaned up as best as they could they lay in a tangle of limbs.

“See? That wasn’t so bad,” Bokuto said.

“It really wasn’t,” Kuroo agreed, spent.

Bokuto touched Kuroo’s hair lovingly, “it was as perfect as I imagined it would be. You were amazing.”

Kuroo looked at him pointedly, “you were amazing.”

Bokuto cracked into a grin, “No, you were amazing.”

“Why, good sir, you were amazing.”

And then they both cracked up laughing.
We're All Just Kids who Grew Up Way Too Fast

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Oikawa (top) x Iwaizumi (bottom)
Prompt by: Awastedream
Prompt: Alpha!Oikawa leaves Omega!Iwaizumi for a volleyball career in America before Iwaizumi find out he'd pregnant. When Oikawa returns and finds Iwa with a kid, the Omega won't tell him who the dad is.

It was time to grow up.

Iwaizumi stared blankly at Oikawa. Had those words really just come out of his mouth? Did the boy who had assured him every day that he loved him, that he was the most precious thing in his life, that they were going to be together forever really just say-

"We need to break up."

Silence. Iwaizumi didn’t show emotions – he didn’t feel emotions. Not yet. First he had to file through all the logical options – was it a prank? Was Iwaizumi not understanding properly? Was Oikawa trying to get reaction? But when Iwaizumi glanced at Oikawa he realised that the boy was serious. Completely, eternally serious.

Iwaizumi’s throat was suddenly dry, ‘‘do I get an explanation?’’ he asked, his voice hoarse. His fists clenched. Had he done something wrong?

Oikawa’s calm resolve crumbled and he ran his hands through his hair, like he didn’t know what to do with himself, ‘‘I…got an invitation to a prestige volleyball club last week.’’

Of course he did. Oikawa hadn’t really been a ‘boy’ for almost a year now – he’d grown taller, his arms had gotten more muscular, his face more angular…the childishness had disappeared leaving a determined, strong seventeen year old.

Blink, ‘‘that’s great! That’s-’’

‘‘In America,’’ Oikawa blurted and rubbed the ball of his palm against his forehead as Iwaizumi stared at him in shock, ‘‘I’ve been thinking about this for ages. I love you, Iwa. You know I do. But this…this is like my dream. And…God, this breaks my heart and I can’t say that again. Don’t make me ask you again.’’

Iwaizumi was trying to think logically, trying to keep the array of emotions at bay, ‘‘I could wait.’’

Oikawa’s hands dropped hopelessly, ‘‘it’s two years, Iwa. And I don’t know if I’ll come back ever…I would ask you to come with me but I know you love racing as much as you love me. Maybe more.’’

Gritting his teeth, Iwaizumi let one emotion out – anger. He threw back his fist and punched Oikawa in the stomach. The boy doubled over but he didn’t look shocked, ‘‘what the hell!!?’’ angry tears were gathering in Iwaizumi’s eyes, ‘‘just yesterday you were making love to me like I’m the most important person in your life and now you don’t even think I could wait for you? You don’t even
believe I could drop everything for you?” he rubbed the tears away angrily as Oikawa straightened, wincing, “you know what? You’re right!” Iwaizumi was lying. He tried to make himself shut up but his mouth seemed to be moving by itself, “I wouldn’t drop my racing for you, since you clearly wouldn’t drop your career for me! The thing is, I didn’t even ask you to – clearly you don’t care enough to have me wait for you,” he was backing away. Oikawa was looking at him with so much raw emotion on his face Iwaizumi thought his heart would break, but it only fuelled his anger. Anger was better than sadness.

“’It all makes so much sense now!’” he laughed bitterly, backing away further, ”’why you wouldn’t give me the bite, why you didn’t want to bond. ‘We’re too young, let’s wait a bit’ – yeah, bullshit! I was just a convenient omega around. Admit it, you prick!’” Oikawa was starting to walk towards him, “’stay back,’” Iwaizumi snarled. He might have been an omega but he still had the instinct of a wolf, “’of I will fucking break your nose.’”

Oikawa sighed and now Iwaizumi could see his eyes were swimming with tears. His beautiful eyes… “’Iwa, if I don’t go I’ll blame you forever. It will kill this love. I will hate myself and you…””

Iwaizumi laughed again, cruelly, and Oikawa winced, “’cut the crap. ‘love’? Read love can’t be ‘killed’ by something like this,’” a strange calm overcame him, “’so maybe this isn’t love. You know what; go. You have my blessing, my support, my everything,’” sarcasm was heavy in his voice, “’just stay the fuck away from me from now.’” And then he turned on his heel and ran.

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Oikawa looked at his reflection in the window of a perfume shop. Was his hair too tame? He ran a hand through it, trying to muss it up so it looked natural. It was longer than usual – now that the summer holidays had come around and Volleyball practices were rare and far apart, Oikawa kind of forgot to keep it short. It curled around his ears. Maybe his mom would cut it for him.

His mom…a week into his third summer holidays at the sports academy where he was the setter for one of the best teams in the world, his mother had called and said the tickets were cheap and he should come visit for a few weeks. He missed her desperately and so he packed his stuff, and here he was. In the airport, fixing his hair in the airport perfume store doors and trying to convince him it wasn’t because he might bump into Iwaizumi. Even if Iwaizumi wasn’t around anymore.

At first the pain of not having him around was so suffocating Oikawa was benched more often than not. Then it turned to anger – he took up boxing classes just so he could punch a bag every time he imagined Iwaizumi happy with someone else. Then, he was diagnosed with clinical depression. Once he begun taking his pills he was able to give it all in volleyball. Now, three years after he last saw Iwaizumi, Oikawa was finally fine – unless he saw Iwaizumi’s picture. Or thought about him too long. Then his heart felt like it was being stabbed with a million needles.

His hair finally fixed, he gripped his suitcase handle tighter. No point trying to prolong the moments before he saw him – the ride from the airport to home was long anyway. Iwaizumi might have moved out…he never asked about him. It was too painful and he didn’t want his mom to know how heartbroken he was.

For a moment he was able to forget about Iwaizumi – he spotted his mother across the airport’s pick up room at the same time she spotted him. With a squeal she ran to him and flung her arms around him – Oikawa didn’t even mind that she was making a scene. He hugged her tightly; she was shorter than him now.

“’Toru, my Toru. How you’ve grown! Twenty years old now!’” she pulled away, tears shining in her eyes, “’oh, how I’ve missed you. Let me get a look good at you.’” She stroked his arms, her cheeks
red with happiness. Then she hooked an arm through his and pulled him to the exit, “your dad’s waiting in the car. We didn’t want to pay the parking charge so he’s idling on the curb,” she giggled, “oh, just you wait! I baked you a cake! And nothing’s changed around the house. Nothing at all.”

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It had been four days and Oikawa still hadn’t seen hide or hair of Iwaizumi. He was really starting to get desperate, even building up his courage to ask his parents what he was up to. It had gotten to the point where Oikawa walked around aimlessly, hoping they’d just bump into each other. He had already met up with the Aoba Johsai squad – the whole team met; those who had long since graduated, the newbies, the current third years…it had been joyful and happy and all Oikawa could think about is that Iwaizumi wasn’t there. And, strangely enough, no one brought him up.

He had even bumped into Kageyama! It had been much less awkward than he expected – apparently growing up meant putting old rivalries behind you. They talked with ease and even a few smiles. Oikawa returned home that day happy – if Kageyama had been able to get over their differences, then Iwaizumi definitely had forgiven him.

By the week’s end, Oikawa decided it was time to take action. It was two pm on a Friday – Iwaizumi no doubt was at home. He walked slowly down familiar streets – it was true; nothing changed – until he stopped in front of Iwaizumi’s old house. The board still had his surname on it. Oikawa looked at the familiar windows – he had thrown rocks to get Iwaizumi to sneak out many times during their adolescent days and after they started dating he sneaked in through them countless times…now they were dark. Should he knock? Should he-

“Oikawa?”

Oikawa whipped around. There, standing a few paces from him, was Iwaizumi. For a second everything froze, and Oikawa looked at his face. He looked older, somehow. Still beautiful. His hair still spiky. He was still Iwaizumi and he was still here.

“Iwa…” he whispered, too faintly for Iwaizumi to hear.

And then the whole world came landing on his head. The first person Oikawa noticed was Ushijima – fucking Ushijima of all people – standing behind Oikawa, grocery bags in his hands. And then…a little boy of about three yawned and shifted in Iwaizumi’s arm, opening his big eyes. His light brown hair was messy, his eyes much darker.

“What is going on?” Oikawa whispered, gesturing vaguely to Ushijima, “why is he here?”

“Daddy, I’m hungry.” The little boy mumbled.

Oikawa’s eyes widened, “daddy!”

“Don’t raise your voice,” Iwaizumi hissed but the boy had already whimpered and curled up in Iwaizumi’s arms. Oikawa realised what he must have looked like – huge, intimidating…

“I’ll take these inside, Hajime,” Ushijima spoke and Oikawa’s vision went red suddenly. “Hajime!” “and Hiro,” he took the child from his arms with his free hand. The boy flung his arms around his neck.

Iwaizumi and Oikawa watched them disappear inside the house and the Oikawa turned slowly to the omega, “you had a child?” he asked quietly.

With a nod, Iwaizumi folded his arms across his chest. Protectively. When he Oikawa didn’t speak
he shifted awkwardly, ‘‘I didn’t know you’ve come back.’’

‘‘What’s his name?’’ Oikawa ignored the previous comment.

‘‘Hiroshi,’’ Iwaizumi smiled faintly. Actually smiled. Apparently Oikawa wasn’t the only one who grew up, ‘‘I never thought I’d be happy to have a child. But I am.’’

Oikawa’s heart shattered. Iwaizumi was playing happy families with Ushijima, ‘‘is he the father?’’ he asked, his throat tight.

Iwaizumi shook his head quickly and his heart gave a little pound of relief, ‘‘then who-?’’

‘‘Not important,’’ Iwaizumi said quickly, ‘‘what do you want?’’

‘‘Is he your boyfriend?’’

Iwaizumi sighed like he was talking to a child, ‘‘is that important?’’

Rage. Oikawa felt rage boil up in him – he never got angry. Never. But right then he felt like he could murder Ushijima. Without meaning to he stepped forward and wrapped his arms around Iwaizumi, who tensed up, ‘‘you said you’d wait,’’ he mumbled in his hair.

A hard shove from Iwaizumi had him stumbling back, ‘‘and you said you wouldn’t come back,’’ he snapped.

‘‘I said I didn’t know-’’

‘‘I don’t care,’’ Iwaizumi snapped, ‘‘look, it’s been three years. I’ve moved on. I have Hiroshi now, and I’m happy so can’t we just…’’ he sighed, his features softening, ‘‘can’t we just be friends, Oikawa? I don’t want either of us to be bitter. I’ve already forgiven you and…’’

Oikawa nodded his head, smiling tightly, ‘‘yeah. Yeah, we should meet for a drink sometime. You know, as friends,’’ he said even though every word was like a stab to the heart.

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‘‘Tell me more about Hiroki,’’ Oikawa had chosen an obscure booth in the more private, darker part of the pub and Iwaizumi hadn’t complained.

‘‘Well, we call him Hiro. He’s going to turn three in two months. We’re wondering if we should throw him a party,’’ Iwaizumi took a sip of his drink.

‘‘We,’’ Oikawa knew he sounded bitter, and he didn’t care, ‘‘so you and him are a ‘we’ now?’’

Iwaizumi sighed, ‘‘if you’re going to be like this, there’s no point to it.’’

‘‘I just…’’ Oikawa tossed his head back as he swallowed his shot of vodka, ‘‘I’m sorry but Ushijima? He was our enemy, our…we were going to beat him together,’’

Iwaizumi shrugged, like their whole high school volleyball careers were nothing, ‘‘he’s changed. I don’t know what I would have done without him. My parents…after I got pregnant at seventeen, they wanted nothing to do with him. I was terrified of raising a kid by myself. And then Ushijima popped up like a salvation from God.’’ He laughed, taking another sip of his drink.

‘‘So you didn’t really wait after I left,’’ Oikawa said without thinking. Iwaizumi gave him a shocked look, ‘‘I’m sorry! I’m sorry,’’ he said quickly, ‘‘I’m just wrapping my head around all this. I’m glad
Oikawa couldn’t help but smile back, ‘‘good or bad?’’

‘‘Good. Definitely good,’’ he started on his second drink.

‘‘So, uh,’’ Oikawa swirled the shot around his glass, ‘‘is Hiro still scared of me.’’

Iwaizumi snorted, ‘‘nah. He thinks you look like a superhero.’’ Iwaizumi glanced at him and reached out, feeling the muscles on his arm, ‘‘hmm, you kinda do. Captain America,’’ he grinned and leaned closer, ‘‘when did you get like this?’’ he took the shot out of Oikawa’s hand and downed it. When he looked up, his eyes were glazed over. And he was close. So close, ‘‘Toru…’’

‘‘You’re drunk,’’ Oikawa said, pushing him backwards and pulling the hair from his forehead.

Iwaizumi grunted, ‘‘maybe.’’

Oikawa tried his luck again, ‘‘did you…get drunk and have sex with someone? Is that how Hiroki…’’

Iwaizumi shook his head enthusiastically, ‘‘no, no, no. I didn’t cheat on you.’’

‘‘Yeah, yeah, I know,’’ Oikawa said quickly, ‘‘but after I left. Did you go on a one night stand?’’

Iwaizumi shook his head again, leaning forward and taking Oikawa’s face in his hands, ‘‘no, no, no. I didn’t cheat on you. I didn’t,’’ his breath tickled Oikawa’s lips, ‘‘I waited. I’m still waiting.’’ And he pressed their lips together. Oikawa melted into the kiss, sighing. It was what he had been waiting for, what had been missing those three years – the feel of Iwaizumi against him.

He forced himself to pull away, ‘‘but Ushijima…’’

‘‘Ushijima and I aren’t together,’’ Iwaizumi whispered, ‘‘he was my doctor when I was having Hiro and then he helped me out. He still is helping me out. He’s a good guy, but he has a girlfriend. She’s sweet too. She comes to babysit sometimes and…’’ tears gathered in his eyes, and he was babbling drunkenly, ‘‘and I was waiting, for so long. You said two years, but two turned into three and I realised you weren’t coming back and-’’

Oikawa kissed him, hard. Then he stood, slapping a wad of bills onto the table, and pulled Iwaizumi out of the bar.
Oikawa was pushed onto the couch and Iwaizumi crawled into his lap. He was kissing him harshly, recklessly, like the first few times, when they were still exploring each other’s bodies. Like they didn’t have all the time in the world.

Iwaizumi was fumbling with the buttons of his flannel but his fingers couldn’t make sense of the holes so Oikawa undid the flannel for him. The fresh summer air and a bottle of water had sobered Iwaizumi up some, but he was still a bit wobbly. While Oikawa worked on his shirt, he grinded his erection against Oikawa’s impatiently. They were in a hotel room – the first one they had stumbled upon. The room was small, as was the fee. The bed was a rickety, old thing so Oikawa had opted for using the faded flowery couch.

Iwaizumi was fumbling with is belt now, his clumsy fingers brushing against Oikawa’s erection every once in a while. Oikawa hissed impatiently and undid the belt himself, kissing along Iwaizumi’s neck. He shivered, wrapping an arm around his neck. Oikawa’s were sliding against Iwaizumi’s hot skin, exposed between the folds of the flannel. Oikawa tugged it off with his free hand, his fingers brushing against his hips and back. Oikawa kissed Iwaizumi again, tilting his head back. As if he could read Oikawa’s mind, Iwaizumi rose up so Oikawa could tug down his jeans. Too impatient to be gentle, Oikawa shoved his hand down Iwaizumi’s boxers.

Iwa gave a little hiss of pleasure, biting on his lip as he thrust his hips forward, desperate for more friction. Oikawa worked on him in the way that had always made Iwaizumi buck with pleasure. It felt good to have Iwaizumi so close. It was as if they were back in high school, two kids making love – Iwaizumi’s hair was the same. His face, his smell, the feel of his skin…all the same. He felt good. He felt like home.

Oikawa kissed his chest lovingly as Iwaizumi came with a little moan. Then they weren’t doing anything for a long while, just kissing and touching each other. Iwaizumi’s hands slipped into Oikawa’s hair, down his neck, his muscular arms. His fingers clawed at his shoulders and stroked his cheekbones. Oikawa drew his hands up and down Iwa’s back, making him shiver. They felt up along his stomach, his thighs, cupped his ass, stroked his waist… Iwaizumi found the hem of Oikawa’s shirt and tugged it up and over his head.

He hovered above Oikawa, waiting for him to wiggle out of his jeans, and didn’t even wait for Oikawa to prepare him. Oikawa’s dick was already dripping with precum. Iwaizumi positioned himself and slid down slowly, hissing. Unused. His hisses soon turned to moans. Oikawa groaned when he buried himself in Iwa’s ass, feeling the familiar heat that nearly drove him nuts. Oikawa couldn’t get enough of him. He thrust up even when Iwaizumi moved his hips up and down. Iwaizumi pressed himself against Oikawa, pulling his arms tightly around his neck. He came and a few minutes later Oikawa followed.

Once wasn’t enough. They went again. And again. Then, spent and tired, they crawled under the thin covers, wrapped in each other’s arms.

When Oikawa woke up, late afternoon summer sun was streaming in through the window. Iwaizumi wasn’t next to him – he was sitting on the arm of the couch, drinking water from a bottle. He must have gone to the shop while Oikawa slept.

And he came back.

“Iwa…”
Iwaizumi dug his hand around a plastic bag and tossed a packet of pain killers at him before Oikawa could moan about his head pounding. GrATEfully, Oikawa squeezed two tablets into his hand. Iwaizumi came over and sat next to him, passing him his water. Oikawa drank for a long time and then he held the bottle in his hands, looking at it rather than at Iwaizumi.

“I thought you’d be mad,” Oikawa whispered.

Iwaizumi brushed the hair from his forehead, “I thought you’d hate me for having a kid.”

Oikawa shook his head and looked at Iwaizumi. Finally, “I’m the dad, aren’t I?”

He saw Iwaizumi go pale, his eyes widen, “I’m sorry, it was-”

Oikawa laced their fingers together, rubbing his thumb against the back of Iwa’s hand comfortingly, “shhh. Why didn’t you tell me?”

He flushed, “I thought you’d hate me. And you were in America…that’s so far…”

“I can’t believe you went through that alone…” Oikawa shook his head, “what about your racing?”

Iwaizumi shook his head, “I don’t race anymore. I can’t risk Hiroki being orphaned.”

“He wouldn’t be, though,” Oikawa pulled an arm around him, tucking him close, “let’s start again. I want to be part of this. Come to America with me, both of you. I have a nice apartment, there’s a park nearby where he could play. We’d find him a nursery…you’d have some time for yourself,” he kissed the top of Iwaizumi’s head, “come to America with me.”

Iwaizumi smiled, “sure. If you get me a visa.”
I Shall Die With my Heart on The Trigger

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kuroo (top) x Tsukki (bottom)
Prompt by: Yuzuki Kira
Prompt: During the war Tsukki is a nurse at a shelter. By chance he meets Kuroo, a wounded soldier.

There was blood everywhere. Tsukki’s once pristine white coat was splattered with it and smeared with grime, grease and dirt. Tsukki couldn’t remember when he had last seen something truly white – even Suga’s hair, once silver, was now grey with ash. Suga’s face was also splattered with blood, the crimson a stark contrast against his pale, malnutrition face. He was pressing down on the throat of a man that had just been rushed into the small hospital/shelter. A civilian, not a soldier. He was jerking, his eyes bloodshot, and no one approached him – he was a goner and there were people to save. But, as always, Suga tried.

The beds…the sheets were a faded grey, not white, covered in blood and faeces. There was no time to change the sheets – not today when a nearby shanty town had been bombed. Whatever happened to civilian immunity? He faintly heard Noya and Shimizu worrying about the patients contracting infections from the dirty sheets. Tanaka was wheeling a bed away – it was swathed in blood, practically dripping. The mattress was drinking it up.

Tsukki felt faint. The walls…there was blood there too. A wounded, half-crazy soldier had shot himself in the head the night before. His brain was still on the walls. There hadn’t been time to clean it up. When was the last time Tsukki slept? He heard someone – Yamaguchi – say his name worriedly and the next moment he was on his knees, retching hopelessly. Nothing came out. When was the last time he ate?

A gentle hand on his back made him look up. Yamaguchi hovered above him with his omnipresent, comforting smile despite the sweat plastering his hair to his forehead and the dark blood covering the cuffs of his sleeves.

“You should rest.”

Tsukki shook his head and stood, trying not to look shaky. He rolled his sleeves up, “we need all the doctors and nurses we can get our hands on.” He said firmly. It was true. Every bed that was vacated was occupied within seconds; the less wounded people had been sent away. People were dying in the little corridor of the shack. They were out of pain killers. The situation was looking dire but it was Tsukki’s job, as a doctor, never to give up. Even if he was only nineteen; even if he had just only begun medical school when the war broke out three years earlier. Had it been three years? It seemed like an eternity.

Tsukki did a quick scan of the shack. Yachi, the least experienced nurse, was walking between beds, holding the hands of the dying and offering them final comfort. In a way she had the hardest job and Tsukki wondered if when the war was over – if it ever was going to be – would there be any sign of the bright, cheerful girl that had grown up with him.

“Tsukishima, the body,” Daichi said as he walked past, giving out orders and meds. Tsukki glanced
with dread towards where he was pointing. A man, covered in bandages, one eye covered with a patch of gauze, the other open wide and staring at the ceiling, unseeing. He had died and no one had noticed. No one noticed if you died, unless it was Yachi. The room was filled with moans and whimpers, prayers and calls for mothers for the past week. Tsukki wondered when it had been quiet last. Even in the months before the catastrophic beginning of the bombing the far away shooting and shouts were present in every waking moment of Tsukki’s day – and the dreams at night were worse. This is what you got when you were stationed so close to the trenches.

Their initial base, a small sanitary hospital, had been blown up a year prior and there were no funds or time to re build it. Instead, the medical team settled in an abandoned shack-like building with any medications they could salvaged. The truth was all they could do was bandage people up and hope for the best.

The little doors of the shack were thrown open and Tsukki’s heart stopped, as always when that happened – was it the enemy? Were they all going to die? But no, it was just more wounded people, and that was almost worse. They were soldiers. A tall, dark haired one was propping up a boy that couldn’t have been older than seventeen. He had crazy hair, wet from the rain, hanging across his face and blood creeping up his uniform. At first Tsukki thought he was dead, but then the other one called, ‘‘Help! Please, he’s hurt!’’ and Tsukki snapped into action. He shoved the dead body off the bed – not his proudest moment – and ran for bandages as the man settled his friend on it.

‘‘Doctor, will he live? Please…’’ the man was already speaking, before Tsukki was even able to lift the shirt of the wounded.

‘‘What’s your name?’’ Tsukki snapped, faintly remembering how to calm someone down, stop them from becoming hysterical. He began cutting away the wounded soldier’s shirt.

‘‘Kuroo,’’ the man said, thrown off track, ‘‘and that’s Bokuto-’’

Tsukki swore, exposing a mess of blood and muscle and bone that was the man’s side, ‘‘Suga! Suga! I need the surgeon!’’

Suga was at his side in seconds. There wasn’t much he could do without proper gear but he could try stitch Bokuto up. He was one of those people who would try no matter what. Suga paled when he saw Bokuto’s wound but his composure remained. He begun wiping the blood away from the wound to see how bad it was, working quickly and silently. Tsukki glanced at Kuroo. The man’s eyes shined with tears as he reached for his friend’s hand with his own, and stopped… Tsukki’s eyes widened. Where the man’s right hand should have been was a bloody stump. He must have been in too much shock to feel the pain yet.

‘‘Shit, come,’’ Tsukki ordered but Kuroo shook his head, grabbing Bokuto with his left hand instead.

‘‘I’m not leaving him.’’

‘‘Fine. Fuck.’’

Tsukki crouched down and grabbed his wounded hand, splashing antiseptic on it. Kuroo’s whole face contorted with pain but he didn’t scream, not even when Tsukki began to harshly tie bandages around it – there was no time for gentleness. ‘‘What the hell happened?’’ he demanded.

‘‘There was a mine,’’ Kuroo said through his teeth, ‘‘buried underground. He stepped on it and nearly got ripped apart. It blasted my hand off.’’
“This is gonna hurt like a-”

“Doctor,” Kuroo cut him off, his eyes desperate, “will he live?”

“I-I don’t know-” he turned to Suga, who was getting his needles ready. He never got the chance. Bokuto’s whole body jerked, and then jerked again. More blood pumped from the wound as he began to shake and then went still. Kuroo lunged himself at his friend at the same time as Suga.

“Bokuto! Wake up!” he screamed at him as Suga checked his pulse, his heartbeat, with growing desperation, tears of frustration in his eyes. Out of his twenty eight patients in the last two days he managed to save four.

Helplessly, Tsukki hooked his arms under Kuroo’s arms and pulled him off the bed. Dizzy with the pain, he slumped against Tsukki. Suga slid down the bed, trying to keep his sobbing quiet. A man coughed in loud noise and his voice boomed across the room, despite a fresh flower of blood blooming across his bandages, “gentlemen,” he said, “I am General Hiroshino. I lead the 360th Platoon and therefore I am your superior. On this day and this hour I declare that you have all fulfilled your duty to your country and are now free men.”

Tsukki frowned – what the man had just said was illegal without consulting his superiors. He could be executed…and then Tsukki realised the man didn’t care. He coughed, slumping against his bed, a thin bead of blood running from the corner of his mouth, his strength leaving him. He was already dying.

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The next morning Tsukki awoke slumped against the wall. He didn’t remember when he fell asleep – after the General’s speech the room seemed to fall quiet. The patients previously whimpering and crying had left this world with dignity, at peace. Those with lesser injuries found the strength to get better, knowing they would be able to see their families soon. Tsukki stood slowly. His blood stained coat was gone. Suga, eyes red from crying, was curled against Daichi in another corner. Noya, Tanaka, Hinata and Kageyama were walking amongst the patients, distributing hot water (they had ran out of tea) and rations.

Asahi appeared in front of Tsukki. He looked worn out, his hair grown out long. He still managed a wary smile, “we just got a message through the radio. They want you back at the Hospital in the capital.”

Tsukki’s eyes widened, “that means…”?

“You get to leave this hellhole,” Asahi nodded and then turned serious, “tell them about the situation. We cannot keep this up much longer.”

Tsukki nodded, clasping his hand, “see you soon.” He began walking out of the shack, something he never thought he’d do, when he spotted Kuroo. The bodies, including that of Bokuto, had been taken out. They were probably wrapped up in cloth and lain gently in the mass grave outside – flies would bring bacteria and that would start an epidemic; the last thing they needed. Filthy and tired, Kuroo was sitting against the wall, staring ahead with blank eyes. He was cradling his stump in his lap.

Before he could talk himself out of it, Tsukki kneeled in front of him, “hey,” Kuroo didn’t react. He stared into space blankly. Slowly, Tsukki reached out to brush his dirty hair out of his eyes. His cheek was smudged with mud. He rubbed at it with his thumb, “hey,” he repeated, “I’m going back home, to the capital. Do you want to come with me?”
Finally Kuroo’s eyes slid to him, “home?” he echoed hollowly. Tsukki nodded and stood, extending his hand.

“Come on. There’s nothing for you here.”

Kuroo stared up at him with blank eyes, which filled with tears a second later. He wiped them away quickly and took his hand, letting himself be pulled up.

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There were no more tickets in this world – no more visas or passports. Borders were open but everywhere was the same; barren, destroyed, final. Kuroo and Tsukki were sitting in the bullet train; they hadn’t paid for the tickets. Tsukki showed his doctor ID and had been let on. One glance at Kuroo’s uniform had gotten him through the gates with a pat on the back. Now they were speeding through the ruins of Tokyo. The sad, crumbled buildings sparked weakly with electricity. The distant howling of dogs gone feral filled the night. The bigger cities were impossible to keep up, not with a decreasing population. Now, with the wars raging, small communities resided in tiny towns, leaving the biggest cities in the world to rot.

Somewhere in the distance a factory exploded. Tsukki sighed, turning from the window. Kuroo was sprawled out across the leather seats, sleeping. How long had they been on this train? Hours? Days? Tsukki took Kuroo’s hand and held onto it. It was thin but strong, calloused and stained with mud, but Tsukki held on. He wondered what Kuroo had seen. In the hospital he’d seen people with holes blown into them, bullets that had ripped their bones and sinews to shreds, knives that had tore their eyes out of their heads…he’d seen the wounds but Kuroo saw the acts. The death of Bokuto had been the last straw – Tsukki had watched Kuroo fall apart, staring at his friend’s dead body, as his strength left him. That was when he had fallen asleep.

In a way, Kuroo reminded Tsukki of his dead brother, Akiteru. The way he had been at the end. He had tried so hard to protect Tsukki, his younger brother, and his mother when the soldiers came. In the end, when they were locked up in the tiny bathroom in some abandoned house, he had broken down. When the soldiers found them and they ran, he had given up, stopped, looked at Tsukki with sad eyes as he disappeared in the forest. Overcome with wild panic, Tsukki ran and ran. He heard two shots – one for his brother, one for his mother. And like a coward, he kept going.

He wondered if Kuroo was going to give up.

He glanced at him again. Kuroo’s eyes were open, staring at him calmly. They were empty, and yet his fingers squeezed Tsukki’s weakly. Tsukki wondered who he reminded Kuroo of.

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Tsukki had gone straight to the headquarter Hospital at home and they had sent him straight to one of the houses that stood empty on the outskirts, telling him to rest for a few days and come back when he didn’t look like a dead man. They laughed about it. Tsukki didn’t find it funny.

Tsukki tried not to think about the family, no doubt with many children that had occupied the large, forlorn villa near the lake. They were probably dead now. Just like his family was, their houses burned to the ground. Kuroo didn’t seem to care. He let Tsukki lead him into the house, sneezing at the dust.

“Bless you.”

“Thank you.”
The whole house was creaky and creepy and Tsukki wasted no time to explore, simply heading up the stairs. Halfway up the stairs he stepped on a rotten panel and his foot fell through. On reflex, Kuroo grabbed his elbow and yanked him out before he had the chance to fully fall through.

"Thanks."

"No problem."

They continued up, Tsukki leading Kuroo up by his stump like a child. Upstairs they entered the master bedroom. It was better kept than the rest of the house, which had broken windows and autumn leaves blowing inside. The bed had no sheets but didn’t look mouldy. There was little furniture but the room was small enough that it wouldn’t be too hard to keep it warm in the winter. Tsukki flicked the switch. No light. He walked into the ensuite bathroom. No light in there either, but when he turned the water in the bath it was warm. Tsukki sighed. Warm water.

He led Kuroo into the bathroom and let him look around as he dug through the huge bag of supplies the Hospital had issued them for ‘their good work for the country’. The town seemed to try to forget there was a war raging – the cinemas were open, the streets filled with jolly couples, even though buildings were crumbling even here, even though they could see fires burning in the distance.

He pulled out a towel (they only received one) and spread stuff on the sink – two toothbrushes, shampoo, shower gel, two pairs of PJs…He walked back into the room and spilled the rest in the corner – some food, enough to last four days. Water. A blanket and a pillow. Spare clothes, a lighter, a knife, a small amount of cash… Tsukki set about opening cupboards, checking what else he could find. Ten minutes later he returned to the bathroom, carrying a handful of tea lights and a flashlight.

Kuroo was standing in the middle of the bathroom, clutching a towel to his face with his healthy hand, brushing his nose against the soft material. He had stripped off his uniform, which lay in a dirty heap in the corner – or he had cut it away with his military knife, unable to strip with one hand. His shoes were in piece on the floor. The water was running into the bath. Kuroo had emptied half a bottle of shampoo inside to get the bubbles going but Tsukki didn’t have the heart to yell at him. The candles were lit and set about the room, illuminating it softly. He stripped slowly. His t-shirt, still splattered with blood. Jeans – ripped. Shoes, socks, underwear…

Kuroo stepped into the water and sank to his shoulders, beckoning to Tsukki. The doctor lowered himself into the bath, hissing at the initial heat and then relaxing, feeling the water lap at him gently. It seemed to wash everything away. For a blissful half an hour there was nothing but the calming warmth and Kuroo’s hand on his and the silence…the perfect silence.

Some days later a firecracker exploded in the streets, followed by a wave of roaring laughter. Tsukki awoke a second before Kuroo, who gasped and shot up, his eyes wide with something feral. Tsukki shoved him down and Kuroo struggled, growling at him like an animal.

"It’s okay, it’s okay,” Tsukki pressed him down into the mattress, straddling him to keep him laying down, “it’s just a firecracker, not a bomb. Not a mine. You’re not there anymore. We’re home, remember?” his hands touched his face and hair, trying desperately to get him to calm down, “it’s okay. It’s okay.”

Slowly, Kuroo’s face softened and Tsukki exhaled. It was worse when Tsukki wasn’t at home and was working a night shift at the hospital – a job that seemed like a vacation compared to the front lines; he’d often find Kuroo inside the closet or pressed into the wall of the bathroom, scared out of his mind by the honk of a car or someone’s joyous scream.
“Tsukki,” Kuroo whispered.

“Yes,” Tsukki brushed his hair out of his face, “I’m here. It’s okay now.”

Kuroo smoothly wrapped his arms around Tsukki, pulling their bodies together and flipped them over. Pinned between the mattress and Kuroo’s strong, warm body, on one pillow, covered by a flimsy blanket, Tsukki fell asleep.

This time Kuroo woke up before Tsukki. A loud BANG! Resonated down their street and Kuroo shot up to a standing position, fumbling for his knife which he kept by the bed and levelling it at the doors. Tsukki was up a second later, trying to pull his arm down, “hey, calm down, Kuroo. It’s just a noise. We’re home. It’s just a-“

BANG!

Tsukki froze. That was definitely not just a noise – that had clearly been a gunshot. Tsukki jumped out of bed and ran to the window, crouching down and peering through the curtains. A scream – a single, high pitched sound, waking the night. And suddenly, everyone was screaming. Doors banged open, cloaks were thrown on in a hurry as the town woke up to find that they were being invaded.

Tsukki watched in horror as soldiers – not their soldiers; enemies – hoarded people down the streets, shooting at their legs, sometimes hitting something vital. And elderly lady went down with a cry, clutching her bleeding stomach. A young, heavily built soldier grinned and raised his leg, slamming it down and crushing her throat. Another soldier pushed a little girl into the lake. Feeling sick, Tsukki turned from the window. Kuroo was still guarding the doors. Their house might have looked abandoned, with no light or anything, but it would be checked sooner or later.

In five minutes Tsukki had tossed as much provisions as he could into their backpack and was tying Kuroo’s shoes.

“We need to go through the back garden and into the forest. Get up the mountains,” he threw on his coat and grabbed Kuroo’s hand, pulling him as quietly as he could down the stairs and in through the kitchen, opening the doors…

The front doors burst open and two soldiers marched in, laughing. Foreigners. Tsukki froze but Kuroo urged him on. As silently as possible they snuck out of the back doors, not daring to close it behind them, and ran as fast as they could through their overgrown garden, over the low fence-

A bullet whizzed past Tsukki’s face. A cry behind him – he didn’t need to turn to know that the soldiers had spotted them. But there were two of them and they had the whole garden, filled with gnarled roots to get through. Plus, it was night. Tsukki was over the fence in seconds, followed by Kuroo, and then they were sprinting through the woods. A shower of bullets was released, each hitting the trees they had just cleared. They ran faster, the ground sloping up. Tsukki’s lungs burned, his legs ached…

Kuroo gripped his hand tighter and for once he pulled him on. He looked alive – his eyes sparkling, his mouth fixed in a tight line. His life was in danger, but he wasn’t going down – he was going to protect Tsukki. They slowed, going fast but quiet. The cries of the soldiers had died down but they did not stop.

Tsukki didn’t know when they had decided to go to the mountains…it had just…happened. It took
them weeks. The food ran out fast, but Kuroo knew how to set up traps. They caught rabbits, sometimes squirrels, and roasted them over small fires. Occasionally planes flew overhead. Tsukki didn’t feel safe, not even when after days they finally cleared the forest and came up on one of the smaller mountains. He could see for miles – the burning cities, the wrecked towns…out in the open, they were not safe. Any plane could see them, as rare as they were.

Sometimes they walked for days. The farther they got away from civilisation the better Kuroo seemed to be. Two weeks from their departure he cracked his first grin and three weeks later he first kissed Tsukki. It had happened during their morning routine. They had eaten a quick breakfast of fish that Tsukki had caught in the little stream they had come across, brushed their teeth and repacked, when Kuroo suggested a shower.

“‘The stream is warm enough,’” he shrugged, already stripping, “‘and I don’t think a short break will kill us.’”

Tsukki was sceptical but waded in after Kuroo, letting him wash his arms and back. Kuroo moved his hands up and down his arms, curling around his shoulders, and then Tsukki found himself propelled forward, into his warm embrace. Kuroo’s mouth descended upon his in a warm, real, alive kiss. Tsukki had been so surprised Kuroo laughed, and then kissed him again. And again and again until he responded, tentatively at first, then more eagerly.

“‘You’re the only thing that has kept me from jumping into the lake,’” he whispered.

Tsukki smiled faintly, “‘that’s romantic.’”

Kuroo touched his face, his eyes swimming with emotion, “‘I think I’m in love with you.’”

Tsukki kissed him again.

When they set out again, upwards towards the trail of mountains in the horizon, somehow his steps were lighter.

5 years later

It was spring. Tsukki was hanging out the washing to dry – their clothes that he had fixed over and over and the blanket that he had made himself – first they had been miserable, but after many alterations they were good enough to keep them warm during winter.

Pinning the last clothes in place on the makeshift line, Tsukki turned back and gazed proudly at their home. It had been built within a cave, hidden from the outside world. Made of wood with only one room, it was the first place in which Tsukki felt truly safe. He had helped Kuroo build it and carve the furniture – a small bed in one corner, a wooden basin for washing in the other. A table for meals and a chest for their clothes…all made with Kuroo’s military knife and a makeshift axe.

They had caught animals – three goats, so they had milk and cheese…warthogs in the winter for meat and birds in the spring. By the second year they had a fully sustainable little home. Done with his duties, Tsukki climbed on top of the cave, which was moulded into a smaller mountain, and straightened, feeling the cool wind whip at his long-ish hair, which he cut with Kuroo’s knife once in a while.

From up there he could see the world – the real world. Not the burning cities, the creation of humans that had been destroyed by them also. No, from here he could see the massive lake in between the mountains, the snow capped peaks surrounding them all the way to the horizon…he spread his arms
and smiled.

Kuroo snuck up behind him, wrapping his arms around his waist and kissing his shoulder.

‘‘Wasting time?’’

‘‘We have all the time in the world,’’ Tsukki replied lightly and hugged Kuroo’s arms that were wrapped around him.

In the distance, a military plane rumbled between mountains, disappearing, off somewhere to fight in bloody, pointless, human wars.

Kuroo and Tsukki ignored it. It had nothing to do with them.
Fuck Apologies, I Would Say Sorry If I Really Meant It

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kuroo (top) x Kenma (bottom)
Prompt by: Meandsushiroll
Prompt: Omega!Kenma is taken against the wall & is very submissive while Kuroo is just heaping with love.

God, Kenma knew he was releasing pheromones like crazy, but seriously? He had thought that out of all people from the three Tokyo powerhouse schools, Kuroo would be the one who would be able to control himself the most. Kenma had presented as an Omega ages ago and ever since then practice matches had been a little…awkward. There was no denying that the Alphas from the three team lacked concentration when he was around and the Betas he spiked to missed the ball when they caught sight of him. But one day Karasuno arrived in Tokyo for practice matches before the prelims and…they had been so normal. For a team with three Omegas and two Alphas, they acted around each other like they were all betas. Casual touches, full out bromance and complete trust.

That encounter had perhaps made the others understand that they were acting like horny 14 year olds around Kenma, and the behaviour stopped. Kenma could finally play properly and he became closer with his team, who started ignoring the fact that he was a ‘delicate omega’ and began treating him like a valuable team member – like Kuroo had, always.

That is, until Kenma got his heat in the middle of the practice game week. Spiked with pain killers, suppressants and sleeping pills that managed to keep his dick at a decent half-boner that could kind of be hidden and masked his pheromones (at least he hopes they did) Kenma half-walked, half-stumbled into the gym. All heads turned. More than forty noses inhaled at the same time.

Shit. He’d sue those suppressants for false advertising.

Kenma scanned the room quickly. More than half of the players in the gym were looking at him with lust ridden eyes – even one coach. Kenma swallowed. He should have just made up an excuse and risked the wrath of Kuroo. It was better than inciting a gang back, and it looked like the second option was very probable. The air was so tense you could probably cut it with a knife. Maybe if he backed away slowly…?

‘Kenma!’ Kuroo’s loud voice boomed around the gym, snapping everyone into action. They turned, leaving him alone, ‘you’re late. Come on, we need you here!’

Kuroo, unfazed by his pheromones, beckoned to him from where Nekoma was practicing. Kenma could have kissed Kuroo. Trust his best friend to save him from a pinch. He hobbled over, trying not to think about the tugging heat in his stomach that threatened to change into searing pain when the pills wore off and there was nothing in him. For now thought, he could deal.

That practice was painfully embarrassing for Kenma. Keeping himself in a woozy half-sleep state meant he didn’t get a full blowned boner but it also meant he couldn’t follow the ball’s movements. Eventually with a deep sight Kuroo benched him, which perhaps had been the most embarrassing of all things, but was well justified.
He didn’t realise he had nodded off until he was awoken by Kuroo shaking his shoulder. He blinked and straightened on the bench, where he was slumped against the wall.

‘’Kuroo?’’ he mumbled sleepily.

‘’Come on, everyone’s gone. I’ve cleaned up the gym. Let’s get changed,’’ he said, pulling Kenma out. A searing pain cut across Kenma’s stomach, his muscles contracting, and only Kuroo’s strong arms held him up. The sun was setting – how long had they been practicing!? Kenma took a deep breath. All he had to do was get to the locker rooms and get to his back, where all his pills were. His erection was pressing against his boxers painfully. He hoped Kuroo didn’t see.

Oblivious, Kuroo escorted him to the changing rooms and began changing, tugging his t-shirt off. Kenma tried not to think about how his erection pushed harder against its restraints when he was looking at Kuroo’s strong, muscular back. He quickly turned and begun rummaging in his bag. Pills, pills, pills…

Two strong arms slammed against the wall, caging him in, ‘’what are you looking for, Kenma?’’ Kuroo whispered in his ear.

Kenma yelped and turned around, ‘’Jesus, you scared me,’’ he tried to keep his voice mild.

With a wolfish grin, Kuroo grabbed his wrists, ‘’that was the point,’’ he turned Kenma and slammed him into the opposite wall, where no bench prevented Kuroo from settling his leg between Kenma’s.

‘’Kuroo! What the hell!?’’ Kenma’s eyes were wide. Scared. But the Omega part of him was aroused by the alphas advances.

Kuroo’s grin softened into a smile, ‘’why are you looking at me like you’re scared. You know me, Kenma. You know I won’t hurt you.’’

Kenma gave a quiet growl, trying in vain to free his wrists, ‘’you just slammed me against the wall.’’

Kuroo laughed and the sound sent shivers down Kenma’s body, ‘’it didn’t hurt thought, did it?’’

When he couldn’t free himself, Kenma looked away, a light blush colouring his cheekbone, ‘’you could at least apologise.’’

Kuroo’s voice was lower now, ‘’but it didn’t hurt.’’ His lips closed over his neck and Kenma exhaled in surprise, ‘’did that hurt?’’ Kuroo murmured against his neck, repeating the action.

‘’N-no…’’ Kenma swallowed nervously.

Gently, Kuroo nudged his knee against Kenma’s bulge, making him jump. A little wave of pleasure coursed up to his stomach, ‘’what about that?’’ Kuroo’s lips moved against Kenma’s ear now, every word clearly pronounced against the sensitive skin. Kenma shivered again.

‘’It didn’t but-’’

‘’What about this?’’ Kuroo released one of his wrists and slipped his hand under his t-shirt, his warm fingers pressing against his spine, undoing him. Kenma shook his head mutely and Kuroo released both his wrists. He didn’t step back. Kenma’s hands fell limply to his sides, ‘’if you don’t want this,’’ Kuroo’s hand moved like he wanted to touch Kenma but he stopped himself, ‘’push me away now. I won’t hold it against you.’’

Kenma raised his hands and put them on Kuroo’s chest, but instead of pushing him away his hands
curled against his bare skin. Kuroo raised his hand and pressed it against one of Kenma’s fists, pulling the hand away and forcing Kenma to relax it. He brought it to his lips, pressing a lingering kiss to his fingers.

Kenma snatched his hand away, “stop that.”

Kuroo’s smile was gone. He was fully serious. He touched Kenma’s face, “I can’t. I want you.”

“Then just take me and be done with it,” Kenma growled quietly.

But Kuroo shook his head, brushing his thumb along Kenma’s cheekbone, ‘‘you’re beautiful.’’

“Shut up.” Kenma rarely said anything vulgar but he was scared that if Kuroo kept being like this – so gentle, so sweet – he’d fall apart.

“When I saw the way they were looking at you today, I thought I was going to start a fight,” Kuroo confessed quietly, his other hand going to Kenma’s waist, to caress his skin, “it’s like this every time. When they look at you, I feel so…” he shook his head, pressing their foreheads together.

Hesitantly, Kenma pressed his hand against Kuroo’s chest. He looked calm on the outside but his heart was pounding madly under Kenma’s hand, “I thought you didn’t care.”

Kuroo looked at him and Kenma saw in his eyes that he did care. Not the way you would care for a friend – and not just from today either. Kuroo pressed himself closer. Kenma put his hand on his wrist so he could be closer. He realised the heat had died down to a pleasant thump, anticipating what was to come, ‘‘are you scared?’’

Kenma shook his head and spoke quietly, “no. Cuz it’s you.”

Kuroo connected their lips and Kenma melted into the kiss, letting Kuroo grab his legs and hook them around his waist, lifting him from the floor. Kenma’s back was against the wall but somehow Kuroo still managed to get his t-shirt off.

“You’re so tiny,” Kuroo growled in pleasure against his collarbone.

“That’s a good thing?” Kenma’s breath was coming faster now.

Kuroo kissed up his neck and whispered into his ear, ‘‘definitely.’’

Again, without removing Kenma’s legs from around his waist Kuroo slipped off his boxers. Kenma flushed and looked over Kuroo’s shoulder.

“Are you making a point of not looking at it?” Kuroo laughed. He prodded his erection against Kenma’s entrance and Kenma yelped.

“Don’t do that!”

Another laugh that was almost as pleasant as the hands caressing Kenma’s hips, “how else am I meant to have sex with you?”

Kenma’s arms tightened around Kuroo’s neck in embarrassment, “don’t…tease.”

“Okay, okay,” Kuroo said, “you’re just too cute not to tease.”

Kenma rolled his eyes. Kuroo removed one hand from his waist and went to touch himself a few times, “since we don’t have lube, we’re going to have to improvise.”
Kenma glanced down shyly at Kuroo’s impressive but unsurprising (he was really tall afterall) length, now coated thoroughly with pre-cum and felt his stomach tighten painfully.

“Kuroo…” he whimpered.

“Hmm?”

“Do it already,” he whispered against his neck and he felt an almost animalistic growl reverberate in Kuroo’s chest. A second later two fingers slipped inside him, eliciting a moan from Kenma that was quickly followed by him biting his lips to stop other sounds.

“Fuck. You can do that. Please do that,” Kuroo growled, moving his fingers faster. His breathing was ragged. Apparently he couldn’t wait any longer because he pulled his fingers out and positioned himself, pushing in slowly.

Instead of pain, a wave of pleasure passed through Kenma, the heat that had been in his stomach the past few days spreading across his body deliciously. He whimpered in pleasure and gasped when the whole head slipped in.

“Kuroo…” he moaned, almost inaudibly.

Kuroo made a pleased sound in the back of his throat and shoved upwards. The action was followed by a nearly painful burn and a loud gasp from Kenma, but the pain receded quickly, his insides quickly adjusting to the length and width. Kenma moved his hips eagerly.

“Fuck, you feel so amazing,” Kuroo whispered hotly. He pulled in and out a few times, earning another moan from Kenma that was like music to his ears.

“F-faster,” Kenma whispered, panting.

Kuroo happily obliged, thrusting in quickly and harshly, quickly finding Kenma’s spot. Kenma tensed up and straightened, gritting his teeth as he whimpered. But Kuroo wanted to hears his moans. He kissed him, hard and passionate, his tongue exploring Kenma’s mouth. When he pulled away he kept his lips close, brushing against Kenma’s with every exhale. Eager for more kisses, Kenma kept his lips parted, which meant little moans slipped out every few seconds, getting louder as Kuroo went faster and faster.

“N-not inside,” Kenma moaned, his eyes closed. He was breathing hard.

Before Kuroo could reply, Kenma’s insides clenched down on him and he moaned Kuroo’s name, coming hard. He was still shivering with the pleasure when Kuroo came, filling him. Kenma was limp against him and Kuroo slowly slid them to the floor, withdrawing his member from Kenma once they hit the floor.

Kenma’s breath was settling. He opened his eyes and looked at Kuroo. The alpha brushed his sweaty hair from his forehead, kissing it repeatedly.

“You were so good. I love you. I love you so much.”


Kuroo grinned, “sorry, not sorry.”
Young Love as Sweet as Can Be

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Hinata (top) x Tsukki (bottom)
Prompt by: Hntsk
Prompt: People don't believe Hinata is the top in the relationship because he's a lot smaller than Tsukki but Hinata in serious-mode is super intense and turns Tsukki on.

No one believed them, but that was okay.

Hinata didn’t really care that much if people thought Tsukki topped him every night. Hell, from an outsider’s point of view it really looked like it. Tsukki was 25.9 (nearly 30!) centimetres taller than him, he was the quiet brooding type (the seme, Yachi had called him) and definitely seemed like the type to push Hinata against the wall and shag his brains out.

Well, they hadn’t had sex yet. It was a fresh relationship, but Hinata liked it more each day, even if the others thought he was on bottom. Okay, so Hinata was short and hyperactive and childish, but when it got to it, he could get pretty serious. Tsukki had called him ‘intense’ one time, all flustered just from the way Hinata was looking at him. It made the spiker pretty happy, knowing he was the only person who could get Tsukki in that state.

Anyway, back to the point.

Hinata didn’t know what he was expecting when Tsukki had invited himself over for the night, but it was definitely not exiting his shower and finding the blond curled up on his bed, asleep. He felt a pang of disappointment at the lack of action he had been looking forward to, but it was quickly erased by a warmth that spread over him at the sight of Tsukki’s sleeping face. He had already changed into his PJs and in the white attire he looked strangely…innocent.

Hinata hovered above him and gently slipped his glasses off his face, folding them and placing them on his night table. He crept to the light switch and turned the lights off. Then he knelt by the bed and leaned his head on his arms, observing Tsukki. He smiled into his arm. He really was cute like thi-

“That’s creepy,” Tsukki mumbled sleepily, opening his eyes a little.

Hinata snorted, “what’s creepy is that you can see me with your eyes closed.”

Tsukki rolled away from the edge, giving Hinata space, “it’s my special power,” he murmured, blinking to stay awake.

“Well, then my special power is making you blush,” Hinata said proudly, crawling into bed next to him.

It was Tsukki’s turn to snort, “yeah, right.”

A slow grin spread across Hinata’s face, “wanna bet?”

“Sure.”
Suddenly Hinata was on top of Tsukki, his face completely serious. He locked their lips together in a slow, deep kiss. He broke away after a minute, pressing sensual kisses to Tsukki’s neck as he squirmed. Hinata had learned a lot over these three months of dating Tsukki – how to kiss and give hickeys properly, where to touch to make someone come undone, what to do when…most taught to him by Noya and Tanaka. The effect was worth it. When he wanted to, Hinata could make Tsukki a blushing mess.

He pressed on last kiss to Tsukki’s neck, stopping right above his collarbone and looked up, a grin splitting his face, “I win."

Tsukki growled, covering his face with his arm, “shut up. Idiot.”

Hinata tugged Tsukki’s arm away from his blushing face and smiled, nuzzling their noses together. He kissed him again, the smile disappearing, and again. When he pulled away, Tsukki was looking at him with hazy eyes, his breath coming out in little pants.

Hinata slipped off him, not wanting to do anything rash, and pressed a kiss to his forehead. He was content with just sleeping next to his boyfriend.

|||*|||

“So, wait…how does that work?” Daichi asked around the straw of his apple juice in his mouth. He chewed on it thoughtfully as Suga groaned.

“I’ve heard how ‘this’ works a million times,” he complained, taking Daichi’s juice and finishing it.

“Basically,” Hinata said, adjusting his position. The whole Karasuno team was chilling on the field behind the gym, eating breakfast before morning practice, “I just top. Like, I just do what he does but-”

“But when they fuck, he’s gonna be the sausage and Tsukishima is gonna be the muffin,” Noya proclaimed and Asahi gasped, as if he was an old lady in church who had just heard a curse words.

Daichi’s brows furrowed, “but…he’s so small.”

“Not down there!” Hinata exclaimed and Tsukki and Kageyama rolled their eyes at the same time.

“But like…” Daichi tilted his head, “if you look at you two…”

“Then I look totally submissive,” Hinata proclaimed, “but I am not.” And then he grabbed Tsukki’s shirt and pulled him in for a brief, harsh kiss. When he released him, Tsukki was swearing under his nose and blushing furiously. Hinata looked smug, “see?”

The others seemed impressed. Tanaka nodded, approvingly.

“Dumbass, don’t do that in public,” Tsukki grumbled, grabbing his chocolate bar wrapper and heading away, “I’m gonna toss this away.”

Daichi watched him go, “you know, he’s pretty cute when he blushes.”

Hinata leaned in close, smiling. There was something threatening about it and his eyes were serious, like when he was talking to Kageyama about giving him a spike, “I know. But hands off, Captain. He already has a boyfriend,” and he stood and followed Tsukishima.

Asahi rubbed the back of his head, awed, “damn.”
“Our little baby,” Noya pressed a hand to his chest.

“All grown up,” Tanaka whispered.

Suga put an arm on Daichi’s shoulder, ‘’get it now?’’

‘’Uh-uh,’’ Daichi muttered, still dazed.

Hinata ran after Tsukki and found him sitting against the side of the gym, working his blush off. Hinata knelt down between his legs and grinned at him. Tsukki glared back.

Hinata put a hand on his cheek, ‘’you’re not angry, are you, Tsukki?’’

‘’You shouldn’t do that in public.’’

Hinata’s face fell, ‘’are you embarrassed that I’m the top?’’

Tsukki’s face softened, ‘’of course not,’’ he pressed his forehead to Hinata’s shoulder and let the shorter boy wrap his arms around him, ‘’just…it’s embarrassing when you kiss me in front of everyone.’’

Hinata pulled away and leaned close, ‘’then I’ll kiss you when no one is around,’’ he whispered, connecting their lips.

Tanaka exploded from behind the gym like a firework, pointing an accusing finger, ‘’see!? I told you they were making out!’’
Yoshiwara, 1657

The city of Yoshiwara, the pride of Edo, flourished with artisans, markets and prostitutes. Ah, yes, the prostitutes; restricted to selling their services in Yoshiwara only, kept from the rest of Edo. The government were trying to restrain the courtesans that had once roamed Japan freely. Kageyama reckoned it was only a matter of time before prostitution was made illegal – but then again what did he know.

He was on a break, having been fucked four times already – all before noon. His joints ached and his dick felt like it would never go up again – which of course it would. It was a matter of if he would be getting food that night, so it had to. But Kageyama had long since stopped feeling pleasure from his job. Sex was just sex, a way to relieve the customer’s frustration and give him or her a moment of bliss. To Kageyama it was a chore that made him too tired to even speak.

The woman taking a break next to him seemed to think so, too. She was old, rugged, her make-up dusting the folds of her wrinkling face. They were sitting on the step leading to the back kitchens where sake was poured and small snacks were served. Some customers liked to nibble on crispy biscuits and grapes as they watched him do degrading activities. Kageyama hated those the most – with his life consisting solely of fucking, sleeping the days away and eating whenever he had a moment of time, having to actually make the effort to be seductive and flirty was a killer. Kageyama much more preferred those who stripped as soon as they stepped into the room and made a quick job of it – sometimes he even managed to lie in the soft sheets for a minute or two.

His own futon was hard and thin, his blanket scratchy. It didn’t keep out the chill. He slept with other better, more experienced prostitutes a large, airy room. He had a designated position for sleeping so his back would be straight. If the mistress found that any of them had changed position the night before, they would not receive breakfast and be given the nastiest, most filthy customers that stumbled into the brothel. Not him, though – he was the top dog. People paid a lot for his services, even if his mistress treated him like shit.

‘‘Kageyama, that debt won’t pay itself!’’ his mistress called. Somehow her voice found him, no matter where he went. Not sparing the woman on the steps a glance, he walked back into the main corridor of the brothel through the kitchen. His debt…a massive sum, signed over his contract. No matter how hard he worked, the mistress rarely took away figures, saying that his food and rent cost a lot. Kageyama had taken to taking coins off the payment of his customers and keeping them under his pillow, hoping that in ten years he’d have enough to buy his freedom.

Yeah, right.

He found his mistress in the corridor, tapping her sandaled foot impatiently on the cherry wood floor, glancing at a sheet of parchment held daintily in one hand. A smoking pipe swung from her other
hand, momentarily forgotten, “a customer is waiting for you in room 3. Pays good money. A samurai. Be good to him,” she furrowed her brows, already walking away, “and find me Hinata, I have a customer waiting for his as well.”

Kageyama sighed and rubbed his eyes briefly with the balls of his palms, steeling himself for the encounter. He put on the sexiest bed-smile he could muster and walked the short way to room 3, which had a view of the cherry tree. It was his favourite room. Sometimes rather than concentrating on his customer, he’d stare out of the window and look at the flowers, letting them do the job.

Kageyama slid back the panel to the room and walked in; making sure his kimono exposed some of his shoulder in a seductive manner. He didn’t find what he expected…

A tall man with golden hair sat stiffly on the chair by the window, a cup of untouched sake before him. His attire indicated that he was a samurai. He was looking out of the window but glanced at Kageyama when he came in. His eyes were tired, unamused, his mouth set in a cold smirk.

“Let’s start, then,” he said.

“Let’s not make it sound like a chore,” Kageyama purred.

The man rolled his eyes, throwing Kageyama off track. A stab of annoyance pulled on his nerves, “how about you drop this ridiculous, sexual charade and just give me what I’m paying for.”

“What, my ass?” Kageyama snapped before he could stop himself, but something like amused glinted in the man’s eyes.

“Vulgar,” he smirked, “better. I’m Tsukishima Kei. You can drink some sake to make this easier, if you want.”

Kageyama didn’t take the alcohol. Instead, he watched as Tsukishima slid off the complicated maze of fabric and strings, exposing milky skin. Kageyama had never seen someone so pale before. His mouth went dry and he glanced down in surprise. He was actually semi-hard, without trying, without forcing himself to, without imagining the most perfect form he could, taking him…

Kageyama followed Tsukishima to the large, fluffy futon.

“How do you want me?”

Tsukishima scanned his face calmly, “how do you want yourself?”

Kageyama was surprised. No one ever asked him. They either wanted him on his back or on his stomach, or in their lap. Sometimes they ignored the futon completely, taking him against the wall or the table, spilling sake everywhere. He must have hesitated for too long because Tsukishima patted his lap. He was now dressed only in a white kimono.

Expertly, Kageyama slid onto Tsukishima’s lap, ready to undo the kimono and give Tsukishima a good time, but the blond took his wrists and put his hands on his shoulders. His own roamed Kageyama’s hips slowly, but Tsukishima kept eye contact.

“You have strange hair,” Kageyama said, fighting the blush that was threatening to spill onto his cheeks. He hadn’t done it slow for ages. He couldn’t remember the last time someone made him blush with something else than burning humiliation.

“I wasn’t born here, Kageyama” Tsukishima said simply. Apparently the mistress had told him his name, “where were you born?”
"'Here,'" Kageyama replied, "'how would you like me to be, sir? Sexy? Shy? I can do what you want.'"

Tsukishima chuckled, but he didn’t sound happy, "'I know you’re trained, but I don’t want those fake personas. And don’t call me sir. Kei is fine.'"

"'Kei,'" Kageyama said, "'do you like talking before doing it?'"

"'Well, I’m not having sex with you for your face,'" Tsukishima replied and this time Kageyama really did flush, but Tsukki touched his cheek thoughtfully, "'although it is quite pleasant.'"

The humiliated blush transformed into a pleased one. Why was Kageyama pleased? Tsukishima slipped his hand to his shoulder, pushing back the material, and Kageyama didn’t notice he had stiffened up until Tsukishima removed his hand.

"'You don’t particularly like being touched, huh?'" Kageyama didn’t answer and Tsukishima’s hand returned, rubbing at his shoulder. He frowned, "'god, you’re all tense. Turn around.'" Kageyama did as he was bid. Tsukishima’s hands reached around him, enclosing him in pleasantly smelling warmth for a second as he undid the sash around his kimono and slipped it off him. Then, slowly, his hands descended upon his shoulders, rubbing gently at his spine. Kageyama groaned softly at the sudden pressure and at the half-painful, half-blissful feeling that followed, "'tell me about you.'"

"'There’s nothing to tell,'" his voice was tighter than before, almost a hum at Tsukishima’s skilled hands, "'I’ve been here my whole life. That’s it. I’ll probably die of Syphilis by the time I turn twenty one.'"

Tsukishima picked up on that, "'are you scared of dying?'"

"'Is this your fetish? Asking personal questions?'"

Tsukishima’s hands dipped lower and this time Kageyama did uttered a little hum, "'if you don’t want to tell me, you don’t have to.'"

Kageyama was quiet for a little while, letting Tsukishima work through the knots in his muscles, "'I’m scared that my body will be dropped off at the back enterance of the Jokan-Ji temple and tossed in an unmarked grave,'" he said quietly.

After that, it was Tsukishima’s turn to be quiet. When he spoke again, his voice was softer, "'what about paying off your debt?'"

Kageyama snorted, "'paying off a debt is a fantasy. The figure on my contract hasn’t changed for months,'" he caught himself and cleared his throat, pushing himself off Tsukishima’s lap, "'what about you? Why are you here?'"

Tsukishima wouldn’t let him get away. He grabbed his arms and pulled him close, back into his lap, stroking his back as he thought, "'I’m tired of everything. Being a Samurai is just training and listening to orders and thinking about honour. I haven’t seen my family in years. I needed to relieve my tension,'" he leaned in closer, "'but apparently out of us two, you’re the more tense one.'" He continued to stroke Kageyama’s back through the material until the raven relaxed. A light, amused smile graces Tsukishima’s mouth, "'and you’re not very used to being treated like a lover.'"

Kageyama dipped his head, hiding behind his black bangs. He hated feeling like a novice in Tsukishima’s arms. And maybe he loved it a little, too. He could pretend he didn’t spend most of his life pleasing men, throwing his honour away for a place to sleep, secretly feeling a pang of pride as he made his way up the ranks…
Tsukishima tucked a finger under his chin and lifted his head, “don’t hide,” his voice rang with unspilled laughter. With a stab of annoyance, Kageyama swatted his hand away. This time Tsukishima did laugh, “is this how you treat your customers?” Kageyama tensed. If he told the mistress that Kageyama hadn’t pleased him… but Tsukishima just rubbed his shoulder slowly again, “relax.”

Kageyama had enough – it was as if Tsukishima was stealing his job. Goddamned Samurai. He pushed Tsukishima down and for a split second the blond looked surprised. Feeling a tinge of satisfaction, Kageyama crawled on top of him. Tsukishima looked up at him, unamused, but Kageyama ignored him, tugging off his kimono in a swift motion and throwing it to the floor. Completely naked, he tried to lower himself down on Tsukishima, but the Samurai had other ideas. He grabbed his waist and flipped him over, hovering over him, his eyes glancing up and down his body.

Tsukishima’s brow furrowed, “you’re all marked.”

It was true. A large portion of Kageyama’s shoulders, neck, collarbones and the top part of his chest was covered in little purple love bites and faint teeth marks from where his clients had sucked, kissed or bit when they climaxed. Just thinking about all those different mouths on him made Kageyama shudder in disgust. He was gross. That was the truth of it – every inch of his body had been discovered, claimed and marked. None of it was his own. He belonged to the brothel, to his mistress, to all those men that came every day…

“Do you find me repulsive?” Kageyama spoke quietly.

“I feel sorry for you, actually,” another wave of anger and annoyance washed over the prostitute but Tsukishima touched his face again, as if apologising for his words, “you’re like a tragic character in a story.”

“This isn’t a story; it’s my life,” Kageyama spoke through gritted teeth.

“Did I offend you?” again, that annoying smirk. Tsukishima’s eyes slid lower again, over the markings of the other men, and his eyes darkened. Slowly, he dipped his head and pressed his lips to a hickey below his throat, sucking gently as to not hurt him, but harshly enough so that when he pulled back the half-faded purple bruise was red and prominent. With a satisfied half-smile, he kissed the one just above it. He trailed his kisses down to his shoulder, pressing his teeth lightly against a bite mark. Kageyama closed his eyes, letting the sensation of Tsukishima’s lips fill him. It was different than the hasty, wet, often alcohol-smelling kisses or the too-hard, painful, gross bites of the customers. Each of Tsukishima’s movements was slow and deliberate and like a lover’s caress.

He pulled away and Kageyama opened his eyes.

“There,” Tsukishima murmured, “now I’m the only one marking you. That’s not that bad, is it?”

“No…” Kageyama admitted quietly.

Finally, Tsukishima took hold of his legs and swung them open, his hands making quick work of the kimono keeping his body from view. Kageyama took him in quickly, licking his suddenly dry lips.

“You don’t have to prepare me,” he said automatically.

Another smirk, “as you wish.”

It had been a long time since a man moving into him had caused him pain, discomfort or burn. Nowadays as soon as they were in him, Kageyama spaced out, trying to not to think about the length
in him, about how his treacherous insides clamped down… Tsukishima went in smoothly, gracefully, and Kageyama gave a little hiss when he hit his sweet spot on the first try. He tried to focus on the tree outside, to float away, but with each unmerciful thrust he was brought back to reality, until he stopped trying.

It seemed that that was what Tsukishima had been waiting for. He slowed down, his movements like liquid, going in slowly, pulling out lazily… the kind of sex lovers would have when they woke up late in the morning on a Sunday. Kageyama found it hard to catch his breath, to concentrate on one point. With each lazy thrust his hips went to meet Tsukishima’s length and his walls clenched down. He felt every inch of Tsukishima in him and…he actually felt the pleasure. It wasn’t the overwhelming bliss that most people felt, but for once Kageyama wasn’t numb. A little spark had started in the pit of his stomach and the thrusts actually made Kageyama pant a little.

Tsukishima leaned down, pressing a kiss to Kageyama’s cheek. His heart jumped a little. No one has done that before. Suddenly the spark in his stomach unfurled, setting his skin on fire. He didn’t say anything, pushing back into the futon and clamping his mouth shut. The pleasure built up from pleasant shivers to gentle waves that lapped across his body. It wasn’t fully amazing, like the first few times. It never would be. But it was more than Kageyama had felt in years.

With a little gasp, he felt Tsukishima fill him up. He growled against his neck and pulled out a moment later, allowing some of the cum to dribble out. His hair was dishevelled from nuzzling against Kageyama’s neck and his cheeks were slightly flushed but when he glanced at Kageyama his brows furrowed again, “you didn’t…”

“’It’s okay,’” Kageyama sat up, feeling the last of the pleasant waves run through his body and disperse, “’I rarely do,’” he felt the need to add something, “’you grow immune to this.’”

Tsukishima’s face was emotionless for a second, before a slow smirk spread across his face, “’you know, a pretty little thing on the outskirts of a fishing town once taught me something,’” he said, “’let me show you,’” he disappeared under the covers.

“What are you-ah!” Kageyama inhaled sharply as he felt Tsukishima’s warm mouth close around his member, sliding up and down. Shivers ran down his spine and his vision went hazy. He fell back into the futon, his back arching as Tsukishima worked his mouth around his cock, changing the pace, sometimes teasing the tip with only his tongue… In minutes, Kageyama was undone, a moaning mess in the sheets, and a few minutes later he had his first orgasm in months.

Through half-closed eyes, Kageyama watched Tsukishima get dressed and walk towards the exit. A part of him wanted to call out, to make the smirking Samurai stay, but then Tsukishima was out and gone.

The rest of the day’s sex was numb and bland and made Kageyama’s heart sink.

Two weeks later Kageyama walked into the room, his last customer for the night waiting and his eyes widened. Tsukishima was sitting at the low table under the window, sipping a drink – not Sake but warm tea. He gestured for Kageyama to sit, which he did, a little bewildered.

“’Mistress rarely allow customers to take me twice,’” he said, finally finding his voice.

Tsukishima shrugged, “’I’m very persuasive,’” he slid Kageyama a cup, “’drink up.’” Kageyama did. They rarely got tea – mostly water and a lot of Sake, “’how have you been?’” Tsukishima asked casually. Kageyama spotted a fresh scar against Tsukishima’s collarbone, and the man noticed his
gaze, “training,” he said and smiled, although it was more like a grimace, “my last one. I’m…
leaving. The Samurai. The city. Yoshiwara. For good…”

“Oh,” Kageyama heard himself saying, as his heart hollowed out, “Oh.”

Tsukishima tilted his head, “I wanted my last night in this wretched city to be spent with you,” his
face and voice was serious.

Kageyama stood, heading for the bed but Tsukishima shook his head. Instead, he slid open the
window and gestured for Kageyama to climb out of it.

“I can’t leave,” a part of him was already out, free, even as he said it.

Tsukishima smirked, “trust me, your mistress won’t even notice.”

|||*|||

The streets were quiet. The merchants had long since rolled up their stalls; the artisans were asleep in
their beds after a day of painting and sculpting. The actors were probably in the taverns, overflowing
with people and laughter and light. Those were the only places with any noise or life. Once in a
while Kageyama and Tsukishima bumped into a law officer, patrolling the streets, and all of them
nodded respectfully at Tsukishima.

The Samurai walked a respectful distance away from Kageyama, as if they were courting. They
walked along the streets overlooking the river. Kageyama had passed it many times before, running
errands or meeting clients too old or too rich to go to the tavern, but in the twinkle of starlight it
looked surreal, beautiful. Even if it was dirty, misused, overflowing with filth…like Kageyama.

Tsukishima stopped once they were well clear of the patrols and taverns and leaned on the low wall
overlooking the river. Kageyama followed suit.

“I can’t wait to get out of this city,” Tsukishima said into the chilly air.

“That makes two of us,” Kageyama sighed, looking out into the dark waters. The moon was
reflected on the surface, like an ever-seeing eye.

“Would you run?” Tsukishima asked quietly, “if you could?”

“I’d run if I had half the courage,” Kageyama cleared his throat, and spoke louder, trying to clear
the sad, quiet atmosphere, “where will you go?”

Tsukishima straightened and turned, ready to walk back to the brothel. Not yet, “I have a home, far
away from here. In a city that is truly beautiful, not a poor imitation,” he gestured all around him,
“like this,” his hand stopped, pointing at Kageyama, “oh, wait. Here’s something pretty,” he
grinned and grabbed his wrist, pulling him closer. Kageyama didn’t have the energy to resist him.

“Did you think about me when I was gone?” Tsukishima whispered, looking deep into his eyes.

“Yes,” Kageyama murmured and jerked back when Tsukishima dipped his head to kiss him.

“Oh,” he said, “let me guess. Some unspoken rule that you do not kiss customers?”

Kageyama hesitated, “yes,” he repeated.

Tsukishima smiled sadly and pressed their foreheads together, “shame.”
“I’m going to miss you,” Kageyama whispered, before his courage left him, ‘even if I don’t even know you.’

In response, Tsukishima pressed and kissed his forehead. Then he laughed, the sound warming Kageyama, and threw an arm around his shoulders, ‘let’s get you back, before your mistress find out that you’re gone.’

Kageyama’s mistress was seething mad.

‘How dare you!?’ she shrieked at Tsukishima as soon as they stepped over the gate of the Brothel, ‘I don’t care if you’re a Samurai! You cannot just rent one of my boys, without paying, without asking…!’ spittle flew from her mouth as she grabbed Kageyama’s arm, her nails digging into his skin, ‘and you! How dare you!? After all I’ve done for you, you stupid whore!’

Tsukishima placed a hand on her arm calmly, ‘mistress, I would like to speak to you. In private, if I may..’ The mistress’ eyes widened and she released Kageyama quickly, composing herself.

‘Of course, of course…’

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Kageyama couldn’t sleep all night. When the weak, early sunlight filtered through the window, he wondered if Tsukishima had gone already, quelling the mistress’ rage as a parting gift. He sighed. It had been a sweet fairytale, while it lasted. But it was time to get back to normal life.

‘Rise and shine, Kageyama!’ the mistress threw open the doors to the sleeping room and he groaned, his noise drowned out by the dozens of others as courtesans threw pillows over their heads. It wasn’t uncommon for Kageyama to have the first customer of the day, but somehow his mistress seemed more cheerful than usual. Perhaps it was someone important? ‘get up, get up,’ she grabbed the small chest at the foot of his futon and emptied the contents into a small bag.

Kageyama stood, walking to the basin quickly and washing himself as the mistress hummed and shushed the others as they complained. His heart pounded. Not another trip…sometimes, once a year or so, he had to go to some household far away for a few days to be tied up and fucked twenty hours a day, sometimes by multiple people. After he came back, he slept for a whole day. It was hell on earth and it usually begun with the mistress tossing his limited amount of clothes into a bag.

Kageyama dressed quickly, not looking at the mistress as she tossed the bag over his shoulders and ushered him out of the Brothel, out of the gates, where a small carriage waited. And in front of it, Tsukishima.

The mistress disappeared, followed by the driver going to grab the last provisions, and all Kageyama could do was stare at Tsukishima.

‘I thought you’d left,’ his throat was dry.

Tsukishima grinned, ‘not without doing something first,’’ he fished around in his pocket and produced a contract. Kageyama’s contract, with the whole, massive sum crossed out.

A light breeze played with Kageyama’s hair as he stared at Tsukishima in disbelief, ‘you…bought my contract.’

‘That’s right,’’ Tsukishima ripped the piece of paper in two, then in four, and let them float out of his hand, stolen by the wind, ‘you’re a free man now, Kageyama. You may go wherever you wish.’
Kageyama ran.

Not away.

He ran towards Tsukishima, who smiled as Kageyama flung his arms around the ex Samurai, smashing their lips together.

“Thank you. Thank you,” he whispered, gripping his shirt tightly, “I want to go with you.”

His grin widened, “I was hoping you’d say that.”

They boarded the carriage and left, never looking back at the crippled, corrupted Yoshiwara.

A few days later the city burned to the ground and the New Yoshiwara was rebuilt far, far away.
This is What We Do, Baby, We Nightmare You

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Daichi (top) x Suga (bottom)
Prompt by: I don't remember?????
Prompt: Daichi is a king who has nightmares and Suga is a servant who happens to walk in on him having one.

Red. Red behind his eyes, pumping through his veins, soaking his hands. Coating his sword, getting under his fingernails, his skin. Red, swallowing the earth, swallowing the bodies. Red, leaving veins, leaving bodies, soaking into the ground…deep, deep into hell. Into fire. Red, red fire and red, red blood.

Black. Black like the night, black like his soul, black like the pupils of those eyes. Those eyes, haunting him constantly. Black like the earth, no longer red, opening up, swallowing him. Black like the sound of his screams that fall on deaf ears, black like the horses amongst the bodies, black like the colour of his sins. So many sins, millions and still counting.

And then white. White like the snow, hiding the black, covered in red. White like the clouds above him, before the earth closes over him. White like the souls of those he pierced, white like the soul that has now turned black, inside him, beating alongside his cold, dark heart. White like the bodies, the whites of their eyes, their cold, dead fingers pulling at his arms and his legs, dragging him underground into the black.

Red, black, white, the colours on his crest, the colours on his flag, the colours in his dreams. The colours, suffocating him. The white, draining colour from his skin, the pink from his cheeks, the gold from his arms, the red from his lips. The red, pumping from his veins and into the ground, clouding his vision until he can’t see the sky, painting his name on the devil’s list in blood. And black. That horrible, horrible black, the colour of his hair, the colour of his eyes, the colour of his uniform, melting with the ground. The ground, closing around him, suffocating. White skeletal hands pulling on him, the red slowly dying, seeping out. The black, over his head, all around. He gasps for breath, but there is none. The air has turned black, the oxygen; black. Black, black, black…and now dead. Dead and condemned. Dead.

Black.

Daichi awoke with a sharp inhale. It was cold in his bedchamber, the fire in the fireplace oozing a few weak embers. White marble, black coal, red sparks. Daichi rubbed his eyes with his hands in the darkness. It had been nearly ten months since the battle and nearly eight since he had been crowned king. It was hard to get used to the large rooms and the talking and the heavy metal crown atop his head. He sighed into the darkness. It really was cold. Winter had crept up on him while he was busy planning victory banquets and handing out titles like handfuls of gold, thanking his generals and
lords for the help in the war, that had led to that one battle.

That battle haunted him every night, in those dreams, to the point where he couldn’t bear to look at his kingdom’s flag. To the point that when he saw the combination of red, black and white, his world spun. During the battle he had seen more blood than he thought thousands could produce, seen more white corpses than he thought possible. And he had been swallowed by darkness – the general, fainting, grabbed and dragged into the black.

The doors creaked open quietly and Daichi glanced at the servant that crept inside. He was in his nightclothes, carrying a torch in his hand. Daichi had seen him around the palace; it was hard to miss his silver hair and the spot under his eye that gave his face character. Daichi sat up and the servant boy jumped, expecting him to be sleeping.

“Your majesty,” the boy bowed. His voice wrapped around Daichi like silk. He hummed in approval as the boy hurried to the fireplace, “I thought you may be cold.” He fussed over the fireplace, torching the embers. It glowed warmly, illuminating his face, dispersing the black. The boy set the torch in a holder in the fireplace and stood, bowing deeply once more. Before he could leave, Daichi spoke.

“What is your name?” his voice was rough. Had he been screaming through his nightmares?

“Suga, your majesty,” the boy bowed a third time. He had a pretty face and his voice was pleasant to hear.

“Suga,” Daichi tasted the name, speaking quietly, and extended his hand, “will you warm my bed tonight?”

The boy looked surprised, “majesty, if you need, I will send for a concubine-”

“No,” Daichi interrupted him softly, “I don’t want that.”

Suga hesitated for a few seconds before taking Daichi’s hand and letting the king pull him under the thick blankets.

Suga was still hesitant, “I am just a servant-”

“For now, you are just a boy,” Daichi whispered, cupping his face and leaning close, “and I am just a man.”

Suga offered him a slow smile, “then I will be happy to please you.” He let the king kiss him, softly, hesitantly. When they broke apart, Suga brushed his hair out of his face. For one self conscious second Daichi realise he must look like hell after his nightmare, but after glancing at Suga’s face he realised the boy didn’t care, “did you have a nightmare?”

“Yes,” Daichi whispered, “about the battle.” Suga said nothing, brushing his fingers over his short sideburns, the roughly shaved jaw, his collarbone, “I have killed many people.”

“I know,” Suga said softly.

Daichi tucked a strand of his silver hair behind his ear, “you have such strange hair. The madams of the city would hunt you for it.”

Suga shook his head, “I wouldn’t sell my body.”

Daichi pulled him closer, “isn’t that what you’re doing right now?” he nuzzled his nose against
Suga’s, “selling your body at your king’s command.”

Suga smiled softly and Daichi felt some of the inky darkness lift from his heart, “As far as I am concerned, you are just a man tonight. A man I have great respect for. A man I am happy to serve.”

“Even if he is a hell-bound murderer?”

“Even if.” Suga touched his face, concern in his eyes, “don’t think of it, your majesty.”

Daichi touched his wrist, “if I am just a man, then I am not a majesty,” he whispered, “do you know my name?”

“Yes,” Suga smiled shyly into his lap, “Daichi.”

The king kissed him, fumbling with his simple night clothes, undoing the strings and dropping them off, admiring his skin. It wasn’t white as death, as those corpses had been after the battle. It was pale – pale as starlight, pale as the moon reflected in the lake, pale as pearls around a queen’s throat. Daichi pressed his lips to the column of his throat, sucking hard enough to elicit a sweet gasp from his mouth. He pulled back and looked at the mark. It was red, but not like the blood he couldn’t bear to wipe from his sword. Red like the warm heart, beating underneath Suga’s skin, red like the roses growing in the garden, red like his sisters dress as she danced around the ballroom when they were kids.

Daichi looked up at Suga, who smiled, so radiantly that the shadows of the dark room behind him seemed to fade, like the night sky giving way to the first rays of sunlight. Like the black, receding, disappearing.

Daichi surged up, kissing him, capturing him in his arms with so much heat and passion Suga melted against him. Daichi held him long into the night and the dark that used to suffocate him, letting him get a few hours sleep at a time, didn’t approach once. He went rough and hard and fast at first and the motion and feel of Suga against him, around him, made the world disappear. It helped him forget about the horrors he had seen and endured and inflicted. It made that blood soaked battlefield disappear into bliss and bursting light and warmth.

And then he went slow and steady and sweet, and Suga held his face in his hands and kissed him, and moaned his name into the dark, making it fade. And this made him feel better, like there was redemption, like darkness wasn’t the only thing that waited for him. It made ideas bloom in his head – he’d go to church, he’d save lives, he’d never go to war again; he’d repent. He’d travel his kingdom, fund schools and churches and festivals. He’d give titles to the real heroes – the rag tag soldiers now probably sleeping in the tavern, that fought alongside him while the generals and lords stood back and commanded them. He’d change his life, erase his sins. He’d marry Suga.

When the first rays of sunlight filtered through the window, their times was up. Suga, who had dozed off for a few hours against Daichi’s chest, stirred. There was no point in asking him to stay – the head maid would look for him. Suga, a simple servant boy. Suga, who had made him see beyond the dark in one short night.

Suga sat up and smiled sleepily at Daichi, and Daichi vowed he’d find a way to keep Suga by his side. Without a word, the silver haired boy leaned over and placed a quick, delicate kiss to Daichi’s lips, before slipping from the bed and out of the room.

The fire in the fireplace was no more than embers again.

And Daichi was the king once again.
‘Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. The day is 6th of October, 2066, 18:37. If you are here that means you are with us, and if you are with us that means you are against those idiocy. My name is Tigr and I welcome you to Bunt Radio.’

‘As you know from our previous podcasts, the invaders have now overtaken a large portion of New Vladivostok and are using the Area 24, once upon a time the city of Sochi, as a nuclear bomb tester. Those zalupa are making our beautiful country into a bomb infested, radioactive shit hole.’

‘In other news—oh, sorry, what was that? Oh! Dear listeners, it seems to appear that the Lozhis gruppovuhka zakhvatchikov will indeed take place as planned. Isn’t that exciting! It sure is – I don’t know about you, but I love smoking vermin that infest my home out of their miserable holes. Unfortunately, this is all we have time for today, remember to tune in next time. This was the revolution radio, the pride or Russia.’

Yaku swore as the heavily-accented, Russian voice faded into static. He scribbled down notes hastily; words his limited Russian couldn’t decipher. Words that would have to be figured out later, which could take days. Yaku had spent the past month playing with the old fashioned radio, tuning it on and off, hoping to catch the infamous Bunt Radio. When the United Powers first invaded Russia ten years ago, there had been rebellions and riots and secret underground groups plotting to get them out. Now, Russia was a desolated wasteland, bombed and tarnished. Even Yaku had enough of it. The refugees were ‘mercifully’ given places to sleep in small bunkers. The army had long since disappeared off the face of Russia, after the battle of Siberia. The only part of the resistance, the Bunt Radio, however, would not be crushed. They were a nuisance, organising riots and attacking patrols until Yaku was put in charge of figuring out their location and shooting all members.

Lozhis gruppovuhka zakhvatchikov… he hadn’t heard that one before. Between calling Yaku and the other invaders idiots, dickhead and motherfuckers, the strange man on the radio that went by the name ‘Tigr’ – tiger – gave little information; most of it coded so only the members of the rebellion would understand. Yaku and his team spent days figuring out what ‘yebat’ ikh vremya zadnitsu’ meant (‘fuck them up the ass’) and more than a week to figure out it was a codename for an attack on their headquarters. By the time they figured it out, it was too late. They killed most of the rebels but a large amount of weapons had been stolen.

Over those days spent listening for Tigr’s voice, Yaku had really begun to hate the rebel. His voice was always chipper and he threw in random Russian words, cautious that the UP were listening, and always managing to call them a dozen names in Russian. His podcasts were vague and more about giving hope than anything, but under the happy tone and nonchalant words, Tigr was calling for the people to rise up.

It was winter and winter in Russia was killer. Bundled in coats and furs, Yaku sat grumpily at his
desk, his gloved hand playing with the radio’s knob, trying to pick up the revolution radio. He had passed on the coded message of *Lozhis gruppowuka zakhvatchikov* to the decipher team and now all that was left was wait for Tigr’s voice to fill the silence, so he could scribble down any useful info in his rag tag notepad.

No fire was allowed to be lit in the rooms, since the UP soldiers brought so many explosives with them when they invaded, and his solar lamp was shining weakly thanks to the constant heavy, steely clouds above head. The electrical age had come and gone, leaving humanity with scraps of devices and a shit load of bombs. Now, they had nearly destroyed each other.

Yaku was in the army thanks to the draft. The UP army had introduced it after more and more cities were being wiped out by countries at war. When France was blown up, they invaded Russia, hoping for territory, ammo and natural resources, even though the earth ran dry. For that purpose, they passed a law that every able bodied person over the age of sixteen and under the age of forty five had to sign up for the army for a service of ten years. Many blew up their limbs with mines or cut themselves, making themselves disabled but freeing themselves from the constant fighting and killing.

And Yaku…Yaku was fine with being the radio operator. He didn’t get to see the real fighting; just the constant devastation and he had grown as cold as the Russian winter landscape. He had been drafted at the age of seventeen and now, five years later, he was glad for the little things – a warm, watery stew on Friday for lunch, a ray of icy sun waking him up when he dozed off against his desk, a day with no gas mask on where the pollution was low enough to breathe the air without choking…

He doubted the war will ever end. If they finally took Russia, there would be many others rebelling – first off, the Polish Republic, New Czechy and Slovenia, which had formed independent, self sustaining governments over thirty years prior, when the world had gone to shit. Then, the squatters in Antarctica, a tough people who had adapted to the harsh conditions rather than live in a world where people were at each other’s throats. Once this war ended, there would be more…

The wars had become Yaku’s reality – he didn’t know what to do after. If he wasn’t a soldier, he was a civilian and he knew from experience that the latter suffered more. Some innocent man, woman or child always got shot, stabbed or hurt ‘by accident’. No, it was better to turn the knob and tune out the world.

‘*Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.*’

Yaku sat up, all sleepiness leaving his bodies as he dropped his hand from the knob and stared intently at the radio, as if he could envision the location of the rebel speaking.

‘The day is 12th of October, 2066, 20:24. If you are here it means that you're as pissed as me that those pidarasy have invaded our country. My name is Tigr and I welcome you to Bunt Radio. In today’s news – the weapons stolen off the tormozits have been safely distributed amongst our brothers and sisters, which means operation no control may begin earlier – specifically, tomorrow.’

Yaku froze. Another attack – but where!? Were they really so desperate as to attack a whole army with a bunch of rag tag rebels…?

‘This is our last stand, my fellow rebels. The last shot to take back our homes. So take up your weapons, be it guns or kitchen knives, and join us, the Bunt Radio in the fight for our Rossiya. This was the revolution radio, the last stand of Russia…’

Static filled the room and Yaku stared at the radio. An attack…he had to warn his general. But there was no point if he didn’t know where they were attacking…
Yaku flipped to a clean page, rewriting the words over and over, until they blurred. Lozhis gruppovukha zakhvatchikov... It was getting dark. Yaku was at that stage of hunger where if he ate, he’d throw up, but he couldn’t eat, not when he was so close to figuring out how to end this war, before more people died...

Lozhis gruppovukha zakhvatchikov.

If he wanted to code the location so the enemy wouldn’t know, but the public could easily figure it out, how would he do it...?

He’d hide the names of the locations to be attacked in swearwords.

Not the first letters, that was too obvious... but the second... Lozhis; O – Omsk! Omsk was one of the biggest, still functioning cities in Russia but had been practically completely overrun by UP armies – it was the place where soldiers slept and spent their free time. Gruppovukha – R: Ryazan, the export capital where the army imported and exported supplies, information, weapons... and Zakhvatochikov – A. Arkhangelsk, the city to which the UP were bringing their people, bit by bit, to completely take over Russia... it made sense. The position of those three was tactical – they were on three separate corners of this part of Russia. If they were taken, the rebels would be able to close in from three sides, eventually taking New Vladivostok, the new capital.

Yaku shook his head, slamming his pad closed. The handful of rebels couldn’t pull it off, but it was still worth warning his general about.

Half an hour later he was out in the freezing night, one of the olden, repaired cars waiting for him. One word to his commander that he had important, confidential info for the general and he had been given a vehicle and provisions. Apparently the general was overseeing work in a village an hour out of New Vladivostok. Yaku wasted no time, bolting through the icy roads, eager to warn his general before the attacks on the three cities begun.

Despite his fatigue and burning hunger, he road fast and steady, until the skyline lit up with fire, a common sight in the burned out world. He parked the car outside the half-wrecked gates of the city, glancing at the magnificent wooden structure hesitantly as he stepped out into the freezing air. What kind of ‘work’ was his general overseeing?

He ran up to one of the two sentries by the gate who had relaxed their weapons when they recognised the car as one of their own.

“Messenger from HQ. I have an urgent message for the general.”

One sentry nodded and mutely walked through the thin cluster of trees, his boots crunching in the snow. Yaku cursed his trainers in his mind, hurrying after the sentry. His eyes slammed shut on instinct when they cleared the trees and fire exploded in front of him. He pried them open to see an inferno swallowing a clump of houses. His throat went dry. From the flames he heard people crying, babies wailing, children screaming...

“General,” the sentry saluted to a young, handsome man in a uniform, observing the hellish scene unfurling in front of him. Yaku stiffly copied him, forcing himself to act normal even in the face of such horror, “a messenger for you,” the general nodded and the sentry went back to his post.

“General Oikawa,” Yaku said through his tongue, which felt like lead, “was there an attack?”

“Ah, Yaku. What kind of message do you have for me?” Oikawa ignored his question which was as good as saying ‘no. We decided to burn the village for our own benefit’. Yaku’s heart sank. He
believed the first time Oikawa said it was an accident, and the second, but this was the sixth time he had burned a village for fun — and the first time Yaku was there to witness it. He saw the nightmarish glee in his eyes as he watched the fire devour the houses and the people inside.

“...” he stopped. A shrieking woman shot from the burning mess, her hair on fire. She flung herself into the snow, her clothes in shreds, her exposed breasts smudged with charcoal. The woman tossed about desperately, putting the fire burning her scalp out. Sobbing, she lifted herself shakily and fell back to the snow, powerless. Oikawa didn’t spare her a glance but a laughing soldier emerged from the forest. With a feral grin, he grabbed the hysterical woman and took her right there, while she shrieked and begged for mercy and he laughed, like a wolf. In the end, he shot her in the head.

Yaku watched this with horror seeping into his heart and he felt Oikawa glancing at him from the corner of his eye, amused, “I have asked a question. What is the message?”

Yaku felt sick. The lie came out too easily, “the headquarters need to see you, urgently.”

Oikawa shrugged, “tell them I will arrive tomorrow morning.”

Yaku saluted and walked towards the car. He no longer felt the cold — only a growing numbness. This was the kind of people he worked for — soldiers who raped helpless women, burned and half-dead, for their own amusement and a general who burned cities without batting an eyelash. They were no better than those who dropped bombs on whole countries in hopes of gaining power. Was this how everyone was? He had never once wondered if invading Russia, a country which had stayed out of the wars, was an evil thing to do. He had just followed commands — and now he realised the commands made him a monster.

When he turned the key in the ignition of his car, he didn’t go back to headquarters. He drove for a very long time into the snowy, dark forest, his eyes slowly dropping. When he was finally out of gas and the car shut down he remained inside, letting the warmth of the engine give way to the killer chill, letting himself drift off, letting himself finally stop fighting for a lost cause.

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When Yaku woke up he was greeted by a wooden ceiling and an old fashioned, naked light bulb swinging above.

“...You’re awake,” a face appeared above him. A young boy, maybe seventeen or eighteen, with brown hair that had been dyed blond a long time ago. Yaku groaned when the boy hauled him to a sitting position where he lay on a pile of rumpled, ripped pieces of material. “I’m Kitti.”

“...You can tell him you’re real name,” another voice said. An older boy, skinny and corded with muscle, was leaning against the wall. Yaku’s eyes couldn’t adjust yet — the whole place was blurry. He saw this boy had short shaven hair, with a fluff of blond down the middle. His voice was tinged ever so slightly with a Russian accent.

“Idiot. He’s an inoplanetyane. One of the soldiers. Can’t you tell by the uniform,” he turned back to Yaku, like he had not just called him something Yaku didn’t understand, “forgive Volk. He’s a little dim.”

“Am not!” Volk protested, “besides, if he’s here that means he’d left the army. Why are you here, hm?”

It all came rushing back. The fire, the realisation of who he had been aiding...

He drew his fingers through his hair, harshly enough to cause him pain, “I’ve done bad things...”
he was surprised how weak he sounded. His whole world spun.

Another man walked in, carrying a bowl of soup. He was impossibly tall, with spiky black hair. He sounded like he came from the Islands, not from Russia.

"That’s Pantera," Kitti said as the newcomer grinned and placed the bowl in Yaku’s lap.

"So," Pantera said, "you’re finally awake. Mind telling us why we had to haul your half-frozen body out of a car in the middle of the forest?"

"Let him eat first," Kitti reprimanded quietly. Yaku glanced down at the blood red liquid and his stomach churned. How long had he not eaten?

"Borsch," Volk said proudly, "national Russian soup."

"We practically live on that stuff," Pantera passed him a spoon and hesitantly Yaku spooned some into his mouth. The first few went down hard, and threatened to come right back up, but soon the rich texture and sharp taste smoothed his stomach, "that and pierogi, courtesy of our Polish friends."

Yaku’s spoon hovered mid way to his mouth, "are you…the resistance?"

Volk grinned, "yeah."

"Volk," Kitti’s tone was warning.

Pantera lowered himself to peer into Yaku’s face, "you are now faced with a choice; you can either leave and go back to your encampment to tell your generals about us, which means we will have to shoot you before you clear this building. Or you can join our cause to reclaim Rossiya – we could use a man whose been on the inside. You look like you’ve seen enough to want to stop this madness."

Yaku nodded and continued eating his soup. He didn’t feel surprised at all – he had expected to die, and now he was expected to fight again. Wasn’t that how it always ended up? Win one battle, fight in the next…

"I’m Yaku," he said after a while.

"You’ll have to pick a nickname," Kitt said, standing. They let Yaku finish his soup and change from his dirty uniform to a jumper, warm trousers and a fur coat. After that the others disappeared, leaving Pantera to guard him. He came forward with a piece of parchment.

"I’ll need you to repeat after me," he said and Yaku nodded, "I, insert name."

"I, Yaku Morisuke."

"Now a citizen of Rossiya, joining the ranks of the National Russian Resistance Army, take this oath of allegiance," Pantera continued.

"Now a citizen of Rossiya, joining the ranks of the National Russian Resistance Army, take this oath of allegiance," Yaku repeated.

"and do solemnly vow to be brave, loyal, vigilant and determined to restore Russia to its previous, free state," Pantera said and Yaku repeated, "to guard strictly the resistance secrets and stand until the end, to safeguard the Russian property and be true to my people until my last breath."

Yaku echoed his words and Pantera smiled with the last words.
“And if through evil intent I break this solemn oath then let the stern punishment of the resistance and the universal contempt and hatred of the free people fall upon me.”

“Sign here,” Pantera extended the piece of paper towards Yaku, who signed his name quickly before he could tell himself otherwise. Pantera gripped his hand tightly, “I’m Kuroo, but you need to call me by my nick. Welcome to the resistance, brother.”

He led a slightly stunned Yaku through the doors of the little wooden room he had been sleeping in.

“Is this like a basement or something?”

“Yeah, under the Gatchina Palace, or its ruins,” he glanced at Yaku as he led him through a claustrophobically narrow, dark corridor, “this is the place where the second-to-last Empress of Russia lived, more than a hundred and fifty years ago.” Yaku hummed, holding his hands at his sides, moving them along the walls and following Pantera towards the lit up outline of doors at the end of the corridor, “this isn’t our main base, but we can’t catch signal up in the caves, so we come down here.”

“You can’t do what?”

Pantera ignored him, shoving the doors open and they spilled into another wooden room. This one was stocked with boxes labelled ‘cans’, ‘dried food’ and ‘ammo’. Amongst the boxes sat a giant of a man, long and lean, fiddling with a radio. His hair was silver and his eyes were a startling green. He looked like a Russian prince.

“And this is Lev.”

The man looked up and winked at Yaku.

“We have to be quiet right now,” Pantera whispered, not explaining, as Lev set the radio down on one of the boxes, and carefully plugged a mic into it. He cleared his throat and switched it on, angling the antenna connected on the other side.

‘Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. The day is 13th of October, 2066, 12:39. If you are here that means you live and fight against those ublyudki. My name is Tigr and I welcome you to Bunt Radio.’ Yaku gasped and Lev shot him an amused look, ‘we are about to launch the attacks. More friends are joining us each moment,” another glance at Yaku, “courage, brothers and sisters. Let’s end this war, once and for all. Davayte vernut’ nashu Rodinu, my friends. It is time. This was the revolution radio, about to fight back.”

Tigr – or Lev – turned the mic and the radio off and hoped off the boxes casually like he hadn’t just inspired all of Russia to fight.

“I’m Lev, the guy who’s been taking care of you all night,” he grinned, clasping Yaku’s hand.

“I know you,” Yaku said, “I’ve been trying to decipher your codes for months…”

Lev grinned, “and I bet you figured out this code, too. I’m happy you’re here though, and not warning the authorities,” he finally released Yaku’s hand, “it’s good to have the radio master here with us.”

Yaku winced, “no offence, but from the reports we’ve been deceiving, you guys don’t stand a
chance. The UP armies are massive and-

Pantera laughed, ‘I fear they have been misinformed. We are quite prepared.’

Lev grabbed Yaku’s hand and with an excited grin he pulled him up the short number of steps to the doors that opened into the cellar of the palace. It was half ruined, a large hole peeking out into the parlour above. A few more stairs and they were in said parlour. It was trashed but some of its dignity remained, somehow.

‘Ready?’ Lev grinned at him and threw open the doors. For a second Yaku was blinded by startling sunlight, magnified by the burning white of the snow and then, when his eyes adjusted, he saw them. The armies. Man upon man upon woman, in tight lines, practicing shooting and combat. Behind, hidden under the cover of the forest peeked out planes – bombers and transporters.

‘How…?’

‘Apparently a few radio podcasts can make all the difference,’ Lev sounded pride, gesturing, ‘normal people, volunteers, made into freedom fighters in months. And this is only a small part of the army. The others are marching on Omsk, Ryazan and Arkhangelsk as we speak.’

Yaku was awed, ‘how…how did you keep it from them?’

Lev shrugged, ‘no one thinks about St Petersburg, one of the most magnificent cities once upon a time, anymore,’” he grinned, ‘the better for us.’

It had been a month of listening to slow news of the Russian rebellion army approaching and thinking of every piece of information that would help Yaku liberate Russia.

To pass time, Lev had been polishing his Russian between his podcasts and mysterious missions.

‘Ty velikolepen,’”

‘No, no, no, you have to say the ‘o’ more like an ‘e’,’’ Lev said. Yaku sighed. He wasn’t the most patient of students but thankfully Lev was one of the most patient teachers, ‘come on, try it.’

‘Ty velikolepen,’”

‘Good,’” Lev beamed, adjusting himself on Yaku’s sketchy mattress. First Lev had insisted on making up his code name (Olen, which meant stag) and then he had insisted the newcomer take a corner of his little room in the bunker hidden amongst others in the woods. The nights were cold and most soldiers opted for huddling together in their bunkers rather than freeze to death, so Yaku spent most months with his back pressed against Lev’s, ‘now, try the other phrase.’

‘Ya ly-lyublyu…’ Yaku struggled through the words, ‘…tebya.’

Lev’s grin softened into a smile, and his voice was quieter, ‘da. Very good.’

Yaku raised an eyebrow, ‘what did I say?’

Lev leaned closer, his smile teasing, ‘guess.’

Yaku rolled his eyes, ‘I don’t know.’

‘That you love me,’” Lev said slyly and Yaku flushed.
“Idiot. Ya ne,” he snapped.

Lev’s grin remained in place but his eyes dimmed, ‘‘why not?’’

Yaku shrugged.

“I did spend a few hours looking after you that night and I do sacrifice my free time to teach you Russian,’’ he lay down on Yaku’s bed on his stomach, looking up at Yaku innocently, ‘‘don’t I at least deserve a little love?’’

Yaku couldn’t keep the smile off his face. He touched Lev’s hair gently. He liked the texture, ‘‘maybe a little.’’

Lev was suddenly serious, looking up at Yaku with heat in his eyes, ‘‘can I kiss you?’’

The surprise question threw Yaku off track. He looked away, ‘‘if we win,’’ he said quietly, ‘‘then you may kiss me all you want.’’

A smile played on Lev’s lips and he squeezed Yaku’s hand, ‘‘deal.’’

Yaku didn’t bother slipping his hand from Lev’s grip until the doors were thrown open and Volk – whose real name was Tora – walked in, looking solemn for once.

“The armies are here,’’ he said, ‘‘it’s time to go to the final stage of operation no control.’’

In the chaos that ensued, Lev only had time to equip Yaku with a gun and a quick kiss to his hair before he disappeared. Yaku marched on next to Volk and a Russian woman that spoke only her mother tongue. A trickle of sweat ran under the fur padding of his coat as he trudged through the deep snow. It was the first time he was going into battle. Despite his extensive training in the army and then more training with the resistance, he was scared out of his mind. But as he looked around, his fear dispersed. Every person in the ranks of his squadron, from the sixteen year old kids to the forty-something war veterans looked ready to die for their country. She was all that they had – if they lost, there was nothing left for them.

Truly a last stand.

Yaku hauled himself into one of the trucks that had arrived the day before, pressed against bodies, all eager to fight. He heard the engines of the planes rumble to life and take off. The vans began their travel towards New Vladivostok. The attack had begun.

Yaku had spaced out. He was looking at the shaking, grey walls of the vans and trying not to think about the smell of BO in the air when suddenly the doors to the van were flung open and Yaku was pushed out in a wave of rebels jumping into the snow. They were at the city and the city was being attacked. Fifty other vans released their soldiers, a hundred or so in each. From snippets of conversations Yaku caught that all the attacks had been a success – now all that remained was to kill the general of the UP armies, the president inside the New Vladivostok Fortress – one built smack in the middle of the city.

Kitti, or Kenma, stood at the head of the army. He was in charge of this one and Volk was in charge of the one coming from the Omsk region; Lev was in charge of the Ryazan army and Pantera of Arkhangelsk. Yaku’s job was simple – take care of the enemy armies as the generals dealt with the
general and president, and try not to die. Easy.

The rebels got themselves into tight squadrons and begun their march towards the Fortress. A plane – not one of theirs – flew overhead, dropping bombs onto the houses. People screamed. The blast warmed Yaku’s face but the bombs hit too far to do any damage to the army, so they marched on. The UP army appeared and charged. In seconds Yaku found himself in the midst of a fight. A few gunshots. Multiple people around him went down. He didn’t know how many on the other side.

He shot a man charging at him and stabbed a female soldier with his bayonet, before moving on. It was surprisingly easy to kill, when you had a cause. The soldiers, with their hatred twisted faces, didn’t look human anyway. A mine landed next to Yaku and he managed to jump clear behind a half-destroyed house. His two comrades hadn’t been so lucky. He shook his head, clearing the red mist from his eyes and the ringing from the bang from his ears. It was a massacre – soldiers and rebels crept between houses. There was no space. Soldiers slipped on blood of their comrades and enemies alike.

A roar above. The rebellion’s planes, flying in tight formation and releasing their bombs. They hit a section of the enemy’s army that hadn’t yet dispersed. A soldier spotted Yaku and charged at him. He shoved him back with his bayonet and he cracked his head on a slab of pavement peeking from the snow as he went down. If this battle didn’t end soon…

With a wild war cry the enemy charged, forming new flanks. They were pushing back their quickly dispersing army into the gates, into the fields below where they wouldn’t stand a chance. An enemy bomber flew by, showering the rebels with bullets. At least a hundred men and women collapsed. Yaku hissed as a bullet grazed his cheek and another one embedded itself in his shoulder, going through. He tried not to think of the pain as he charged, slashing and stabbing and shooting.

A last stand.

“Traitor,” someone hissed and Yaku looked to his left. Kyoutani, a man that had trained with Yaku, was coming at him with a crude-looking, bloody knife. His gun was broken in half, lying in the snow, “you’re a traitor, Yaku.”

“It’s Olen now,” Yaku hissed and fired. Kyoutani clutched his side, looking mildly surprised, the knife falling out of his hand. Yaku didn’t hang around to see if he died because right then another battlecry went up. One he recognised.

“DLYA ROSSII!”

Yaku could have collapsed after only about half an hour of fighting. The reinforcements were here. Suddenly the empty spaces next to him filled up with eager Russian rebels. Volk appeared at his side, grinning.

“The general is down!” he yelled and the crowd cheered. The enemy’s army, suddenly outnumbered one to three, looked confused and surprised, “the panther goes after the president!”

The army looked mildlyterrified as the Russian rebels cheered once more. Then the man at the head of the army set his gun down and put his hands in the air. He looked defeated – a pointless fight. In his eyes Yaku saw what Lev must have seen in his eyes when he first arrived – the knowledge that after this war, there would be another. And the realisation that it wasn’t worth it.

Slowly, his comrades followed suit. The massacre had ended.

“Yaku!”
Lev appeared at his side, throwing an arm around his waist and tucking him into his side, his face alight with happiness. His clothes were sprinkled with blood and a cut split the sleeve of his shirt but otherwise he was unharmed.

“Your shoulder-”

“It’s nothing,” Yaku said quickly and Lev grinned again.

“We’ve won! One of the bombs wiped out the army and general Oikawa who were about to join the fight,” he said and Yaku couldn’t help but feel a stab of relief that a dark man like Oikawa was no more. Maybe in the days after the battle the reality of what Yaku had done would catch up with him, but for now he was unspeakably happy to see Lev alive, “and then our bombers shot down theirs – one ran out of fuel! Two capitulated. When the guards at the Fortress saw that, they gave up without question,” his wild excitement softened, “I think they were as tired as you of the constant fighting. I think they just want to go home.”

Yaku nodded, too tired, too grateful, to speak. He turned to the Fortress, waiting. A little wind picked up. Snow began falling. Yaku shivered and Lev tucked him tighter against him. The next days would be filled with sleep and rations and counting bodies. The weeks – with building graves and reorganising armies to keep more invaders from coming. The months and years…in rebuilding the cities, in rebuilding Russia.

“Look…” Lev whispered against Yaku’s hair as a deadly quiet descended over the crowd.

In the last rays of the day’s sun, on the pole above the Fortress, a flag was coming up. Slowly, slowly… to the very top. A gust of wind unfurled it, white, blue and red. Kuroo stood on top of the fortress and bellowed in a voice so loud it could rip out his lungs.

‘ROSSIYA!’

And the silence was broken.

The thousands of soldiers all over the city, even those far away, cheered so loudly the whole messed up world could probably hear their freedom cry.

Some threw up hats in the air, some fired shots into the dusk sky. Friends embraced. The enemy army didn’t looked defeated – they looked relieved.

Yaku felt Lev grab his arm and spin him around and then his warm mouth descend upon his, pressing a warm kiss filled with happiness and victory to Yaku’s lips. Lev pulled Yaku close, tightly enough for his spine to protest. Yaku kissed him back, laughing, and crying.

They had won.

On the snow-coated, blood-stained ground, a new country would be born. In months, in years, Russia would heal and rebuild itself.

But for now, she was free once more.
Aya, where is your son? The match maker is not going to wait for him, you know?" Lee said, poking her head through the curtains keeping the bugs from entering the beauty house.

Aya Hinata wrung her hands out nervously, looking out into the dusty street filled with carts pulled by Oxen and street vendors selling dust-caked fruit and vegetable. She wiped a drop of sweat from her brow absently; it was a hot day.

Hinata Shoyo, her son, had the misfortune of being born into a lower class society. This day was his only chance to marry big and raise his social status, get a normal house and ensure he doesn’t have to work every second of his life to live – Aya wished he’d understand that. Of course she herself couldn’t talk – she had skipped Match Making day, her one chance to get a rich husband, to watch the stars with Hinata’s father and then marry him secretly, sealing her fate as a peasant girl forever.

Finally, Hinata broke through the crowd on his family’s only horse and Aya sighed in relief. Lee, the woman in charge of the beauty house, was her friend and had given her a discount for preparing her son but still it had cost Aya six months worth of saving – and for good reason. Hinata jumped off the horse, his arms dusty, a leaf stuck in his wild, wind-torn hair.

He grinned, 'hi, mother!'

"You’re late," she snapped, more harsh than usual because of the anxiety. Lee, rolling her eyes at the state of Hinata, ushered him into the stuffy room smelling of violet water and powder. Hinata wrinkled his nose, trying to adjust to the bath room, alight with candles.

"Into the tub," Lee was all business, pointing towards the wooden bath tub standing in the middle of the room. Hinata stripped quickly and efficiently, tossing his dusty clothes into a pile and jumping in. He sighed with surprise. Used to taking his baths in the freezing water half an hour walk from his house, he was pleasantly surprised to find the water in the tub had been heated – a luxury his family could not afford. If it was up to him, he’d stay cocooned in the warmth the water provided all day.

Lee killed his bliss, pressing a harsh sponge to his skin and rubbing sweet-smelling soap into his body, despite his squirming. She even attacked his fiery hair. By the end, when she dumped a bucket of cold water on him to wash off the suds, he felt like his old skin had been scrubbed off. Eager to get out of the now-cold water, Hinata jumped out and patted himself down with a grisly towel Lee passed him.

He knew his mother wanted him to make a good impression on the match maker so she would give him a good husband, but Hinata found the whole affair to be too much of a hassle. He was short, with weird hair, a child-ish face and a raging temper; one of the higher born men, who usually looked for a timid, sweet partner, would never want him. It was a waste of money but he had no heart to tell his mother that no treatment would make Hinata appealing to anyone but calloused, harsh
famers, who could use an agile, hard working kid like him in their households.

Lee disappeared into another room through a set of flaps and his mother paced the room, worrying the skin of her thumb as she looked Hinata up and down, judging, calculating and praying.

“Did you go to the shrine today?”

“I forgot.” Hinata said sheepishly.

His mother looked mildly terrified but before she could reprimand him and remind him that he needed to pray for all the luck he could get, Lee walked back in, carrying a set of silver coloured clothes.

“Perhaps something darker…?” his mother asked weakly, no doubt wondering how the hell was Hinata not going to get the clothes dirty.

“Nonsense,” Lee fussed over the high-collared top she threw onto Hinata, pinning the golden buttons in place and smoothing the soft, silky material with her wrinkled hands. Hinata rubbed the sleeve between his fingers, marvelling at the incredibly soft, silky material. He threw on the pants, and went for his old shoes, but Lee all but tossed a new pair at his head, “I will need the shoes back, but he may keep the outfit. It makes his hair stand out,” Lee said kindly, and with a little pity. She, too, didn’t believe Hinata could find a husband amongst the high borns.

Humming a jolly tune, Lee took care of his hair, brushing a harsh comb through it to make it look wind-ruffled rather than messy-in-general. She sprinkled sweet smelling water onto her fingers and dabbed it behind his ears and on his wrist and admired the overall effect. She nodded, pleased, “he looks like a darling, does he not, Aya?”

His mother actually smiled and Hinata decided that Lee must have worked miracles, “yes. That he does.”

A gong sounded in the distance and both women jumped.

“He’s late!” Aya all but screamed as Lee ushered him through the back entrance of the bath house.

“Run, Hinata! And try not to get dirty!” Lee screamed as Hinata set off, through the dirty streets of China, his mother trying to keep up.

Suga was laying low on the roof of the temple overlooking the match maker house – ancestors forgive him for that, but it was the best spot. His parents had been all fluff and frill, excited about his coming of age. They had asked the match maker to find him the best match, but Suga knew that she would pick the most timid, boring person that entered her house. So he opted for spying on the potential candidates for his partners.

The string of peasants, high borns and middle classed men and women who had just come of age made a slow procession towards the match maker’s house, while the locals gawped. Those born to tiny shacks by the river and those who came to this world in rich houses were indistinguishable thanks to the paints, silks and solemn expressions. Suga scanned the string of ten or so people. They all looked boring, tamed… they all wore the same clothes, rich red or striking black or eye-hurting gold, trying to make themselves look as rich as the royals in the palaces. Their hair had been tamed and patted down so they could all have been part of the same particularly neat-haired family.

Suga scowled in disgust at the scene below him. The boys and girls kept their eyes downcast, their
hands folded primly in front of them as they walked, playing the ‘beautiful, timid and gentle’ maxim to its fullest. Suga looked them over again, searching for someone who stood out, someone he would be able to live with…

A boy broke through the crowd of locals, donned in silver that made his orange hair look as bright as a flame. His cheeks were rosy from running and his hair was wind-blown. Now interested, Suga followed the boy’s movements as he chased after the line. He managed to get to the back just before the string got to the match maker’s house. He peered at the girl in front of him, trying to copy her pose, but failing miserably. His head was held high as he looked at the match maker’s house in awe, an astounded grin playing on his lips.

Maybe that one Suga thought as the string of people knelt down in front of the match maker’s house, just on time, the boy a second later behind everyone with his head-bowing, kneeling routine. The doors to the house burst open and a thin woman with a pinched face stepped out, a wooden board in her wrinkled hand.

‘Hinata Shoyo,’ she said into the silence that had now fallen across the street.

‘Here!’ the ginger jumped up.

Hinata Shoyo, huh, Suga thought, observing his movements. He was short. Perfect to tuck under his chin and pull his arms around…

‘Do not raise your voice!’ the match maker snapped dramatically, writing something down and turning to walk back into the gloom of the house. After a moment of hesitation, Hinata hurried after her and then the doors slammed shut with a startling finality.

Suga didn’t notice that he had sat taunt and expectant on the roof until he relaxed. He picked at the tiles of the shrine as he waited, the street’s noises slowly filtering back. He wondered how long Hinata was going to be there…

After just three minutes, Suga heard loud noises. He perked up. It sounded like yells, reprimands… and then screaming. Commotion. Something falling over. Objects crashing to the ground. He sat up quickly as the doors burst open and the match maker ran out, screaming, her ass on fire. Suga choked on laughter until Hinata came running out, looking so distressed Suga almost jumped down from the roof to save him from the crisis. No one did anything to help – the candidates backing away quickly, horrified. With a final desperation, Hinata threw the contents of the tea pot in his hands on to the match maker, putting out the fire and drenching her in tea.

For a second she stared at him and then her face contorted in rage, making her look like some monster. She grabbed the tea pot from Hinata and smashed it at his feet, yelling at him, ‘‘you will never bring honour to your family! You are a disgrace! To think you were delusional enough to believe a high born man would want a thing like you! Pathetic! Ridiculous!’’ Suga was surprised when Hinata didn’t flee. Instead, he stood and took the rant, his head hanging in shame, enduring the stares of the locals and the embarrassment, ‘‘get out of my sight!’’ the match maker shrieked, disappearing back inside her house.

Hinata finally looked up and caught the gaze of the woman standing on the fringe of the crowd that had gathered. She had his hair, albeit more muted, going into brown. She looked shocked and sad beyond compare. His mother? Hinata’s steely expression crumpled under her gaze and tears filled his eyes. The emotion in his face broke Suga’s heart. He mouth ‘I’m sorry’ at her, turned and finally ran.

Suga slipped off the shrine roof, making up his mind. He was going to marry Hinata Shoyo.
Hinata had apologised to his mother time and time again and even though she had not been angry, simply hugging him to her chest, he felt the burning regret and shame in his heart each day that he saw her work in the rice fields, sweat pouring down her face. He finally understood that he had tossed away the opportunity to provide his family a better life. He watched his little sister run around the fields, too young to do any proper work other than lug around a basket of tools – she would never learn to read or write, never have time to dance or sing or play once she turned eight. His heart broke.

It was nearly a week after the unfortunate incident with the match maker that was still the main topic of gossip in the town. It was early. His mother was making rice porridge for breakfast in the house, his sister setting out the old, scratched plates out clumsily. Hinata was out in the fields, having his half an hour of privacy before the day’s work begun. Wielding the stick of the broom, his eyes closed, he slowly stretched, like Kageyama, the town’s samurai, had reluctantly taught him.

Finding his center, he snapped his eyes open and moved, faster than fast. The stick swung around his wrist, from hand to hand, hitting the air from different angles as if it was the enemy, his motions swift and graceful. He turned on his heel, his stick coming round… With a sharp inhale, Hinata snapped it back before it hit the smiling face of a high born man that had appeared behind him like a ghost.

“Hello, Hinata,” the man said, smiling sweetly despite the fact that Hinata had been inches of knocking him out with a broomstick. The stick fell out of his hand as he stared at the man, astounded. Was he meant to bow or-? The man laughed, seeing him fumble for words, “my name is Suga. Your mother let me in,” he said conversationally, “your sister is a sweetheart.”

Hinata swallowed visibly, finding his voice, “what brings you here, m-my lord?”

“Suga is fine,” the lord said gently, “walk with me, will you?” he took Hinata’s hand but Hinata stepped away sharply, jerking his hand away.

“Um, I should change first. My hands are dirty and-”

“I don’t care about that,” Suga assured softly, taking his hand again. It was small, fitting perfectly in his. He hooked Hinata’s hand on his arm, letting his hand rest on his forearm. Like a gentleman, taking a lady for a walk. He drew him forward, through the rice fields, as if it were his home, not Hinata’s, “I saw you at the match making,” Suga began.

Hinata flushed with embarrassment, “oh…I didn’t see you in the crowd. I would have remembered you.”

“I was…watching from a distance,” Suga said vaguely. He felt Hinata move his fingers against the soft material of his tunic, almost sub-consciously. Suga looked around, breathing in the fresh air, “its beautiful here.”

“Why did you come?” Hinata asked quietly, his eyes on the floor, “I know that on match making…it would have scared anyone away…”

“Let’s sit here,” Suga led him to the bench under the only tree in the area. The bench where his mother and father spent their days of youth. Hinata let Suga pull him down gently and slipped his hand from his arm, not wanting to get his expensive clothes dirty. Suga looked at him, all gentle humour gone from his face, “you caught my eye, Hinata. I am not after a sweet and shy partner. I don’t need someone who agrees with my every word and follows me around like a shadow,” the smile was back, almost shy, “I want someone who will make my life complete. Someone like you.”
Hinata looked so startled Suga couldn’t help but laugh as he took his hand again, holding it in both of his own, “I want you to marry me, Hinata. Even if you don’t know me yet.”

Hinata’s eyes widened and his hand, hidden beneath Suga’s, curled into a fist, “I…I…”

Suga opened his fist with his hands, feeling the calloused skin and smiling. Hinata felt real. He felt like an adventure, “if you need a reason, do it for your family. I will move them into my family house where they will have servants and plenty of food. For now, do it for them, and trust me, in a short time I will make you fall in love with me,” he leaned forward, his voice softening to a whisper, “as you have made me fall for you in the matter of seconds.”

Hinata looked down at their touching hands, “you…really want me? Out of everyone you could have, you want me?”

Suga smiled fondly, rubbing at a smudge of dirt on Hinata’s cheek with his thumb, “yes,” he said simply.

Hinata looked up, his eyes wide as a child’s, “then yes. I accept.”

The marriage ceremony had been short, private. For its duration, Suga had looked at him with so much love, respect and fondness that Hinata couldn’t help but look back, taking in the line of his face; the shape of his eyes, the line of his cheekbones, the softness of his mouth… and when that mouth descended on his in a kiss that sealed the ceremony, Hinata felt sparks shoot through his body.

And now, he had entered his new home for the first time. It was a large, one storey house. There were many sliding doors and large windows, making the house seem spacey and free. Suga had led Hinata to their bedroom. The doors to the garden were open, letting the fresh air into the room. There was a large, plush looking futon in the corner with a red blanket thrown on top. Big enough for two. A scarlet curtain was attacked to the wall by a golden string, ready to fall and give the two privacy at night with one pull. Hinata walked towards it, touching it cautiously. It felt like water had been sewn into material.

The rest of the room was tastefully arranged. A large chest stood in the opposite corner, holding Suga’s clothes. A table was set under the window, covered in papers and open books. A paintbrush and parchment… Suga could write. Maybe he’d teach Hinata. There was a bundle of cherry blossoms tucked into a stain glass vase by the window also. Hinata liked the small details – the rug on the floor, the white, half melted candles in their holders all around the room, the little bookcase with more scrolls…

“Do you like it?” Suga came up behind him. They were both still in their wedding clothes; Suga in smart, white attire, Hinata dripping with jewerly like a prize. If he had thought the ritual before the match making was a waste of money, the one before the wedding had been the most costly and elaborate thing he had experienced. First he was bathed for a good hour, so many lotions rubbed into his skin that by the end he smelled like a garden. Every inch of him was scrubbed clean, from his ankles to his fingernails to the top of his head.

“Yes,” Hinata dropped his hand from the curtain.

Suga took his hand, “let’s sit outside for a bit. The sunset view is lovely.” He pulled him through the open doors to a small patio, overlooking the garden. There were no chairs; Suga sat on the wooden floor and Hinata followed suit. The garden was a magnificent view – there were three massive trees, giving privacy to the end of the garden. A swing hung from one and a bench was nestled under the
other. A fountain stood in the centre, spilling water merrily into the large, marble bowl. The sides were smothered in colourful flowers.

Suga kicked off his shoes and pulled an arm around Hinata, surprising him. Nonetheless, he nestled himself against Suga’s side. In the month that it had taken to plan the wedding, clear their house and move his family to the summer house and talk paper work Suga had visited him every day. It was almost courting – they went on walks and sat all day by the river. They picked the right colour of material for the wedding clothes and the food, even though it was tedious. Hinata had taught Suga Aikido on his request and the lord had eaten breakfast with his family countless times, even if it consisted mostly of unspiced rice.

And now they had begun their new life together. Suga rubbed his thumb against Hinata’s shoulder absentely, pressing his cheek against the top of his head. They watched the sun sink below the tops of the houses visible from the garden and then observed as the sky turned from blue to orange to pink to purple to black, the stars coming out. Hinata shivered.

“We should go inside,” Suga stood and stretched his muscles, sore from sitting, and pulled Hinata up. They entered their bedroom. The servants, whom Hinata didn’t have time to meet yet, had lit the candles, bathing the room in a soft, warm, orange glow. Suga slid the doors closed, taking off the outer layer of his kimono, and then the next, untying strings expertly until he was left only in a simple white kimono.

“Let’s take these off you,” he murmured, slipping a golden bangle off Hinata’s wrist. He cleared his arms of jewels, setting them on the windowsill. He unhooked the golden choker from his neck and then pushed Hinata gently to a sitting position on the futon, taking the bangles off his feet. He hesitated, his fingers running from his ankle to his knee slowly. Hinata gasped when the hands slid further, more daring now, under the top of his kimono and underneath…

Suga leaned forward, capturing Hinata’s lips as his hands slid over his thighs, teasing him. Hinata was warm against him, his hands hesitantly coming around Suga’s neck. Suga untied the red sash holding his layers in place and slipped them off expertly, one by one, until Hinata, too, was only in his white kimono.

Suga began sliding that off too. He pulled the kimono off Hinata’s shoulder, moving on to kiss his neck. Hinata sighed softly against his ear and, taking it as encouragement, Suga undid the knot on his kimono, flinging it back to expose Hinata’s body. The ginger flushed, hiding his face in Suga’s shoulder as the lord took him in, smiling softly before pushing Hinata back into the futon. There were so many things he wanted to do to Hinata but he didn’t want him to explode with embarrassment or get scared on the first night, so he decided that their wedding night was going to go the traditional way.

In the soft light of the candles, Suga worshipped Hinata’s body, exploring every inch of it as the boy squirmed and moaned under him. When it hurt, Suga kissed his forehead and laced their fingers together and murmured sweet nothings in Hinata’s ear. And when it started feeling good, Suga pulled Hinata against him as the boy clawed at his back, moaning his name breathlessly.

Afterwards they lay under the blanket, naked. Hinata could feel every inch of Suga against him, his skin, his breath…it felt good. Better than going to sleep after a day of hard work. Better than hitting a target when he did his Aikido.

“You’ve done it,” Hinata whispered into the soft glow of the room. Neither had the energy to blow the candles out, “you’ve made me fall in love with you.”

Suga smiled against his back, kissing it lovingly, “I told you it wouldn’t take long,” he kissed his
back again, trailing his lips up Hinata’s spine, “my sweet Hinata,” he breathed against his neck, pulling him closer and tucking him under his chin. Hinata laced their fingers together, and they remained connected all night long.
This is the Road to Ruin and We're Starting at The End

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kageyama (top) x Tsukki (bottom)
Prompt by: CheetahLeopard2
Prompt: AU where marks on your skin show up on your soulmate's skin - Tsukki is getting teased about the hickeys on his neck

It really was a shame that you couldn’t have a scarf around your neck while you were practicing volleyball.

Trying his best to avoid his teammate’s stares, Tsukishima helped Asahi with his hits, trying to block his ace hit as best as he could. He was distracted, knowing full well that everyone could see the dark hickeys littering his neck and jaw.

“Tsukishima,” Tsukki looked up at Asahi, who looked like he had been saying his name a few times while Tsukki was zoned out, “maybe you should take a break?”

“Sure,” Tsukki jogged over to the bench. All over the court, the Karasuno team were drinking water and chatting for a few minutes before beginning practice again. Tsukki scanned the court but couldn’t see Kageyama anywhere. The day before he and his boyfriend had gotten in a fight, because they were both stubborn little shits. They ended up having angry sex and then Tsukki stormed out of Kageyama’s apartment, pissed that for revenge Kageyama had marked him in the most visible spot.

“Tsukki,” Yamaguchi hovered in his line of vision, a sly smirk on his lips. Ever since he began practicing his jump float he’d become more confident, “who did that to you?”

“Shut up, Yamaguchi,” Tsukki snapped, downing his water.

Yamaguchi took a seat next to him, “sorry,” he said, “but did you make Kageyama angry or something? I mean, those look pretty painful,” he reached for his neck but Tsukishima swatted his hand away.

“None of your business,” he grumbled, touching his neck self consciously. He sighed, resigned, “is it…that bad?”

Yamaguchi shrugged, “it looks like you have a rash. Except everyone knows it’s not a rash.”

“Everyone knows its hickeys!” Noya appeared out of nowhere and he burst out laughing. Yamaguchi joined in, which pissed Tsukishima off more. He slapped Yamaguchi on the back of his head, which just made him grin.

“We’re just teasing,” Yamaguchi said, a little defensively, “don’t be mad, Tsukki.”

“Where is the culprit, anyway?” Noya asked just as the doors to the gym opened.

Kageyama walked in.
Yamaguchi and Noya exploded in hysterical laughter.

Kageyama kissed his teeth and flipped them off, adjusting his scarf. Tsukishima gave him a smug smile. Once more he had forgotten that if he marked his soul mate’s body, the same marks would appear on his skin. It was some primal way of making sure soul mates did not abuse each other but, well…if Kageyama was going to give him hicckeys all over the place, he would receive them right back. It happened a lot – sometimes Tsukishima saw that Daichi’s and Suga’s backs were both scratched in the exactly same way, and he could only guess what they had been up to. Or Hinata would get a bruise on his elbow and wonder if Kenma banged it on something while he was playing his game while walking. And Tanaka complained on a daily basis how Tora couldn’t shave properly and constantly cut his chin with the razor, leaving Tanaka with a band aid on his jaw every other day.

Shimizu appeared out of nowhere, “shouldn’t you two practice?” she asked Yamaguchi and Noya quietly.

Noya practically melted into a puddle, “I love it when you boss me around, Shimizu-chan,” and he walked off in a daze, followed by Yamaguchi.

Shimizu gestured to Tsukishima, “come. I have something that’ll help with the marks.” She led him to the changing rooms where she rummaged in her bag and produced a cream coloured tube. Shimizu uncapped the tube and dabbed cool liquid on the hicckeys, patting them in with a little sponge. “There,” the tube and sponge landed back in the bag and Shimizu snapped a mirror open, showing Tsukishima the effects.

“Thanks,” Tsukishima said, surprised that the hicckeys had now faded into something that resembled a rash rather than love bites. Whatever had been in that tube was a miracle worker. The doors to the changing room opened and Kageyama walked in, his eyes narrowing at the sight of Shimizu and Tsukishima, together.

“Hi,” Shimizu said casually, walking past him and out.

Kageyama waited until the doors were closed, “she’s very pretty, isn’t she?”

With a roll of his eyes, Tsukishima made for the door, “quit being a jealous prick.”

Kageyama grabbed his arm before he could reach the doors, “I’m sorry,” he said, loosening his grip, “about yesterday, I mean. And about the hicckeys. Let’s not fight.”

Tsukishima rolled his eyes again, “idiot,” he unwrapped Kageyama’s scarf from around his neck, “we’re not fighting.”

He let the scarf fall to the floor and he touched the marks, identical to his, only more prominent, with his fingertips. Kageyama was staring at him, intensely, as always. Sometimes it pissed Tsukishima off, how intense he was. Other times, it turned him on. With a little sigh Kageyama put his arms around Tsukishima, hugging him close. Neither of them was very cuddly – they had sex, and it was really good. They told each other ‘I love you’ but only when they were in private, and only if they were too tired or too preoccupied to keep their emotions at bay. Still, Tsukishima savoured the times when Kageyama acted sweet and…like a boyfriend.

“You should do that more often,” Tsukishima reminded him, hugging him back.

“I know,” Kageyama murmured against his hair, “I just forget. You should hug me first, then I’ll just hug you back.”
Tsukishima smiled, “that’s embarrassing, though.”

Tsukishima nipped the shell of his ear with his lips, making Tsukishima shiver, “you don’t seem embarrassed when I do this, though,” he kissed his cheek.

“Shut up, Kageyama,” Tsukishima flushed.

Kageyama did shut up, kissing the corner of his mouth and then him, fully on the lips. It helped that they were more or less the same height (Tsukishima might have been an inch taller but Kageyama didn’t like admitting it). It was fine, because he knew how to make Tsukki melt into his arms and from experience he knew Tsukki was a total power bottom.

Tsukishima sighed against his mouth and Kageyama kissed down – he kissed his jaw, his chin and moved down, to his throat and neck…

Kageyama pulled away quickly, making a face, ‘‘why does your neck taste like concealer?’’
It was dark and quiet – the perfect set up for a kidnapping.

Tsukishima was walking along the bridge – the only sources of light were the lamps above his head, flocked with flies attracted by the warm glow. The water below was an unforgiving black and the night sky above his head was littered with stars. It was Sunday night; everyone was asleep. Tsukishima, maybe a little naïve, had wandered off alone, at midnight, for a walk. He was big and this was Miyagi – kidnappings happened in Tokyo. Not here. Which is why he didn’t react when he heard a bike roll near him. He didn’t click that there shouldn’t be anyone out on their bike at this time – he didn’t turn. Tsukishima simply stared at the dark water below, leaning on the bridge, so when a piece of cloth descended upon his face and his world turned black, he had no one to blame but himself.

Tsukishima awoke to blackness. His eyes were opened but it was dark, and for a second his heart raced; had his kidnapped blinded him? But then he blinked a few times and his lashes brushed against the soft material that had been pulled across his eyes and tied behind his hair – a blindfold. He tried to remove the blindfold but found that his wrists were bound above his head, already numb. And…oh god, he was naked.

Someone sat down on the bed Tsukishima was tied to, the mattress creaking. Tsukishima swallowed – no point pretending he was still out now. The person did not touch him, did not speak, and that made Tsukishima more nervous. His body was so tense he thought it would snap – he opened his mouth to say something, anything, ask what was going on when a phone rang.

Tsukishima recognised that ringtone. Only one person in the whole world had that annoying, high pitched ringtone that pissed off the whole Karasuno team.

‘‘Hinata?’’

‘‘Shit!’’ a very Hinata-like voice said and the phone was clicked off, filling the room with silence again.

‘‘What,’’ Tsukishima spoke through gritted teeth, ‘‘the fuck are you doing?’’ he got no reply but now he could tell Hinata was nervous by the way he shifted on the bed, ‘‘where did you get the chloroform? And why the fuck am I naked?’’

Hinata ignored his second question, ‘‘from the chem class,’’ Tsukki could almost picture Hinata wringing his hands out nervously.

‘‘Hinata,’’ Tsukishima spoke slowly, in a deadly tone that usually sent Hinata running to the other
side of the gym during practice, “you will untie this rope, take off my blindfold and pray that once I’m free I don’t beat you up so badly you won’t be able to play anymore.”

He inhaled sharply when Hinata spoke, suddenly close enough for his breath to ghost Tsukishima’s lips, “bold words,” he said, his voice lower than Tsukki was used to, “from someone tied up on my bed.”

Tsukishima growled, tugging on his restraints, “I am going to kill yo-” his threat was cut off by Hinata’s lips descending on his. Hinata’s kiss was surprisingly firm, rough and practiced. Tsukki gasped and Hinata expertly slid his tongue into his mouth, exploring it as Tsukishima tried to futilely break the kiss. When Hinata pulled away Tsukishima was breathing hard, deprived of oxygen long enough for Hinata’s hand to close around his dick, making his muscles weak again. He hissed as Hinata gave a few harsh pumps and made a disappointed noise.

“What’s up, Tsukishima? Are you scared?” his voice changed into something almost-apologetic, “you know I won’t hurt you. That’s not why you’re here. Relax. Here,” Hinata released him, getting off the bed. Tsukki heard him rummage in something, a cupboard perhaps, and a second later a pill pressed against his lips, “take it.”

Tsukishima clamped his mouth shut firmly. Hinata sighed and a moment later his lips were pressed against Tsukki’s again, the pill held gently between his teeth. When Tsukishima still didn’t yield, Hinata twisted his nipple sharply, making him cry out. Using the advantage, Hinata slipped the pill inside Tsukishima’s mouth. He kissed the blond until he had no choice but to swallow the pill. Now the fear really kicked in.

“What was that?”

“Relax, it’s only Viagra. You can get it over the counter,” Hinata murmured, “but it will make this experience much more enjoyable for you.”

Tsukki’s voice was hoarse, “what are you going to do to me?”

“Stuff,” Hinata said vaguely, kissing the corner of his mouth and speaking against his skin, “stuff that I’ve wanted to do for ages.”

A little bit of his daily sarcasm broke through Tsukishima’s fear, “well, I would have never pinned you as a psychopathic stalker, Hinata.”

Hinata smiled at that, “I’m not. A couple of pictures on my phone don’t make me a stalker.”

“Yeah, but drugging someone and tying them up makes you a psychopath,” Tsukki snapped.

Hinata sighed and Tsukishima felt fingers move against his neck and chest, exploring, “it’s not my fault. You’re so beautiful. And when you’re all cold and mean…it just makes me want you more.”

“What the hell!? You’re like…half my size!” Tsukishima spluttered, still trying to wrap his head around the whole situation.

Hinata sighed again, like it was a real problem, “I know! It made lugging you onto my bike so hard,” he pecked his lips sweetly, “its okay. It may seem a little weird right now, but 25 centimetres and nine inches isn’t that much of a difference.”

Tsukki groaned, “oh my god, you are a stalker.”

“Nope,” Hinata kissed him again, “just in love.”
Tsukishima swore under his breath, “this is not love. Look, just let me go. I won’t tell the cops and I’ll try not to kill you. Just…” he gasped when Hinata’s hand descended on his now semi-hard dick.

“I think it’s working,” Hinata sounded pleased, giving Tsukki’s member a few lazy strokes. Tsukki’s hips bucked as he gritted his teeth together. Thanks to the pill his dick was slowly coming up and an unbearable heat was building up in his stomach. He tried again to convince Hinata against his stupid idea, “Hinata…” before he could continue, the middle blocked licked the top of his dick, making him shut up.

‘‘Hmm, I like that,’’ Hinata said, kissing the head, ‘‘you should say my name more.’’ Tsukishima remained silent as Hinata took him into his mouth, bringing him to a full erection with a few practiced flicks of his tongue. Tsukishima trembled, his muscles going limp. He pressed his head against the headboard, biting his lip hard enough to taste blood. For a few minutes Hinata’s warm mouth made his mind hazy, made him forget where he was…until Hinata pulled away with a wet ‘‘pop’’ and pulled something cold and metallic around his throbbing member, “‘don’t worry, I’ll make you say it.’’

That fear was back. He didn’t know what to do when Hinata was so serious and assertive and… dominant. And clearly threats were not working on him, so…

‘‘Please, just…’’ he struggled for words. He had never begged or pleaded anyone about anything, ‘‘…couldn’t you have asked me on a date or something?’’

‘‘You’d have said no,’’ Hinata said calmly, ‘‘and we would have ended up here anyway.’’ He nuzzled his lips against Tsukishima’s, ‘‘it’s okay. I won’t hurt you.’’

‘‘You are hurting me.’’ Tsukishima’s voice broke.

‘‘I’m just teasing!’’ Hinata denied, exasperated. He kissed his neck slowly, sending another shiver up his spine, ‘‘just relax. This will be really good, for both of us.’’

‘‘And then what?’’ Tsukishima said bitterly.

A comforting hand stroked his cheek, ‘‘and then we’ll sleep and in the morning we’ll go to practice.’’

‘‘And then?’’

He felt Hinata smile, ‘‘and then I’ll take you on that date, if you want.’’

Tsukishima fell silent after that. It was better not to get Hinata angry. In his current state, he wasn’t in much of a position to protect himself if Hinata went furious. So he let Hinata kiss the drop of blood from his lips without a protest.

‘‘There’s a good boy,’’ Hinata murmured and Tsukishima couldn’t envision Hinata – the bright haired, hyperactive kid – anymore. No, the man talking to him, doing things to him was not Hinata – it was a faceless man with Hinata’s voice and a messed up mind. And Tsukishima was scared. So scared that his eyes filled with tears and one ran down his cheek.

‘‘Hey. Hey, no. No, no, no, don’t cry,’’ Hinata’s voice turned soft. He sounded more like the Hinata Tsukishima knew. He felt Hinata kiss the tears that escaped the blindfold away. He kissed his lips repeatedly, letting Tsukishima sniff and blink the tears away. ‘‘I didn’t mean to scare you. There. Shhh. Let me take this off. Let’s start again,’’ Tsukishima felt whatever device had been locked around his erection come off and he breathed a little easier. He hated being kept in the dark.
“It’s okay. Let’s do this gently, alright?” he felt Hinata’s warm body press against his, his unclothed erection grinding against Tsukki’s gently, “where do you want to go on our date, hmm? I’ll let you pick. Wherever you want.” Tsukishima didn’t reply. He tried to concentrate on the sound of Hinata’s voice that sounded like him. Not the words and not the actions, which were alien and strange and so unlike him, “there, calm down,” he felt Hinata reach up and untie his hand from around the bed post, bringing them lower and around his neck. Tsukishima’s arms were numb but he still shivered when Hinata ran his fingers up and down them, his lips descending on Tsukki’s again and again in a flurry of kisses.

The pill finally begun working to its fullest. Sub-consciously Tsukki’s hips moved up, searching for more friction.

“’There,’” Hinata brushed his hair out of his face and stroked his cheek, ”’let me make you feel good.’” Too tired to fight him and too aroused to think clearly, Tsukishima didn’t reply. He heard something being uncapped and lube being squirted. Then, two slick fingers were probing at his enterance.

“Start with one-”’ Tsukishima was cut off sharply as the fingers were shoved inside him, making him whimper. Hinata dropped kisses along his jaw and neck, pumping his fingers in and out until the pain faded into a burn that faded into pleasure. Tsukishima hissed against Hinata’s ear when the third one went in. His arms, in which he finally regained feeling, tightened around Hinata’s neck, his hands balling into fists, his nails digging into his skin.

“Don’t hurt yourself,” Hinata reprimanded him in a soft voice, removing his fingers. He shifted, lodging himself between Tsukishima’s legs. He settled Tsukki’s tied hands on his chest and Tsukki heard more lube being splattered, probably on his dick now. He tensed at the gentle, slow intrusion that occurred a second later. He thanked god that Hinata wasn’t big enough to rip him apart and make him hurt. The insertion was accompanied by a slow burn that made Tsukki hiss quietly, ”’am I hurting you?’” Hinata murmured, without stopping. His voice sounded strained.

He buried himself in Tsukki and gave him only a few tense seconds to adjust before his control failed him. He pulled out, leaving only the tip in, and slammed back in. Tsukki let lose an embarrassing noise and Hinata, encouraged by it, continued his harsh thrusts. Tsukishima had just thought that maybe he could live with this sensation, which numbed the burning in his stomach, when Hinata shifted and hit…something. Tsukishima cried out, his whole body set alight.

“Hinata!” it was part a plea to continue and part protest. Hinata repeated the action, again and again, hitting the spot repeatedly until Tsukishima became undone underneath him, whimpering and moaning quietly, with no hand to clamp against his mouth. In the blissful haze he felt Hinata brush away his sweaty hair and murmur his name against his neck. A second later he was sucking almost painfully against it, making a bruise bloom against his skin. Marking him.

Hinata’s hands slid over him. His fingers smoothed down the flat panes of his stomach and down to his thighs, to caress the soft, pale flesh. His other hand palmed at his dick, erect against his stomach, playing with it, teasing him until it was difficult for Tsukishima to breathe, to do anything other than moan breathlessly…

Hinata’s mouth descended upon Tsukishima’s chest as his thrusts sped up. He took a nipple in his mouth, sucking on it softly. He nibbled it gently and moved on to the next one, kissing down his chest. He pressed a series of slow, wet kisses to his stomach that contrasted with his sped up pace. With each kiss, Tsukishima’s sucked his stomach in involuntarily, making Hinata laugh against it, bringing Tsukishima close. He felt Hinata’s wet tongue venture into his belly button and he cried out, his whole body shivering.
Finally, Hinata drew his tongue back up to his neck, where he licked and sucked, leaving more marks. He sped up more. His breath was as ragged and uneven as Tsukishima’s now.

“Ah, Tsukki…is it okay if I…?” Tsukishima came, Hinata following him only a second later, his words disappearing into a groan that mixed with Tsukki’s moan. Tsukishima came onto his stomach while Hinata filled him up. He spilled come into Tsukki as the tied boy shivered repeatedly.

They were breathing hard, trying to catch their breaths. Hinata remained in him, waiting for his insides to settle around his dick before pulling out slowly, making Tsukishima groan, half with pleasure and half with pain.

When his breath finally settled, Tsukishima felt Hinata’s fingers dabbing at the pool of come cooling on his stomach, “you’re so beautiful,” he whispered, his voice raw with emotion, “tied up like this…I want to…”

“Untie me now,” Tsukishima said, his voice weak, “please.”

A moment of silence, “okay.” Tsukishima sighed with relief. He felt Hinata stand and a moment later a cloth was at his stomach, mopping up his mess. He felt some of Hinata’s come dribble out of him. He waited patiently as Hinata pulled his t-shirt onto him, followed by his boxers, and then waited as Hinata got dressed too.

“It’s only three am. We can still sleep a little,” Hinata said casually, but Tsukishima got the message – ‘don’t leave. Please.’ Not a command. A plea. He took Tsukishima’s hands, slowly untying the ropes. Tsukishima let them drop in his lap, weakly, but Hinata picked them back up, kissing the burns from the rope where Tsukishima had struggled, “my beautiful Tsukki…I’m sorry it had to be like this. I just…you and Yamaguchi had seemed so close lately and….Are you mad at me?” he felt Hinata press himself against his body, his arms coming around his waist.

“I…I don’t know,” Tsukki’s voice was hoarse.

“Please don’t be mad at me,” Hinata whispered, his hands travelling higher, pressing against his spine, his neck, until they came to the knot that held the blindfold in place, “please. I can’t bear it if you’re mad at me.” He made quick work of the blindfold and it dropped into Tsukki’s lap, revealing Hinata’s dark room. He was staring at him with serious, emotion filled eyes, “do you hate me?”

Tsukishima thought about that. He was so exhausted, “I…don’t think so.”

Hinata offered him a smile, “I’m glad.” he reached out to cup his cheek and Tsukishima found that he enjoyed the contact, now that he could see that it was really Hinata touching him. Hinata placed a hesitant kiss on his lips, watching for his reaction, “so…what do you want to do?”

“I want to go on that date.”

Hinata smiled and hugged Tsukishima close, kissing him again, “yes. Anything you want.”
No Mortal Man Can Win This Day

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kageyama (bottom) x Kuroo (top)
Prompt by: Snow
Prompt: Harry Potter AU!

BANG!

God, who would’ve thought it’d hurt so much?

As Kageyama slipped off his broom, his mind flashed back to the first year, his very first Quidditch practice; ‘if you get hit by a bludger, it will hurt like hell, so don’t’ – that was what his captain, Daichi Sawamura, had said. He had only been a third year then himself, and a day prior had received a bludger in the face by Tanaka, a fellow third year. He held a grudge to this day.

Well, here Kageyama was – sixteen years old, in his fifth year at Hogwarts, falling through the air to sure death in the ground below, having been hit by that bludger in the face. He could feel he had a broken nose…how would he get a girl to go to the Yule ball with him like this? The ground spun closer and closer by the second.

Wait.

Who had hit the bludger in his direction?

Oh, right. Kuroo Tetsuro.

With a final spark of annoyance, Kageyama’s world went black.

|||*|||

Two days later, Kageyama touched his nose tentatively. The delicate bones inside as well as the bones in his arm and left leg had finally mended themselves, thanks to some disgusting mouthfuls of Skele-Gro. He had been told that seconds before he hit the ground, Shimizu, a seventh year Hufflepuff student, had cast a charm that had made him stop midair. The sudden impact had knocked him unconscious and he woke up the next day, to a disgusting spoonful of Skele-Gro and the knowledge that Hufflepuff had lost, once again.

Quidditch was Kageyama’s life – he spent all free time training with his fellow team of Hufflepuffs and caught up on classwork long into the night. So the knowledge that Hufflepuff had lost for the third time in the last two years (and to Ravenclaw, no less!) really pissed him off.

Madame Pomfrey, the good old nurse, had forbidden him to leave his bed until the morning of the Yule ball, which was the Christmas day of the year of the Triwizard tournament…aka the next day. She liked to fuss. She also sent the entire Hufflepuff team out after they had come in, carrying chocolates and flowers and get well cards. Suga had kissed the top of his head as if he was dying and Tanaka and Noya had wept dramatically until Kageyama had been glad that they were sent out. Now, lying in the empty infirmary, he kind of wanted them back.
The doors to the infirmary opened and – Kageyama’s jaw hit the floor – Kuroo Tetsuro, the famous 6th year Quidditch Beater strolled in. His blue and silver tie hung loosely around his unbuttoned collar. He smiled lazily at Kageyama, sitting in the infirmary bed, his eyes glancing over the abundance of gifts at the foot of his bed and then up to Kageyama’s now-mended face.

“Secret admirer?” Kuroo sat down on the stool by the bed nonchalantly, grabbing a box of chocolates from the top of the pile.

“Did I say you could have those?” Kageyama’s voice was icy.

“Is that the way you talk to your elder?” Kuroo raised his eyebrows dramatically, popping a chocolate in his mouth and chewing pointedly.

“That’s the way I talk to the guy who nearly kille-” Kuroo shoved a chocolate in Kageyama’s mouth, shutting him up.

“You’re awfully bitter. Maybe that’ll sweeten you up,” he said with a cheeky grin as Kageyama chewed furiously, giving Kuroo his best glare. It didn’t seem to faze him. He closed the box of chocolates and put them back casually, “I came to apologise, actually. Even if what I did wasn’t against the rules, I didn’t mean to land you a place in the infirmary for three days with broken bones. And I didn’t mean to kill you, either.” Kuroo’s grin softened into a genuine smile and he extended his hand to Kageyama, “we good?”

Kageyama glanced at Kuroo’s hand suspiciously, but eventually sighed, “fine,” he clasped Kuroo’s hand and felt something slip into his palm. He looked at the thin, black device in his hand in surprise, “what’s this?”

“It’s an i-phone,” Kuroo said in a dramatic whisper, “my apologetic gift.”

Kageyama was surprised, “you’re Muggleborn?”

“Yup,” Kuroo popped the ‘p’ and clicked a button on the side of the phone, turning it on, “here, you can watch stuff. I wasn’t sure about WiFi around here so I downloaded some movies and stuff. You know, so you wouldn’t be bored. Better watch it under the covers though, so Madame Pomfrey doesn’t catch you,” Kuroo produced earphones from his pocket and dropped the in Kageyama’s lap, “oh, and don’t drop it. There’s no magic that will fix those cracks.”

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Kageyama was surprised, “you’re Muggleborn?”

“Yup,” Kuroo popped the ‘p’ and clicked a button on the side of the phone, turning it on, “here, you can watch stuff. I wasn’t sure about WiFi around here so I downloaded some movies and stuff. You know, so you wouldn’t be bored. Better watch it under the covers though, so Madame Pomfrey doesn’t catch you,” Kuroo produced earphones from his pocket and dropped the in Kageyama’s lap, “oh, and don’t drop it. There’s no magic that will fix those cracks.”

Kageyama turned his attention from the phone to Kuroo, “I…thanks,” he said. And he meant it.

Kuroo grinned and leaned back, stretching, “so…” he said, “how come you didn’t put your name in for the tournament?”

“There’d be no time for Quidditch. We’re lucky as it is that they let us play the match even though it was meant to be suspended cuz of the tournament.” Kageyama said.

“That’s only cuz we begged. We’ll have to wait till next year to play properly.” Kuroo tilted his head at him in a cat-like fashion, “you’re really into practicing. I’ve seen you play, even when the snow is hailing down.”

Kageyama shrugged, “I just like it. A lot.” Kuroo laughed, “what about you? Why didn’t you want to take part?”

Kuroo winked at him, “I already have glory and fame. What do I need the Triwizard cup for?”

Kageyama rolled his eyes and ran his finger over the screen of the phone, “well…thanks for the
Suddenly, Kuroo’s face turned serious. He leaned forward, his hands in his lap, “listen,” he said, “uh, about the Yule ball…I…” Kageyama raised his eyebrows. It was rare to see the overly confident captain of the Ravenclaw Quidditch team not know what to say, “if you don’t have a date yet…do you want to go with me?”

Kageyama blinked, “what?”

A slither of humour returned to Kuroo’s face, “Yule ball. Tomorrow. You. Me. Yes?”

Kageyama opened his mouth, shocked, when the doors to the infirmary burst open and Madame Pomfrey stormed in.

“Mr Tetsuro!” she yelled, grabbing his arm and pulling him towards the doors, “out now! Mr Kageyama need his sleep-”

Kuroo pushed back against her grip, turning to look at Kageyama, his eyes a little desperate, “say yes.”

“Yes,” Kageyama blurted, not wanting for the nurse to yell any more. The smile that Kuroo sent him as he was shoved out was worth it.

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Decked out in a black tux, Kageyama had no idea if he was meant to wait for Kuroo at the Hufflepuff dormitory or go pick him up from the Ravenclaw tower. Eventually he opted for simply going to the great hall and hoping to find him in the crowd.

“Look at Noya, our little baby,” Tanaka grabbed Kageyama’s arm as he approached his friends. He wore a flashy golden robe and there were dramatic tears in his eyes as he watched Noya dance the champion waltz with Asahi, who looked a little unsure of the movements. Aone, the champion from Date-Ko Wizardry school, was dancing with some guy named Futakuchi, who was laughing fondly at Aone’s clumsy steps. Next was Ushijima, the champion from Shiratorizawa, who had asked Shimizu, the prettiest girl in all of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, to the ball. And she had accepted. Together, they made a formidable pair. Tanaka had disappeared into the crowd and Kageyama was watching the final pair, a funky looking boy named Bokuto and his date, a boy called Akaashi – both from Fukurodani Academy of magic – when he felt someone’s arms slip around his waist.

He gasped when Kuroo’s voice, soft, murmured into his ear, “you look ravishingly handsome tonight,” Kageyama was glad that they stood at the poorly-lit back of the room and that everyone was preoccupied with the champions waltz, “I came to get you, but I found you’ve already left.”

Kageyama ignored that statement, instead crossing his arms over his chest, “you’ve gotten awfully friendly since the last time I saw you.”

Kuroo laughed warmly and pulled away from Kageyama, clapping along with the crowd as the waltz ended. He stepped away and took a good look at Kuroo. If anyone looked handsome, it was Kuroo – his red, Chinese jacket with a high collar and matching pants made him look like an emperor. The music changed and another dance started. Before Kageyama could protest, Kuroo grabbed his hand and dragged him through the throng of people into the now-empty dance floor.

“Wait,” Kageyama hissed as Kuroo settled them into the starting position, “they’re staring-”

“People will always stare,” Kuroo said confidently, beginning to lead him in the dance, “you just have to learn to deal with it.”

“I don’t want to hear your life philosophies…” Kageyama growled but already more couples had joined them on the dance floor and the attention that had been on them dropped.

Kuroo pulled him closer, chuckling, “problem solved,” his gaze softened as he looked Kageyama over once more, “you really do look nice.”

Kageyama looked down, “so do you.” He wanted to say more, but he had a bad way with words. He shifted his hand, putting it more firmly on Kuroo’s shoulder. In response, Kuroo tightened his hand on Kageyama’s waist. Kageyama’s heart raced.

“So,” Kuroo said, dancing as easily as if it was second nature, “I never knew Hufflepuffs could be so feisty.”

“You should meet Tsukishima, then. He’s the epitome of evil,” Kageyama said, completely serious, but Kuroo grinned.

They continued to dance in silence until the music stopped, “you know what looks really good, apart from you?” Kuroo said and Kageyama flushed, glad Kuroo couldn’t see as he scanned the great hall, “that chocolate fountain. Come on.”
Kageyama let Kuroo drag him over to the refreshments table where a chocolate fountain dominated the stage. It was charmed so when it reached the bottom, little chocolate waves rolled and splashed against the corners of the silver bowl. Not waiting for Kuroo, Kageyama picked up a silver toothpick with a marshmallow on the end. As he raised the pick, the marshmallow flew off into the chocolate cascade, coating itself before shooting itself back onto the pick. Shrugging, Kageyama ate it.

Kuroo picked up a salted cracked and Kageyama cringed, ‘‘out of all these,’’ he gestured to the assortment of fruits and sweets, ‘‘you pick a cracker?’’

Kuroo grinned as the cracker, now coated in chocolate, floated back to his pick, ‘‘you don’t know the true wonder of sweet and salty,’’ he said, grabbing Kageyama’s wrist and pushing the cracker into his mouth. Kageyama chewed, cringed and shook his head. Kuroo burst out laughing.

‘‘Hello, Kuroo. Kageyama,’’ Oikawa rose from the ground like a spectre, smiling charmingly, ‘‘you two pricks are hogging the refreshments tables.’’

Kuroo smiled back, although it looked more like a grimace, ‘‘you just love reinforcing the ‘Slytherins are evil’ stereo type, don’t you, Oikawa?’’

Oikawa’s smile didn’t waver, ‘‘well, you certainly don’t reinforce the ‘all Ravenclaws are smart’ stereotype. Why don’t you and your helpless little Hufflepuff boyfriend run off.’’

Kuroo calmly took Kageyama’s hand and the Hufflepuff didn’t realise he was fuming with anger until Kuroo began leading him away. Kuroo turned, and said, as if an afterthought, ‘‘nice shade of blue,’’ he gestured to Oikawa’s outfit with his free hand, ‘‘I wonder if Hajime noticed.’’

Oikawa turned beet red, refusing to look across the hall where Iwaizumi was dancing with his date, seemingly unconcerned with Oikawa.

‘‘I’m not his boyfriend,’’ Kageyama added as Kuroo pulled him away.

For the rest of the evening they danced and ate. When the final, most ‘romantic’ dance began, however, Kuroo and Tsukishima hung back. At once, the lights in the great hall dimmed and turned blue, and the ground covered itself in delicate, icy patterns, straight out of ‘Frozen’. Kageyama and Kuroo stood against the pillar in the far corner, covered in shadows. Kageyama watched the dancing couples, spotting his friends, and so into the view that it took him a minute to realise Kuroo had gotten closer. His arm had encircled his waist and he was now pressed up against his side, looking at him.

Kageyama knew what Kuroo wanted. He wanted Kageyama to look up, so he could kiss him and start whatever wild adventure he wanted to embark on. But Kageyama was scared and embarrassed and uncharacteristically shy all of a sudden and he pointedly kept his head down, until Kuroo gave a quiet sigh and pulled him against his side, his hand rubbing his arm gently. Later that night, when Kageyama was back in his bed, he wished he’d looked up.

Kageyama woke up late, groggy. He washed himself and brushed his teeth slowly, methodically. It was Christmas morning and a couple of hours before most of the Hufflepuff dormitory went back home of the Hogwarts express for Christmas. Kageyama wasn’t used to the emptiness. There was no point going home – his parents had gone abroad for the holidays.

Since there was no one to see him, Kageyama put on his comfy white cardigan, jeans and tucked a book under his arm. He was set on spending the day in one of the overstuffed black and yellow
armchairs with a cup of tea, but when he entered the common room he realised he wasn’t alone. But the person in the armchair in front of the Christmas tree was not a Hufflepuff.

“How did you get in?” Kageyama walked out of the tunnel that led to the boy’s dorms.

Kuroo grinned, ”a little birdie told me you were spending Christmas morning alone. The birdie also told me how to get in.”

Kageyama stopped in front of Kuroo and leaned down. He saw Kuroo’s smile disappear but Kageyama did nothing except sniff his neck and raise an eyebrow.

“You smell like vinegar. I don’t suppose you got the code wrong on the first try and got doused in it, did you?’’

Kuroo rolled his eyes, his grin returning, “what were you planning on doing?”

Kageyama lifted the book, ‘‘I was going to read ‘Quidditch through the ages’.‘’

Kuroo scooted on the large armchair, revealing a little space next to him, “let’s do that, then.”

Kageyama hesitated, but there was no one around and he was pretty cold, even if the common room was warm, so he sat down. Imiediatly Kuroo threw an arm around his shoulders and lay a cheek atop his head, “I like that cardigan on you.’’

The book remained unopened on Kageyama’s lap, “you act like you like me so much,’’ he said quietly, “why?’’

Kuroo hooked a finger under his chin but Kageyama didn’t turn his head, ”because I do like you, silly.”

“Yes, but why?’’

“Hmmmm, let’s see,” Kuroo pretended to ponder on the question, “well, for starters, you’re an excellent player and I admire all the effort you put into making your team win. And then, the fact that you’re so closed off – it makes me want to explore you. To know a side of you no one else knows,” he took Kageyama’s hand and began playing with it, ”what else…you’re smart. I’ve seen you in class. It’s good to have someone around that isn’t a party boy.’’

Kageyama cleared his throat, “if you hang out with Terushima and the other Gryffindor guys then of course all you’ll do is party…”

Kuroo smiled, “I also like your face. I think it’s pretty. Really pretty,’’ his voice dropped a little, ”and you’re surprising. I’ve never met a Hufflepuff like you. And when I look at you sometimes, when it’s dark or when you’re not paying attention, it makes me want to see what kind of expression you’d make if I-”

Kageyama turned quickly, clamping his hand against Kuroo’s mouth, “I think I’ve heard enough,’’ he said, slowly removing his hand and pressing a quick, chaste kiss to Kuroo’s lips. The tips of his ears burned as he dropped his head again.

“Hey,’’ Kuroo’s voice was rough, ”I just learned a new spell. Want to see?’’ he didn’t give Kageyama a chance to reply, pulling him to his feet. Kageyama barely had time to drop his book on the armchair before Kageyama dragged him down the corridor he had come through. Kageyama overtook him, taking him to his empty dorm. He almost wanted Kuroo to throw some offhanded, funny comment but he remained deadly serious. It made Kageyama feel strange.
He sat down on his bed, crossing his legs over the patchwork quilt and Kuroo followed suit.

“Okay. Show me.” He said.

Kuroo looked at him for a long while before reaching out and pulling the rope. Golden curtains fell around the bed, enclosing them in an intimate darkness.

“How did it go…?” Kuroo all but purred, taking out his wand. He pointed the wand off handedly at Kageyama and spoke, his words delicately accentuated, “*puga pyga procul*.” Kageyama gasped as the buttons of his cardigan flew open, revealing his bare chest, “Ooops,” Kuroo said in a low voice, “that wasn’t meant to happen. Let’s see if we can fix this,” he poked his wand against the cardigan, the tip nudging Kageyama’s nipple. The younger boy flushed, waiting for Kuroo to un-do the damage.

“*Fugite,*” Kuroo murmured and the cardigan was yanked off Kageyama’s arms by some invisible power. He yelped as the cardigan flew under his bed and out of reach.

“Kuroo!” he tried to protest but Kuroo was already hovering above him, his mouth just under his ear.

“What?” he murmured, his wand trailing down Kageyama’s bare stomach, to his jeans, where without Kuroo speaking it undid his button and the zipper. With a flick of Kuroo’s wand, Kageyama’s jeans slid off his legs. As they were doing do, Kuroo tucked his wand into the pocket of his robe and slipped it off. He pulled himself on top, touching Kageyama’s soft thighs, his hand slipping to cup his erection, rubbing it through the material of Kageyama’s boxers.

Kageyama uttered a quiet moan just as someone knocked on the doors.

“Kageyama!” it was Ennoshita. He, too, stayed in Hogwarts for Christmas this year, “apparently a non-Hufflepuff breached the security. Are you okay?”

Kageyama swore quietly, “window! Window!” he pushed Kuroo out of the bed. He only had time to grab his robe and throw it on before Kageyama threw open the window. Because the Hufflepuff common room was in the basement, the window opened to a patch of snow. Kuroo hauled himself up as Ennoshita continued knocking.

“Are you sleeping?” he called through the doors.

Once Kuroo was out, he flipped himself over and, coated in snow, leaned through the window, grinning, “give me a kiss, Kageyama.”

Kageyama didn’t argue. He stood on his tiptoes and kissed Kuroo. The older wizard didn’t let him escape easily, deepening the kiss.

“Professor Sprout made me check if everyone was okay! Please open the doors!” Ennoshita called and Kageyama broke away from Kuroo quickly.

“Meet me at tomorrow at midnight by the big tree in the forbidden forest,” he whispered, kissing him briefly and disappearing. Kageyama closed the doors as quickly as he could and ran to the doors, throwing them open.

“Sorry, I was sleeping,” he said quickly.

Ennoshita looked him up and down and, since he was only in his boxers, he relaxed.
The next day at eleven thirty Kageyama was wandering around his empty dorm room. He knew that if they were caught, they’d be in deep shit but then again he wanted to see Kuroo…he hadn’t seen him all day to tell him to change the location into something safer, but then he didn’t want to seem like a coward in front of him. He picked up his wand, set it down again. The big tree – which Kuroo and the Gryffindor boys had burned down by accident the previous year – wasn’t that deep into the forest. Maybe he could just go quickly…

Making up his mind, Kageyama tucked his wand into his jacket pocket and waddled out of his window into the snow. He raised his wand, shivering at the cold.

“\textit{Lumos},” he whispered and the tip of his wand lit up, illuminating the space in front of him. Keeping his head down, Kageyama hurried to the forbidden forest. The windows of the castle were dark; everyone was asleep. If something attacked him, there’d be no teacher to save him. Now thinking that this whole escapade had been a bad idea, Kageyama finally entered the forest. If he had thought the outside was dark, then the forest was made up of pure ink. The trees, auspicious in daylight, seemed dark and dangerous and gnarly in the night time. His feet crunched in the snow as he venture deeper, trying to remember the way. He tripped over a root and fell into the snow. He was about to turn back when he raised his head and saw a twinkle of light ahead. Kuroo – casting a \textit{lumos} spell.

He stumbled forward into the opening, relief flooding his veins, “Kuroo!” he called and the dragon turned around. Kageyama froze. The twinkle of light was coming from his throat, where a fire was building up. His mouth went dry – what was a fucking \textit{dragon} doing in the forest!? The creature seized him up for a second, moonlight glinting off the jagged, dangerous looking black scales on its back, and then it roared, spilling fire.

Kageyama jumped out of the way at the last second. Apparently he was at the wrong big tree. The ball of fire that the dragon had sent towards him melted a path into the snow and set two trees on fire. Kageyama barely had time to turn around when another path of fire shot towards him. He raised his wand.

“\textit{Aguamenti}!” he yelled and clear water exploded from the tip of his wand with a bright flash, meeting the fire on its path and evaporating it with a sizzle. The power of the explosion sent Kageyama sprawling back into the snow. The dragon roared in fury and opened its mouth again.

“\textit{Glacius}!” Kuroo appeared out of nowhere, sending a brightly flashing spell straight into the dragon’s throat. The roar and the fire building up died down as ice bloomed from the dragon’s throat, coating its neck and jaw in frozen snow. The fire was gone, but now the dragon looked majorly pissed off.

Kuroo yanked Kageyama up and pulled him back the way Kageyama had come from as the dragon gave chase. As the creature thumped, snow fell from trees in kilograms. Cold and terrified, Kageyama followed Kuroo through the darkness as he lit the way with his wand. Kageyama turned around and his blood ran cold when he realised how close the creature was. He threw the first charm he could think off into the tree, right into a huge pile of snow. The branch that it had settled on shook and broke off, slamming full force into the head of the dragon. It didn’t stop it, but it gave them time to gain more distance between them.

“We’re nearly out,” Kuroo yelled, out of breath, “when we clear the trees, turn and throw a shield charm. A teacher ought to have seen the fire – we’ll just have to keep it in one place until they come.” To Kageyama, who was exhausted and frozen beyond the point of comprehension, it seemed like the best plan in the world. He looked up. A few metres ahead the inky black gave way
to normal night-time darkness. Kageyama and Kuroo ran past the opening of the forest and practically fell out into the snowy field.

“Now!” Kuroo yelled.

The two of them whipped around, ‘protego totalum!’ they yelled, pointing their wands just as the dragon barrelled into view, raising its wings now that the sky was in view. An invisible shield, doubled in power as it was cast by two wizards, appeared between them, enclosing the dragon who slammed into it.

It roared in rage, the shard of ice on its throat crumbling and breaking on the snow. Kageyama concentrated with all his might, keeping the shield in place with all his power, as the beast slammed into invisible walls again and again, each hit shaking Kageyama’s body.

“There it is!”

He nearly wept with relief. The unmistakable voice of a teacher filled the air, followed by others.

“You found him! Good job, boys!”

“Keep it up a little longer!”

A group of teachers filed around them, pointing wands.

“On my mark!” one yelled, ‘one, two, three! Release!’

Kageyama and Kuroo dropped their wands. And then they both passed out.

Kageyama sighed. It was his second time in the infirmary in one week, this time fighting frost bite and a raging fever. Kuroo, with similar symptoms, lay in the bed next to his.

“We’re lucky they needed that dragon,” Kuroo said as Kageyama flipped a page of his book, “otherwise we would have gotten way worse punishment than a detention,” he glanced at Kageyama, “maybe we’ll be known as the dragon catchers now.”

Kageyama closed his book, “no thanks. I have enough dragon catching to last me a life time.”

Kuroo smiled and looked around, “I’m having déjà vu,” he said, extending his hand towards Kageyama. The Hufflepuff took it, letting their intertwined hands hang in between them.

“Hey. Can I kiss you?” Kuroo asked.

“No way. I’m getting better while you,” Kageyama cut him a look, “have a raging fever still.”

Kuroo laughed, squeezing Kageyama’s hand, “come to think of it, why did you want to meet in the forbidden forest?”

“isn’t it obvious?” Kuroo wiggled his eyebrows at him, “sex in the terrain is hot.”

Kageyama rolled his eyes just as a yell of mixed male voices resounded down the hall, followed by Madame Pomfrey’s angry voice, yelling to ‘leave the patients alone!’

It seemed like the other wizards had come home.
You Take the Thorns and You Make Do

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Daichi (top) x Suga (bottom)
Prompt by: Timelord_Exorcist_Blogger
Prompt: Alpha!Daichi is always being asked by his classmates when he's going to drop Suga, a beta, and get a real Omega mate. Suga pretends like the comments don't bother him.

Suga heard everything and pretended that it didn’t get to him.

“Say, Daichi,” one of the swim-team girls leaned forward on Daichi’s desk, “when are you going to drop that Beta and get a real mate? Cause, you know. One of my friends has a real big crush on you. She’s an omega, you know. You should have an omega, like a proper alpha”

“Thanks,” Daichi cut in, smiling pleasantly, “but I wanted a conservative, outdated opinion I’d talk to my grandmother,” the smile disappeared, “I’ve heard of this omega girl about three times already and for the last time; I’m not interested. Suga is my boyfriend and it’s going to stay that way.”

From where he was listening at the doors, Suga’s heart gave a little pound, even as the girl wrinkled her nose, “but he’s a beta. Leave him to other betas – you could have an omega!”

Daichi growled, a dangerous shadow passing over his face, “keep pushing me,” he snarled and the girl looked mildly terrified, already backing away, “I dare you.”

It was high time to intervene before Daichi broke something. He crossed the room to where his boyfriend was sitting and put his hands on his shoulders, rubbing gently. Immiediatly, the tension disappeared from his body, “what my boyfriend means to say,” it was Suga’s turn to smile sweetly, “if that he’s taken. Thanks for the chat, bye.”

With an angry look in Suga’s direction, the girl disappeared. She might have disliked Suga but Daichi was the only alpha in the school – that made him her alpha, until she joined a pack. And that meant she had to listen to him, no matter what. Although, as teenagers, the young wolves tended to question their alphas a lot of the time. They grew out of it, eventually, and good, because adult alphas ripped out throats when their authority was questioned.

Suga watched the girl go. Daichi put his hand over Suga’s, “I’m sorry you had to hear that.”

“You know it doesn’t bother me,” Suga lied, nuzzling his cheek into Daichi’s hair. Once you had a pack, it was common to be friendly, sexual and cuddly on a daily basis, until you found a mate and sometimes even after. Most people didn’t find a pack until they finished school but Suga already knew that whatever happened, Daichi was going to be his alpha.

“Go for a run with me,” Daichi murmured, “tonight.”

Suga smiled. Daichi knew Suga loved running, especially together with him. And he knew Daichi was trying to make up for the fact that once again someone had tried to get rid of Suga, even if it wasn’t Daichi’s fault.
They were born how they were born. There was no changing that.

“Stomach hurts,” Noya whined, “I don’t think I can play.”

“Aw. But you’re all changed and everything,” Suga kneeled in front of the omega where he was slumped against the wall, placing a comforting hand on his stomach. Noya didn’t know how much Suga would give to have the pain of his heat and all his hardships, just so he could be an omega… just so people would accept him as a part of Daichi.

“I know, and I took the suppressants but…” Noya winced as he sat up, “Asahi isn’t in today and I don’t think I can do it without him—”

As if by some magic spell, the doors to the gym were flung open and Asahi appeared in the doorway, his hair windblown as if he had ran. He quickly crossed the gym and sat down by Noya, “I’m sorry, I forgot you started your heat today,” he said sheepishly, letting Noya nuzzle into his arm. Asahi was only a beta but he had a mating bond with Noya – that much was obvious. Of course both parties denied it. Noya said that his painful heat only calmed when Asahi was around because he had a calming presence (not true – Asahi freaked out frequently. If someone was calming, it was Suga) and Asahi said he only felt the need to help Noya out during these situations because he was his friend (totally not because he was an omega or because their wolves called to each other. Totally. Nope. No way). Either way, if Noya was in heat he couldn’t function unless Asahi was at least in the same room, preferably in close proximity.

“All better,” Noya said, pressing himself into Asahi’s side. Asahi never hugged him back. It was as if he’d lose control if he did so. Suga knew they’d have to bond eventually – sometimes when Noya’s heats were super bad or he didn’t have suppressants having Asahi around without a mating bond was simply not enough. Those days, Daichi would have to sit on his other hand, his alpha wolf soothing to Noya’s omega one. Suga didn’t mind; he often offered cuddles to the team himself.

Speaking of Daichi…

“Okay, guys,” Daichi clapped his hands, “the coach has some stuff to tell us. TANAKA, LEAVE SHIMIZU ALONE!”

Tanaka turned and pouted in Daichi’s direction. Remember what I said about rebellious teenage wolves? Yeah, if you looked up that term in the dictionary, it would have a picture of Tanaka underneath. He didn’t know how to follow rules and he definitely didn’t take Daichi’s orders without a question or a whine. The whole team sincerely hopes he’d grow out of it before he was ripped to shreds by an alpha who couldn’t take his shit.

Shimizu sent Daichi a thankful look. Before shit hit the fan, everyone had thought that Suga would get with Shimizu. They were both Beta’s, both pretty, both gentle souls. They often spent time together, discussing volleyball strategies and point for improvement, but both knew there was no spark, no nothing, between them. And then, one day, after everyone had left, Daichi had simply shoved Suga against the wall and kissed him. The thing between them didn’t feel like a spark – it felt like a volcanic eruption. Daichi had broken the kiss and held him gently in his arms and asked him to be his. And Suga had agreed, happily, and they had made love on that floor.

That was a long time ago – nearly a year and people still had a problem with it. Suga sighed, sitting on the floor and listening as coach Ukai spoke, pointing out specific things in relation to each member of the team. Suga raised his eyes and saw Daichi looking at him. Ukai’s voice faded into nothing as Daichi smiled at him. The three people between them seemed to disappear.
“Hey,” Ukai snapped, “are you two listening?”

When the moon was high in the sky, Suga slipped out of his window and into the soft grass of his garden below. There, he shifted into his wolf form, leaving his torn clothes on the garden floor. With the moon reflecting off his silver fur, he jumped over the low fence and ran towards the forest. Oh, how he pitied the Tokyo wolves. They lived in cities, with no forests and no freedom; more like cats than wolves, really. Daichi hadn’t told him where they were meeting so Suga simply ran, letting his senses scout the forest until he caught scent of him. He steered from the path and into the deeper forest and a few minutes later a shadow appeared next to him.

Daichi, his black fur soft and rich, as he ran alongside Suga.

Bet you can’t catch me Suga shot the words down their mental bond before speeding up. He jumped over a fallen log and ran uphill, towards a large oak tree on a hill overlooking Miyagi.

You better pray I don’t Daichi shot back, but there was nothing malicious about it. No threat; just a promise. Adrenaline surged in Suga’s veins as he ran faster, his heart beating with anticipation and fatigue.

He ran faster, the ground beneath his feet sloping under his feet at a harsher angle. He howled as he felt the wind in his fur and then shut up, not wanting to give away his position to Daichi. Too late. Just as he reached the oak at the top of the hill, Daichi lunged himself out of nowhere at the silver wolf. They rolled over and Daichi snapped change back through the bond. Again, there was nothing harsh or threatening about the words, but the sudden command made Suga’s wolf obey immediately. He shifted with Daichi and as soon as they were back to human form Daichi entered him.

Suga cried out, not with pain but with surprise and sudden pleasure. They had made love enough times that Suga was able to take Daichi without preparation; and yet each time was better than the last.

Daichi pressed Suga down into the grass, pressing heated kisses up and down the pale column of his throat as he thrust rhythmically into his boyfriend. Suga moaned his name softly and Daichi growled in response, nibbling at his throat. Daichi found Suga’s wrist and his fingers closed around it, holding it down as he sped up. Too soon Suga was spilling onto his stomach. Daichi chuckled at his breathless state and gave a few more lazy thrusts before picking up the speed again. By the time Daichi came, Suga managed to finish again.

They lay, breathless, in the grass. Suga felt Daichi slip his hand against his, intertwining their fingers. Suga brought their locked fingers to his lips and kissed the back of Daichi’s hand.

“I love you.”

Daichi rolled over, looking down at Suga, pleased. He put a hand on his stomach, stroking gently, “I love you too.” His face turned serious when he saw the tears in Suga’s eyes, “hey…”

“Even if I’m not an omega?” he sat up, wiping the tears that spilled.

“Hey,” Daichi repeated, softly, and pulled Suga against him, leaning back against the tree. Suga tucked his knees to his chest and Daichi wrapped his arms around him, pressing his cheek to his back, “of course. You know I don’t care what you are. You could be human, for all I care. Or another Alpha.”

“But,” Suga sniffed and it broke Daichi’s heart. Suga so rarely cried, “doesn’t it bother you what
they say?"

“No,” Daichi said firmly, but gently, kissing his shoulder, “but clearly it bothers you. Even if you said it didn’t.”

Suga threw his hands in the air helplessly, “what was I meant to say? ‘Yes, Daichi, it bothers me that there’s so many people think I’m not good enough for you because of my biology’. Of course it bothers me, but…what can you do about it?” he sniffed again, wiping a stray tear, “I love you and it scares me that one day you might meet a pretty little omega and you’re soul instinct will kick in and you’ll leave me because…because I’m not like Noya.” He hid his face in his hands, embarrassed, “I’m sorry. I don’t mean to sound bitter.”

“Stop it, Suga. You can sound bitter all you want. Stop pretending to be happy all the time,” Daichi said, turning him sideways to press him against his chest. He brushed his silver hair out of his eyes, “it breaks my heart to see you like this, but if you’re sad, tell me.”

Sniff, “I’m sad.”

Daichi dropped a kiss on the top of his head, “then I will do something about it.”

“Like what?”

Daichi pulled him away a little to look at his face. He brushed his thumb over his beauty spot, “like…I’ll give you the bite.”

Suga blinked, surprised, “you…but you haven’t found your soul mate-“

“Suga,” Daichi pressed their forehead together and dropped his words to a low murmur, “I think you are my soul mate.”

Now Suga looked even more surprised, “really?”

“Mmmh,” Daichi kissed his forehead, “really. We have a mental bond, for the love of god. Do you think I have that with everyone?”

Suga flushed with embarrassment, “I…yeah?”

Daichi laughed, “silly. You’re one of the only people.”

That made Suga smile, “who else do you have it with?”

Sigh, “don’t laugh. My mom.”

Suga grinned, “no way.”

“Yes way. It’s horrible. It’s like opening your phone to find six missed calls from her…except you can’t miss the calls…and it’s not six…”

Suga laughed and then sobered up, “wait…can she get in your head when we do it?”

Daichi grinned, “nope. She can only do it when I’m close by.”

“But I can do it all the time,” Suga said with a frown, “like when you went on that exchange trip three months ago to Italy. I could still…”

The alpha grinned, “see?” he cupped Suga’s face in his hand, “my point is, I tried to imagine
myself with someone else, and I can’t. Every time I think about being with someone else, you always pop up in my head;” he stroked his cheek, ”we have a mental bond and every time you shift my wolf wants to shift with you and…shit, Suga, I can’t take my eyes off you, even though I’ve known you all these years.” He placed a gentle kiss against Suga’s lips, ”If I don’t do it now, I will do it eventually. I know that for sure. But if I do it now, no one will tell me to drop you and find a ‘real mate’. You will be my real mate.”

Suga wet his lips nervously, ”and are you sure you want a beta-“

”I’m sure I want you,” Daichi said firmly and then softer, ”I want you, Suga.”

Suga finally cracked a smile and Daichi’s whole world brightened, ”how long have you thought about this?”

”Since we started dating, actually,” Daichi grinned, ”this isn’t one of my rash decisions, Suga. This is something I really want to do,” his hand brushed against the place where Suga’s neck and shoulder met, ”please let me.”

Suga smiled and tilted his head, exposing the pale flesh of his neck. Daichi gathered him in his arms, worshipping his neck with kisses. Suga hooked one hand around his neck and the other on his arm, stroking it slowly as Daichi brushed his teeth against Suga’s neck, a silent countdown, as his canines grew and he bit down.

Suga stiffened as the fangs broke his skin, drawing blood, and then he could feel Daichi. He felt his beating hard and somehow, he could read his thoughts – and they were quite simple;

I love you, Suga. You’re so beautiful. I love you so much. I love you.

Daichi pulled back but the bond remained – their mating bond, that others would be able to feel, that would make wolves stay away from them during heat. Daichi grinned at Suga, who gave him the sweetest, most loving smile and wiped away a drop of blood from the corner of his mouth, kissing him.

”I love you, too.”

Three Months Later

Eggs, canned fruit, bacon…

”Are you making a grocery list while I’m having sex with you?” Daichi asked and Suga snapped back to the present. They were in their bed, in their shared apartment that they had bought a short while after Daichi gave him the bite and Daichi had been teasing Suga with slow, lazy thrusts.

Suga whimpered, ”you know my mind wanders when you change pace. I can’t think straight.”

Daichi grinned, giving another lazy thrust that made Suga grab the sheets, ”I’m glad, but please, anything but.”

”Ok,” Suga said breathlessly, ”please don’t stop.”

Daichi picked up the pace and Suga moaned. Daichi growled in pleasure at the sound.

Ham, bread, lettuce…
“Suga,” Daichi groaned.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” Suga tried to concentrate on something as the pleasure built up in him, threatening release.

*Daichi is amazing, Daichi is handsome, Daichi is my one and only true love, oh my fucking god, Daichi!”* Suga moaned as he came, and Daichi followed a second after.

Grinning, he kissed Suga’s sweaty forehead and rolled off the bed, “by the way,” he grabbed a clean pair of boxers and his sleeping t-shirt, “we have lettuce,” he disappeared into the bathroom as Suga gave a soft laugh.

He stretched and sighed, feeling the warm sheets. He heard the water running, followed by Daichi singing. Wait, no. Daichi didn’t have a female voice.

*Shake, shake, shake, shake it out! Shake it out!*

Suga groaned and projected his thought towards Daichi. *Not again! You’ve had this song stuck in your head for days – it’s been driving me nuts.*

*Sorry.*

*Shake, shake, shake…*

*Daichi!*

The shower stopped and a minute later Daichi emerged, still slightly wet from the water, “I’m doing it subconsciously!” he said sheepishly, flopping onto the bed. They still hadn’t gotten used to the mind-reading-thing after three months.

“My turn!” Suga got off the bed, leaning down to pick his PJ’s from the floor.

*Damn, his ass is so pretty. Like a little marshmallow…oh, shit…*

Suga turned around with a laugh and Daichi buried himself under the covers, “you did not hear that.”

“Is that really what you think about my ass?” Suga laughed, opening the doors to the bathroom.

“I do not think about your ass,” Daichi stuck his tongue out at him.

“Yeah, right. Don’t worry,” Suga winked at him, “your marshmallow will be back soon,” and he disappeared inside.

After Suga emerged, fresh and fluffy and warm, he cuddled against Daichi’s chest, switching on his Netflix as Daichi stroked his side. Suga put on ‘Victoria’ and nuzzled against Daichi, the remote hanging from his hand.

Ten minutes in, he couldn’t watch his favourite TV show. His eyes were closing and every time a character began speaking politics, he felt like yawning. He growled and mock-punched Daichi’s stomach.

“Stop projecting so much belligerent boredom! I love this TV show!”

Daichi smiled sheepishly, “sorry, sorry,” he kissed him, “but I’m tired. How about we just sleep.”
Suga turned the TV off, “you’re the alpha,” he said with a smile. He gave his boyfriend a kiss goodnight and settled back in his arms. Like always, Daichi amused himself with listening to Suga’s thoughts for a few minutes before he drifted off.

...shit, the way he’s pressing up against me is making me horny again. Fuck, what if he’s listening?
...

Nah, he hasn’t reacted, he’s probably asleep already. Shit, he has to shift of I’ll have to go to the bathroom. God, why does he sleep in a t-shirt? He looks so good shirtless. How come I don’t have muscles like that from playing volleyball!? Life is so unfair.


“Please don’t think about that,” Daichi groaned and Suga punched him again.

‘Quit listening to my internal rambling!’ he said.

‘Why? It’s fun,’ he hugged him tighter, smiling sleepily, ‘and it boosts my self confidence.’

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Suga stretched in bed. Daichi had left ten minutes ago in his new car, to go to his lecture but Suga had a day off from school. It was blissful. Like having a sick day back in primary. He’d have to go to practice after school, but for now he had a few hours to himself. Maybe he’d catch up on his knitting…

Did I forget to lock the doors?

Suga ignored the thought, standing. What should he have for breakfast? Did they have any cereal left? He grabbed the whole carton and went to the couch, eating it like popcorn.

Shit. What if I did?

Suga rolled his eyes and stood, checking the doors. Locked.

No, you didn’t forget to lock the doors. Quit fixating on it now.

A laugh, thanks.

Suga continued to eat his cereal and tuned into Daichi’s head; he was stressing about a presentation he was meant to show in class.

How should I start it. Um…ladies and gentlemen? Too formal. My dear classmates? That doesn’t seem too bad…unless it just sounds better in my head…

“My dear classmates,” Suga said to the empty air, yeah, that does sound better in your head.

He could practically see Daichi’s scowl, dry cereal is not proper food. Eat a real breakfast.

Suga snorted, ok, mom.

He went and made himself beans and toast. Then he brushed his teeth. He went back to the livingroom, flipping the TV on and settling with his knitting kit.
He glanced at the TV. Nothing interesting. He stopped knitting for a second to flip the channels, until he came across the news. He left that on, going back to his needle work.

He followed the words, making a pattern. He was knitting a scarf for Hinata, because he always complained about the cold. He might knit one for Yamaguchi as well, since the boy always came in covered with Tsukishima’s hickeys.

He wondered if Daichi was doing his presentation now. He’d totally sabotage it with images of memes sent down their bonds, but he wasn’t that mean.

I swear to god, if you think ‘knit, knit, purl’ one more time, I’ll stab you with one of those needles.

Suga didn’t bother apologising, instead carrying on his needlework with a blank mind. Well, not quite blank. The other day his homeroom teacher had said something…what had it been…? Oh. That he didn’t know his duties as an alpha’s mate. Please, this wasn’t the 14th century. He wasn’t some housewife. Oh, he had been so mad. He had wanted to throw him out of the window. He still wanted to. Smash his face against the glass and hurl him to the ground…

Less homicidal thoughts about your teacher right now. I’m about to start.

Good luck! Suga shot down the bond.

Suga woke up from his afternoon nap, craving something.

No, he wasn’t craving it. Daichi was.

I want something, but I don’t know what…

It’s coffee that you’re craving Suga sent down the bond, sitting up and stretching, and now I’m craving it now too, so get some.

Daichi’s warm laugh reverberated inside his head, got you.

Suga padded into the livingroom, turning the TV on. All he had to do was wait a little while and Daichi would be home. After twenty minutes of flipping through channels he found the afternoon news and watched it. There was a report about some car crash, where the culprit had been playing Pokemon Go on his phone.

Suga rolled his eyes. Of course, let those idiots out into the road. He didn’t understand how stupid people like that were allowed to drive. If he had been there, he would have honked the shit out of that guy. Stupid pricks. No safety whatsoever…

Sigh. Thanks for the road rage thoughts. I’ll take the shortcut. See you in ten.

Suga bit his lip and turned the TV off, not wanting to distract Daichi while he was driving. He waited, playing on his phone until he felt Daichi close. He stood up and walked towards the doors.
He was on the stairs, that meant eight seconds…seven, six…

A clink. He was opening the doors. Five, four, three...

The doors opened and Suga flung himself at Daichi, hugging him close, ‘‘did you get my coffee?’’ Daichi grinned, holding him with one hand while the other held on to a holder with two Costa coffee cups. Suga kissed his cheek, ‘‘you’re the greatest. Welcome home.’’

Daichi smiled, ‘‘I’m home.’’
Chapter Summary

Pairing: Iwaizumi (bottom) x Oikawa (top)
Prompt by: Oh no
Prompt: Iwa's dad owes the Yakuza a lot of money he can't pay, so he gives 5-year-old Iwaizumi as a playmate for Oikawa. Iwaizumi works for years to pay his father's debts but when his mom falls sick and his sister needs help paying the medical bills, Oikawa offers him a deal - to sell his body to him for money.

Hajime was in a strange place, and he didn’t like it.

The man who had brought him here wasn’t speaking. He was scary – large, lumbering, with a cold face. Hajime’s daddy had hugged him, tears in his eyes, and told him to go with the man. He didn’t understand what was going on. Hajime liked to think he was a smart five year old – he could count to twelve, grab his lunchbox from the kitchen counter (which was like a looming wall, by the way) and he could tell when his mommy was angry at him. But, strangely, he couldn’t figure out why he had to follow the man or why his daddy had been left behind.

So as Hajime was told to enter a car, he started crying. Because he didn’t know what was going on, which led to him being scared. The man clicked his tongue, impatient, and all but tossed the sobbing five year old into the car. Now Hajime was really terrified. His mommy had always been kind, if stern, with him and his daddy never treated him like a sack of potatoes. The man entered the car after him and the boy curled up as far away as he could from him, clutching his seat belt like a life line.

He scrunched his eyes shut, pretending the giant in the car couldn’t see him, pretending he was in the car with his parents. His eyes were beginning to hurt from being shut so tightly when the doors against which he was pressed up opened and he tumbled onto the floor, scraping his knees.

“Get up, boy,” the man snapped and now Hajime was angry. He couldn’t hide from the giant, so he was going to have to fight it. If he couldn’t be scared, then he was going to be furious. He stood up and the man glanced over his shoulder at him, “hurry up. Let’s go.” But Hajime planted his feet apart on the ground and balled his hands into fists, not moving an inch. The man’s eyebrows rose up and Hajime braced himself for the hit. But…the man didn’t hit him. Instead, he grinned. The grin made him look younger, “you’ve got guts, I’ll give you that. Maybe you’ll be more useful,” he grabbed the boy and flung him over his shoulder, cackling.

Hajime beat at his back, screaming his head off, thinking of every bad word he could.

“Dummy! Dummy! Stupid! Down! I want down! Stupid giant!”

He walked into a large, white house, ignoring Hajime’s screams. Two men in suits at the doors nodded respectfully as he passed but when he entered a woman, beautiful, like an angel, ran up to him. She wore all white, her brown hair pinned up and Hajime stopped struggling imediatly. His eyes filled with tears. He wanted his mouth.

“What are you doing, prick?” she yelled at him, smacking her hand on his chest. The giant simply gave her a loop-sided grin, “you’ve scared the kid half to death. Bastard. Let him down.”
“I love it when you’re so angry, Michiru,” the giant said and set Hajime down as the woman scowled. As soon as Hajime’s feet hit the floor, he ran to hide behind the woman. It wasn’t his proudest moment but…well, he was five. The woman’s face softened as she touched his spiky black hair with her hand.

“It’s okay, honey. I’m Michiru. Don’t mind my brute of a husband,” she shot the man a look, “he doesn’t know what the word ‘escort’ means.”

The giant shrugged, unbothered, ”he didn’t want to go. We had to compromise.”

Michiru rolled her eyes and took Hajime’s hand as he sniffed, fat tears rolling down his face. She led him up the massive staircase that split off into two wings, patiently waiting as he stumbled up on his short, stubby legs, still crying.

“Do you know why you’re here?” she asked as they cleared the flight of stairs and walked down a corridor padded with red velvet. Hajime thought it was a bit like being on the inside of a magician’s box. There were paintings everywhere and he tried not to look at the men glaring at him from them. Instead, he shook his head, “your parents had some…financial problems. So instead of paying us, they decided that you’d be my son’s playmate. That’s lovely, isn’t it? Don’t worry, you’ll be happy here. And Tooru is a sweet boy and your age too!” As she said so, she stopped in front of a brown door. There was a pink bunny hanging from a hook on it, dangling sadly in front of Hajime’s face. Michiru knocked once and pushed open the doors. A boy, as beautiful as his mother, sat curled up at the foot of his bed, tears shining in his eyes.

Michiru sighed, ”Tooru, are you still sulking?” the boy made a ‘humph’ noise and glared at the two of them. Michiru gestured to Hajime, ”look. This is Hajime Iwaizumi, your new friend. We got him just for you, so stop sulking now.”

Tooru unwrapped himself from his ball and jumped onto the floor. He was about Hajime’s height but as he barrelled towards him, Hajime suddenly felt very intimidated.

“I don’t need a friend!” he roared, jumping on Hajime and tackling him to the floor. Terrified once more, Hajime started crying, fat tears rolling down his cheeks.

Michiru shook her head, already checking her watch, ‘just play nicely. We’ll go to the cinema next time, promise.’

She left and Hajime cried harder. He didn’t want to be left with this crazy, wild boy. His knee hurt. He wanted his mommy. Tooru fisted his hands in Hajime’s t-shirt and roared in his face again.

“Stop crying!” he bellowed, sitting on him, even as the tears that had gathered in his own eyes spilled, “you’re copying me! You’re not allowed to copy me! You’re only crying because I’m crying!”

Astounded by his logic, Hajime stopped sobbing and looked at the boy in surprise, tears still coming. Tooru’s own tears splattered onto Hajime’s cheeks as his face scrunched up, turning red. And then he curled up on Hajime’s stomach and sobbed like a kitten, and Hajime sobbed with him.

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“Oh. My. God.”

Michiru Oikawa set down the revolver she had been dismantling to look helplessly at her eleven year old son and his best friend. Both were covered in scratches and bruises and dust, and both looked close to tears. Her daughter, Kira Oikawa, stood behind them, spreading his hands helplessly. The
seventeen year old had been charged with getting the two home after they had missed curfew, “what on earth happened to you two?” Tooru glared up at Hajime, who was taller than him, blood pouring from his nose. Iwaizumi scowled back, “they got into a fight,” Kira explained for them, “I found them rolling around in the dirt, screaming and punching each other,” she shook her head, “this is why I’m not having kids. I’m going to target practice.”

She left, still shaking her head and Michiru stood, hands on hips, peering down at the two of them, “explain. Now.”

Tooru pointed a finger at Hajime, “Iwa-chan said I couldn’t beat him in a fight. He was taunting me.”

“Quit complaining like a little girl,” Hajime snapped back, wiping at the cut on his lip, and turned to Michiru, “we were testing our strength.”

Kentaro Oikawa, who had just walked into his wife’s ‘study’, exploded with laughter, “like real men,” he roared, clutching his stomach.

Michiru glared at him and then at each boy in turn, “into the bedroom. You will not come out until dinner.”

Hajime’s and Tooru’s faces fell, but they knew better than to argue with Michiru, who could be a real killing force when she was mad. Shoving and pushing, they made their way up the staircase and into their room. By now Hajime had gotten used to the sheer size of Tooru’s room and his house. Once upon a time the shelves above the desk had been filled with soft toys and the floor was littered with Lego and toy trains. Now, the shelves stood empty above the computer, where a new game was downloading. School books lay scattered on the floor and the walls were adorned with car posters.

Hajime sat on the bed, wiping his bloody lip angrily. He did it harshly enough to make the cut deeper. He winced. Kissing his teeth, Tooru knelt by him and rubbed at the cut. Hajime shoved his hand away.

“Stop. Your hands are dirty.” He growled but then stopped, as tears gathered in Tooru’s eyes. He groaned, “you’re crying again!?”

Tooru blinked quickly, “do you hate me, Iwa-chan?”

Hajime snorted, pulling his hoodie sleeve over his hand, “idiot. Course not.”

“Really?” Tooru winced as Hajime rubbed the blood away from his nose.

“Yeah, dumbass. Brothers can’t hate each other.” He grinned, messing up Tooru’s over-long hair. He needed a haircut, badly.

“Even if I’m not really your brother?”

“Yeah,” Hajime said, patting the top of his hair for good measure.

“I’m sorry I hit you.”

“Me too,” Hajime said, extending his hand. Tooru clasped it and, finally, he offered him a watery grin.
When Hajime turned fifteen, he was finally told what was going on.

Until then, he thought it was ordinary that his father had a debt to the Oikawa’s so he gave him away as a way of payment, and that the house was full of deadly weapons and that he and Oikawa were made to train from twelve years old on how to fight, shoot and look scary. Hajime was good at that – he had a naturally grumpy face. Oikawa…well, he was pretty. They quickly discovered they could use that to their advantage – Oikawa asked the questions, all smiles, and then scared the crap out of people when he got serious.

On his fifteenth birthday, Oikawa’s – that was what everyone called him now. Not Tooru – parents took Iwaizumi in for a talk. And they told him everything:

The Oikawa family had been a powerful Yakuza family for generations. Their biggest problem was extorting debt from people and that was what Iwaizumi – that was his new name now, too - was going to do. He was going to be a debt collector to pay off his father’s debt. Apparently it had been so massive not even a human life could pay for it. They had told him he would not be able to see his family until he repaid the debt.

A few weeks later, news came that his mother had cancer and needed treatment. Iwaizumi worked double hard to be able to send some money home. In those days, Oikawa rarely saw Iwaizumi. He went out in the morning when Oikawa was beginning training and came home late at night. Michiru had suggested giving Iwaizumi a separate room, but Oikawa wouldn’t hear of it, buying a larger bed instead. Oikawa always waited up until Iwaizumi, so tired he stumbled, fell into the space next to him and fell asleep in seconds.

That was when Oikawa fell for him. Hard.

At first he admired his hard work, determination and energy. Then, he found that his heart pounded every time Iwaizumi, too tired to speak, simply leaned against Oikawa and dozed off. After that, Oikawa began observing him. When he dressed himself, exposing his tan skin to Oikawa, the Yakuza couldn’t help but want to touch him. Not the ways brothers touched. Not the ways friends touched, either.

He looked at the posters on his walls. The cars were gone, replaced with women in bikinis, but he felt nothing looking at their round breasts and perfect legs. He took the posters down.

Iwaizumi punched the man in the stomach, hard enough to make him double over, spittle flying onto his hand. Schooling his features into a look of disgust, Iwaizumi produced a handkerchief from the pocket of his suit and wiped his hand as the man’s wife and daughter watched in terror.

God, he hated it.

But there was nothing he could do. If he wanted to see his family, he had to pay his debt. Slowly, he was losing hope. It had been three years and still the debt was nowhere near to even three digits. Three years of doing this had not numbed him to the little things, though – how the people cried when he came to collect debt, how the families watched in horror, how the sons, no older than ten, sometimes ran to protect their fathers. Iwaizumi wondered if his father had been like that.

From his mother’s letter he knew his father had left a few years after he sold Iwaizumi to the Oikawa’s and a year later the police came, telling her he had hung himself. His sister, whom Iwaizumi didn’t remember, got married. It broke his heart that he couldn’t have been there for her big day. Now she lived with her husband and they were off well enough to support Iwaizumi’s mother a
little more, taking some of the burden off his shoulders. “You have three days to come up with the
money,” Yahaba, who was his boss, said. Yahaba didn’t look much older than him and had a baby
face but he was almost as good a fighter as Iwaizumi. There was a system; Iwaizumi wasn’t there for
talking. He was there for the dirty walk.

Already Yahaba was turning on his heel to walk back to the sleek, black car. Iwaizumi’s face
remained steely as he followed him to the car. The ride back was silent and, as always, Iwaizumi felt
sick, and tired. Exhausted mentally. All he wanted was to fall asleep and forget the looks on the
mother’s face when he had hit her husband.

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Iwaizumi woke up in the middle of the night to find Oikawa was hugging him. It wasn’t uncommon
– they often ended up snuggling against each other when they were sleeping.

Thing is, Oikawa wasn’t sleeping.

That much was clear from the way his hand, pressed against his stomach, was rubbing in gentle
circles. Iwaizumi closed his eyes, wanting to dozze off again. He was tired, and groggy. And the hand
was warm. Iwaizumi didn’t mind it.

That is, until Oikawa’s fingers slipped under his t-shirt.

Iwaizumi lay still as his fingers, almost by accident, brushed the hem of his t-shirt, exposing his
stomach. Oikawa’s hand curled against it and then slipped higher. Now it was definitely not an
accident. Oikawa pressed himself closer and Iwaizumi felt…oh god, he had an erection. Oikawa’s
fingers slipped over his nipple, pinching gently. Iwaizumi gasped and jerked and Oikawa pulled him
closer, his other hand hooking itself into the waistband of Iwaizumi’s boxers.

“Sorry. Didn’t mean to wake you,” he whispered hotly against his ear, continuing to play with his
nipple as Iwaizumi bucked in his arms.

“Sto-ah! Stop it Oikawa!” he shivered helplessly as Oikawa kissed his neck, “no…”

“I have a proposition for you,” Oikawa purred, kissing his neck a few times, “I know how much
you want to see your family. I will transfer your debt to me; it’ll only take me a few months to pay it
off. And I will pay for your mother’s treatment,” Oikawa’s hand travelled higher, tilting his face
towards his. He looked at Iwaizumi, beet-red, his eyes wide and pressed a tentative, quick kiss to his
lips, “all you need to do is give yourself to me.”

He leaned down to kiss him harder, deeper, but right before their lips met Iwaizumi whispered a
hoarse ‘no’. He grabbed Oikawa’s hand and pulled it from under his shirt, “I’m sorry, I can’t…
you’re…” Iwaizumi looked at him hopelessly as he broke apart, “I just can’t.”

Oikawa panicked. He pulled him into his arms, “I’m sorry! I’m sorry for asking, please don’t cry.
That was stupid. It was selfish. Just please…” And then, to Iwaizumi’s utter dismay, his heart sped
up. He didn’t want Oikawa to let go… Terrified at his urges, Iwaizumi stumbled off the bed, “Iwa-
chan, please, don’t…” but Iwaizumi was already out and gone.

He ran outside. It was raining and he was in only his PJs but he didn’t care. He ran out through the
gates and into the street, and slammed bang on into a woman. He looked at her. Tall, slim, in a black
suit, black sunglasses in the middle of the night and a black umbrella. Trouble.

“You’re Hajime Iwaizumi,” it wasn’t a question, “debt collector and underdog of the Oikawa’s.”
Iwaizumi took a step back. Too late. In one swift motion, the woman pointed a gun at him and fired.

Because it had been dark and raining and Iwaizumi moved at the last moment, the bullet had only grazed his head, the doctors said. He woke up the next morning, in a hospital gown and a bandage around his head. He felt a little lightheaded but other than that, fine. He sat up.

"The doctor says you shouldn’t move," Oikawa appeared at his side, his beautiful face concerned, "what happened?"

"Some woman shot me," Iwaizumi said, bracing himself for Oikawa’s tears. None came. Instead, he clenched his teeth, his eyes going dark.

"I’ll fucking kill her," he growled and Iwaizumi looked at him. Properly, like he hadn’t in almost a year. He had grown taller – taller than Iwaizumi. His baby fat, which had made his face pretty, was gone, leaving a jaw that made him look like a man. His eyes weren’t huge anymore but they were still warm. His hands were large, now calloused and his arms, though thin, were corded with muscle.

"Is this going to be put on my debt?" Iwaizumi asked in a raspy voice, taking the water Oikawa offered.

"No, no. No. I won’t let them," Oikawa assured, touching his bandage gently, "how are you feeling?"

"Good," Iwaizumi scowled at his gentle expression, "quit worrying. You’re not my mom."

Oikawa fished in his pocket, "speaking of your mom, a letter came," he rolled his eyes at Iwaizumi’s glare, "don’t worry, I didn’t read it."

Oikawa took a drink from the same water bottle as Iwaizumi opened the envelope and slipped out a piece of paper. It was from his sister.

Hajime,

Mom’s gotten worse. The doctors said she has about five months, but if we operate now there’s a 70% chance that she will live. The bill for the operation is too big, though – we’ve taken a loan but it’s still not enough. You need to figure something out.

Please come home. Beg them. I need you here. I can’t do this without you. And she wants to see you, in case. Please, Hajime. Come home, no matter what it takes.

I love you, baby brother,

Hina.

Iwaizumi clenched the letter in his hand and knew that he had to do it. He’d known he’d have to take Oikawa up on his offer ever since he proposed it. It was the only way.

He looked up, "I’ll take you up on that offer."

Oikawa was waiting for him, naked, under the covers, when Iwaizumi emerged from the shower. He could see the outline of his erection through the covers and it made his whole body tingle. Once upon a time if someone would have told him about this scenario, he would have bet his hand that
Oikawa would bottom, probably cry a little and fill the room with sweet moans.

“Come here,” Oikawa said from their bed. There was nothing sweet about his voice – it was low and sensual. Slowly, burning up with embarrassment, Iwaizumi let the towel around his waist drop. He shivered as Oikawa took him in. They had changed alongside each other a million times but this…this was different. Iwaizumi plopped down into the bed and hid his face in the pillows. He felt Oikawa’s warmth as he hovered above him, trailing his fingers down his spine and down, to cup his ass, “do you want it like this?”

“I don’t care how we do it, just get on with it,” Iwaizumi growled, his embarrassment, fear and anger culminating.

“As you wish,” Iwaizumi pressed his head into the pillows, willing it to be over, when he felt Oikawa’s hand slide over his penis, “ah!” he bit his lip as Oikawa stroked him softly, speaking quietly into his hair.

“I don’t want you to hate this, or me. I want you to enjoy this. I’ve…wanted to do this for so long. You have no idea how much I’ve yearned for you. But,” he pulled Iwaizumi up, his free hand sliding down his chest, “I don’t want only your body,” he kissed Iwaizumi’s neck as he continued to pump his hand up and down. Iwaizumi squirmed in his grip, not knowing what to do with his hands. Eventually he grabbed hold of Oikawa’s wrists, holding the hand on his chest away from his nipples and letting Oikawa pump his hand up and down with his, “tell me when you’re close,” Oikawa whispered in his ear.

With his muscles weak, Iwaizumi fell backwards into Oikawa, breathing hard as he went faster and faster.

“Mmmm…Oikawa…”

“Are you gonna come, Iwa-chan?” Oikawa asked sweetly, his lips brushing against the shell of his ear. Iwaizumi whispered a breathless ‘yeah’ as he spilled over Oikawa’s hand. Oikawa didn’t seem to mind, stroking him through the orgasm. And then he kept going.

“Ah! S-stop, that hurts…” Iwaizumi tried to slip out of his grip but Oikawa held him in place, stroking his sensitive penis as he shuddered in his arms.

“Liar. It feels good, doesn’t it? And a little pain never killed anyone,” he murmured. He was right – the mix of pain and pleasure made a little moan escape Iwaizumi’s mouth. Oikawa stroked him a few more times before laying him back down gently. Iwaizumi gasped when Oikawa pressed a finger against his mouth, and then slipped another inside, “suck,” Oikawa commanded, his voice hot. Iwaizumi felt Oikawa’s impatient erection rub against his hole and, worried he’d go in dry, obediently sucked on the fingers. Oikawa groaned, pressing a messy kiss to his back.

He pulled the fingers from Iwaizumi’s mouth and caressed his enterance for a second before pushing his fingers in. Iwaizumi groaned and then everything was a haze. Oikawa’s fingers, pumping in and out, quickly replaced by his dick. Tears stinging at his eyes from the pain. Oikawa gently wiping them away, kissing his hair, his neck, his back and shoulders as he picked up the pace. And then bliss. Iwaizumi hadn’t ever felt that good, even if it was Oikawa…no, because it was Oikawa it felt that good. He groaned as he felt himself coming close. “I love you,” Oikawa whispered and Iwaizumi made a little surprised noise. He flushed, hiding in the pillows, “I love you, Hajime.” That drove him over the edge. Iwaizumi spilled over the covers and Oikawa filled him up a moment later. Breathing hard, he pulled out and gathered Iwaizumi in his eyes, laying them on the clean side and kissing him, deeply, “I mean it. I love you, Hajime.”
“I…” Iwaizumi didn’t know what to say.

Oikawa smiled, hugging him tightly, “it’s okay. You don’t have to say anything.”

They fell asleep quickly and in the morning Oikawa woke up second. Iwaizumi got dressed while he was in the shower and then, when Oikawa emerged, he pressed a wad of bills into Iwaizumi’s pocket. “For your mother,” he said, stroking his cheek, “you’ll come back, won’t you?”

“Idiot. Of course I will,”

Oikawa smiled, “I’m glad. I love you,” he kissed his forehead and turned quickly so Iwaizumi wouldn’t see the pain in his eyes, “go on. Go.” So Iwaizumi went.
You and I Were Fireworks

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Tanaka (top) x Noya (bottom)
Prompt by: Frozentothebone
Prompt: Tanaka gets a new motorcycle and Noya is the first one who gets a ride

“It’s so cool!”

Noya walked around the gym, ready for morning practice, and bumped straight into the entire Karasuno team, admiring a motorbike while Tanaka stood by it with a wide grin.

“Whoa!” Noya ran up to them and stared at the majestic vehicle, “dude, I didn’t know you were getting a motorbike!”

Tanaka shrugged, nonchalantly, but beamed with pride, “well, my parents got it for me for my birthday. It’s a Kawasaki sports bike and I decided to name it Yuki.”

“Horrible name,” Tsukishima proclaimed but even he looked mildly impressed, “you know how to drive this thing?”

Tanaka laughed and put his fists on his hips, “of course I do! I could ride a bike before I could walk!”

Hinata glanced down at his bicycle, “I need an upgrade,” he announced.

Tanaka exploded with laughter, “I might take you for a ride one day.”

Hinata’s eyes shone, “senpai!”

“What about me?” Noya asked, the hype getting to him.

Tanaka nodded, pleased, “I’ll drive you home today, if you want.”

Noya jumped in the air, “yes!”

That’s where the problems began.

||*||

“Here, this is the spare helmet,” Tanaka passed a helmet to Noya, who took it, muttering ‘so cool’. They had just finished practice and the others had left, taking their normal way home.

“Let’s take the scenic route,” Tanaka was hyped. He fished in his backpack and took out a motor jacket, shrugging it on and zipping it up.

Noya’s eyes shone, “whoa! Ryuu, you look so cool!”

Tanaka grinned, “I know, right? Tell me if you get cold.” he smacked the helmet onto Noya’s head and did the straps for him. Once they were both geared up, Tanaka threw a leg over the motorcycle
and turned the ignition on. Noya saddled up behind him, holding onto his jacket with his hands.

Noya giggled as Tanaka revved the engine once and they were off. They rolled out slowly through the school gates on the black beast and once they came to the road, Tanaka looked both ways, ‘‘ready for the ride of your life, bro?’’

Noya grinned, ‘‘you bet.’’

And then they shot off. The change in speed was so drastic Noya nearly fell off the motorbike. He threw his arms around his best friend’s waist, the blood draining from his face as the world blurred all around him. He wanted to speak, to tell Tanaka to stop, to slow down, but his words wouldn’t come out. His heart was beating so fast he thought it would rip its way out of his chest. He felt faint. Panic sparked through him, adrenaline pumping in his veins. He couldn’t faint – if he did, he’d fall off the bike and die. Oh god, now he felt sick…but he couldn’t throw up…he had his helmet around his head. Noya knew this was going to happen. He was stupid. All his life he had car sickness and was terrified of roller coasters, because they went fast. This was like a rollercoaster, except no seat belts.

Noya clutched Tanaka for dear life, wishing he didn’t have the helmet so he could press his cheek against his warm back and pretend like they weren’t speeding to their deaths. Tanaka took a sharp turn so close to the ditch on the side of the road that Noya’s heart skipped a beat. Then the bike roared upwards, up the hill that overlooked Miyagi. Noya felt gravity pull him backwards and he held on tighter. Why had he agreed to this? Oh, right. Because he wanted to look cool in front of Tanaka. And he wanted the others to know that he was the first one Tanaka would offer a ride to. It wasn’t good. His whole body was burning, like a firework, and he felt like he was going to explode. He was shivering, with fear or panic or the cold air hitting him repeatedly… He risked opening his eyes and nearly wept when he saw the top of the hill in front of them. Tanaka slowed down and then stopped, kicking out the metal support and leaning the motorcycle on that. He half turned, taking his helmet off.

‘‘Dude, you okay? You were holding onto me like you wanted to break my ribs.’’ He said, and then blanched when he saw Noya’s panicked eyes through the glass of his helmet. Noya fumbled with the straps of his helmet, tearing it off and all but throwing it on the floor. He stumbled off the motorcycle and onto the grass of the slope overlooking the city. Don’t be sick, don’t be sick, don’t be sick… Noya repeated in his head, like a mantra. He pressed his head into the grass, shivering like a baby out of a bath.

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Tanaka fell to his knees next to him. Noya felt a warm hand rubbing his back, ‘‘I’m sorry. I’m sorry, I should have gone slower. Why didn’t you tell me it was too much?’’ he was speaking fast but all Noya could think about was the warm hand. He wanted more of that warmth. He tried to pick himself up but the world spun, ‘‘steady,’’ Tanaka unzipped his jacket and took Noya’s arm, helping him pull on the sleeves. His arms encircled the smaller boy to zip up the jacket and when they were beginning to withdraw, Noya caught them. The shivers were dying down and now, enveloped in warmth, he was beginning to calm down. Tanaka held his arms where Noya had pulled them for a minute awkwardly and then sighed and propped Noya up against his chest, shifting his arms so his hands were rubbing Noya’s shoulders comfortably.

Noya half-opened his eyes, looking out onto the city. The sun had set and the lights were beginning to turn on. It would be dark soon. Tanaka continued to rub his arms, his hands going lower. He slowed down, running one hand from his arm and down a bit. When he did it again, his hand went even lower, rubbing his side and then his waist.

‘‘You okay?’’ Tanaka murmured, his hand slipping under the jacket to brush his sides through his t-
“Yeah. I’m sorry.” Noya said as the world steadied, “I have motion sickness and it was just a little scary…” he trailed off when Tanaka put his other hand on his knee, “Ryu, what are you doing?”

“Trying to make you feel better,” this time Tanaka spoke directly against his ear. Noya shivered despite himself, “I’m sorry. I really should have gone slower,” he laughed softly, tickling Noya’s ear, “I guess I was trying to show off in front of you. And I liked how you clung on to me, strangely enough,” Noya’s face heated up, “is it working?”

“Is what working?” Noya’s voice caught on the second word.

Tanaka slipped his hand from Noya’s knee down to the underside of his thigh, “is this making you feel better?”

Noya bit his lip and took Tanaka’s hand, the one that was brushing his side, and slipped it under the jacket and his t-shirt, to press it against his bare stomach, “yes,” he whispered. Losing control, Tanaka ran his hand up to Noya’s chest, exploring the muscles of his stomach. His lips latched onto Noya’s neck.

The libero inhaled sharply feeling the heat from Tanaka’s hands seep into him, set the inside of him on fire. It felt as if a dozen fireworks were exploding in his stomach. He never thought a boy and Ryuu at that – his best friend! – would make him feel like that. All the dizziness and sickness from the ride evaporated, leaving Noya light headed. Tanaka might have been a joker and an idiot but damn, he was good. He pulled Noya closer, between his legs, and kissed his neck heatedly, hard enough to leave a mark. Noya shivered again and tilted his head to give Tanaka better access.

“Do you like that?” Tanaka breathed against his ear.

“Yeah,” Noya murmured.

“Do you…” Tanaka paused to kiss beneath his ear, “like me?”

Noya leaned farther into him, “if I didn’t like you, I wouldn’t let you do this.”

At that Tanaka became bolder. His hand, which had been brushing against Noya’s stomach, went higher. His fingers brushed against the libero’s nipple. Noya jerked at the sensation and Tanaka’s hand returned, playing with it as he sucked on Noya’s neck softly. Noya gave a little hopeless moan as Tanaka’s other hand slid lower and closer to Noya’s growing erection.

“We can’t do it out here, Ryu,” he murmured, even though it hurt him to say it.

Tanaka dropped his hand back to his knee, “yeah, I know,” he sounded as resigned as Noya felt, knowing they couldn’t go further. Noya never knew he wanted to go further with Tanaka – hell, he never even thought he wanted to go anywhere with Tanaka. And yet, somehow, he touched him like an expert, knowing his weak spots. Tanaka gave Noya’s nipple another lazy rub, ”should we go, then? I’ll go slow this time.”

“Okay.”

Tanaka slipped his hand from Noya’s t-shirt, gave his neck one last kiss and stood up, pulling Noya up easily. And then he hooked his arms around his waist and swooped down, capturing the libero’s lips. Noya stood on his tip toes, kissing him back, revelling in his warmth and taste.

“That jacket looks good on you,” Tanaka murmured against his lips when they broke apart. Noya
kissed him again, letting Tanaka slip his tongue into his mouth. It felt good. Better than Noya expected a kiss to feel.

Tanaka pecked his lips one last time and bent to pass him his helmet. They geared up once more and got onto the motorcycle. This time Noya snuggled against him from the start.
Oikawa knew Kageyama liked him. The eager, determined, lonesome fifteen year old followed him around like a puppy and was forever yapping ‘teach me how to toss!’. At first it had annoyed Oikawa to the point where Kageyama was the only person in the team the captain would snap at. The fact that Kageyama’s abilities nearly reached Oikawa’s also pissed him off.

But then… Oikawa began enjoying the attention. Where he went, Kageyama followed. He did what Oikawa told him to and when he finally started to teach him how to toss, he started treating him like some sort of guru. Oikawa got off on the sparkling eyes and awed expression Kageyama gave him during practice. It got to the point where Kageyama was almost treating him like a god. And Oikawa found himself coming for practice and looking around for him. He liked the constant attention, the fussing. He liked Kageyama, because he was eager and determined and he ran across the gym to tell Oikawa good morning every damn time. Even if the others were calling him a ‘king’ behind his back and ranting about his lack of team skills, Oikawa still liked him. And he knew Kageyama liked him.

''Iwaizumi-san, that was amazing!'' Oikawa turned, feeling annoyance spark in him. Kageyama for once was not at his side. He was staring at Iwaizumi, who had just spiked a ball, his face shining in amazement. Iwaizumi, not sure what to do at the sudden praise, rubbed the back of his head and muttered something about it not being that good.

''Tobio-chan!'' Oikawa called.

Kageyama turned to him, still awed, ‘’Oikawa-san! Did you see that? That spike was amazing!’’

Again, that annoyance. No, not annoyance. Something stronger. Was that…jealousy? Why was Kageyama not paying attention to him? He glanced at Iwaizumi. Why was he staring at Kageyama like that? Kageyama idolized him. Kageyama was his student. Kageyama was…his. He gritted his teeth and forced a smile, ‘’as always, Iwa-chan!’’ But the nagging feeling in his chest remained. He wanted Iwaizumi – no, the whole team – to know that Kageyama was his, but he had to start with Kageyama himself. The boy clearly didn’t know who he belonged to. ‘’Tobio-chan, let’s practice your tosses!’’

The team split into two’s, each pair practicing a different thing. Oikawa position and repositioned Kageyama, his hands lingering on his arms and hips as he set him right. ‘’Again’’ Kageyama said after every toss and Oikawa was happy to give him more. They practiced way over time, even after the others got changed and went home.

‘’Again,’’ Kageyama requested, even though he was already breathing hard.

Oikawa glanced at the clock on the wall and gave him an easy smile, ‘’it’s nearly seven, we should finish up,’’ he motioned to the end of the gym, ‘’come, I’ll help you with your stretches.’’
Kageyama looked uncomfortable, “that’s okay.”

Oikawa put on his mother-voice, “Tobio-chan, you need to stretch properly or you’ll get cramps,” he pointed to the polished floor, “get down.” Kageyama obediently lay down and Oikawa knelt by him, “let’s start with legs.” He grabbed Kageyama’s ankle and threw his leg over his shoulder. His shorts rode up as Oikawa put his hands on his thigh. The skin was impossibly soft and smooth, “ready?” Oikawa asked with a grin and he pushed the leg towards Kageyama’s chest.

“Ahh! Oikawa-san, that’s too hard!” Kageyama protested, wincing.

Oikawa repositioned himself, casually putting his leg between Kageyama’s, his knee brushing against the front of his pants ‘accidentally’. Oikawa smiled slyly as Kageyama jumped slightly at the impact but said nothing, “relax, Tobio-chan,” he said brightly, “it will hurt if you tense up like this.”

Kageyama relaxed his muscles but jerked up when Oikawa pushed down again, “I’m trying to be gentle,” he said, amused, as his hands slid up and down again, venturing a little below the hem of Kageyama’s shorts. The younger boy flushed.

“Oikawa-san…”

“Hmm?” Oikawa asked innocently, dropping his voice, “I’m sorry, am I hurting you?” he rubbed his knee against Kageyama’s crotch, not caring if he was being obvious.

“Ye-ah! S-stop it, Oikawa-san!” Kageyama bucked under him. Oikawa shifted so that his now prominent erection pressed against Kageyama’s, making the younger boy gasp. He dropped his leg, letting it fall against his side, and nestled himself between Kageyama’s thighs. He sighed when warmth encased him and he turned Kageyama’s bright red face towards him with a finger.

“You’ve been a bad boy,” Oikawa murmured, giving a little thrust that made Kageyama whimper for emphasis, “why did you let Iwaizumi look at you like that, when you should know you belong to me?” Kageyama pushed against Oikawa’s shoulders helplessly but the setter simply grabbed his wrists and pinned them to the floor, “I asked you a question.”

“I-I didn’t know he was…”

“Hmm?” Oikawa kissed the corner of his mouth, making him even redder, “I’m going to have to punish you then…”

Kageyama looked at him hopelessly, “but I didn’t know that I was…”

“That you were what?”

Kageyama looked at him and Oikawa’s heart jumped, “yours,” he whispered.

Oikawa kissed him, long and deep and hard, “well, you know now,” his voice was rough, “you’re mine now. And when we go to Aoba Johsai, you’ll still be mine. And later, in university, and then even after that,” he pressed his forehead to Kageyama’s, willing him to understand what he was feeling.

“But…” Kageyama said in a small voice, “what if you get a girlfriend?”

Oikawa smiled and looked into his eyes, “I’m not going to get a girlfriend, silly. I don’t need one if I have you.”
Both were quiet for a moment, only their heavy breathing filling the silence. “Okay,” Kageyama whispered finally. Oikawa smiled again and released his wrists, his hands hovering inches above them in case Kageyama was going to fight back again. He didn’t, so Oikawa moved his hands to his face to kiss him again. This time Kageyama kissed him back, hesitantly, and then with more heat.

“Say it to me.”

“I’m yours,” Kageyama murmured against his lips.

“For how long?”

Kageyama glanced at him, searching for confirmation, “forever.”

|||*|||

“’We meet again, Tobio-chan,’” Oikawa grinned at Kageyama across the net. Kageyama glared at him. He’d changed so much. He’d grown, gotten more mature. There was no innocence and sweetness leaking off him anymore; just strength and that omnipresent determination. And he was on the wrong side of the net. It seemed like a lifetime ago, but didn’t they say they’d go to Aoba Johsai together? Didn’t Kageyama say he was Oikawa’s, forever? Oikawa smirked, ‘remember what you promised me, Tobio-chan?’

Kageyama raised his chin and looked Oikawa square in the eye, ‘’yeah. That I’d prove I was the better setter,” and he turned on his heel, joining the Karasuno team. Oikawa’s smirk broadened. When had Kageyama grown up so much?

He took his position, staring straight at him as he stared back – something he never had the guts to do. The whistle blew. The match began.
You ever have this thing where you think someone is staring at you and you wake up? Yeah, Hinata had that too. He jolted awake, sitting up automatically, and looked around his room, his eyes adjusting to the deep dark. Was this karma for watching that horror movie before bed? No, come on, there was no way there was someone in his room… a draft blew across his face. The window was open, even though Hinata had closed it for the night. With his blood running cold, he turned his eyes to the window. Someone was there, in the gloom. The moon shone off black hair, dark blue eyes glinted…wait…

“Kageyama?” Hinata whispered harshly, “what the hell are you doing in my room in the middle of the night?” he sniffed the air, his wolf senses picking up Kageyama’s usual smell, followed by something else, “you smell like the forest. Why are you running this late? We have school tomorrow,” he sniffed again, brows furrowing, “and why do you smell so…” he stopped himself.

Kageyama finally moved from the window, his face covered in shadow. Hinata found that unnerving, “I woke up two hours ago,” his voice was low. Sensual. “and I had this nagging urge to go somewhere, to do something. So I went out and went for a run but…that wasn’t it. My wolf wasn’t satisfied by that. So I let it lead me and,” he stopped at the foot of Hinata’s bed, “it led me here.”

Hinata knew what that meant, but he still muttered weakly, “I’m guessing you don’t want to order pizza and watch movies?” he knew what Alphas Kageyama’s age wanted from Omegas like him. But maybe if Hinata shoved Kageyama out of the window…no, he’d opened it once before. And if his parents heard the commotion, they’d lock him in the basement just to protect him from horny omegas.

“I’m not even in heat,” Hinata said bluntly, fighting his fear as Kageyama approached slowly, like a cat. Or a preying wolf. Hinata’s own omega wolf, the stupid bastard, was already yearning for Kageyama, howling for him. But Hinata wasn’t his wolf, not right then. And he was not going to let Kageyama shag him just cuz his dick was up, “and you don’t even like me. Or you didn’t, for ages. Remember? And you yell at me every day for being an idiot. Trust me, you do not want to-”

“I do,” Kageyama interrupted him, quietly but firmly, “I’ve wanted to for ages. And not just because you’re an omega, either.”

And Hinata saw how serious he was. He pushed the covers back and jumped out of bed, making sure it was between him and Kageyama. Not that it would stop him, “I think you should go. Before you do something stupid.”

Too late. Kageyama lunged across the bed, swiftly and gracefully, and pinned him to the wall, “if
you scream, you’ll wake your parents up. Don’t think I won’t take you in front of them,” Kageyama growled, his wolf instincts taking him over completely. Hinata didn’t doubt that he’d do it, under the influence of his instincts. And he didn’t doubt that his parents wouldn’t stop him; two betas, kept in place by one snarl from an Alpha, even if he was twenty years younger than them. Hinata’s heart fluttered in fear at his words while his wolf purred in pleasure. Traitor, ‘‘and if you run, I will give you the mating bite.’’

Hinata swallowed hard at that. A mating bite was final, like marriage in England before Henry VIII. His parents would kill him when they found out he’d let an alpha bite him at the age of sixteen. Hinata pressed himself backwards into the wall as much as he could, creating space between their bodies. Kageyama wasn’t having it; he pressed himself against Hinata, enclosing him in his warmth and smell, ‘‘now you’ll go back to bed, quietly.’’ He whispered against his ear.

He tried and failed to control his fear as he slowly slipped out of Kageyama’s grip and sat on the bed, shaking to his core. Kageyama swiftly pulled his t-shirt over his head, exposing his muscled arms and toned stomach. He shuffled out of his jeans, which were grass stained, and without a warning grabbed Hinata. The boy yelped and clamped his hand over his mouth, not wanting to wake his parents. Kageyama settled himself on the bed and easily slid Hinata into his lap.

‘‘Kageyama, please, I can bet you’ll regret it in the morning—’’

‘‘Stop talking,’’ Kageyama said quietly and Hinata clamped his mouth shut, not wanting to infuriate him. This was the first time he’d seen Kageyama like this. The alpha ran his hand up and down Hinata’s arms, ‘‘you’re shaking.’’

‘‘No shit,’’ Hinata said before he could stop himself.

‘‘There’s nothing to be scared of,’’ Kageyama said, grabbing the hem of his t-shirt, ‘‘hands up,’’ Hinata bit his lip and looked away, flushing. They were really going to do it, ‘‘Hinata.’’ Tears of frustration stung at his eyes as he put his hands up, letting Kageyama pull his t-shirt over his head. The alpha tossed it onto the floor carelessly and began tugging his boxers off. Hinata scrunched his eyes shut as Kageyama expertly pulled them off. He felt the setter shift, taking his own boxers off, and then he was being raised.

Hinata’s eyes snapped open, ‘‘wait, wait, wait…!’’

‘‘What?’’ Kageyama snapped, impatient.

‘‘At least prepare me, dumbass!’’ He tried not to look below Kageyama’s stomach.

‘‘You’re plenty prepared already,’’ Kageyama said and, even though Hinata knew his omega body had prepared itself already, terror still rushed over him as he felt Kageyama’s wet tip enter him.

‘‘Wait, wait, stop! Stop it!’’ he tried not to yell as Kageyama slid his head in. Hinata whimpered, scrunching his eyes shut as overwhelming pain shot through his body. It lessened almost immediately but he still sat rigid, fists clenched, as Kageyama slowly slid him down to the base. He let him adjust. A sob escaped Hinata’s mouth as the first tears rolled down his cheek.

Kageyama blanched, ‘‘what’s wrong?’’

Hinata gave him a look that said ‘‘you’re an idiot’’ even as more tears fell from his eyes, ‘‘it hurts,’’ he whispered. He wanted to get away from him, to cover himself up, but he was in plain view. And Kageyama was looking, shamelessly.

Impatiently, Kageyama brushed away a tear from his cheek. His touch was gentle, ‘‘you’ll adjust in a
Hinata slapped his hand away and brushed his own tears away, “just get it over with.”

Kageyama looked at him intensely, “no. I’m not rushing this.” Hinata slapped his chest angrily even as his insides clamped down on Kageyama’s erection. His body wanted him to move. Hinata wanted him to move, too – away from him and out of the window. Kageyama tried to catch his eye but Hinata wouldn’t look at him. The tears wouldn’t stop, “how does it feel?”

Hinata shot him an angry look, “like my best friend broke into my room and decided to have sex with me without my consent.”

With a surprised blink, Kageyama brushed another tear away. Hinata didn’t stop him, too scared that if he moved his hands he’d end up punching Kageyama in the face, “you consider me your best friend?”

Hinata gave a harsh laugh, “not anymore, dickhead.”

He expected Kageyama to get angry, but the setter’s eyes softened as he shifted his hips. Hinata bit his lip at the sensation, “don’t call me that. I don’t want to fight.”

“Oh yeah? You should have thought about that before you came in here and…whoa, what are you doing?” Kageyama had tilted his head and was pressing a gentle kiss to Hinata’s neck. Hinata turned red, “s-stop that! No kissing. No nothing, no-” Kageyama kissed his neck harder and more tears started spilling down Hinata’s cheeks; mostly because he didn’t know what to do other that cry, “you’re not even listening to me.”

Kageyama pulled away, “I’ve wanted to hold you like this for so long,” he whispered.

“Oh, yeah, you’re doing a great job,” Hinata snorted through his tears, sniffing.

The alpha looked genuinely worried, “what am I doing wrong?”

“Everything.”

Kageyama looked down, his cheeks colouring, “I’m sorry, I…I haven’t…I just wanted…” he fumbled for words, “tell me what to do to make you feel good.” Hinata didn’t respond, sniffing. His whole body shook. His wolf wanted Kageyama to move already, to take him, to make him his, but his emotions were spilling out like water from an overturned cup. The truth was, he was so confused and frustrated and surprised he couldn’t stop crying. He had never thought of Kageyama as someone he could be with. He definitely never pondered on the idea of Kageyama making him feel good.

“I’m gonna move now,” Kageyama said, even as Hinata started shaking his head, and lifted him a little, easily, like he weighed nothing. Hinata gasped as Kageyama’s erection slid in and out of him, sending waves of pleasure coursing over his body. His body felt hot. He balled his hands into fists and pressed them against Kageyama’s chest, his breathing ragged from crying or pleasure of both.

“S-stop…” Hinata said weakly and Kageyama raised him higher, slamming him down. A moan escaped his lips and he had no energy to stop the ones that followed. His muscles turned weak, the pleasure undoing him. The last tears trickled from his eyes and he felt Kageyama’s mouth on his cheeks, kissing them away since his hands were preoccupied. His mouth descended lower, kissing the corner of Hinata’s lips and then him, fully. Even though his movements were hard and fast and erratic and rough, his lips were soft and gentle and hesitant. Hinata found himself melting into the kiss against his will.
Taking that as encouragement, Kageyama kissed him harder, going faster. Hinata moaned against his mouth and the alpha slipped his tongue in. The kiss turned hot and wet and deep. Hinata was burning with embarrassment for only a few short seconds, before the pleasure overtook him completely. His head spun in a woozy, pleasurable dance and Hinata did the only thing he could think of then; he kissed Kageyama back. It felt good to have something to hold onto.

Their kisses became sloppier as they neared the climax. Kageyama removed his hand from Hinata’s hip briefly to hook the omega’s hands around his neck, pressing their bodies together. Hinata whimpered against his lips, tightening his arms around his neck, “Hinata,” Kageyama whispered, sending shudders up Hinata’s back, “Hinata…”

Hinata kissed him again as he reached his climax, his moans surprisingly soft as pleasure shook every atom of his being. He felt Kageyama spill inside him, making him feel hot enough to burn. Kageyama pressed their lips together harder, almost painfully, as Hinata spilled over his stomach. They kept their mouths connected, their breaths mingling, as Kageyama pulled out of him. As their pulses settled, Hinata opened his eyes.

Kageyama was staring at him, his eyes wide. The pupils were back to normal size, his gaze clear. His wolf had gone dormant and the normal determined, angry, scarily intense Kageyama was back. And he was staring at Hinata with such shock that Hinata stumbled off him and grabbed his underwear from the floor, tugging it on. Kageyama did the same, pulling on his jeans hastily and bunching his t-shirt in his hand. Without a word, he made for the window.

“Just leave the money on the windowsill,” Hinata said bitterly, feeling the tears gather in his eyes again. Why did he feel so…used?

Kageyama hesitated for only a second before jumping out through the window and disappearing into the night.

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Hinata felt Kageyama’s presence the next day, in the afternoon. He was plugging in his phone into the charger on his desk, dressed in his oversized jumper and jeans, his eyes puffy from crying all night. One moment it was quiet and still, and in the next he heard the window open and someone land on his carpet.

“Can’t you use the doors?” Hinata said with a bite.

“You weren’t in school.” Kageyama said. It was a statement, not a question.

“Didn’t feel like going,” Hinata said, not turning around. He felt washed out.

He knew Kageyama had approached him solely because his wolf, which had been dozing off inside him, suddenly woke up. He felt himself being drawn to him, but he remained in place. A hesitant hand brushed his back, “I’m sorry, Hinata. I’m so sorry. I wasn’t myself yesterday and when I realised what I had done, I freaked out…”

“It’s okay,” Hinata’s throat felt tight, “let’s forget about it.”

“What?” Kageyama breathed. His voice was soft, “I… I don’t want to forget. That’s why I’m here,” his hand became bolder, stroking Hinata’s shoulder now, “I don’t want to forget… do you?” Hinata didn’t reply. His heart was beating like mad. The hand disappeared, “Are you scared of me?” Hinata clenched his hands into fists. His heart had to calm down before he spoke or he’d blurt out something… “I’m sorry,” Kageyama’s voice was breaking and with it, Hinata’s heart, “I’ll go.”
Finally Hinata turned around. Kageyama was backing away towards the window, like he was hoping Hinata would turn. His face, usually expressionless, pumped up or angry, was filled with so much raw emotion Hinata’s eyes filled with tears.

“Please don’t cry,” Kageyama took a step towards him.

“It’s okay. I’m not scared,” Hinata quickly wiped the tears away, “you can touch me.”

Kageyama went to him and gathered him in his arms, kissing his hair over and over. Hinata wrapped his arms around Kageyama’s middle, pressing his face against his school jacket.

“How are you not mad at me?” Kageyama whispered.

“Omega genes,” Hinata said truthfully, “if you weren’t an alpha and every inch of my body didn’t yearn to be close to you, I would have thrown you out of the window by now.”

Kageyama kissed the top of his head again, “thank god for the genes, then,” he whispered, and then, “I’m sorry, Hinata.”

“Stop apologising.”

“I hurt you.”

“Only at the beginning. It felt good after. Really good,” Hinata was glad he was hidden in Kageyama’s jacket so he couldn’t see his face.

“Really?” Kageyama sounded relieved when Hinata nodded, “I thought I was doing something wrong. You were crying so much.”

“Cuz you scared me,” Hinata mumbled against his chest, “you’re, like, a giant compared to me. And I’d never seen you like that. And you did say you’d do it in front of my pare-”

“Please don’t remind me,” Kageyama said quickly and then sighed against his hair, “I liked it too. I liked you…in that state. And I like you now. I like you. In general.”

“Do you want to go out with me?”

Kageyama huffed a laugh, “that’s my line. But yeah. Yes. I want to.”
Kuroo’s doorbell rang in the middle of the night and he immediately knew who it was. There was only one person who was brave enough to wake up Kuroo from his slumber and risk his wrath, and only one person that wrath would not fall upon; Kenma. Kuroo flung the doors open to find said boy standing in his doorway, shivering from the rain that had drenched his clothes. A large, purple bruise bloomed across his jaw. Kuroo was as terrified and sick to his stomach as he was the first night Kenma came to him, nearly a year ago.

“You should have called. I would’ve got you,” he said, pulling Kenma inside. His face was empty. Not the usual unamused, bored empty, but the ‘I’m trying not to cry, please don’t ask’ empty. And Kuroo didn’t have to ask. He knew what was going on, ‘let’s get you in the shower before you catch a cold,’ Kenma followed Kuroo to his bathroom. Kuroo glanced at the clock as they crossed the kitchen. One thirty seven am. Last time it had been three am. The time before that – ten pm.

As Kenma stripped, Kuroo brought him fresh clothes. His own soft cotton t-shirt and boxers. Kenma stepped into the shower without a ward and slid the cabin shut. Kuroo listened to the water running, brushing his teeth, settling his bed hair, rubbing at his sleepy eyes until he wasn’t tired anymore…he knew he couldn’t leave Kenma alone or he’d break down crying. It was a wonder he managed to get here all by himself in the freezing rain. Usually when it rained he called Kuroo from some obscure place where he had taken shelter.

From him.

Kuroo watched calmly as Kenma patted himself dry with his towel and dressed. They were long past the embarrassed-because-you’re-naked stage. Finally, Kenma spoke, “thank you.” Kuroo reached out and ruffled his hair fondly. His fingers slipped down to brush against the bruise on his jaw, “he did it by accident.” Kenma whispered.

“Yeah, right,” Kuroo couldn’t stop the harsh words and Kenma flinched, “some boyfriend-“

“Really!” Kenma said, desperately. He was trying to convince himself, “he just lost it, hit me by accident.”

“Oh, that’s believable actually,” Kuroo folded his arms over his chest, “when he does it on purpose he usually tries to do it somewhere where you wouldn’t see.”

Kenma looked down, “he’s gotten better…”

“Getting hit at least once a week doesn’t mean it’s gotten better,” Kuroo half yelled and lowered his voice when Kenma flinched again, “when are you going to leave that bastard?”
Kenma put his arms around himself, touching his elbows, “I-I’m not…I can’t-”

“Yes, you can!” Kuroo grabbed his shoulders. Kenma didn’t flinch at the touch. He never did when Kuroo touched him, “you have to. He’s breaking you, Kenma.”

Finally tears gathered in Kenma’s eyes, “I can’t. The house is his. The bank account is his. I have no savings, nowhere to live-”

“Just live here,” Kuroo said, desperation creeping into his voice, “you know I wouldn’t mind,” his voice softened as he rubbed Kenma’s shoulder comfortably, “I’m your best friend. Let me help you.”

Kenma shook his head, his long hair brushing against his cheeks, “My whole life is tied to him.”

“Then start a new one.”

“You make it sound so easy,” Kenma’s voice broke, “he’s the only one that’s ever loved me.”

“That’s not true.”

“Yes, it is. If I leave him, I have no one else. Let’s face it; I’m an anti-social, battered, skinny guy that works in retail,” the first tear dripped from Kenma’s eye, “who would want me?”

Kuroo brushed the tear away, “that’s what he tells you, isn’t it? That you’re not good enough.”

Kenma shook his head again, his hands beginning to shake, “if I leave, he’ll kill me.”

“I won’t let him,” Kuroo said firmly, taking Kenma’s hands to steady them, “please, Kenma. There’s a limited number of times I can see you bruised up before I go and kill him.”

With a sniff, Kenma brushed his tears away with the back of his hand and touched Kuroo’s face, “thank you, Kuroo. You’re a good friend.”

Kuroo sighed, running his hand through his hair in frustration. It was clear Kenma wouldn’t talk anymore, so Kuroo led him to the bedroom. The psychological damage was deep. Kenma and his boyfriend had gotten together in college and been together ever since. Kenma had never had a lover before and his boyfriend was the only one he knew. Kenma had been strong, mentally, once upon a time, but his boyfriend made sure to wear his down emotionally first before marking his skin with cuts and bruises.

Kuroo had tried everything. He threatened the boyfriend; Kenma disappeared for two days after that and when he returned he was so badly beaten Kuroo had to take him to the hospital. He tried contacting the police, but when they came Kenma was too scared to say anything, his boyfriend looming over him during the whole visit. After that, he beat him more. Kuroo stopped interfering directly, scared that Kenma was going to get killed. Instead, he tried to talk Kenma into leaving his boyfriend. But he had effectively been broken – there was no part of him that believed he could live without his boyfriend.

Kenma stopped when he saw something laid out on Kuroo’s chair. He walked up and smiled, slowly picking up Kuroo’s old, red Nekoma jersey, “I didn’t know you still had this.”

“I was going to toss it away,” Kuroo shrugged, “it’s been four years since high school. I think it’s about time.”

“Then,” Kenma picked the jersey up and glanced at Kuroo, his face calm once again, “can I keep
Kuroo smiled, ‘‘sure.’’

Kenma shrugged it on and Kuroo was surprised at the nostalgia that overcame him. Kenma’s hair was brown now and the jersey was massive on him, but he still looked like he just stepped out of Nekoma. Losing control, Kuroo stepped forward and pulled his arms around his best friend, ‘‘please leave him. Please. I can’t bear to see you hurt.’’

Kenma didn’t say anything, leaning against him. He was tired; Kuroo could tell. Without a warning he picked Kenma up. The smaller boy didn’t yelp, he just exhaled harshly against Kuroo’s neck and latched onto him. Kuroo dropped him on the bed and crawled over him, pressing kisses to his bruise.

‘‘What are you doing?’’ Kenma’s voice was quiet.

‘‘Kissing it better,’’ Kuroo pulled away and looked Kenma in the eye, his jaw set, ‘‘I love you, Ken. I’ve loved you for so long and I’m done letting that thing lay his hands on you.’’

Kenma’s mouth opened with shock, ‘‘but…but, Kuroo, I’m…’’

‘‘I know what you are,’’ Kuroo said in a heated whisper, ‘‘you’re beautiful and hard working and kind and broken. Leave him, Kenma. Love me instead. I’ll love you better than he does,’’ he was whispering against his ear now, holding him close, ‘‘I won’t hurt you, ever. I’ll make you happy. You know I will.’’

When he pulled away, Kenma’s eyes were swimming with tears again, ‘‘I can’t.’’

Kuroo kissed him. It was a soft, gentle kiss. He willed Kenma to understand the love that he had kept suppressed all this time; to understand that he could have a life in which he wasn’t terrified every second the person who was supposed to love him was around, ‘‘yes you can,’’ he whispered, ‘‘I know you’re scared. But I’ll protect you. I promise.’’

Kenma shook his head violently, like he wanted to, but was too scared, ‘‘Kuroo, he’ll find me… He’ll…’’

This time he did yelp when Kuroo manhandled him into his lap and grabbed his laptop from the floor. He flicked it open and the screen lit up. He had been meaning to go to London for a few weeks to look for a job. He already had a house to live in; but there was a change of plans.

‘‘What are you doing?’’ Kenma’s voice was panicked as Kuroo went onto the ticket site on the airport’s main page.

‘‘I’m taking you away from him, where he won’t find you,’’ he clicked a few things, ‘‘to London.’’

‘‘No!’’ Kenma tried to close the laptop but Kuroo grabbed both his hands with one of his and calmly continued to press various things, ‘‘I-I don’t know English.’’

‘‘I do,’’ Kuroo murmured against his hair, ‘‘there’s nothing to be scared of. You hate your job. This is our chance to start over. Me and you.’’ The two tickets to London appeared on the screen, with a confirmation request, ‘‘I have a house waiting for me. We will find work and live together and be happy,’’ Kuroo slowly released Kenma’s hands, ‘‘but it’s your choice.’’

Kenma looked at him, still shocked. His hair was in disarray from the struggling and his lips were parted. Kuroo swept down to kiss him again, his hand stroking his back.
“But…you’re my best friend…” he whispered weakly.

“And I will continue to be one,” Kuroo kissed his bruise again, gently, “even if you refuse me. But I won’t let you go back to that man.”

Kenma let out a shaky breath. He turned back to the laptop and pressed ‘confirm’.

“I’m scared,” he admitted, “of starting something new. But you’ve always taken care of me. So I’ll trust you, Kuroo,” he whispered.

Kuroo smiled, gathering him in his arms, “I love you, Kenma. I love you.”

Kenma pulled himself closer to Kuroo, kissing him and letting Kuroo kiss him, too. Kuroo knew there was no way Kenma could say ‘I love you’ to him, not yet. Not when every day he uttered it weakly to his boyfriend, hoping the hit would not descend on him, hoping his body wouldn’t crack hopelessly against the wall. Not when ‘I love you’ was his last defence against the wrath of the man he hadn’t loved, not for a long time.

So instead, Kenma transferred his feelings into his kisses, covered in the red Nekoma jersey and Kuroo’s warmth, “thank you. Thank you.”
Somewhere in The End We're All Insane

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kuroo (top) x Tsukki (bottom)
Prompt by: Bl_mk
Prompt: Tsukki is Kuroo’s favourite prostitute but Kuroo isn't satisfied with just seeing him sometimes, so he buys him. Quickly it turns out Tsukki hates the arrangement and Kuroo is a possessive bastard

“Kuroo-san!” Tsukki threw his hand up and moaned as he came. The dark haired man that held him in his arms growled as he, too, filled the condom. He kissed Tsukki’s neck, biting the skin almost painfully as he came. He shoved himself out harshly and disposed of the condom, leaving Tsukki on the bed to catch his breath. The blond smirked, satisfied. Kuroo, as always, was a great fuck. A wad of bills landed on his cum splattered stomach. Tsukki grabbed it and wiped it on the covers. And he paid well.

Kuroo dropped himself next to him on the bed, propping his head up on his head as Tsukki counted the money, ‘two hundred extra,’” he said, pleased.

“Just for you,” Kuroo dropped a kiss on his head and Tsukki pretended to be all flushed and embarrassed, “I’ll give you a hundred more if you do what you know I like.”

Tsukki looked at him, schooling his expression into one of pure emotion, “I love you, Kuroo-san.”

“Liar. You’re just a slut for money,” Kuroo said, kissing him. Even though his words were light, Tsukki knew how much the thought of Tsukki not loving him hurt, “but…say it again.”

“I love you.”

“Again.”

“I love you,” Tsukki kissed him, hard, “I love you.”

“I love you, too,” Kuroo whispered, heatedly, slipping a hundred dollar bill into Tsukki’s hand.

Nearly a week later, Tsukki was nestled in Kuroo’s sleek, black car, humming in anticipation. Kuroo was his best paying customer but he liked to take him out, too, because he was hopelessly in love with him. Tsukki felt kind of bad for not loving him back but…well, ten years of being a prostitute kicks nonsense like love, marriage and monogamy out of your head. But Kuroo was handsome, a good fuck and rich, so Tsukki was happy to play along.

“Where are we going?” Tsukki smiled at Kuroo. Wherever they were off to, probably involved car sex first. Tsukki was up for that.

“It’s a surprise,” Kuroo said with a grin. He was surprisingly chipper today, more happy, somehow. Excited. Elevated. Tsukki didn’t ask again, instead trying to figure out the location himself. He drew a blank; once he was taken to an exclusive SPA in the mountains, but the next Kuroo had flown
them to Jamaica for four days in his private jet. The madam of the brothel Tsukki worked at didn’t mind; after all, she was tipped generously when Tsukki was taken out. At this point Kuroo was pretty much Tsukki’s only customer – he always seemed to be there. To be honest, it was pretty tiring at this point. One of the reasons Tsukki liked his job was because he got to experience all different types of sex from different people.

The car suddenly fell silent. Tsukki looked out of the window. They were in the rich part of the city. Like, the really, really rich part. The big glass apartments jutted out from the ground like massive anal beads, and the smaller buildings looked like villas. They had parked in front of one such villa.

“Where is this?” Tsukki asked curiously. Kuroo mutely gestured for Tsukki to follow him. He locked the cars and walked to the front door, sliding a card through a holder. The doors swung open, revealing a lush white-and-gold trimmed front room with a crystal chandelier. Tsukki was awed. His own room in the brothel was small but cozy, filled with all the little things he bought on the whim – new book releases, electronics, a mini-fridge…but this place…this place screamed rich.

“Do you like it?” Kuroo came up beside him and slipped a hand around his waist as Tsukki nodded mutely, leading him through an open archway to a living room. The carpet on the floor was plush and white, the couches cream. There was a large glass table in the corner and a massive black TV on the wall. The couches were arranged tastefully to face both the TV and the window that opened up into the city.

Tsukki grinned, twirling himself on the spot to look at the room from all angles, “Jheez, Kuroo-san, nice place!”

“I’m glad you like it,” Kuroo spread his arms, encircling the room, “welcome to your new home.”

Tsukki froze.

“What?”

Kuroo fished in his pocket and produced a laminated square. He unfolded it slowly and passed the piece of paper to Tsukki. He already recognised it. With trembling fingers, he took the contract and looked at it. His name, age, his info…and then, a huge red word, stamped over everything – ‘SOLD’. Kuroo’s signature below made Tsukki’s head spin. He had been with the brothel since he had been a child – he could chose to pay off his debt, not necessarily with that job, or stay and work there his whole life in comfort. He chose the latter, which meant he was directly tied to the brothel, but this…this…

“Now we can be together,” Kuroo’s smile could have set hell ablaze with sweet light but it blinded Tsukki and made him want to run.

He tossed the contract at Kuroo’s, whose smile froze in place, “I’m not a thing!” he screamed and bolted. He ran through the beautiful front room and into the streets. He didn’t know where he was going, only that he needed to get away from this man, who had bought him, a real human being, like he was a toy. The thought made Tsukki sick to his stomach. He slid his glasses up the bridge of his nose and ran faster, his legs already burning. God, he was so out of shape–

He screamed when a hand grabbed his forearm and yanked him to a stop. He turned. Kuroo had caught him; his hair was windblown and his cheeks flushed, but not from effort. His eyes radiated hurt as Tsukki tried to pull his arm out of his grip, “I thought you’d be happy,” Kuroo whispered, “I thought you’d be glad to finally be able to live your life. I thought you’d…fall in love with me eventually.”
I’m not capable of love Tsukki wanted to say, but no words came out. The grip on his arm loosened and Kuroo faces him fully, stroking his hands up and down, “just come back with me,” he said, his voice low, calm, “we’ll talk about this later. Right now you’re tired and hungry and astounded, and you need to calm down. Come on. Tsukki.”

Tsukki forced his breathing to calm down, his body to relax. It wasn’t very wise to dash out of the house with only his clothes on his back so he nodded hesitantly. Maybe he would be able to make Kuroo see how wrong this whole situation was.

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The bath, like the couches, was close to the window. Pressed up against it, actually, and it was more like a small pool. Big enough for Tsukki to swim away from Kuroo and curl on the opposite end, and for Kuroo to calmly pull him back, pressing his back against his chest. Tsukki looked out into the city. It was dark now, the lights beautiful. They were in the bathroom on the third floor, and the rooftops of the smaller houses barely grazed the windowsill. This bathroom was all ceramic and marble, with a golden, antique mirror above the windowsill and plush white towels on the rails. The one on the second floor was tiled, with a stereo in the corner and a shower in the other. There were candles scattered around.

Kuroo was playing with the warm droplets of water on Tsukki’s arm. Tsukki could feel his erection, pressed against his lower back. God, couldn’t he control his urges? Did he always have to be horny? He must have read the situation well, though; he could tell Tsukki was in no mood for sex, although he wasn’t denying himself the cuddles. He sighed and kissed Tsukki’s wet shoulder, “okay. Let’s talk.”

Tsukki already figured everything out, “I want my own house. It doesn’t need to be big. I want to go back to get my own stuff. I want to get a job. I want to live a normal life, as you so said.”

Protectively, Kuroo’s arms tightened around Tsukki, “out of the question,” he sounded like he was about to raise his voice, “I did not buy you to have you away from me. Do you have any idea how much I paid to have you? To visit you for the past year?”

Tsukki yanked himself out of Kuroo’s grip, “oh, I’m sorry you spent a small fortune on a prostitute,” he said cruelly, “but no one told you to. I certainly didn’t force you to,” he threw his hands up, water splashing everywhere, “you know I don’t actually love you.”

“But you could-”

“No, I couldn’t,” Tsukki said harshly and then forced his face to soften, even though his insides were boiling with rage. He took Kuroo’s hands under the water, “look, if you want to continue what we had for the past year, I’m more than happy to. But I need my space. I need to know that I don’t belong to you or to anyone.”

“But you do belong to me,” Kuroo said firmly, chilling Tsukki to the bone. Then Kuroo sighed and smiled, and that sent shivers up Tsukki’s spine. Shivers of fear. He gathered the numb Tsukki in his arms and kissed his forehead, “you’re tired. That’s understandable. Let’s get some sleep, okay? In the morning you’ll realise that living here with me, in luxury and comfort, is much better than sleeping with random men.”

But I am still sleeping with a random man Tsukki thought, at Kuroo pressed his head to his chest, holding him, and it’s the first time I don’t want to do it.

|||*|||
It was the dead of night and Tsukki was running away.

Kuroo had taken him, first. It had always been so good – and now it was good, too, but afterwards, as Kuroo fell asleep against him, his whole skin crawled. He felt like he was lying next to a psychopath who had just murdered a dozen people. It was stupid and delusional but Tsukki could not stay.

So he crept through the house. It was new enough that it didn’t creak. He fished Kuroo’s credit card, one of many, from his wallet and tucked it into the back of his jeans that he had thrown on as quietly as he could. He opened the doors slowly, quietly and once the cold night air hit his face, he breathed a sigh of relief. And then he ran.

He got on the first bus downtown that he saw – one of the night ones, with teenagers coming back from parties and homeless drunkies in the back. He was shivering in his t-shirt even inside the bus. He couldn’t go back to the brothel, where all his life possessions were, as well as his saving, because Kuroo would find him easily. And the Madam wouldn’t take back a man who already belonged to someone else. No, he had to get out of this city and start again. He had a supple body and a pretty face, plus experience; finding work wouldn’t be hard. But, first, he had to get to a hostel, sleep the night and start anew in the morning.

||*|||

The hostel was a bit run down, but after the bus disposed him in one of the more middle-class areas Tsukki was so tired he had no energy to look for a better option. The receptionist behind the desk was old, and she held a mug of tea in her hand. It was chipped. She wore a thick, knitted cardigan. She wrote on a piece of paper with one of the cheap pens you could buy in the corner shop. The computer looked like it was from another century.

Homey. Comfortable. No sleek, expensive, new stuff. She was surrounded with furniture and objects that were familiar, used. This was like home; Kuroo’s house was like a hospital facility.

“A room, please,” Tsukki said, his voice quiet from sleepiness, as he slid the card across the desk.

The woman looked up at him and raised an eyebrow, “we don’t take credit cards.”

“Oh,” Tsukki’s heart sank, “I…don’t have cash.”

She patted his hand with her winkled one, “oh, honey, that’s okay. You look like you’re about to drop dead.” She reached for a key.

Tsukki took it, bewildered, “aren’t you tired? It’s late.”

She smiled, “insomnia, my sweet,” she raised her cup and took a sip, “off you go now, get your rest.”

“Thank yo-”

“Agnes!” an annoyed voice echoed through the empty lobby and a man who smelled strongly of coffee strolled behind the counter and grabbed a credit card device from under the desk. He wagged it at the woman, “I told you to stop giving out free rooms.”

The woman scowled at him, “I don’t know how to use that infernal thing.”

The man sighed and turned back to Tsukki, putting the device on the counter, “I’m sorry, sir. But you’ll have to pay.”
“That’s okay,” Tsukki’s hands were sweaty. He only now realised he didn’t know Kuroo’s pin. He exhaled, picking up the device. Contactless. He pressed the card to the window and it beeped. Tsukki had no idea how much money was on the card but he hoped it was enough to get him the hell out of the city. With a quick goodnight, he took his key and went up to his room, where he crashed on a small, uncomfortable bed and fell asleep immediately.

He was woke up a few hours later by the police.

“I didn’t do anything. You can’t arrest me!” Tsukki was yelling as the police dragged him past a concerned-looking Agnes with a fresh cup of tea.

“We’re not arresting you, sir,” the cop said patiently for the third time, “we’re escorting you back to your home.”

“I’m an adult! And I don’t want to go,” Tsukki bucked and struggled to no avail. The cop shoved him inside his police car and, escorted by two others, they rolled out into the streets, “you can’t-”

“By law, you belong to Mr Kuroo,” The cop said impassively.

“I am not property!” he yelled, kicking his chair hopelessly, “how much did he pay you!?” the cop didn’t respond, “how did you even find me!?”

“The credit card is Mr Kuroo’s. It didn’t take us long to navigate it once Mr Kuroo called,” Tsukki swore his stupidity, “we could put you in jail for credit card theft. And if you refuse to accept yourself as Mr Kuroo’s property, you will be reversed to your previous legal position and charged for illegal prostitution.”

Angry tears gathered in Tsukki’s eyes, “you’re supposed to be the people I turn to when I’m in trouble!” he whispered helplessly.

Finally the man’s façade cracked. He glanced at Tsukki pitifully in the rear view mirror, “come on, now. Is it really that awful? I’d kill to live in an expensive house like that.”

Tsukki leaned back, his heart breaking, “no. You wouldn’t.”

||*||

Kuroo was deadly quiet as he waited for the cops to escort him to the front door and bid him goodnight. He watched them go, not even looking at Tsukki, and led him into the house. Too terrified of his wrath, Tsukki made for the bedroom.

Kuroo’s deadly cold voice stopped him, “you will not leave again.” Not a request. An order.

“I am not your property,” why did Tsukki feel like he was repeating himself?

“I don’t want you to feel like one, but you are,” Tsukki heard Kuroo take a step closer, “don’t you see? You have been doing an illegal thing your whole life. If you take this to court, your profession will overshadow everything else. And my money will overshadow everything you say,” Kuroo’s warm hands pressed themselves to his shoulders, “I want you to be happy. Please don’t act like we’re at war,” a soft, almost apologetic kiss pressed to his hair, “please. Baby. Tsukki. Give me a chance.”

And so Tsukki did.

It was every bit as bad as he expected.
First of all, there was the sex. What once had caused him immense pleasure now became a standard activity – almost a chore. He hated how Kuroo peppered him with kisses and sweet words, practically forcing his love on him. And he hated how the raven was always gentle, even when Tsukki needed it rough. He forgot that Tsukki was not some terrified virgin boy but a man who had dealt in sex his whole life. It was as if he didn’t know Tsukki at all, and didn’t try to get to know him.

Then there were the restrictions. Tsukki couldn’t do anything. Where once he made himself pizza and salads and enjoyed making the rare fancy dinner, now he was practically made to keep out of the kitchen, where the house keeper made the dinner. He couldn’t even do his own laundry. Kuroo showered him with gifts – books and electronics and gift cards to fill his time, to make him not think about what he was being. A pretty prize, waiting for his master to come home from work.

And then there was Kuroo himself. He was obsessive. He was crazy. Every time Tsukki went out by himself; for a walk, for a shop or to fucking McDonalds, Kuroo took him for an interrogation. Where did he go? Who did he go with? What did he do? Did he have a good time? And then; did he fuck anyone? Was he cheating on Kuroo? Was he trying to run away again? – ‘remember how that ended last time’.

Tsukki came to despise Kuroo. It was like he was a child, always under the watchful eye of the house keeper, who reported everything to Kuroo, or Kuroo himself. Kuroo began asking questions – how long did he spend in the shower? What did he eat? He got angry often when Tsukki didn’t reply and he did it rough in bed; where once Tsukki wished Kuroo would show a little passion now all he got was pain. It was like rape, kidnapping and an abusive relationship all in one and Tsukki wanted out.

He came to that point suddenly, in the middle of the movie. He didn’t cry or throw a tantrum. He just realised that…if this was his life, then he didn’t want it. So he simply got off the bed, threw off his blanket and marched into the kitchen. Ms Fujima, the house keeper, was making pastries. He walked up to the shelf and took out a thin, long knife.

‘Mr Tsukki?’ Ms Fujima sounded mildly worried. Tsukki realised what he must have looked like – empty eyed, empty faced, opening shelves he wasn’t meant to open and taking out a sharp object. He walked to the bathroom on the second floor – the one with the shower and candles – and locked himself in. He heard Ms Fujima rambling through the phone, panicked, yelling at Kuroo to hurry up, and then she was banging on the doors.

Tsukki didn’t hear it.

In movies people always stare at their wrists, contemplate their life, wonder if they’re doing the right thing. Tsukki simply sat against the shower and slid the knife against his wrist, deep. He wondered if whores went straight to hell.

Now he did stare. The blood bloomed against his pale skin and fell onto the white floor. Almost pretty. He was mesmerised. He didn’t know how long he sat there but when he was beginning to feel dizzy the doors burst open and Kuroo ran in.

His knight in shining armour.

His curse.

||*||

There were three people around him as he came in and out of consciousness, under the blankets in
the bed; Kuroo, a doctor and Ms Fujima.


Ms Fujima – ‘scare of my life’, ‘you’re lucky he was coming home from work’, ‘what were you thinking?’, ‘entitled brat’.


These phrases and words floated around him for a day where Tsukki felt weak and hazy and not himself. When he got better, Kuroo fired Mr Fujima on the basis that she couldn’t do her job, and sent the doctor away. Tsukki hadn’t even been taken to the hospital.

The day he got out of bed was as depressing as ever. A heavy mood clung over him and Kuroo as his lover took him to the kitchen, gave him some food, a drink. He kept touching him, as if to ensure he was still there; brushing his hair out of his eyes (when had it gotten so long?), stroking his cheek, rubbing his back, kissing his bandaged wrist, pressing his forehead to his shoulder… Tsukki didn’t feel any of it.

And then he was led back to the bed and chained to it.

‘What are you doing?’ Tsukki croaked, too weak to fight back as his wrists were encircled in handcuffs that trailed silver chains to the feet of the bed. Enough freedom to move around, but not to stand up.

‘I won’t risk it,’ Kuroo’s voice was hollow, like he was talking to himself, ‘I will not risk losing you again.’ His eyes focused on Tsukki and he kissed his forehead, ‘I won’t let you die.’

And Tsukki broke down sobbing.

 потерное

Eat, fuck, watch, bath, sleep.

That was Tsukki’s life now. For a month the same wretched routine – wake up and eat breakfast. Overnight oats with fresh fruit, grilled cheese with the best products, full fancy breakfasts, all served in bed – Kuroo was really trying. He fed Tsukki, patiently enduring his glares. Then, after a quick session of brushing teeth and washing his face, Tsukki got fucked. Kuroo asked him how he wanted it and Tsukki never replied, so Kuroo went gentle, whispering how much he loved him in his ear. A psychopath’s love.

Then, with snacks and water close enough to reach with his chained hands; Tsukki was left to watch TV all day. By the time Kuroo came from work and bathed him, every inch of Tsukki was sore. After another fuck that sometimes went on for hours, Tsukki slept. Once every three days Kuroo took him for a walk around his garden, acting like they were newlyweds in the 1500s – a well stationed husband and his timid wife, strolling in the sunlight.

Tsukki tried to talk Kuroo into at least taking the chains off. He yelled at him, called him a motherfucker and a psycho. He begged him, giving him sweet kisses and empty promises. He cried and even though Kuroo kissed his tears away, he didn’t yield. He didn’t listen to reason either. His touch made Tsukki sick. He proposed and even though Tsukki said no, he slid a ring on his finger and told him he loved him.

‘Okay,’ after three months Kuroo sat on the edge of the bed, resolve plain on his face, ‘I’ve decided to trust you. I know you won’t hurt yourself anymore or try to run away.’ Kuroo took his
hand gently and smiled lovingly, “I will take the chains off and let us live a happy, normal life, if only you say you love me.”

Tsukki knew he should, but every inch of his body shrieked in protest. He didn’t want to. He didn’t want to. He didn’t want to love him or be loved by him. He didn’t want him. The thought of saying those words to him would kill Tsukki.

Tsukki spat in his face.

“I could never fall in love with a possessive bastard like you.”
You've Got that Young Blood, Set It Free

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Bokuto (top) x Akaashi (bottom)
Prompt by: Youkai_Hime
Prompt: Akaashi is a medieval witch who summons one of the most powerful five demons in order to save his coven. Some sneaky side KuroKen

Akaashi was not going to burn.

He remembered how his grandmother had died, shrieking as the flames swallowed her when he was only seven years old. An old woman shown no mercy by the religious acolytes, burned like meat, tossed in the river like garbage. His mother had locked herself in the second room of their little cottage that night and sat amongst burning sage and candles until down, chanting a prayer for her own mother and any other Witch killed with cold blood.

As he grew, the villagers got more vicious. More people got burned and drowned for witchcraft, innocents more often than not. The new governor was rallying the people, making them bloodthirsty. And Akaashi knew that once the human rallied, their small coven of twenty six witches would not be enough, especially since they were made up of five teenagers, two kids, four elders, and six non-magicians, three of them men that married into witch families or were born powerless.

They were pretty weak, but Akaashi was going to get stronger. He was a rare witch – a man. In their whole coven they had only five men with the powers – himself, his best friend Kenma, Kenma’s father, one of the elders and one of the freshly born offspring’s. But because they were rare they were usually more powerful than the females. Still, having only one full-fledged, abled bodied male and eight adult female witches was hardly an army.

But Akaashi was done hearing the screams of his blood family as they were devoured by flames. With a sliver of moon lighting the sky, under the cover of darkness he ran through the forest, as silent as wolf and as agile as a deer. He had grown up in these woods – he had not tripped over a root or slammed into a tree since he was seven. The witch came to a stop by a large oak in the centre of the forest, shielding a clearing from the brightness of stars; the power accumulator.

“Kenma?” he spoke into the air and a figure practically folded itself from the bark of the tree. His long-haired friend, shielded by a large hood, appeared before him. Akaashi raised an eyebrow.

Kenma threw his hood back, “you cannot ever be too careful.”

Akaashi tugged on the strings of his tunic. It was cold. The snow crunched under his feet. Perhaps he should have donned a cloak as well, “Do you have it?”

Kenma fished in his pocket and slapped a piece of parchment into Akaashi’s hand. It was crumbled and wet from the moisture in the air but Akaashi snatched it from him and smoothed it against his hand anyway. This was it; their key to survival.

“Thank you.”
‘‘I had to sneak into my father’s study and copy it by hand. You best be thankful.’’

‘‘But is it copied accurately?’’ Akaashi glanced quickly at Kenma. If it wasn’t…

‘‘It is. I am sure,’’ Kenma paused, ‘‘Akaashi…are you sure you…?’’

‘‘This is the only way. You know it,’’ Akaashi extended his hand to Kenma, ‘‘this will help us fight and win when the time comes.’’

Kenma clasped his hand, and Akaashi saw the glint of sorrow in his eye, ‘‘try not to get your soul taken.’’

With a firm squeeze, Akaashi stepped back, ‘‘I will try not to get eaten either,’’ he said but his eyes were serious. Without another word Kenma fixed his hood lower over his eyes and ran into the snowy night, disappearing beneath trees. Akaashi clenched the paper in his hand. Finally; no more hiding his nature, no more pretending that they were like those stupid humans. No one would dare attack them after this. It was worth it – selling his soul to the devil, getting devoured by a monster…a noble and necessary sacrifice.

Akaashi unbuckled the satchel that had practically frozen to his waist with numb fingers, his breath coming out in white puffs in the now-silent forest. He skimmed his eyes over the instructions – it wasn’t written in any human tongue, but in that of the witch sisters. He stomped down a circle in the snow, recreating the surprisingly simple summoning circle. He set candles down two feet apart on the circle and set them alight with a wave of his hand. From a small pouch tied to his waist he produced a mixture of ash wood and sage to contain the demon once it was summoned.

He extended his hand. The spell was not a verbal one. He produced a small knife from his satchel and sliced his palm. Keeping one eye on the piece of parchment, he traced symbols into the middle of the circle. Where his hand drew through the air, the blood moved from his hand to outline the lines, until the symbols were floating there, ready to become a summoning spell. Akaashi stepped out of the circle, careful not to disrupt the lines or the ash and looked at his work, his breath coming out quicker now from…fear? He could die once he made a bargain with the demon, or his soul could be extracted from his body, which would remain a shell with his consciousness trapped inside forever. But…it was all worth it.

The witch clapped his hands and the symbols glowed, merging together into a red ball of light that shot into the ground, burying under the snow and going straight to hell, to ring the bell of one of the five most powerful demons in existence. Akaashi waited in the freezing cold. It only now hit him that he could perform a warming spell, but before he could do so, the snow around his glowed with green light and rose up. Akaashi took a step back as the snow packed itself together in the form of a man, falling and revealing the demon.

His hair was as white as the snow, with shoots of black. His eyes were dark, his smirk dangerous. He wore a white, high collared tunic and white pants. His feet were bare. On his fingers were multiple rings.

‘‘Who dares summon Bokuto, the great ice-master, one of the five kings of hell?’’ he bellowed.

Akaashi forced himself to stand straighter, ‘‘I do. Akaashi Keiji, of the Scrap Witch Coven.’’

The demon’s terrifying facial expression fell away. He put his hands on his hips and tilted his head in confusion, ‘‘the Scrap Coven? Never heard of it.’’

Thrown off track by the demon’s…normalcy, Akaashi cleared his throat, ‘‘I summoned you here to
wager anything you desire for a portion of your power that will make me invincible to anyone who walks this earth.’’

Bokuto pouted, ‘’I’m not really into helping people in world domination.’’

‘’I…do not want to dominate the world,’’ Akaashi clenched his fists. He needed the demon to understand how important this was. The blood from his cut dripped onto the snow, ‘’I want to have the power to protect my people. Besides,’’ he gritted his teeth, ‘’since when do demons have a morality?’’

Bokuto exploded into laughter. Human laughter. Loud and warm and real – there was nothing demon about it. He finally looked at Akaashi and grinned, ‘’you’re right. Okay,’’ his grin turned feral, ‘’I’ll give you what you ask for. But I request something other than your soul or your flesh. Something perhaps harder than give.’’ Akaashi swallowed. What was harder to give then what he was made of and what made him? Bokuto raised his hand and, even though the protection, Akaashi’s injured hand went upwards, the cut extended towards Bokuto. The demon tilted his head, ‘’half-witch; you have a witch mother. Powerful enough to perform blood magic and a summoning…and a virgin.’’

‘’Sorry?’’

‘’Do you know what’s the one thing more powerful than a witch’s soul?’’ Bokuto asked conversationally, ‘’their virginity. I bet you didn’t know that once you lose it, a large part of your power will become inaccessible for you. That is…’’ he wiggled his eyebrows, ‘’unless you acquire a portion of mine. The thing is, Akaashi,’’ he tasted his name, ‘’giving you my power will be like drawing a little blood. Unpleasant for a second, but it will replenish itself. For you, it will make all the difference. And all I require is-‘’

‘’You want to take me,’’ Akaashi said quietly, ‘’why?’’

Bokuto shrugged, ‘’believe it or not, those damned bastards in hell aren’t very fun. It has been centuries since I’ve had my fun with an innocent creature like you,’’ he spread his hand innocently, ‘’can you blame me? I understand you will have reservations-’’

‘’I’ll do it,’’ Akaashi said quickly. He had never even thought he’d lose his virginity – he was so occupied with keeping his Coven alive and trying to feed his family and practicing his powers that he hadn’t even looked at anyone in that way. He wondered how bad this could be with a demon.

Bokuto quickly got over his surprise, ‘’good. The power will pass through you after that, and before you die, I’d suggest you pass it on to the next generation. Translation; get a wife.’’

‘’If you say so,’’ Akaashi said.

The demon spread his hands, ‘’well…want to invite me out?’’

Akaashi extended his injured hand but didn’t move it, ‘’swear that you will only take my virginity and give me what I ask for.’’

Bokuto gave a low grin and his eyes lit up with a blue fire as he spoke, his voice suddenly more ancient and demonic than Akaashi could phantom, ‘’I swear on the seven circles of hell that I will fulfill my oath to Akaashi Keiji; I will present him with a portion of my power to make him undefeatable in this world once he has wielded his virginity to me.’’

Something pulsed through Akaashi as Bokuto’s eyes went back to normal and he grinned again. Akaashi slowly moved his hand. Bokuto stepped out of the circle, tentatively, and as he went the ash
wood and sage fluttered away. Gently, prettily… he took Akaashi’s injured hand and the snow around them cleared like the ash, puffing out a large circle around them. Warmth filled Akaashi, as if Bokuto had enclosed him in a summery ball, despite the fact that Bokuto’s hand was impossibly cold. Akaashi looked at his hand, where now elaborately patterned frost bite covered the healed cut.

With a soft puff, a fur blanket appeared beneath them. Akaashi glanced up at Bokuto, who was fully serious now, although his eyes still twinkled merrily. Understanding what he had agreed to, Akaashi flushed and lowered himself quickly so Bokuto wouldn’t see. The demon didn’t release his hand, going down with him. Without hesitation, Bokuto connected their lips. The demon’s were cool, not freezing cold like his skin, and not unpleasant either although it definitely felt strange to be kissing someone with such low body temperature.

Akaashi shivered when the strings of his tunic undid themselves and Bokuto slid a hand over his body, sending ice biting at his skin teasingly. The witch couldn’t help but think that having fun with Bokuto would be good in the summer, where his touch would cool him down blissfully. Now, he couldn’t help but shiver at the cold touch, to which Bokuto chuckled in his ear. With a quick touch, Akaashi’s tunic was gone, folded neatly out of hand’s reach. Bokuto pushed him down gently, frost bite coating his shoulders until the demon removed his hands. He slid his hand down his side, even as Akaashi squirmed at the cold touch. Beautiful ice curled around his skin, erupting from Bokuto’s fingers. It wasn’t unpleasant but it was cold and strange and it made Akaashi flush. The Witch hid his face in Bokuto’s shoulder, hiding his blush.

Bokuto kissed down his neck and Akaashi hissed at the icy feeling. He pressed himself into the warm fur underneath him as the clothes simply melted off Bokuto, revealing his sculpted body. Akaashi watched in wonder as power pulsed through the veins on his wrists, disappearing under his skin in pale green and purple light.

“You’re beautiful,” he blurted.

Bokuto chuckled again, pressing a cool kiss to his forehead, “so are you,” he murmured, getting rid of Akaashi’s pants and moving between his legs. Akaashi gasped when he felt his member pressed against his own. That wasn’t cold. Or maybe it was – so cold it burned with an icy fire, making Akaashi feel hot. Bokuto pressed little kisses to Akaashi’s lips, their breath mingling, solidifying into tiny crystals before evaporating into mist in seconds. When Bokuto moved into him, the fire spread from between his legs to his whole body, burning him and making him cry out. It wasn’t the burn of the stake – unforgiving and final. This burn was hot and persistent, contrasting with Bokuto’s icy touch in a way that made Akaashi arch his back and kiss the demon, hard.

Akaashi didn’t know how long he was there, enclosed in the warm bubble under the oak tree, hidden from view by demon magic. Bokuto took his virginity, but he didn’t stop there. He took him every way, the next better than the last. Sometimes Akaashi would find himself simply dozing off against Bokuto’s chest, his skin littered with icy kiss marks, before he came to with Bokuto atop him again. They’d kiss and touch and Akaashi found himself thinking that he didn’t need to be warm ever again – he just wanted Bokuto’s cold skin and his burning ice fire.

||*||

Akaashi woke when it was light, fully dressed. Bokuto was whistling merrily, roasting a fish over a fire. Akaashi knelt by him. The demon didn’t look up.

“Is it done?”

“Don’t you feel it?” Bokuto laughed.
Akaashi looked at his hands. The same colourful power pulsed under his skin, albeit less visible than Bokuto’s. He felt stronger. His eyesight was sharper, “thank you.”

Bokuto slid the fish onto a plate that stood next to a steaming cup, “eat your breakfast. Regain you strength,” he pressed a kiss to Akaashi’s nose. It seemed…final, ”maybe I’ll come see you someday, my little Scrap Witch,” he said and dissolved.

Fighting the tightness in his chest, Akaashi ate the fish and drank whatever Bokuto gave him. It helped with the tightness, made him feel like he had a purpose again. When he was done eating, the plate and cup crumbled into snow and once he stepped out into the snowy forest the bubble of warmth and the fur and any sign of the love they had made disappeared. Akaashi pocketed the summoning spell. Perhaps he’d use it someday.

Akaashi heard them before he saw them.

“This isn’t right! This is my son!” that was his mother, her voice raised and angry, on the verge of a break down.

“How will we know if it worked? Will he return souless?”

“Will he return at all?” that was Kuroo, his other best friend. He sounded…hollow.

“That spell was too dangerous…that’s why I never used it…” that was Kenma’s father – hiding behind an excuse. Everyone knew he simply didn’t want to sacrifice himself for the Coven.

“We need to look for him!”

“What a brave boy.”

“He’s probably dead. There is no point.”

“We must prepare for war.”

“There will be no war,” Akaashi walked into the clearing where the Coven met. The witches around gasped when they saw him. He caught his mother’s eye. She wasn’t a touchy-feely kind of Witch, but her eyes were so full of relief Akaashi was glad he wasn’t dead, “the humans won’t dare attack us.”

“You mean…you succeeded?” that was Kenma. He had looked guilt-ridden before he walked in, his cheek bruised from where his father hit him when he realised what he had done.

He spoke boldly, “I have received power from a demon,” more gasps.

“How can we be sure!?!”

“A demon!?”

“Will it be enough?”

“Have the boy prove it!”

Kuroo stood, “everyone knows I’m resilient to mind control. Even Shimizu can’t get into my head,” Shimizu nodded respectfully in his direction. Kuroo spread his arms, “make me do something.”
Someone laughed mockingly, “that’s not possible. We’ve all seen him try.”

But Akaashi simply shrugged. Without moving a finger, he made Kuroo stand up. The raven looked surprised as he walked across the snow directly to Kenma, fisted his hand in his shirt and pulled him up into a short kiss. He released the boy and Akaashi averted his gaze. Both boys stumbled back, surprised and blushing.

“Akaashi!” Kenma’s father yelled as the people looked at him in shock.

Akaashi shrugged again, “I’ve ordered him to do what he wants to do most.” He looked around at his Coven, “don’t you see? With this power we shall be able to actually live.”

A few tentative smiled, followed by victorious grins.

“So what now? We wait for them to come to us?”

Akaashi shook his head, “we go to them.”

||*|||

The governor watched, satisfied, as the hay underneath the witch tied to the pole was set on fire. Soon it would lick up her body and devour her whole, and the people would be grateful once more to their governor for ridding them of the threat. Even if he didn’t even believe in magic. His satisfaction turned to annoyance. The witch wasn’t screaming. She has searched the crowd and found his eyes. She was staring at him defiantly, even as the flames licked at her bare feet.

“Pray for forgiveness, you wretched creature!” he called to her. Mocking, “the god is merciful, even to devil-worshipers like yourself!”

He laughed as the crowd began jeering and yelling insults at the witch. The noise was growing louder. The witch’s husband, the one who had turned her in, watched on proudly, like he had slain a monster. The witch finally winced in pain but her lips remained clamped shut. It seemed to infuriate the crowd.

“Scream, witch!”

“Beg God to forgive you!”

“Burn in hell!”

“Die!”

“Burn!”

And then…she was gone.

The governor’s eyes bulged out of his head as the fire, the hay, the witch…disappeared. The crowd gasped and fell silent as in her place a group of people appeared. Someone screamed and turned to run, but found themselves unable to. The governor watched on in fear, feeling his own feet glued to the ground beneath him. The young man at the front stepped forward. He could see something pulsing underneath his skin.

He didn’t need to introduce himself or his companions. In one terrifying second the whole town realised they were facing a Coven, “you have enraged the covens in this country,” the man spoke, his voice booming over the now silent town-centre, “by burning innocents and kin alike; you have
brought down the wrath of the Witches on yourselves. From this day on, we shall burn no further,’” he pointed his finger straight at the governor, “’spread the word. If another is burned or drowned for witchcraft or devil worship, you will find the positions have reversed.’”

Someone shrieked and the governor found that he could now turn. He whipped around and he, too, screamed. Their houses, their shops, their fields...they were all ablaze. Women fell to their knees and children wailed helplessly, watching their world fall apart. And then, with a wave of a hand, the witch at the front extinguished the flames – the buildings were unharmed, but the crops – the source of their food, their wealth and their life – continued to burn.

“Consider this a warning,’” the man called, “’you mess with us; we will destroy you and every other god-forsaken village in this world. There won’t be anything left of you to enter your beloved kingdom of Heaven. If there is to be a war, we will wage it and we will win it. Once they hear of our power, covens and lone Witches from all over the world will join the Scrap Coven and we will become a formidable army.’” The man seemed to speak directly to the governor, “’you are now the prey and the predators have lost their patience,’” the man said and then they were gone, as quickly as the burning Witch. The governor fell to his knees, unspoken words rattling around in his head.

*Disobey our warning and you shall burn.*
**Double Fisting, Drink Up, No Resisting**

Chapter Summary

**Pairing:** Tsukki (top) x Yamaguchi (bottom)
**Prompt by:** Awesomelife102
**Prompt:** Tsukki gets jealous seeing Yamaguchi talking with another guy

Yamaguchi was talking to some other guy, and somehow that didn’t sit right with Tsukki. The blond watched him, drumming his fingers on the table. He couldn’t *not* watch. Every few minutes his eyes drifted to Yamaguchi, where he sat at his desk. The new kid was sitting on the edge, chatting excitedly. To be precise, Tsukki was watching Yamaguchi’s body language. He was laughing and gesturing excitedly. Whenever he spoke to Tsukki – his childhood friend! – he was often muted and quiet. Tsukki realised guiltily that it was probably because he always told him to shut up.

Tsukki glanced at Yamaguchi again and his blood boiled. His best friend was leaning forward towards the new guy, while the latter placed a hand on his shoulder while he laughed. The hand lingered too long. Tsukki’s blood sang in his ears. He stood up and walked past Yamaguchi, ‘’come hang at mine later,’’ he said off-handishly as he went out.

Yamaguchi’s face brightened, ‘’sure, Tsukki!’’ he called after him.

Ken, the new guy whose been so nice, grinned at him, ‘’is that Tsukishima then?’’

Yamaguchi smiled, ‘’yeah.’’

‘’He’s cute,’’ Ken said approvingly, ‘’you should make your move tonight.’’

Yamaguchi flushed, ‘’eh!? I-I can’t, he’s my best friend-’’

‘’You like him, don’t you?’’ Ken slapped his hand onto Yamaguchi’s arm and squeezed, giving him a thumbs up with his other hand, ‘’Do it. Man up.’’

|||*|||

Yamaguchi kicked his socks against the carpet, leaning against Tsukishima’s bed. His room was well known to Yamaguchi but lately he hadn’t been over that much – he didn’t recognise the three new books stacked on Tsukki’s desk and he had new bed covers. Still, he felt at home. I mean, his phone connected automatically to the WiFi.

The doors opened and Tsukki came back in, passing Yamaguchi a can, ‘’here.’’

Yamaguchi paled, ‘’Tsukki! This is alcohol!’’ he exclaimed.

‘’Yeah,’’ Tsukki didn’t seem impressed as he opened his beer.

‘’We’re underage!’’ Yamaguchi yelled at him.

Tsukki shrugged, taking a sip, ‘’just drink it. It’s good,’’ he smirked at him over the rim of his beer, ‘’unless you’re too much of a wuss.’’
“Is this the peer pressure they warned us about?” Yamaguchi murmured to himself, picking up the beer and then, louder, “do you know what time it is?”

“Beer o’clock.”

“It’s eight! Who drinks at eight!? It’s not even dark!”

“The sun’s set.” Tsukki downed half his beer in one go, much to Yamaguchi’s dismay, and glanced at his best friend, “you’ve gotten boring. Is this the influence of the new kid?”

“This has nothing to do with Ken,” Yamaguchi said quickly, opening his beer. He didn’t miss the angry look Tsukki sent him, “w-won’t your parents mind?”

“They’re at my aunt’s until tomorrow evening,” Tsukki grabbed the beanbag chair he was sitting on and dumped it next to Yamaguchi, settling himself down, “if your parents will get pissed, just stay the night.”

Out of arguments and flustered that Tsukki was sitting so close to him, Yamaguchi quickly gulped down the beer. It tasted bitter and it made him cringe, but since Tsukki was drinking it… Tsukki flicked on the TV and only now did Yamaguchi notice how dark it was. Tsukki took his glasses off, even though they were watching TV, and finished his beer.

“Are you gonna finish that?”

Yamaguchi shook his head. The middle blocker plucked the can out of his hand, trading it for the remote control, and put it to his lips. Just like that. An indirect kiss. Yamaguchi quickly shook himself back to reality – this was his best friend he was thinking about – and turned to the TV, quickly flicking through channels, “you’re going to get drunk.”

“That’s fine,” Tsukki cut him a look, “you’ll take care of me, won’t you?”

Yamaguchi didn’t look at him, “yeah,” he whispered. In the next instance he felt Tsukki’s arm encircling his shoulders, his hand coming to rest just above his heart, which was pounding wildly, “T-Tsukki…?”

“Shut up Yamaguchi,” Tsukki took another gulp of beer, “you’re heart is pounding like crazy. Are you having a heart attack?”

“Are you drunk?” Yamaguchi countered weakly.

“Oh, we’re asking questions without answering now,” Tsukki sounded mildly annoyed, “what’s with that Ken guy?”

“What?”

Tsukki slammed his empty beer can next to the first one and grabbed Yamaguchi’s face roughly, turning it towards him, ”stop answering my questions with questions.”

Yamaguchi’s heart pounded harder. The way Tsukki held him…was almost like a hug, even if he was angry, “Ken’s just my friend. You’re my best friend.”

Tsukki peered at him, “in this light I can’t see your freckles,” his face relaxed a fracture, “I like your freckles,” and he pressed a kiss to Yamaguchi’s cheek for emphasis.

“Oh. My. God. You are drunk!” Yamaguchi said accusingly.
Tsukki slipped his hand from his jaw to his cheek, “I’m not. That was just for courage,” he said, leaning forwards, “Tadashi,” he whispered, “do you like him?”

Yamaguchi’s breath caught when Tsukki said his name, “w-who?”

Tsukki kissed his teeth in annoyance, “the new kid. Ken.”

“No!” Yamaguchi said quickly and Tsukki’s face softened again. He kissed his nose.

“Yeah?”

“You are drunk,” Yamaguchi said, hating how disappointed he sounded.

“No. No, I’m not. Tadashi. Really,” another kiss, to the corner of Yamaguchi’s mouth that made him gasp, “two beers can’t get me drunk.”

“Then…w-why are you doing all this?” Yamaguchi whispered.

The arm around Yamaguchi’s shoulder slipped down to encircle his waist. He didn’t answer but the look he gave Yamaguchi was enough of an answer, “it looked like you were flirting. You and Ken. Today. It made me angry.” He pulled Yamaguchi forward. Yamaguchi braced his hand on Tsukki’s chest. He was so much taller; nearly ten centimetres, “hey. Look up.”

Yamaguchi did and Tsukki kissed him. He tasted like beer but his mouth was warm and sure. It was magical, almost. And it was way too short.

“D-do that again,” Yamaguchi stuttered and Tsukki did, this time longer and deeper. When he broke away, Yamaguchi gathered his courage, “I don’t like Ken, Tsukki. I like you.”

Tsukki grinned against his mouth, “I like you too,” he pulled away, “you can talk to me, you know. You don’t need to talk to him. Just…” he kissed him again, “just be with me, okay?”

Yamaguchi nodded, “okay. Okay.” He murmured, kissing him again. Tsukki kissed below his jaw, lightly, unevenly. Yamaguchi laughed, “you’re dizzy, aren’t you?”

Tsukki huffed a laughter, “yeah. I think I drank that too quickly.”

Yamaguchi kissed his nose, mimicking his action from before, “let’s sleep.”

“Yeah.”

They had slept next to each other countless times since they were kids. Always in the same bed, at either Tsukki’s house or Yamaguchi’s. During training camp or go-away games they had futons next to each other, always. But this…this was different.

Somehow they fell into position easily, as if they imagined this scenario before. Tsukki tucked a hand under the pillow, gathering Yamaguchi against him. Yamaguchi propped his head against his chest, sliding his hand across his stomach. Tsukki rubbed Yamaguchi’s lower back absent mindedly, kissing his head.

“Good night, Tadashi.”

“Good night, Kei.”
The Shit we Do Could Warm the Sun

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Asahi (top) x Noya (bottom)
Prompt by: NanoRabid
Prompt: Asahi tops the shit out of Noya after the shorter boy teases him in practice.

“Oh my god, Noya, stop it!”

Noya straightened, glancing innocently at the blushing Asahi and pretending like he hadn’t just been bending over and wiggling his ass in Asahi’s direction, “stop what?”

“Have you no shame?” Tanaka laughed from the other side of the court.

“You know Asahi goes red at legit anything!” Suga called as well, smiling at Asahi, “he’s just teasing you, Asahi. Don’t let him get to you.”

“Noya!” Daichi came to Asahi’s help, “practice!”

Noya pouted as he walked past Asahi, “I have a nice ass though, don’t I?”

Asahi turned scarlet, “I-I…”

Noya pretended to be offended, “so I don’t?”

“W-well no, you do, but…”

“Aw, thanks,” Noya grinned, triumphant and Asahi swore inwardly. He had fallen into Noya’s trap again – it wasn’t his fault the short boy was so enticing.

“NOYA! BACK TO PRACTICE!” Daichi roared and Noya finally jogged over to practice receiving Kageyama’s spikes. Asahi watched him go, that ass moving under his shorts. He was pretty sure everyone knew he had a little bit of a crush on Noya – Suga talked to him about it once, and Daichi hinted it…Noya didn’t crack sexual jokes or teased anyone like that but him, so he must know… Asahi rubbed his forehead. It was confusing. He thought girls were confusing, but Noya was driving him mad. With confusion. And desire. He went for a little jog to work off the half-boner he had gotten during Noya’s antics.

||*||

Tanaka hid his shirt. Again.

He gave the second best player a ‘really dude?’ look to which Tanaka grinned and gave him a thumbs up – ‘good luck looking’. Because of his behaviour, Daichi had made Noya clean the gym by himself, which the libero did energetically, yelling that he didn’t regret anything. Slowly, his teammates began clearing out of the changing rooms.

“Tanaka, tell him where you hid his shirt,” Daichi called over his shoulder, but Tanaka left a few minutes later, leaving Asahi alone, shirtless. He checked under all the benches and in the shower
stalls...it wasn’t there or in any of the normal spots. Sighing, he walked back to his bag and spotted something else. Noya’s bag.

He wouldn’t.

Wait, this was Tanaka. Of course he would. Asahi glanced towards the doors. They were closed. Noya was small…it’d take him a while to clean up. And he’d just peak-

“What are you doing?”

Asahi nearly jumped out of his skin when he saw Noya at the doors, his hands slamming out of his bag.

“I-I-I can explain…it was…um…”

Noya laughed, “god, you get flustered too much. You should be more like you are when you spike through a wall,” he said easily, leaning down to pull Asahi’s shirt out of his bag, which made the ace wonder if Tanaka was the one who hid it. Noya made a show of wiggling his ass in the air as he went.

Asahi groaned, “why do you keep doing that?”

“Cause you always react to it,” Noya laughed, “it’s funny.”

Asahi was completely serious. A rare annoyance was growing in him, “no, it’s not.”

Noya raised an eyebrow and pointedly slid his eyes from Asahi’s face to his front, “no, I mean, you literally react.”

Asahi gritted his teeth, a light blush colouring his cheeks, “so maybe you should take responsibility for it.”

Noya stood and walked to him slowly, tapping Asahi’s naked chest, “so maybe you should take responsibility for it.”

Asahi went to grab his wrist. Noya saw the movement and skipped away, grinning, “catch me if you can!”

“Wha- Noya, we’re not five!”

“I thought you wanted me to take responsibility!” Noya called from the other side of the changing room, so Asahi ran after him. The room was small but Noya was tiny and fast. But, well... Asahi was more agile. He easily jump over a low wall separating the changing room, grabbed Noya and slammed him against the wall, pinning his wrists to the wall.

“Got you,” he murmured and kissed him. Almost imediatly Noya kissed him back, like he had been doing all those things on purpose, just so Asahi would react this way. Noya was so tiny Asahi simply picked him up. Noya wrapped his legs around Asahi’s waist and the ace marvelled at how light Noya was. No wonder he could do Rolling Thunder and other moves so easily when he was practically lighter than air. Asahi pressed Noya’s back against the wall and the smaller boy groaned when their erection pressed together. Asahi broke away to let Noya catch his breath and kissed his neck feverishly, wanting to taste him, wanting to have him imediatly. Perhaps next time they’d do it on a proper bed, gently, slowly. They’d cherish each other. But today they were going with their instincts.

With one hand he tugged Noya’s shorts and underwear halfway down, the other wrapped around him securely. With his free hand, he grasped his leaking member. Noya moaned against his lips as he
began sliding his hand up and down. “Asahi,” Noya gasped and Asahi sped up at the unfinished command. Noya sighed softly in his ear and then whimpered when Asahi changed pace, clinging to his neck.

Noya was surprised at how…good Asahi was. First of all, he didn’t think the guy had much experienced, despite looking older than he was and being handsome. Second, Noya didn’t really pay attention to how big Asahi’s hands were and let’s just say they covered a lot of ground. But the moment he had his hands on Noya, the smaller boy felt like melting. He hadn’t even tried to keep the moans at bay, knowing it was futile. Embarrassingly quickly, he was on the edge, “A-Asahi…”

And then Asahi just stopped.

“Asahi!” Noya protested, shifting his hips in search of friction.

“I need to punish you, don’t I?” Asahi said in a low, even voice that sent delicious shivers up Noya’s spine. He only knew this side of Asahi at matches – when he was concentrating on his opponent.

“Please…” Noya whimpered. That usually got them going in porn, but Asahi shifted him so he had to stand on the bench and got rid of his underwear, sitting down and sliding Noya into his lap. Noya reached for his throbbing dick, needed to release, but Asahi caught his hands and kissed him again. Noya whined, grinding against Asahi’s lap, ‘’Asahi…I’m sorry. I won’t tease you again,” he said feverishly, kissing his cheek and jaw. His skin was rough from his stubble. It felt good, especially when he dipped his head to kiss Noya’s neck again, still firmly holding onto his hands. His dick was throbbing painfully, so hard it was practically against his stomach. Precum leaked from the top like crazy but Asahi wasn’t touching him. The pressure built up.

Asahi dipped his head lower, flicking his tongue over one of Noya’s nipples. That was the last stroke. With a load moan, Noya came onto his stomach. Asahi kissed his neck through it, laughing softly with embarrassment at his actions, “sorry.”

“Dickhead,” Noya breathed, already rutting against Asahi’s impressive bulge, “hurry up.”

“You’re impatient,” Asahi murmured but he managed to wiggle his shorts and boxers off.

“I don’t need prep – ah!” Noya said quickly, positioning himself and taking the head inside him, gasping at the sensation.

“You’ve done this before?” Asahi breathed against his shoulder, kissing it hard enough to leave a mark.

“Mmmh, twice…” Noya wasn’t paying attention, concentrating on the sensation as Asahi filled him, inch by inch. He yelped when Asahi slammed himself half-way in, surprised at the sharp pain. Tears stung at his eyes but he blinked them away.

“I’ll make you forget them,” Asahi promised, sliding himself in slower to the base. Noya threw his head back and moaned when Asahi started moving almost immediatly, his hands sliding over Noya’s body.

“Shit, you’re good,” Noya groaned, burying his face in his shoulder as Asahi went faster. Halfway through he grabbed Noya’s erection again and begun pumping in rhythm. Within ten minutes they were both driven over the edge. Noya gasped at the sensation of Asahi filling him as he spilled onto the ace’s hand. And Asahi kept moving his hand, “A-Asahi, enough- ah!” he yelped, half in pleasure and half in pain as Asahi’s hand glided smoothly over his erection, rubbing it to full
hardness quickly as Noya whimpered, “stop it…stop…”

Of course he didn’t want him to stop, not even if it hurt his sensitive member to be touched so quickly after. He hissed as Asahi rubbed his thumb over his fragile head, sending waves of pleasure up Noya’s body, “punishment, remember?” Asahi whispered and with a cry Noya came again, slumping against Asahi as he felt himself shattering.

Asahi finally pulled out of him and cradled Noya in his lap, kissing his hair. Asahi found his jersey and threw it over Noya, the large material covering Noya almost completely. Noya pulled it around himself gratefully, tucking his head under Asahi’s chin.

“Let’s just stay like this for a bit, okay?” Noya whispered, exhausted, his arms coming to encircle Asahi’s stomach.

The ace tucked his sweaty hair behind his ear and dropped another kiss to his forehead, the reality of what he did catching up to him. His cheeks flushed as he pulled Noya closer, savouring his warmth, “okay.”
The gun felt heavy in Kageyama’s hand.

The bag was pulled off Kageyama’s head. Immediately he scanned his surroundings. He was in an underground cellar, of sorts, where rich people stacked their wine, but it was empty. He was tied to a chair, something a quick tug of his hands and legs confirmed. There were four people in the room and Kageyama recognised them immediately; the information was downloaded from his database and scrolled across his line of vision as he scanned the faces.


Kageyama frowned. This kid was meant to be hyperactive, super fast in speaking, running…but he was sitting perfectly still on his chair. Wait, no. his hands…were flickering. Kageyama’s eyes widened as he realised he was fidgeting so quickly his eyes couldn’t catch up. His eyes slid from the flame haired boy to another one. This one was much taller, leaning against the wall, picking at his fingernails casually. Kageyama’s eyes narrowed as new information appeared in his retinas.

*Kuroo Tetsuro, nickname ‘the Cat’, age: twenty six. Witness recount that he changed shape into an inhuman beast at will. Charges; assault, criminal battery, drug possession, burglary, injuring of officer (6), kidnapping, vandalism. Group: vigilantes If seen, report to the nearest police station. Do not approach.*

Behind him sat another man with a wacky hairdo. Kageyama would recognise him anywhere.


And then the final guy, with spiky hair, like he’d been hit by lightning.

This all took three seconds.

“Pretty boy’s awake!” Bokuto cried, throwing his arms open dramatically. With a grin, he jumped up and floated through the air, spinning himself upside down so his face was in level with Kageyama’s, only upside down. Kageyama raised his eyebrow, unimpressed, as the criminal floated in front of him, “and here we have the little detective that has been getting on our nerves.”

“And here we have the freak of nature, who has been getting on my nerves,” Kageyama fired back.

He couldn’t believe that after nearly ten months of tracking this vigilante group, it was them who found him. Bokuto seemed unfazed by the insult, his grin growing wider, but Iwaizumi pried himself from the wall, his muscled arm sparking dangerously.

“Tell us what you know, punk, and we might not fry you.” He growled, approaching. Kuroo sighed. Kageyama thought he heard him mutter ‘I thought I was the wild animal here’. Hinata disappeared from his chair in a blink and appeared at Kageyama’s face, too close for comfort. His fiery hair had been messed up by the wind as he ran the short distance from the chair to the detective at inhuman speed.

“Yeah, tell us what you know,” he snapped, trying to match up to his superiors.

“Guys,” an annoyed voice said and a dark haired man melted in from the wall, “we’re supposed to wait for the king.”

Akaashi Keiji, nickname; none, age; twenty. Appears to be able to go invisible. Charges; breaking and entering, burglary, disorderly conduct, extortion, harassment, kidnapping, probation violation, securities fraud, vandalism, wire fraud. Group: vigilantes If seen, report to the nearest police station. Do not approach.

Iwaizumi kissed his teeth and stepped back, sparks zipping all the way up his arms, making his hair stand on end.

“Say, detective-san,” Bokuto said cheerfully, flipping neatly in the air and landing behind Kageyama, slapping his hands on his arms, “are you ready for a little interrogation?”

“I will be doing the interrogating, thank you very much,” a melodic voice said as another person appeared in the dark doorway leading god-knows-where. Kageyama’s heart skipped a beat in anticipation. The top dog. The man he’d been hunting for so long.

Oikawa Tooru, nickname; the king, age; twenty five. Control over fire and explosive. Charges; arson, terrorism, bombing, assault, kidnapping, manslaughter: involuntary. Group: vigilantes If seen, report to the nearest police station. Do not approach.

The display on Kageyama’s retina faded away to reveal the man. As handsome and charming as he was in his photos…perhaps even more so. He strolled in casually, smiling at Kageyama.

“Tobio-chan, isn’t it?” he asked and Kageyama ignored him, “we’ve heard you’ve been trying to find us. You’ve caused us quite a lot of trouble,” he pouted as he leaned forward. He was even prettier up close, “police infiltrations aren’t fun, you know,” something dark glinted in his eye, “and we’ve had three. So,” he smiled again, clapping him on the shoulders, “we’re gonna drain you of info and dump you somewhere, alive if you’re lucky.”

“Half-alive, more like,” Bokuto snorted.

“As punishment, yeah?” Oikawa said pleasantly as if he was offering Kageyama a walk. The detective spat in his face. A golden blur flashed in front of Oikawa and a second later Hinata was
extending a tissue to him, Kageyama’s spit on it. With a lazy flick, the tissue was set alight and burned down. Oikawa’s smile disappeared, “that’ll be you, if you dare do that again,” he whispered dangerously, “now, you will either answer my questions, or we’ll have a little surprise for you. How much do you know about us?” Kageyama remained quiet and Oikawa remained calm. He waved Akaashi over.

The others filed out of the room and Kageyama’s blood ran cold. Oikawa was last to go, “enjoy the interrogation!” he called, merry once more. He disappeared into the gloom and without further ado, Akaashi pressed his fingers to Kageyama’s school.

“This may hurt a little,” he said quietly and closed his eyes.

Kageyama screamed.

|||*|||

Kageyama woke up in the back of a police car. Tsukishima and Suga were in the front – his team. He sighed. He was safe but that phantom pain still crashed around in his head. The last thing he remembered was the past ten months of his life flashing before his eyes. Then he woke up, briefly, at a dumpster. He was battered and bruised. He barely remembered Bokuto flying him to the first alley he found and dumping him there.

He sat up shakily, “Akaashi Keiji,” he said, wincing, “can control and read minds.”

Suga and Tsukishima exchanged surprised looks. Suga was driving. Neither was looking at him, “is that so?”

Kageyama froze and looked down. Oh, no, please no… the skin of his left arm was peeled back, revealing rows of circuits and wires, sparking and wrecked. The vigilantes had beaten him pretty badly, but this…this was the worst they could have done.

“We didn’t know you were a Cyborg,” Tsukishima said dryly.

“No one knew,” Suga said, a little more gently.

“I…” Kageyama didn’t know what to say. The cat was out of the bag – the wires were out of the cases. Of course he didn’t tell them he was a Cyborg. In this world, with 70% humans, 28% Supernaturals and 2% Cyborgs, the last category was treated like second class citizens. If he had said he was a Cyborg, not only would his flat be taken away and he’d be forced to live at a Cyborg hostel, oh no. He’d also be made to leave the police force. He – the best detective, whom the police force respected and the F.B.I relied on.

He stared at his hand angrily, blinking back tears of frustration. The accident when he was twelve meant his parents, who hadn’t cared much before, tossed him in an orphanage after he lost both legs and his left arm. A doctor took pity on him and remade him metal joints; illegally. Manslaughter was illegal, so no one could kill him or any other Cyborgs. But they could hate them, because their nerves ended in wires that connected to their brains. Because they could download information and were stronger than humans and under the fake skin they had metalwork and cogs, not blood and veins.

The car came to a stop. Kageyama’s heart fluttered nervously as he got out. The boss of his detective division was standing in front of the station. Suga hurried on inside but Tsukishima lingered. With a stern face, Kageyama’s boss walked up to him, handed him a piece of paper and turned to go. Kageyama glanced down.

A resignation form. Already filled and stamped, not even by him.
He lost it, ‘‘what the fuck!’’ he yelled and the man turned around, ‘‘I work for you for five years, give it my all and you’re going to fire me because of what I am? What is wrong with you!’’

His boss, the man he’d respected for years, turned and threw over his shoulder, ‘‘you should be thankful I told people you resigned and wasn’t fired, Cyborg.’’

Kageyama watched him go helplessly. Tsukishima approached him awkwardly, ‘‘uh…your landlord called. They’ve sold your apartment off.’’

The raven huffed in disbelief, on the verge of a mental breakdown, ‘‘not even a letter.’’

‘‘Um, if you want you can stay at my place tonight…just, you know…clear out in the morning,’’ Tsukishima gestured awkwardly and Kageyama saw the disgust glint in his eyes, ‘‘I don’t really want a Cyborg around.’’

Everything went red as Kageyama drew back his metal arm and connected it with Tsukishima’s face. Then he ran.

The gun felt heavy in Kageyama’s hand.

His real hand, that is. It was cold, too, and wet from the rain pattering down. The alley wall he was leaning against was filthy, as was the floor. But the gun gleamed, cold and scary and clean. Kageyama wondered if it’d fire in the wet. They had forgotten to take it off him and now…now he was getting send to court for hitting an officer, and his apartment’s been taken, he’d been fired… he had nothing and no one.

Better end this.

‘‘What are you doing?’’

The voice identifier popped up on Kageyama’s retina – it was connected with wires to his brain. He shut it down, kissing his teeth angrily, but already Oikawa was in front of him. He wore white but he wasn’t afraid to kneel in the dirt. Once again Kageyama’s vision turned red. He pointed the gun at his beautiful face.

‘‘It’s your fault,’’ he hissed, ‘‘you did this.’’ The wires of his arm sizzled where the rain hit them. Soon he’d lose control of it. But he had time to pull the trigger – on himself or Oikawa. The red receded and he pressed the gun into his hand, ‘‘here. You might as well finish it.’’

A few things happened next.

With an angry growl, Oikawa tossed the gun away. He grabbed Kageyama’s jacket and smashed their lips together, ‘‘shut up,’’ he whispered between heated kisses, ‘‘you’re not going to die,’’ another kiss. And another, ‘‘I’m sorry,’’ he pulled away from the startled Kageyama, ‘‘it’s our fault. So we’ll fix it. So don’t die, okay?’’ he pulled him forward and pressed their lips together, his tongue venturing into Kageyama’s mouth. Oikawa kissed him for a long time, until Kageyama felt like everything could be okay again.

‘‘Okay,’’ he said. His voice was uneven. The rain ran in rivulets down his face but he grinned and stood, extending his hand to Kageyama. The man clasped it with his metal one and let Oikawa haul him to his feet. The vigilante tucked his hand through his arm casually, pulling him quickly into the main street and walking fast. They passed houses and shops and turned left, into a pathetic excuse of a forest in the middle of the city. A sludgy river ran through it and by it stood a graffitied gas station.
It looked locked in place by many chains but Oikawa opened it easily. Inside, Hinata waited. He disappeared outside and returned half a second later, before the doors closed. The chains clanked as they were slammed into place.

“Welcome,” Hinata grinned and skipped ahead. Oikawa led them forward between the boilers and Hinata tapped the floor twice. A panel was slid open and Bokuto peeked out.

“Password.”

“Bokuto-san is awesome.”

“Yes, he is,” Bokuto said gravelly, making space for Hinata to jump down. Kageyama jumped down after him, prompted by Oikawa. He landed, his metal clinking, and looked around. He was in some sort of an underground basement. He saw the interrogation room to his left, and to his right another door was open, spilling warm light into the corridor. Oikawa placed a hand on the small of his back and led him inside.

The vigilantes were gathered around the table, drinking hot tea and chatting. Kageyama was so surprised Oikawa had to sit him down and place a mug in front of him.

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“Kuroo Tetsuro, you are charged with assault of Mr Lev Haiba. How do you plead?”

Kuroo shrugged, not caring that a court-full of people was watching him as he stared the judge down, “well, I did assault him. But only because he called me an over-energetic kitty.”

“You called me a Russian twat!” Lev yelled at him from his place and the judge slammed his gavel down twice.

“Order! Order! So you plead guilty, yes?”

“Why am I here?” Hinata asked loudly.

The judge glared at him, “for aiding in assault.”

“Eeeeh? But I only got in a couple of kicks! Cheering doesn’t count!”

The judge massaged her temples, “I will deal with you separately. As you’re only fourteen, your sentence will be more lenient. But Mr Tetsuro-“

“Kuroo is fine,” Kuroo grinned and pulled his arm around Hinata, “as for my accomplice, he won’t be getting charged. And I won’t be either. If you excuse us…”

Kuroo steered Hinata towards the doors, where two armed guards cocked their guns at them. Just then the doors burst open and Bokuto was led in, looking bummed out.

“This man was offering us bribes for these two,” the guard said, astounded, “he said he’s a drug manufacturer.”

Bokuto turned pleading eyes to the judge, “You can’t lock him up,” he waved his hand at Kuroo, “he’s my best dealer! Oops!” he clamped his hand over his mouth and Kuroo face-palmed. The judge turned red with rage and Lev said ‘aha!’ in triumph.

“Bokuto,” Kuroo said sweetly, ”’times is flying today. Shouldn’t we get going?”
“Hm? What, no, it’s only three- Oh!” with a wicked grin, Bokuto lunged forward, grabbed Hinata and Kuroo by their collars and flew them out of the doors before the guards could react. They were too astounded anyway. Hinata yelled in excitement and disbelief, even if his and Kuroo’s weight combined meant Bokuto could only hover a few inches above ground. He dropped them and flew head.

“Come on, this way!” he urged as they ran to him. He shoved a random door open.

“Iwaizumi Hajime you are charged with identity theft…hey!”

“Yikes!” Hinata said as Bokuto slid to a stop in the middle of a second court room.

“That’s the other identity thief!” the judge screeched, “grab him!”

“Hajime, let’s go!” Iwaizumi was already backing away. He snapped his fingers and the light bulbs peppering the ceiling exploded, flooding the room in darkness. Through the shrieks, Bokuto’s yell could be heard. “Window!”

Kuroo let out an animalistic growl and Hinata saw his glowing animal eyes in the dark. He lunged himself through the air and into the window, breaking glass and landing delicately outside. Hinata ran, and he landed next to him before the glass even hit the floor. Bokuto flew out after them, holding Iwaizumi under the armpits. They dropped in the blinding sunlight and Hinata took a good look at Kuroo.

He was now a huge cat-like animal with black fur, but he was licking his paw innocently. They turned.

Someone was already looking at them.

Two someones.

“Bokuto?” one asked.

“Akaashi!” Bokuto yelled happily, throwing his arms in the air, “long time no see!”

“Who…?” Iwaizumi raised an eyebrow.

“Oh, this is Akaashi! We were done for probation violation together.” Bokuto pointed to one of the boys crouching at the corner of the court house, “and you are…?”

“Oikawa,” the other said absently, frowning at the sounds of mayhem coming through the broken window, “what are you doing?”

“Just legging it from our trials,” Hinata said proudly.

“What are you doing?” Iwaizumi asked.

“Oh, just trying to set fire to the building,” Oikawa said and gasped in delight as his hands sparked and the oil spilled around the building caught. The flames raced around it, howling and smoking.

“We should probably run,” Akaashi said quietly.

And so they did.

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“Yeah, so that’s how we met,” Bokuto said.

They were in the shared bedroom, the smallest room in the underground hideout. Because they were in an abandoned building, there was no heating, so the few mismatched futons lay on the floor, taking up most of it, and the boys slept next to each other to preserve heat. For now they were sitting and talking, Iwaizumi hand, which was on fire, providing light.

“That’s…pretty wild,” Kageyama admitted. Akaashi smiled sleepily. He was leaning his head against Bokuto’s shoulder.

“Well, they thought we were bad from the start,” Kuroo shrugged, “so we figured we might as well be.”

“You should be too, you know.” Iwaizumi said, yawning, “they won’t ever accept you as a Cyborg.”

“We could fight for Cyborg rights!” Hinata said, and Oikawa laughed cheerfully, “think about it! We could have fireworks and marches and protests! It worked for black people and gays and…” he struggled to come up with a third option.

“Here’s a better idea,” Bokuto said, “let’s set fire to the whole police force. At least we’ll have them off our heads.”

“Or we could be superheroes,” Akaashi mumbled, his eyes drooping.

“Yeah, right. Not when half our team is so clumsy,” Oikawa said and stood up, “we’ll leave Kageyama to decide whenever he’s bad later. For now, we’re all tired. Let’s sleep.”

As if they were kids and not dangerous criminals, the vigilantes obediently crawled under the futons.

“Kageyama, you sleep here,” Oikawa patted a spot between himself and Akaashi, who was already snuggled to Bokuto. Iwaizumi, Kuroo and Hinata had bunched up together. Kageyama lay down.

“Lights out,” Iwaizumi said, extinguishing his flames.

“Goodnight,” Oikawa called.


“Goodnight you super energetic ball,” Kuroo laughed, pulling an arm around him, “and you, Iwa-chan, and Bokuto-chan, and Akaashi-san and Oikawa-san and Kageyama-chan.”

“Goodnight,” Iwaizumi groaned, annoyed.

“Goodnight Bokuto and Iwaizumi and Hinata and Kageyama and Oikawa,” Akaashi mumbled.

“Goodnight everyone!” Bokuto called.

“N-Night,” Kageyama mumbled, embarrassed at how much they seemed like a…family.

Oikawa pulled an arm around him, tucking him into his chest.

“Goodnight, Tobio,” he whispered in his ear. Secret words, only for him to hear.

“SHUT UP OIKAWA” Iwaizumi snapped.
Suga sat in front of his computer, typing slowly, not wanting to get any details wrong. It was rare that he got to put new people in the database. It was an important job.

Kageyama Tobio, nickname; the Cyborg, age; twenty two. 46% Cyborg. Charges; withholding information, assault of an officer. Group: vigilantes If seen, report to the nearest police station. Do not approach.
I Wish the Couple in the Corner Would Just Get a Room

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kuroo (top) x Tsukki (bottom)
Prompt by: Studiotrigger (GunsForTheMafia)
Prompt: Tsukki starts his heat at nationals and there is an alpha fight between Kuroo and Tendou.

Nationals hadn’t even started yet and there was already trouble.

Everybody felt it; the people in the stands, the camera crew, the commentators and the coaches; someone was in heat. And the teams closest to Karasuno – Shiratorizawa and Nekoma – knew Tsukishima had just started his. Kuroo was slightly worried that the owner of the omega heat pheromones was none other than Kei Tsukishima. He’d liked Tsukki for…well, ever since he met him at the training camp. He liked that the omega was outspoken and salty and sarcastic. He’d always despised the omegas who acted weak and fragile on purpose to suit the fantasies of Alphas and Betas. But if he was in heat…

He began walking towards Tsukki, who was doing his best to warm up probably despite the crushing pain that even the pills couldn’t suppress. Already the alphas and more prominent betas were turning their heads to glance at Tsukki, eyes glazed with lust. At this rate Tsukki would get kicked off the court… he got to Tsukki just in time, grabbing his arm and pulling him from the main court before the others got a whiff of the pheromones.

“What are you doing? We’re about to start!” Tsukishima hissed, stopping in the middle of the corridor and jerking his hand from his grip. His face was angry and he was flushed with embarrassment – he had tried to free himself but Kuroo’s strength was no match for his own.

Before Kuroo could reply, Tendou Satori, one of the Shiratorizawa lot, appeared next to Tsukki and threw his arm around his arms carelessly, “what’s this, Kuroo-san? Trying to steal the goods from the rest?” he leered. His pupils were dilated.

Kuroo gave a low growl of warning as Tsukishima tried to pull away but Tendou’s hand tightened on his shoulder, “let go of him. Now.”

Tendou ignored him, glancing at Tsukki, “you’ll forgive me, but when a cute Omega starts their heat in the middle of nationals, people won’t be able to control themselves,” he murmured and swung Tsukki around, crushing their lips together. Kuroo pounced, slamming Tendou into the floor and grinding him into it.

Tendou growled as he kicked him off and punched him in the stomach and brought his fist to his jaw. But he was only a beta and Kuroo was an Alpha. In two seconds Kuroo was retaliating, slamming his fist into Tendou’s face. Blood spurted from his nose as he stumbled backwards. Kuroo brought his knee to his stomach and slammed him into the wall.

“Don’t ever touch him again,” he growled in his face and then he felt Tsukishima pull on his arm, tugging him away, and his senses were overcome by the need to follow him. His head only cleared from the crimson rage once they entered the bathroom. Tsukishima pushed him against the sinks,
tugging off his t-shirt and wetting its corner under the tap, ‘‘that could have gotten you disqualified,’’ he snapped but all Kuroo could think about was how beautiful Tsukki’s pale skin was.

‘‘You can’t get disqualified for Alpha-Beta fights. Something about instinct…’’ Kuroo murmured as Tsukki pressed his t-shirt to his split lip – an injury he hadn’t even noticed.

Tsukki sighed reluctantly, ‘‘thanks for helping me out. I didn’t know I’d start my heat today.’’

‘‘Is it bad.’’

‘‘It’s okay,’’ Tsukki lied even as he winced in pain as he leaned over to wet the t-shirt more.

‘‘I could help-’’

‘‘No!’’ Tsukki said sharply, pressing the t-shirt to Kuroo’s lip, more harshly this time.

Hesitantly, Kuroo brushed his fingers against Tsukki’s naked side. His whole body warmed at the contact with an Omega, ‘‘I can tell you want to-’’

‘‘My body wants to,’’ Tsukki pulled away, washing Kuroo’s blood off the t-shirt, ‘‘but it’s just instinct. I just need to…’’ he hesitated, ‘‘I…”

‘‘You can’t play like that,’’ Kuroo said, touching his back now, gently, ‘‘come on, Tsukki; you know I want to. I haven’t exactly been hiding the way I feel about you, and you’re not blind.’’

Tsukki straightened and Kuroo saw in his eyes that he was yearning for him too – his Omega was, at least. But he shook his head and crossed his arms over his chest, almost protectively, ‘‘I can’t…not like this…”

Kuroo ruffled his hair, ‘‘we don’t have to go all the way,’’ Tsukki glanced at him uncertainly, with untypical shyness, ‘‘let me help you.’’

Tsukki gave a slow nod and Kuroo turned to lock the doors to the whole bathroom. He ignored the stalls and walked towards Tsukki, who started backing up until his back was pressed against the bathroom wall. Kuroo dipped his head to press a gentle kiss to his lips. He inhaled sharply as he felt Tsukki’s omega wield to him as he tugged his shorts down a little and slipped a hand into his boxers.

He pulled out his erection that felt almost painfully hard in Kuroo’s hand and was overflowing with precum, and began pumping, making Tsukki take a shuddering breath with each slow movement.

Tsukki put a hand on Kuroo’s wrist and Kuroo went even slower, making Tsukki moan and press his forehead to the captain’s shoulder. Kuroo pressed his free hand to Tsukki’s lower back, watching in fascination as each steady movement of his hand made more precum bead at the head of Tsukki’s cock. He groaned when Tsukki shivered against him, his senses going wild. Tsukki cried out when he came and Kuroo lost control.

He shoved Tsukki farther up the wall, his hand slipping from his lower back to shove two fingers in him harshly. Tsukki moaned, not even trying to resist, and rolled his hips, urging him to go faster. His pupils were so dilated Kuroo practically couldn’t see the golden brown of his eyes. He kissed him roughly, pushing another finger into him.

‘‘Ah! Kuroo…’’ Tsukki whispered against his ear and Kuroo pumped his fingers in and out faster, the blond jerking each time the raven hit his sweet spot. Tsukki’s erection rubbed against Kuroo’s stomach as he pressed closer to Tsukki, twisting his fingers as he pulled them out. Overcome with lust, he clumsily slid off his shorts and boxers and pushed Tsukki down. He hissed as his skin hit the cold floor, but moaned a second later when Kuroo’s erection penetrated him.
Kuroo huffed a low moan against Tsukki’s hair as the blond’s insides clenched around him. Tsukki was moaning breathlessly every few seconds and each was like a sweet song to Kuroo’s ears. He thrust into him harshly enough that his back would probably be bruised from hitting the wall so much. With each thrust Kuroo felt more and more elevated. He looked at Tsukki, his eyes shut, and his wet lips open an inch to let those sweet moans out. His cheeks were flushed, his arms encircling Kuroo’s neck.

Overcome with desire and love, Kuroo cupped Tsukki’s cheek, kissing him again. He was thrusting harder now, swallowing Tsukki’s moans. He pulled away to give the blond some air and he threw his head back to moan, exposing the pale column of his throat. Kuroo groaned again and kissed his throat, littering it with kisses.

Tsukki sobered up a fracture, opening his eyes an inch, ‘’d-don’t mark me…’’ he whimpered, ‘’the…match…’’

But Kuroo wasn’t listening. He was already kissing his neck harder, more roughly. Tsukki gave a moan that sounded a little agitated, but he had no strength to resist other than push at Kuroo’s chest weakly as he pounded into him mercilessly. A purple bruise bloomed beneath his jaw and Kuroo moved to suck on his throat and above his collarbone. When Tsukki came with a cry, his whole neck was littered with purple marks that marked Tsukki as Kuroo’s.

Tsukishima leaned against the wall, breathing hard, uneven. His arms slipped weakly from around his neck to his shoulders and forearms, where they rested. Kuroo slipped out of him, his hands brushing Tsukki’s thighs gently.

‘’Go out with me,’’ he murmured, maybe a little too intensely because Tsukki jumped when he glanced at his face. But Kuroo pressed himself closer, kissing him. So Tsukki nodded, working off the high from his orgasm.

‘’For now,‘’ Tsukki whispered, ‘’I have Nationals to win.’’
The kingdom of Amemaru was surprisingly hot. Even thought it was only early spring the people milling about the courtyard of the palace were dressed in flowing, thin tunics or short sleeved gear. He, in turn, and his father, mother and two brothers, were all clad in furs and leather. After all, they had just left the snow-covered Nekoma to travel for nearly two weeks to Amemaru, where he was to meet his future husband.

To secure the alliance between the two kingdoms Kuroo, the crown prince of Nekoma, was to marry Akiteru, the eldest prince of Amemaru. Boarding the imperial ship, Kuroo had no idea what to expect, and he decided not to speculate. He’d only be disappointed if he imagined what it would be like and then was faced with reality. The plan was that the Nekoma imperial family would travel to Amemaru for two months for the wedding, and then take Akiteru to Nekoma where he would live from then on. The right to the throne of Amemaru would fall on Akiteru’s younger brother.

Stepping out of the stuffy carriage into the fresh, crisp, warm air, Kuroo felt good. Daichi came out next. He had been sea sick the whole journey to the continent and still didn’t look fully back to himself. Akaashi, on the other hand, was looking around with uncharacteristically curiosity. The palace was definitely different from the stone-and-slab castles in Nekoma. This one was made of white sand and marble. The courtyard was merry with preparation. People were readying for their welcoming feast, running around with loads of food, decorations and openly gaping at the imperial family.

“Darling!” Kuroo turned to find a beautiful, gold haired woman rushing towards his mother. They clashed in an embrace of gold and scarlet and raven and azure, giddy like little girls, “oh, Yomei, I have not seen you for years!”

Kuroo’s mother laughed, ”I missed you too, Suiko.”

They pulled away, remembering their positions as Queens. Queen Suiko turned to his father, offering a dainty hand which he kissed eagerly. The King followed, pulling his father into a fatherly hug. The Queen had already moved to Kuroo, “oh, Kuroo, my love, how you’ve grown! Last time I saw you, you were barely eleven years of age!”

Kuroo laughed, and nothing about it was forced, “I remember, your majesty,” Suiko waved her hand impatiently.

“None of that, love. Just call me Suiko, for now. We’re going to be family after all!” She grasped his arms firmly and pressed a kiss to each of his cheeks before moving to fuss over his brother. King Koan came after his wife, clasping Kuroo’s hand tightly. His eyes twinkled merrily.

“I think you’ll take good care of my son,” he gestured behind him and only then did Kuroo spot his
fiancé, who had been standing behind his parents the whole time, unnoticed, ‘Akiteru, come meet Kuroo.’

The first impression of Akiteru Kuroo got was that he was very…proper. He wasn’t bad looking, or anything, but there was nothing exceptional about his face. He wore a crown on his head and a light tunic, and both things made him look soft and feminine. Kuroo supposed that was the point. Akiteru slipped his hand into Kuroo’s, letting the dark haired man kiss the back of it, and said ‘pleased to meet you,’ brightly. Kuroo nodded, forcing a smile, and chastised himself for being sceptical. There was absolutely nothing wrong with Akiteru – he just had to get to know him more.

‘Suiko, where is your second son?’ Kuroo’s father asked, looking around, but the courtyard was empty of any other gold haired royal.

Suiko’s face sobered up, ‘that little…’ she caught herself, ‘Kei apparently forgot that today we were hosting the Imperial family of Nekoma and decided to go for a ride in the forest. He had not been back since morning and-‘

‘The prince!’ one of the guards on the tower called, ‘the prince is back!’ and the gates were hastily pulled open and as a blur of a horse shot past, slowing to a graceful trot.

‘Finally,’ Suiko grumbled and Kuroo found himself entranced.

A boy rode atop the horse, as majestically and gracefully as the creature. His windblown, almost white hair was mussed and brought out the gold in his eyes. His cheeks were pink from the ride and he looked in no measure dainty and delicate like his elder brother. He wore hunting leathers and his boots were splattered with mud. A free spirit, not a prince. Another stallion followed and stopped by Kei, obscuring him from view as a wound-up, freckled boy talked to him excitedly.

The spell broken, Kuroo turned back to Akiteru, who was watching his brother with slight disapproval, shaking his head. But Kuroo understood Kei. He, too, loved riding. Finally, the second prince spotted the stern look his mother was giving him across the courtyard and jumped down from his stead, giving the reins to the boy accompanying him and walking over to the royal procession as if he had all the time in the world.

Suiko looked like she was going to explode but with a happy cry, Kuroo’s mother rushed forward, ‘and you were just a baby!’ she flung her arms around the startled Kei, ‘oh, you’re so tall now!’ she gushed.

‘Honey, don’t smother the poor boy!’ his father laughed and the tension was effectively broken.

‘Sorry I’m late,’ Kei bowed to the Emperor and Empress. Then he turned to Kuroo and his brothers and his eyes locked with the eldest. His blank expression meant he did not remember either of them from the time when they were practically toddlers, playing together on the sandy beaches of Nekoma. Kuroo gave him a cat-like grin. Somehow, just from those few seconds of knowing them, Kuroo liked Kei more than Akiteru.

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Kuroo didn’t see Kei all the way until breakfast the next day. He spent the rest of the day he arrived with Akiteru, getting to know him. He was definitely sweet and kind, if slightly bland and cowardly. When Kuroo couldn’t bear the heat anymore while they were walking through the little forest behind the palace, he suggested they swim in the river. Akiteru said it was cold and he didn’t feel like getting wet. When he suggested they climb a tree to watch the sunset, Akiteru just gave him a look.
In the evening Kuroo went to his bedroom. It was nice, albeit clearly unused, and comfortable. He fell asleep quickly and awoke when his servants, who had come with him from Nekoma, entered to dress him for breakfast. The rest of his family, and his family-to-be, were already lounging at the long table, eating slices of fruit, yogurt and dried meats.

‘‘Kuroo,’’ Akiteru said brightly, ‘‘not an early bird, are you?’’

‘‘I’d sleep late too, if someone didn’t wake me up,’’ Kei said in a bored tone, glaring at Akiteru over the rim of his cup. Akiteru just laughed. Kuroo bid everyone good morning and made himself a small arrangement of foods. At home, they usually drank hot tea and ate stew, toasted bread and roasted chickens – anything to wake them up and warm them up against the unforgiving chill. Everything around Amemaru was refreshing, somehow.

While they breakfasted, small conversations broke off down the table, and Kuroo’s eyes kept drifting back to Kei, who sat, unbothered, picking at his food. There was a bow strong across his back.

‘‘Kei,’’ Kuroo spoke down the table, and everyone fell silent, ‘‘are you going hunting?’’ Kei nodded, getting up as if he had forgotten, ‘‘will you mind if I joined you?’’

‘‘Be my guest,’’ Kei shrugged. Kuroo glanced at Akiteru, who shrugged.

‘‘I don’t like hunting.’’

‘‘Don’t you worry, Kuroo. Aki and I have much to plan for the wedding anyway,’’ the Queen smiled, ‘‘but you two have fun.’’

The forests were different too. Kuroo found it hard to ride past the gnarled roots and uneven ground, used to everything being covered by a firm layer of snow. Thus, he was always a few paces behind Kei as the prince raced through the forest. He didn’t seem to be looking for prey; he was going somewhere. Kuroo tried hard to keep up with him, but it was virtually impossible, so he opted for simply following him, deeper into the woods, until the sun was practically blocked by the thick growth of trees.

Kei finally came to a stop in the shadows and pressed a long finger to his lips as Kuroo approached on his horse. Even the animal had become silent, as if Kei had trained it himself. As quietly as possible, Kei drew three arrows from behind his shoulder, expertly tucking them against the string of his bow and drawing his arm back, his gaze concentrated on the tree branches above.

Kuroo’s breath caught in his lungs. Kei’s lean body was taunt with effort and anticipation, his face concentrated and intense. He looked like an elf or a Fae. Kuroo exhaled softly as Kei puckered his lips and whistled a long note into the forest. Above, the birds carried the tune and in seconds the forest was filled with the sound of flapping wings. And then, so fast that Kuroo jumped, Kei released the arrows and three plump, fat birds hit the ground by his feet. Kei jumped from his horse and picked the dead birds up, drawing the arrows from their throats and putting them in his hunting bag.

‘‘Y-you’re good,’’ Kuroo said, slightly dazed.

Kei tried not to look too pleased with himself, ‘‘thanks,’’ he jumped back on his horse, ‘‘you shoot?’’

‘‘I prefer a crossbow,’’ Kuroo shrugged, ‘‘it’s nice to see someone so skilled with a bow, though.’’

Kei grinned, the first grin Kuroo had seen from him, ‘‘come on. Let’s start a fire.’’
They rode on into a clearing, the blinding sun twinkling off a moderately sized lake with sandy banks.

“‘This is my secret spot,’” Kei said, “‘I come here after I hunt.’” He tied his horse to a tree, patting it’s hide and pouring water from his sack into a metal tin he bought with himself. He took Kuroo’s horse and did the same thing with his. Then, he sat down on one of the rocks surrounding a little burned out area where Kuroo guessed Kei made his bonfires, “‘here,’” the prince pulled out a bird as Kuroo sat down on the rock opposite him. The blond tossed him the bird, “‘pluck it. I’ll look for firewood. We’ll give the rest of the birds to the kitchen.’”

He disappeared into the forest and Kuroo pulled out his hunting knife from the sheath on his thigh, plucking the feathers with the fingers of his free hand. The bird was plump with small wings; probably too fat to even fly, about as big as a hen. The feathers were pink and violet. It was definitely not any bird that Kuroo had seen before. It was exotic and strange. A little like Kei.

After Kuroo had chopped off the head of the creature and separated the meat from the bone and organs, Tsukki came back, branches piled high in his arms. He dropped half in front of Kuroo and the rest next to his sitting-rock.

“‘Good job,’” he said, breaking the larger branches into smaller ones and taking two sticks, “‘put the feathers into my satchel. The village kids like to play with them.’”

Even though Kei didn’t strike Kuroo as a children-person, he obediently grabbed a handful of feathers and crouched down to tuck them into the satchel strung across Kei’s body. Kuroo inhaled. This close, he smelled the forest on Kei. It was a good smell.

Embarrassed, Kuroo quickly returned to his rock. Oblivious, Kei rubbed the two sticks against each other, “‘so,’” he said, “‘you and Akiteru, eh?’”

Kuroo stretched his arms above his head. He didn’t want to talk about Akiteru – not when he was with Kei, “‘yeah, I guess so.’”

Kei grinned as a spark lit a tiny fire at the base of the tower of branches, quickly spreading through the dry wood, “‘and what are your thoughts on that?’”

With a shrug, Kuroo replied, carefully, “‘he’s sweet.’”

“‘Mmmh,’” Kei murmured, “‘you don’t strike me as someone who needs a sweet bride though,’” he gave him a smirk and Kuroo decided Kei was definitely not sweet. It somehow didn’t make him like the prince less, though, “‘it will be interesting to see this play out.’”

Kuroo gave him a challenging look as he threaded the meat onto sticks, “‘you won’t see it. We’ll be far away, in Nekoma, and you’ll be here, ruling Amemaru.’” He didn’t mean to sound as bitter as he did.

With a mocking smile, Kei took the stick from him and settled it over the fire, slowly turning so the meat was cooked evenly, “‘forgive me. Did I strike a nerve, majesty?’”

“‘If you’re worried about your brother, don’t be. I’ll take care of him.’” Kuroo said icily.

Kei laughed, “‘oh, I’m not worried about him. I’m worried about you. Akiteru may be sweet and perfect and kind, the ideal soft wife for a King, but he has about as much spirit as I have his sweetness,’” he said the word with distaste, “‘just fair warning.’”

Kuroo decided that two could play this game. He gave him a low, dangerous smile, “‘careful, prince.
If I didn’t know better I’d say you sounded *jealous.*”

Kei laughed. This time it was genuine, like he wasn’t prepared for Kuroo to retaliate and was delighted that he did so, “so you are fun after all.”

They spent the rest of the day eating the meat, drinking wine from Kei’s pouch and talking about everything and anything. They returned long after the sun had set.

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“And here I thought I was going to have to suffer my fate alone.”

Kuroo was sitting in a room swathed with silk and materials when Kei walked in, looking bored and mildly annoyed. He plopped down in one of the cushions next to Kuroo.

“‘Well, it is your wedding,’” he said, ‘’and I wouldn’t be here if my mother hadn’t forced me to help.’’

Even though it was clear Kei didn’t want to be there, Kuroo was glad he was. He pointed to the mess of materials, “I’m meant to be choosing materials for my clothes. There’s meant to be one for the ceremony, the party afterwards, my…wedding night outfit, the party on the day after and…” he gave up, sighing in annoyance, “why does there have to be so many?”

“So pretentious,” Kei muttered, but he got to work, “let’s just chose whatever and have this over with.” He picked up a swath of purple silk and held it up next to Kuroo’s face. With a shake of his head, he tossed it away. It folded into a roll and bumped into the wall, “no, not that one.”

“I thought we were taking whatever.”

Kei raised an eyebrow at him, “I’m not having you look bad and have people say I chose your outfits.”

“I look good in everything,” Kuroo grinned. He had grown used to the strange, breezy clothes of Amemaru in the four days that he had been there and now wore them around instead of the fur lines cloaks and coats that made his skin boil. During those four days, he had bumped into Kei countless times.

“Of course you do,” Kei rolled his eyes, holding up red silk. Kuroo’s heart skipped a beat when Kei leaned towards him. His eyes slid, almost against his will, to Kei’s lips. The blond’s tongue darted out to moisten them and a desperate need coursed through Kuroo. He wanted to kiss him.

He didn’t want to kiss Akiteru. He wanted to kiss Kei.

He jerked back, terrified of the need. He wasn’t supposed to marry the younger brother – he was supposed to marry the crown prince. Thoughts like that, about Kei, were dangerous. He couldn’t… he wouldn’t…

Kei gave him a weird look, “I won’t bite,” he said, putting the silk to the side, “red is definitely your colour. Here, let’s try…”

The doors opened and the silk-master, an elderly, extravagant woman, walked in. Kuroo was almost glad for the buffer that she created between him and Kei.
That night was the Imperial family’s welcoming party and while all he wanted was to get shit faced drunk, he was expected to behave. He had been given special clothes for this occasion – a midnight blue, high collared tunic and dark pants with a jewelled belt. He had to admit, even to himself, that he looked a little bit like a king. One of the traditions was that the engaged couple was not supposed to dance together until the night of the wedding, so Kuroo sat at the royal table, watching the people below have fun, wishing he had some alcohol at hand.

Akiteru was deep in discussion with two officials. He might have been a little bland and impressionable, but he had a way with politics. He would make a good ruler, if not a good husband… Kuroo slapped himself mentally. He had to stop putting Akiteru down. Maybe he’d make a great husband; there was no way of Kuroo knowing. So what if there had been no spark? So what if Kuroo didn’t feel the slightest pull to him…

“You look depressed,” Kuroo looked up to see Kei standing by his table. He looked like an angel, clad in a white outfit finished with pale gold thread. Kuroo’s heart skipped a beat as Kei extended a hand towards him, “dance with me.”

“I’m not suppose to…”

“Dance with my brother,” Kei finished for him cheekily, “no one said you’re meant to be confined to your seat on the night of your party. Get off your ass and dance with me.”

Kuroo found himself grinning, “is that how a prince should be talking?” he asked but took Kei’s hand, turning it so that he was holding him and not the other way round, and pulled him amongst the throng of couples that had just began one of the slower, sadder dances. Kuroo was glad for the amount of guests. No one seemed to notice them, lost in their significant other, and from the outside they were invisible, hidden from view by all the other dancers.

Because of that, Kuroo allowed himself to pull Kei close, closer than perhaps appropriate. Kuroo knew Tsukki was surprised to find his body pressed against Kuroo by the soft gasp that escaped his lips. The raven found the pit of his stomach tingling at the sound, and he wondered what kind of noises he’d make if Kuroo… he forced himself to concentrate on taking Kei’s hand, on sliding his hand to his lower back. He couldn’t think about that. He shouldn’t have even let Kei drag him onto the dance floor. He shouldn’t have pulled him this close.

But it was too late. Kei wasn’t pulling away, creating distance. He settled himself in Kuroo’s arms, letting the older man lead him in dance. And Kuroo realized he was falling for the wrong brother. He swore to himself that he’d stay away from Kei after this night, try his best to fall for Akiteru. Starting tomorrow, they’d be nothing but brothers in law.

But tonight…

He pulled Kei a little closer, feeling himself react when Kei didn’t push him away and simply adjusted himself so they could dance and touch like Kuroo wanted them to. Their dance was now bordering on inappropriate so when it abruptly came to an end, Kuroo didn’t know if he should be thankful.

With a quick goodbye, Kei slipped from his grip and Kuroo desperately wanted to hold him in place, to dance with him more, to slip out into the garden… he returned to his table and kept glancing at Kei, on the opposite end.

But he didn’t look at him. Not even once.
Kei wasn’t only good at hunting and colour matching. He was also good at chess.

Kuroo had been surprised when it started raining – a hard, freezing shower, coming down a week later on the palace. Kei said it was normal in spring, and that it would last for a while, but there wouldn’t be another one for a little while and when summer came around, there’d be none. Still, confined to the palace and avoiding wedding plans like crazy, Kuroo was bored out of his mind. Until Kei appeared in the kitchen, where Kuroo was drinking tea, and offered to play a match of chess.

The match turned into four, all won by Kei. But Kuroo was a sore loser and kept requesting a rematch, much to the amusement of the cooks and maids bustling about. Kuroo was okay at chess, but Kei was an outright champion.

“Check mate,” Kei said, winning his seventh match, “maybe we should play something else…”

“No way. I know I’ll win the next on-“

Suddenly the back doors to the kitchen were thrown open and the gardener, a large, blocky man, rushed inside, soaked to the bone. In his arms was a young, unconscious boy, covered in mud. Kuroo stood but Kei was already at the man’s side. The cooks cleared away the table as the gardener set the boy down.

“I found ‘im in the ditch. He’s shiverin’ like a newborn, I don know about injuries…”

“Get me hot water and a cloth,” Kei snapped and the kitchen staff set off to work, “medicine, too, and get some of my clothes…” Kuroo snapped into action, grabbing the boy and sitting him up, “what are you doing?” Kei asked sharply but Kuroo ignored him, leaning the boy forward so his head was between his knees and delivered a quick blow between his shoulder blades. The boy started coughing uncomfortably and Kuroo held him in place as he vomited dirty water and mud, tears streaming down his face.

When he was done, he was conscious again. Kuroo gently pulled him up, trying not to look at the startled Kei, who quickly dipped the cloth he was given into warm water and began cleaning his face, streaked with tears. Kuroo helped him strip the boy and clean him as he sat there, shivering, and then slip on some of Kei’s old clothes, still a little big for him. He couldn’t have been older than nine.

“I think it’s the butcher’s youngest boy,” Kei said, stroking the boy’s hair softly. Kuroo was surprised at how his heart contracted when he saw Kei in such a…maternal situation. He had been doing good in staying away from Kei, only engaging with him during games and whatnot, always keeping his distance…it had been harder getting closer to Akiteru, who was always busy and was giving Kuroo the cold shoulder. But now…now all the emotion came flooding back, harder than before.

“Make him some tea,” Kuroo told one of the maids, surprised at how soft and quiet his voice had gone. The boy had started crying and Kei cradled him against his chest, a little awkwardly but trying his best to comfort him. The little boy looked relieve to have someone to hold on to, and even more relieved when a blanket was thrown over his shoulders and a hot cup was placed in his hands.

An hour later, the rain had stopped and the boy was not shivering anymore. Kuroo fished out a couple of coins and pressed them into the gardener’s hand, “take the boy back to his parents and give them this. For the doctor, in case this gets his sick.”
The gardener nodded and ushered the boy out. Exhausted, Kei fell into his chair and Kuroo followed suit. Kei glanced at him and there was newfound respect in his gaze. And something else, ‘‘good job.’’

The storm happened two weeks after that incident.

Kuroo was proud of himself. He managed to kind-of avoid Kei and definitely steer clear of any intimate situations with him. As for Akiteru, they had not one but two walks in the garden. One of them had been quiet, almost awkward, but the second one they spent on a heated politics conversation. Kuroo was warming to the crown prince, and he tried to tell himself what he was feeling for him wasn’t just respect and signs of friendship, but love.

He was a very good liar.

But then the spring storm happened.

Kuroo awoke in the middle of the night to the sound of thunder crashing above the palace and harsh rain stabbing at his window. And then Kei was slipping into his room. The prince’s chambers were down the hall from Kuroo, which was why they bumped into each other so much. But now…Kei was shaking, wringing his hands out nervously, dressed only in a flimsy night tunic. Kuroo had never seen him in his night attire, and it sent a stab of arousal straight to his member, which was quickly extinguished when he saw how nerve wracked the prince was.

‘‘Kei? What’s wrong?’’

Kei stayed by the doors, looking uncertain. Even his lips trembled as he spoke, ‘‘I-I…it doesn’t usually thunder a-around here and…’’ Kuroo had never seen him like this, ‘‘um, I’m usually away during this time o-of year b-but cuz of…of the wedding…I…I…’’

Kuroo blinked, ‘‘oh. You’re scared of thunderstorms.’’

Kei gave him a pleading look, ‘‘can I sleep here tonight?’’

And Kuroo knew it was a bad idea…such a bad idea, but he nodded and extended his hand to Kei, ‘‘of course. Come.’’

With a grateful, shaky smile, Kei went to him, taking his hand and letting Kuroo pull him into bed, tucking him safely under the covers.

‘‘I’m sorry.’’ Kei whispered.

‘‘Shhh, its okay,’’ Kuroo touched his hair briefly and then settled for putting his hand next to Kei’s, their pinkies touching. The rest of them was separated, but Kuroo was longing for his heat, ‘‘try to get some sleep.’’

Kei nodded and closed his eyes, his breath evening out even as the thunder rolled outside. Kuroo didn’t sleep. Instead, he gently moved his fingers against Kei’s hand, cupping it and then turning it to lace their fingers together. When Kei didn’t wake up, Kuroo pulled his hand to his lips and kissed it softly.

‘‘I love you,’’ he murmured against his skin, feeling his heart shatter with every word, ‘‘I love you.’’

Kei woke up not an hour later, shaking badly and breathing irregularly. Kuroo didn’t realise he had
dozed off until he was pulled from sleep by Kei’s panic. He tried to withdraw his hand but Kei held onto it like a life line, looking around the room wildly, his eyes wide, filled with tears.

’’Hey, it’s just a nightmare. It’s just…’’ and then Kuroo remembered. His mother had told him about this one upon a time, when Kuroo had come as a child to Amemaru in spring and found that the youngest prince had gone. His mother explained that when Kei was young, the palace was under siege from the Tyrks. They had captured the palace, slaughtered his baby sister in the crib and held him captive with a knife to his throat as he wailed for hours. It had been thundering that day. Eventually he had been saved, but ever since then, if there was a storm…

Kuroo suddenly didn’t care about his vow. He grabbed Kei and pulled him into his lap, throwing the covers over their heads, tuning out the storm. In the dark, Kei’s breathing slowed. He swallowed, his hands finding Kuroo’s chest, then his neck and then he was hugging him tightly, nuzzling his face into his shoulder. Kuroo pulled his arms securely around the young prince, stroking his hair and cupping his back, wanting to make him feel safe.

He felt the tears fall onto his bare shoulder, one by one, and he gritted his teeth, hating the people who did this to him. Hating his future parents by law for forcing him to stay when they knew how he reacted. Hating the seers for picking spring as the time for the wedding. Kuroo cradled Kei, kissing his hair repeatedly. He wished he could kiss him fully, on the lips, but Kei’s face was hidden in his shoulder and he did not possess the courage to pull him back and do what he had yearned for since day one.

So he simply let Kei fall asleep on him and when he did so, he wiped away his tears and lay him down on the bed, holding him through the storm that raged all night.

The wedding was due to happen in three days and Kuroo was taking a midnight swim in the lake – Kei’s secret hunting lake. Since the storm it had been Kei avoiding him and Kuroo wished he had kissed him – now he’d never get the chance. Tomorrow was his last day to see Kei, and then there was the day of solitary confinement to ‘purify’ him before the wedding and then the wedding and then a week of non-stop feasts and parties and then…and then Kuroo and Akiteru were going back to Nekoma and he’d never see Kei again.

So he crept out of his chambers at night and went to this place, where he had first properly spoken to Kei. He found a little secluded area and lay against a rock, soaking to his shoulder. Now the days had grown hotter and the nights unbearable; it was good to cool down.

’’I see you have found my secret summer spot,’’ Kei’s voice rang out behind him and Kuroo turned, his heart stopping for a second. Kei stood there, naked as a newborn, his skin almost silver in the moonlight, his clothes discarded by his feet. Kuroo breath was suddenly coming out quicker and Kei held his gaze. His eyes were soft, inviting, ”mind if I join you?’’ Kuroo could only nod.

Kei stepped into the cool water, covering himself with the liquid and pressing his back to the rocks. Kuroo didn’t speak, staring at him, devouring him with his eyes. He didn’t care if it was obvious what he desired. He wanted Kei to know. And apparently Kei accepted his need, because he held his gaze firmly.

’’If you want to,’’ Kei’s words were sure, ’’take me.’’

Kuroo didn’t need to be told twice. He practically shoved Kei against the rocks, holding his body underwater flush against his and kissing him. Passionately, with fire. He did not have the time or patience to be gentle. He knew this was their only chance to show their feelings and he wasn’t going
to waste it. Driven by passion and need and anger and love, Kuroo pressed himself hard against Kei.

When the blond prince felt the raven’s erection rub against his own, he moaned against Kuroo’s lips. That was it for Kuroo. He grabbed his arm and turned him around harshly. Kei barely had the time to grab onto the rock when Kuroo entered him. Kei cried out, a noise that quickly turned into a soft moan as Kuroo sheathed himself inside him. His strong arm came to encircle Kei’s stomach, the other slithered across his chest to tilt Kei’s chin in his direction. He kissed him again, softly and shortly, before pulling himself out and slamming in again.

Kei’s moan was muffled by his hand, which he quickly plastered across his lips to keep in the sounds. Still pounding into him, Kuroo grab the hand restricting the noises and held onto the wrist, pulling it away from his mouth and letting the moans spill. They made love under the moonlight, Kuroo filling him multiple times, and they did not speak until they were spent and Kei finally turned around. He leaned against the rocks and although his back was littered with marks, his front was bare. Kuroo pulled his exhausted body to him and kissed his passion into his neck and throat and chest and shoulders, until Kei was shivering in his arms.

Traitors, adulterers, lovers.

And then he looked up, his eyes filled with the unspoken emotion he felt towards Kei as he straightened and cupped his face in his hands, kissing him. This time slowly, carefully, trying to convey his feelings and when Kei still didn’t speak, Kuroo finally said it, “I love you,” he said, “I don’t want to marry your brother. I want to marry you. I want to take you back to my kingdom. Its cold, but you’ll like the snow, and we never get thunderstorms. You’ll be safe and happy and free. Please. Say yes. Say yes…”

Kei nodded, kissing Kuroo over and over again, “yes. Yes. I love you, too.”

They made love again, this time slower, savouring each other and then they gathered their clothes and got dressed. As they were leaving, Kei looked back against his secret place. And he vowed he would not see it again until in year he returned with his king and husband from Nekoma on a visit. Because he was not letting Kuroo marry Akiteru, not when they did not love each other.

|||“|||

“You what?” both Queens and Kings looked startled and shocked. Akiteru, in turn, looked calculating as his gaze swept from Kei to Kuroo to their intertwined hands.

“We’re in love,” Kuroo said firmly.

“and we want to be married.” Tsukki finished.

“Well…” Tsukki’s mother looked faint, “this is certainly…unexpected.”

Kuroo’s father’s brows furrowed, “the arrangement.”

The Empress of Nekoma was the first to get over her surprise, “well…we did say son for son. Kei is a son so technically…”

“But the arrangement!” Tsukki’s father protested, “Akiteru was ready to be the King of Nekoma…”

“Being the King of Amemaru won’t kill him,” his wife said firmly, “although the choice is his. This was meant to be his wedding.”
All eyes turned to Akiteru, whose face was impassive as he locked eyes with his brother. And he saw everything; the feelings they harboured for each other since the start, the secretive touches, the understanding, the comfortable manner in which they were around each other, the love they made under the moon…

“Who would have thought,” Akiteru’s voice rang around the room as he smiled, “that one day my brother would want to marry someone.”

“Akiteru…” Tsukki’s eyes were pleading.

Akiteru raised his hand, silencing him, ‘’it was pretty clear from the start that me and Kuroo had no spark. No offence.’’

“None taken,” Kuroo grinned.

Akiteru shrugged, “if this is what you want, little brother, then I am more than happy to stay here, take care of the affairs and give you my blessing.”

The next day, Kei was locked in a room with only small portions of food and a whole day to think about what was waiting for him.

The day after that, Kuroo became his husband. The feasts that followed were happy and Kei, who usually hated parties, enjoyed every second at Kuroo’s side.

Weeks later, Kei stepped off the ship and his foot crunched under the snow for the first time. He grinned at Kuroo, feeling the white stuff under his foot and Kuroo kissed him, happy. So happy.

And they lived happily ever after.
My Body Breathes, Heart Still Beats but I am Not Alive

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Hinata (top) x Kageyama (bottom)
Prompt by: Daisuga lol
Prompt: Human Experimentation was banned years ago so when Hinata and the rest of the police force get wind of an illegal experimentation group, it's up to Hinata to save Kageyama.

Hinata had seen a lot of thing in his career as a cop but this...this was something else...

Backtrack thirty years. October 23rd, the year is 2055 and from now on will forever be known as the Release Day. Human experimentation is officially banned in every country across the world. In a internet conference, every single human can see their president, monarch or prime minister publicly sign the Declaration of Experimentation Release (The Doer Legislation). Two days later, all public experiments disappear; those used in nuclear testing; those used in private labs; half Cyborgs who volunteered to have limbs amputated for money... within a week there are one hundred and two arrests of doctors, surgeons and rookies still experimenting, despite Doer.

And, thirty years after the legislation is passed, it still happens.

"Unit 35b to Unit 16c, do you copy?"

Hinata slips his coffee into the cup holder of his car and presses down on the button on his walkie-talkie, "Unit 16c here, I copy," he says. That's him – Hinata Shoyo, a one-man unit.

"We've gotten wind of an illegal experiment doctor up south of the city," it's Noya speaking, "I'm sending you the address now. Go check it. If you need help, holler."

"Copy that," Hinata says. He feels pumped up. It's been ages since he’s actually been out in the terrain, catching criminals, helping people. He glanced at his GPS, stuck to his front shield. Noya’s directions come through and Hinata hits the pedal, a bit overeager. He slows down and rides off into the night. It's dark. The stars are out. Hinata rolls down the window. He feels alive, the cool air hitting him in the face, mussing his hair up.

He drives fast, but careful. He knows where’s he’s going; the abandoned building on the outskirts of the city by the canal. Five year back, just after Hinata graduated the Police Academy and began service, a doctor group conducted experiments on kids there. They were all captured and put on trial. They were all captured and put on trial, but the bodies of children kept resurfacing days later. Even though all doctors were hung for murder with cruelty, the place became forlorn. Because of its fame, many kids visited the abandoned building but since no one had the guts to clean out what was inside, the remains of the experiments caused the youth distress. Soon enough no one went in there.

Till now. It isn’t a surprise that at one point a doctor would want to be in the same place as his precedes; it’s stupid and predictable. Hinata already knows the interior design of the building; he is one of those cops that had arrested those doctors then. It had been a bunker once upon a time, used by the Nazis for experiments. Then – a hospital. Now it was simply an open space within the building – nowhere to hide. Hinata is going to make quick work of it and come back a hero.
It takes him more than an hour to pull up by the building. The canal is sludgy with dirt and branches. It goes slow, lazy, down its course and Hinata does not pay it much attention as he approached the bunker, a flashlight in one hand, a gun in the other. There is no sound from the bunker; Hinata wonders who tipped Noya off. He’s never been a thinker though, so he just shoved the doors open with his shoulders. They open with a groan, slowly, rust tinkling to the floor.

It’s empty.

Hinata frowns but doesn’t relax, shining his flashlight around the bunker. It’s large but it’s clear that there’s no one there. It’s completely empty; no doctor and no experiments, save for rusty trolleys and tables Hinata does not want to see from up close. A farce?

With a sight, he backs out of the bunker. He’s bummed out. What a waste of time. And here he thought he’d be able to catch a criminal all by himself. Hinata trails himself to the canal and sits on the ledge, overlooking the dark water. He looks beyond it but all he sees is darkness. With a sigh, he kicks his boots into the water, but they do not connect with liquid. Light flashes as he turns on his flashlight and jumps away, swallowing a scream. A body is bobbing in the water, face down. The back of the corpse is wrecked; skin peeled back to reveal muscle and meat, already decaying and infested with bugs. The shoulder blades are twisted and broken off so two bones jut out like wings.

Feeling sick, Hinata angles his flashlight at the water, farther away. Another corpse, this was head up, fresher. The skin is ashy and waxy, the eyes dead and liquidy. Hinata concentrates the beam closer to himself and finds a third corpse, half-in half-out of the sewage canal leading under the ground. This ones back is also mangled, his whole spine crushed. There are feathers mangled amongst the meat and he looks to be dead maybe two days. Blood leaks from around him.

Hinata shines the flashlight into the canal, holding his breath as he hovers above the corpse. The tip off was right; there was a doctor working here. But not in the bunker…under it. Hinata presses his arm to his nose and hauls the corpse out of the way, letting it float down to where the other two float aimlessly. Here the stink is almost unbearable but the cop lowers himself into the water. It reaches up to his chest and he wades through it, keeping his flashlight above his head and concentrated on the tunnel. His gun is in his other hand.

Pretty close on it looks like the tunnel ends, but it’s an optical illusion. The tunnel continues off to Hinata’s left, dark and murky. With a deep breath, Hinata walks on. His walkie talkie is strapped to his chest pocket. He clumsily fumbles with it, pressing a button. It sends a signal to the base about his position and a call for backup.

He walks on, swallowed by the darkness. His flashlight provides weak light. The one good thing is that the water starts to let up as Hinata walks up an almost un-perceivable slope, the water going down to his navel, his thighs and finally clearing him completely. The tunnel here is drier. Hinata smells like sewage and where the water had been his clothes are not dirty, like someone splashes him with ink.

He is able to hold the flashlight and gun more comfortably now and he walks cautiously. Another optical illusion, and this time the tunnel goes right. It’s illuminated. Hinata is surprised to see cold, naked bulbs providing weak lights along the corridors but that means his theory was right – there is a tunnel underneath the old hospital. Probably a plan b if the Nazis wanted to escape.

Bravely (or stupidly) Hinata keep walking, growing agitated. He doesn’t look behind him, knowing he’ll find only roaring darkness. As he creeps forward, he hears it. Voices. He doesn’t understand what they are saying yet and as he nears he realises it’s one voice, talking to itself. A man. Old, by the sound of it. Hinata speeds up, now more scared than excited. Getting a criminal is one thing; catching a murderer who lets out actual bodies through the canal is another.
Hinata expects to come out of a side entrance, some tunnel, but instead as he takes another turn he walks straight into a lab. And the doctor is looking at him, as if he is waiting. He really is old, his hair having only a few flimsy hairs on it. His teeth are mostly gone and his lab coat is stained and old. It looks mouldy. But what attracts Hinata’s attention isn’t the tubes and surgery tables and bloody appliances…no. It’s the boy huddled in the corner.

He’s an angel.

Literally.

Huddled and stripped from the waist up, dark haired, he is hiding his face in his knees. He is shaking and not making a noise. And from beneath the skin of his back, white wings jut out. His back is bruised and scratched, but isn’t cut or mauled. The wounds around where the wings enter under his skin have healed, albeit not in a very good way. There’s scars and dried blood.

“Hello, Cop-san,” the doctor says. His voice doesn’t come out properly thanks to the lack of teeth, “how lovely of you to join us. I’m glad you got my tip off.”

It all came to form a picture, ‘’you sent it,’’ Hinata said dumbly, torn between staring at the freaky boy or running to help him. He forgets to point his gun at the doctor.

“Indeed,” the doctor says conversationally, “I have just ran out of test subjects. The three up there were failures but this,” he gestures to the boy, eyes shining, and Hinata notices that his wings are flecked with blood. His stomach churns, ‘’my dear Kageyama has been my pride and joy. Look! It worked. I have managed to create these wings and connect them to his nerves. I have made him wings. An angel. Isn’t that right, Kageyama?”

The doctor reaches a wrinkled hand towards Kageyama but the boy jerks back, his wings fluttering. And finally Hinata snaps into action, pointing the gun at the doctor, ‘’get away from him,” he says and his voice is uncharacteristically cold, ‘’you are charged with human cruelty, torture, murder and experimenting on humans,’’ he knows he’s supposed to tell him his rights but at this point Hinata doesn’t think he has any. He fights not to pull the trigger on the monster standing in front of him, smiling.

“I am not a murderer, sir,” he says gently, “I am a scientist. And this is a breakthrough,” he frowns, and speaks more to himself, “I just need to repeat the experiment, to make sure it works,” he looks up at Hinata and there is something feral in his eyes, “I need another test subject. You’ll do,” he takes a step towards Hinata, hand extended as if to pat his head, “come, I already have a pair of wings waiting for you, my angel,” and when Hinata doesn’t move he lunges.

BANG!

The bullet cuts clean across the doctor’s heart, stopping the pumping of the blood around his body, stopping the circulation of oxygen. He’s down on the floor, blood staining the floor. More blood. And Hinata wishes he had not shot him, if only to pound his skull in, to make him feel pain…

The gun disappears in its holster as Hinata slides next to the boy on the floor, still curled up on himself. He touches his shoulder. Its deathly cold. Hinata shrugs off his jacket and realises he won’t be able to put it on the boy. Pulling out his knife, Hinata glances at the wings and roughly judging where the would be, he cuts holes into the back of his jacket. He glances at the boy.

The angel is looking at him.

Kageyama – that’s his name – has the most piercing blue eyes. Hinata finds himself entranced. He
may have wings, but the boy is fully human. He sees Hinata looking at the wings and he tucks them in, slowly, as if he wants them to disappear. He probably does. They tuck in neatly against his back and Hinata drops the knife, throwing the jacket over his shoulders. The wings bulge out a bit, but the jacket fits.

‘‘Here,’’ Hinata speaks gently, like to a wounded animal, ‘‘give me your arm.’’ Kageyama doesn’t move so Hinata takes his arm and gently slips it into the sleeve. It’s a bit short; Kageyama is probably taller than him. But he seems comforted by the warmth. Tears gather in his eyes and spill as Hinata puts the sleeve on the other hand, ‘‘you’re safe now. I’ve got you.’’

As he does up the buttons, Kageyama speaks. His voice is uneven, raspy, like he hadn’t talked much in a while. Or like he’d screamed a lot, ‘‘he killed them.’’

Hinata knows he is speaking about the bodies floating down the canal, ‘‘I know.’’

Kageyama doesn’t seem to hear him, ‘‘m-m-my f-friends,’’ he sobs, ‘‘he k-k-killed my friends,’’ he looks up at Hinata, his eyes unfocused, ‘‘we j-just wanted to film a video. B-be famous. G-go viral. But h-h-h-he was there and…’’ he shakes his head and sobs, hiding his face in his shaking hands. He’s thin. He clearly hadn’t been fed properly, ‘‘I-I-I’m not an a-angel. I’m n-not.’’

Hinata takes him by the arms, looks him firmly in the eye, ‘‘no, you’re not. You’re a human. And you’re safe now.’’

Kageyama’s gaze softens and he grabs onto Hinata’s shirt, ‘‘h-h-he did h-horrible things-’’

‘‘I know,’’ Hinata says gently, rubbing his arms, ‘‘he’s gone now, though. And in a little while my colleagues will come and we’ll take you from this horrible place, okay? Do you have family?’’

Kageyama shakes his head, looking dazed. So Hinata gathers him up in his arms and even though he’s smaller than Kageyama, the dark haired boy feels small in his arms. Vulnerable. Hinata is overcome by the need to protect.

Almost two hours later the others arrive. Hinata’s arms are numb now from holding Kageyama for so long and he’s freezing – it’s super cold underground – but he doesn’t let go until the others file into the room. Hinata fills them in on what happened.

‘‘It was self defense,’’ he says when they question the body of the doctor. The others leave to haul the body away and clear the bodies in the lake, ‘‘I’ll take Kageyama tonight. He’s too shaken up to go with someone else,’’ he adds when Kageyama latches onto him. They don’t see his wings, tucked under the jacket. Kageyama’s face is blank as they walk out and down the tunnel, even as they make their way through the disgusting sludge. Outside multiple cop cars and ambulances are parked.

Hinata makes sure Kageyama doesn’t see his friends in body bags, or worse. The raven is much taller than him but the need to protect him is strong with Hinata. He takes the boy to his car and straps him in, driving slowly. On the way, Kageyama dozes off and wakes up with a scream. Hinata holds his hand the rest of the way home.

Once they get into his apartment, Hinata runs a bath. He settles Kageyama in but the boy is tense.

‘‘It’s okay,’’ Hinata assures, rubbing the space between his wings, ‘‘you can let them out.’’ Hesitantly Kageyama unfurls them, letting them soak in the water and finally he sighs, relaxing. Hinata takes a shower in the cabin, keeping it open to watch Kageyama in case he does something stupid. He doesn’t and in the end the floor is soaked.

‘‘W-what’s your n-name?’’ Kageyama blurts out when Hinata steps out and the police officer
realises he hadn’t said it.

“Hinata. You’re Kageyama, right?”

Kageyama nods and then looks like Hinata. He looks broken, close to tears again, “will you s-sit with m-me? I-I don’t want to be a-a-alone.”

Hinata nods and rushes to the bath tub, sinking himself in, “come here,” he says and Kageyama hesitantly turns around, scooting between Hinata’s legs. Hinata washes his hair, his movements slow and comforting. He keeps touching his wings, playing with the feathers, running his fingers along the fragile bones.

It’s okay to have them.

And Kageyama cries again and Hinata holds him.

Later, when they get out of the bath, Hinata fixes him some cereal. He wishes he has something better, but he doesn’t. Kageyama seems more than happy to eat it, comforted by the warmth of the milk.

Even if he throws it right back up.

Hinata gives him a new toothbrush and brushes his hair. He doesn’t want him to cry anymore. When they go to bed, Hinata brushes his hands up and down his bare back a few times and then presses a kiss between them.

“W-w-w-why d-did you d-d-do that?” Kageyama stammers out, but now it’s more from embarrassment.

“Say, Kageyama,” Hinata changes the subject, “can you fly?”

Kageyama wrings his hands out. Hinata wonders what he was like before the experiment – was he this nervous? “I-I haven’t t-ried. H-h-h-he hasn’t t-ried.”

Hinata touches his hair comfortingly, “do you want to? Maybe it’ll make it more bearable, knowing something good came out of this.”

Kageyama turns around, “d-do you think s-so?” Hinata nods.

Ten minutes later they are out in the garden and Kageyama stretches his wings out fully. They are big, a few feet across at least. Hinata wonders how the doctor made them. Kageyama flaps them lightly in the air, testing, and Hinata gives him an encouraging nod.

Kageyama shoots up into the sky. He flaps in panic for a few beats and falls back down in front of Hinata. The ginger kneels by him.

“You okay?” he’s grinning, “that was awesome. Like, you just went whoosh!”

And Kageyama smiles, his eyes shining, “I-I can fly!”

“Yes. You just need some practice.” Hinata touches his cheek, “for now, let’s sleep, okay? Tomorrow we can try it again.”

Kageyama nods and Hinata is relieved that he is distracted. He knows it’ll take a long time to get him to function properly; many therapies, hospital visits and break downs. But he’s ready for that. What he isn’t ready for is giving Kageyama to the government so they can put him down and pretend like
he never existed.

“Hinata,” Kageyama whispers when they are settled in bed. He’s sleeping on his side, his wings tucked in loosely, “w-what if they come f-for me?”

Hinata knows that Kageyama knows of the threat too and he looks him firmly in the eye, “I have a gun. I won’t let them take you,” he takes Kageyama’s hand, “do you believe me?”

“Yes,” Kageyama says and he seems sure, “I believe you.”

Hinata hooks a hand around his waist and pulls him closer, kissing his head, and Kageyama nuzzles against his chest, “I’ll kill anyone who tries to hurt you.”
Do You Have Room for One More Troubled Soul?

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Iwaizumi (top) x Oikawa (middle) x Kageyama (bottom)
Prompt by: Sheln
Prompt: Just three dorks who fell in love with each other

“Why am I always on bottom?”

It wasn’t an accusation. It was a simple question, and from none other than Kageyama. He was curled up on the armchair, reading a book and drinking tea, when the question just popped into his head. Iwaizumi looked the most surprised. He was meant to be doing uni work, and his laptop was open, but he had been more concentrated on listening to the soft patter of rain outside. He liked the cold months, especially since he had two special someones to warm him up. Oikawa, who was holed up on the other armchair, working on his latest art project, gave him a sly smirk.

“because you’re the shortest, you have the sweetest face and your moan best,” he put his face daintily in his hand, “why, are you complaining?”

Kageyama flushed, setting his cup down on the small table next to the armchair, ‘’no I was just… wondering why we don’t mix it up.’’

Iwaizumi shrugged, “I like my position on top. Why, do you wanna change it.”

Kageyama shrugged too, “not really. I was just wondering what it would be like to do Oikawa.’’

Oikawa’s eyes widened and Iwaizumi exploded with laughter. Oikawa gave an exaggerated gasp and went to Iwaizumi, grabbing the laptop and setting it on the table, “how dare you laugh!”’’ he exclaimed dramatically, crawling into his lap, “our baby’s innocence is dying!”

Iwaizumi snorted, but his arm encircled Oikawa’s waist, “innocence? He doesn’t have any left. I mean, did you see what he did yesterday?”

Kageyama gave him a blank look, “I’m right here, you know.’’

Oikawa smiled, “yeah, and you should be here,” he pointed to Iwaizumi’s other side. Kageyama pretended to be reluctant as he walked over to the couch. Iwaizumi extended his arm and gathered his other boyfriend to his other side. Kageyama put his head on Iwaizumi’s shoulder and reached for Oikawa’s hand, lacing their fingers together. Oikawa draped his other arm around Iwaizumi’s neck and kissed his forehead, “I love you, guys,” he said happily.

Iwaizumi kissed his cheek in response and Kageyama shrugged, “I know.’’

Oikawa pretended to be offended, “I confess my love and all I get is a kiss and a ‘I know’? That’s sad.’’

Iwaizumi laughed and Kageyama leaned forward, kissing Oikawa on the lips, “I love you, too.’’

Iwaizumi grinned and pulled both of them closer, “and I love you three.”
Oikawa pressed his hand to Iwaizumi’s prominent erection and ground his palm into it, “oh, yeah, I can tell.”

Iwaizumi rolled his eyes, “then why don’t we…”

“’The couch is too small,’” Kageyama said, irked, “I say this every time.’”

“We’ll have to get a bigger couch,” Oikawa proclaimed, slipping off Iwaizumi’s lap and walking out, “to the bedroom!” he yelled. Iwaizumi took Kageyama’s hand and they followed Oikawa to their shared room. They had bought the largest bed they could find in IKEA, which was pretty big. Oikawa was already lounging on it, his t-shirt discarded on the floor. Kageyama slipped himself next to Oikawa, pulling off his t-shirt, and the brunette was on him in seconds, slipping his hand up his t-shirt and kissing him passionately.

As soon as Oikawa’s mouth was gone it was replaced by Iwaizumi’s. The raven had managed to wiggle out of his clothes in seconds. Kageyama never knew whose kisses he liked better. Iwaizumi’s were rough and wild and a little uncoordinated at times. It made Kageyama feel all ‘bwah! Inside’ as Hinata had put it once. The pit of his stomach was on fire and sometimes his heart contracted painfully whenever Iwaizumi gave him one of his special, soft kisses. On the other hand it was Oikawa who was the most experienced of the three of them – he was a pro kisser, and his kisses were never the same. Sometimes they were short and sweet, sometimes ravishing and impatient, sometimes heated and long, sometimes slow and deep… they made his head fuzzy and his whole body tingling.

It was the same with touches. Iwaizumi’s hands were harsh and impatient, finding ways to undress him in seconds, making his back arch and his hands grab at the pillows. Oikawa’s hands were completely opposite – they were delicate and soft, even after years of playing volleyball. They knew all of Kageyama’s weak spots and made him feel like he was melting into the covers.

Kageyama moaned when Iwaizumi boldly slid his hand into Kageyama’s boxers to grab his erection. “So impatient,” Oikawa laughed against Kageyama’s ear, making him shiver, before kissing down his neck. As his attention was diverted to one of his nipples, Iwaizumi kissed him again. Kageyama reached up to cup his face and pull him closer, sighing softly against his lips as Oikawa ventured lower, teasing his navel with the tip of his tongue and tugging off his boxers. Kageyama gasped against Iwaizumi’s mouth as Oikawa licked his length greedily and Iwaizumi pinned him down, kissing down his neck, leaving hickeys in his wake. Kageyama couldn’t keep in his quiet moans as Oikawa’s mouth descended upon his erection, hot and wet. Iwaizumi grinned against his chest at a particularly loud moan and as revenge, Kageyama reached down to cup his erection. It was already wet in his fingers and he played with it, not really pumping or anything, driving Iwaizumi crazy.

Aroused, Iwaizumi bit down hard on Kageyama’s nipple, making him cry out. Oikawa was getting him close but before he could spill over, his mouth left him. He felt it kiss at his fingers, which released Iwaizumi’s dick so Oikawa could suck on it too. Painfully close, Kageyama sat up. Iwaizumi grabbed his ass and pulled him closer. Kageyama watched Oikawa’s bobbing head and Iwaizumi’s length, disappearing down Oikawa’s throat (he really had no gag reflex) again and again.

That, combined with the way Iwaizumi’s skilled hand was playing with his ass drove him over the edge. He came hard and Iwaizumi caught it in his hand last second. He chuckled, kissing Kageyama, “just from that, huh?” he said but his voice was uneven. Oikawa was now going faster, “what about this then…” his now-wet hand returned to his ass and Kageyama cried out when he slipped two fingers in, massaging inside.

He knew Iwaizumi came when he thrust two fingers into him particularly harshly. Iwaizumi never
made a noise. He just gritted his teeth. Okay, sometimes he grunted. Full out macho-man, in Oikawa’s opinion. While Iwaizumi still worked on him, Kageyama pulled Oikawa up and kissed him. He could taste Iwaizumi’s seed on his lips. He kissed him deeper, their tongues mingling. Iwaizumi pulled his fingers out and pulled himself up and behind Oikawa, kissing down his back and lower. Oikawa gasped when his boyfriend’s tongue entered him. He shoved Kageyama down and under him, kissing him.

“God, he’s good,” he whispered and Kageyama grinned, hooking his arms around Oikawa’s neck.

“I know right.”

Oikawa gritted his teeth, his eyes closed, ‘‘fuck, I think I’m gonna…” he came on Kageyama’s stomach, ‘‘shit, sorry,” he murmured, kissing down his neck. He didn’t stop to clean it up, “Iwa-chan, I can’t wait anymore…” he whined. Iwaizumi easily manhandled Kageyama so his back was to him and he was facing Oikawa, who kissed him immediately. He felt Iwaizumi’s thick length press against his entrance and, impatiently, he lifted his hips to slide himself onto it. He moaned as he felt himself being filled.

A second later he was lifted and he felt Oikawa’s dick probe at his entrance. This time they went slower, even though they had done this before at least a dozen times. Kageyama still hissed at the uncomfortable stretch but his hisses quickly turned into uncontrollable moans as he was filled by both his boyfriends. They went at different paces; Iwaizumi went slower, withdrawing nearly to the full and slamming to the base. Oikawa went faster, erratically. Kageyama kissed down Oikawa’s throat as Iwaizumi attacked his neck and shoulders.

Kageyama was driven over the edge first, probably because Oikawa decided to wrap his hand around his erection halfway through. He spilled over it. Oikawa came with a moan filling Kageyama to the point where he thought he was going to burst. But then Iwaizumi came, too, and he cried out, coming a second time. Oikawa licked his fingers, winking at Kageyama as he withdrew, Iwaizumi only a beat after him.

A few beads of cum dribbled out of Kageyama’s ass as he dumped himself onto the covers. Iwaizumi kissed the top of his head, “that was good, baby,” he murmured and Kageyama hummed, pleased. It was rare for Iwaizumi to call either of them by pet names.

“I’ll let you top me on your birthday,” Oikawa disappeared down the hall and came back with a wet towel, mopping up the mess on Kageyama’s thighs and stomach. Iwaizumi changed the covers and Kageyama rolled himself off the bed, gathering the clothes and dumping them in the washing basket in the corner of the room. They changed into clean clothes.

Iwaizumi stretched, “I don’t feel like doing uni work anymore.”

“Let’s watch a movie,” Kageyama said.

“Snacks!” Oikawa ran to the kitchen.

Ten minutes later they were settled in bed under the covers. Iwaizumi had the laptop on his lap, some anime Oikawa liked playing, while both his boyfriends laid on his chest. He had one arm hooked around Kageyama’s waist, his hand under his t-shirt, resting against his warm skin. His other arm was absently scratching at Oikawa’s back, the way he liked.

“I love you.” He murmured.

“We love you too,” Oikawa and Kageyama said in unison.
“Woo-hoo, what’s this?” the next day Oikawa walked into the bedroom, a tub of ice cream in his hand, a spoon in the other, to find Iwaizumi on top of Kageyama, kissing the shit out of him.

“You took ages in the bathroom,” Iwaizumi complained, his lips not really leaving Kageyama’s neck.

“Iwaizumi got bored,” Kageyama said, like it explained the handcuffs that came around his wrists and chained him to the bed.

“Shhh, you look hot like this.”

“I won’t argue with that,” Oikawa smirked and sat on the armchair by the bed, taking a mouthful of ice cream and gesturing to the two on the bed, “don’t interrupt yourselves.”

Iwaizumi sent him a sly grin before kissing Kageyama again, his hands slipping down his body. Already, Oikawa felt his erection strain against his jeans but he ignored it, instead eating some more ice cream. An idea sparked in his head and he walked up to the pair, scooping some ice cream and dumping it onto Kageyama’s chest. The raven hissed at the cold.

“Here,” Oikawa kissed him briefly, “bon apetit, Iwa-chan.”

“You taste like strawberries,” Kageyama muttered, his eyes hazy. Oikawa grinned and winked at him, taking his seat. Kageyama gasped when Iwaizumi used his tongue to slide the gloop of ice cream down his stomach. He tugged off his boxers quickly and Kageyama cried out when the cold ice cream hit his hot cock.

“N-no Iwa…stop…” he squirmed, lost between moaning and protesting.

“Nope,” Iwaizumi licked up the column of his erection, leaving a trail of strawberry ice cream behind, “you’re my prisoner and I get to do what I want to you.”

“Wa-it! No!” Kageyama tugged helplessly at the handcuffs as Iwaizumi’s ice-cream-covered tongue poked at his entrance, “t-that’s cold-”

Oikawa swore under his breath, dumping the container on the floor and reaching into his pants, pulling out his erection and pumping harshly, watching the scene in front of him. Catching Oikawa’s action, Iwaizumi pulled out his own throbbing dick and took Kageyama. Oikawa came first, having begun early, and the others followed closely. While Kageyama, still breathing hard, fell back against the mattress, Iwaizumi turned his insatiable gaze to Oikawa.

“Come here so I can fuck you,” he ordered and it sent shivers down Oikawa’s spine. He complied, letting Iwaizumi shove him down into the mattress next to Kageyama. He moaned when Iwaizumi entered him. Kageyama found him and kissed him all through the session.

The ice cream melted in the tub.

The trio not only had a big bed, but they also had a massive tub. It stood in the corner of their bathroom and was big enough for all three of them, with space. After their sexy time, Iwaizumi, Oikawa and Kageyama took a bath together. Iwaizumi washed Oikawa’s hair slowly. The brunette was getting sleepy, he could tell. Kageyama himself was dozing off on the other side of the bathtub.
If Iwaizumi had his way, they’d do it again in the bath, but he knew that out of the three of them, he has stamina made out of steel. He was pretty sure that if he fucked him again, Kageyama would die, so he was content with washing Oikawa’s hair and watching Kageyama doze off.

They sat in the bath till it went cold and later padded into the bedroom, not caring that they weren’t dried properly. They’d warm each other up in bed. In summer they fought over who had to sleep in the middle (hottest place) but during the winter they all huddled together. Kageyama was first to get to the bed so he slipped into the middle. Iwaizumi took the place behind him, wrapping his arms around his middle. Oikawa took the front, tucking an arm under Kageyama’s head and throwing an arm over his waist, tucking a finger between the button of Iwaizumi’s shirt so it could brush against his skin.

“Goodnight guys. I love you,” Kageyama murmured.

“Night, love you too.” Iwaizumi replied.

“I love you two,” Oikawa said and giggled at his joke while Iwaizumi groaned.

“I love you three, good fucking night.” He said.


Kageyama sighed affectionately, pushing himself more against Iwaizumi and tucking his arm around Oikawa, “you guys are dorks, go to sleep.”
My Circumstances Look so Grey

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Yamaguchi (bottom) x Kageyama (top)
Prompt by: Vivid_Zephyr
Prompt: Soulmate AU where Kags and Yams are soulmates but Kageyama rejects him initially because he wants to be mates with Hinata.

Of all the people in the world, Kageyama had to get Yamaguchi.

Honestly, he was maybe second worst. Number one worst was of course Tsukishima, and his wretched personality.

Kageyama wanted Hinata as his soul mate, everyone knew that. They were the most compatible, even though they argued a lot. Their height difference was perfect, they always went home together and everyone thought they’d get together eventually. Kageyama wouldn’t even mind Suga, even though there was clear tension between them over the spot of the setter.

But no.

He got Yamaguchi.

Bland, uninteresting Yamaguchi who sat on the bench most of the time and couldn’t get the team out of a pinch even if he was the pinch server.

Okay, Kageyama was being harsh and unfair, because he was angry. Yamaguchi was definitely the sweetest person on the team (Suga had mom-anger when he needed to) and he was determined enough to learn how to do the jump float. He had gotten them those five points in a row during the prelims but…

Kageyama had wanted Hinata. He had gotten so used to the idea that he and Hinata were soul mates that he didn’t even consider anyone else. When the new year of his eighteenth birthday came and a little swirl – his soul mark – appeared on the inside of his wrist, he expected Hinata to have a match the next day in school. But he didn’t.

Kageyama’s heart had sunk, but he decided that out of the 7 billion people on earth, there was definitely a cool person with a matching soul mark.

Nope.

Kageyama was gripping Yamaguchi’s wrist hard enough to hurt him, but Yamaguchi didn’t complain. Kageyama was comparing their soul marks and – oh god – they were exactly the same. It was as if someone had made a swiggle on paint and then duplicated it.

“S-so we’re soul mates, huh?” Kageyama turned to Yamaguchi, who had flushed and was smiling. Embarrassed, nervous and giddy. Kageyama felt a stab of annoyance. He shouldn’t be giddy about this; he should be angry. He and Kageyama weren’t even that good of friends, “that’s not too bad, right?”
“No,” Kageyama said through clenched teeth, and the gym fell silent, “it’s the worst.” He kind of regretted saying the harsh words, but he didn’t look at Yamaguchi once he spoke them and tossed his wrist away, “I’m going to class,” he said to no one in particular and stormed out of the gym.

Yamaguchi stayed standing where he was, too shocked to even move his hand. Tsukki saw him from across the gym, saw how his lower lip was beginning to wobble and went to him. Everyone else go the same idea.

“I-I’m fine, I’m fine,” Yamaguchi forced an unconvincing laugh as Suga went to him.

“That asshole,” Noya slammed his ball into the ground.

“I’ll kill him!” Tanaka roared.

“I’ll talk to him if you want, Yamaguchi,” Daichi said, patting his back but Yamaguchi was already backing away, shaking his head.

“It’s okay. T-Thanks, but you d-don’t have to…I just…um…”

Tsukki finally got to him, grabbed his wrist and dragged him out of the gym, “I’ll take care of him,” he called to the team. Yamaguchi made it to the back of the gym before he crumpled to his knees and burst into tears.

“I-I’m so stupid…of course I’m not f-f-fine…” he managed to say between sobs that racked his whole frame, “w-what was I thinking… s-s-stupid…”

Tsukki sighed, rubbing his face. He was bad at comforting people and Yamaguchi, strangely enough, had never needed comforting out of childhood, “it’s just cuz he wanted Hinata…”

Yamaguchi straightened, rubbing his tears away with his sleeve. More came, spilling over his freckled cheeks, “I-I’d want Hinata over m-me too…” he sniffed and sobbed again.

“Look,” Tsukki knelt by him, “Kageyama is an idiot, but you can win his affection or whatever. You just have to try, right? Work hard?”

That’s it – he had to get Yamaguchi pumped up. But Yamaguchi smiled at him sadly and shook his head, “not all soul mates get together,” he said, sniffling, “we’ll just be like that. I don’t want him to hate me.”

Tsukki ground his teeth together. He hated seeing his best friend like this; he wanted to punch Kageyama’s smug face for making him cry, “okay. If that’s what you want,” he put his hands on Yamaguchi’s cheeks and raised his head to look at him, squishing his cheeks together, “I’m only saying this once so listen up,” he said with conviction, “you have pretty freckles and nice hands, you’re really determined and your can easily inspire someone, your jump floats are the best, you’re an important part of our team, you’re the sweetest person I know and I’m really happy you’re my best friend, so don’t let him put you down, kay?”

Yamaguchi blinked, surprised, and then he grinned. Tsukki smiled, relieved, “you really think so, Tsukki?”

“Yeah,” Tsukki pinched his cheek and stood, pulling Yamaguchi to his feet, “come on, let’s go to class.”

||*||
Yamaguchi was stressed about afternoon practice. Hell, he even contemplated not going. But apparently there was nothing to be stressed about; Kageyama didn’t even notice him. Despite the obvious tension in the room, the practice commenced as always and no one said anything. Kageyama concentrated only on the ball, looking at no one in particular. The team kept glancing at him, as if they expected a public apology or another burst of rage. And Yamaguchi tried to act like everything was normal. He helped Tsukki practice, chatted to him animatedly about a new manga he just got when they were changing, and when they all began walking home he didn’t even try to talk to Kageyama.

Kageyama was irked. He had expected Yamaguchi to come up to him during practice, ask for a chance or whatever. And then Kageyama could apologise and get rid of the heavy feeling that’s been over him ever since he said those harsh words to his soul mate. But Yamaguchi remained planted on the other side of the court, practicing with Tsukishima, and Kageyama was not going to risk the blond’s wrath. Then, when they were changing, there was literally no way to talk to him. And when they were walking…well.

“Huh? Tsukki, you’re not coming this way?” Yamaguchi stopped at the crossroads where the team usually split up.

Tsukki shrugged and pointed to Noya, “I need to pick something up from my aunt so I’m going with Noya today.”

“Yamaguchi, you’re going alone?” Suga looked around. It was already dark, “want me to walk you?”

Yamaguchi smiled, “thanks, Suga-san, but I’ll be fine. It’s just through the park.”

They all said goodbye. There was a moment of tense silence where everyone observed Kageyama, but he didn’t even look at Yamaguchi. Crushed by the same feeling as in the morning, Yamaguchi said a quick ‘bye’ and half-ran down the road. The team separated.

Hinata wheeled his bike as Kageyama walked by him, lost in thought.

Finally he couldn’t take it. He stopped his bike and Kageyama stopped too, surprised, “go to him,” Hinata ordered, “he’s probably crying somewhere right now cuz you’re being a dickhead about this.”

Kageyama felt a stab of anger as he leered at the ginger, “what the fuck? How would you feel if you thought someone was your soul mate and then it turns out it’s someone completely different-”

“Hello, that is exactly what’s happening here!” Hinata half-yelled at him, “I thought it was you but clearly it’s someone else. The difference between us is that I don’t know who it is so I can’t try and initiate a relationship. But you can and you’re screwing it up because you’re all like ‘WAAAH!’ and surprised and stuff,” he stood up straighter and lowered his voice, but somehow it was more intense, “if I was you, I’d go after him, apologise and then never let him go. You’ve gotten a great deal – Yamaguchi’s an amazing guy and he’s cute too. So man up and stop being all kingly about this.”

Kageyama shook his head, suddenly feeling ashamed, “He clearly doesn’t want to talk to me. All day he didn’t even-”

“That’s cuz you yelled at him in the morning and had a weird aura around you all day,” Hinata said bluntly and then shrugged, “honestly, it’s up to you. If you wanna screw this up, go screw it up.”

And he turned, beginning to wheel his bike down the road. When he turned, Kageyama was already half way back down the street, running. Hinata grinned.
Kageyama found Yamaguchi crying in the park after almost half an hour. He was curled under a tree, his bag discarded next to him, weeping quietly into his knees. Kageyama felt guilty and angry at himself for getting him in such a state when he should have just accepted their bond and tried his best to make it work from the start.

“Yamaguchi?”

The freckled boy jumped at the sound of his name and when he saw Kageyama, coming towards him in the dark, he quickly wiped his eyes with his sleeves.

“O-Oh, Kageyama. Sorry, I didn’t see you there.”

Kageyama stopped a safe distance from Yamaguchi, clutching the strap of his bag for dear life. He didn’t realise how nervous he was until he actually had to speak, “I’m sorry,” the words seemed insignificant and bland in the night air.

“Don’t worry about it,” Yamaguchi forced a laugh, sniffing. His eyes still glistened with tears as he looked down, not at Kageyama, “I’m fine, it’s just stress…it’s not your fault…”

“No, it is,” Kageyama said, feeling suddenly vulnerable, “I was horrible to you. I shouldn’t have… said all that. I was just shocked and…there’s really no excuse.” Yamaguchi tucked his arms around himself. Kageyama crouched down in front of him and Yamaguchi jerked back, surprised at how suddenly close the setter was, “I’m sorry,” he said, “please don’t hate me.”

Yamaguchi laughed, a light flush colouring his cheeks, “I don’t. I still want us to be friends-”

“No,” Yamaguchi jumped at the harsh rejection and it looked like he was gonna cry again. Kageyama put his arms on his shoulders, “we’re not going to be friends,” and he leaned forward.

Yamaguchi jerked himself back, “K-Kageyama, you don’t have to force yourself-”

“I’m not,” he said firmly, and he wasn’t. He really wanted to see what it would be like to kiss Yamaguchi.

The pinch server pushed against his chest, pushing himself against the tree, “t-that’s okay, r-really, I’m not angry or anything…” Kageyama grabbed his wrists and leaned forward again, “w-wait, you said you didn’t want to…”

“I want to now,” Kageyama said and closed the gap between them. Perhaps it was a bit unfair; he was taking Yamaguchi on a wild rollercoaster ride of emotions, but when their lips connected Kageyama realised why they were meant to be soul mates. Yamaguchi’s lips were impossibly soft. Kageyama gave him one slow kiss and then slipped his tongue past his lips, exploring the inside of his mouth. He tasted sweet.

When Kageyama pulled away, Yamaguchi was bright red and breathing hard. Realising what he had done, acting on impulse, Kageyama flushed and dropped Yamaguchi’s wrists.

“I-I’m sorry, I don’t know what got into me.”

Yamaguchi looked at him. He was still blushing but at least he wasn’t crying, “t-that’s okay.”

Kageyama looked at him. His freckles really were cute. Before he could stop himself, he reached out to touch his cheek. Yamaguchi flinched away, “u-um, don’t you think we’re moving too fast?”
Kageyama shook his head sincerely, slipping his arm around Yamaguchi’s waist and tucking him to his side, “honestly, I just can’t seem to be able to stop touching you,” he kissed his forehead, “but if you don’t like it, I’ll stop.”

Yamaguchi’s voice was soft, “I like it.” He tucked his arm securely around Kageyama’s waist and put his head on his chest. Kageyama sighed in relief. The heavy feeling lifted completely, leaving him feeling light and fluffy inside.

A couple of streets down, Noya and Tsukki sat against a wall of a house.

“Are they done?” Tsukki groaned, “I want to go home.”

“Shut up. I think it worked,” Noya glanced from behind the wall towards the park. No one emerged. He grinned, “we’re geniuses.”
I Want You to Abuse Me, Use Me, Shut Up and Do Me

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Ushijima (top) x Oikawa (bottom)
Prompt by: Mellajhhj
Prompt: Age gap AU!

“Oikawa, what’s the answer?”

Oikawa looked up at his teacher, batting his eyelashes innocently at him.

“I don’t know sir, you tell me!” Mr Ushijima sighed, stamping something in his diary. Oikawa’s flirty gaze turned to a scowl, “why are you giving me a detention again!”

“If you want to complain, complain after class,” Oikawa opened his mouth to protest but Ushijima cut him off, “I’m teaching,” and he went back to his equations as Oikawa slumped in his chair, glaring.

“God, he’s so annoying,” he grumbled.

His friend grinned and whispered, “he’s hot though.”

Oikawa glanced at Ushijima. Broad shoulders, slims stomach, muscular legs, visible even through his trousers. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up to his elbows, which immediately made him rate higher. And his face…well, he was pretty young, only thirty one, if Oikawa remembered correctly. Thirteen years older than Oikawa. He shrugged, “he’s decent.”

Ushijima turned, “Oikawa.”

They shut up.

||*|||

Ushijima never thought an eighteen year old could make him feel like this.

Like he’d rather jump into the abyss than mark his essay.

‘What is this shit?’ Ushijima thought, flipping through the pages. Oikawa didn’t even have the decency to copy something off the internet so he could get detention for plagiarism. No, his Physics ‘essay’ was scribbles upon scribbles of the most basic explanations – some of them weren’t even meant to be there! More than half were wrong and his diagram was a box with a label. Ushijima rubbed his face, tired. He didn’t want to make Oikawa drop the subject, he really didn’t, but clearly the boy wasn’t at all interested in a career in Physics, so why was he there…

Ushijima glanced at the clock. It was ten pm. The staff had left already; the buildings behind the window were dark. Ushijima sighed. Right now what he needed was a good blow job. The problem? His boyfriend broke up with him a few months prior when he couldn’t juggle spending time with her and dealing with his college Physics class (they were a handful). Plan B. He dug out a calling card from the back pocket of his jacket, thrown over the back of his chair. Some lady had
slapped it into his hand when he was in Central a few days before. He brought it to his eyes, sceptical.

It was a rent boy ad. Ushijima had wanted to toss it out at first – what if one of the teachers found it, or one of his students? That would be awkward, and would endanger his position. But he had thought that maybe it’d come useful, and here he was; dialling the number on the card.

‘‘Hello?’’ he said, uncertainly.

‘‘This is Twilight Rent how can we help?’’ a voice purred on the other side. A male voice. Ushijima’s throat went dry.

‘‘Um…’’

The voice laughed, ‘‘First time ordering a rent-boy, honey? Why don’t we start with preference! Tonight we have a blondie, a blondie with brown eyes, a red head, a few brunettes…’’

‘‘I don’t mind,’’ Ushijima said quickly, wondering if this was a bad idea.

‘‘Ok, what about skill set? What would you like? Vanilla sex, bondage, hand jobs, blow jobs-’’

‘‘The last one,’’ Ushijima blurted, feeling like a thirteen year old stashing porn magazines under his bed. He quickly gave the man the address.

‘‘Oh, in a school. What a bad, bad teacher you are,’’ his voice was pure sex.

‘‘I’ll open the doors once he comes, so-’’

‘‘We’ll give you a call. Shouldn’t take longer than fifteen minutes and we’ll only charge you thirty five! Ta, honey!’’

Ushijima set down the phone, feeling guilty. This room was where he would teach the next day and he was about to…he shook his head, rubbing his temples. He needed a breather, to relax, especially after Oikawa’s antics and incompatibility. He deserved this. He spent the next fifteen minutes numbly marking the essays, his eyes wandering to the phone, willing for it to call. He really needed that BJ…

The doors to the classroom opened and Oikawa walked in. Ushijima swore mentally but forced himself to give him an unimpressed look.

‘‘It’s a bit late to try and improve your grades.’’

Oikawa leaned against the doors. It was the first time Ushijima saw him in his own clothes; a black tank top and tight jeans, his school ID sticking out of his back pocket, ‘‘is it?’’ Oikawa said, elongating his syllables.

Ushijima had to get rid of him before the rent boy came, but he couldn’t help and chastise him. He picked up his essay, ‘‘this is bad. You’ll have to re-do it.’’

Oikawa rolled his eyes and walked up to Ushijima. He was walking slower than usual, rolling his hips as he went, ‘‘we’re not here to talk schoolwork, are we?’’

Ushijima gave him a blank look. He really had to go; any minute the phone would ring, ‘‘then why are you here?’’

Oikawa gave him an innocent look and stopped in front of his chair, looking down at him. His eyes
slid over the desk, where the ad lay, prominent. Ushijima cursed himself; he should have hid it. After a beat, Oikawa spoke, “you called for me, didn’t you?” Ushijima wasn’t following, so Oikawa picked up the ad that was still on Ushijima’s desk and waved it in the air, “didn’t you want someone to play with you?” He winked and everything became clear.

Ushijima paled, “you’re the rent boy,” Oikawa gave him a flirtatious smile, edging closer, but he stopped when he saw Ushijima’s face, “you’re eighteen and you’re a rent boy! No wonder you don’t pay attention in my class,” he stood up, “do you have a debt? I’ll contact the school if you want-”

Oikawa kissed his teeth and slammed Ushijima back in his chair – quite a feat, considering that Ushijima was nearly twice his size. He slid his hand down his chest and leaned over him, kissing his neck slowly, “I like my job, sensei. And I’ll have you liking it too.”

“Stop. You’re my student-”

“Right now I’m a boy you rented,” Oikawa kissed down his chest and slid to his knees, cupping Ushijima’s erection and raising an amused eyebrow, “and you don’t seem very against this."

Ushijima swatted his hand away, “that was there before,” he growled.

Oikawa laughed, “guess I have my work carved out for me.”

Ushijima grabbed his arm to keep in his place, “I told you to stop. Didn’t you hear me?; I’m your teacher.”

“God, don’t you ever have fun?” Oikawa put his elbow between Ushijima’s legs and leaned his face on his hand, looking up at Ushijima, bored, “you’re paying me either way, so you might as well take the service.”

“You could get kicked out.”

“Don’t care,” Oikawa shrugged, hooking his teeth around the zipper of Ushijima’s pants and pulling it down.

“You could get me fired.”

Oikawa grinned and released the zipper, “you’re the only Physics teacher on campus. They won’t kick you out,” he had a point, “come on, sensei. It’s just a quick blowie.”

“You’re just a kid…” Ushijima said as a last argument.

Oikawa was serious now, “I’ll show you how grown up I am,” he whispered and tugged down his pants and then his underwear. He smirked at the impressive length, fully erected, that popped out from the boxers once he tugged them off. He grazed the glistening head with his lips and Ushijima looked away. Oikawa grinned, flicking his tongue against the head as his hand came to wrap itself around the base, pumping harshly enough to earn him a huff of surprise from his teacher.

He opened his mouth a little, taking the head in his mouth, his warm tongue encircling the tip. Ushijima glanced down at him. His eyes were closed, his eyelashes casting long shadows on his cheeks. Oikawa took him in his mouth, inch by inch, sucking at different pressure rates – once gently, like he was suckling on a lollipop and in the next second like a typhoon, sucking him into a whirlpool of pleasure.

Ushijima braced his arm on his desk, gritting his teeth. He was not making any embarrassing
students, especially not in front of his student who, admittedly, was really good at his job. Oikawa withdrew with a loud pop and smirked at Ushijima, his hands still working up and down, “do you like that?” he murmured seductively. Without waiting for a response he trailed his hot tongue down to the base of Ushijima’s dick and back up. Then, without a warning, he took all of him. Ushijima exhaled harshly as he felt his member slip down Oikawa’s throat (no gag reflex – who would have thought!) as the eighteen year old sucked on him harshly.

His now-free hand came to fumble with his balls, squeezing hard enough to elicit a small amount of pain that, mixed with the overwhelming pleasure from Oikawa’s mouth, nearly drove him over the edge. Oikawa seemed to sense that because he withdrew with another wet pop, teasing his balls with a hand as the climax Ushijima was building up to fell down.

“See? Not that bad,” Oikawa teased, kissing the tip again and sliding his lips over the shaft, licking vigorously before beginning to suck. Ushijima glanced down again and, through a haze, noted how nice Oikawa’s cheekbones were. He reached out his hand, in a daze, to touch his cheek but his pleasure peeked again, making him curl his hand in his lap.

And once more Oikawa withdrew, teasing his length with quick flicks of his tongue as his ragged breathing evened out. He growled and grabbed Oikawa by the hair, not harshly enough to cause him pain, and shoved his lips against his length again. Oikawa looked a little surprised, but he was done teasing. His gaze was unfocused as he began mindlessly sucking as Ushijima drove his head up and down. Oikawa moaned against his dick, sending vibrations shooting down it and spreading deliciously around his body.

Ushijima had no idea how Oikawa could go on for so long without getting tired. Then again, he did this for a living. Oikawa drew his teeth against his head as he withdrew and that was the final straw. With a grunt, Ushijima came, and Oikawa gracefully moved himself out of the way. Even though waves of pleasure still made his fingers weak, Ushijima managed to hide his dick in his boxers and zip up his erection.

Oikawa extended his clean hand, “that’ll be fifty quid, thank you very much for your patronage.”

Ushijima gave him a hard stare but reached into his pocket and slapped the bills into them, “you know you don’t have to work like that.”

Oikawa shrugged, pocketing the money and turning to leave, “I know.” He said brightly.

Ushijima sighed and shook his head, “thanks,” he grumbled.

“See you tomorrow, sensei,” Oikawa stuck his hand in the air, giving a quick wave and disappeared behind the doors.

God, he’d wanted to do that for a long time.

On the street in front of the school, Oikawa passed by the real rent boy, who gave him a strange look.
No Sweet Perfume Ever Tortured Me More than This

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Bokuto (top) x Akaashi (bottom)
Prompt by: Ohohoho
Prompt: Yandere!Bokuto is absolutely obsessed with Akaashi and looking at him is not enough anymore...he will do anything to make Akaashi his.

Akaashi smelt like the summer rain, candy – toffee to be precise, the kind you grow up with - and hot tea on winter mornings. He smelt like home, basically. His smell alone was enough to make Bokuto go crazy. Of course Akaashi didn’t know that. He wasn’t aware of who Bokuto was – he didn’t know his name, his age, where he went to school, he didn’t remember him despite his weird hairstyle…it enraged Bokuto. But soon.

Soon.

Soon Akaashi would be his, inevitably and eternally. Bokuto had come to the point where watching him wasn’t enough. It never had been, but Bokuto liked to lie to himself. It started one winter day, Christmas eve to be precise, two years before. Bokuto had come into his house to find his pretty little girlfriend screwing his asshole boss – as he ran from the house, he shouted that Bokuto was fired. It was snowing and it was cold. Bokuto had dumped the Christmas cake he had bought for her in the trash and cried for the first time in years. He hadn’t cried since his mother locked him in the closet when he was a kid, even though she knew he was scared of small spaces and darkness and spiders and anything basically and he had asthma and there was a lot of dust in there…

He cried slumped against some alleyway, his back wet and gross from the dirty liquid that ran down the wall. It was some Indian restaurant and it smelled harshly of curry. Bokuto had never liked Indian food but he stayed there none the less. The Punjabi music drowned out his sobs and he sobbed loud – he sobbed until his throat was raw and his eyes were too puffy and worn out to produce any more tears. Worst Christmas ever. He probably looked like some drug addict or homeless lunatic, curled up in a ball in the gloom. If anyone was to see him, they’d call the police. Of course no one would see him – not when his crazy hair was tucked under a black hat, not when his black coat blended with his surroundings. Bokuto was not a religious man, but he sent a silent prayer to God to send him an angel who would take him away from this miserable alley.

And then the smell hit him. Through the unbearably strong spices, it wrapped around him like a mother’s arms, like a warm blanket, like the calming ocean, drowning out the annoying screeching of children… The smell of pumpkin spice and coffee, of sun and warmth, of sugar and spice and literally everything nice in Bokuto’s life… Bokuto looked up, entranced, to find a boy crouching in front of him. Akaashi, he’d later find out. He held a warm cup from the nearby coffee shop, steaming, in his pale, ungloved hand and his face was slightly concerned. He was the most beautiful man Bokuto had ever seen and he was speechless; an angel. His angel. Akaashi reached out, touching the spot beneath his sore eyes gently. Bokuto reminisced that moment every day.

Akaashi slipped the cup into Bokuto’s hand and it warmed his fingers. Then he unwound the scarf from around his slender neck – it was red, hand knitted – and tucked it around Bokuto. His face didn’t change through but Bokuto found himself unable to look away. To finish off, Akaashi patted
his head and spoke. His voice was like one of a siren, un-resistible, melodic…

“Cheer up. It’s Christmas,” and then he tucked his hands into his pockets and was gone, leaving Bokuto with his scarf and his coffee. Bokuto drank it, savouring every sip, and it soothed him inside. With new found courage he walked home, clinging to his scarf, and kicked his girlfriend out of his apartment. That night and every night after he slept with that scarf tucked into the crook of his elbow, his nose pressed against it. He had inhaled Akaashi’s smell every night until it wasn’t his anymore, but Bokuto’s, and the man found himself unable to stop thinking about that angel.

So he found him. It took a few illegal means and a few calls to his hacker friends in Russia and London, but finally he knew who he was looking for. Akaashi Keiji, aged twenty one. 182.3 cm tall, or 5’11 8 if you prefer, only 70 kilograms and 7 grams in weight. A student in class 6 at Fukurodani academy, the vice-captain and setter of the Fukurodani volleyball team. He was the only team member not to wear knee pads and his shoes were always white-and-yellow Nikes – Bokuto knew. He came to all his official matches and watched him play. Akaashi’s weakest point was power, but he was very good at jumping, stamina, game sense, technique and speed. His favourite food was boiled rapeseed with Karashi mustard dressing – that’s what he ordered in restaurants if it was available, but he also likes Onigiri a great lot. Star sign: Sagittarius. He had a habit of fiddling with his fingers.

Bokuto soon came to know everything about him. All his habits, his schedules, his favourite hangout spots, his friends…it hit him he was a stalker. It also hit him that he didn’t care. He took the same buses and trains as Akaashi, just to stand close to him and be able to inhale his heavenly scent. Akaashi never recognised him. Once Bokuto had the chance to catch Akaashi when the bus driver brake too hard. It was one of the best moments in his life, being able to touch Akaashi’s waist. After that, Bokuto found it hard to stay away. Just watching wasn’t enough. He was kept up at night, playing with the strands of the scarf and thinking about Akaashi. It was impossible not to. He was thinking about enrolling in his Uni, but Bokuto was already twenty five; they wouldn’t take him for a course, at least nowhere near Akaashi. He found a job which he could do from home but he spent most of the time imagining what it would be like if Akaashi was there…making tea in his kitchen, reading a book on the sofa, sleeping in the bed, curled amongst Bokuto’s pillows…

Bokuto couldn’t take it anymore. He made a plan; he ditched it. He didn’t want to scare Akaashi, absolutely not, but he was quickly running out of options. He wouldn’t be able to take him on a date; he rarely went out with friends, so he wouldn’t go out with a stranger. Chatting him up on the street would freak him out… and Bokuto didn’t have the patience for that. He wanted Akaashi with him, as soon as possible. His plan? Kidnapping.

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Bokuto’s car idled by the curb down the street which Akaashi usually took from the Uni to his apartment. It was a small, secluded street, no lamps. It’d be easiest to get Akaashi in the car with no one around, no cameras…it was cold. Winter. The snow was falling softly on the pavement and there was Akaashi. Bokuto smiled, seeing him. It was like a throwback of when they first met, two years ago. Akaashi was walking slowly, carefully, not to slip on the icy pavement. Bokuto waited until Akaashi walked past the doors of the car before slamming them open, grabbing his arm and yanking him inside. He fell onto the seat next to Bokuto with a yelp and Bokuto slammed the doors shut, slamming his foot into the pedal and speeding off. He was going over the limit but he couldn’t give Akaashi the chance to jump out.

“What,” Akaashi said icily, “are you doing?”
“I’m kidnapping you,” Bokuto kept his eyes peeled on the road so he didn’t crash into anything. He was rambling, nervous. This was really happening, “buckle up. If we hit something you’ll ram into the windshield with the speed of what we are going at the moment of impact-”

“Then slow down,” Akaashi snapped. He didn’t look terrified – he looked annoyed. Like this was inconvenient.

“Only if you promise not to jump out,” Bokuto said, still not looking at him. He hadn’t been this close to Akaashi with him acknowledging his presence ever since the day they met, “and give me your phone.”

Hesitantly, Akaashi reached into his pocket and slid it into Bokuto’s lap. Bokuto snatched it and put it in his pocket – oh my god, Akaashi’s phone. He nearly had an orgasm (not really) – and only then did he slow down. He was gripping the steering wheel so hard his knuckles turned white.

“I know you,” Akaashi said suddenly, “you’re that guy that always seems to be around, with the weird hair.” Bokuto felt elevated – Akaashi knew who he was! Well, a little… his slate-grey eyes narrowed, “are you stalking me?”

“It’s not stalking,” Bokuto said quickly, “it’s…admiring from afar.”

“Oh,” Akaashi didn’t sound impressed, “is that what you’re going to tell the police?”

Bokuto gritted his teeth and said nothing. Akaashi sat back and pulled his seat belt across his chest. Bokuto admired him for being so calm in such a wacky situation. Ten minutes of painfully awkward silence later, they pulled up at Bokuto’s house. It was small, but homey. And lonely. Definitely lonely, without his girlfriend around, or Akaashi…

“Get out,” Bokuto said. He didn’t want to speak to Akaashi so harshly but he needed to get him inside the house before…well, he hadn’t really thought beyond that.

Akaashi still didn’t look impressed, “why? Do you have a gun?”

“I have your phone,” Bokuto got out, slamming the doors and Akaashi followed a second later, eyeing him suspiciously as he locked his car. He jerked his chin in the direction of his front doors. Bokuto suspected Akaashi knew Bokuto would drag him in either way, because he walked to the front doors. Bokuto reached past him to unlock his doors. His hand trembled as he inhaled Akaashi’s smell; his hand ached to touch his arm, hair, hip…but he stopped himself, instead shoving open the doors and pushing Akaashi inside, slamming it behind him. He hooked his fingers around his wrist, careful not to hurt him as he dragged him upstairs, to the bedroom.

“Ouch! The hell, stalker-san!?’’

“I’m not a stalker,” Bokuto said, “my name is Bokuto.”

Akaashi yanked his wrist out of his grip as they reached his bedroom and the action made Bokuto’s heart contract painfully. He flicked the light on, flooding his bedroom in light. He gestured awkwardly, “this is my room…”

Akaashi didn’t look around. He kept his eyes firmly locked on Bokuto, “so, what? Now you’re going to rape me then strangle me, cut my body into pieces and scatter me around various dumpsters?”
“No! Of course not!” Bokuto said quickly, “that’s ridiculous! Why would I do that…oh,” well, that’s what stalkers did in movies, wasn’t it? He looked at Akaashi’s face and his heart fell. Akaashi hated him. That was for sure, “do you want some tea?” his voice was quiet.

“No.”

Bokuto gestured around the room again, “just…sit wherever you like.”

Akaashi sat on the armchair – the thing farthest away from Bokuto, who sat on his bed, dejected. Akaashi began playing with his fingers, the only sign that he was nervous. Bokuto found himself smiling at the gesture.

“What are you grinning about?” Akaashi demanded quietly.

Bokuto sobered up, “nothing.”

“Will you tell me why you brought me here?” Biting his lip nervously, Bokuto dug under his covers and pulled out Akaashi scarf, “that’s creepy. You even have the same scarf as me.”

“No…this is your scarf,” Bokuto bunched it up in his hands, “do you…not remember?” Akaashi gave him a blank look, “…Christmas, two years ago…I…”

Akaashi raised his eyebrows a little bit, “oh.”

“Yeah…ever since then…”

“So you learned where I went to school, my schedule and everything so you could kidnap me and drag me here to tell me that you’re so obsessed with me that you even go to the same food spots and take the same public transports as me – even though you have a car,” Akaashi’s voice rose, like he was going to yell.

And Bokuto felt broken.

He really should have asked him on a date. Wrecked, he hid his face in his hands, “please don’t hate me,” he whispered, “please…”

And then it was like before. Akaashi’s smell was around him, and his warm hands were on his wrists, pulling them from his face. Bokuto looked at him, and he didn’t seem angry anymore. He knelt in front of Bokuto, looking up at him, and Bokuto’s heart stopped, “you’re creepy,” he said matter-of-factly.

Bokuto nodded, “yeah. Yeah, I know, I know…”

Akaashi tucked his hand against Bokuto’s cheek, “and I think you’re really broken,” he whispered, dropping his eyes, “do you like me, Bokuto-san?”

Bokuto swallowed, “not like.”

“Love, then.”

“Yes,” Bokuto whispered, placing his hand over Akaashi’s. It felt good. He could feel his blood thrum in his veins, his heart beat, singing for Akaashi... “how are you not terrified of me? You’re right, I am a stalker. I know everything about you. I know how much you weigh, what’s your favourite food, all your friends names...”

Akaashi tilted his head, more curious than anything, “I don’t know why. I’m just not.” And
something in Bokuto snapped. He grabbed Akaashi and threw him onto the bed, pressing their bodies flush together. Now Akaashi looked mildly afraid, but Bokuto kissed the fear away, his lips pressing to his nose, his forehead, his cheek, his jaw, the corner of his mouth…

‘’Wait,’’ Akaashi’s voice was soft and Bokuto pulled away. He was shaking, overcome with relief and emotions he couldn’t even name and desire and love… ‘’you know everything about me, but I know nothing about you. I won’t do this if I don’t know you.’’

Bokuto fell onto the bed and pulled Akaashi against him, breathing in his scent, ‘’I’ll tell you everything. Everything you want to know.’’

‘’Okay,’’ Akaashi said, ‘’but you have to stop following me.’’

‘’Yes. Whatever you want,’’ Bokuto said heatedly. And finally Akaashi wrapped his arms around Bokuto. Bokuto was overcome with such happiness he could have cried, ‘’will you go on a date with me?’’

‘’Sure, stalker-san,’’ Akaashi said and Bokuto huffed a laugh against his hair.

Akaashi in person was definitely better than his scarf.
In this world there are all types of creatures. You get your common ones – the immortal night folk; vampires prowling everywhere, bothering bartenders (you better hope they’re not hungry); the fae, always classy and bored; the werewolves, running rampant through the forests like little children. The minorities; human mercenaries, occupying bars until work comes their way; the fallen, vandalising churches and generally whining to anyone who will listen; the angels, only popping up to kick the fallen back to their place; the demons, who hate angels and find the fallen amusing (‘they’re not really demons’ they say) and will set you on fire. And then you get the creatures that keep to themselves or are so rare one is lucky enough never to cross their path – Starlight elves, Incubi, spirits and gods. Anything from the fairytales and folklore – those creatures, one of a kind, reside in the Ameribo forest up south. And then you got the earthlings, the shapeshifters and the sirens.

The sirens.

The most beautiful creatures created – more beautiful than god-made angels, more beautiful than the eternal faeries, more beautiful than the vampires… Perhaps because their imperfections give them charm, their normal life span gives them life and their mortality gives them a human flush. At least that’s what legends say. In this world it’s wise to assume that every creature from a legend, story or dream exists.

It so happened that one night two bored vampires were taking a walk to the beach. Their names? Kuroo Tetsuro and Bokuto Koutaro. Their real names? No one remembers. Having the same names for centuries gets boring, believe me.

Anyway.

Bokuto and Kuroo met somewhere during the late 1600s, more commonly known as the Golden Age of Piracy. They were both Bucaneers abroad the same ship, looted shit and shot down other ships, but that’s a story for another time. The point is, they became friends more than four hundred years before their midnight walk to the beach. ‘Friends’ in the loosest term. When you happen to bump into someone every decade or so to go on wild, drunken adventures and eventually end up living together, you don’t just stay ‘friends’. You could call them lovers, but they were not in an exclusive relationship – like names, singular relationships got boring after a hundred years or so. So Bokuto and Kuroo had different lovers, but somehow they always ended up back together, even if they sometimes didn’t see each other for twenty years. For immortals, time flies differently.

Bokuto was born in the 1400s in France, and the longest period of time when he was away from Kuroo was from 1746 to 1834 – when he showed up after eighty-eight years, saying simply that he
was helping overthrow the French government, Kuroo was pissed for nearly two months.

Kuroo himself was born in the 1500s in Japan, during the Sengoku period. He was more than one hundred years younger than Bokuto, but he believed that the latter was more childish. Anyway…fast forward a few centuries to the year 2016, when Bokuto and Kuroo were taking a walk on the beach. They were bored, like usually during these days. Brooklyn wasn’t nearly as fun now as it was during the prohibition period, when Kuroo and Bokuto spent their days in bed and night sneaking into illegal speakeasy clubs to drink the best booze imported by gangs. Nowadays it was just cheap girls, diluted alcohol and boring talk – no revolutions or bomb-plots on the parliament, no wars to fight in and no conspiracy theories to crack. No pirate ships to hop on, no new lands to discover and nothing to invent. Kuroo had become almost thoughtful during this process. He cleared the trees, Bokuto holding his hand loosely in his own. He was worried about him. He worried that if something didn’t happen soon, he’d die of pure boredom.

The sand was almost silver in the bright moonlight, the softly rolling sea like melted pewter. They’d been to this part of the beach before – it was pretty. There was a lot of space and a cliff overshadowing the strip of sand. A private, secluded, calm spot. Under the cliff a few polished, smooth rocks jutted out. During tide-out Bokuto and Kuroo often sat on them. Bokuto sketched Kuroo a lot – something he’d picked up from his childhood in France. He was good but kept his paintings private – only Kuroo was allowed to see. But now…someone was there.

Bokuto’s arm snapped out, stopping Kuroo dead in his tracks. Kuroo followed his line of vision and his breath caught. There, on their rocks, two sirens resided. The legends didn’t lie…they were so beautiful Bokuto’s knees nearly buckled under him. The smaller one was playing with a clam shell. He had slight shoulders and long fingers, large hands and grey eyes that reflected the colour of the sea. His fin flapped in the water lazily. It curved up his body ending with a few silver scales peppering his lower stomach. He had dark, messy hair, half-damp from the water. The other siren was his polar opposite; tall and majestic, with pale gold hair and cold, calculating hazel eyes. He was curled up on the rock, looking out into the sea.

They were talking.

The language was surreal, pleasant to listen to, like a lullaby. Both Bokuto and Kuroo filed through the words picked up by their inhuman hearing, checking all the languages buried in their minds, guessing that they were speaking a dead language. It wasn’t Biblical Hebrew, taught to Kuroo during his short stay in Jerusalem, and it wasn’t Aramaic either. There were no words that they picked up so it couldn’t be any variant of English, not even the Middle English language. It wasn’t Ancient Greek and it definitely wasn’t Latin. It wasn’t even in the language of Akkadian Witchcraft, Bokuto’s speciality.

That would pose a problem, since both vampires found themselves falling for the strange creatures. Just like that. ‘Love at first sight’.

‘Let’s…just watch,’ Kuroo whispered, feeling Bokuto’s emotion through the hand which was still pressed against his chest, holding him back. The raven slipped his hand around Bokuto’s wrist and pulled him back into the line of trees. The language became just a quiet noise in the distance as the two hid and observed the sirens from a distance. After only an hour the two creatures slipped under the calm waves and disappeared, perhaps forever. Bokuto practically dragged Kuroo back to their house and they made love all night long, but both felt like something was missing.

Nearly a week later Kuroo and Bokuto came upon the two sirens again, but the circumstances were completely different. Kuroo saw them first and he broke away from Bokuto with a cry, running
towards the line of water at inhuman speed. Bokuto followed close by when he finally saw what Kuroo had spotted. Both sirens were tangled in a net on the sand, during tide-out. Kuroo fell to his knees, pulling at the net. Thanks to his strength he managed to rip it apart and off the bodies before Bokuto reached him. He held his breath as he gently reached for the Siren closest to him – the blond one – to check his pulse. It was beating, just faintly, and Kuroo knew he wasn’t going to make it. A quick, grim glance at Bokuto confirmed that the other wasn’t, either. Already their skin, sprinkled with dry sand where they had struggled against their confines, was dry and pale under the gentle heat of the morning sun that they were not used to. Their tails, previously shimmering and silver were not grey and dead-looking. And still they were so beautiful they knocked the breath out of the two vampires.

“We can’t let them die,” Bokuto said what Kuroo was thinking, and the raven simply nodded. Bokuto understood. He gently pulled the Siren in his lap up, holding him carefully in his arms as he lowered his mouth to his neck. Kuroo didn’t see the rest as he closed his eyes, closing his teeth around the pale skin of the Siren’s neck in one single, firm bite. When he pulled back Bokuto had already slashed his wrist and pressed it against the creature’s mouth, letting a few droplets dribble between his lips. Kuroo repeated his action with the blond and then they just held the Sirens in their laps, hoping for the best.

It hurt them that things so breathtakingly beautiful could die. So when the pulse of the blond Siren fluttered and then beat faster, and his skin coloured again, Kuroo nearly cried with relief. But Bokuto swore profoundly as he watched the dark haired one’s scales begin to shed like feathers, revealing first a membranous tail that quickly split into two before their very eyes. Both Sirens developed legs, just like that, complete with toes and the whole male anatomy. It was definitely the weirdest thing the two had witnessed in the hundreds of years they had been alive.

Now the two Sirens – sorry, newmade vampires – were simply unconscious, that much was clear. Bokuto quickly peeled off his t-shirt and pulled it over the dark haired Siren’s head. It fell just above his knees, covering the important parts. While Kuroo was slipping his dark blue hoodie onto the blond, Bokuto tucked his arms under the boy’s knees and back and picked him up easily. His head lolled against his chest. When the blond was securely in Kuroo’s arms they ran, as fast as they could, to their home.

Their speed would have put the best werewolves in America to shame.

Tsukki woke up – something he didn’t think he’d ever do again. The last thing he remembered was thrashing wildly in the net, the dry sand rubbing painfully at the bare skin of his shoulders, thinking he couldn’t let Akaashi die. But then Akaashi had gone still and the sun had sapped Tsukki’s energy, so he took Akaashi’s hand and closed his eyes, thinking it wasn’t such a bad end, if they were together. As it turned out, it wasn’t an end at all.

He woke at the same time as Akaashi and the first thing he noticed was that he was lying on something soft, squishy under his body, like a giant clam. Then he realised that there was material around him, covering his arms. It was night but there was a light on and more material was thrown over him and Akaashi. He was warm but it wasn’t the unbearable, deathly warmth of the sun but a comforting, sweet warmth that made Tsukki want to go back to sleep and not think about where he was. But Akaashi was already sitting up, fingering at the short sleeved cloth on his chest. And then his eyes widened. Akaashi practically never raised his voice but-

“TSUKKI!!” he half screamed, terror overcoming his face as he threw away the covers and stared in shock at something. Tsukki was up in a flash and he stared in disbelief at a pair of human legs that
had replaced his tail. He grabbed the covers, praying, hoping… his breath caught in horror when he revealed his own legs. No trace of his fins or scales. And they were on land, presumably far away from the sea. One look at Akaashi forced him to reign in his feeling of fear, crushing sadness, loss and homesickness.

And then doors banged open and two men rushed in. One of them was dark haired and dark eyes, handsome, a little dangerous looking. The other had funky, double coloured hair but his eyes were warm. They began walking towards them and Tsukki jumped up, intent on keeping them away from Akaashi. Having never walked before, he stumbled and fell towards the floor. The dark haired man rushed forward and caught him easily. For a second Tsukki was overwhelmed by the fluffiness of his clothes and the smell of his skin – Tsukki sniffed, surprised. He never had a nose better than a human, but suddenly he was able to smell the fresh, crisp scent of the man holding him.

He shoved himself away and stumbled again, falling back onto the bed next to Akaashi, “who are you?” he demanded, “what did you do to us?”

“They’re vampires,” Akaashi said to him in a quiet voice.

The other man, the one with the funky hairstyle, said something that neither understood and made a placating gesture. He knelt by the bed and Tsukki quickly withdrew his legs as the man continued talking in a slow, warm way. Akaashi was leaning towards him, intent on understanding what was going on.

“Akaashi,” Tsukki said warmly and the man grinned.

“Akaashi?” he repeated with a little accent, looking at said man.

Akaashi nodded hesitantly and the man pointed to himself, “Bokuto,” he said and Akaashi mouthed his name silently. He then pointed to his friend, “Kuroo.” The raven gave a little wave.

“Tsukki,” Akaashi put his hand on Tsukki’s forearm and he gave him an angry look.

“Traitor.”

“I think they’re trying to help.” Akaashi said as Kuroo reached for a square piece of something with drawing scribbled on. There were two people, very well drawn, with tails, covered with nets, “that’s us,” Akaashi said. The eyes were crossed out and the idea was pretty clear – the two of them had been close to death. Kuroo flipped a page and showed a new illustration. Akaashi in the arms of Bokuto and Tsukki in Kuroo’s, their necks connected to their lips, “I told you they’re vampires,” Akaashi said and Tsukki heard in his voice that he was about to have a breakdown. The last picture showed their tails melting off.

Tsukki turned to Akaashi to consult him and realised with shock that the raven had tears dripping down his cheeks. He didn’t seem aware of them until they hit his lap. Then he started shaking.

Tsukki was shocked; Akaashi never cried. But then Bokuto was by him, gathering him in his eyes, and Akaashi actually let him. Rather than giving into his sobs, Akaashi began wiping his cheeks with his hands but he couldn’t keep up with the tears. Bokuto gently swatted away his hands and wiped away his tears himself. Kuroo knelt by him also, taking his hand and kissing it gently. At that Akaashi drew a last, shuddering breath and calmed down, keeping his hand in Kuroo’s.

“Akaashi,” Tsukki hissed accusingly.

“What?” Akaashi sounded tired, “this is nice. I like it. There’s nothing we can do, Tsukki. Let them help us. We should be thankful-“
"I can’t listen to this," Tsukki shot up and stumbled, falling against the nearby wardrobe for balance. Kuroo stood up quickly, going to help him but Tsukki shoved him away angrily, "don’t touch me!" he practically yelled at him and Kuroo put his hands up, as if to assure him that he didn’t mean no harm. Even so, Tsukki pushed himself against the wardrobe, trying to stay standing, "just leave me alone," he whispered, feeling like he was going to break down in a second. Kuroo sighed, not impatiently, and grabbed a chair from the other side of the room, setting it by Tsukki and going back to Akaashi.

Tsukki didn’t even have the energy to follow them, make sure Akaashi was fine. He was a little spiteful, sure. He couldn’t bring himself to care. Tears gathered in his eyes and he quickly blinked them away. It was true, the men had literally saved their lives and now were trying to make them feel welcome, to help them, and he was being an idiot about it. He should have tried being nice, to be thankful, and now it was too late…

The doors opened and now Kuroo walked in, by himself. He was carrying a bowl of steaming yellow liquid, and only then did Tsukki realise there was a hollow, almost painful feeling in the pit of his stomach. He was hungry. Kuroo knelt by him even as Tsukki curled in on himself, subconsciously, and put the bowl down carefully in Tsukki’s lap. He said something, his voice deep and rich, and Tsukki wished he’d wrap his arms around him. Kuroo made no move, however, and Tsukki couldn’t blame him; after all, he had literally shoved him away. But he felt so lonely and homesick and sad…he realised there were tears gathering in his eyes and he blinked them away quickly. Kuroo, for his sake, pretended not to notice and instead produced a metal object, scooping some of the liquid into it and putting it in his mouth.

"Soup," he said and offered Tsukki a small smile. Tsukki took the thing from him and scooped some of the ‘soup’ into his mouth, copying his movements. He was startled by how good it was. It made him feel better while simultaneously making him want to cry. "spoon," Kuroo said, pointing to the metal thing and Tsukki cringed. How was he ever going to remember the difference between ‘soup’ and ‘spoon’?

Kuroo stood up and ruffled Tsukki’s hair before walking out. “Don’t go,” Tsukki whispered, his voice breaking, but Kuroo couldn’t hear nor understand him and so he was gone a second later. He finished his ‘soup’, tears mixing with the broth.

That night, Kuroo tucked Akaashi against him in the big thing that was called a ‘bed’ and Bokuto tried to coax Tsukki in with them, but the blond’s pride didn’t allow him. He stood in the middle of the room, arms tucked around him, uncertain of what to do as Bokuto walked towards him slowly. Eventually he bolted for the chair in which he had sat most of the evening, curling on it, forcing his tears back. He thought Bokuto would be done with him, that’d he’d lose his interest and concern, but a second later a fluffy blanket descended upon him. Bokuto tucked a pillow under his head and gave him a kiss to the forehead that surprised him most of all. He murmured something against his hair, pressing another kiss there and then went back to the bed to curl against Akaashi.

||*||

The next three days, Tsukki and Akaashi explored their human surroundings. Kuroo and Bokuto
took them around the house, showing them how various appliances worked and naming things. They laughed when Akaashi’s eyes bulged open or his mouth opened a little, and they ruffled his hair, but Tsukki kept most of the emotion off his face. Well, except for the delighted, awed expression he no doubt had when he saw the giant swimming pool on top of the house, indoors but taking up a whole floor. It was like a miniature see and Akaashi and Tsukki spent no time getting in and swimming around. Tsukki no longer felt homesick. When he looked up, Bokuto was smiling fondly – at him. And then he was jumping in, in his clothes, and Akaashi and Kuroo were laughing. Tsukki felt warm. With happiness and with something else, something he’d never felt before.

They went outside, too. Tsukki couldn’t help but lie down on the grass in a place called a ‘park’. It was fluffy and cool at the same time. Grinning, Kuroo and Bokuto had plopped on either side of him and Tsukki found that he liked it; being caged between them like that. Akaashi had lain down too and Bokuto took something called a ‘photo’. Both Tsukki and Akaashi marvelled at it for the rest of the day.

A week later they went to a ‘club’. It was a…strange experience.

“Here, dance with me,” Bokuto said to Akaashi, before remembering that he didn’t understand him. Grinning, he grabbed the confused boy’s hands and pulled him into the raving crowd. Kuroo and Tsukki watched from their table as they mixed with the fiery-haired werewolves and the glittering Fae. Their movements were definitely not friendly. Straight off, Bokuto pulled Akaashi against him, grinning at him almost ferally. And Akaashi hooked his arms around Bokuto’s neck; his legs worked perfectly fine now.

“Two shots, please,” Kuroo called and a minute later two sparkling shot glasses were placed in front of them. Despite popular belief, vampires could drink alcohol – it worked on them double as fast as on humans. He put one into Tsukki’s hand and the boy looked startled. Kuroo chuckled – the boy really was cute, “cheers,” he said, clinking his glass against Tsukki’s. Surprised and secretly delighted by the sound, Tsukki followed his glass to Kuroo’s and clinked it again. Kuroo laughed and showed Tsukki how to down it, throwing his head back. Tsukki hesitantly copied him and cringed at the bitter taste, earning him another round of laughter from Kuroo, “you really are something,” he said. He ordered two more round and finally stood and extending his hand to Tsukki.

He saw the hesitation in his eyes but Tsukki took it – the first step to inevitably opening up to Kuroo and Bokuto. Kuroo pulled him onto the dance floor. A slow, sexual song was on and the people pressed on from every side so that Kuroo easily pulled Tsukki against him, rolling his hips so that with every movement his bulge pressed against Tsukki’s. While Akaashi was adorably short, Tsukki was the perfect height, comfortably close to Kuroo’s own. Kuroo slipped a hand to Tsukki’s butt, cupping a cheek and he was pleasantly surprised when Tsukki didn’t run from the touch, instead rolling his hips shyly.

Kuroo growled against his hair and Tsukki jumped at the sound, but Kuroo didn’t let him go, letting his lips slip down to his ear and lower to his neck. He kissed it slowly, as to not scare him further, and Tsukki didn’t pull away, instead dancing in a bolder fashion with Kuroo. The alcohol was starting to kick in. He concentrated on the warm, wet kissed Kuroo was placing along his neck. And then he must have blacked out for a second because the next thing he knew, he was in Bokuto’s arms, and their dance, as well as the people around him, was crazy and wild and left him sweating.

Akaashi was in Kuroo’s arms now, and their dancing was slower, more sensual, with a lot of gasping from Akaashi’s side as they brushed against each other. And then Kuroo and Bokuto were dancing together in their good, established rhythm of countless bars and countless eras, their vampire grace making them irresistible. Bokuto kissed Kuroo and Kuroo grinned against the kiss, holding onto
Akaashi found Tsukki, a little dizzy from the alcohol, and tucked himself against him. Tsukki stroked his hair and kissed all over his face and all was good between them, finally. Tsukki didn’t remember the rest of the night.

Tsukki sobered up when they got home and crawled onto his chair. The others, too tired to do much of anything, stripped to their underwear and buried themselves under the covers. Akaashi pulled his arms around Kuroo’s middle and Bokuto hugged him from behind. But Akaashi felt strange. He gave a little roll of his hips, experimentally, and was surprised when he felt Bokuto’s dick grow hard against his behind. He still wasn’t fully aware of all the functions of a penis but he was pleased he got a reaction from him. He leaned forward, rubbing himself almost sleepily against Kuroo’s front until the raven also reacted. His hand travelled absently to his chest, finding a dusky nipple to rub between his fingers, making Akaashi squirm.

Akaashi didn’t realise his own dick was leaking until Bokuto shoved his hand down his boxers, rubbing his tip. Akaashi exhaled sharply at the stab of pleasure it sent down his body but Bokuto’s fingers were quickly gone, rubbing against his hole. Akaashi gasped when a finger moved into him, gripping onto Kuroo. The raven found Akaashi’s hand and pulled it down until it connected with his hard, leaking dick.

“Here, like this,” Kuroo whispered breathlessly against Akaashi’s ear and moved his hand up and down a few times. Akaashi quickly took over, biting his lips as the fingers – now two – moving in and out of him at an excruciatingly slow pace. Bokuto began kissing Akaashi’s neck and the boy moaned, not caring that Tsukki was trying to sleep in his chair, overcome by pleasure.

Suddenly, Kuroo growled and got up. Bokuto mutely pushed himself back, taking Akaashi with him, making space. With a small yelp, Tsukki landed next to the started Akaashi. Kuroo got on top of him, nestling himself between his legs. Tsukki said something in his language and when Kuroo ignored him he repeated, in English, “No. No!” Kuroo kissed his neck in response, flipping him over so he was facing the flushed Akaashi, his erection rubbing against his back as he wrapped his arms around him.

“A-Akaashi…” Tsukki said, completely lost but not wanting to push Kuroo away again, lest he not come back this time. Akaashi simply grabbed his shoulder and pulled him close, connecting their lips. Tsukki swallowed his moan as Bokuto withdrew his fingers. And then Tsukki decided he didn’t care.

He rubbed his ass against Kuroo’s erection and the vampire growled, his teeth grazing Tsukki’s neck. Tsukki hooked his arm around Akaashi, kissing his neck breathlessly as Akaashi made little whimpering noises, clinging onto him. Tsukki pulled away when he felt something warm and wet enter him and gave a little breathless noise before Bokuto captured his mouth in his, rubbing Akaashi’s chest as their tongue mingled.

“Wanna do something special for Kuroo?” he whispered against Akaashi’s ear and pulled him down. Akaashi was a little startled when he felt Kuroo’s erection brush his lips but he went with his instincts. He opened his mouth, letting the warm, slightly salty length brush against his tongue. Kuroo gave a low groan, one hand grabbing the pillow as Bokuto pulled Tsukki to him, nibbling on one of his nipples. Tsukki leaned forward breathlessly kissing Kuroo, who bit his lip lightly. He saw Akaashi’s head bobbing up and down from the corner of his mouth and then everything exploded when he felt the head of Bokuto’s dick slip into him.

“Bokuto…” Kuroo growled, “I wanted to-” his words turned into a gasp as he came. A second later Akaashi resurfaced, looking a little dazed and embarrassed, his cheeks coloured bright red.
Kuroo pulled him up, smiling gently at him. He kissed his cheek and his brow, “you were amazing. That was the quickest I’ve ever come,” he murmured, kissing the corner of his mouth and then his mouth straight on. He attacked him with sweet kisses until he heard Tsukki moan. He flipped Akaashi around, “here, watch this,” he murmured, watching Tsukki’s face over Akaashi’s hair. One of his hands came to play with Akaashi’s nipple while the other began stroking his dick lazily, making Akaashi squirm as he watched Tsukki.

The blond’s eyes were scrunched shut, his whole face flushed as Bokuto slipped into him, inch by inch, and then withdrew, over and over until his dick slid in and out as easily as butter. Tsukki couldn’t keep back his voice; he moaned so loudly the neighbours could probably hear. Akaashi watched breathlessly as Bokuto pounded into Tsukki, speeding up. As he did so, Kuroo’s hand also moved faster, until Akaashi spilled all over Tsukki’s stomach. With a cry, Tsukki shuddered and came. Quietly groaning, Bokuto leaned his forehead on Tsukki’s shoulder and came also.

Kuroo laughed breathlessly and Bokuto grinned, slipping out of Tsukki and passing him to Kuroo, who gently tilted his head towards him and connected their lips. Tsukki pulled away shortly, only a little, their lips brushing with every exhale. Kuroo kissed him again and when he pulled away, Tsukki was crying. He sniffed, wiping at his tears and Kuroo pulled him close, wondering what caused it.

“Did you hurt him?” he asked Bokuto, who looked worried. He didn’t reply, simply pulling Akaashi to him with one arm and extending his free hand to rub Tsukki’s back. Tsukki pulled back, wiping the last of his tears and smiled at Kuroo, melting his heart. He kissed his cheek sweetly and took Bokuto’s hand, holding it against his as he hugged Kuroo again.

“Okay,” he whispered, “I’m…okay.”

Kuroo smiled and pressed a kiss to his shoulder. Grinning, Bokuto released his hand and plopped onto the bed, gathering Akaashi to his side and extending his other arm. Kuroo pulled Tsukki down, so he was practically lying on top of Bokuto, and then pushed himself against Tsukki’s back, wrapping an arm around him. Tsukki tucked his hand around Akaashi’s, which was wrapped around Bokuto’s chest. Bokuto’s hand found Kuroo’s head and smoothed down his hair a few times before resting against the back of his neck.

The four of them folded into each other like puzzle pieces.
This Isn't About You, It's About Me

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Tsukki (top) x Yamaguchi (bottom)
Prompt by: 8viciroo8
Prompt: songfic based on the song 'Joshua' by Simon Curtis

Do you ever stop to wonder if they love you? Of course you do, everyone does. Like…take parents, for example. Do they actually love you or do they just feel obliged to take care of the screaming, entitled teenager that you become at some point. I’m sorry, I’m being bitter. But…how do you know your mom and dad love you? After you stop being the cute, bubbly toddler, do they just keep you because they’re used to it? Or do they actually love you? And siblings…do siblings love each other? Tanaka-san and Saeko-san argue a lot but I like to think that they actually love each other…but Tsukki and Akiteru…

Tsukki’s always had this bitter prejudice against Akiteru since the day we went to see him play volleyball and realised he’d been lying to Tsukki all the time about being a regular. He blames him for not trying hard enough, for letting himself get pushed to the side. That’s what I do, too. Not in volleyball, no. In volleyball I try my best – I try to become the best pinch server so maybe next year, when Suga-san and Azumane-san and Daichi-san are gone, I’ll be a regular. But with Tsukki…I love Tsukki, but I don’t try and earn his love back, because I know that it’s platonic. I let him push me to the side and I think he hates me for it. So no, I never stop to wonder if he loves me. Not anymore. Because the answer is plain and obvious and its ‘no’ and I’d rather pretend its ‘maybe’ or not think about it at all.

I’m sorry I’m babbling. You probably thought – oh, Yamaguchi Tadashi, he’s quiet and sweet. Well, welcome to my head. Here there’s no filter. I say what I think even if I don’t say it out loud. And I can never say this out loud; the words that are eating away at me every day.

I love you, Tsukki.

I know it’s unfair but I blame him a little, too. He made me believe that maybe there was a flicker of love in the friendship he graced me with. When he saved me from those bullies, and then in all those years later…I mean, you don’t walk up a massive hill, especially if you hate climbing, to watch starts with your friend. Best friend. Because Tsukki knew I loved the stars, as much as I loved him, and he took me to see them and I loved him for it. I loved that for all the could shoulders, annoyed eye-rolls and non-committal shrugs he was able to lie with me in the damp grass and look up, up – up into the never ending galaxy. Just because I wanted to. Because of things like that, I wondered if Tsukki maybe loved me, tried to win my affection by giving me those little moments of happiness. It worked. By the time I was fifteen, I was hopelessly in love. I never had a girlfriend and neither did Tsukki, although many wanted to be his ‘chosen one’. I was naïve – I thought he did that because he wanted to be with me. We spent most of our day together; he picked me up from my house, we walked to school together. We had a bunch of lessons in the same class and where we could we sat next to each other. At break and lunch we’d sit in the library and study to go to the same High School and we’d eat together. We went to Karasuno. The same thing continued. After school we had practice and we walked home together…and then only about thirteen hours separated us from seeing each other again.
I thought he did it on purpose but through those years he never made a move, not even to hold my hand, and I realised with a sinking feeling that I was forever to be labelled as his best friend. And only that. Never boyfriend, never lover, never even a one night stand...my thoughts went dark, I admit. I imagined getting us both drunk and sliding into his bed like some sort of snake, but that was betrayal and it made me cry. I cry a lot. Tsukki hates it but I’m an emotional person. I can’t help it. Maybe that’s why it was so easy to fall in love with my best friend.

And people ask when you look in the mirror do you see the truth? Yes, I do. I know Tsukki’s type and I am not it. First of all, I’m a guy. He throws his arm over my shoulders sometimes, when he’s in a really good mood, and it warms every inch of my body, but the gesture is purely brotherly. If I was a girl he’d slip his arm around my waist and... For a while I was in denial about my feelings for my best friend. And when I came to terms with them, I became conscious of the mirror, of all things. I’m...not pretty. I’m definitely not hot or handsome; I’m too slight to be that. I thought maybe if I was pretty Tsukki would like me, but that’s impossible. My hair colour is all wrong; I mean, who has hair like that!? And my freckles, well...everyone knows boys prefer smooth skin. Smooth, pale...

I blush too much for that. I blush at the smallest smile from Tsukki, because he rarely smiles, or when he says we should just share a bed instead of taking out a futon when I was at his. I snuggled myself to his side when he was deeply asleep and he actually put his arm around me. I didn’t sleep for the rest of the night, savouring the warmth of it. It’s weird, I know. Don’t judge me. He woke up around five or six, realised he was hugging me and simply turned to his other side. I felt like crying. But can I blame him? Well, no, of course not. I mean, look at me. I’ve spent hours in front of the mirror, not really doing anything, just staring at myself. I hate myself. I can’t love myself because Tsukki doesn’t love me. It’s crazy, I know. I’m not that far gone to admit I’m not delusional and stupid and unstable – mom got me a psychiatrist. Mom doesn’t know what this is about but she knows something is up, just like that. Motherly instincts. That’s love, right? Anyway...

My psychiatrist doesn’t know what this is about but I’m wondering if I should tell her. She’s nice. She makes me want to tell her everything. But for now, this is staying in my head. I’m scared I’ll become obsessive. Start monitoring what Tsukki eats, who he hangs out with, those kind of things...

Ha ha ha ha...

I laugh, but it’s actually pretty scary, you know? Then he’ll really hate me. I hate myself already. I wish my hands were smaller, more delicate, more...feminine? Sometimes, that is. Most of the time they’re fine for playing volleyball. My legs are long but they’re not feminine in the least – I don’t have the soft thighs that boys like so much. They’re not packed with muscle either...they’re just legs. And they’re freckly. Every fucking inch of my body is smothered in freckles.

I’m sorry, I don’t usually swear.

I wish I could fully ask Tsukki if he like freckles, but I’m scared he’ll pick up on my feelings. After all, I’m the only person we know with freckles. But if he said he likes them then I’d like them, I know I would. It’s hard. I want to like myself but the more I look in the mirror, the more flaws I pick out, flaws that could be the reason why Tsukki doesn’t love me. I shouldn’t be looking in the mirror then, my psychiatrist says. I told her that much. I told her I don’t like my appearance and that it goes deeper than just the way I look. She says we’ll get to the bottom of why I hate my body, but I already know the reason.

It’s because Tsukki doesn’t love me the way I am.

I’m sorry, am I being repetitive? She says I should stop looking in the mirror, but I can’t. The mirror
is my drug. Looking in it is like injecting myself with Heroin or sniffing Cocaine or smoking Cannabis… it kills me, but I can’t stop doing it. It’s the same with this love for Tsukki.

It’s killing me.

Sometimes I want to scream at Tsukki. I want to yell in his face; **do you know that you broke me down?** He doesn’t. I know he doesn’t because if he knew, he’d do something about it. That’s just the type of person Tsukki is. The others don’t know – they see him as a cold bugger, a bastard, a dick, a… I don’t want to say anymore. My point is, I know the side of Tsukki that’s tender. It’s the side I first saw – he saved me from those guys when we were kids because he has a sweet spot somewhere under that cold demeanour.

So if he knew that he’s broken me, that my heart struggles to beat, that I can’t catch my breath when he’s around, that I find it hard to get up in the morning…he’d do something. I like to imagine that’d he’d grab my waist and pull me close and kiss me and he’d whisper… ‘I love you’.

Ha ha. Funny, I know. That’s so…out of character for him. It wouldn’t work. I know what he’d do, though; he’d sigh and give me a hug. He’d tell me I’m important to him and that’s I’m his best friend. He wouldn’t look at me because he’d be embarrassed. And he’d think his words will soothe me but I’ll go home and cry. I wouldn’t tell him he’s breaking me more, because I’m a coward. I want to show him what he did to me, but I can’t, I’m scared he’ll abandon me…

And it’s not his fault. It’s not his fault that he doesn’t feel attracted to guys or that he’s not attracted to his lanky, awkward best friend. It’s not my fault either; I didn’t want to fall for Tsukki. Sometimes I think it’s all a part of some divine prank. Is it funny, God? Huh? Is this because I haven’t been to church since I was fourteen? I’m sorry, okay!? I’ll go to confessional, I’ll become a monk, if only Tsukki will tell me he loves me. Just once.

He’s said it before, but it’s not the same. It’s not the ‘love you,’ he told me when he were kids or that he says sometimes when it’s my birthday or something. And I say automatically ‘love you too,’ and people may find it weird, and Tsukki might think that I mean it in a way that he does but…I mean it in the literal sense. I love him, and he doesn’t know. It’s like a hammer, grinding my heart to dust, my lungs to rubble…and he doesn’t know.

Okay, here’s the truth. I’m scared that if I tell him, he won’t care. He’ll tell me ‘shut up Yamaguchi’ and I’ll go ‘sorry, Tsukki’ sorry for telling you my deepest worries and hurts and pains and sorry for thinking you’d care. Because as much as I’d like to pretend that I’m sure of Tsukki’s brotherly love, I’m not. Before maybe, yeah. But now we’re surrounded by so many people and he practices with the boys from Tokyo and I see him as much as I’ve seen him before but now…now it’s different. Its heart breaking, knowing your friend might not care about you nearly as much as you care about him. Knowing he doesn’t.

So there. I don’t know if Tsukki loves me, even a little bit, even as a friend.

It’s hard to think I need to move on, but it’s killing me. A feeling is slashing me up inside. I love Tsukki. I love him so much.

**But I’m letting it go** because I can’t do it anymore. I console myself; it was going to happen eventually. We’d part eventually…high school isn’t forever. Tsukki doesn’t care enough about volleyball to continue with it, but maybe some super team will scout him for his height. Me? I care enough to try but no one will take me.

We’re back to the mirror topic.
Either way, we’re good at different things. He wants to go to London for some reason but I can’t speak English as well as him and…he wouldn’t take me. We’d go to different jobs, get different apartments in different cities, different countries, different continents…maybe one day I’d be scrolling through facebook and see a picture of him and his wife and their bunch of kids-

No, he’s not the type to share something this private on social media.

So I’d be watching TV, right? And I’d go to the sports channel and that’s where he’ll be, playing volleyball at nationals. And there I’d be, alone, on my couch. Ugh, see what I mean? That’s why I need a psychiatrist. Because I can’t imagine a happy ending for myself that doesn’t involve Tsukki. I can’t imagine having a job I enjoy, a family I love, a life I like living.

I think it’s called depression but it feels more like heartbreak. I’m sick with love. That’s what it’ll say on my grave; Tadashi Yamaguchi, died of heart sickness. Ha ha ha. That’s funny, too. I wonder if Tsukki will visit my grave. He’s a good friend; he probably will. He’ll write a eulogy, straight to the point but it’ll start with ‘Yamaguchi was my best friend…’ I don’t want to be that. I want to be his love.

Wait, that’s not right. Tsukki hates public speaking. He won’t write a eulogy. But he’ll be there, and that will be enough. And then I’ll go to heaven and kick God’s ass for making me his way.


I can’t be around him and pretend its fine, when it’s not. Forcing laughter, faking smile…this isn’t a game I’m good at. The love isn’t making me feel like there’s butterflies trapped in my stomach, like my skin is on fire. It feels like a cleaver is being driven into my stomach every time he looks at me, every time I think about him it’s like someone holds a lighter to the palm of my hand. When he’s not there it’s like I’m a Nazi experiment, kicked out into the cold Siberian winter, naked, my skin turning to ice, and when he’ll come to pick me up its like I’m being tossed into boiling water. Warmed up; too quickly. The passion is out of control and it burns me. Maybe one day I’ll just self combust, like that 73 year old man.

But before I die I’ll go to Tsukki and tell him ‘I just want you to know you can turn it around’. Because I could live with this burning passion if only Tsukki would take me, as imperfect as I am. That is it, really. I’ve come to an end. I’ve been standing here, in front of Tsukki’s house, having some weird internal monologue, just so I could push away the moment when I ring the bell and walk to his room, close the door and tell him.

I’d tell him I love him, every little bit of him. From his perfectly neat, strange light blond hair, his pale skin which burns in the sunlight as easily as a marshmallow over a bonfire, his hazel eyes which sometimes seem golden, his mouth, always set in a tight line or a mocking smirk, that I dream would press against my own. His long, pale neck, his shoulders, his height that makes me feel safe. His chest, his slim waist, his stomach, his legs…everything. I’d tell him I love his rare smile, his offhanded manner with everyone, the way he doesn’t care enough about some things and then cares too much about others, the way he’s quiet and thoughtful and can feel when someone doesn’t want to talk. The way he has a childish love for dinosaurs and how he will push his dinner around but will scarf down a whole strawberry shortcake and the way he pats my hair after a match and the way he’ll swear just like that, to express himself, whilst I apologise when I curse, even in my own head. I’d tell him I loved him since he saved me that day, that I love how he’s always there, how he picks me up every day to go to school…how he could lie in the damp grass, watching the stars just because I wanted to, and painstakingly listened to me recite all the constellations and point out singular stars…
No, he’s not the type of person who’d like such a monologue. So I’d just tell him;

‘I love you, Kei Tsukishima’. And that will be enough.
Intoxication, Paranoia and a Lot of Shame

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Hinata (bottom) x Kageyama (top)
Prompt by: CL
Prompt: 6/7 years in the future the Karasuno team have a reunion. They're all drunk and the next morning Kageyama wakes up naked with Hinata next to him.

Had it really been seven years? Had it really been seven years since they all graduated from high school and went their separate ways? Looking around the table Kageyama realised that yes, it had. He himself was now twenty five. He was – ironically – the volleyball coach at Karasuno, and ran the adult volleyball club on the weekends. He’d never left Miyagi and neither had Suga who, now twenty seven, had a pretty little girl and a businesswoman wife. He was basically a stay-at-home dad and he took care of the little volleyball club at the pre-school. He and Kageyama ran into each other a lot and they arrived at the bar picked for the high school reunion together. To Kageyama, Suga never changed. He shaved carefully every morning and he could have passed for an eighteen year old easily.

Kageyama looked at his former team members. Daichi seemed to have hit another level…it was like…Daichi x1000. He was broader now, more muscular. Taller, his jaw covered in a light beard. He looked very…manly, was the word. As for Asahi, well…out of the bunch of them he and Tanaka managed to get it big. Tanaka played for one of the big, adult Tokyo volleyball teams and was super happy with it. He let his hair grow out and was now almost unrecognisable. His temper and volume remained the same, much to Kageyama’s silent amusement. As for Asahi, he arrived last with a cap on his head and dark sunglasses, even though it was evening. He played for Japan…like, Japan Japan. His face was constantly plastered all over tabloids and the internet, which made Kageyama feel like he’d never moved out of Miyagi.

Noya was a wild card, as always. His fringe was now dyed red, not blond, and he was a bartender at a high quality bar in London. He flew down to Japan just for the reunion. He was still tiny and Kageyama remembered a few years back how there was a big scandal – apparently Asahi and Noya were having an affair. As quickly as it had popped up, the scandal disappeared and the media moved on; Asahi still visited Noya’s bar often.

Another successful person – Tsukishima, unsurprisingly, was now the CEO of the Suzuki Company in Japan – Shimizu, strangely enough, was his co-CEO. Yamaguchi had travelled the world. He’d just come back from India, which was obvious from the freckles on his face and arms, which had multiplied, and his dark tan. He smiled more now and his hair had gotten longer, tied in a messy ponytail. Kageyama realised that he had become almost handsome. Yachi hadn’t changed at all; she quickly and humbly explained that she had just finished her degree in law in America but had been offered a well-paying job as a Japanese-English translator in Japan. Ennoshita now ran a funeral home in some obscure little town. They all agreed that the perspective was grim, to which Ennoshita shrugged. He was a happy newlywed with a baby on the way.

And Hinata…Kageyama couldn’t take his eyes off his former partner. He remembered the day they’d said goodbye distinctly. Hinata had told him he was off to join the army, which had shocked Kageyama. They had hugged and Kageyama felt like crying, but he didn’t, as he waved to his best
friend, a short, fiery ball of energy, barely nineteen years old. And now…

Hinata had grown. He was still nowhere Kageyama’s height but he could almost look down on Noya. He looked more rugged – his hair was shorter and there was a little scar nicking his jaw. He looked more grown up. He had come with his arm jacket draped over his normal clothes, and it suited him. He said he had become an IJAAS pilot and was on a break for a couple of months. Kageyama found himself sandwiched between him and Tanaka, who was merrily ordering them, Noya and himself shots, one by one. Kageyama fell into an easy conversation with Hinata and was glad that he hadn’t really changed. He still talked with no sense – all ‘bwah!’ and ‘wah!’ and stuff. Kageyama had the urge to reach over and ruffle his hair, like he did back in high school.

“So, Kageyama,” Tanaka called merrily, passing him a bottle of beer. Apparently he was the most heavyweight in the room while Noya was already dozing off against Asahi’s shoulder, “do you have a girlfriend?”

“Ah, no,” Kageyama shrugged, “I’m too busy with-“

“Volleyball!” Suga and Ennoshita said together and laughed.

“You haven’t changed one bit, Kageyama,” Hinata laughed, slapping his back, turning to Tanaka, “what about you, senpai?”

Tanaka suddenly donned a tearful expression, “I’m not your senpai anymore.”

“Oh, right,” Hinata wailed, matching his expression, and they clinked beer bottles.

“That’s enough for you,” Suga laughed, slipping the bottle out of Tanaka’s hand, but Hinata drank his. Kageyama matched him, feeling an old spark of competiveness spark in him.

“They’re shutting down soon,” Yamaguchi informed them.

“Why don’t we go to a club,” Daichi asked, “after all, Noya came down just for this.”

Noya immediately sobered up, “YES!”

Yachi laughed, “let’s go, then. Kageyama, you’d know a good place, wouldn’t you?”

~*~*~*~

Kageyama blacked out quickly enough. Noya quickly introduced him and Hinata to a mixture of exotic, heavily alcoholic drinks, and then they were dancing. More drinking, and dancing again. Kageyama remembered dancing with at least a dozen different girls and, in the end, with Hinata, their bodies bumping against each other in all the right ways. And then…nothing.

Groaning, Kageyama hauled himself to his elbows. He was in his room with the worst hangover of his life. Thankfully the blinds were drawn, making his messy bedroom seem gloomy. He was about to dive back under the covers and get some more sleep when said covers rustled and a ginger head popped up, followed by a body. A naked body. “What time is it?” Hinata groaned.

“What the hell!?” Kageyama exclaimed, “what are you doing naked in my bed!?”

Hinata slapped his hand against Kageyama’s mouth, “quit yelling. My head’s gonna explode.”

Kageyama yanked his wrist back, “what happened yesterday?” he demanded.

Hinata’s eyes widened a little and then went dark, “you don’t remember,” he threw the covers back
angrily, exposing his naked body. The sight made Kageyama’s already dry throat feel like the Sahara desert, ‘’of course you don’t,’’ Kageyama realised that Hinata was pissed off. He stood and winced as he straightened, ‘’and after all that you did…’’

Kageyama’s eyes swept down Hinata’s body, taking in the numerous hickeys and bite marks scattered over his flesh and flushed, ‘’did we…?’’

Hinata turned and a light dusting of pink coloured his cheeks, ‘’what do you think, idiot?’’ he mumbled and Kageyama had a quick flashback to high school, followed by Hinata’s army jacket discarded on the floor, the ginger pressed into the mattress underneath him, his moans imprinted on Kageyama’s mind. He felt his body grow hotter and he grabbed his underwear from the floor, tugging it on, as Hinata located said jacket and pulled it on, having found no other article of clothing. He looked adorable, with the jacket covering him like that. It was a little big on him.

He finally spotted his jeans, tucked under Kageyama’s bed and grabbed them, ‘’I’ll be leaving, then. Clearly-’’

‘’Wait,’’ Kageyama stood up and went to him, even when his head spun, and stopped a step away, awkward, ‘’do you…’’ he rubbed the back of his head, ‘’…want to stay for breakfast?’’

Hinata’s eyes narrowed, ‘’why?’’

‘’I don’t find this situation as awful as I first thought,’’ Kageyama shrugged. Hinata looked away. He looked ashamed, lost, the jeans sliding out of his limp hand, ‘’at least drink some water,’’ he tried again.

Hinata didn’t meet his eyes, ‘’I don’t think I want to.’’

Kageyama sighed, feeling disappointed, ‘’why? Because I don’t remember what I did when I was drunk?’’

Hinata pressed his hand briefly to his mouth, flushing, and finally met Kageyama’s eyes firmly, ‘’look, I don’t like staying where I’m not wanted. And you clearly don’t want me here so-’’

‘’Wrong,’’ Kageyama said, feeling an old spark of annoyance that only Hinata could awaken burst in him, ‘’if I didn’t want you here, I wouldn’t ask you to stay for breakfast. You could stay longer, if you like. I have a day off…we can watch a movie, make dinner. You could stay for the night…’’ he trailed off awkwardly.

Hinata looked surprised, ‘’why?’’

Kageyama flushed, ‘’cause I’ve missed you. And I only now realise how much.’’ Hinata blushed, but he looked a little happy. Kageyama took a step forward, taking his hand and holding it in his between them, ‘’come on. Don’t make me say more embarrassing stuff.’’

Hinata took a step forward, pressing himself against Kageyama, ‘’breakfast sounds nice,’’ he murmured against his shoulder. Kageyama grinned, smoothing his hand down Hinata’s back. And then his stomach lurched.

‘’Oh shit,’’ he said.

‘’I’ll hold your hair!’’ Hinata laughed as Kageyama bolted for the bathroom.
High Stakes, Body Armour, Suicide Boy

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Tanaka (top) x Ennoshita (bottom)
Prompt by: Ceci
Prompt: Tanaka is a bully and his crew go after people exactly like Ennoshita. One day Tanaka spots Ennoshita and he just wants him so badly.

Ennoshita hated his righteous self. He had just escaped the clutches of school for the week and was hurrying home, the sinking sun colouring the sky pink, when he saw it. A kid, a first year by the looks of it, was getting beat up. He was tiny, with messy ginger hair and the four boys gathered around him were laughing loudly. The leader kicked him in the stomach and the boy toppled over. Ennoshita realised with a jolt that he knew them. They were third years and they were the most popular guys in the school because…well, they radiated and wielded power and everyone wanted to get in their good graces. Ennoshita managed to avoid them for the first year of high school, thanks to his sleepy, mediocre appearance, but now…

The leader, Tanaka Ryu, shaved his head practically to the skin, even though the school code of conduct banned extreme hairstyles; even the teachers were scared of him. While the students felt respect for the top dog of the food chain the teachers simply didn’t approach him, in fear of finding the windows of their cars smashed open and their houses covered in graffiti. The other scary one was Kyoutani Kentaro. He also had an extreme hairstyle – his buzz cut was dyed blond, leaving only two black stripes running through. He got himself the nickname ‘Mad Dog’ in the first year of high school and for good reason; he could go mental on you if you pissed him off. It was a wonder he didn’t get kicked out yet.

Then there was Futakuchi Kenji. At the age of eighteen he already looked like the leader of a drug cartel. He was pleasant most of the time which was why he was so terrifying when he got angry. And then there was Iwaizumi Hajime, who seemed to be along for the ride. Most time he looked bored, glaring at people if they came within close proximity of him but the others like to have him around.

He was just standing there while Futakuchi and Tanaka cracked up. The Mad Dog had the kid up by his t-shirt now and was shaking him in the air like a rag doll, before slamming him into the grass. Ennoshita’s legs were already carrying him towards the little rocky area by the hills where the whole things was happening. If he didn’t intervene who knew what they would do to the first year. Besides…Ennoshita sighed.

It was the right thing to do.

Ennoshita hated the phrase but it was as if it was built into his mind from the moment he was born. He saw something bad happening; he had to intervene. It usually got him into deep shit but never stopped him from being some kind of messed up, seventeen year old super hero. So now he dropped his book bag where he stood and he ran. He was pretty tall and his legs were long so he got to the gang of boys in a short time. Quickly enough to put himself between the Mad Dog and the boy and take a punch to the stomach. He doubled over, coughing, and the laughter died. This was something the four boys weren’t expecting and it pissed the off.
“What the fuck?” Kyoutani growled, yanking Ennoshita forward. His face was twisted and in that second he really did look mad. Ennoshita had never been so terrified in his life.

“That’s Ennoshita Chikara from the second year,” Futakuchi said with a terrifying smile and Ennoshita didn’t even want to wonder how he knew his name.

“L-leave him alone,” Ennoshita said. He might have had a righteous radar, but he had no courage to pair it with.

Tanaka stepped forward, already grinning, ‘what’s that, Enno-piece-of-shit-a? You tryin’ to save dumbass Hinata over there?’ at the sound of his name, Hinata groaned and tried to get up. Tanaka pushed Ennoshita’s shoulder, hard enough to have him stumbling backwards, ‘you tryin’ to be some superhero? Hm?’ he got in Ennoshita’s face and the boy nearly whimpered at Tanaka’s expression. He tried to open his mouth but Tanaka shoved him again. He stumbled back and was about to fall when Tanaka grabbed the front of his shirt and yanked him back up, ‘you can’t even stand up for yourself,’ he laughed and Ennoshita winced, ‘listen, you suicidal motherfucker. You better scram before I kick your skinny ass.’

Futakuchi grinned from behind him but Ennoshita raised his chin, even as his rational mind was screaming at him to leave it, ‘go to hell.’ He said, shoving him back. It wasn’t hard enough to have Tanaka stumbling, but at least the older boy released him. Whilst Futakuchi’s whole face froze, Tanaka’s was split with a grin.

‘Interesting,’ he said, ‘suicide boy here has some guts after all.’ He spread his hands and Iwaizumi sighed, like this was an inconvenience.

‘Leave it, Tanaka,’ he snapped.

But Tanaka took a step back, challenging Ennoshita, ‘no, no. Let the suicide boy give it a shot. Come on, then, you piece of shit. Save princess Hinata. I might even let you live afterwards.’ And Ennoshita’s mind screamed at him to go but his body moved by itself. Apparently the four of them didn’t expect him to actually attack because Tanaka had a second to look surprised before Ennoshita slammed his knee into his crotch. With a loud curse, Tanaka went down, clutching his crown jewels. Ennoshita was down in a second, grabbing the groggy, bloody Hinata’s arm and yanking him up.

‘Run!’ he screamed, feeling like his days were now limited, and ran off back the way he came from, towards the school, practically pulling Hinata after him.

~*~*~*~

It was suicide.

Other than Hinata’s friendship, after standing up to Tanaka’s crew Ennoshita gained only misery. They hunted him down each and every day. He’d lost count of how often Futakuchi slammed him into the floor on the corridors, how many times Kyoutani punched him during break and how many times Iwaizumi simply threw his desk over when he was in a bad mood – he literally walked into his class, threw the desk across the room and left. He did that at lunch, too, and soon everybody started avoiding Ennoshita because wherever he went, the crew’s wrath followed.

And Tanaka was the worst. Ennoshita’s back was all bruised because Tanaka seemed to enjoy slamming him into things – lockers as he walked down the hall, walls of buildings if he bumped into him after school, the floor if there was no building around…he never punched him, never outright hurt him (apparently he didn’t realise the force he put into his slams) but it was the worst because he made Ennoshita feel things. Things he didn’t let himself think about, lest they materialise into one
feeling. That was the last thing he needed. He wouldn’t be Enno-piece-of-shit-a, suicide boy and pathetic superhero. No, he’d be gay Enno-piece-of-shit-a, suicide boy and pathetic superhero.

Still, school wasn’t as bad as home. At school they made him embarrassed, made his back hurt, made his jaw hurt with punches, made his whole body hurt, one way or another. But at home they made him hurt inside.

Ennoshita opened the doors to his house cautiously nearly a month after the whole affair. He was building up the courage to tell his dad that he ‘lost’ his book bag – in truth, Tanaka had done something with it and Ennoshita was too scared to ask for it back. So he spent his evenings catching up on the work he’d lost, trying to tune out his parents arguing downstairs.

“Hi, mom,” Ennoshita said cautiously when he saw his mom sitting in the kitchen as he walked in. The pictures on the walls had been knocked down and there was glass everywhere. A glass of gin was in her hand as she looked at him from under heavy eyelids. He had them, too, and people told him he always looked sleepy. His mother picked up her glass and sloshed the liquid inside.

“It’s your fault,” she muttered to her glass and Ennoshita braced himself for her next words, “if you hadn’t been born, he wouldn’t be like this.”

Ennoshita sighed, “you don’t mean that, mom. It’s the alcohol talking.”

She growled and finished her drink, reaching for the bottle to pour herself another, “if you hadn’t been born, he wouldn’t know, we’d be happy…”

“I wasn’t the one who cheated on him. You did,” Ennoshita reminded her. On the best days it worked and she broke down crying and let Ennoshita take the alcohol away. Today was not a good day. The glass hit the marble floor of the kitchen and Ennoshita winced. He had taken his shoes off; there was no way he was gonna make it out of the kitchen without cutting himself up badly.

“What did you just say to me!?” his mother was a shrieking wraith, getting off her stool.

“Mom, you’ll cut your feet-” he tried to step back but he hit the doors. His father barged into the kitchen. He, too, stank of booze.

“What the hell is going on!?” he demanded, his voice booming loud. His wife ignored him, grabbing Ennoshita and shoving him away from the doors and into the kitchen. He didn’t fight her and kept his scream in his throat as his feet hit the glass-strewn floor. He fell right into his dad – well, not his real dad – who bellowed and shoved him away like he was some disgusting creature. He slipped on the broken glass and hit his head against the counter. For a second everything went black and then pain hit him full force as he slid down to the floor, his palms pressing into the broken glass. His mother was screaming, but it wasn’t ‘what did you do to my baby?’ or ‘don’t touch him!’…she was accusing him of messing up their marriage, and he was doing the same to her. Again. They didn’t care their child was bleeding on the floor.

And Ennoshita decided he had enough. Shakily, blood dripping down his face, he got up. He was so stunned from his head injury that he didn’t feel the glass in his feet as he walked on his tiptoes towards the doors.

“Where are you going!?” his mother finally noticed him but she just shoved the doors open and walked out, barefoot. And he smacked straight into Tanaka, who looked as surprised as Ennoshita looked. Ennoshita’s book bag was in his hand and his motorcycle was parked outside their front gate. Tanaka backed away and Ennoshita pushed past him.
"Come back here, bastard!" his dad bellowed, ignoring Tanaka and grabbing Ennoshita, "whoever the fuck you are, get off my property," he yelled at Tanaka and the boy looked at Ennoshita. It took him a second to take in the burn marks on his arms, uncovered by the blazer which has slipped down his arm, his bleeding hands and head… With a roar so terrifying Ennoshita flinched, he punched his dad in the face so hard the man fell to the floor, a tooth hitting the spot next to his head. And finally Ennoshita felt the pain.

His vision swam as he nearly crumpled to his feet. Tanaka picked him up easily and carried him to his motorcycle, sitting him on it. He felt something wrap around his head wound – Tanaka’s bandana. And then a helmet was slipped onto his head and Tanaka was sitting in front, revving his engine.

"Come on," his voice was muffled, as if it was coming through water, "hold on tight."

Ennoshita was weak but he managed to lean himself against the older boy and pull his arms around his waist. For the next half an hour of the ride his vision swam in and out of focus. He must have blacked out at one point. When his vision finally came back, he felt sick. The sickness slowly let up and when they got to Tanaka’s house all Ennoshita could feel was the sharp pain in his hands and feet. Tanaka parked his bike and took off his helmet, and then Ennoshita’s too. He put them on the floor carelessly. For once he wasn’t sneering or yelling or glaring.

"I’m sorry. I got your t-shirt all bloody," Ennoshita murmured weakly. Tanaka glanced down at his white tank top, his abdomen smudged with blood and shook his head.

"Doesn’t matter. Is your vision swimming?" Ennoshita shook his head and regretted the sudden action, "okay. Wait here." Ennoshita stayed sitting on the bike, barely balancing himself. Tanaka came back after what seemed like an hour but could have only been a few minutes, with a box in his hand. He swung Ennoshita around, putting the book down next to the book bag resting against the bike and grabbed Ennoshita’s leg, hauling it over the motorcycle so both feet were facing him.

He started picking out the shards of glass from his feet with what look like an eyebrow plucked. It was slow work but Tanaka did it patiently, his face scrunched up in concentration. He held Ennoshita’s foot gently in his hand and finally Ennoshita spoke, quietly.

"Not going to slam me against walls today?"

Tanaka didn’t rise to the bait. He looked at Ennoshita briefly, "why didn’t you tell me?"

"Why would I tell you?" Ennoshita didn’t say it cruelly, just quietly and matter-of-factly and Tanaka looked down, going back to his feet. He looked a little ashamed.

"So you were getting hell at school and hell at home and- God, I’m sorry…" he said, sounding frustrated.

"Would you be sorry if I wasn’t being…treated like that at home?"

Tanaka looked up at him again, and something weird shone in his eyes, "Why do you think I came to your house to give you back your bag?"

"How did you get my address?" Ennoshita winced as he pulled out a particularly large shard and began clearing the cuts with antiseptics wipes, cleaning the blood from his skin and wrapping them in bandages.

"I’m also a part-time stalker," Tanaka offered him a grin and laughter bubbled out of Ennoshita. He laughed for a little while and Tanaka huffed in amusement, but then he felt something wet on his
cheek. And then he was crying. Tanaka didn’t look at him, taking the glass shards from his hands and wrapping the shallow cuts in more bandages, and then pulling the bandana off his head. Ennoshita winced, ‘‘it’s not very deep, thankfully,’’ Tanaka said and Ennoshita nodded, sniffing. More tears dripped from his eyes as Tanaka put antiseptic into his wounds and wrapped it up too. Soon he’d be a living mummy.

‘‘T-thanks…’’ Ennoshita said thankfully, ‘‘I should get going-’’

‘‘Back there!!’’ Ennoshita exclaimed, ‘‘oh, hell no! You can barely walk! Come on, you’re staying at mine for today. And tomorrow. My mom’s making you tea.’’

Ennoshita was so startled he said the first thing that came into his head, ‘‘you have a mom?’’

Tanaka cracked up, helping him stand up. His feet hurt when he pressed down so Tanaka tucked an arm around his waist and helped him hobble to the front doors, ‘‘of course I have a mom, you prick.’’

As soon as Ennoshita entered Tanaka’s house, he bumped into a whole load of blankets. ‘‘Ryuu! That you?’’ a voice called and as the blankets moved Ennoshita saw a dangerous looking, curvy girl. She had the same face as Tanaka.

‘‘This is my sister, Saeko,’’ Tanaka said.

Saeko lifted the blankets, ‘‘you’ll sleep in Ryuu’s room. Do you want me to drive you to the hospital?’’

‘‘T-that’s okay, thank you very much,’’ Ennoshita said and Saeko disappeared. Thankfully Tanaka’s room was on the bottom floor. Ennoshita was overwhelmed. Saeko ushered him onto the bed and wrapped a blanket around him, telling him she’d kick his parent’s asses. Tanaka’s mother came in and gave him tea, double checking on his bandages. Tanaka’s dad offered to call the cops. And then they were all gone, leaving Tanaka and Ennoshita by themselves.

Tanaka pulled his bloodied t-shirt over his head and dropped it on the floor, digging around in the top shelf of his wardrobe. Ennoshita was so lost in admiring his muscles back and arms that he was caught off guard when Tanaka tossed something to him. He yelped when a packet of marshmallows hit his face, ‘‘I hoard junk food,’’ Tanaka confesses, plopping down on the bed next to Ennoshita and opening the packet, ‘‘here, have one. Fluffy food is supposed to make you feel better. I read that somewhere,’’ he grinned, pressing the marshmallow to Ennoshita’s mouth. He opened it, taking the fluffy sweet into his mouth, his lips grazing Tanaka’s fingers. Ennoshita didn’t notice how the other boy flushed as he chewed.

The marshmallow was fluffy and sweet and soft. Chewing it made Ennoshita feel homesick. He didn’t even try to stop the tears as they ran down his cheeks and Tanaka’s eyes widened in surprise, ‘‘you sure are a crier.’’

‘‘Sorry,’’ Ennoshita swallowed the sweet and Tanaka patted his head.

‘‘s okay, I wasn’t shaming your for it,’’ his hand slipped from his hair to his back and he rubbed it comfortingly, ‘‘I’m sorry about us lot. We’ll stop picking on you.’’

‘‘You should stop picking on people in general,’’ Ennoshita wiped a tear away with his wrist.

Tanaka laughed, ‘‘that’ll be hard with our tempers.’’ When Ennoshita didn’t reply, Tanaka sighed and leaned forward, resting his forehead against his hair. Ennoshita didn’t look at him, ‘‘okay. I’ll try.’’
“Why did you help me?” Ennoshita asked quietly.

Tanaka groaned and flopped back onto the bed, “I knew you’d ask that.” Ennoshita waited, chewing another marshmallow and Tanaka glanced at him, one cheek stuffed with the fluffy ‘mallow, tears running down his face. He sighed and swore, “you know what, fuck it. I liked you. From the start. I thought the way you came to help that first year, even though you don’t know how to fight, was hilarious. And then I admired you for having the guts to kick me in the balls, even if it hurt like hell.” He poked Ennoshita’s side and the dark haired boy cracked a smile. Tanaka smiled back, “you act like you’re such a weakling but you’re not, not really. The others found it interesting how you got that burst of courage so they started pushing you to do it again. I dunno, maybe they really wanted a kick to the nuts. I told them to stop. Guess I’ll have to beat it into them,” his smile faltered, “and I…I just thought you were…”

Ennoshita looked at him surprised, swallowing his marshmallow, “you mean you like like me?”

Tanaka covered his face with his arm, “is that weird?”

After thinking about it for a minute, Ennoshita slid down to lie next to Tanaka and stared at the ceiling, “not at all.”

Tanaka turned on his side, rolling closer to him, “it’s worse,” he murmured, leaning on his hand so he could look down at Ennoshita, “I…want you.”

Ennoshita flushed but, props for him, he rolled onto his side and looked up at Tanaka, “like… sexually?”

Tanaka’s hand ventured to his belt. He hooked his finger into the loop of his jeans and tugged Ennoshita closer, “sexually. And romantically. And just in general,” now Tanaka was flushed as well. So Ennoshita smiled at him.

“Thank you.” He said.

Tanaka growled and got on top of him, “don’t thank me, idiot. I just said I want to fuck you.”

Ennoshita laughed, “I’m good with that.”

Tanaka stopped dead in his tracks, “r-really?” he said, surprised. Ennoshita glanced up at him and suddenly Tanaka felt like he was the shy one. He quickly leaned down and pressed their lips together, briefly. When he pulled away, Ennoshita’s eyes were hazy.

“Do I taste like marshmallows?” he whispered.

Tanaka grinned, “dunno. I need to check properly,” Ennoshita happily opened his mouth when Tanaka kissed him again, letting him explore it with his tongue. When he pulled away he stayed within kissing distance, “you do,” he said, pecking his lips, “really sweet.”

And Ennoshita smiled, but tears spilled down his cheeks again. Tanaka pulled back a little, looking panicked, “I’m sorry! I’m sorry! Was that bad?” Ennoshita shook his head vigorously and pulled Tanaka close.

“Distract me,” he whispered, pressing their lips together. So Tanaka kissed him as he cried softly, for a good ten minutes.

“This isn’t very distracting,” Tanaka murmured, getting really worried. Ennoshita had taken some painkillers before so it wasn’t physical pain… Tanaka flipped him around, pressing his back to his
chest, "here. Let me really distract you." Ennoshita gasped when one of Tanaka’s hands slipped between his legs, "tell me if you want me to stop," Tanaka said matter of factly, pulling his hand up to play with Ennoshita’s dick through his school trousers. Using his free hand, Tanaka encircled Ennoshita and tilted his head towards him, connecting their lips. He undid the belt clumsily with the help of Ennoshita’s bandaged hand and slid off his trousers and underwear.

Tanaka stroked him slowly, sending delicious, warm shivers up Ennoshita’s body. Ennoshita broke the kiss and, breathing hard, leaned against Tanaka as he stroked him into bliss. And through it, his thoughts didn’t venture even once towards his parents or the mess he’d find when he went home. Apparently it was morally wrong to have sex with him in that state, because Tanaka stopped at the hand job, washing his hand after and letting Ennoshita wear his favourite white jumper.

Tanaka opened a can of coke and turned around to find Ennoshita sitting on his bed, playing with his bandages. He had kicked his dirty trousers off and his long legs were tucked to his chest. The jumper was too wide for his narrow shoulders and exposed one of them. Tanaka’s breath caught in his chest. He hoped – oh, he hoped to god – that this wasn’t a onetime thing that happened because Ennoshita had a head injury and was shaken up. Now was his chance to make sure Ennoshita wanted to stay with him.

He slid next to him, setting the coke into his hand, "aren’t you cold?" he asked, inviting him under the covers. To his surprise, Ennoshita folded himself against Tanaka without being told to and without flushing. Like it was normal. Tanaka pulled an arm around Ennoshita, settling it against his side comfortably. The younger boy sipped his coke as Tanaka flicked through the channels on his TV, "okay, let’s see. RomCom is probably going to make you cry. Comedy will make you laugh and then you’ll cry. Disney will make you cry, Horror will definitely make you cry, there’s no action on…" he stopped on a channel and sat back, "whale documentary it is."

Ennoshita laughed. It was technically a safe option but when the documentary started talking about whale families Ennoshita started crying again. Tanaka took his hand, gently brushing his thumb across his knuckles, "don’t think about them," he murmured against his hair, "think about me. Stay here, okay? As long as you like. You don’t need to go to them. And I’ll be here, so you won’t be lonely. Don’t worry about anything, okay? Please don’t cry. It’s making me sad."

Ennoshita smiled at him and lay his head on his shoulder, "you’re sweet, Ryuu," he whispered, "thank you."

Tanaka turned back to the TV, gently stroking Ennoshita’s hair. They finished the marshmallows together.
I Fight with Fire in a Snow Blizzard

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kuroo (top) x Kageyama (bottom)
Prompt by: Snow
Prompt: Final Haikyuu Quest! Kuroo & team evil burn down young Kageyama's village and Kuroo takes him in as an apprentice. Kageyama doesn't understand what happened until Hinata arrives and fills him in.

“This is the town we’re gonna wreck,” Oikawa was grinning, his long, elegant finger resting on the map laid out on the table. His black cloak swished through the air as he turned to his council with a flourish, “what do you think?”

Kuroo and Shimizu remained silent, studying the map. In the corner Shimizu’s cronies, Tanaka and Noya, were bickering. Finally, Shimizu nodded, sitting back, and Kuroo spoke, “that sea-port town is used by Team Good for import of weapons,” he glanced up at the king, a slow grin spreading across his face, “that’s a surprisingly intelligent move for you, King.”

Oikawa’s face remained cheerful, even as he said, “careful, Kuroo, or you’ll find yourself burning at the stake.”

Kuroo just laughed at that. Oikawa might have been the grand demon King but nobody took him seriously because he was rash and reckless. Kuroo, on the other hand, could hone in on his dark wizard power without a problem. At this point of Oikawa’s training, Kuroo would win against the sixteen year old easily. Still, this move was pretty smart. Destroying that town would mean destroying Team Good’s weapon supply. They’d find a new one, no doubt about that, but for a while they’d be vulnerable. And then Team Evil would attack; it would be an epic battle.

“I trust you and Shimizu will take care of scouting out the area,” Oikawa casually rolled up the map, “make sure this is the place they import to.”

~*~*~*~

The sea port town was as sea port towns go – sleepy, full and drunk. Kuroo and Shimizu walked down the cobblestone streets to the wall overlooking the sea. Their horns were disguised under heavy hoods and Shimizu’s wings were tucked in tightly against her back, hidden under her cloak. They looked like merchants, scouting the area. Kuroo looked around. The line of pretty, homey houses ended just as a road started. There were a few people milling about and a bunch of carts rumbling on the cobblestones. Then came the wall, a high, rocky thing. Below was the sea, no beach. A wooden pier had been built – an impressive, ugly thing where ships docked. It stretched down into the horizon.

And soon all of this would just be rubble and dust and ghosts.

Kuroo and Shimizu could clearly see the exchange between Urie, the leader of Team Good, and the captain of a ship, which was followed by many boxes being unloaded and carried off, under the bridge. Shimizu nodded at Kuroo, an unneeded confirmation; this was indeed the right town. Casually, Kuroo and Shimizu turned from the wall, ready to depart back to Oikawa’s castle, when a
shriek cut through the sleepy air.

“STOP THE THIEF!”

Kuroo whipped around, catching his hood which threatened to fall and expose his horns at the last second. A young boy, perhaps eleven, was running straight for the wall, followed by a mob of maybe a dozen, a bag jumping at his hip. Kuroo’s breath caught. Despite his young age, the boy was tall and his face reflected a maturity rarely seen in children his age. Right then his teeth were gritted and he ran fast, as fast as a human was able to, away from the mob. Kuroo felt bad for him – there was nowhere to run to. The wall would stop him and he’d be caught. Kuroo almost wanted to help him, but reminded himself he was evil.

For no reason, really. He just liked being bad.

Shimizu gave a quiet gasp and Kuroo concentrated on the kid again. His eyes widened a little as the boy sped across the street and simply ran for the wall. He jumped onto it, right next to Kuroo, and looked at the mob, who came to a sudden stop.

“Get down from there, boy, and face your punishment!” someone shouted.

“And give me back my fish!” the man at the front, a red faced, plump creature, spat. The boy paid him no heed. He glanced at Kuroo and their eye met. For a brief, flashing second, the world stopped and Kuroo’s heart sped up. And then the boy turned to the mob, straight faced, saluted and dropped himself back. Kuroo physically stopped himself from going after him. He watched, bewildered, as the boy sailed through the air straight for a ship. He was going to die.

At the last second, the boy grabbed the rope tied to the mast with ridiculous precision. Even from such a distance, Kuroo saw him wince as the rope burned against his hands, but he slid down gracefully, jumping onto the deck amongst bewildered sailors. Already he was running again, his long legs hitting the deck as he easily jumped the small distance between ships and onto the pier and past sailors and merchants, too startled to stop him. He disappeared under the wall.

“Whoa…” Kuroo breathed, despite himself, and turned to Shimizu, “you go back first. I want that boy,” when Shimizu didn’t move he rolled his eyes, “to join our ranks. Gosh, so dirty,” he winked at her and dissolved into the air.

It was easy to offhandedly use his power to grab hold of the boy’s life essence, getting farther away from him as he ran under the wall. Kuroo traced it back to his home as his body dissolved. Then he lost hold of it, transported a short distance to his house and coming into being on a chair in a tiny hut. While the houses by the sea had been moderate but comfortable, this shack was a mess. It was large enough for the four kids inside, but the furniture was rackety and rotten. The four young ones stared in surprise at the man who had just appeared out of thin air.

“Hi, kids,” he said with a feral grin. The youngest one screamed and ran to hide behind a half-burned stove.

“Monster!” the oldest looking, perhaps nine year old, pointed an accusing finger before grabbing the two younger boys at her sides, who started crying, and dragging them back. The wizard quickly lost interest in them, realising his hood had fallen during his teleportation, exposing his horns.

“Where’s your brother?” he flicked his eyes around the house lazily. It practically dripped poverty.
‘‘K-Kageyama’s not our brother,’’ the oldest girl’s voice was shaking even more than her body, ‘‘he just t-takes care of u-us.’’
Kuroo looked bored. The table at which he was sitting was scratched and worn. He wrinkled his nose. How could someone live like this? Just then the doors were thrown open and the boy – Kageyama – half-ran inside, dropping the bag on the floor.

“Kageyama…” the girl looked close to tears. Kageyama turned and seized Kuroo up. He didn’t let his surprise or fear show and Kuroo found himself liking him more for that.

“Who are you?” he demanded.

Kuroo stood to his full height but Kageyama stood his ground. Kuroo grinned, “just a wizard,” he purred, “looking for an apprentice,” in a blink of an eye he was behind Kageyama, both his arms pinned against the small of his back. Kageyama didn’t dare to move, and neither did any of the kids, “forgive me, darlings, but I’ll be taking your source of food from you now. Don’t worry, you won’t suffer long. Ta.” Kageyama began yelling at him just as the kids screamed and then the world dissolved. Kuroo kept a firm hold of Kageyama as he went limp in his arms, the rush of his first teleportation taking his consciousness.

When they landed on the black marble floor of the throne room, Oikawa was already waiting, Shimizu at his side. Oikawa grinned as Kuroo released Kageyama, who fell to his knees, already coming to. Oikawa knelt by him and raised his chin, forcing the younger boy to meet his eyes, “you will train with Kuroo,” he whispered sweetly, “or I will kill you.”

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Seven years later

Kageyama slammed into Kuroo, knocking the wind out of him. In the seven years since he began training at the castle, he grew immensely. It was clear from the beginning that there was not a drop of magic in him, but he had mad-good reflexes and a love for archery. It took only a short while to make him believe that the sea port, his home town, was swept away with a flood, along with everyone in it. The old generation of Team Good died out – there was no one to come for him. Kuroo almost regretted destroying the town when he walked into Kageyama’s room to find him in tears, the day he told him the news. He had still been eleven at that time and when Kuroo tried to comfort him, he’d grabbed the bow and arrow, the closest weapon, and fired with terrifying precision. That was still when he hated him and Oikawa and everyone at the castle.

Now, aged eighteen, Kageyama, as a human, was equal in strength and speed to Noya and Tanaka. Kuroo had worked long and hard to gain his trust and friendship, and Kageyama only started warming to him at the age of fifteen. Now, seven years later, he still wasn’t fully open to Kuroo. But the wizard was the closest person to him in the whole castle.

Kuroo grinned as he straightened, “you’re getting better.”

“You say this every time,” Kageyama’s cheeks were red with fatigue, but his stamina kept up, ”but I’m at my limit. I can’t get better.”

“Just cause you’re human, doesn’t mean you can’t improve,” Kuroo straightened, smoothing the black shirt he was practicing with and took a fighting stance, “again.”

Kageyama charged and this time Kuroo was ready. He easily grabbed the boys’ arm and twisted him round, holding him the same way as he had all those years ago, when he kidnapped him. His arms were as muscular as Oikawa’s now. Oikawa was now twenty three, and it was Kageyama who was more mature out of the two, although he often lost patience and bickered with the King. And Kuroo? Kuroo had remained exactly the same, thanks to his immortal blood. Kageyama exhaled shakily,
trying not to wince as Kuroo chuckled, still holding him firmly, “you can’t do the same move twice. That’s predictable,” he murmured in his ear and smirked when Kageyama shivered against him. He released him, “agai-”

Before he could even finish the sentence Kageyama swept his leg under Kuroo’s and the dark wizard toppled to the floor with a surprised ‘‘oomph!!’’. Kageyama climbed on top of him, pressing a knee to his chest and pinning his arms down. He gave him a wicked, evil grin, ‘‘what should I do now? Maybe I should saw off your horns or-’’

Kuroo flipped him easily, pinning his wrists to the floor, and gave him a shit-eating grin, ‘‘or maybe you should stop talking and start concentrating.’’ Kageyama flushed, angry, and struggled against his teacher. His mortal strength was nothing compared to Kuroo’s, ‘‘now, what should I do? Break your human bones? Boil your blood? Or maybe…’’ he swooped down and licked Kageyama’s neck, from collarbone to jaw.

“You’re so disgusting! Get off me!” Kageyama yelled, trying to knee him in his balls, but Kuroo could hear the laughter in his voice.

“Punishment, Kageyama-kun,” Kuroo grinned and flicked his tongue a few times against his throat as Kageyama squirmed under him. And then, on impulse, he tilted his head and pressed his lips to his neck.

Kageyama stilled and spoke, trying to make his tone light, ‘‘enough, Kuroo. Let’s fight again-’’

Kuroo latched onto his skin, sucking on his neck as Kageyama’s whole body tensed up underneath him, “Kuroo, stop that…”

“Maybe it’s time to teach you about this,’’ Kuroo ground out and Kageyama pushed him back weakly.

“I don’t think so…” he looked panicked. Kuroo grinned wickedly and flipped him over, pressing him into the floor. He’d waited for this…maybe it wasn’t ideal, maybe this wasn’t reflecting his love, only his lust but…at least it was something. He rubbed his front against Kageyama’s ass, making sure he felt his erection, and the boy underneath him inhaled sharply. Kuroo slipped a hand under his shirt, fingers teasing his nipples as his other hand travelled to his trousers, pulling them down.

Kageyama arched, pressing his ass against Kuroo as if his body knew exactly what to do, subconsciously.

Kuroo twisted Kageyama’s nipple viciously and the boy cried out, trying to sit up. Kuroo kept him down, balanced on his elbows, and pressed against his back, tugging off his own garments. Once his erection was freed, he rubbed it against Kageyama’s crease, making the boy’s breathing quicken. Kageyama would not be degraded to begging Kuroo to stop – he’d take it, like a man. And he’d like it. Already Kageyama’s erection was prominent, his body shivering in pleasure as Kuroo slipped his wet head into him.

Kageyama wasn’t a moaner, either. He kept his voice down as Kuroo shoved his way in, his quiet, fast breath the only indication of what he was feeling. But Kuroo wanted more, “do you like this?” he pulled his body against Kageyama’s back, dragging his nails against his sensitive nipples. Kageyama jumped but didn’t reply, his quiet whine muted by his gritted teeth. Kuroo kissed his teeth and tugged on Kageyama’s hair harshly, tipping his head back to bit his ear, shoving himself in and out roughly. He slapped his ass and finally Kageyama gasped, letting a moan escape. Kuroo grinned and ceased moving.

“N-no,” Kageyama’s voice was shaking, “d-don’t stop.” His back was slick with sweat. Kuroo drew his tongue against it, tasting his salty, delicious skin as he thrust in and out again, his hand
rolling over Kageyama’s slick erection. At the small touch of Kuroo’s hand Kageyama came with a
cry, spilling his seed onto the floor. He was still breathing hard when Kuroo flipped him over and
knelt down, pulling Kageyama’s head onto his erection. Too tired to resist, Kageyama’s took him in
his mouth, letting Kuroo grab onto his hair and bob his head up and down.

“Put some effort into it, Kageyama,” Kuroo laughed but his voice was husky, uneven. Kageyama
obediently flicked his tongue against the length moving in his mouth and began sucking.

“Mmmm…that’s better,” Kuroo breathed, “good boy…” he slid his hand from his hair, down his
neck to cup his cheek, feeling his dick move against his cheek. He didn’t let himself finish, instead
grabbing the archer by his shoulder and pulling him harshly away. He knelt down to his level,
grabbing his hand and pressing it against his dick. Kageyama’s eyes were hazy, his mouth wet, but
his hand moved up and down obediently. Kuroo grabbed Kageyama’s face, bringing it close, “tell
me what you are.”

“I’m evil.” Kageyama whispered and moaned and Kuroo grabbed his dick with his free hand and
pressed it against his own, pumping his hand up and down. Kageyama’s fell limply by his side.

“That’s right,” Kuroo ground out, speaking against his ear, “never forget that. You’re evil.”
Kageyama moaned and Kuroo kept his voice back as they both came. Finally, he brought their lips
together in a short kiss. He was angry at himself for being so rough. That wasn’t how he wanted
their first time to be. He got up quickly, the clothes materialising on them with a click of his fingers,
“training is over for today,” he announced, walking out.

~*~*~*~

Kuroo gathered the courage to speak to Kageyama again nearly a week later. He entered his bed
chambers, where he was sharpening the bolts of his arrows. He stopped when the wizard walked in,
once again clad in his cloak.

“Kageyama,” Kuroo said, but the archer wasn’t having it.

“Why did you do that?”

“I was horny,” Kuroo said bluntly.

Kageyama nodded, like that was an acceptable answer, “why else?”

“I think you’re pretty. Your ass looked good in those trousers. You looked good, all sweaty and
breathing hard…”

Kageyama put the arrows down, unfazed, “you really must’ve been horny.”

Kuroo gritted his teeth, “I like you.”

Kageyama stood and finally looked at him, “you’re too old for me.”

“I’m immortal,” Kuroo rolled his eyes, “it doesn’t count.”

“Well, keep your immortal dick away from me,” Kageyama said with no bite.

With a slow smile, Kuroo stepped forward, “don’t tell me you didn’t like it.”

“I did like it,” Kageyama said, surprising Kuroo with his straightforwardness, “but I don’t feel like
letting you take me again on the floor because you’re horny.”
Kuroo grabbed his wrist, even though he wasn’t going anywhere, “I told you; I like you.”

Kageyama looked him straight in the eye, “is it love?”


“R…really?”

Kuroo nodded.

Kageyama blinked, “I thought you were going to say no.”

Kuroo smiled slowly, his hand slipping to lace his fingers with Kageyama’s, “and what you were going to say to that?”

“To leave me alone, if it wasn’t love,” Kageyama grumbled, blushing.

Kuroo tilted his chin up, his features softening, “I wanted the first time to be better, but I lost control. Next time, you’ll know exactly how I feel. I’ll show you,” Kuroo said, convinced. Kageyama looked overwhelmed so Kuroo pressed a gentle kiss to his lips. I mean, it was meant to be gentle, but it ended with their tongue tangled together. When Kuroo pulled back, Kageyama was breathing hard. He slid his hand down his body, once, and stepped back, “I’ll wait for the answer,” and he dissolved into the night.

Feeling weak, he fell onto his bed. He rubbed his red face until he calmed down. And that’s when the ginger energy ball landed on his balcony. Kageyama had an arrow trained on him in a second but he was shushing him, not even putting his hands up, “you’re Kageyama, right?”

Kageyama hesitated, the bow lowering a little, “yeah. Why?” he glanced at the boy. There was a circlet-crown-thing on his forehead and a white cape covering his travelling outfit. A sword hung loosely in his hand. Once Kageyama spotted it, the bow went up.

“So its true!” the boy looked at him in wonder, “oh, I’m Hinata. I’m from the sea port town,” at that, Kageyama hesitated.

“You…survived the flood?”

Hinata frowned, “what flood?”

Kageyama’s whole body froze as what he had suspected for years was confirmed. The bow felt out of his hand and clattered to the floor, “what happened?”

Hinata’s face softened, “I knew it. They said they probably lied to you; that’s why you’re with them,” Hinata took a step forward, “King Oikawa burned the village down to the ground. It was like…pwah! And then the wizard – the one whose always with him – flew overhead with that pretty demon and sent a fireball down and – bam! Village gone. I was away by the sea then so I survived but I was the only one-” He stopped, seeing Kageyama’s face, which had gone pale, “sorry.”

Kageyama’s legs felt weak. God, he should have investigated. They had lied to him…the people he considered family…he wouldn’t cry. He wouldn’t show weakness in front of the boy.

“Kageyama,” the archer looked at Hinata, who suddenly looked determined, “we’re gathering a team to storm the castle and kill Oikawa for what he’s one. Join us. You don’t have to be evil.”

Angry and impulsive, Kageyama nodded. He didn’t pick up his bow. He didn’t want it. He didn’t
want the clothes on his back that they had given him. And Kuroo... he had told him he loved him, but it all had been a lie. Well, not the love, maybe. But everything else. He thought about the kids he’d taken care of his whole life, the orphans... burning, screeching. His beloved town in flames. The wall, standing guard over the city, reduced to nothing. Ashes in the air that he had jumped through countless times, to plunge into the ocean or onto a ship. His home, annihilated...

Kageyama was already halfway to the balcony, and Hinata was beginning to climb down.

“What’s this team?” Kageyama’s voice was hollow but Hinata grinned.

“Team Good – reborn.”

~*~*~*~

Kuroo was heartbroken. He had wondered what happened to Kageyama – searched his room, found his bow on the floor but other than that, everything was untouched... he wandered the snowy plains of the hills surrounding the castle, thinking he might have gotten lost. He searched for his life bond but it wasn’t there and he feared Kageyama was dead. Either way, he was gone. For months Oikawa couldn’t coax Kuroo out of his room, once he gave up hope.

And now he knew where Kageyama went.

The wizard appeared first. A white one, with blond hair and cat eyes, his robe so white it melted with the snow around him. He clutched his staff in his hand, but his face was devoid of emotion. He was short, as was the little fire-haired hero next to him. They contrasted with the two tall men that appeared next. A knight, Iwaizumi; Kuroo heard he had been friends with Oikawa once. And a huge, white haired man. Despite the freezing air he barely had anything to cover him.

Kuroo was next to Oikawa, who stood in a line with Shimizu, Noya and Tanaka, grinning, He was ready for them; the new Team Good had triggered every safety alarm they had on the mountain, but apparently that was their intention. Kuroo didn’t feel pumped up, but he watched Team Good file into a line anyway.

And then Kageyama came into view.

Kuroo felt everything slow down, even the snowflakes in the air as their eyes met, like all those years ago. He wore different things now – a green cape and a navy tunic. His hands were covered with leather and a new bow was ready in his hand. And Kuroo could have cried, because Kageyama wasn’t dead and it must have been the White Wizard’s magic that kept Kuroo from detecting the love of his life. And as Kageyama took his place between the wizard and the knight, Kuroo’s heart shattered.

He heard Oikawa’s order and he charged. He wanted to kill them all for taking Kageyama from him. He wanted to kill Kageyama, for leaving him after he finally confessed his feelings. Even if it was justified; even if Kuroo was the bad guy here and everywhere else. But he stopped himself from going for Kageyama. Instead, he ran through the snow towards the white wizard, who’d be the hardest to take out. A fireball grew in his hand as he threw it at the white wizard. The boy calmly moved his staff and the fire changed course, changing into water mid air and wrapping around Kuroo’s legs, freezing over immediately. Tactics.

Kuroo kissed his teeth, willing the ice to melt. This all happened in the span of five seconds and he was running towards the wizard again, extending his hand. An invisible hand grabbed the boy by the throat, raising him in the air but he smashed his staff straight down. It shattered the invisible arm and the boy fell. As he went down, his hand shot out, sending a surge of power at Kuroo. He barely
managed to block it. In the next instant, the ginger hero was on him. Kuroo touched the snow, awakening an icy monster which formed from the snow and roared at the hero. He paled but raised his sword.

Kuroo didn’t see the rest, as the White Wizard was upon him. He touched him arm which immediately went limp and danced out of the way as Kuroo slammed out his hand, sending a wave of fire towards him. He dodged it easily, raising his staff again. Kuroo took a split second to glance around. Kageyama was out of arrows and had drawn a sword, fighting against Oikawa. Iwaizumi was helping him. Noya was down, an arrow sticking out of his throat. Shimizu had one through her side and Tanaka had stopped fighting to help her. The little hero was nimbly avoiding Kuroo’s ice monster, and the wizard had trouble fighting his counterpart and keeping the monster up. The gigantic knight barrelled towards the ginger hero, helping him with the monster. Kuroo turned to the White Wizard and took an icy blast to the chest. He fell back into the snow and the boy raised his staff once more.

The staff…

With a battle cry, feeling anger and frustration surge up in his chest, Kuroo willed an icy blade, formed from the snow in seconds, towards him. The boy looked slightly surprised when the blade slashed through his arm, which fell limply to the snow, the staff still in it. His stump spurting blood, the boy cried out. Kuroo clicked his fingers and the staff, as well as the wizard’s arm, were set on fire and turned into dust. Now the White Wizard looked truly terrified. One blow would be all that it would take-

“Stop!” Kageyama yelled and everyone froze. Kuroo turned, slowly, and blanched. Oikawa was on his knees and Kageyama’s sword was at his throat as Iwaizumi stood by him, watching grimly. Kageyama looked right at Kuroo, his eyes like icy daggers, “this is for my home,” he snarled and swept the sword in the air. Kuroo cried out for him to stop.

Oikawa and Kageyama bickered a lot, sometimes even fought, because they were both competitive, but when it came down to it, they were brothers. They ate dinner together every night with the rest of Team Evil, planned their next move, trained while yelling insults and laughing…

The sword came down, severing Oikawa’s head and Kuroo’s world ended in the next five minutes.

He watched in shock as the invincible King’s head rolled on the snow. And then, in a flash, the blood that was spurting from his neck turned black and shot out in four deadly spikes. The first one got Iwaizumi straight in the chest. He spluttered, surprised, as blood trickled from the corner of his mouth. The next impaled the White Wizard who, already having lost a lot of blood toppled down, dead. The two last ones got the little hero and his huge friend. The giant looked surprised at the black spike sticking out of his chest. He grabbed it, grunting as he pulled it out and fell to his knees as the blood gushed out. The hero, being tiny, sailed through the air, lost in the blizzard that was already beginning to move the snow.

Just like that, Team Good was dead.

Kageyama stared at his friends in shock, all bloody and very much dead. Oikawa’s body fell into the snow and dissolved into a black puddle and still Kageyama didn’t move. And Kuroo thought that he would fix it, so he stepped towards him.

“Kageyama,” he said gently, “let’s go home, okay? It’s over. They got what they wanted.”

“And what they deserved,” Tanaka snarled, looking at his best friend’s body. Shimizu said nothing.
Kuroo was getting desperate, extending his hand to Kageyama, who was looking at him with so much raw pain Kuroo felt like crying, ‘’Please, Kageyama. Let it be like it was before. Let’s forget all this. You still haven’t given me an answer…’’

‘’Here’s my answer,’’ Kageyama said and his voice was strong. And then he reached for Iwaizumi’s sword, slammed it into the snow hilt-first and threw himself down. The blade pierced his heart and Kuroo screamed.

~*~*~*~

Kuroo sat atop the throne – Oikawa’s throne – looking down at the marble floor. Had it always been so cold in this castle?

Tanaka stood by the throne grimly. Now that Noya wasn’t there, he had no one to talk to. Shimizu stood on his other side. The three of them; the remains of Team Evil. They had annihilated Team Good so why did it feel so bad? Kuroo had long stopped crying over Kageyama but now his immortal life was really starting to feel like an eternity.

‘’Your majesty,’’ Tanaka spoke finally, his voice hollow, ‘’what do you want to do now?’’

Kuroo thought about it. His Kageyama was dead, buried in the snow, and out there towns flourished, couples laughed, flowers grew, life continued…that was wrong. They should mourn his lover. They should…

A slow grin spread across Kuroo’s face. Manic. He stood, his cape swishing. Oikawa’s cape. He looked at the empty throne room, about to run with blood.

True evil was about to be born.
Being a few hundred years old was hard.

Once again Tsukki found himself staring out of the window at the cold autumn forest of bare, gnarled trees and frozen grass. The golden and scarlet leaves had fallen a long time ago, shrivelling up on the ground. Tsukki was disenchanted by it all. It didn’t make him happy to watch seasons go by, to visit different countries, to do crazy stuff…he almost wish he could age and die, and not be an immortal vampire. Even the tea, sitting in his hand, growing cold, didn’t interest him. He’d been drinking the same tea for centuries. He’d been everywhere – on the Nina in 1492, during the discovery of America, in England during the roaring twenties and in France during the cold, long years of world war one. He’d climbed mount Everest, been to Machu Picchu, to the pyramids of Giza, the Angor Wat, Stonehenge, the Easter Islands, the Taj Mahal… he’d even walked along the Great Wall of China.

He’d been married to the same person for nearly three hundred years.

Tsukki loved Kuroo with his whole immortal heart, but lately their marriage had been strained. People loved each other for eighty years, if that, rarely more, and then they died, Kuroo and Tsukki had stayed by each other’s sides without cheating or divorcing for three hundred years, but Tsukki wondered if either of them had a limit. Cradling his cup in his hands, he contemplated running away and starting on some wild, reckless adventure, but the prospect didn’t excite him.

Hinata bundled down the stairs, skipping two at a time. He was still young, barely a hundred, turned at the age of sixteen. Tsukki envied his omnipresent energy and happiness with life that had grown dull for the pureblood.

“Happy Halloween!” Hinata yelled as Kageyama slowly made his way down the stairs of the clan’s mansion in the forest, “we’re going trick or treating.”

“You mean you’re going to go bite children,” Tsukki said in a bored tone and Hinata grinned at him, exposing his fangs. Yamaguchi came downstairs. He looked young, having been turned at barely fourteen, but he was almost as old as Tsukki. They’d know each other for longer than Tsukki cared to remember.

“Yamaguchi, are you coming with us?” Hinata pulled his trainers on excitedly but Yamaguchi shook his head, reaching into the fridge and pulling out a bag of blood. He tossed it in the microwave.

“Tsukki, wanna binge watch Scream Queens with me?”
“I’m good,” Tsukki sipped his tea. It was cold. As Vampires they could drink what they wanted – coffee, alcohol or blood. They couldn’t eat normal food, though. It tasted like ash but the vampires enjoyed a nice cup of tea, especially Tsukki who had spent a few decades in England and Japan. The microwave beeped and Yamaguchi grabbed his warmed blood, bounding up the stairs with vampire grace (he was still the least graceful of all of them) with a quick ‘happy Halloween’.

Tsukki sighed as Kageyama and Hinata headed out, slamming the doors loudly, and set his cold tea down. Kuroo was out again, looking for something to occupy him. There was only a limited amount of times they could have sex in a day and Tsukki feared soon neither of them would find pleasure in their routine activities anymore. It was like being an old person stuck in a teenager’s body – a strong body, with a tired, weary mind. Tsukki guessed he had to ‘settle down’ as the humans said but…he was settled. He’d lived in the clan’s house for nearly fifty years, and for a while he had been happy. He and Kuroo had created their own clan – Tsukki sired Hinata and Kageyama. Yamaguchi popped up and Tsukki welcomed his old friend into their clan. And Kuroo turned Lev…

Speaking of Lev…the boy appeared at the bottom of the stairs. He was so tall and lanky he look more like a spider than a vampire, but his smile was genuine.

“Tsukki, do you want to go on a walk?”

Tsukki knew what that meant – Lev was asking if he wanted to go out and drain someone. Between the cup of tea and bland view from the window Tsukki had nothing better to do so he put his cup in the sink and slipped on his shoes. The walk down the hill to the small town was boring, as always. It was cold but neither vampire felt it. Lev had only just been sired by Kuroo a year prior, and he was still excited by everything. He was a little bundle of joy, thinking about his next meal, while Tsukki trudged on the frozen mud. Winter was coming. He wasn’t even looking forward to Christmas. There were a limited number of presents one could receive before it lost its charm.

The pureblood watched Lev with contempt. His over-excitement was annoying him. There was nothing new or fun about going down to the town to drink the blood of innocents. Tsukki knew he was being a hypocrite; Lev only knew the wonderful taste of blood for a year, but…well, today was Halloween, and all the monsters were coming out. At least Tsukki could give Lev his fun.

They arrived at the town quicker than it would take a human and walked down the boulevard. It was mostly deserted because it was cold and kids were at home, preparing for trick or treating. The fledgling was looking around, trying to find someone who wasn’t a filthy druggie or a wrinkled prune to drink from. Tsukki heard a laugh and he turned, nudging Lev towards a little dirty alleyway between a chip shop and a closed clothes store. They entered the gloom casually, following the dark road to where a young couple stood. The mother was laughing loudly, holding a baby in her arms. Her husband was taking a piss against the wall, cackling.

Disgusting.

Lev was already licking his lips, his eyes flicking up and down the woman’s body, judging how much blood coursed through her veins. The man hid his dick in his pants and turned. The baby wailed shortly and Tsukki’s eyes slid to him. All he saw was a tiny, pink hand poking from the bundles tied around the baby. That tiny hand…a new life. The man reached for his baby without washing his hands.

Tsukki moved in a flash, grabbing the baby from the woman’s arms and returning to Lev’s side before she could even blink. She shrieked and Lev cackled madly, his green eyes flooding with red. But Tsukki didn’t look at them; his eyes were glued to the baby in his arms, staring at him curiously. He had hazel eyes, like Tsukki, and his hair was as dark as Kuroo…in general, he looked similar to the two purebloods. He could have been their son. Feeling in awe for the first time in years, Tsukki
extended his finger and the baby grasped it.

“‘My baby!’” the woman wailed but made no move towards him, freaked out by the vampire-eyes, “this isn’t funny! We know they’re contact lenses—’’

‘‘Lev,’’ Tsukki said offhandedly, ‘‘enjoy the meal.’’

Lev ripped the parents to shreds, feasting on their blood. Uninterested, Tsukki turned from him, watching the cooing baby. Lev was done not five minutes later, wiping his blood lips on his sleeve. He frowned at the baby in Tsukki’s arms.

“‘Snack?’”

“‘No,’’ Tsukki said simply and started walking. Lev’s frown remained in place as he ran after the pureblood.

‘‘What do you need a human baby for?’’ Lev said as they hurried towards the forest. Tsukki simply shrugged, mesmerised by the baby’s big eyes and curious gaze. His hands, still locked around Tsukki’s finger, were cut too, “just leave him here, Tsukishima,” the fledgling gestured to the trees that closed around them, “the wolves will make quick work of him.”

‘‘No,’’ Tsukki said, his voice coming out sharp. Lev grimaced but his instincts commanded him to listen to the pureblood, so he kept his mouth shut as they walked up to their house, hidden behind trees. The parents of the child – or what remained of them – but the people would blame an animal. If they ever found the clan’s house, the vampires would have a feast.

The little boy in Tsukki’s arms closed his eyes, dozing off. Tsukishima already knew what he’d call him, ‘‘Happy Halloween, Kenma.’’

~*~*~*~

Kuroo had been as disinterested and offhanded with baby Kenma as he was with everything else these days. He gave his husband an uncommitted smile and a wave as he presented the baby to him when he returned the next day, not particularly fond of a squealing human babe but not wanting to hurt Tsukki’s feelings. In a matter of hours Tsukki became attached to Kenma – something that too Kuroo nearly ten years (along with being super strong and super fast, Tsukki was also super stubborn). The pureblood glared at any of the vampires who tried to get near his baby.

“‘Can we eat him?’’ Hinata asked eagerly.

“‘No,’’ Tsukki snapped, cradling Kenma protectively to his chest. It was the first time he felt protective over something, “the baby stays.’’

‘‘Like…’’ Kageyama drawled, “forever?’’

‘‘For as long as I say.’’

‘‘What about Kuroo-’’

“I don’t need his permission,’” Tsukki felt a growing irritation, glaring at Yamaguchi who put his hands up in the air defensively. He forced his voice to soften despite his growing annoyance, “find me some food.’’

No one dared to tell him there was none home. Kageyama wisely ran to the shops and returned ten minutes later with a bag filled with various foods. Tsukki grabbed an apple and the other watched,
interested, as he calmly cut a piece off with a kitchen knife and pressed it against the baby’s lips. The baby cringed and started crying, the juice dribbling down his chin, “’Shit. What do human babies eat?’”

“’Maybe the eat-‘” Hinata stopped himself, “’actually, no.’”

“Uh…the same things adults eat?’” Yamaguchi shrugged.

“’Maybe the apple is too hard for him,” Kageyama offered, arms crossed, brows furrowed like this was truly a mystery.

“’Maybe try the yogurt,’” Lev said, passing him a spoon. Tsukki obediently opened a little yoghurt and scooped some into Kenma’s mouth. The baby made a little happy noise, slapping his lips together. Tsukki smiled, his heart warming.

In the weeks following Halloween Tsukki had the whole house baby-proofed. The sharp edges of tables and cupboards were capped with plastic lids so Kenma wouldn’t hurt himself. All sharp objects were hidden, including the fangs of the fledglings. Soon there were baby toys scattered everywhere. Thankfully Kenma was a relatively quiet child.

Kuroo didn’t want him, that much was clear, but Tsukki wasn’t going to give up his little bit of happiness. Every day with Kenma was filled with surprises from the baby, first learning about life. It was refreshing. And then, nearly four months since Tsukki nicked the baby Hinata appeared in his doors, where he was folding Kenma’s clothes. He looked pale, even for a vampire.

“’Tsukki…”’

Tsukki glanced up sharply, hearing the apology in his voice, “’what is it?’”

“’The baby…” Hinata looked like he was going to faint, “’I can’t find him…”’

“’WHAT!?’” Tsukki roared, leaping up and shoving Hinata away. He ran down the stairs, bellowing for the whole house to hear, “’if anyone touches Kenma with even half a fang, you’re losing your dicks! He’s not a snack!’”

Hinata followed him, wringing his hands feverishly. Yamaguchi popped out of his room, looking down the stairs curiously at Tsukki who was looking into every obscure place, searching for his beloved baby. Hinata was petrified, waiting for Tsukki’s wrath, but he was also worried for the baby. In the months that he had been amongst the vampires, Kenma had grown on them with his quiet baby-babble and spit bubbles. Hinata would hate to be the one to take their little bundle of joy away, especially after he volunteered to babysit the kid.

Tsukki was growing desperate, calling Kenma’s name even though he couldn’t respond. Even Lev joined in the search; Kageyama was off in the town, getting a degree for fun since his last one expired when he ‘died’ aged eighty three. Finally he ran to his husband’s study, throwing open the doors.

“’Kuroo, the baby-‘” he stopped dead in his tracks when he saw Kenma, happily bouncing on Kuroo’s leg. The pureblood held him gently, looking cautious and uncertain, as he bounced Kenma up and down—the toddler must have crawled into his study. Tsukki sighed with relief and Hinata crossed himself quickly, even though the action burned him briefly. He backed up, going to find Lev, before Tsukki broke his arms. Tsukki rushed to Kuroo, scooping the baby up in his arms and pressing a kiss to his forehead.

“’He’s kinda cute,’” Kuroo murmured, turning back to his work, “’he’d make a good snack, though.’”
Tsukki sighed, pulling Kuroo’s swivel chair away from his desk with one hand and sitting on his lap, ‘‘why are you like this? You know he makes me happy.’’

‘‘I should make you happy,’’ Kuroo said, and Tsukki heard a sharp note in his voice.

‘‘Well, you don’t,’’ Tsukki snapped, annoyed. Why couldn’t Kuroo do this one thing for him? He moved to get off him but Kuroo kept him in place.

‘‘Hey. Look, I’ll try to warm up to Kenma. So please don’t be angry,’’ Kuroo look tired, while Tsukki had regained his spark.

Tsukki’s face softened. He placed Kenma on the other chair, swivelling him around so he wouldn’t see them. Kuroo got the hint. He laid Tsukki on the desk, leaning down to kiss his throat. There was no pulse beating under his neck, but Kuroo loved the taste of him anyway. His hands hooked in Tsukki’s jeans, tugging them down, practically ripping the material.

‘‘I love you,’’ he murmured.

‘‘That was sweet for the first one hundred years,’’ Tsukki said but his voice was tight. He grabbed Kuroo’s hair as his hand slid over his clothed erection and-

Baby Kenma started crying and the two vampires broke away like teenagers being caught making out in the janitor’s closet. Kuroo burst out laughing, pulling the startled Tsukki off the desk and turning Kenma’s chair. He picked the child up, ‘‘what’s up, you tiny-tot cock block?’’ he said, ‘‘Tsukki wants us to be a family now, so we’re gonna have to try, okay?’’ Tsukki’s heart skipped a beat at that. A family. Kuroo’s smile disappeared as he turned to his husband, ‘‘what if he finds out what we did to his parents?’’

‘‘He won’t,’’ Tsukki said easily, ‘‘we can dye his hair. No one will ever notice him if they see him. And in a hundred years everyone who knew his parents will be dead.’’

Kuroo huffed, like it was inconvenient, but he tucked Tsukki against his side, ‘‘whatever you say.’’

~*~*~*~

Kenma was bleeding, his whole neck and a portion of his jaw splattered with blood. He clutched the wound with his hand, looking panicked at his parents.

Tsukki kissed his teeth, mopping the blood with a wet cloth, ‘‘I told you not to be messy, Kuroo.’’

Eight year old Kenma sniffed, ‘‘it hurts, daddy,’’

‘‘I’m sorry, baby,’’ Kuroo took his hand, ‘‘the pain will go away in a bit. And then you’ll be like us.’’

‘‘A real part of the clan,’’ Hinata grinned at him, giving him a thumbs-up.

‘‘An eight year old forever,’’ Yamaguchi said, knowing the hardships of being locked in a child’s body as you lived through millennia, but Tsukki ignored him, tossing the cloth away and pressing a kiss to Kenma’s now blond hair.

‘‘You were very brave.’’

‘‘Super brave,’’ Kuroo confirmed, smiling, ‘‘aren’t you excited for your first hunt?’’

Kenma offered his parents a watery grin, ‘‘yeah.’’
Lev passed Tsukki a bandage, ‘’what kind would you like to be your first?’’

Kenma thought about it, ‘’maybe a little girl? I don’t really mind though…’’

‘’We’ll find you the best little girl to drink from,’’ Kuroo assured, grinning.

Tsukki hugged his child tightly, ‘’our baby, finally a vampire.’’

The clan moved out of the house and ran as one, Kenma at the head of the group with Lev, excited at his new found speed and stamina. They were at the edge of the town in minutes, staring at the night sky, dimmed by the lights from the houses. The vampires dispersed and soon the night air was filled with screams.

Kenma looked at Tsukki, ‘’daddy, can I go eat now?’’

‘’Sure,’’ Tsukki kissed his head, proud, ‘’happy Halloween.’’
Listen to All the Bad Things I Say

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Akaashi (top) x Tsukki (bottom)
Prompt by: bbb
Prompt: Akaashi seems so chilled out and stoic but once Tsukki agrees to date him it turns out he's a massive pervert and dirty talker.

“‘Yes.’”

Akaashi didn’t look surprised. His expression didn’t change, in fact. From the moment he asked Tsukki to come with him to the rooftop, through his short, blunt confession to Tsukki agreeing to be his boyfriend, Akaashi’s face remained neutral. Tsukki liked that. He said yes because Akaashi was always like that – stoic, cool and blunt. He wouldn’t have to waste time to figure out what he was thinking or listen to him squee all the damn time, like someone (cough, Yamaguchi, cough).

In other words, it was convenient.

Akaashi shrugged, like Tsukki’s answer wouldn’t have impacted his life anyway, “‘cool.’”

Tsukki shrugged back, “‘cool.’”

And that was that; they walked back to class casually, not holding hands, not even mentioning it to the class. Tsukki wouldn’t have been surprised if nothing changed between them. He didn’t particularly care. He didn’t have feelings for Akaashi. He was a convenient boyfriend, but that was about it. And the confession didn’t change anything; they’d be the same as always.

Oh, how wrong Tsukki was.

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Akaashi first asked Tsukki to come around to his house about three months into the relationship. Tsukki had warmed to Akaashi – they went on ‘dates’, hung out together and spent ages on the phone but…always as friend, almost. They never touched or did anything intimate and Tsukki was surprised to find that it bothered him, how uninterested Akaashi was in him as a boyfriend. It was as if the confession didn’t happen. They had been out on a walk, casual, private. They didn’t even hold hands.

Tsukki was the one to take Akaashi to his house, since his was the first one on the way and Tsukki didn’t let Akaashi take him home because it was inconvenient. Akaashi stopped in front of his house as the sun sunk below the houses. Akaashi tucked his arms around Tsukki’s waist in a brief hug, “‘love you,’” he said, automatically. He always said it and it always bummed Tsukki out, because it wasn’t like he meant it.

Tsukki hugged him back awkwardly, “‘you, too.’”

Akaashi pulled away and hesitated, his face in neutral as always, “‘do you want to stay the night?’” he nodded to his house and Tsukki glanced at it, keeping the surprise off his face.
He shrugged, "sure."

Akaashi didn’t smile or do much of anything. He turned to open the gate and Tsukki texted his mom, saying he’d be staying at a friend’s house. They ventured inside and Tsukki looked around curiously; it was the first time he’d been to Akaashi house. He didn’t know what he was expecting but…it was surprisingly normal. His mom appeared in the corridor for a second, walking from what was presumably the kitchen to her office, a wad of papers in one hand, a cup of tea in the other. She had glasses on her nose and her hair was tied up messily. She glanced at Akaashi and Tsukki, who had just taken their shoes off.

"Welcome back," she said, "Akaashi, is this your boyfriend?" Tsukki flushed. He hadn’t realised that Akaashi had mentioned him to his family. The raven just nodded and his mom smiled at Tsukki, "help yourself to the fridge," she said, padding off into the office in her fluffy socks.

Akaashi motioned for Tsukki to walk into the room his mom emerged from and Tsukki did as he was bid. The kitchen was small and clustered with various devices – a blender, microwave and toaster being the closest ones, "sit," Akaashi pointed to the table, and Tsukki obediently sat down. Akaashi opened the huge, silver fridge. The colour made Akaashi’s slate grey eyes stand out. Tsukki shook his head – was he really comparing Akaashi’s eyes to a fridge? Akaashi pulled out a jar of Nutella.

Tsukki cringed, "you keep your Nutella in the fridge?"

"Yeah," Akaashi said, rummaging in a cupboard for bread, "don’t you?"

"No."

He heard a snort but when Akaashi turned to him, his face was neutral again, "if you keep it out, it’s all runny and messy."

"Yeah, but if you keep it in the fridge it’s hard to spread."

Akaashi popped two pieces of bread into the toaster, "not if you do it on the warm bread," he pressed the lever down, "you like Nutella then?"

Tsukki nodded. One thing about them was that they could have a conversation about anything, be it the latest movie, the meaning of life or a condiment, "I like sweet stuff," he clarified.

Akaashi looked him straight in the eye, his face straight, "what, like me?"

Surprised, Tsukki blinked. Then he found himself grinning, "did you just crack a joke?"

"I guess," Akaashi said – Akaashi, who smacked anyone who threw a pun, who groaned when someone said a joke... "what’s your favourite sweet thing?" the toaster beeped and the two toasted pieces of bread popped out. Akaashi put them on a plate and took a knife.

"Strawberry shortcake," Tsukki’s answer was instant, "what about you?"

"Probably sweet Onigiri," Akaashi picked up the plate and came to sit by Tsukki, "have you ever tried it?"

"Once, I think. That’s too sweet, even for me," Tsukki said with a smirk.

Akaashi eyed the plate, "which one do you want?"
Glancing at the plate, Tsukki thought for a moment. He grabbed a sandwich, “left.” Akaashi snatched up the other one and they ate in silence.

“Are you still hungry?”

“I’m good,” Tsukki said, glancing at Akaashi, “thanks…” he stopped when Akaashi reached for his face, running his thumb against his cheek, dangerously close to his lips. His heart jumped. He withdrew his hand, flicking his tongue against his thumb.

“You had Nutella on your cheek,” he said bluntly and Tsukki felt stupid at the light blush colouring his cheek.

Akaashi took the plate to the sink and gestured towards the doors, “let’s go to my room.” Tsukki followed him out and up the stairs to a typical boyish bedroom. The walls were stacked high with books. There was a computer on the desk, and a few random things scattered around. Akaashi was a surprisingly messy person. They dumped their bags in the corner.

“I didn’t know your mom knew about us,” Tsukki sat on the bed, trying to stop his heart hammering.

“Does it bother you?” Akaashi didn’t sound concerned.

“No,” Tsukki replied and Akaashi sat next to him. He was fidgeting with his fingers – it was a habit but Tsukki wondered if he was nervous, “it’s…nice, I suppose. That you thought about that.”

Akaashi didn’t reply, “did you do your homework?” he finally glanced at Tsukki but his eyes didn’t betray a hint of emotion. Not for the first time Tsukki wondered if Akaashi felt them.

“Most of it,” Tsukki pulled his legs up in a lotus position but Akaashi took his ankles and pulled him closer, tucking his legs on either side of him, “w-what…” Tsukki cursed his stuttering voice.

“What?” Akaashi asked, his facial expression normal. Tsukki shook his head and Akaashi put his elbow on his knee, tucking his cheek against it. It was their first casual touch, “how was your day?”

“Good,” Tsukki found it hard to breathe, “you were there most of it.”

“What about the times when I wasn’t there?”

Tsukki shrugged, “we did some London sport in PE…lacrosse, that’s what it was called. It was about as fun as it sounds. How was your day?”

Akaashi glanced at him, “I had a really nice muffin at lunch.”

Tsukki cracked a smile, “I know. I had half of it, remember?”

“That was the highlight of my day, really,” Akaashi stated and then added, quietly, “splitting a muffin with you.”

Tsukki laughed, half embarrassed, half happy, “you really are a simple guy.”

“Is that bad?”

“No. I like it,” Tsukki offered him a smile. He rarely smiled – he was more of a smirk guy – but around Akaashi he couldn’t stop his amusement.

“So you like me?” Akaashi asked, crawling closer.
Tsukki’s mouth went dry but he forced the words out, ‘‘of course.’’

Akaashi was even closer now, ‘‘in what way?’’

Tsukki gave him an irritated look, trying to keep his embarrassment out of his voice, ‘‘in what way do you think.’’

Akaashi tilted his head, like Tsukki was some interesting science experiment, ‘‘I was wondering if I should kiss you. For a few weeks,’’ Tsukki flushed at that, despite himself, ‘‘would you like that?’’

Tsukki swallowed, ‘‘if you kissed me?’’

‘‘Yes.’’

‘‘I suppose that’s what boyfriends do.’’

‘‘Yes,’’ Akaashi tuck him so close Tsukki’s breath fluttered. His long fingers came to cup Tsukki’s face, ‘‘but would you like it?’’

‘‘I don’t know…’’ Tsukki licked his lips nervously, ‘‘I guess you’re going to have to try.’’

As if he was only waiting for the permission, Akaashi tilted his head and slid their lips together easily. He tasted sweet, like chocolate. Tsukki found his lips were moving against Akaashi’s – they were soft and warm. The kiss was gentle but not hesitant. When they pulled away with a quiet pop, Akaashi looked deep into Tsukki’s eyes and stated bluntly, ‘‘I want to have sex with you. Can I?’’

Tsukki’s eyes widened, ‘‘what the hell, Akaashi!? Why would you say that!?’’

‘‘Cuz I mean it,’’ Akaashi shrugged and then stopped himself, ‘‘wait. Was that too straightforward?’’

‘‘Yes!’’

‘‘Sorry,’’ Akaashi said but his eyes lit up. He looked at Tsukki intensely, ‘‘but can I?’’

‘‘…do you really want to?’’ Akaashi nodded. Tsukki shrugged, looking away, ‘‘then I guess…’’

Akaashi leaned forward, moving his lips against Tsukki’s again, letting their tongues touch tentatively. And when he pulled away there was something almost animalistic in his eyes. He shoved Tsukki down and slid his hand down his chest to his belt as Tsukki squirmed, surprised by how heated his advances were, ‘‘you make me really horny,’’ Akaashi whispered in his ear and Tsukki stopped moving, turning scarlet.

‘‘What?’’

Akaashi spoke against his ear, his breath making Tsukki shiver, ‘‘ever since we met, I’ve wanted you. You’re really hot,’’ Akaashi all but growled and Tsukki realised, with terror, that he was majorly turned on. Akaashi’s personality just did a three-sixty but damn, his husky voice went straight to Tsukki’s private region, ‘‘I’m not horny all the times…it’s just you’re so fucking sexy…’’

Akaashi slid his hand over Tsukki’s growing boner for emphasis and Tsukki fist ed one hand in his shirt. Taking that as encouragement, Akaashi nestled himself between his legs, his hips rolling smoothly against his hips, making his breath speed up.

‘‘I’ve thought long and hard about what I’m gonna do to you,’’ with each of Akaashi’s word, Tsukki turned more and more red. He couldn’t believe the quiet, chilled out Akaashi could have such a way
with word – and he couldn’t believe it turned him on! Akaashi pulled away. His face, rather than being in his usual neutral-mode, was intense, his eyes heated. He tucked his hand under Tsukki’s chin, angling his bright red face to him, “tonight you have to follow my rules,” he murmured against his lips, flicking his tongue against them lazily. Tsukki exhaled shakily, opening his mouth for his tongue to venture in, connecting their lips.

Akaashi stripped both of them quickly and efficiently.

“’The lights-‘” Tsukki said breathlessly but Akaashi silenced him with a kiss.

“I want to see you,” he half-growled. Tsukki allowed himself one quick sweep of his eyes up and down his body, flushing again. He glanced up at Akaashi, wanting him to do something to quell the burning fire in his stomach. Akaashi groaned, pressing himself flush against Tsukki. The blond’s whole body lit up at the sound, “God, it drives me crazy when you look at me like that.”

Tsukki whimpered, pushing up against Akaashi. The raven authentically chuckled, his hands coming down to play with Tsukki’s chest, “’impatient, are you? Be a good little boy and wait.’” Tsukki moaned when Akaashi rubbed their erections together. Akaashi slid his hand roughly down Tsukki’s side and farther down, cupping his ass between his fingers, marvelling at the softness and fullness of it. “’Tell me where you want me to touch you,’” he whispered harshly, kissing his neck.

Tsukki’s breath was coming fast, “I-I don’t know.”

“Tell me,” Akaashi pushed, palming his dick.

“A-Anywhere is fine…”

“Not an answer,” Akaashi hummed against his chest, his other hand squeezing his ass tightly enough for Tsukki to jerk up. Akaashi kissed down his chest, moving his hands to cup his thighs as his lips connected with his stomach, “’here?’” he murmured almost innocently against his bellybutton. Biting his lip, Tsukki looked up at the ceiling and kept his eyes there, “l-lower…”

“Here?” Akaashi nibbled on the inside of his thigh.

“No…” Tsukki moaned, his body arching to meet Akaashi’s lips.

The raven’s tongue flicked against the head of his dick and Tsukki cried out, “’here?’” Akaashi hummed, his voice reverberating down Tsukki’s length.

“T-There’s good…” Tsukki said tightly.

It was a wonder Akaashi’s mother didn’t hear them for the next two hours as Akaashi took him every single way possible, murmuring all those dirty, sinful words into his ear and against his body, till Tsukki was sleek with sweat, his body littered with kiss marks. When he was finally dumped amongst the covers, still breathing hard, the reality of what happened finally hit him. He didn’t regret it but…the things Akaashi had said replayed in his mind. He groaned, blushing, and rolled over, hiding his face in his hands. A minute later he felt Akaashi sit by him.

“Here,” he extended clean PJs to Tsukki, who sat up, glancing at him nervously. Akaashi’s face was back to neutral, impassive. Tsukki pulled on the cream coloured sweater and boxers, “’we’re the same size,’” Akaashi murmured, sounding a little bit pleased.

“I didn’t know you were…a talker…” Tsukki felt the need to address it.
Akaashi shrugged, like it wasn’t a big deal, “I just felt the need to tell you all those things. And your blush is cute,” he cut a glance at him, “did it freak you out?”

It was Tsukki’s turn to wring his hands out nervously, “quite the opposite actually… I’m glad we’re like this now…” he gestured between them awkwardly. Akaashi offered him a little smile and turned off the lamp, crawling into bed. Tsukki plomped back down.

“Can I hug you?” Akaashi asked.

“Yeah.”

Akaashi wrapped his arms around Tsukki from behind.

“I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

The next day Tsukki and Akaashi were on the train to school. They usually took it together, but today it was… different. First off, Tsukki was super sore everywhere. Then there was the rush; there were so many people Akaashi had to put himself behind Tsukki to make space for more people. Tsukki held on to the rail, wrinkling his nose at the smell of BO coming from the various backs surrounding him. His breathing turned shallow when he felt something hard press against his behind. Akaashi’s hand came to splay itself on his thigh, his hips grinding against him gently. Tsukki felt his length and pressed his forehead against the rail, blushing hopelessly. He was glad the people all around him were turned away.

Akaashi’s other hand came to grip the rail at chest-level, his voice sending a wave of warm breath against his neck, “tell me how you play with yourself.”

Tsukki flushed, “we’re in a train!” he hissed, but Akaashi was unyielding.

“Describe it,” he murmured, his hips moving more erratically. Tsukki took a deep breath, feeling his own dick react to his boyfriend’s teases.

“Like every other person,” Tsukki said.

“What do you think about?”

“That depends.”

“Do you think about me?” Akaashi’s lips descended on his neck. Even though his voice was normal, Tsukki felt his desperation; his need to touch him and it nearly drove him crazy. He didn’t care that they were in the middle of the train, suddenly. He rubbed back against Akaashi who shoved him forward, pressing him into the rail and grinding against him, harshly enough that Tsukki gave an almost inaudible whimper, but slowly so people wouldn’t notice, “you haven’t answered my question,” he whispered, nipping his ear.

“Yes,” Tsukki breathed.

“How often?” the hand on his thigh slid closer to his member. Akaashi rubbed a finger against his bulge slowly.

“S-sometimes…I don’t know…” he flinched when Akaashi touched the sensitive head.
“I wanna hear all about this after school,” Akaashi whispered and Tsukki realised with a jolt that it was their stop.

~*~*~*~

Their next episode was in the classroom. It was as if Akaashi couldn’t control himself.

They were in law, one of the few university-styled classes in high school. They sat at the top of the auditorium, sleepily taking notes as the teacher gave a lecture. They were at the very back, in a secluded little corner. The closest person was three rows in front of them and Tsukki wondered if Akaashi did it on purpose.

“I want to take you right here, right now.” He murmured out of nowhere.

Tsukki flushed, “you’re way too horny.”

“You make me like this,” Akaashi whispered, his fingers rubbing at his thigh under the table gently.

“We’re in a classroom.”

“Yeah,” Akaashi put a discreet arm around his waist, rubbing his other thigh, “I want to shove you against the teacher’s desk and take you right there, in front of everyone. I want you to moan my name loudly, so everyone can hear,” Tsukki’s breath hitched at that, “I want them to know you’re mine.”

Tsukki turned to him quickly, his face bright red, “look, I’ll only do this once, to shut you up, okay? Promise not to touch me for the rest of the day.”

“Promise,” Akaashi said, his face normal as Tsukki reached for his zipper and undid it quickly. Thankfully the teacher was one of those that spoke really loudly, his voice booming around, drowning other noises. Tsukki found Akaashi’s length, already painfully hard, and started pumping, marvelling at how wet and rigid it was in his hand. Akaashi moaned quietly, the hand on his thigh squeezing painfully. Tsukki kept an eye on the teacher, stopping every time his gaze slid over them, unknowing. When he stopped, Akaashi grabbed his wrist and made him go on. His desperation and arousal made Tsukki a little bit pleased.

“Tsukki,” Akaashi breathed against his ear, “do it with your mouth. I want…” his words were cut off with a harsh thrust from Tsukki. The blond glanced nervously at the teacher, who was preoccupied, and slid under the table. He pressed his lips to Akaashi’s length, taking him inch by inch. Impatiently, Akaashi grabbed his hair and slammed his head forward. Tsukki tried not to choke on the impressive length, bobbing his head up and down. Thanks to his previous hand activities, Akaashi was close. With a quiet hiss, he came. Not wanting to risk the janitor finding come on the floor, Tsukki took it all in his mouth.

“Swallow like a good boy,” Akaashi ordered harshly, breathing hard. The order in his voice made Tsukki shiver in pleasure and he obediently swallowed. When he reappeared, no one had noticed, but Akaashi looked a little dishevelled. But he was back to normal, “thank you.”

“what are boyfriends for?” Tsukki said before he could stop himself, but Akaashi smiled. He touched Tsukki’s hand with his knuckles and when the boy didn’t remind him of his promise, he tucked his hand around Tsukki’s, lacing their fingers together. Below, the teacher obliviously continued his lecture.
The form was set in front of them. Kageyama and Tsukishima glanced at each other – Tsukishima with grim determination, Kageyama with nervousness. He was still not convinced about the adoption of a child but they were both twenty eight now and Tsukki was desperate to complete their family. For selfish reasons – Tsukki had always had a self confidence problem, even if no one could tell. Having a child would mean Kageyama wouldn’t be able to leave him easily. It was extremely selfish but no matter how many times Tsukki told himself the adoption was to give a child a home, he knew he just wanted to keep Kageyama by his side. It wasn’t his fault – he loved him too much. His husband picked up the pen nervously, glancing at the form. The social worked had left them in private to fill the form.

“Here we go,” Tsukki said, turning to the page, reading the first question, “gender…” he turned to Kageyama.

He shrugged, “I’m okay with either,” so Tsukki ticked boxes for both male and female, ”what about age?”

“A teenager? They don’t get adopted enough,” Tsukki suggested but Kageyama looked terrified.

“They’re hard to deal with! I thought we were having a baby…”

“I’m not changing diapers for the next few months,” Tsukki said, rubbing his face briefly. Already they had a problem, “what about young child? Like…older than five but younger than ten?” Kageyama nodded and Tsukki scribbled the ages down, “oh, I forgot about the race…” they studied the options listed below.

*American Indian/ Alaskan native*

*Black or African American*

*White*

*Asian*

*Native Hawaiian or other pacific islander*

*Biracial*

Another look. Kageyama looked uncertain, “I guess…all?” Tsukki shrugged. They were both Asian but they could deal with a child that looked different to them. They ticked all the boxes. “Shit,” Kageyama said when he saw the next box, “we can’t take a non-English speaker.”
“True, it’d be hard to communicate,” Tsukki said.

Kageyama chewed the end of his pen thoughtfully, ‘‘unless they spoke Japanese…”

“We can’t take the risk. It’d be bad for a kid to come into a new environment and not be able to talk to us,” Tsukki said patiently so Kageyama ticked ‘will not consider’. He tilted his head at the next question.

Would you consider a child with dental problems (may include tooth decay, missing teeth misaligned/crowded teeth, overbite, underbite)?

Kageyama looked at Tsukishima and he suddenly looked determined, ‘‘we’ll just get them braces,’’ he said firmly so Tsukishima nodded. He leaned his head on Kageyama’s, reading the next question.

Would you consider a child with a tendency to reject father figures?

They exchanged looks, ‘‘that won’t work,’’ Tsukki said and they ticked the box, ‘‘low birth weight or premature birth?’’

Kageyama worried his lip, ‘‘I don’t know…doesn’t that just mean they’ll be unhealthy?’’

‘‘I don’t know. Just tick ‘no’ then,’’ Tsukki shrugged.

Kageyama looked at the paper, his hand tightening on his pen, ‘‘that’s a child we’re rejecting.’’

‘‘Then tick ‘yes’,” Tsukki sighed and when Kageyama didn’t move, he threw an arm around his shoulder, ‘‘look, whatever’s up with the child, we’ll fix it, okay?”’ finally convinced, Kageyama ticked the box. Tsukishima kept a comforting arm around him. Over the years since high school they’d grown a lot – Tsukki became more quiet rather than withdrawn and stopped being so snarky all the time – although he remained sassy and he smirked at least once a day. But he could never give Kageyama the cold shoulder or resist him – not since they started dating in their third year of high school. As for Kageyama, he also became more calm, only exploding when he was angry at Tsukki. He’d become mature.

‘‘Fetal alcohol syndrome,’’ Kageyama read out loud, ‘‘isn’t that when the mother drinks during pregnancy?’’

‘‘Yeah, but I guess if they have a problem with alcohol we’ll just get them help.’’

Kageyama murmured in agreement, ticking the box, ‘‘like AA, or something…oh…” his pen hovered over the next boxes.

Mental Retardation (mild)

Mental Retardation (moderate)

Mental Retardation (severe/profound)

Tsukki shook his head, ‘‘I don’t wanna sound like a dick, but I wouldn’t be able to deal with that.’’

Kageyama sighed, grudgingly ticking off the ‘no’ box, ‘‘me neither,’’ but they ticked the box for adjustment disorder and Asperger’s Syndrome, leaving Autism off – again, neither felt like they were ready to deal with something like that.

‘‘Oh shit…I didn’t know it was this elaborate…” Kageyama’s eyes saddened as he read the last few boxes. Tsukishima read over his shoulder, murmuring answers.
Schizophrenia/psychotic disorder — they couldn’t, because they didn’t have the training, patience or personalities that would best suit a child with these problems. They lived by the main road in a loud area — that wouldn’t help, either.

Child involved in prostitution — “yes,” Kageyama said before Tsukki could protest, “it’s not the child’s fault. And neither is this,” he ticked the box next to it, too — Child conceived as a result of rape.

Child conceived as a result of incest — no, unless they were healthy, which they didn’t know.

Finally Kageyama put down the pen. Neither looked happy, sitting in the tiny Volunteer Adoption Agency room glumly.

“I feel like I just killed a bunch of kids,” Kageyama admitted finally, running a hand through his hair.

“Someone else will adopt them,” Tsukki said, also feeling strange. Every box they rejected corresponded with a child, if not many. And they had rejected a lot of them, but…if they couldn’t handle some things, then there was no point… “we have six months wait to get over this feeling.”

*M~*~*~*~*

Miki – already named – was a six year old girl with reddish-brown hair and really thin arms. She was white and the woman who had given birth to her was twenty one – Miki was the result of rape. She didn’t know and Kageyama hoped she’d never know. He could understand why her mother gave her away – maybe she looked like her father, or reminded her too much of the horrible act, or she didn’t have the resources to care for her…either way, because of the nature of her conceiving she had been at the agency for six years of her life but now, finally, she was going to complete their little family.

Three months after the adoption both parents were mentally exhausted. Miki was an extremely quiet child. She was also a bit of a cry baby – she cried whenever she hit something, when she was playing and something happened (like her blocks toppled) or just sometimes in the night. For the first month she avoided both her new dads, too shy to get to know them. She got over it finally but she was still wary, except for when she woke up sobbing in the middle of the night. Neither Tsukki nor Kageyama were very hug-able people but Kageyama took to cradling their new daughter in his lap when she had a nightmare. And she appreciated it.

That whole year was hard. Miki was a bit of a Disney princess – she liked animals and walks in the park but she hated other kids who were loud and pulled her hair. Enrolling her in primary school was hard – she wailed all way that she didn’t want to go. Kageyama and Tsukki often woke at seven or earlier and went to sleep past ten.

*M~*~*~*~*

2017

It was Miki’s seventh birthday – it had been nearly a year since Kageyama and Tsukki had adopted her. She still was very withdrawn, especially in school where she didn’t make many friends. Not knowing if she even liked most of her class, her parents decided to avoid a party that year. Instead on the way home from work Tsukki picked up a cake – strawberry shortcake, his favourite. It was also Miki’s favourite – whenever they went to the bakery she wanted one of the little ones. Kageyama was sitting on the couch, playing a game with Miki. She might have been a Disney princess, but when it came to Mario Cart she was a pro-racer.
Tsukki unloaded the cake onto a plate and brought it into the room. Kageyama paused the game, "happy birthday, Miki," he said and Miki’s eyes widened. And then they filled with tears. Tsukki paused, terrified that she hated birthdays or didn’t want the cake or— but then her lip wobbled and she whispered;

“You remembered?”

Kageyama’s heart contracted as he pulled Miki to him. She hugged him tightly, “of course we did.”

“Happy birthday,” Tsukki smiled at her and she bundled over happily, blowing out the single candle on top. The tears didn’t spill. Kageyama took her hand and pulled her to the kitchen, decorated with tinsel— Christmas was only a week away. The three of them had spent half of Sunday decorating the massive Christmas tree in the corner. Tsukki took a sharp knife as Kageyama pulled Miki up on a stool. She wrapped her little hand around the handle giddily and Tsukki pulled his fingers around it, steadying her arm as they cut the cake slowly. Kageyama snapped a quick, discreet photo of them.

2019

Miki sat in the principal’s office looking close to tears— tears of fury— when Tsukki and Kageyama walked in. When he saw his little girl, with her knees banged up and bleeding, a rare, murderous calm overcame Kageyama while Tsukki’s face took on the cold ‘I will murder you with the pen in your hand’ look.

“M-Mr Tsukishima…and Mr Tsukishima,” neither of them nodded in acknowledgement as the principal took in their terrifying, murderous expressions, “Miki here—”

“Is bleeding,” Tsukki gave him a smile that would have made Satan high five him, “so why is she here and not in the nurse’s office?”

The principal cleared his throat, “well, sir, I have found Miki sitting atop a boy in the playground, yelling in his face. I do believe she also slapped him across the face—”

“Is that so?” Tsukki took a step forward and put his hand on Miki’s arm protectively, “why are her knees bleeding?”

“The boy pushed her over—”

“So why isn’t he here?” Tsukki asked sweetly.

A bead of sweat rolled down his forehead as he looked at the blond and behind his shoulder at Kageyama, who looked ready to stab him with his letter opener, “b—because it was Miki who slapped him and made his lip bleed—”

“Her knees are bleeding also,” Tsukki interrupted him sharply and Miki gave the principal a smug smile, “if he pushed her, she had every right to hit him—”

“Sir, uh…Miki slapped him first. He pushed her over to get away from her, in tears,” the principal said weakly.

Keeping the surprise off his face, Tsukki turned to Miki, “why did you do that?”

A dark cloud came over Miki’s chubby face, “he called me fat, daddy. And then he asked me if my parents were donuts because…because…” her face went red as she tried to keep the tears at bay, “because I look like one!” she wailed finally.
Now it was Kageyama’s turn to step in, “I thought your school didn’t tolerate bullying!” he snapped, getting right up in the principal’s personal space, who stumbled back into his desk, ‘‘and yet here is my daughter, crying because a boy is taunting her! I expect you to sort a feud like that and not shame her and then drag her to your office and call her parents, letting the boy go unpunished. Is that fair, sir? Would it be fair if I punched you right now and got away with it?’’

“Kageyama,’’ Tsukki said softly, his voice calming him.

He took a step back, glaring bolts at the quivering principal, ‘‘we’re taking our daughter home for today. When she comes to school tomorrow I expect the boy to not speak to her like that again. If you wish to punish her, I want the boy punished also, and if his parents have something to say about that, then I’ll gladly listen,’’ he growled menacingly, turning around. Miki hopped off the chair daintily and took Tsukki’s hand.

“Have a good day,’’ Tsukki called sweetly over his shoulder, slamming the doors shut. There, he grinned at his daughter, “I can’t believe you slapped him.’’

“He was asking for it,’’ she said, the tears gone. She looked satisfied now but Kageyama suddenly turned and knelt by her, taking her arms firmly.

“You’re not a donut and you’re not fat. You’re a beautiful little girl and don’t let anyone tell you otherwise,’’ he said heatedly. Miki grinned, throwing her hands around his neck.

“Thanks daddy.’’ Kageyama smiled, patted her hair and they went on their way, out of the school gates. As they did so, Miki stopped and pointed a finger at a short, thin kid by the gates, “that’s him.’’

Tsukki gave Kageyama a quick glance, and the raven pulled his daughter away, ‘‘daddy will deal with him, ok?’’

Tsukishima strolled casually over to where the boy was standing, waiting for his parents, ‘‘hey,’’ he called and the kid turned, his whole face freezing over as Tsukki loomed over him, giving him his best, scary-af smile, ‘‘heard you were picking on my daughter. Was it fun?’’

The boy’s lip quivered but he didn’t reply. Tsukki knelt down by him, face-to-face, his eyes dark as he continued smiling, ‘‘I asked you was it fun?’’ the boy shook his head, looking horrified, ‘‘it wasn’t? Well, wanna know what will be fun? When, after you dare pick on Miki again, I feed you to the monster under my bed. He’s really big, you know. And very, very hungry.’’ He practically growled the last sentence and the boy whimpered.

“Hey! What are you doing to my kid?’’ a man appeared by his side, looking partly confused, partly furious.

Tsukki straightened and gave him a kind smile, ‘‘keep your filthy brood in check,’’ he said and walked back to the car.

“You went overboard, didn’t you?’’ Kageyama said once Tsukki got into the passenger seat.

“He got what he deserved,’’ Tsukki said, assuring Miki, but when he met Kageyama’s eyes he added a silent ‘‘maybe a little’’. Miki didn’t seem to care if he had scared the boy half to death. The nine year old leaned between their seats as Kageyama started the car.

“You two are the best. Thanks for sticking up for me.’’

“What are dad’s for?’’ Kageyama couldn’t help but smile.
Tsukki glanced over his shoulder, “put your seatbelt on, honey.”

*~*~*

2021

“How do I look?” Miki gave a nervous twirl in her pleated skirt and her too big, new blazer that made her shoulders look square. Her backpack was almost as big as her.

“You look beautiful,” Kageyama assured, taking a quick picture.

“Like a year seven,” Tsukki added, unable to keep the note of pride from his voice.

Miki laughed giddily. It was her first day of high school and both Tsukki and Kageyama were surprised at how nervous they felt for their little girl. They hoped she wouldn’t burst into tears on the first day and be marked as ‘the girl who turns on the waterworks’ for the rest of her high school career. They had wanted to drive her but she insisted that she was big now and could take the bus with all the rest of the high schoolers. Plus, it was embarrassing, being coddled by her parents like that. So Kageyama and Tsukki settled for waving at her from the doors as she set off.

All day Tsukishima couldn’t concentrate on his work, wondering how she was coping. Kageyama wondered a dozen different times if he should call her to check up on her, but had to remind himself that she was independent now. He almost missed the little kid who clung to him every time she had a nightmare and crawled into bed with them for a Sunday lie-in. She was too old for that now – her words, not theirs.

Tsukki forced himself to drive at normal pace and not speed to pick Kageyama up from his job at Sports Direct. It didn’t help that Kageyama fidgeted the whole way on the way home and during the walk-up to their front doors. Miki was already waiting for them, out of her uniform.

“Why didn’t you tell me it was weird to have two dads?”

Kageyama blanched, feeling terror wash over him but Tsukki handled it like a pro, closing the doors casually, “because it’s not. It’s unusual, but there’s nothing weird about having two loving dads, or two loving moms or a loving mom and dad.”

Miki relaxed a little at that, beaming, “that’s what I said!”

“Did someone pick on you?” Kageyama found his voice once he realised Miki wasn’t pissed at them. He put the kettle on.

Miki thought about it, “it wasn’t really picking. Some kid said it was weird but my friends from primary stuck up for me.”

Kageyama sighed with relief, “that’s good. We wouldn’t want you sitting on that kid and slapping him across the face on your first day.”

2023

“Miki, put your phone down.” Kageyama said. Miki gave an exaggerated groan, like it was the worst thing he could ask her, and begrudgingly set her I-phone twelve down, “you’ve barely touched your food,” he chastised.

“Don’t want to ruin your lipstick?” Tsukki asked meanly. Miki glared at him, her lips coated in purple. They had an argument that morning over who got to use the bathroom first – Tsukki for his
morning shower or Miki to apply the coat of lipstick and her messy eye-crayon. Tsukki argued that her high school teachers would make her take it off and she’d just put it back on when she was coming home.

“I just don’t like what you made,” Miki said with equal venom, pushing the plate of pasta away and standing up.

“Sit back down young lady,” Tsukki snapped, “and eat your dinner. Or you’ll have it for breakfast.”

“I don’t eat breakfast, dad,” Miki rolled her eyes, “it makes me fat.”

Kageyama frowned, “since when? Breakfast is the most important meal of the day – you need it to have energy at the volleyball club.”

“And at lessons,” Tsukki said pointedly, “what is this? The make-up I can tolerate, but not eating?”

Miki sat back down wearily, “all my friends drink lemon juice in the morning and then don’t eat. It makes them skinny.”

Kageyama groaned, “you’re thirteen, Miki! It’s normal to have some baby fat.”

“It’s not baby fat dad! It’s just fat!”

“don’t raise your voice,” Tsukki said.

“Tsukki!” Kageyama snapped.

“I’m done. You guys don’t get it!” Miki got up again.

“What is wrong with you lately?” Tsukki stood also.

Miki whirled round to face him, her red hair flying. Her eyes were filled with tears, “do you want to know what’s wrong!” she yelled, “I got a D in my English test, both my parents are Asian but I’m white, my PE teacher hates me, I have a crush on a boy who doesn’t even know who I am and I just got my period-“

“Hold up,” Tsukki froze, “you got your what?”

Miki threw her hands in the air in annoyance, “my period, dad. I’m a late bloomer. All my friends had it already,” and she added in a condescending tone, “they taught me all about it, don’t worry.”

Kageyama ran a hand down his face, “oh god.”

Tsukki gestured to her outfit (all black), “so…what? Is this all a phase!”

Miki’s turned around, sighing dramatically, and storming to her room, “this isn’t a phase, dad!” she yelled, “it’s me!”

*~*~*

2025

“Okay, so I have to take one thing in each column,” Miki explained as Tsukki and Kageyama hovered over her shoulder, “but I don’t know what to chose. I don’t even know who to be!”
“Not surprising. You’re only fifteen,” Kageyama reassured her, going through the options.

Tsukki patted his chin. Miki was choosing her GCSE subjects for school, but she didn’t know what to pick, “maybe take a range so you have something to chose from,” he scanned the list, “so English, Maths and Science are compulsory and they’re useful. Then you have French or Spanish…”

“I already do French. It’s shit,” Miki shrugged, ticking the option, “I guess I have to take it,” she moved her pen to the next columns, “then it’s history or geography. I like history better but I get better grades in geography.”

“Take what you enjoy,” Kageyama advised, “you can work on getting the grade later.”

Miki nodded, “makes sense,” she muttered to herself, ticking the option. She tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear absently – she had recently cut it just below the chin so it fell from behind her again in seconds. Tsukki automatically fished a hair band out of his pocket and pulled her hair back, putting it in a little ponytail, “and finally,” she tapped the last column, “art, music, drama, graphics, cooking, resistant materials or PE. That’s the question.”

“Which were you thinking?” Tsukki asked.

“I’m stuck between drama and PE,” she sighed, “because I love drama but I want to continue playing volleyball.”

“Then take drama. PE won’t teach you volleyball anyway and you can still play it.” Miki ticked the box but she still looked nervous. Tsukki sighed, “if you’re not sure about your choices-”

“That’s not it,” she said quickly and leaned back, “I…need to tell you something.”

Kageyama’s face was impassive, “are you pregnant?”

Miki’s eyes widened, “Ew! What the hell dad, no!”

“You’re adopted?” Tsukki asked and Miki rolled her eyes.

“Oh ha-ha. No, of course not. You see?” she stretched her eyes, “I have Ling-Ling eyes.”

Kageyama laughed, “Tsukki and I don’t have Ling-Ling eyes,” but they had gotten her to relax, which was the point.

With a deep breath and a small smile, Miki said, “I have a boyfriend.”

“Oh,” Tsukki said, “is that it?”

Miki blinked, surprised, “you’re not…mad?”

“Course not,” Kageyama said, “if you like him, then be with him.” Miki looked super relieved, “but don’t you dare let him stay over for the night.”

2027

Tsukishima and Kageyama were returning home from their two-day trip to the hot springs. It was their first time for ages when they were alone and able to have their sexy time. Miki had just started college and they deemed her mature enough to leave her alone as she was now seventeen years old.

“She grew fast,” Tsukki said wistfully into the dark car.
Kageyama rolled his eyes, “you’re talking like an old man.”

“I am old.”

“Thirty eight isn’t old,” Kageyama cut him a sly look, “at least you didn’t seem old in bed.”

Tsukki let lose a laugh. Since Miki appeared in their life he’d gotten softer, laughing more often, “in a moment it’ll be old people sex.”

“Ew. Gross. Shut up,” Kageyama said but he was grinning. That is, until he pulled into their driveway. He frowned, “are those…beer bottles on the grass?”

Something clicked into place in Tsukki’s head, “oh, she had better not had a party,” he shoved the car doors open and stomped home, flinging the doors open. Miki half-shrieked and her boyfriend swinger round. She was half-way to putting a vodka bottle into a big, black, plastic bag while her boyfriend held a huge broomstick, digging through the littered floor.

He gave Tsukki a big, nervous grin, “we didn’t expect you back so early, Mr Tsukishima!”

Tsukki glared at each in turn, “clearly. What happened here?” he picked a half-drunk bottle of Smirnoff Ice and raised an eyebrow, “never mind. I think I know.”

Kageyama walked in, “Miki, the front garden is trashed! I’m gonna kill you!” he stopped when he saw her boyfriend, “not you, too, Ollie!”

Ollie smiled sheepishly, “it was just a little innocent fun.”

Tsukki rattled the Smirnoff in the air, “I know you’re eighteen, Ollie, but Miki isn’t.”

Miki sighed, “I’m sorry, dad. It was really just a little fun. We were going to clean but we slept for half the day and-”

Kageyama put a hand in the air, “we don’t want to hear your confessions. Just hurry up and clean this up.”

Both sighed, relieved. Miki grinned, “thanks for taking this so well, dads.”

Tsukki raised an eyebrow, “well? Honey, you’re grounded till the end of your life.”

*~*~* 2028

“What the hell?” Kageyama demanded, opening the doors to find a battered and bruised Miki. He pulled her inside, but she was grinning.

“It’s nothing.”

“You got into a fight?” he demanded, grabbing a few bandages from the shelf.

“They had it worse, don’t worry,” Miki said easily and winced when he pressed a cloth to her bleeding lip.

“That’s not what I’m worrying about!” he said, checking for any more serious injuries, “what the hell happened!”
Miki sighed, “okay, basically – this guy kept pestering me, asking me to go out with him even though I’m going out with Ollie. When I said no and eventually made a dick joke so he’d leave me alone, he cornered me and Ollie behind the school building after school. And then he started making fun of you two, saying it’s abnormal that you two are together and that you’re fucking fags and yada, yada, yada, you know the drill. Then they said no wonder I’m going out with a…what was it? Oh, ‘little bitch like Ollie’ – apparently the gay runs in our blood. So I told him that if he had at least half a brain he’d know two guys can’t give birth to a child so we don’t have the same blood and then I lunged myself at them both. We got into a massive scuffle, I think I broke one of their wrists and in the end they ran off.”

Kageyama listened to her, wide eyed, “and…where was Ollie at this time?”

“Hm? Oh, Ollie was holding my bag.”

Kageyama’s face darkened, “that bastard.”

But Miki laughed easily, “you know he doesn’t condole violence. Besides, I think he was too surprised to react.”

“Wait till your dad hears about this. An eighteen year old, fighting like a kid-”’ Kageyama shook his head in belief and then glanced at his daughter, “thanks for standing up for us.”

They grinned at each other.

*~*~*

2030

Miki walked into the living room were Kageyama and Tsukki were huddled together, watching the TV. She dropped her bag onto the floor and smiled giddily at them. Instantly they knew something was up, sitting up. They gave her questioning looks, the silence so expectant they could have burst. And then finally, unable to take it, she squealed and flung her hand out. A ring glinted on her finger, “Ollie proposed!”

Tsukki’s and Kageyama’s mouths fell open, ”Miki! Oh my god!”

“Who would’ve thought!” Tsukki grinned.

Miki laughed, so happy tears shone in her eyes (she was still a massive cry baby) and flung herself between them like back when she was a kid. They pulled her close.

“We’re so happy for you,” Tsukki said, kissing her head, “I thought we’d never get rid of you.”

They exploded in laughter, more happy than ever.

A year later their hearts were broken. Freshly wedded, Miki was moving in with Ollie, only a short journey from them…but still… she waved one last time at her parents, tossing her last suitcase into the boot of Ollie’s car as her husband waved at them. They waved back. They were supposed to visit their new house the next day but her moving out still felt so…final.

“The baby crow’s left her nest,” Tsukki murmured, pulling an arm around Kageyama.

“I guess it was time,” he sighed, “hopefully we’ll have grandkids to take care of soon.”

“To be fair,” Tsukki smiled, “we did skip the diaper period. Guess it’s time to pay it off,” he
looked down at his husband of nearly thirteen years, “I love you, Kags.”

“I love you too, Kei,” Kageyama snuggled himself closer.

They watched their daughter drive off.
Heaven Knows We Belong Way Down Below

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kageyama (top) x Hinata (bottom)
Prompt by: NonsenseCurses
Prompt: Kageyama, a prince and Hinata, a servant, sneak around together.

Kageyama didn’t care about him. He never said it outright, but Hinata knew, and the worst part was that he didn’t blame him. After all, what did Hinata have? The clothes on his back, identical to those every other male servant in the palace had, a tiny room with no personal belongings and a few golden coins saved up for…Hinata didn’t even know. And what did Kageyama have?

Everything. He had the world. Hinata wasn’t bitter – he admired him. After all, Kageyama had gotten it all by hard work. He didn’t need a liability like Hinata – the only thing the ginger could offer was his cheerful company and small, almost feminine body to hold during the cold night. And the nights were cold – the chill from the outside seemed to seep into the marble stones and cool the air in the great, unused halls. It was miserable. All of England was miserable; it was not the age of philosophers, invasions and glorious battles. No, there had already been a battle – one. The battle of Rosworth, where Kageyama had slain the king and his uncle, who had been on King Oikawa’s side, changed alliances at the last second (good for him, of else he would have been branded a traitor) and personally plucked the crown from Oikawa’s severed head to place it atop Kageyama’s.

The new King of England – Kageyama, aged barely twenty two. There were doubts. He was not known as ‘King’ across the country, but as ‘usurper’. The first year of his reign had been a struggle. He re-dated the date of the battle, which earned him raised eyebrows from his new parliament. Thanks to that anyone who fought on Oikawa’s side was now legally a traitor and was thrown in the Tower of London. Despite the right of conquest, which gave him the crown because he won the battle, he was still viewed as a despot. Then, before going further, he was crowned so no one would give the credit of acquiring his crown to his parliament, who he met with after his coronation for the first time, or his marriage which he planned later.

It was purely political but it turned out well. A few hard months after his coronation, spent of crushing rebellions cropping up around the country like daisies and keeping foreign monarchs at bay, he was wed to Princess Shimizu, the Portuguese crown princess. It was a good marriage because it opened trade between the two countries and it meant Kageyama now had powerful monarchs supporting him. Shimizu and Kageyama were not in love, not in the least, but they had an easy friendship between them, untouched by their wedding night and the three other nights it took to get Shimizu with child. She was quiet but intelligent and one of his closest advisors – only she and a handful of other were allowed through to the King’s private chambers – a privilege denied to many. She was crowned a short while before her stomach began showing – late enough so no one accused Kageyama of stealing his crown through her royal bloodline.

Four months before the pregnancy, Kageyama met Hinata. Hinata remembered every second of it.

Hinata was sitting on a haystack in the royal horse pen, fashioning a knife from a piece of wood. A play knife, for the kids to pretend they were knights and soldiers. He liked it in the barn – it wasn’t warm, but it was dry, and the huffs and puffs of the horses were comforting. He had gotten half of
the job done when he fell asleep and when he awoke, Kageyama was leaning over him. He was in riding clothes, which were simple, so he didn’t look like anything above the rank of a knight. Hinata shot up, spraying hay everywhere. The sun had already set, tinting the sky with pink.

‘‘What time is it!?’’ he scrambled to his feet, looking around wildly, ‘‘oh, the head maid is going to kill me! I was supposed to polish the silvers and...oh, bloody hell, I forgot!’’ he was pulling at his fiery hair, which Kageyama had found enticing.

Kageyama cleared his throat, not really wanting Hinata to turn the rage on him, ‘‘um...I would like to go for a ride...’’

‘‘Get your horse ready, then! I’m not your servant!’’ Hinata threw his arms in the air, bristling. He looked torn between running back to the palace to face the wrath of the head maid and holing up in the stables to wait it out, ‘‘unless you’re the king,’’ Hinata said, snorting nervously and peering out to see if someone was looking for him.

‘‘I am the king,’’ Kageyama said and Hinata started laughing. He turned, swept his gaze up and down and froze. Kageyama might not have been clad in jewels or anything but Hinata didn’t recognise him as one of the vanguard or the staff and his face...he’d seen him once or twice...

Hinata fell to his knees, ‘‘oh my god, please don’t cut my head off!’’ he cried out, pressing his nose to the floor. And Kageyama found himself amused for the first time in forever. Shimizu might have made him feel calm and relaxed but Hinata...Hinata made him want to laugh.

‘‘I’ll think about it,’’ Kageyama said and Hinata raised his head. The King walked to one of the horses and began saddling it up himself, ‘‘you can get up now.’’

‘‘I-I’ll do that...’’ Hinata said weakly, extending his hand towards Kageyama as if he wanted to stop him but was scared to touch the King.

‘‘Saddle your own,’’ Kageyama replied, ‘‘what’s your name?’’

‘‘H-Hinata, majesty,’’ Hinata had introduced himself quickly and Kageyama nodded.

‘‘How do you fancy a ride with your king?’’

They had gotten caught up in the rain in the middle of the forest. They hid under the trees, taking cover from the insistent rain, and pulled a quilt tied to one of the saddles over their heads. They huddled for warmth, watching the rain come down and when Hinata turned, Kageyama kissed him. Just like that, randomly. Their first sin. He had said that there was no love between Shimizu and him, and that he was lonely. It was the first time and the last time he said something so personal and he told Hinata the whole story of how he ended up on the throne. When he was done, it was Hinata who kissed him, not caring if he was going to hell for it. Adulterer, traitor, sinner... none of it mattered as Kageyama’s mouth moved hesitantly against his.

Since then he called on him. Rarely and far apart, in the most random locations at strange times; at midnight, to kiss him in the dark, empty kitchen; to the ballroom before sunrise, to dance with him in the bare ballrooms; in the afternoon when the gardens were empty and he could kiss Hinata, shielded by the trees... their first time had been in that garden, observed only by the stars twinkling in the night sky. The next had been in the forest, during a short hunt. The third in Hinata’s own tiny, stuffy chambers. The fourth against the wall in some obscure pub. The fifth in the river during the warmer days. Hinata remembered each and every one.

And then Shimizu fell pregnant and they were both happy – because it meant the throne was secure
and the line extended and…Kageyama stopped seeing Hinata after that. He hadn’t only gone against the commandments and tainted his marriage to Shimizu but he was also considering continuing to do so while she carried his offspring. Yes, he was considering it, because Hinata was someone he could fall in love with – something Hinata didn’t know. But he decided to stay away. It would be better. The last thing he needed right then, in his uncertain position, was a scandal and the last thing Shimizu needed was stress.

It worked for a few months – he took care of governing the country, keeping a close eye on the nobles, who helped him do the job but could become dangerous if they grew larger in numbers and in power. Most kept large private armies that could result in rebellion; Kageyama had a lot to deal with. The one sliver of light in his dark, miserable life was when the Pope supported his claim to the throne – he literally had the blessing of God. If that, an heir and a victorious battle didn’t keep his ass on that fucking chair, he didn’t know what would.

Shimizu had been happy, but mutedly so. A proud nod, and that’s it and…it wasn’t what Kageyama needed. What he needed was someone to be happy with him, to understand the excited energy that built up, to mirror his determination…he found Hinata, who had thrown himself at him upon hearing the mood. He had aimed just for a warm, proud hug but they ended up making love in the haystack where they first met. Kageyama ran off after that, to cool off. Eventually, guilt racked, he returned to the queen’s chambers, where Shimizu waited.

She had known, instantly. She took one glance at Kageyama’s face, guilty and heartbroken and she patted her growing stomach calmly, ‘open the windows, please.’’

Kageyama didn’t argue, even though fresh air was supposedly ‘bad for the child’. He felt bad for the queen, cooped up in her stuffy room all day with the wooden shutters obscuring the light with only her gossiping ladies in waiting for company. He opened the windows to reveal the night sky, ‘’my king,’’ she said, her voice calm, strong, as if the child growing in her gave her power, ‘’you are a good friend, and you will be a good father to our child. But I want you to be happy, if you can, while ruling this corrupted country,’’ she met his eyes, ‘’I want you to be happy.’’

She wouldn’t say it, not outright, but Kageyama knew what she was talking about and he realise that she didn’t care who he slept with because she didn’t love him, not like that. And perhaps one day she’d find someone she did and Kageyama would be more than happy to let her sneak around with him. But the king and queen couldn’t be caught with their significant others, or their children would be declared illegitimate bastards, their thrones…

‘’Goodnight, Kageyama,’’ Shimizu smiled at him and something within Kageyama broke.

He wanted to walk up to her and kiss her stomach, to show the baby inside that he loved it, no matter what, but he couldn’t gather the courage, so he nodded and left. He wanted to go to Hinata, but he’d get found out. He wanted to ring the bell and request him, but that would be obvious. Sometimes Kageyama wished he’d never gone to that battle, that he’d never beaten Oikawa, that his uncle never put that wretched piece of gold atop his head.

If you find the crown weighs too heavily, line it with velvet his mother had once said. The daughter of a fallen queen, who chose a commoner for her second husband after the king. She had lived and acted like a princess, taught Kageyama how to be like a king during their exile in Wales. She had been harsh and cold but she had taught Kageyama how to be what he never thought he’d be – the King of England. But how to make his life full of scheming, back-stabbing and never ending politics a little happier?

‘’Your majesty?’’
Let yourself love whoever the hell you want.

Kageyama whipped around. He had been pacing the corridors of the palace for hours in the night and he had no idea how Hinata knew he was here or how he found him. He was in his night clothes but he had never looked more awake. And Kageyama grabbed his hand and dragged him down the corridor, through the chambers and rooms for almost twenty minutes. The cold marble froze the skin of Hinata’s feet but he obediently padded after his king, flushing gently every time his eyes fell on their interlocked hands. His heart leapt wildly when they walked through the main hall, into the audience chamber and then to a stop in front of large oak doors.

Hinata inhaled sharply. He knew what was behind them – Kageyama’s private chambers. Hinata stopped against himself, looking at the doors in awe. No one went there – no one – who didn’t have the king’s absolute trust. Not the parliament, not the nobles, not foreign nobles… and he, a servant… in the morning he had been dusting the parapets and now…now…he found it hard to breathe and Kageyama hesitated, seeing his terrified face.

“We don’t have to…”

“Are you sure you want me there?” Hinata blurted.

“Voice down,” Kageyama said, maybe a little harshly, to hide his embarrassment at the shy question. He unlocked the doors with his own private key and held it open, wondering if Hinata was going to go in. When he didn’t move, Kageyama drew him forward, dropping a kiss on his head. This finally kick-started Hinata into action. He walked in, looking around in wonder even though it was dark. Kageyama closed and locked the doors behind him. Hinata turned to face him and when Kageyama didn’t move from his spot under the doors he walked over to his window and pulled himself up into the window seat.

Slowly, Kageyama walked to the bed. Hinata followed his every move with his dark eyes. Picking up a fur from the bed, Kageyama made his way to the window seat. He kicked off his shoes and pulled off his tunic, discarding both things on the floor. He pulled himself up on the opposite side to Hinata, holding the fur protectively to his chest, “what were you doing wandering around?”

Hinata tilted his head a little, “I couldn’t sleep,” he said finally, “your majesty…what’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Kageyama said and he meant it, “I mean, there’s a lot of things wrong, but right now they don’t matter. For now…” he shily pulled the fur from his lap, a silent invitation. He looked away when Hinata crawled to him and into the space between his legs. Kageyama tucked the fur around them, wrapping his arms around the little ginger in his lap.

“My wife…” Kageyama started, ‘she knows about us, and she wants me to be happy. I think…I think that I was just waiting for her say-so, because I didn’t want to hurt her. But this won’t hurt her because she doesn’t love me, not…not the way you…” he cleared his throat awkwardly, “there’s a rebellion all the way from Cornwall and James, the Scottish king, is planning an invasion. It’s a mess and it’s going to take a lot of planning to sort that out. I will need to ask the Vatican for money, something they won’t forget. I need to pass a law to limit the noble private armies and for that I need to call the parliament…they’re a handful…” he sighed softly against Hinata’s hair, “so I just thought…if there’s a chance for me to be happy, for short periods of time, with you then…then I’m having those moments, no matter what. Even if this is wrong, if all of this is wrong in the eyes of God and we’re going to go to hell for it. I don’t care. I can burn in the fires down below if only I get to have you, here, with me. I won’t survive without you. I’m a sinner, but I can’t…I won’t be sorry for it. I’ll keep you with me, always” he hesitated, “unless you don’t want to.”

Hinata twisted in his lap, putting a hand against his neck, “you’re stupid, your majesty,” he said
bluntly, but his whole face was red.

‘‘Tomorrow you’re going to disappear,’’ Kageyama said softly, ‘‘I’m going to send you to my private Chateau in the south. It’s a nice, peaceful area. Wait for me there – I will visit you as many times as I can. I want you away from all this intrigue and plotting. It’ll ruin you,’’ Hinata had never seen Kageyama’s face so overcome with emotion. All he could do was nod dumbly, ‘‘no more hiding.’’

Hinata finally smiled softly, turning to put both hands against Kageyama’s face, ‘‘I feel like you want to tell me something else,’’ Kageyama looked down, his cheeks colouring. He didn’t look like a king, just like a love-sick boy, ‘‘just say it, your majesty,’’ Kageyama didn’t reply so Hinata tilted his head to kiss his cheek softly. There was a hint of stubble there. He patted around under the fur, finding his hand and pulled it up to his lips, kissing his battle-scarred knuckles, ‘‘say it, Kageyama. I want to hear it.’’

He felt Kageyama’s heart jump against his body but he tilted his head up bravely, like he was facing an army and moved his hand to cup Hinata’s cheek, ‘‘I love you,’’ he said.

Hinata threw himself against the king, ‘‘I love you, too.’’ He whispered in his ear.

Kageyama hugged him tightly and then pulled him back, just a little, ‘‘stay with me. Forever.’’

‘‘Yes. Forever,’’ Hinata agreed immediately, ‘‘I swear it.’’

They sealed their promise with a kiss.
Pairing: Ushijima (top) x Tendou (bottom)
Prompt by: Bl_ml
Prompt: Ushi works for a drug cartel and Tendou, his boyfriend, wants to try some drugs. He ends up getting addicted without Ushi’s knowledge.

The Trial

Tendou loved Ushijima more than he loved anyone in the world. His parents had kicked him out of the house for the simple fact that he was gay and friends…well, friends came and went. Ushijima was forever.

They were at a party. Ushi wasn’t much of a dancer so he and Tendou sat in the back booth. It was one of the dodgy clubs in something that must have been a factory or a warehouse at one point. It was a backlight open party so there were a lot of dodgy people around to match the dodgy building, but the inside had been smothered in UV light décor. The girls were all in flimsy hot pink and white outfits, their hair streaked with Ultra-violet semi-perm hair dye, and their nails painted glowing highlighter yellow and orange. Tendou himself had borrowed a neon yellow lipstick from some girl and spread it all over his lips, pressing a big kiss to Ushi’s cheek so now it stood out prominent against his skin in the dark.

Tendou was on edge, rapping his nails on the table they were sat at. He had known since ages ago that Ushijima was a dealer from a well-known Cartel down at the south side and he was okay with it; after all, Ushi was okay with all of his flaws, too. But Tendou wanted to see a little bit of Ushijima’s world so he had asked him to get him something. Tendou knew Ushi had it, he just wasn’t giving it to him on the basis that ‘he rarely takes his owns stuff as well’. But Tendou had given him his shit eating grin and Ushi yielded.

Slowly Ushijima’s hand came to still Tendou’s rapping fingers and his hand remained resting against his. Despite his straight forward, freakishly quiet personality, Ushi was a very touchy-feely person, especially after two years of dating Tendou and especially, especially when they were alone in their apartment. Tendou scooted closer to Ushijima, looking at him lazily from downcast eyelids, ‘‘Wakatoshi~’’ he said, trailing a seductive finger against his thigh under the table, where no one could see, ‘‘I know you have it…’’

Ushijima looked at him, one bushy eyebrow raised by Tendou gave him a big grin so he stood, pulling his boyfriend up as he went. They went out of the backdoors, into the car park, where a bunch of people were smoking. The stench of weed hit Tendou like a garbage truck. It was funny with weed – you either really, really liked the smell or you hated it. Tendou belonged to the second category. They steered clear of the weed smokers and went to a more secluded part of the car park.

Under the cover of night, Ushi took out a long glass pipe with a miniature bong at the end of it, and tossed a little stone in there – it looked like a salt crystal and Tendou narrowed his eyes at his suspiciously. Ushi took out his lighter with a cool design of a black panther (his present from Tendou last Christmas) and tucked the flame under the bong, ‘‘cocaine,’’ he said quietly and Tendou’s eyes
‘‘You’re giving me a Class A drug!’’ he said in an excited whisper, ‘‘you must really love me.’’ At
that Ushijima’s eyes flicked to his boyfriend.

‘‘You know I do,’’ he said in his gruff, quiet voice as smoke began rising from the crack. He passed
it to Tendou, ‘‘just this one time.’’

‘‘Promise,’’ Tendou grinned around the glass and inhaled the smoke. He began coughing almost
immediately. Anyone else would have laughed but Ushijima just looked mildly worried. Tendou
laughed, ‘‘don’t worry, Wakatoshi. I’m getting used to it,’’ he inhaled again and kept the chokes
back, pulling the smoke into his lungs and exhaling slowly, ‘‘come here,’’ he grabbed Ushijima’s
shirt and pulled him down as he inhaled again, pressing their mouths close and parting his lips.
Smoke wafted from his mouth to Ushijima’s, who inhaled it and then exhaled it slowly in a fainter
cloud. Tendou grinned.

He finished the whole thing and when he was done he was already beginning to feel the effects. As
Tendou dragged Ushijima back into the club, the dealer wondered if it was a good idea. Tendou was
all over the place without drugs anyway; he hoped he wouldn’t lose him or that his red-head
boyfriend didn’t do something stupid. Ushijima knew the effects of cocaine on a person – the first
was energy and alertness but that was practically the definition of Tendou so Ushi couldn’t judge
how hard the drug was affecting him. That is, until Tendou pushed himself away from Ushi and ran
for the dance floor

He didn’t settle for just dancing, oh no. He hauled himself up on the bar, where a makeshift stripping
pole had been put in place. He yanked himself onto the pole and began seductively grinding against
it in time to the music. Multiple heads turned as people continued to dance, watching his display.
Here’s an effect – confidence. Tendou had that aplenty, so now his ego hit the roof. He rolled his t-
shirt off and the crowd cheered. Ushijima saw at least a dozen men with lust-filled eyes as he tried to
fight his way to his boyfriend, who was now hooking his thumbs into his belt, grinning slowly at the
crowd as they cheered him on. He released the belt, teasing them and swung himself onto the pole
again, going down and up again. Ushi’s mouth went dry as his dick grew at the sight of his
boyfriend.

And then, with a particularly hard swing the pole came apart and Tendou was flung into the crowd.
Ushi caught him last-second and he didn’t even look terrified – Tendou grinned at him as the people
around whistled and cheered for him before returning to their dancing. Ushijima set him down, about
to suggest they get out of here when he saw that Tendou’s eyes were dilated, his breathing coming
out faster. He grabbed Ushijima by his shirt again and ground against him in one slow, hard
movement. Ushijima groaned, grabbing him. He didn’t usually dance but with Tendou’s high
confidence and easy movements it was easy to fall into rhythm. All the right parts brushed against
each other as bodies pressed from all sides. The smell of weed and sweat and too-strong perfume
was overwhelming but Ushi couldn’t stop staring at his red-haired boyfriend, curling against him.

When the song was replaced by dub-step, maybe twenty minutes since Tendou took the cocaine; his
pupils went back to normal. His body curved against Ushijima’s as he leaned up to whisper against
his ear, ‘‘let’s go outside,’’ he murmured, his lips sliding to press a bright yellow kiss to Ushijima’s
neck. Ushi didn’t have to be told twice; he pulled Tendou from the throng of brightly coloured,
shining, high people and outside into the chilly autumn air. There, he let Tendou smoke another one.

As he blew out his first puff, he gave Ushi a low grin, ‘‘you should give it to me, sometimes. On
special occasions. I could be your client,’’ he murmured, stepping closer seductively, ‘‘and your
lover.’’ After Tendou finished his coke, they fucked in the car.
Ushijima didn’t know what he had gotten his boyfriend into. Over the next few months Tendou threw himself into experimenting. Between his volleyball training at college and his well-paying job at the cartel Ushi was too tired and busy to notice the symptoms: when he took crystal meth that one time he kept interrupting Ushi, even though he spoke so rarely, and finishing his sentences. When Ushi went to college, he washed the same window seven times before the rush wore off. When he took Ecstasy his ego came down, which made him softer and more emotional with Ushi, something he found unusual but didn’t realise was the drug’s doing. And sometimes Ushi supplied him with cocaine, which he sniffed through a rolled bill in their apartments. Since he began breaking into Ushi’s secret stash under the floor board and doing it more often he was constantly sniffing. Ushijima thought he had gotten a cold.

Tendou was on an hour or so after taking Ecstasy when Ushijima came home.

“Hey,” he said, kissing Tendou for hello but Tendou wasn’t having it. His skin was sensitive. He wanted Ushijima to touch him so he grabbed him and shoved him down on the bed. As always, Ushijima happily complied with Tendou’s needs. He flipped them back around, pinning the red-head down with his body weight. Tendou groaned when Ushi ground into him, “touch me,” he ground out, grabbing his arms. The pressure of their clothed erections rubbing against each other and his weight on top of Tendou was almost too much.

Impatiently Ushijima undid Tendou’s belt and slid off his jeans, leaving him in his batman boxers. He smiled fondly at that, something Tendou missed as his eyes were scrunched shut as his breathing came out quicker. Ushijima pressed his hand to the heated skin of his thigh, massaging the soft skin. He dug his fingers in hard enough to hurt but it only elicited a moan from his boyfriend. His hands went gentle, sliding over his pale flesh. Ushijima dipped his head, settling himself between his legs and pressing his mouth to one thigh. He moved his lips, hard, against the soft, delicate skin underneath, nudging closer and closer to where Tendou wanted him to be.

Tendou whimpered above him, clutching the covers. He was being more sensitive than usual. Ushijima didn’t make much of that, his other hand sliding two fingers under the hole of his boxers, rubbing closer and closer. He slid his tongue out, rolling it in hot circles closer and closer…Tendou shuddered and with a jolt Ushijima realised he had made him cum. But that was weird…soon it was going to be their third year anniversary…they had been fucking so much just a simple touch shouldn’t have made him…

Ushijima glared at his boyfriend, panting beneath him, “you took something,” it wasn’t a question and Ushi knew the answer even as Tendou shook his head. He leaned over him, grabbing his face, perhaps a little harshly, “what was it?” Tendou remained silent, “I will rip this apartment apart to find it, so just tell me.”

Tendou wielded with a sigh, “Ecstasy.”

Ushijima swore quietly, “you can’t be mixing…” Tendou swallowed thickly. Maybe it’d be better to not mention the other experiments, “promise me; from now on, only what I give you.”

Tendou nodded. After all, cocaine was good enough. He extended his hands to his boyfriend, “for now, touch me more.”

Ushijima happily obliged.

The First Weakness
It was their fourth anniversary and Tendou was so gone he didn’t have the mind to feel guilty. Cocaine, again. These days he took it at least two times in twenty four hours – Ushi knew about some of it, not all. He was still busy but he made time for their ‘romantic’ dinner in their apartment. And Tendou tried – he really did – to stay clean that day but it was stronger than him. He took just a little bit – smoked it. But it still had a death grip on him and every second of the dinner Tendou would have been worrying Ushi would notice. Except his mind didn’t even clock what would happen then.

First off, he was super alert. Every sound made him turn – the click of doors as their next-apartment-neighbour came home, the clink of glasses as Ushi brought the wine to the bedroom, the creak of the floor as he walked. He looked jumpy and as Ushi entered the bedroom he tried to stay still. Their ‘romantic’ dinner consisted of them sitting in comfy clothes (Tendou in one of Ushi’s volleyball jerseys and sleeping shorts, Ushi in trackies and a sweater) on the floor with two large pizzas and a bottle of wine. Tendou used to love those evenings when they holed up together and just ate and talked – well, Tendou did most of the talking but Ushi listened. But now…now he wanted to go to a club and dance, to go for a ride and stick his head out of the window, to run into a lake and go skinny dipping in the night…

‘’Tendou?’’ he turned when Ushijima said his name. The energy was buzzing in his veins like a can of glittering water being shaken non-stop. He smiled at Ushi as he passed him his glass, filled half-way with red wine, ‘’you’re a bit off.’’

Tendou grinned confidently, ‘’am I?’’ his gaze zoomed in on Ushijima, on his body and he practically purred, ‘’it’s cuz you’re there, looking like that…” he met his eyes and smirked, ‘’I want to eat you up.’’

Used to his antics, Ushijima raised his glass in a silent toast but Tendou filled the silence with words, ‘’to me and my super hot boyfriend,’’ he downed his glass before remembering that he wasn’t supposed to mix…the thought floated away as quickly as it came. His confidence spiked and he ignored the pizza standing up, ”sit on the bed” he said cryptically and Ushijima obeyed, looking a little uncertain. Tendou fished his phone out of his pocket, turned on the first good song he came across and tossed the phone onto the bed with a flourish.

Ushijima glance at the phone on the mattress uncertainly but as the song began playing his eyes were on only Tendou, a little wild, his lips parted. Tendou started slow, half-walking; half-dancing his way to Ushijima, eyes locked the whole time. His hips rolled as he walked, his hands travelling down his body. Ushijima wet his lips nervously, his eyes sliding down his boyfriend’s legs to his rolling hips to his deliciously evil smile and lust-filled eyes. He got to Ushijima and the dealer swore Tendou would flip his hair if it was long. Instead, he dominantly shoved his legs apart with one of his and walked between them.

‘’Shit,’’ Ushijima said quietly as Tendou slid onto one of his legs, grinding sideways against his prominent erection, one hand sliding down his chest slowly, teasingly. Ushijima hands snapped out to grab him but, faster than normally, Tendou slapped his hands away.

‘’No touching,’’ he half growled into his ear, rubbing against his legs before straddling him fully. The music grew louder as Ushijima’s breath sped up. Tendou popped his ass against his erection, practically on top of him now. His front rolled against Ushijima’s in graceful, smooth movements, his lips never leaving Ushijima’s except to give one long, obvious glance at his lips. And then out of nowhere he turned, grinding his ass against Ushi’s cock so harshly Ushi thought he was going to lose it and take him right then and there. He waited though, savouring every slow, graceful movement of his boyfriend.
Tendou was breathing fast when the music stopped and he slid back into Ushijima’s lap, “did you like that?” he murmured, connecting their lips before Ushijima could speak.

Ushijima kissed him heatedly before pulling him away for a second, “I love you,” he whispered, his hand in his hair, sliding down his back, along his sides, his legs. He looked deep into his eyes, mostly pupil now, and kissed him again. Tendou moaned into the kiss, hugging him tightly. Ushi pulled away a second time and looked at Tendou sincerely, “thank you,” he said softly.

Tendou warmed and giddily leaned down to smooch his lips against Ushi’s, “I love you, too.”

Ushi sighed against his lips and went lower, kissing his skin. He hesitated, “you’re really warm.”

“Mmmh,” Tendou agreed, half-conscious with need, “don’t stop.”

But Ushijima, being the omnipresent mom, pressed his mouth to his forehead and then his hand, double checking his temperature. He frowned, “I think you have a fever.”

“’You just make me all hot and bothered,’” Tendou said, grabbing his hands and putting them on his hips, “come on, your turn.”

Ushijima’s face was against back to impassiveness. He leaned down to kiss the dip between his collarbones, his tongue flicking against it. Tendou shuddered, “let’s eat the pizza before it grows cold” Ushi murmured.

Tendou’s stomach heaved in protest at the suggestion. The drug had stolen his appetite and locked it in a cage; he didn’t have the key, “not hungry,” he muttered impatiently.

Ushijima dropped his hands at his sides, “you didn’t eat all day.”

“I ate breakfast.” Suddenly Ushijima shoved him off and he went sprawling to the floor, “what the hell!”

But Ushijima was fuming. It was the first time Tendou saw him like that and through the waves of euphoria and confidence and energy he felt the unfamiliar prick of fear. For the first time in the four years they were together Tendou was scared that Ushi would hit him, but the man just stared at him like…like he was a disappointment. Tendou couldn’t take it.

“I knew my coke was disappearing,” Ushijima said in a quiet, deadly tone, “I just never thought you’d be the one taking it,” and in that single second Tendou realised Ushi wasn’t worried about his goods, but about him. And then, for the first time since Tendou knew him, Ushijima’s voice broke, “you’re addicted.”

“No!” Tendou was on his feet, wanting desperately to comfort him. The mask was back in place, though. Ushi was once more impassive – well, maybe not. He was angry and there was something like guilt glinting under the rage, “Wakatoshi, I’m not-”

“It’s my fault,” Ushijima went as if to run his hands over his hair but stopped, “I gave it to you…I kept it in the house…”

“’I’m not addicted…’”

“You are!” Ushijima burst out, “I know the symptoms – you’re more energetic and confident, you’re more talkative, super happy most of the time and grumpy at random moments when you don’t take it, your pupils are so dilated I barely remember what colour your eyes are, your reflexes are
super fast, you’re breathing fast, you feel warm, you’re not eating…”

“When did you get so talkative?” Tendou hated the accusation in his voice but he had to get Ushi to stop talking because what he said made sense…Ushijima just shook his head, stalking into the living room. Tendou followed, “Wakatoshi, it isn’t your fault-“ Ushijima ignored him, prying open the floorboards. Tendou’s heart fluttered in panic as Ushijima loaded the few bags of coke into his backpack that he had grabbed on the way from the bedroom, “what are you doing!?”

Ushijima stood, making for the doors. Over his shoulder he said, “you better be clean by the time I’m back,” and he slammed the doors shut.

“My eyes are brown!” Tendou yelled at the closed doors helplessly. Ushijima didn’t come back.

Cognizance

Nearly a year later, everything was practically back to normal. Ushijima refused to give Tendou drugs and at first he had pleaded, wept and begged. His movement was increased – for the first two months or so he was constantly in motion, so much saw that Ushi slept on the couch to avoid Tendou’s kicking and turning. Not like either got much slip anyway. For a while Tendou had cold symptoms – fevers, sore throats, the shivers… his concentration went in and out. He could solve a Sudoku in thirty seconds one minute but in the next he had to read cooking instructions three times to make a pastry. The filter behind his head and his mouth, however small it had been, seemed to disappear completely and his nose bled at least once a week. Not to mention the ticks, which seemed to be permanent – fingers twitching, blinking rapidly, cheek muscles contracting, whole body jerking at random moments…

Ushijima took it all, guided Tendou through it. The red-head understood he was addicted and promised to behave. Ushijima tried to spend as much time with him as possible and for a year they fought his addiction until finally both saw a ray of hope – he was getting better and he was never going back to it. Ushijima went as far as not bringing drugs into the house and steering them both clear of parties where he knew there would be cocaine. He even tensed when cocaine was used in movies to which Tendou laughed his head off.

The only reminder of the first six months of the fifth year they were together was the ticks and the nose bleeds, but soon they were few and far apart. Soon there’d be no reminder of it.

The Second Weakness

Tendou actually broke five and a half months into their relationship. One day his throat had just gone dry, oh, so dry and his eyes stung and his head spun and his muscles spasmed and he knew he had to get something, anything.

He knew a party that was on in one of the elite, expensive clubs and he knew the girl hosting it. He told Ushijima he was going to meet an old junior high friend and ventured into the night with a quick kiss. He felt guilty, of course. Every few minutes he wanted to turn back, to go back to Ushi, to keep trying but his need drove him forward. So he told himself that maybe there wouldn’t be any dealers there, maybe there’d be no drugs, maybe he’s just have a good time or come straight home… the party was in a large white penthouse half an hour walk from Tendou’s apartment. As he entered the throng of people in fancy dressed, clad in just his hoodie and jeans, his urgency heightened. He scanned the room and pretty easily his eyes fell on a guy looking, well, more dodgy than everyone else – rich pricks liked to hire dealers for whole nights.

Tendou didn’t even try to stop himself from walking up to the guy, asking him quickly and discreetly about what he had.
“I got you brother,” the dealer grinned at him, “what do you want? I got you some weed, Ketamine, Codeine…I could even dig out some ‘shrooms but that’d take a while…”

“What about Cocaine?” Tendou tucked his hands in his pockets to hide the nervous twitching.

The dealer cringed, “sorry, brother, I don’t do class A.”

Tendou bit back the curse and his eyes scanned the guy wildly. He couldn’t have been older than seventeen; obviously he didn’t have class A, but maybe he’d sell cheap… “what do you recommend?”

He guy thought for a few seconds and then grinned, clapping his thin hand on Tendou’s shoulder, “I got something especially for you, brother,” he fished around in his bag and pressed it into Tendou’s hand, “Methylphenidate.” He waggled his eyebrows and when Tendou gave him a blank look his closed his fingers over the pill in a little plastic bag, “aphrodisiac, bro. And a pinch of amphetamine and…some other special stuff. New drug out. Not as good as coke but gives a similar kick. You taking it?”

Desperate, Tendou nodded, slapping a few bills into the guy’s hand. He grinned, “come again, brother,” but Tendou was already slinking into the night. He took the pill dry, willing it to fill the emptiness in him. It soon started working. Energy surged into him, not as strongly as when he did coke, but strongly enough. He grinned, jogging the rest of the way home. He was already on fire and he wanted to touch Ushi. He stopped as he reached the top of his street. He felt weird. His knees were shaking and he yelped when his erection pressed painfully against his front. Agitated and aroused, he stumbled home half-blindly, remembering that aphrodisiac was a performance enhancer.

He barely managed to get the key in the hole and stumble into the dark kitchen, slamming the doors behind him. He felt himself grow wet, weak and he would have fallen to his knees had Ushi not appeared, in his PJs, and caught him in his arms. What time was it? Ushijima was pale, “not again…”

“Aphrodisiac,” Tendou assured him, pulling himself up as best as he could. He wanted to explain but the sight of Ushi’s face made him go wild, “fuck me,” he barked, crushing their lips together. He felt Ushijima hesitate; he was angry, Tendou could tell, “take it out on me,” he ground their erections together, “come on. Do it rough.”

That was all the encouragement he needed. Ushijima picked him up and shoved him atop the counter, like his own personal feast. There was no time for gentle, loving kisses, licks and touches. He shoved Tendou’s legs apart, ripping the trousers off him and sliding down his boxers. His length was incredibly hard. Tendou reached for it, sliding his hand down the slippery length, but Ushijima growled. Tendou withdrew and cried out when Ushijima slammed into him. It was more from surprise than pain; Tendou was well accustomed to his length and width.

“Go harder,” Tendou rasped, reaching to pull his arms around Ushijima’s neck but with a vicious snarl Ushi pinned his arms down to the counter and pounded into him. Under the intense pleasure and heat Tendou felt a stab of pain at the harsh rejection. He concentrated on the feeling of being filled and emptied, over and over again. Ushijima didn’t finish in him, but spilled into his own hand at the last second; another sign that he was pissed off. As Tendou worked off the high, sprawled on the counter, Ushijima washed his hands in the kitchen sink, grabbed his boxers and stormed off to their bedroom.

Giving him a few minutes to calm down, Tendou walked in after him to find him curled in bed, his back to the doors. Cautiously Tendou slid onto the bed, placing a hesitant hand on Ushijima’s back. His boyfriend said nothing, ”It was just aphrodisiac,” he said softly. He was rarely soft but the
situation asked for it. Ushijima grunted. Tendou rubbed his hand up and down slowly, ’’Wakatoshi. I’m sorry. I swear it was just that.’’

’’You’re telling me if they had coke you wouldn’t take it?’’ Ushijima sounded so…sad. Tears gathered in Tendou’s eye – tears of frustration at his own weakness and of guilt and of need for the drug and for Ushi’s support and…

’’I’m sorry…’’ his voice shook as he repeated it.

’’You were doing so well,’’ Ushijima finally heaved himself up to turn to his boyfriend as the first sob racked his body, ’’we were doing so well.’’

’’I’m sorry,’’ it was all Tendou seemed to be able to say; for the first time it was he who was quiet and Ushi who talked more. And as the first tears dripped down, so did the blood. Tendou clutched his nose helplessly as it begun to bleed, his fingers twitching. He hadn’t been this dishevelled for a long time. Ushijima went to get him so paper and pressed it to his nose as Tendou wiped his bloody fingers on his shirt. Tendou took the wad of paper from him as Ushi went to get him a clean shirt.

Once the bleeding stopped and the clean shit was in place they sat in the dark on the bed, silent. Finally, Ushijima raised Tendou’s face with the tips of his fingers, ’’please go to rehab.’’

And Tendou felt so helpless and empty and broken, and his only anchor was in front of him, so he nodded. Finally Ushi gathered him in his arms. The next day he found the dealer who gave Tendou the drug and made it perfectly clear that if he approached again, he’d be a dead man.

Reconnoitring Convalescence

This time it was harder. The months in which Ushi tried to get him into therapy were torture. He was relapsing. Tendou felt constantly sick – he was too weak to leave the house, his skin felt hot even as he shivered helplessly under layers of blankets…he sweated so much that when Ushi came home he wouldn’t let him touch him because he was all gross and sticky. He was beginning to fall into depression – he was sad randomly, for no reason and felt the need to force laughter and smiles to show Ushi he was okay – each one broke him down further. He couldn’t eat, either. He just didn’t have an appetite and he quickly lost weight.

And then he went to rehab and he met people who had it much, much worse – their lives had already been ruined. Bokuto, who had just come off LSD, had no filter. He thought he was complimenting when he was in fact being rude – his girlfriend dumped him after one too many ‘you look less fat today than yesterday’ comments that seemed completely appropriate to Bokuto. His family was being less and less supportive as he couldn’t keep his mouth shut and it didn’t help with the few job offers he did get after having a criminal record.

Kenma, who had taken a spectrum of drugs, experimenting and mixing, had a severe case of Insomnia even after nearly half a year of being away from any illegal substance. He couldn’t sleep at night at all and slept little at day. He was failing University so much he switched to Twilight lessons but even then he couldn’t help the drowsiness. The school investigated into his behaviour and when they found what he had been meddling with he had been promptly kicked out. He now worked some shitty job for a shitty pay but he was fine with it – his main problem was his massive craving and tiredness.

Ukai was the oldest person in rehab. Other to being a druggie he was also an alcoholic and he was irritable, anxious, depressed and violet – the whole lot, really. He had dropped his job as a high school coach before they could fire him but he wanted to go back to being his old self – he had a kid whom the social services were debating giving to his divorced wife. He wanted to be with his child
and be a good father – his story was the worst.

And Tendou realised he was the best off – the drugs hadn’t ruined him yet. Ushijima was patient with him, helped him, supported him…he still had a chance to get better. And he was going to.

**Convalescence**

It was their seventh anniversary. Ushijima had come home early from his father’s company. Tendou and Ushi had moved away after he finished rehab, not wanting to be reminded of anything – back to Ushi’s peaceful, small town. Ushi finally did what his parents wanted him to – inherited the company. Well, for now he was learning how to, anyway. As for Tendou, well… he never got caught for the drugs, never had a criminal record and, by some weird chance, he got a job at the local kindergartner. The kids liked his wacky hairstyle and funny personality and the other teachers were glad for a little help over the little ones. It got to the point where Tendou was actually considering adoption!

There had been a few moments of uncertainty but Tendou had kept clean and Ushijima was with him every step of the way. After Tendou went to rehab he dropped his job as a dealer and never looked back.

Tendou came home from the school – to their little house by the north road – to find the table set for two, complete with candles, wine and a massive box of pizza. He grinned at Ushijima who was waiting for him, in his comfy clothes.

“Let me get changed, baby,” Tendou kissed him quickly and half-ran to the bedroom, digging out one of Ushi’s jumpers (now his) and his PJ bottoms. Once he was changed he joined Ushi at the table. His mouth watered at the smell of the pizza – finally, after so many months of hating the smell and sight of food. As per tradition, Ushi filled their glasses with the wine.

They raised their glasses, “to our seven years together, Wakatoshi,” Tendou grinned.

“and to your year and a half of being clean,” he added. They clinked their glasses together.
I Say 'Fuck You' While I'm Thinking of You as My Husband

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Tsukki (top) x Hinata (bottom)
Prompt by: Gnoemi
Prompt: Tsukki is always irritated around Hinata because he reminds him of a girl he made a promise to when he was at school. He doesn't remember the promise until Hinata comes to his house and Akiteru goes "oh, Kei, isn't this the guy you promised to marry?"

Tsukishima was forever irritated. Around Hinata, to be precise. And he was around Hinata a lot – they were both first years so they had a bunch of lessons together, they changed next to each other before practice, then were together for practice, and after practice they were walking home together with the others… every time Tsukki looked at Hinata he felt this spark of irritation that made his skin all hot and his heart irregular. For a while Tsukki thought that he was sick but the feeling was always accompanied by a way of annoyance and frustration.

“You’re gonna have to look at me to block properly!” Hinata snapped. He was irritated now himself and Tsukki forced his eyes on him. A nagging, urging feeling filled him as he glared at Hinata’s eyes and he felt his irritation spark anew. He nodded his head once, shortly, acknowledging Hinata’s comment as the boy threw the ball in the air and hit it, hard. Glad for the opportunity to turn his gaze away from Hinata, Tsukki watched as the ball sailed and counted himself down in his head. He jumped and hit the ball back over the net, straight into Hinata’s face, knocking him over. He should have felt smug but with annoyance he realised his first instinct was to apologise. He gritted his teeth; Hinata pissed him off. Hinata got up, grimacing, and Tsukki was surprised when the ginger gave him a grin, ”that’s what I’m talking about!”

He ran after the ball and Tsukishima watched him, forcing the irritation down like a bite of too salty food. But when Hinata turned back around to him the irritation returned – Tsukki knew what it was. Hinata reminded him of someone; a short, flame-haired girl from his elementary school. Tsukki barely remembered her face anymore but he remembered that he had promised her something. Of course he didn’t remember the promise – that would have been too easy. As much of a dickhead as Tsukki was, he had a big thing about keeping his promises and knowing he hadn’t fulfilled that promise to that girl, even if they had been seven, got him on edge – having Hinata bouncing around and reminding him of the unfulfilled promise didn’t help his irritation.

It was the hair, Tsukki decided. It was definitely the bright hair that irritated him the most. As he was pondering on ways to get rid of his irritation – or Hinata – Yamaguchi and Kageyama jogged over.

“We should study together,” Yamaguchi said, “these two might be failing everything, but we’re not very good at a bunch of stuff,” this was directed at Tsukki, “we were wondering if we could use your house, Tsukki.”

Tsukishima shrugged non-committally, “I guess,” he didn’t particularly want dumbass-Kageyama round at his place and he wouldn’t study much with his omnipresent irritation if Hinata came, but rejecting the offer would be suspicious and would earn him a few dozen question bombarded at him every few hours by Yamaguchi.
Yamaguchi beamed, ‘’cool!‘’

*~*~* 

It had been fine at first. They had gotten to Tsukki’s before his family came home and Tsukki hoped to get them all out before that, too. Yamaguchi had basically taught them everything they needed to know – Kageyama got it, Tsukishima got it, but Hinata was stupid and he didn’t. Yamaguchi tried futilely to teach him for an hour and then he had to go home; and so did Kageyama. It was getting dark.

‘’Um, Tsukki,‘’ Hinata looked uncomfortable as Tsukishima closed the front doors after their teammates, ‘’could I…stay a little longer? Every time I try to think about the equations my brain goes ‘WAAH!’ but you seem to get it so…‘’ he was tapping his pointing fingers together nervously.

Tsukki sighed and ventured into the kitchen, ‘’I need snacks for this.’’

Ten minutes later they were back upstairs, Tsukki leaning against his bed, a note-pad in his hands while Hinata sat in front of him, cross-legged, sipping iced tea, ‘’right,‘’ Tsukki said, pointing, ‘’so this is the distance-speed-time. Distance x speed will give you the time. Speed x time will give you the distance. Time x distance will give you the speed. Got it?’’

Hinata narrowed his eyes, ‘’but how do I remember this?’’

‘’It’s not that hard,‘’ Tsukki said patiently. In full teacher mode his irritation had died down to a dull throb, ‘’you can draw it in a triangle,‘’ Tsukki quickly sketches a triangle and wrote a ‘’D‘’ at the top, then ‘’S‘’ in the left bottom corner and ‘’T‘’ in the right bottom corner, ‘’so if you draw this you can see how to multiply them with what to get what,‘’ he drew a few lines to demonstrate, ‘’and to remember the order just think alphabetically – D, distance, comes first, then S, speed and finally T, time, like in the alphabet.’’

A slow understanding bloomed across Hinata’s features, ‘’so… say I need to calculate the time and the distance is 3 km and the speed is 5 mph…I just do 3 x 5 and get fifteen…which is the time?’’

‘’Yeah, exactly,‘’ Tsukki said and Hinata beamed.

‘’Thanks Tsukki. You’re a great teacher.’’

Trying not to let the praise get to him, Tsukki flipped pages in their physics textbook, ‘’let’s move on to the next equation.’’

The doors were thrown open and a pretty blonde woman walked in, smiling in surprise when she saw Hinata, ‘’oh wow, Kei, you actually made friends other than Tadashi!’’

‘’Moooom,‘’ Tsukki groaned but his mother just grinned at Hinata, ‘’he was going to go soon anyway. We were just studying.’’

‘’Nonsense!’ his mom exclaimed, ‘’it’s dark outside, he can’t return like that!’’ she took the glass out of his hand, ‘’you just stay here for a sleepover, honey. Let me refill that for you,‘’ she was already half-way to the doors, ‘’Aki will be home soon – come down for dinner in ten minutes.’’

Tsukki glanced at Hinata uncertainly. How could he sleep with the source of his irritation on the floor next to him? He didn’t say anything, not wanting to come across as rude. He numbly got through two more equations before his mom called them down for dinner. Hinata went first, padding down the stairs and practically slamming into Akiteru, who was just coming in. The blond looked down in surprise at the ginger and smiled quickly, ‘’oh! Kei, isn’t this the guy you promised to marry
in elementary school?" Tsukki froze on the stairs, everything clicking into place. No…no, the person he promised to marry was that little ginger girl…that was the forgotten promise – he remembered now! But she had been a girl…his brows scrunched up. Wait…He didn’t remember anything about her – just her ginger hair. No name, clothes, voice, face…it was possible. His face paled as Hinata shrugged. He didn’t look surprised, “sorry, I can’t remember your name…”

“Hinata,” the ginger introduced himself, “I moved school a little after that so that’s probably why he didn’t remember…” he laughed, “it was a dumb promise between seven year olds anyway.”

Aki laughed with him as he hung up his coat, “I dunno, Hinata. Kei is super-serious about his promises.”

Tsukishima flushed in humiliation. The idea of marrying Hinata…he fumbled for the familiar irritation but found none as he glanced at Hinata. He knew the promise now – where the irritation had been now the urgency had grown to determination and Tsukki nearly groaned at the irrational internal voice telling him to marry Hinata. They were sixteen, they hated each other, they were both guys… shaking his head he followed his brother and Hinata to the dining room.

His mother was setting out food in bowls, “sit next to Tsukki, darling,” she told Hinata and Tsukki and with a horrifying realisation Tsukki knew his mom also remembered the promise – as did his dad, already grinning in place – and they’d make the most of the situation. Was this revenge for not having washed the dishes the other day? Hinata obliged, slipping into the chair next to the one Tsukki pulled back and – as if he were already part of the family – took the bowls passed to him and dug into his food.

“S really good,” Hinata assured Tsukki’s mom, his mouth full.

“I’m glad you like it,” his mother replied, perfectly normally, but Tsukki was waiting for her to drop the bomb; the rest would follow, like a pack. It’s always been like this – his mom would chose a subject of bantering – his father’s incident on the train, Akiteru being chastised by his teacher or a little child running away from Tsukki – and the others would follow. They’d crack up about it all through dinner time. There was nothing malicious about it but it could go one of two ways – the person would laugh and accept the shame or stomp out, annoyed, “Kei, I know you two are betrothed but Hinata still needs to sleep on a futon.”

There it was. Hinata choked on his food and Tsukki glared at his mom, but before he could defend his honour his dad chimed in, casually crunching on a shrimp, “yes, yes, you two must stay celibate until marriage,” he smiled at the brightly, “as per tradition.”

To Tsukki’s surprise, Hinata laughed, “it was a stupid promise. Really, we’re not actually getting married…”

“Poor Hinata doesn’t know it could work between two guys,” Akiteru leaned on his hand and pouted, “look what you’ve done, Kei.”

“Shut up,” Tsukki ground out but Akiteru wasn’t done.

“Here, Hinata, let me fill you in on the wonders of…” he cupped his hand over his mouth and whispered in Hinata’s ear. Hinata suddenly went bright red and Tsukki felt a spark of annoyance.

“I-I knew that,” he said, quickly digging back into his food, flustered.

“Stop it,” Tsukki growled across the table as his family began laughing, “you’re embarrassing him. And me. No one is getting married,” he stood, carrying his plate to the sink, “I’ll go get the futon.
It was awkward, mostly because Hinata didn’t usually stay at people’s houses for sleepovers. He texted his mom and then he sat on Tsukki’s bed as the blond searched for something remotely Hinata’s size. While he was turned and Hinata couldn’t see his face, he decided to address the elephant in the room, “I didn’t even know we went to the same elementary,” Hinata remained silent for once so Tsukki continued, “I didn’t remember the promise, either. Why didn’t you tell me about it?”

Hinata’s voice was forcefully chipper, “cuz you were an asshole. You weren’t anything like that kid from elementary.” Tsukki gave up. There was nothing fun-sized like Hinata in his closet so he grabbed his cream jumper and tossed it at Hinata, maybe with a little too much force. The jumper caught him in the face and he toppled backwards into the pillow, “thanks,” he said, his voice muffled.

“Sorry,” Tsukki said bluntly, tugging off his own t-shirt and changing into his PJs, “and I’m sorry about my family. They’re idiots – and you’re right, it’s just a stupid promise anyway.”

Hinata peeled off his clothes and wiggled into the jumper. It was much too big for him – it fell to his thighs. He flapped the sleeves in the air and grinned. Tsukki watched, maybe a little too attentively, as the too big neckline slid off one of Hinata’s shoulders, “I called you Kei back then,” Hinata said out of nowhere.

“You have a good memory,” Tsukki said simply, wanting to kill the conversation that made the insistent voice in his head louder.

But then Hinata looked up at him, his eyes intense, like when he was talking about volleyball, “I’ll do it.”

Tsukki blanched, “what?”

“Your brother said you take promises very seriously,” Hinata said, “so I’ll marry you.”

Tsukki gave him an annoyed look, “you’re an idiot. Just release me from the promise or some shit like that.”

“No.”

Tsukki was surprised by his insistency, “why?”

Hinata’s determined demeanour crumbled as his whole face went red, “because you make me feel all ‘BWAH!’ inside.”

“What?” Tsukki frowned and Hinata averted his gaze, suddenly uncertain.

“Y-You know…like…bwah…”

“God, I don’t understand your vocabulary,” Tsukki said harshly but he felt none of his previous annoyance. He walked up to the bed and grabbed the sweater Hinata was wearing, yanking it back up futilely. The sweater slid back down, exposing his tan flesh. Tsukki hisses in annoyance and turned but Hinata grabbed his hand and pulled him with so much force Tsukki toppled on top of him, “what the hell, idiot!?”
"Are you gonna marry me, then?" the fire was back in Hinata’s eyes.

"No! We’re sixteen."

"Later."

"We’re both guys! And I don’t like you!" Tsukki snapped but he made no move to get off Hinata.

"You promised," Hinata reminded him.

"I thought you were a girl! We were seven. You said yourself."

Hinata hesitated and dropped his eyes once more, "...you’re right."

Tsukki sighed, feeling... bad. Guilty. Wrong, "don’t feel stupid about it," he heaved himself off Hinata finally but the ginger stayed where he was, staring at the wall to his left. His fist was clenched so hard Tsukki was worried he’d hurt himself so with an annoyed sigh he grabbed his wrist and pulled him up to a sitting position, forcing him to relax his hand, "you make me feel all bwah inside…does that mean you like me or something?" Hinata nodded, once, turning scarlet, "...oh."

Hinata glanced at his wearily, "can I try something?"

"Try what?"

"Just something."

"I guess," Tsukki uncertainly released his hand and Hinata crawled forward, putting his hands, hidden under the sleeves of the jumper, on his shoulders. The sweater slid further down his shoulder. And then, slowly, giving Tsukki time to jerk back, he pressed their lips together in a short, sweet peck. Tsukki didn’t react, his face devoid of emotion.

Hinata pulled away, "how did that feel?"

"I don’t know."

"Bad?"

"No."

"Good, then?"

"I’m not sure."

Hinata crawled into his lap and Tsukki didn’t stop him. He pressed another peck to his lips, "what about that?" Tsukki shrugged so Hinata tucked his lips against Tsukki’s in a slightly longer kiss, "and that?"

"It felt…okay." Tsukki’s eyes were…soft, for once.

Hinata gave him another kiss, "what about that one?"

Tsukki shrugged again, "I don’t know."

Gathering his courage, Hinata slotted their mouths together. He’d never kissed someone like that so he was pretty lost after that, not knowing what to do. Thankfully Tsukki took the lead, hesitantly running his tongue against Hinata’s lower lip. Hinata gasped in surprise and the tongue ventured into
his mouth, brushing gently against it. Hinata copied Tsukki’s movements uncertainly but soon he was overcome with the warmth and sweetness of the kiss. It wasn’t very long and Hinata pulled away first, feeling like he forced it enough. Their mouths parted with a quiet, wet pop. “what was that like?” Hinata asked. His voice was quiet.

“Good,” in contrast Tsukki’s voice was low, raspy almost. He cleared his throat and Hinata slid out of his lap and onto the floor, to the futon.

“Then think about it,” Hinata gave him one smile before slipping under the covers. Unsatisfied, Tsukki clicked his lamp off. Then, in the dark, he felt around, and found Hinata’s hand. He let their intertwined fingers hang between them.
Viral Mess Turns Dreams Into an Empire

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Suga (bottom) x Oikawa (top)
Prompt by: Blue Amber Gem
Prompt: Suga is an alien who crash lands on Earth and Oikawa takes care of him.

A star had fallen. Oikawa was in his room, staring out of his window at the sky – you couldn’t really see the stars, even in the country, because of all the light pollution but the single, long streak of light that suddenly cut across the black was hard to miss. When he was a kid his mom had told him that fallen stars were just cigarette butts that the Angels tossed from the clouds so God wouldn’t catch them smoking. Oikawa highly doubted that now at the ripe age of nineteen – and anyway, the star was much too big to be the butt of an angelic cigarette, unless God’s helpers were fucking massive.

Oikawa was not only surprised by the sudden streak of light as the star fell but also by the smoke that plummeted into the sky when the star crashed into the park a few blocks from Oikawa’s small house. Now that intrigued him. He grabbed his windbreaker from the peg and charged from his house. He jogged down the dark streets, eerily quiet in the night time – not like the streets of the capital, alight and alive. Thanks to his vigorous volleyball training Oikawa managed to get to the park without as much as breaking a sweat. The silver gate, usually invisible during the day, open for everyone, was shut with a strange finality. There was nothing valuable enough in the park for cameras to be installed but the gates were closed so delinquents wouldn’t use the park as a smoking spot. The cleaners wouldn’t have time to clean all the cigarettes and alcohol bottles in the morning before whiny mothers arrived with their toddlers.

Gracefully, Oikawa clambered up the gate and hoped down on the other side. The park stretched in front of him, a messy shadow. He couldn’t tell apart the trees and benches but the smoke rose in the air, covering a large portion of the sky. Clicking on his phone’s flashlight, Oikawa walked roughly in the direction of the great grey cloud. He was so lost in thought that when the trees finally parted to reveal a small fire he yelped. Other than the nearby tree and a couple of bushes, a vehicle was alight. Oikawa frowned. It was a super freaky vehicle – kind of oval, but not fully, maybe big enough for two people. It was mostly white except for the places the fire had blackened it and the front was made from see-through glass. It was a shame he couldn’t salvage it from the fire, because…

Oikawa’s eyes widened. There was someone inside. A boy, not much older than him perhaps, banging on the glass. His bangs were completely absorbed by the glass. If Oikawa left him he’d die, no question. By the time the fire-fighters got there, the thing would be completely consumed by fire. Oikawa jumped into action – he wasn’t the captain of his team for nothing. He pulled out his flip-blade (carried for safety reasons) and jammed it in the space where the glass and the white material of the rest of the capsule met. He gritted his teeth with effort as he pushed down, his arms screaming in protest. The quiet ‘pop’ rang out and was followed by a hissing noise as the glass swung up.

Coughing, the boy stumbled out. The fire flared violently, fed by whatever chemical had kept the boy alive and breathing inside the cabin. Knowing they had mere seconds Oikawa lunged for the boy, grabbing his wrist and ran. He made it behind the closest tree and threw both of them to the floor, shielding the boy with his body as the explosion racked the whole forest, violet smoke streaming up. Wires sizzled and melted and the whole vehicle groaned as a larger explosion blew it
to pieces. Oikawa made the mistake of glancing at it as it was crushed. A flying piece of metal, burning hot, nicked his cheek. He winced and put his head down, his hand coming to touch the bleeding cut.

As the ground stopped shaking, Oikawa looked down at the boy pinned underneath him and his eyes widened. He was definitely not human. His eyes were normal enough, warm brown, but there was a…surreal quality about them. They seemed to shift and asses with every second, something that didn’t take the kind glint from them. Other than the beauty spot under his eye his skin was perfect – smooth and pale, no signs of pimples, spots or even pores. His hair was silver – not white blond, but silver. Like metal. A black jumpsuit, accentuating his white skin and hair, allowed only a sliver of neck to show. It covered him from fingertip to toenail and it was made from a material Oikawa didn’t recognise. More stretchy than elastic, more delicate than silk and more durable than Gore-Tex.


Oikawa latched onto the word he understood and nodded his head. The boy smiled slowly, ‘so this is Japan, yes?’ Shocked, Oikawa realised that the boy had just spilled a greeting in more than thirty languages with perfect accents. All he could do was nod dumbly as the boy sat up. Vaguely Oikawa wondered what the hell he had rescued. In a slow, calculated way the boy sat on his heel and then put his hands next to each other on the ground, pressing his forehead to the grass, ‘thank you very much for saving my life. I am in your debt, mr…’ he looked up questioningly. ‘Just Oikawa,’ he finally found his voice although his throat was dry, ‘are you…an angel?’

The boy laughed and it rang pleasantly, ‘no, of course not. Angels do not exist. My name is Suga. I come from the planet you humans call ‘Jupiter’.’

Oikawa stared at him. He wanted to call him out on the lie but taking in his appearance, the burning remains of his vehicle…Suga produced a little object from his pocket – an object that made no dent in the perfectly smooth material. It was a small perfume bottle, no bigger than Oikawa’s thumb. Suga angled it at Oikawa’s cheek and pressed once. Clear liquid exploded from it, burning his cut but when he touched it a second later it was gone.

‘That was proof,’ Suga has a kind smile on his lips through the entire procedure. He rose to his feet and Oikawa followed suit; in the distance he heard the wail of sirens. Suga tilted his head at the sound and hid the vial, producing yet another object – a phone-like device, about the size of an I-phone and scanned the air. The device beeped and he glanced down at it, his eyes moving as he read, ‘police vehicles, fast approaching. They will be here in approximately three minutes,’ he pocketed the device, ‘I am sorry, Oikawa, but would it be of high inconvenience if I spent the night, and possibly a few others, at your house?’

Oikawa stared at him. He wanted to call him out on the lie but taking in his appearance, the burning remains of his vehicle…Suga produced a little object from his pocket – an object that made no dent in the perfectly smooth material. It was a small perfume bottle, no bigger than Oikawa’s thumb. Suga angled it at Oikawa’s cheek and pressed once. Clear liquid exploded from it, burning his cut but when he touched it a second later it was gone.

‘We need to jump,’ Oikawa said, turning, just as Suga pressed a button on his watch. Wide-eyed
Oikawa watched as Suga dissolved into thin air and reappeared on the other side of the gate. Shaking his head, Oikawa climbed up and jumped down next to him, feeling ungraceful and sluggish next to the otherworldly being. Suga didn’t seem to mind.

He grinned at him, “please lead the way, Oikawa.”

So they ran, down the dark streets until they reached his front doors. Oikawa was breathing harshly, unevenly while Suga patiently stood next to him, waiting for him to get his bearings. Finally Oikawa fished out his keys from his back pocket and slotted them into the key hole, opening the doors. They walked into his house – he had no corridor, just a little space between the doors and the raised living room. Oikawa flicked the lights on.

“Leave your shoes here…” he realised Suga had no shoes so he took off his own and pointed to the couch, “sit.”

Trying not to stare Suga sat on one of the couches as Oikawa gulped down water. Then he slammed himself opposite Suga, keeping a close eye on him, “talk.”

Suga folded his hands on his lap primly, “what would you like me to talk about, Oikawa?”

“Everything. How are you from Jupiter? We’ve sent stuff up there – like drones and stuff. It’s not inhabitable…”

“Correction: it is not inhabitable for human beings. Your biology prevents you from producing oxygen from Jupiter’s atmosphere and your bodies have no way of accustoming to the extreme conditions,” Suga said, like he was explaining why a child can’t have another cookie, “we have received your ‘drones and stuff’ and let them inspect a small, uninhabited area of Jupiter for the benefit of your scientists, so they would not discover our societies,” he chuckled, “we had no idea your little species would become so curious of the universe.”

Oikawa’s eyes narrowed, “are you telling me you’ve been watching us?”

The amusement did not leave Suga’s perfect features, “of course. After all, you cannot leave an experiment un-attended.”

“We’re an experiment?”

“Yes. The project ‘Homo Sapien sentience’ – or, in simpler terms ‘human life’ – had began many generations ago amongst my people, before I was yet created. We have been observing and tracking the progress of mankind since its creation. We have many project areas amongst the galaxies but you are by far the most successful,” Suga looked thoughtful, “and the most destructive. It is estimated that you will not live more than one thousand years.”

Oikawa’s mouth was dry. This…this was like finding a book with every answer to the questions of the universe, “so…God does not exist.”

Suga remained in his proper position, “it depends what kind of God you are referring to. Gods as seen in: Christianity, Mormonism, Islam, Judaism, Buddhism, Hinduism, Taoism, Polytheism, Paganism and so forth do not exists. The ‘creator’ and ‘prime mover’ can relate to the man who began the Human Life experiment. Technically speaking there is someone ‘up there’.”

Oikawa calculated his next question. He wasn’t sure he wanted to know, but… “what happens after death?”

Suga looked him in the eye, “I do not know.”
“What!”

Suga didn’t shrug but Oikawa felt like if he was human he would, “we die, like every other living creature in the universe. We do not know what happens once that happens – death is final, even for higher beings like us.”

Ignoring the comment about higher beings, Oikawa forced his face into a cool amusement. He even smirked a little, even though he was beyond freaked out, “how old are you?”

Suga smiled fondly, and there was nothing condescending about it, “we do not calculate our years like you calculate yours. We simply exist. If I told you how old I was, it would mean nothing to you.”

“Okay,” Oikawa sat back, “let’s say it differently. When you were…created, what was happening on earth?”

“The year I was created the following events occur on planet Earth: the Americas are being discovered. The 10 year long Grenada War comes to an end. The Alhambra Decree is signed, expelling all unconverted Jews from Spain. The Torah is first printed. Pope Alexander VI succeeds Pope Innocent VIII. Peace of Étaples is signed; King Henry VII is on the English throne. The Ensisheim Meteorite lands in Alsace. The first arboretum is planted in Croatia. Casimir IV Jagiellon ends his reign in Poland. The Ivangorod Fortress is built in Russia. In China the Ming Dynasty transports grain to the northern border in exchange for salt. Elizabeth Tudor is born. Prince Wolfgang of Anhalt-Kothen is born. Charles Orlando, the Dauphin of France, is born. Lorenzo de Medici dies. Sonni Ali dies. Bishop Tha-”

“Okay, enough!” the onslaught of dates and facts had washed over Oikawa like a sudden wave and he blinked, calculating quickly, “that means that in human years… you’re more than five hundred years old.”

Suga nodded, “that is correct.”

Oikawa shook his head in disbelief, “that’s why you talk funny.”

“Do I?” Suga didn’t seem bothered by the fact.

“How do you remember all this?”

“Our minds work differently to your minds,” Suga said simply. Not unkindly – just stating a fact.

“So…” Oikawa rapped his fingers on his knee. There were so many questions bumping around his head he didn’t know which one to pick first, “what do you call yourselves? Aliens? Creature? Beings?”

“A male inhabiting Jupiter is called simply ‘man’ – a female is called ‘woman’. We have based you in our image therefore we call you by what we call ourselves,” Suga explained.

Oikawa grinned slyly, “okay, tell me – what is the meaning of human life?”

“I believe you have been created as simply an experiment with no purpose – the creator was content with observing you evolve, grow and flourish to decide whether it was possible to create thinking, living beings. Once it was clear he had succeeded, many more went on to inhabit planets with their experimental creations. You by far have the most colourful, cultural and ethnically, religiously and sexually diverse species. Your downside is your rapid death and self-destruction power.” Suga tilted his head at Oikawa’s confusion, “in simpler turns your purpose is to evolve.”
“This is like some sick game show for you,” Oikawa murmured, overwhelmed.

Suga looked at him for a long second, “perhaps. I myself found you simply fascinating. I admired you when I could on the screens of the experiment upholders,” he smiled again and Oikawa found himself soothed. The… ‘higher beings’ might be dickheads who watch all the death and poverty and murder without batting an eyelash but Suga…Suga was young, he supposed. And good.

“When do you die?” Oikawa said out of the blue.

“I believe we are what you humans call ‘immortal’ – we die only when terminated by another. We do not get sick and we do not age beyond a certain point. In our years I am still nothing more than a teenager.”

An idea popped into Oikawa’s head, “so what’s up with Area 51?” he was referring to the above top secret United States air force facility that conspiracy theories had circled since forever – apparently it developed energy weapons, weather controls and time travel and teleportation machines. It was also involved in activities relating to the One World government and the Majestic 12 Organisation, the Aurora program and, most importantly, the U.F.O – people said they took care of any crashed alien space crafts and studied its occupants, be it living or dead…even going as far as to try and recreate the crafts. Rumour had it that if a worker broke your vow of silence and told their family about what went on down there they and their whole family got killed in mysterious circumstances.

“What goes on there is none of our concern,” Suga said easily, “our real communication base with the human species is much more secretive. Few know of it and we take care for it to never get as big and conspiracy-popular as Area 51.”

“So where’s the real base?”

Suga grinned. It made him look more human, despite his funky hair, “the white house.”

Wait…Oikawa narrowed his eyes at him. If it was so top secret… “why are you telling me this?”

Suga’s smile wavered. Then dropped completely, “I have been exiled.”

Oikawa froze. Oh hell…if he had an alien fugitive in his house… “what for?”

Finally Suga made a human gesture – he began wringing his fingers out nervously, “I…was not a scientist working on the Human Life experiment. I was the laboratory cleaner,” he didn’t blush but somehow he looked a little embarrassed at the confession, “everyone knew about the experiment but I saw it when I was cleaning – on the screens. Since then I had been fascinated by humans and their activities. It was… we are programmed to remember information very quickly. I learned all your languages and everything about your culture and way of living during those times when I was cleaning.”

“One day, when I was in the middle of my job, I heard one of the superiors mention terminating the Human Life experiment since you were destroying yourselves, a little at a time. That was not very long ago and before I could use my common sense, I began arguing with him. I told him your people were a wonderful, fascinating people and terminating Human Life would be a mistake and a loss, but he did not want to hear it. We had just entered an inter-galactic war with another planet and we had no time or resources to look after all those experiment planets. I…tried to sabotage the extermination planning. And for that I was locked in the 334 One-Way Orbiter and sent out to drift in space for eternity.”
“They did not know one thing, though – despite being a cleaner I had passed my Galvanic-Magnetic studies,” once more met with Oikawa’s blank stare, he explained, “I had what you humans would call an Electrician’s degree. Either way, I managed to re-wire the system and that sent me plummeting towards Earth. At that point I realised death was better than eternity amongst the stars… and yet I could not let it go. So I re-connected some wires and that sent me in a steady descent. Only once I entered your magnetic field did I plummet down, saved by the thick green growth of the planet. And then you found me. Thank you.’’

Oikawa looked at him for a second. He could have been lying but…there was no reason to. Exiled by his own people and left for the dead, there was no reason for him to withhold information that could save humans. And if earth was only a little like Jupiter…Oikawa shuddered at the thought of the destruction power of *their* nuclear powers. Quietly, Oikawa asked, ‘’how can I stop them from ‘exterminating us’.’’

Now Suga looked lost but his mouth set itself into a determined line, “I will try and finish what I started. Now that I am here I have no idea how long it will take them to finish the plan,’’ he looked at Oikawa intensely, “I will need help rebuilding my Orbiter. Once that is done I will return to Jupiter and stop the extermination plan. Will you help me?’’

“Of course,’’ Oikawa felt pumped up, like before a match. People may never know that it was him and this strange silver-haired alien that saved their asses, but at least Oikawa would be able to do some self gloating. He extended his hand and Suga clasped it – not his palm, put his forearm, like people did in those Ancient Greek Spartan movies. He grinned back at Oikawa and then his stomach grumbled and Oikawa felt the first slithers of laughter bubbling up.

“So you eat?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Can you eat what we eat?” Oikawa was already getting up.

“Yes. We can metabolise any matter.” Suga said.

“Have you ever had tea?”

“No, I have not.”

“What about croissants? They’re French.”

“No, I have not.”

Oikawa grinned, ‘’prepare for a feast. Tomorrow, work begins,’’ he poured tea into cups with practiced movements, ‘’do you sleep as well?’’

“Yes, I do, although I can go for an extended period of time awake.’’

Oikawa hummed, intrigued, turning to the cupboard to get the croissants and screamed. Suga was just materialising into place, his hand still on his watch, “what is that?’’ Oikawa said accusingly.

“My Corporeality Beam. It works by transporting the atoms that create me the short distance I put into it in Atto-seconds.’’ Suga said simply and then dipped his finger into one of the cups, “is this ‘tea’?” he licked his finger in wonder.

“Yeah,’’ Oikawa got over his surprise at Suga’s sudden materialisation and reached for the croissants.
“Yeah,” Suga repeated thoughtfully, “that is slang, correct?”

“Yeah, I suppose so,” Oikawa took the croissants around to the table between the couches and set both down. Suga padded after him, normally this time. He looked out of place in his space suit, clutching a cat-patterned tea cup, “here, sit. I’ll get you some normal clothes.”

He grabbed the first things he saw – a navy t-shirt and camo pants – not wanting to leave Suga alone for long lest he wreck his apartment and returned to the living room to find all four croissants gone and both teas drained. He licked his fingers clear of crumbs as Oikawa stared at the empty plate in surprise, “you didn’t mention you inhaled your food.”

“I do not inhale food,” Suga said, “I process it by placing it in my mouth—”

“That was a metaphor,” Oikawa said quickly, waving the clothes in the air, “here, put these on.”

Suga stood and turned his back on Oikawa, “could you please unzip the suit, please?” Oikawa obliged, sliding the zipped down all the way to Suga’s milky, perfect ass. He blinked and looked away quickly. To his horror Suga simply slid the suit down, exposing himself, “the hell!? Have some decency!”

Suga looked up at him, surprised, “what do you mean? This is just my body. You have the same outer appearance as me, I assume.”

“Well yeah but your business is just dangling there!” Oikawa pointed to his dick.

That earned him another surprised look from Suga, “there is nothing shameful in this. It is simply used for urination.”

“What about sex?” Oikawa crossed his arms over his chest as Suga pulled the camo pants on, going commando.

“Sex?” Suga looked thrown off track for a second, “oh! You mean the process humans go through to procreate? We do not do that. We are developed in containers until we reach a certain size.”

Oikawa felt sympathetic, “so you don’t have parents? Family?”

“Not in the sense that humans do,” Suga pulled the t-shirt over his pale chest and gathered his suit up, “we chose our family once we reach a certain age – both males and females that later inhabit a living space with us. Love is given freely but we do not exercise the concept of ‘sex’.”

Oikawa gave him a long look, “and have you started a family yet?”

Suga’s eyes saddened for a quick second before he grinned, “I have asked one person but then all this ensued,” he waved around vaguely, “and there was no time to properly begin it all.”

Oikawa took that as a sign to stop talking about it. He took Suga’s suit and tossed it in the washing machine as Suga marvelled at it (on Jupiter they had a spray that cleaned your clothes in an instant) – he admired all the different basic utensils in Oikawa’s house and laughed at his TV saying it was ‘so old’. But when he crawled into bed he grinned at the size and softness of it, explaining that on Jupiter they had cots and people rarely slept at the same time as each other.

That night Oikawa could proudly say he spent sleeping next to an alien.

*~*~*
The next morning it was time to get to business. After a quick breakfast of more croissants Oikawa stuck Suga in the same clothes as the day before, since he only wore them briefly, and pulled a black hat on top of his head, hiding his silver hair. To complete the look he tossed on a jacket even though Suga insisted he did not feel cold – after all he was able to function perfectly normally in Jupiter’s -145 degrees Celsius. Once he had geared himself out also, Oikawa took Suga out to their number one priority – home depot.

Suga was amazed from the moment they stepped out onto the street to the moment they entered the train. They didn’t have a bullet, like Tokyo, but it would have to make do. They took seats at the end of the carriage and Suga kept looking out of the window.

“Close your mouth,” Oikawa said, amused.

Suga did so, but opened it a second later, “we do not have trains on Jup-” he glanced at the few sleepy passengers, “at home,” he finished.

“How do you travel, then?”

Suga tapped his watch, now hidden under the cuff of his jacket, “we use our Corporeality Beams to go to the stores at the end of our lanes, or we use larger communal Beams to get to more distant locations. It is much faster than travelling by train,” he glanced around again and smiled, “but much less fun.”

“I dunno. I’d rather travel at inhuman speed through space and time than take the train,” Oikawa said and they smiled at each other. Oikawa clicked his phone to life, “okay, we need to make a list of things we need to…” a weary glance at the people in their carriage, “fix your car.”

Opening his palm, Suga counted on his fingers, “an inter-galactic Beam, a hydrocarbon deposit, Tungsten screws, adamant wires, titanium, aluminium, magnesium…”

“Okay, hold up.” Oikawa closed his hand over Suga’s, cutting off his flow of words, “I don’t know what half of those thing are, much less where we can get them.”

Suga hesitated and Oikawa could practically see him calculating in his head. He spoke in a hushed tone so no one else could hear, “if I am correct we could use my Corporeality Beam. We’d need some propulsion to get me into the atmosphere and from there I would use the Beam to get me to Jupiter quickly – it is inconvenient that we don’t have an inter-galactic Beam but it is not un-do-able with just a Corporeality Beam. It will just take a little more time…” he trailed off, calculating some more, “we can substitute the hydrocarbon deposit with fuel but we will need a lot of it. Tungsten screws are available on Earth, if I am correct, and for adamant wires…well, we just need extremely durable ones.”

Oikawa nodded slowly, “I know where we can get the more…serious items,” he glanced at Suga, “but we’ll have to involve a third party.”

*~*~*

Bokuto had been less sceptical than Oikawa but equally pumped up. Suga and Oikawa had completely ignored the front entrance to Home Depot, instead slipping into the scarce woods surrounding it where Oikawa easily found a trap door hidden by autumn leaves. They had made their way through the canal which had made both wrinkle their noses until they reached a tall metal door, plastered all over with ‘warning: high voltage’ and ‘risk of death’ signs. Ignoring them completely, Oikawa rapped a short code onto the doors, which swung open a second later.
Bokuto had ushered them into his ‘secret lab’ where he manufactured all the big stuff for the big companies under the radar. Bokuto and Oikawa had gone to school together and were still good friends. That, paired with the fact that he was helping an alien save the world, was enough to get Bokuto to agree to supply them – for free. He sat Suga down at his greasy, cog-strewn table. Behind another metal doors Oikawa could faintly hear the sounds of the factory hidden underground, away from prying eyes.

“Okay, for screws…well,” Bokuto smiled like he was a conspirator, “Outlaw Fasteners had just released the best screws on the planet. Technically that’s not public knowledge yet but everyone underground knows. Like, we just know. Anyway, I reckon I could get you a box-full or so, but they’re prototypes…”

“We’ll make them work,” Oikawa assured.

Bokuto nodded, “as for fuel, well, I don’t have any but I just imported a shit load of Rocketdyne F-1; it’s the single most powerful single-nozzle liquid-fuelled rocket engine and I have like ten!”

Suga nodded gravely, “for an Orbiter we will need four.”

Bokuto grinned, “done! God, I can’t believe I’m helping an alien,” he scanned the list on Oikawa’s phone again, “I can get you as much Titanium, Aluminium and Magnesium as you want but it’ll probably be in sheets or scrap since I can’t really get too much or the feds will notice. It’ll be harder to work with but you guys will manage;” he scrolled to the bottom of the list, “and for the wires…well, I’ll get you the best I can find,” he grinned, sliding the phone back, “let’s save the world!”

*~*~*

It all went well. Bokuto had delivered their gear in the shadiest, most bizarre ways for ‘safety reasons’. The two hundred prototype screws arrived in a pizza box delivered to their doors. Two dozen metal sheets had been somehow folded into a plastic princess house (the house remained in Oikawa’s back garden). Actual gear for making the Orbiter, like the welder, arrived masked in two dozen toilet rolls.

The building began in Oikawa’s garage. Suga had drawn out a sketch of where went where, and how to piece everything together and for most of the day, when Oikawa wasn’t at College, they build the alien spacecraft. It was hard, delicate work; everything had to be perfect. But Oikawa and Suga were worried – the one thing that didn’t arrive were the F-1 engines. And then one day Bokuto just showed up at Oikawa’s front doorstep, telling him he needed to go pick them up himself.

“So that’s why we’re going to my mom’s,” Oikawa said, driving his car which now permanently resided in front of the garage. It had been two weeks since Suga crash-landed in the Miyagi park and the two of them made a formidable duo, “well, that’s not exactly why. We’re going to the area where we’re gonna pick them up and if we don’t visit my mom and she finds out…well, let’s just say that the alien extermination won’t be the only thing we’ll have to worry about.”

Suga glanced at him from the passenger seat, “was that another metaphor?”

Oikawa grinned, “yeah. Oh, and one more thing. We’re gonna pretend you’re my boyfriend, if that’s okay with you.”

“Boyfriend – someone who is more than your friend but not your husband,” Suga recited as if reminding himself, “I understand. I will do my best.”

*~*~*~*
“Oh, darling, I absolutely love your hair!” Oikawa’s mother gushed as she led the startled Suga into their family home, “you have to forgive us but Tooru’s father is not here yet. I’m afraid he’ll miss his son. What dye do you use, there’s no roots! Oh, I hope you like friend chicken, we’re having that today…” Oikawa couldn’t deny it was satisfying seeing Suga lost at the flood of words and not the other way round for once. She ushered them around the small dining table, already set with food, “I was so happy when Tooru wanted to introduce his new boyfriend, after all that business with Iwaizumi! He rarely visits me, you know?”

They sat down and she started piling their plates high, talking about everything and anything. Oikawa was worried Suga would slip up and say something weird but his mother only noted that his way of speaking was very posh. He ate plateful after plateful until Oikawa had to kick him under the table, but his mother was delighted, “I’m so glad you like it! Tooru rarely eats more than his plate!” his mother laughed and then glanced between them, “oh, honey, no need to be embarrassed. You can do all that couple-stuff around me. I won’t judge!”

She laughed again and Suga laughed with her, pushing away his empty plate and sliding his fingers around Oikawa’s on the table. The human tried to keep the surprise off his face as Suga simply began another conversation with his mom. Oikawa concentrated on the alien’s touch – it was warm and soft, just like a human’s. He didn’t know what he expected – cold, reptilian temperature? Harsh, calloused skin?

They had stayed as long as they could after which Oikawa’s mom said goodbye to both warmly, telling Suga to come by anytime. They quickly made their way to their car and rode to where they were going to meet the guy with the engines, who was so antisocial he didn’t leave his house. The ride was silent for a while until finally Suga gathered his courage to say, “who is Iwaizumi?”

Oikawa seemed to freeze a little but he relaxed almost immediately, sighing, “my…ex boyfriend, you could say. He had this girl he liked but she didn’t like him so he took out his frustration through having sex with me. I fell in love but I was only his fuck buddy, you could say. We were best friends before and when I confessed he…he called me disgusting…” his hands tightened a little on the steering wheel, “anyway…I haven’t spoken to him for ages. Sorry for dumping this whole story on you.”

Suga was quiet for a little while, looking ahead at the road. Finally, he spoke, quietly, “the first man I asked to be part of my family was called Daichi. He was also what you would call a ‘best friend’. We had come from the same laboratory and we were raised in the same batch. Then I became a cleaner because my grades were good enough to hijack an Orbiter but not to get a better job than a cleaner; and he became the head of Airspace Quantity…we drew apart and I desperately wanted to keep him with me. I realised I had fallen in love with him but he did not feel the same. When I asked him to be part of my family…” he choked up, surprising both himself and Oikawa, who stopped the car in the middle of the empty road, “…he said he had already accepted somebody else’s offer. Even though he had been the closest person to me; even though beyond him I had no one to ask.”

They sat in silence again, both staring out into the horizon, “for what it’s worth,” Oikawa said, “I’d join your family. Even if I’d be stuck with only you forever.”

At that, Suga grinned, “for what it is worth, I would gladly take you in as a part of my family.”

Oikawa looked at him and grinned back, starting the car up again, “come on, Suga. Let’s go save the world.”

*~*~*~*~*

With the engines safely in a box in the corner of the garage, Suga and Oikawa could continue their
work. With each day they grew more nervous, not knowing when the extermination was due. This led to more mistakes which had to be retraced and fixed. It got to the point that the engines, no bigger than circular flashlights, sat in that box for more than six weeks as the two boys painstakingly worked on their ship. The Orbiter was beginning to look nothing like it’s original but what was important was that all the important things were in place.

Suga spent hours plaiting wires together and connecting them to a massive control board he’s made from scratch – something Oikawa couldn’t stop marvelling at. As for Oikawa, he did the manual labour. He put the metal sheets together, constructed the shape…he googled formulas and instructions all day long and brought them snacks – when under stress Suga could eat as much as ten people, which reflected on Oikawa’s wallet.

Oh, well. Whoever said saving the world was cheap?

And then, finally, three months after Suga’s crash-landing the Orbiter was done. It was funky and clumsy – nothing like the sleek, graceful spacecraft Suga had arrived in. You could see the different coloured metal and the wonky edges but at least it was secure, every little crease and opening filled. It was strong enough to get Suga to Jupiter (with a little luck) but not to do much after that. When the vehicle was done Suga finally installed the F-1 engines and Bokuto called up, saying their oxygen delivery was due the next day. There was nothing left to do but celebrate.

“I’m guessing you guys don’t have clubs up on Jupiter? Oikawa asked as Suga looked around at the flood of people and the strong smell of alcohol. The alien shook his head and Oikawa laughed, throwing an arm around his shoulders, ‘come on, I’ll show you the wonders of parties.’”

As it turned out, Suga didn’t need showing. Oikawa, thanks to his pretty face, was quickly drawn into the crowd of dancing girls who each wanted to bump and grind against him. Ever so often he’d glance towards the bar where Suga was permanently rooted, always with a different girl, buying her a drink and not touching any himself. Eventually sweaty and content, Oikawa marched to him as he waited for another girl to occupy the seat next to him and slid into it.

“You’re spending my money on girls and you’re not even taking them to bed,” he said with a grin, waving the bartender over, “three shots each. Thanks.”

“Shots…” Suga repeated, “do you mean bullets or alcohol?”

“Alcohol,” Oikawa said as six glasses were slid in front of them, “have you ever had any?”

“I have heard of it, but it is bad for your liver and-’"

“Drink with me,” Oikawa raised his first glass and Suga copied him, “to the Orbiter 2.0!”

“And to Bokuto,” Suga added and watched as Oikawa pressed the glass to his lips and tipped his head back, swallowing the vodka. He followed him only a second later.

“Your turn,” Oikawa said, picking up his next glass.

Suga thought for only a second, “to saving the world,” they drank.

Oikawa grabbed his final shot and looked Suga into the eyes, “to this fucked up, little family.”

And Suga laughed even as the vodka burned his throat. Oikawa grinned at him, ordering a few more and they took turn making dorky toasts.

“Your mother’s fried chicken!” Suga said.
‘‘To F-1 rocket engines!’’ Oikawa said.

‘‘To the Milky Way Galaxy!!’’

‘‘To Vodka!’’

‘‘To trains!’’

‘‘To Corporeality Beams!’’

‘‘To Inter-Galactic Beams!’’

‘‘To Jupiter!’’

‘‘To Earth!’’

‘‘To Pluto! Viva la Pluto!’’

By the time they finished they were both laughing and bright red. Oikawa’s wallet was empty. He grinned at Suga, wondering if he should get him another one and sobered up immediately. Suga was glowing. His forearms were shining light purple, his cheeks dusted with light blue, like someone had injected dibutyl phthalate into his veins.

‘‘Oh my god,’’ Oikawa said, ‘‘Suga, you’ve lit up like a giant fucking glow stick!’’

Suga glanced down at himself and his eyes widened, ‘‘oh…oh…’’ was all he said. Oikawa grabbed his bright pink wrist and pulled him to the entrance where he grabbed his coat from the peg and wrapped it around him, tucking the collar up to hide some of his now-aquamarine cheeks. Knowing he’d drink Oikawa hadn’t taken his car so he quickly called a cab, fishing out the black cap and tucking Suga’s hair into it. They waited in the cold until the cab came and Oikawa made Suga sit in the back, out of the view of the taxi driver.

He breathed out in relief when they finally got home. Suga was still glowing, if anything stronger now. They went into the bedroom where Suga sat down on the bed, marvelling at his multi-coloured fingers. The strange flower of colour seemed to move under his skin, making him…beautiful. Excited, Suga shuffled out of his clothes before Oikawa could return with the water to sober him up so he’d stop lighting up like a Christmas tree. When the human walked in he found Suga fully naked and colourful, laughing giddily.

‘‘Look,’’ he extended his hand to Oikawa, palm-out. The water bottle slipped out of Oikawa’s hand as he walked over to where Suga was sitting.

‘‘That’s…’’ he extended his hand and touched Suga’s shoulder. The colour ran from his touch, curling out farther like some flower strange out of ‘Tangled’, ‘‘oh shit…’’ Suga laughed fully now, grabbing Oikawa’s hands and pressing them to his chest. The colours ran from his warmth and then returned. Oikawa looked up at Suga’s shining face – right then he really could have been a fallen star, ‘‘I want to have sex with you,’’ he blurted and Suga gave him a questioning look, ‘‘You…you don’t know how humans touch. Let me show you.’’

Suga searched his face for a second, ‘‘have you thought about it?’’

‘‘Yes,’’ Oikawa admitted, ‘‘for a little while now.’’

‘‘Then yes,’’ Suga said, ‘‘because it is you.’’
And Oikawa found himself grinning uncontrollably as he pushed Suga down gently, trailing his hands up and down his shining body. He pressed his lips to Suga’s and they were warm, human, like the rest of him – normal. But he made Oikawa feel extraordinary and he laughed against his lips and Suga swallowed his laughter into his own. He was touching Oikawa, too, through his t-shirt and then he was pulling it off with uncharacteristically impatience. Oikawa happily obliged, pressing their bare bodies together, one glowing and alien, one bare and human.

“Here, let me show what else this is for,” he murmured against Suga’s ear as his hand slipped lower to grab his erection gently. Suga jerked in his grasp and Oikawa laughed, glancing down; his dick really did look like a glow stick but Oikawa refrained from saying so. He was so, so unbelievably happy. He wanted to laugh but instead he occupied his mouth by slotting it against Suga’s silver neck. He wondered if Suga’s spunk would be bright blue or something but when he came into his hand it was surprisingly normal. But his moans as Oikawa entered him were surreal. They filled him like a siren’s song and Oikawa really believed that Suga was not of this world.

He was busy kissing his neck, sliding his tongue against Suga’s bright orange collarbones, feeling himself come close when Suga grabbed his hair and moaned, “shit, Oikawa…” and Oikawa came with Suga because the alien had moaned his name so sweetly and because he had sworn for the first time cause of what Oikawa was doing…

They lay in bed after, breathing hard and watching Suga’s glow fade as the alcohol in his system disappeared. Once he found his voice, Suga smiled at Oikawa, “I definitely enjoy the human touches.”

*~*~*

It was their last night together. Suga’s voyage was perfectly planned – he had weapons and gadgets and timings and even so Oikawa was worried he’d get killed in the process. He didn’t voice his worries. They had agreed that after it was done Suga would return to Oikawa and live with him one Earth, because there was no way they could be galaxies apart.

A week after their ‘celebration’ Suga and Oikawa found themselves in similar situations – with Oikawa in bed and Suga on top of him, after they had just made love. Just like all the nights before. The oxygen had arrived the day before (late) and it took a while to do last checkups on the Orbiter 2.0. But now their hard work had come to an end and Oikawa hated how it was up to Suga to do the dirty work. He knew he should sleep but he couldn’t, instead savouring the warmth of the boy on top of him.

That was when Suga’s I-phone device beeped. Oikawa was surprised – it was usually dead and silent on the desk if Suga wasn’t using it. He carefully unwrapped the alien from him and walked up to the beeping device, pressing down on the screen. An alert popped up.

**Warning: Jupiter Inter-Galactic Destruction Force fast-approaching Earth’s orbit. Time estimated: twelve hours.**

No.

No…they were too late. Too late… all their hard work…if only Bokuto hadn’t been late with the delivery…the world…

“Suga…” Oikawa choked up and Suga woke up, all sleepiness gone when he notices the alert. He rushed out of bed coming to stand next to Oikawa and read the alert. Then he read it again and his eyes filled with tears – the first tears Oikawa ever saw in his beautiful, brown eyes.
He shook his head, ‘‘no…no, we are too late…’’

A million thoughts rushed through Oikawa’s head. Their future…Miyagi, the park, Bokuto’s underground lab, his mom’s little house, their little house… they were going to see Tokyo…

And then Suga’s eyes sharpened and he grabbed Oikawa’s hand, ‘‘let’s go. Let’s go.’’

‘‘Where?’’ Oikawa asked helplessly.

‘‘The ship…we can…’’ Suga was stumbling over his words but Oikawa shook his head.

‘‘There isn’t enough oxygen, you know that. Besides, where will we go? We cannot go to Jupiter. The other Experiment Worlds are getting terminated…’’ he shook his head, ‘‘I can’t leave mom, I can’t leave everyone…I will mobilise the armies, maybe we stand a chance…’’

And Suga was crying into Oikawa’s chest, ‘‘I am staying with you. I am staying with you…’’ he was repeating but Oikawa was shaking his head.

‘‘We need to finish this. We need to finish it, Suga. You need to go, as planned. Save the other worlds. You can still save the world, just not this one…and I will go and we will fight against them, we won’t be ended like some stupid experiment…and then…’’ he smiled and wiped one of Suga’s tears, ‘‘and then we’ll meet, like we planned, okay? Heroes, yeah? For Jupiter and for Earth, remember?’’

And Suga was shaking his head but Oikawa grabbed his suit, which had been folded atop the washing machine since day one and zipped it up until it was as if he just arrived. Just twenty minutes before they were in bed, with their whole lives planned out…Oikawa tried not to think about it. With a body-racking sob, Suga grabbed his black hat and tucked his alien hair under it. Oikawa helped him get the few last stands, wiping his tears, ‘‘not for Jupiter or Earth,’’ Suga whispered, his lip wobbling, ‘‘for you. For my family.’’

Oikawa nodded kissing his head and then his lips, ‘‘yes. Yes, for us. I love you, Suga. Please be safe. Please.’’

‘‘If you die I will… I will…’’ Suga sobbed once more and hugged Oikawa. The human hugged him back, hard and then whispered one word that broke him.

‘‘Go.’’

And the alien went. He ran to the garage, Oikawa following him, and he slid into the Orbiter 2.0 and slid inside. He gave Oikawa one last look, ‘‘I love you. See you soon,’’ he whispered and shut the door. Oikawa barely remembered the Orbiter driving out front and then blasting up, the heat so harsh it made Oikawa topple over. And then Suga was up in the sky and their ship had worked and he was going to save the galaxy.

Oikawa drove like crazy through the empty, sleeping streets of Miyagi. The thought of Suga up in space, fighting, gave him courage. He prayed, even though there was no God, that the ship worked and that their plan worked and that they lived and saw each other again…

The drive to Tokyo was long and numbing but Oikawa barely remembered it.

He barely remembered getting himself into the Japanese embassy, with angry shout and guns pointed at him until one or the other higher up ushered him in. He didn’t remember explaining what had happened but using the alien technology in Suga’s phone he managed to convince them that Jupiter was about to go full Independence Day on them. They called the president in the white house of
America and he got the right people down – the people in contact with the aliens. And they confirmed it.

Within two hours the world’s forces were mobilised and not one person was asleep – they were all watching the sky. And so was Oikawa, having done all that he could, having spent the last months fighting the impending threat, having called his mom and Bokuto to say goodbye, just in case... He looked up into the sky where, somewhere, Suga was. Saving worlds. As he was saving his.

If that bright white flash came and any signs of humanity – the first experiment – were wiped out, so be it, but Oikawa was going out with the signs of Suga, glowing and laughing and happy, embedded in his mind. And maybe neither of them knew what happened after death but wherever the hell Oikawa was going he sure as hell was going to wait for Suga. They had done all that they could for this fucking galaxy. So now, maybe, they’d live – maybe they succeed.

And if they didn’t save the world, then oh well.

At least they had tried.
After All We're Only Human

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kageyama (bottom) x Tsukki (middle) x Kuroo (top)
Prompt by: Snow
Prompt: Kageyama’s class is using the ‘maid café’ theme for the school festival and Kuroo and Tsukki both end up fighting over Kageyama.

Fuck gender roles.

And fuck reverse gender roles.

Kageyama physically restrained himself from twirling just to see what it felt like and instead glared at the boys gathered around him, who stared miserably at the floor. The dozen of men were dressed in dresses ranging in size, length and fabric - the girls had brought their favourites. Said girls were setting up plates on the school tables covered in cloth to look like café tables. They in turn were dressed in tuxedos and suits, their hair scraped back under hats or slicked back with gel. It was a complete gender role reversal – when their class’s theme was announced (maid café) the boys had gloated and made lewd comments, already day dreaming about their female classmates in flimsy dresses. That is, until the girls decided to strike against being harassed from handfuls of boys from different classes like every year and their homeroom teacher had jumped in excitement at the prospect they proposed.

Girls as butlers and boys as maids.

Thus Kageyama was standing amongst the cross dressers, fingers in the pink and white frilly concoction that had been tossed onto him, complete with an apron and a headband. He growled every time a girl dared snicker in his direction but today they had the power. Hinata scratched his balls absently and the gesture looked freakishly strange, considering he was wearing a tight red dress under his apron and his hair was pulled back with pink pins. The boys were not only stocked up on dresses, aprons and accessories, but they also had stockings all the way up to their hairy knees and clicking high heeled shoes. The girls had spent a good hour giggling and matching to find heels amongst their arsenal that would slip onto the boys’ giant feet.

‘Ladies, quit mucking about! We need help!’ one of the girls laughed while he friend helped her get the cloth around the last table. The desks were arranged in a wonky circle around the room.

‘You bastards!’ one boy finally exploded, pointing down on himself, ‘I can’t show myself like this! All the other classes will want to see a maid café and-‘

A girl stringing up fairy lights around the window kissed her teeth, ‘I can’t talk to you when you’re being so emotional,’ the boy looked gob-smacked.

‘Kageyama-kun! Come here!’ another butler called from the makeshift kitchen set out on the teachers desk and hidden behind a curtain taken from someone’s window. When he didn’t move, scared he’d trip in his heels another girl came up behind him and delivered a sharp, unpleasant slap to his ass.
“Come on. You belong in the kitchen.”

Kageyama gave her his best glare, “I have never slapped a girl’s ass,” he snapped but the girl just laughed. She was one of the tall, fearless ones. She threw her arm around Kageyama’s shoulder and pulled him towards the makeshift kitchen.

“Don’t get mad. Are you on your period?” she laughed more and Kageyama sighed, resigned, “we’re only kidding. You guys are so prissy. Have some fun!”

So Kageyama decided he wouldn’t care and instead assembled the super market cupcakes on a pretty platter someone had brought from home. And when the festival began he went out into the classroom that now looked like some indie Amsterdam-ish café with the rest of the dress-clad boys and played the good maid. At first boys exploded with laughter and girls slapped tables, unable to keep it in, but the boys…well, the boys were serious about it, like every other task they performed. They were determined to show they could rock their dresses and be awesome maids – they’d serve the hell out of the customers and look good while doing it, too, so in the end they would have nothing to laugh about.

Kageyama endured the wide-eyed stares and half-smirks of his schoolmates as he set their orders in front of them. The girls got appreciative glances, little ‘whoas’ and high-fives. And Kageyama found that he was enjoying himself, even if he wasn’t smiling, even if the skirt was breezy and the heels meant he had to take tiny steps. The atmosphere was cheerful and the boys were determined, reminding him of a volleyball team during a match – and he couldn’t let down his team. He was so lost in being a good maid and not tripping with platters full of little cupcakes and tea that when Tsukishima walked into his classroom he didn’t notice him until he chocked out a laugh.

Kageyama whipped around, nearly spilling the coffee in his hand. Tsukishima stood in the open doors which let in the hot summer sun, his hair alight like a sun…wait, no. It was alright because someone had dumped a good few handfuls of glitter in there. He was dressed in a snugly skeleton onesies completed with candy skull make-up that covered only one part of his face, leaving the other half human. His glasses were gone. Somehow he looked both ghastly and beautiful. Apparently his and Yamaguchi’s class had gone for the other cheesy festival choice – the haunted classroom.

Tsukishima’s eyes were already sliding from Kageyama to Hinata and he burst out laughing. And then, before he could even blink, two girl-butlers were at his sides, dragging him towards a table with evil grins, “how lovely of you to visit our café, Mr Skeleton,” they gushed, “please sit. We’ll have one of our cute girls serving you in just a moment!”

And then Kageyama found himself taking an order from an unsettled looking Tsukki, who was taking the scene in front of him with unhidden surprise, “what do you want?” Kageyama barked.

Tsukki’s mouth was graced with a slow smirk, stretching the teeth drawn on his left side, “is that how you speak to your customers?”

Kageyama growled, “don’t make this harder than it has to be.”

Tsukishima tilted his head, “I don’t know what’s more disgusting, Hinata in a dress or you in a dress~” he drawled, flicking his eyes up and down Kageyama lazily, “you could have at least shaved your legs.”

“If you’re not gonna order anything, leave.”

“I’d rather watch you stumble around on those heels more,” Tsukishima gave him one of his deadly smiles, “I’ll have a tea, maybe…” Kageyama turned to go, “on second thought…” Kageyama
stopped and snarled, glancing angrily over his shoulder but Tsukki’s gaze was not fixed on his face.

“Your ass looks good in that,” he purred and Kageyama wanted to lunge himself at him, slam him into a wall and tell him to stop making his day miserable, but he forced himself to play his game.

“I thought I looked gross,” he said with a tight smile. The trick wouldn’t have worked had Kageyama not wiggled his ass for emphasis before walking off. With his back to Tsukishima, he didn’t see the blush colouring his skeletal cheeks. When the tea was set in front of him Tsukishima the blond drained it quickly and stood to walk out. He caught Kageyama by the arm on the way to the doors.

“Come pop by the haunted house later,” he said in a voice that Kageyama wasn’t used to hearing from his lips, “you can service me like a good little maid.”

Kageyama whirled out of his grip and drew his fist back to punch the smug look off his face but Tsukishima was already out of the doors, laughing. Shaking his head to clear the red rage from his eyes, Kageyama went back to work. So far the customers had been satisfied, if a little bewildered. He was going to keep it that way. He wasn’t going to let Tsukishima or anyone else...

About two minutes after Tsukishima left, Kuroo walked in. He also grinned when he saw Kageyama, his eyes swooping up and down. Now rather than annoyed and angry, Kageyama felt humiliated. Kuroo wasn’t a cold idiot like Tsukki - he was a powerful captain that Kageyama respected and having him see him in a skirt and heels was beyond degrading. He only prayed he wouldn’t trip.

“Well, well…” he purred, “when Tsukki told me to come see the Karasuno summer festival I didn’t know it’d be this interesting.”

Kageyama’s throat went dry when Kuroo looked him up and down again, this time in a slower, more predatory gaze. He suddenly understood why girls felt uncomfortable during situations like this, “um…do you want a table?”

“Maybe,” he grinned, showing off his perfect white teeth and suddenly Kageyama felt as if the whole room was staring at him. He hated attention.

He shoved away a chair, “please sit,” he said, wanting to clear but Kuroo laughed, plopping down.

“Calm down, Kageyama. I’m just teasing,” he glanced around, “interesting idea.”

Kageyama didn’t feel like explaining so he quickly took Kuroo’s order and disappeared behind the drape, sending someone else out with his cupcakes. When he finally dared to glance out, Kuroo was gone.

*~*~*

Kageyama had been scared to venture out into the school during his twenty minute break between shifts, worried what people would think about his skirt, but soon the word spread and there were more people in the classroom than in the corridor, so Kageyama legged it. He made his way to the quieter part of the corridors; most people were outsides at the stalls selling various foods and offering little fair games. Kageyama needed a breathed but just as he turned a corner he found himself in a mob of squealing girls.

“So it’s true!”

“They really put guys in dresses!”
“Can I have a picture?”
“You look so cute!”
“Pose!”
“This is so your colour.”

Kageyama didn’t recognise them; they must have been junior high girls, someone’s sisters, because he had no recollection of knowing this many short, high pitched, childish girls. He tried to get away but it was like wading through water – water that clung to you and shrieked like a five year old had just seen a unicorn. He finally broke free but he could not walk fast enough in his heels. He was too wobbly on his own feet and the girls soon encircled him again. He felt dizzy.

That was until Tsukishima came out of nowhere grabbed Kageyama’s arm and pulled him from the girl-bog. The girls took one look at the tall, imposing stranger that had appeared out of nowhere and paled. Tsukki grinned, an action that ended up twisting his painted side ghoulishly and with a scream the girls were off. More were coming down the corridor and these ones were high schoolers; they would not be scared away. Tsukishima was already half-running down the corridor, pulling Kageyama with him. Behind him, the setter heard squeals and thundering. Kageyama could barely keep up in the heels but Tsukki pulled him along none-the-less.

“Wait…I can’t…” Kageyama was panting, his legs shaking from the effort of running in needle-like heels. Tsukki kissed his teeth in annoyance but pulled open the nearest door and shoved Kageyama inside, slamming the doors shut. It was a tiny, empty supply closet, big enough for maybe three people. Tsukishima pressed Kageyama into the wall, watching the doors wearily over his shoulders. The girls thundered past and he breathed out.

“That turned crazy real fast,” he admitted.

“Shut up,” Kageyama snarled, still wearily watching the doors.

“How about a thank you for saving your ass?” Tsukki pulled back, bemused, but his back hit a wall, creating barely a slither of air between their bodies. Kageyama was suddenly very aware of how small the closet was but he didn’t want to risk going outside. If this was how the corridors were then the café must be a battlefield…

Their breaths mingled as Kageyama looked up and begrudgingly said ‘thanks’. Tsukishima held his gaze for far longer than Kageyama was comfortable with but as always he did not back down. That is, until the doors to the closet were yanked open and Kuroo stood in the doorway, eyes raised.

“Am I intruding on something?”

“You should think about locking the doors next time,” Kuroo said, tapping the metal lock neither noticed before. Just then a high pitched female voice rang out somewhere not far. Panic surging in him, Kageyama grabbed Kuroo and shoved him inside.

“Stay quiet,” he hissed, slamming the doors shut and turning the lock.

“Damn, you really can’t deal with girls-” Kageyama smacked his hand across Kuroo’s mouth. Now that there were three of them they were nestled against each other. Kageyama felt hot. The air outside was humid as it was but inside it was unbearable. The girls chatted as they passed the closet, their voices fading away. Only then did Kageyama release Kuroo’s mouth. They waited a second before
Kuroo reached out to unlock the doors.

Only to find he was unable to do so.

‘’The fuck?’’

‘’It jammed…’’ Kageyama whispered in disbelief.

‘’Whose fucking idea was this?’’ Tsukki went to rub his face, remembered his makeup and dropped them.

No one replied. Kuroo tried to turn the lock again with no result, ‘’should I break it open?’’

‘’No way, idiot!’’ for a second Kageyama forgot Kuroo was his senpai, ‘’it’s all good for you because this isn’t your school. They’d kick us out for vandalism. Or at least pull us off the team.’’

The three of them stood together for a second, ‘’guess we’re gonna have to wait for someone to come down to help, then,’’ Kuroo said finally but for once no one came by the doors. Kageyama remembered the second shift had begun; no one would be inside for ages. Kuroo sighed, ‘’well, I’m not about to boil alive.’’

He tugged his t-shirt off and a little gasp ripped itself from Kageyama’s mouth as Kuroo exposed his muscular stomach and chest. Kuroo either didn’t hear or pretended not to. Embarrassed, Kageyama turned to Tsukki with some difficulty, considering how little space there was, ‘’maybe we should…’’ he stopped, realising Tsukki had stripped too, his onesies’ sleeves tied around his waist. He had a well toned stomach and his flesh was pale, like snow. It looked cool. Kageyama yearned to touch it if only to cool down.

‘’You should get out of your dress,’’ Tsukki grabbed he sash tied around his waist that held his apron in place. Kageyama was about to protest when he felt Kuroo’s warm hand at the zipper on the back. It rested there for a second before slipping lower, down his back.

‘’On second thought, you look really good like that…’’

‘’Guys…’’ Kageyama said waringly, but they didn’t listen. Kuroo’s hand went lower still so Kageyama pushed himself forward, away from him, only to find himself pressed against Tsukki. He felt his erection and gasped again, this time louder, and realised that his own dick was responding. No matter the situation, his body felt the two men pressed against him from both sides and yearned for them.

‘’Hmm?’’ Tsukki hummed innocently even as his hand slid under the sash to cup his waist. Kageyama bit his lip. They were being smart about it – not touching him outright meant that if he protested and they denied it he’d look like an idiot. So he took it, for that and because…it wasn’t all that bad. And it wasn’t like they were doing anything…

Kuroo’s hand finally slid slowly down the curve of his ass, through the frilly material, and down his thigh, to the hem of his skirt and under it. Kageyama inhaled sharply, his hand flying down to stop Kuroo’s movement. Tsukki pried his hand away with surprising gentleness. He pressed himself forward, so Kageyama’s vision was obscured by his shoulder. Only when it was clear Kageyama couldn’t see him did he bring his hand to his lips, pressing brief, tender kisses to his knuckles. Kageyama pushed him away slightly, glancing at him. There was emotion he couldn’t pinpoint swimming in his eyes as he brushed his lips against his hand again, the skeletal side of his face turned towards Kageyama.

Meanwhile Kuroo was sliding his and up and down his leg, sometimes toying with the band of his
socks and then coming back up under the skirt to brush against his boxers. He slipped his hand back, pulling the dress off his behind and exposing his underwear. Kageyama inhaled sharply when he felt Kuroo’s dick, hard and obvious, press against his butt. He nearly fell into Tsukki but the blond was one step ahead, already pinning the setter against Kuroo. He dropped Kageyama’s hand, sliding his hands down the frills of his dress, back to the sash at his waist, undoing it in two quick movements. Then he pulled himself away enough to grab Kageyama’s hands with the purple material. His smirk was all knowing but his eyes were shockingly tender as he glanced at Kageyama.

“Wait, no-”

Already Tsukki was done, throwing Kageyama’s bound hand around his neck and finally skimming his lips against Kageyama’s, cutting off any further protest. Kageyama tugged helplessly on the purple sash binding his hands but it was hard to concentrate when Tsukki’s lips were slowly – so slowly – moving against his lips and when Kuroo clothed dick was now replaced by his hand which was grabbing his ass mindlessly. He exhaled softly against Tsukishima’s lips when Kuroo’s own descended on his neck, nipping the skin gently. He gasped again but this time with more alarm when Kuroo shoved his boxers beyond the hem of his dress in one swift movement before cupping his ass again, a finger prodding at his entrance.

To calm him, Tsukishima brought a hand to his cheek, tucking the other around his waist to hold him in place. His thumb brushed demurely against his cheek as Tsukki pulled away enough to whisper;

“Do you want us to stop?”

Kuroo’s movements ceased, his finger pressed against his entrance, not entering yet. The thing that surprised Kageyama the most wasn’t that both males wanted to fuck him but that Tsukishima was being so…sweet.

“Are you going to regret this later?” Kageyama’s voice was practically nonexistent.

“No,” Tsukki whispered, tucking his hair behind his ear, “but I won’t always be this nice, so soak it up.”

Kuroo murmured against his ear, “I won’t regret it.”

And finally Kageyama tilted his head to allow Kuroo to nudge a hot kiss against his lips, “then don’t stop,” he rasped and the finger slid into him. Kageyama fell limply forward, his forehead pressing into Tsukishima’s shoulder. The blond stroked his back when he hissed as the second finger went into him. He felt Kuroo’s lips, too, pressing quiet smooches down his spine. His hot lips were a contrast between Tsukki’s cool fingers. Said fingers tucked themselves under Kageyama’s chin, lifting his head.

“Let me kiss you more,” Tsukki murmured and all Kageyama could do was nod and lean forward. He melted into Tsukishima’s lips, which were soft and now much more daring. His tongue slipped easily passed his defences to play with the raven’s. Kageyama cried out when Kuroo shoved in a third finger. To distract him, Tsukki rubbed his hand up and down his chest and stomach, feeling him through the frills and bodice. He slowly begun undoing the strings of his apron, letting it slide to the floor, and worked on the buttons of the top of the dress until it was flung open, revealing his bare chest and dusky nipples.

The dress dropped back down to cover his ass as Kuroo withdrew his fingers. Tsukki dipped his head to kiss along his neck, his hands working at the sleeves encircling his waist until his onesies dropped. Kageyama wanted to reach back to find Kuroo, who wasn’t touching him anymore, but his hands were bound.
“Kuroo-san…” he whined helplessly and Kuroo was back in an instant, kissing his neck also, his hands sliding around the exposed flesh of his chest and under the bodice. His erection was back, full force, pressing against his entrance impatiently.

“Go slow,” Tsukki said sharply, tucking his lips back around Kageyama’s who moaned breathlessly as Kuroo’s erection rubbed against his behind. And then he went rigid, his bound hands tightening into fists as Kuroo slipped in. He went slow enough for Kageyama to feel virtually no pain, despite his size. Tsukki pushed him back little by little and the feeling of slow expansion made Kageyama moan – something he didn’t even care about. Tsukki lowered his lips to the corner of Kageyama’s, wanting to hear more noises. He trailed his lips up his jaw and to his ear.

Kageyama jolted with a shock of pleasure as Kuroo pulled himself in fully, hitting his spot on the first try. Clearly he was experienced in this. It was Tsukki who chuckled and then went quiet. Only after a few hazy, moan-filled moments where Kuroo thrust into Kageyama did the setter realise Tsukki was touching himself. He had an arm around Kageyama’s waist, rubbing his back softly if irregularly while his other hand slid up and down his lubricated shaft.

“Untie me,” was all Kageyama could grind out as Kuroo’s dick worked its way in and out of him. As Tsukishima hesitantly pulled Kageyama’s arms from around his neck and untied the sash, Kuroo’s hand slid up Kageyama’s chest, tugging at a nipple harshly enough to elicit a pained moan from his lips. With his hands free, Kageyama found Tsukki’s dick, standing prominent against his stomach and pumped his hand up and down its shakily at the satisfying fullness of his ass as Kuroo fucked him and then the burning need when he shoved himself all the way out.

Tsukishima groaned at the feel of Kageyama’s hand around him, grabbing his hips harshly and pulling him off Kuroo just to slam him back on. Kuroo gave a muffled moan as Kageyama’s ass slid onto his erection harshly while Kageyama cried out.

“I think he wants you in there as well…” Kuroo ground out, slamming in and out again.

“It’s his first time,” Tsukki said but there was no real protest in his voice as Kageyama’s hand tightened around his throbbing member. He wanted to be inside Kageyama as well.

“He can take it,” Kuroo growled and pulled out, flipping him neatly around and lifting him in the air. Kageyama gave a breathy moan as Kuroo entered him again, wrapping his legs around his hips. His skirt fell around them like an umbrella. Tsukishima touched himself a little as he watched the scene in front of him before digging through the folds of material until he located Kageyama’s ass, into which Kuroo was thrusting lazily.

“Just shove it in,” Kageyama moaned and Tsukki was surprised at his lewdness but he grinned even as he said;

“That’s gonna hurt.”

“I don’t care,” Kageyama ground his hips against Kuroo’s dick and with a grunt Tsukki positioned the tip of his wet member at the entrance. Kuroo stilled, holding Kageyama easily in his arms as Tsukki pushed upwards gently.

“Slam it in. Please. I want it,” Kageyama was breathing hard, his back slick with sweat. Kuroo lowered his mouth to bite and pull at Kageyama’s nipples. Tsukishima shoved upwards harshly as Kageyama requested and the setter cried out, tears stinging at his eyes. Tsukki was merciless, shoving himself further into Kageyama’s abused hole, marvelling at the heat of Kageyama’s insides pressing against him on one side and Kuroo’s hard dick on the other.
“You’re such a slut,” Kuroo growled, his eyes mostly pupil and he slammed Kageyama down, his skirt fluttering around them as he cried out in pain, the first tears slipping from his eyes. Even so he was moving his hips, desperate for both men to move in and out. They obliged slamming in and out hard enough to wreck him, to break him apart. Kageyama was lost between moans and cries of pain, his whole body shaking when the boys found his spot and begun slamming in one by one so that it was being stimulated at all times. Kageyama came quickly and loudly, but Kuroo and Tsukki were far from done.

All gentleness gone, Tsukishima pulled Kageyama off Kuroo and onto the floor where he entered him immediately, giving rapid, harsh thrusts into his raised ass. He was practically leaning over Kageyama when he felt something poke at his entrance.

“Oh god, Kuroo, no…” he moaned breathlessly as the captain, overcome by lust, slipped two fingers into Tsukki’s pale ass that had been wiggling in front of him in the air. He didn’t even give him time to adjust, shoving a third finger inside. Tsukki was pounding into Kageyama and each time he pulled out of him he found himself slipping onto Kuroo’s fingers. The digits were quickly gone, “no…not your…” Tsukki was too overcome with pleasure to protest further as Kuroo’s huge dick slithered into him, rubbing against his insides. Kuroo didn’t wait to think if Tsukishima was experienced, shoving right out and back in.

Tsukki’s moan mingled with Kageyama’s and Kuroo went faster. Too quickly the blond found himself on the edge, pulling back and spluttering across Kageyama’s back just as the raven came. Kuroo pulled him harshly away from the setter, exposing him to Kageyama who was looking curiously, spent and breathing hard on the floor.

“I’m gonna fill you up,” Kuroo growled into his ear, his voice animalistic.

“No~” it was more of a moan than a protest and it was Kageyama who moaned at the words, grabbing his dick and pumping it in rhythm with Kuroo’s thrusts. Tsukishima jerked as the unexpected heat flooded into his stomach, Kuroo’s semen spewing into him. It kept coming and Tsukki moaned with each spurt. His ass felt like it was going to burst and still Kuroo filled him up, scratching at his nipples. Kageyama came once more and with him Tsukki, releasing all over his dress and expose chest. Finally Kuroo was done.

As the high vented the three of them came to their sense, a little bewildered.

“I…sorry…” Kuroo said sheepishly. Already Tsukki was dressing, his face as always a mask of impassiveness. Kuroo dressed himself also; cleaning up Kageyama’s chest and the rest of him and doing his maid uniform back up. Tsukki propped himself up and between them, pulling an arm around Kageyama.

“You were really good,” he whispered in his ear even as Kageyama flushed with the knowledge of what had just happened and hid his face in his hands. Tsukki pulled him closer, “thanks.” And he turned to Kuroo who looked a little anxious and took his hand, pulling him on his other side, lacing their fingers together.

Kuroo dropped a kiss to his temple, “you were good, too.”

Tsukki pulled himself against Kuroo and hugged Kageyama tightly, “this is the magic closet. I’m like this in here but once I go out I’m back to normal. So don’t expect much.”

In response Kageyama kissed him, “by the way, how are we getting out?” he was still blushing bright red but somehow the look suited him.
“Silly,” Kuroo reached out to stroke his cheek and Kageyama hesitantly tucked his hand around his fingers, too tired to act cold and brash, “the door wasn’t jammed in the first place.”

Tsukki patted his head, “we just didn’t want you running off.”

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The maids of Class 3 sat outside after the festival was over, smoking and relaxing. It had been a hard, eventful day for all of them.

“Respect for girls,” a boy said as he pulled off his shoes.

“I’m never wearing a skirt again,” another added.

“This was a mad day. I’ve been chased by fans everywhere,” his friend said.

“What about you, Kageyama?” Hinata had just finished downing a water, “where did you disappear?”

“I told you,” Kageyama said gruffly, “some fans got to me and wouldn’t let me go.”

Without further questions, Hinata turned towards the setting sun. Kageyama looked around; they really were a strange bunch. Twelve boys in skirts, sitting on the grass.
Iwaizumi walked into Oikawa’s house – the house in which he spent a large portion of his childhood in. He had just been here the other day when they were doing their homework and then practicing Oikawa’s sets in the back garden. As always, the house was empty. Oikawa’s mom worked nights and by the time practice finished and they got home at six she was already out. His dad was on a business trip in London and his sister had long since moved in with her boyfriend, so it was just the two of them. Iwaizumi couldn’t blame Oikawa for wanting him round for the night if the house was going to be empty.

“You want juice?” Oikawa dumped his bag by the doors and wiggled his shoes off. Iwaizumi took his slippers off the rack – because he came over at least twice a week, he had his own pair of slippers in the Oikawa household; Oikawa had a pair at his house, too. Iwaizumi nodded at the offer, setting his school shoes next to Oikawa’s. The setter disappeared in the small kitchen and re-emerged with two glasses of juice and a plastic bag. Iwaizumi padded after him up the stairs and into his room, which was clean for once. Iwaizumi settled himself with his back against the wall, his ass planted firmly on Oikawa’s futon while the owner of the bedroom disappeared into the bathroom.

“Shit!” Iwaizumi looked up at the curse that had reached him from the bathroom. Oikawa could be heard storming down the corridor and into the room, where he tossed a box into the trash. Iwaizumi raised an eyebrow.

“What’s up?”

“I’m out of contacts,” Oikawa sighed, as if the whole world should mourn his mild inconvenience.

“I didn’t know you wore contacts,” Iwaizumi tried not to sound interested – then Oikawa would probably be pissed and give him a lecture about how this was a serious matter, not an experiment.

“Yeah, I usually only take them out for sleep,” Oikawa was rarely in a grumpy mood, especially around Iwaizumi, so it was pretty amusing seeing him angrily throw around boxes and clothes, looking for something, “ugh, I haven’t worn my glasses for so long I don’t even know where they are.”

Now Iwaizumi was truly surprised, “you wear glasses?”

Oikawa stopped his mindless search, “you didn’t know?” he threw over his shoulder. Already his annoyance was giving way to his omnipresent amusement, “you’re a bad best friend, Iwa-chan ~”

“Shut up, Shitty-kawa,” Iwaizumi grumbled, draining his juice, “what’s in the bag anyway?” he nudged the plastic bag with his foot. Something clanked inside.
“Surprise,” Oikawa gave him a trademark wink and finally pulled out a little box from deep inside his closet where it was nestled between folds of underwear and a stack of t-shirts. It was opened with a light pop and in the next instant Oikawa was sliding a pair of glasses onto his nose.

He was a transformed man. The glasses hid some of his inhumanely perfect skin, giving him a more down-to-earth, human look. His eyes were enlarged, not to the point where he looked like a freaky E.T but somehow making him look more sweet than hot. The bridge showed off his dainty nose and the legs of the glasses tucked in his unruly hair at the sides, making him look tamer. In that second that it took for Oikawa to put his glasses on he went from hot, popular bad-boy fatale to a cute, nerdy eighteen year old. Iwaizumi didn’t realise he was holding his breath until he exhaled.

Oikawa didn’t notice, instead checking himself out on the mirror that made up the doors of the wardrobe and cringing, “I hate these glasses,” he complained to himself. His sour mood elevated soon after as he sat against the wall facing the computer, throwing his fluffy-socked feet over Iwaizumi’s knees and pulling out two bottles from the bag. It was vodka – the cheap kind you could buy at the corner store that sold to eighteen year olds because they cared more about money than public health. Accompanying the bottles was a packet of cheap, pound shop plastic shot glasses in different colours and a six pack of ‘funky’ straws – the twirly kind, also made from bright plastic.

“You’re mad,” was all Iwaizumi said, seeing the ensemble. He kept his eyes glued firmly to the alcohol, keeping them off Oikawa and his glasses, fearing he might blurt out something embarrassing, like ‘you’re cute’.

“Don’t spoil the fun,” Oikawa said merrily, settling himself more comfortably, “I thought we’d play a game. To pass the time. It’s better than doing x-box or homework.”

Iwaizumi rolled his eyes but he had to admit that doing something different for a change didn’t sound too bad. Especially if it involved alcohol, “what’s the game?”

“It’s called ‘never have I ever’,” Oikawa said excitedly, ripping the plastic case of the cups and spilling the multicoloured plastic shower on the covers. He tossed Iwaizumi the pink, despite his glare, and took the grin, “it works by drinking if you did something outrageous. Mild example – I say something I’ve never done, like ‘never have I ever ditched class’ and if you have, you drink. The idea is that the first person to get drunk loses.”

“You’re a fucking alcoholic,” Iwaizumi said but he was grinning, “all right, let’s do this. What are the straws for, though?”

Oikawa shrugged, his fingers moving to push his glasses, which had slipped, back up his nose. Iwaizumi licked his suddenly dry lips as the words flashed in his mind again – ‘you’re cute’, “apparently you get drunk faster if you drink through a straw.”

“Well,” Iwaizumi took the first bottle and uncapped it easily, “you do that. I’ll take the shots the traditional way.” He topped their glasses with a generous amount of vodka and capped it again, setting it next to him, “you start.”

Oikawa thought for a second, “let’s start easy – never have I ever rented a porno.” Iwaizumi snorted and tipped his head back, taking the shot. Despite his macho demeanour, he cringed slightly and consulted the percent of alcohol on the bottle. Oikawa laughed, “seriously?”

“Yeah. My parents put up the Talk-Talk safety features that blocked all my sites. It was a pain in the ass,” Iwaizumi explained and Oikawa laughed again, topping off his glass. Iwaizumi couldn’t resist reaching out to push the glasses, which were sliding down again, up Oikawa’s nose, “my turn… never have I ever…walked in on my parents shagging.”
Oikawa cringed even as he laughed and neither of them drunk, “well, thank god for that. I think my eyes would have melted,” he spent a good minute contemplating what he had and hadn’t done, “never have I ever had phone sex.”

Iwaizumi shrugged, “I’m not very good at talking,” he looked around and an idea sparked in his eyes, “never have I ever done anything in my sibling’s room.” Oikawa looked away and guiltily tucked his green straw, matching his cup, into his shot glass, slurping the alcohol and shuddering at the bitter taste. Iwaizumi’s mouth opened slightly in shock, “what the fuck, Oikawa!? That’s gross! I’m telling her…”

Oikawa laughed it off, even as he looked away guiltily, “she’d moved out to her boyfriend at this point! It’s just her room is bigger…”

“Oh my god, and she sleeps in it when she visits!” Iwaizumi continued his accusations, but he was beginning to laugh too, “well, whatever. I’d rather not know what you did in there.”

Oikawa had flushed from the embarrassment, something he rarely did and now he was searching for a retaliation, “never have I ever had sex outside.”

Iwaizumi hesitated, “does a tent count?”

“‘Yes!’” Iwaizumi grinned and took his shot. Oikawa wiggled his eyebrows suggestively, “ohh… was it in a sleeping bag?”

“My turn!” Iwaizumi protested, refilling the glass, “never have I ever done it in the back of a pickup truck,” when Oikawa didn’t move he snorted, “so innocent.”

“Shut up, slut,” Oikawa replied, grinning. The light of the setting sun reflected in his glasses briefly. You’re cute Iwaizumi thought, even as Oikawa repeated his phrase, “never have I ever done it in a sleeping bag.”

“You’re trying to get me drunk!” Iwaizumi said accusingly but took the shot, rolling his eyes. He vaguely wondered if he would throw up if the drinking continued at such a pace. Despite his front he wasn’t a very experienced drinker, “never have I ever done it on the beach.”

Oikawa sighed and slurped the shot up his straw, “not fair,” he mumbled around it, “I’ve told you this before.”

Iwaizumi shrugged, “that’s not in the rules. Besides, I don’t remember…”

Oikawa rolled his eyes, “you do. It was during summer camp when I had sand in my butt crack for a week-”

“Now I remember. And I wish I didn’t.” Iwaizumi laughed, giddy. Wait, giddy…? God, he should really slow down. But it wasn’t his fault he’d done most things and that Oikawa was asking all the right questions.

“Never have I ever done it against a washing machine.”

There was his break, “seriously, a washing machine? That’s way too vague.”

Oikawa threw his hands in the air, exasperated, and spilled alcohol all down his front. He wiped at it with his free hand while Iwaizumi refilled his shot glass, “we should just use a question generator. That was it won’t be biased or ‘too vague’.” Iwaizumi just nodded as Oikawa took out his phone and searched for the generator on the internet with some difficulty, using just one hand, “oh, here’s
Oikawa set the phone down between them and pressed ‘generate’. *Never have I ever had the ‘light on/lights off’ argument.* Oikawa snorted and Iwaizumi raised his glass in a mock salute as they both down the alcohol. This time Iwaizumi pressed the ‘generate’ button. *Never have I ever wanked.* With a quick eye roll from both, they drank the alcohol and re-filled their glasses. They were down to half of the first bottle. As Oikawa leaned over the phone his glasses slid down a little. Iwaizumi found himself smiling…*you’re cute.*

*Never have I ever madly searched for clothes after hearing a knock on the doors.*

Oikawa laughed and pressed the straw to his lips, drawing the alcohol up into his mouth. Iwaizumi drifted off for a second, his eyes concentrated on Oikawa’s plump lips before he shook himself out of it, ‘‘your sister?’’

‘‘Yup,’’ Oikawa’s cheeks were lightly flushed – or it might have been Iwa’s eyes playing tricks on him. Maybe he needed glasses, too. Oikawa pressed the ‘generate’ button and another sentence lit up the screen – *Never have I ever done the walk of shame.*

‘‘I’ve made others do it,’’ Iwaizumi grinned, like it was something to be proud of.

‘‘Dickhead,’’ Iwa’s grin was infectious and Oikawa laughed, ‘‘but, same.’’ He pressed the button again; *never have I ever had a threesome.* Oikawa studied Iwaizumi as he held his best friend’s gaze and then slowly raised his shot glass to his lips, grinning mischievously. Oikawa gasped like a nun hearing profanity, ‘‘perv!’’ this time it was Iwaizumi who pressed the button, wiping his mouth with his other hand – *never have I ever licked food off someone.*

‘‘Whose the perv now, Shitty-kawa?’’ Iwaizumi raised an eyebrow as Oikawa shrugged, sipping his shot. His cheeks were definitely red now and he forgot to pull his glasses up his nose. Iwaizumi did it for him again.

‘‘It was nice. You just get a strawberry with a mouth-full of skin…’’

‘‘Sounds gross.’’

‘‘You never know until you try…’’ Oikawa hiccupped and looked surprised. He quickly clicked the button. *Never have I ever danced dirty.* Oikawa took a shot again, ‘‘that was in the club…’’

‘‘I know,’’ Iwaizumi exploded into laugher, ‘‘I was there, dumbass!’’ Oikawa grinned back and tapped his finger down on the phone, missed the button and got it on his second try. *Never have I ever kissed a boy.*

*Never have I ever kissed a person of the same sex.*

The atmosphere in the room seemed to shift. The sun had set fully, bathing the room in a dark purple light. Neither boy got up to turn the lamp on and as Iwaizumi refilled Oikawa’s glass in the dark he spilled a large amount of alcohol onto his lap, resulting in finishing the bottle. Silently, Oikawa wiggled out of his pants, leaving him in his boxers.

‘‘So…have you?’’ Oikawa asked finally. His voice had somehow become more quiet. Silently, Iwaizumi tipped is head back and Oikawa followed him only a second later. Neither asked about the experience, ‘‘I think I might be a little drunk,’’ Oikawa admitted as Iwaizumi opened the second bottle. Oikawa hiccupped.

‘‘That’s because you’re drinking through a straw and a lot, too,’’ Iwa said matter of factly but he
seemed to have trouble saying the long sentence quickly. He brought the bottle to his lips, ‘here, I’ll match you. So my victory isn’t too embarrassing for you…’ he took a few healthy gulps. He wasn’t cringing anymore. The only source of light was the phone, reflected in Oikawa’s glasses. Iwaizumi glanced at him, ‘you’re cute’.

Oikawa pressed the button as Iwaizumi cradled the vodka, never have I ever had sexual thoughts about a person of the same sex.

‘Fuck’s sake,’ Iwaizumi grumbled, gulping down vodka straight from the bottle. Oikawa silently extended his hand for the bottom. Not letting his surprise show, Iwa passed it to him and he, too, drank. Now the tension between them was obvious. Iwaizumi shifted as he blindly tapped the screen until he clicked the generate button and squinted, reading.

Never have I ever had sexual thoughts about a friend of the same gender.

‘What’s with these questions?’ Iwaizumi protested but Oikawa, beyond caring, drank a few generous gulps and passed the bottle to Iwaizumi, ‘I haven’t!’ he protested, but he flushed.

‘Liar.’

Iwaizumi sighed, annoyed, but yanked the bottle out of Oikawa’s grip and drank. Oikawa’s head spun and with some difficulty he pressed the generate button. Never have I ever wanked to a friend of the same gender.

‘What the fuck!?’ Iwaizumi exclaimed but tilted his head and drank greedily. He’d thought about Oikawa, a lot – about his ass, prominent in his tight volleyball shorts, about his eyes, warm whenever they looked at Iwa, about his brown hair, swept outwards, about his interesting expressions, seldom genuine, about his hands, so often waving in the air, pinned under his own…about the white brace on his knee, from a previous injury and now about his glasses, framing his face in such a sweet way… Oikawa exploded in laughter but the alcohol was making his real emotions come through – his laugh was trying and failing to mask his embarrassment. Angry and more than a little drunk, Iwaizumi extended the bottle towards him, ‘drink,’ he ordered.

‘I’ve never wanked to it!’ Oikawa sounded way too defensive for it to be true.

‘Liar,’ Iwaizumi barked Oikawa’s own word at him and, scowling, the captain took the bottle.

Of course he’d done it – and to Iwaizumi, none the less. He found thinking about Iwaizumi, envisioning him, brought him to climax embarrassingly quickly. He liked him. He liked his black, spiky hair and green, stormy eyes, his serious expression, his dishevelled tie and untucked shirt, the way he could be a morale booster as much as Oikawa, how he was supportive and his firm-but-caring attitude…

Iwaizumi watched Oikawa gulp down the alcohol, even as he cringed at the burn and he found himself thinking it again – ‘you’re cute’.

‘What?’ Oikawa turned to him, surprised despite his drunken state and with a prick of horror Iwaizumi realised he had blurted the words out loud.

‘I…I…’ he thought about how to get out of the situation but his brain cut off when his eyes fell to Oikawa’s legs, still thrown over his knees, now bare. Bare and pale and smooth…before Iwaizumi could think about what he was doing, he tucked his fingers around the ankle and drew them up. Oikawa giggled, nervously.

‘T-that tickles, Iwa-chan…’’ the alcohol had gone straight to his head, destroying any and all
attempt to put up his amused, better-than-you mask. Iwaizumi glanced up at Oikawa – at his best
friend in his adorable glasses – and his vision spun. When the world finally settled he was above
Oikawa, nestled between his legs, his hands on either side of Oikawa’s head on the pillow. Oikawa
didn’t look scared or shocked. His eyes were half-closed, clouded with something Iwaizumi couldn’t
pin point, his tongue darting out to wet his lips. He spoke softly, “so you think I’m cute?”

“What if I do?” Iwaizumi’s anger surged – he was hiding his embarrassment behind rage, like
Oikawa hid his behind laughter.

“I find myself cute, too,” Oikawa deadpanned and exploded into laughter. Iwaizumi’s anger
dissolved just like that and he, too, was cracking up.

“You’re drunk!” he accused, rolling off Oikawa to lay next to him in bed.

“So are you!” Oikawa laughed, his giggles dying out into a soft trickle as he pulled the covers on
top of them. He seemed to forget completely that two minutes before his best friend had tackled him
and pulled him down. Iwaizumi didn’t, however, and despite the laughter still bubbling in his chest
he couldn’t ignore the tightness of his pants. Clumsily, with alcohol-controlled fingers, he undid his
belt and spent a good forty seconds tugging them off. His t-shirt followed but the harsh movement of
pulling the clothing off his head left Iwaizumi’s head spinning. He plopped down onto the pillows
next to Oikawa.

The brunette reached for the mostly empty second vodka bottle and uncapped it, clumsily tilting it
towards him and drenching his face, neck and t-shirt in alcohol. Once again Iwaizumi found himself
in a fit of giggles as Oikawa huffed and pulled the t-shirt off, “you smell of booze,” Iwaizumi
laughed.

“So do you,” Oikawa settled himself down again. The vodka had become a soft trickle pooling in
the dip between his collarbones and flowing down in a rivulet to his bellybutton.

“You’ll get the whole futon wet!” Iwaizumi said, the laughter slowly dying.

“I can’t be asked to clean it up,” Oikawa hiccupped, his fingers coming to lazily dip into the vodka
gathered in his belly button.

“Don’t play with it,” Iwaizumi growled huskily, catching his hand and pushing it back. He rolled
onto his side and flicked his tongue against his neck. Oikawa shivered, sending the vodka off course.
Iwa caught it with his fingers before it dripped off his best friend’s side and licked it off his fingers.
Oikawa watched, a little wide eyed. The raven descended upon his again, pressing his lips firmly to
his collarbone and lapping up the alcohol, “it’s like my own personal shot…” be breathed, making
Oikawa shiver again. His friend was completely still as Iwaizumi’s tongue traced the river of vodka
dripping down his stomach to his bellybutton. With a wicked glance up, Iwaizumi lowered his
tongue inside, making Oikawa inhale sharply.

Iwaizumi grinned when he found Oikawa hard inside his boxers by the time his lips descended to
kiss his member through the cloth of his boxers, “how about a blowjob shot?” he murmured against
the material. He looked at Oikawa, who was helplessly blushing, be it with embarrassment or
drunkenness, questioningly. Oikawa looked down at him through his glasses, breathing hard, and
Iwaizumi practically groaned, “I-if you want…”

Iwaizumi did want to. He peeled back Oikawa’s underwear and his dick sprang up. A small, pretty
bead of pre cum had formed atop the head. Neatly, Iwaizumi licked it off, making Oikawa’s whole
form shudder. Yearning for more reactions, Iwa wrapped his strong, calloused hand around the
delicate flesh of the base, giving a few erratic pumps. Oikawa’s hips buckled and he mewedled
helplessly. Grinning, Iwaizumi ran his tongue down to the ball and back up, tasting his salty skin, before popping the head in his mouth and hollowing his cheeks to suck at it.

Oikawa moaned and Iwaizumi grabbed his thigh at the sound, gripping it hard enough to bruise as he bobbed his head up and down, taking in more and more of Oikawa till his lips hit the knuckles of the hand wrapped around the base.

“Iwa...” Oikawa moaned above him and Iwaizumi looked up. Their eyes met and Iwaizumi kept the eye contact as he finished Oikawa off, all the way until the captain scrunched up his eyes and came with a loud cry. Iwaizumi wiped the corner of his mouth with his thumb and kissed his way up the now non-existent trail of alcohol, to Oikawa’s neck. Oikawa was forced to tilt his head to the side as Iwaizumi kissed it, alternating between hard sucks and gentle kisses. He tucked Oikawa’s legs around his hips but Oikawa pressed a halting hand to his chest, “let’s not go further…”

Iwaizumi stopped, ‘you…don’t want to?’

“We’re drunk,” Oikawa breathed, “I don’t want to…do it when…we’re not…aware of it…” he fumbled for words but Iwaizumi nodded understandingly and rolled off him, “w-wait…” Oikawa’s eyes were still clouded with alcohol but he reached for the waistband of Iwa’s boxers, “I wanna…do something too…” he slipped his hand down it, grabbing Iwa’s half-hard dick. Iwaizumi hissed and then moaned softly. He gathered Oikawa against him as he stroked him into full-hardness and then beyond that. Oikawa pressed shallow, soft, sloppy kisses to his neck, his head resting against his shoulder. His hand quickly found a rhythm, pressing hard enough to feel the vein jutting out along Iwaizumi’s cock. Iwaizumi was breathing hard into his hair. When he felt himself growing close, he tucked his hands around Oikawa’s cheek and pulled him back, looking at him, still in his cute glasses, as he came with a soft groan. Oikawa managed to stumble out of breath and work in a wiggly line towards the bathroom, where he washed his hand and came back dumping himself next to Iwaizumi, tossing his glasses to the side and falling into an alcohol-induced sleep.

When he woke up, his skull felt like a boulder, being split open by a clumsy, high miner. He groaned and curled himself into a ball. He felt cold – the covers tucked around him were not sufficient warmth. He needed water and pills and more sleep, but the fucking cold...

“Oikawa?” a tentative hand brushed against his back and the reality of what happened the previous night came crashing down on Oikawa, who grew still and quiet, acting like he was asleep, ”quit pretending,” Iwaizumi snapped. He probably had a killer hangover, too. Oikawa cracked open his eyes. His world was blurry. Blindly, he patted around for his glasses and pulled them on, his wall coming into focus, “are you gonna be sick?” Iwaizumi asked quietly.

“No.”

“Do you regret it?” when Oikawa didn’t reply, Iwaizumi’s tone grew more forcible, “do you regret giving me a handjob? Cuz I don’t regret giving you that blowjob. In fact, I’d do it again-”

“Shut up! Stop talking!” Oikawa whirléd round, the movement sending his stomach lurching, and slapped a hand over Iwa’s mouth. His face was bright red. His strength left him as a wave of nausea rolled over him. His hand dropped and he shivered in the terrible cold. Iwaizumi pulled the covers on top of him – they had fallen when he rolled around. “Can you hug me?” Iwaizumi obediently tucked his arms around his best friend and Oikawa sighed as he was cocooned in the warmth, “I don’t regret it,” he said, rubbing his temples against the growing headache, “I’m just really hung over right now.”

Iwaizumi chuckled and Oikawa admired his elevated mood with a mad headache that he must have had, ‘I’ll get you some pills,” as Iwa stood, he pulled Oikawa’s glasses off his nose and onto his,
“god, you really are blind.”
Matsukawa leaned forward and pressed a slow, calculated peck to his boyfriend’s lips. Hanamaki opened his eyes.

“How was that?” Mattsun’s face and eyes were serious.

Hanamaki gave a little nervous smile, ”Mattsun, we’ve done this before. You don’t have to be so… careful about it.”

Matsukawa sighed, rubbing his forehead, “I just don’t want to hurt you.”

“It’s going to hurt anyway, you know,” Hanamaki said matter-of-factly and Matsukawa looked stunned.

“Wait, what?”

“I read up on it,” Hanamaki said, tucking his legs into a lotus position, ”no matter how much prep you do, the first time always hurts a little, like with girls. So you don’t have to tip-toe around this,” he locked eyes with his boyfriend and gave him another smile, “I know you won’t hurt me on purpose. So let’s just do it.”

Matsukawa smiled back, ”I really don’t want our first time together to go…badly.”

Hanamaki plopped himself backwards on Matsukawa’s bed, ”it won’t. I know it won’t. It’ll be perfect.” Hanamaki had waited ages for this – they had prepared thoroughly for this, too. Since they started dating they’d been extremely affectionate – kissing and holding hands till their teammates started teasing them, making out and cuddling at night…but they’d never gone all the way, until Hanamaki requested it and Matsukawa had agreed in the heat of the moment. First they had to find out which day either of their parents were out of town – Matsukawa’s were leaving first, for a three day cruise, so Hanamaki practically moved into his house for that time.

Matsukawa had spent half his pocket money on the best lube he could find – not the shitty one from boots – and super strong condoms. That’d be a feat – infecting your significant other with an STD during your first time together. Of course, as far as Matsukawa knew, neither of them was sick with anything. Still…it was the first time for both of them and while they both wanted it to be special they were nervous. Matsukawa had the responsibility of preparing Hanamaki and making sure he doesn’t hurt him. He spent hours researching how to do it properly till the point where he could probably write a step-by-step.

To prompt him, Hanamaki undid the buttons of his school shirt quickly – they had come straight from school on Friday, since Matsukawa’s parents left in the morning. Hanamaki would stay all the way until Monday morning and he secretly hoped that their first time on Friday night was good, so
they could make love during the weekend nonstop. Call Hanamaki horny, but he wanted to finally go all the way with the boy he loved. And he did love Matsukawa – they were both probably more mature than most seventeen year olds, and they knew what they wanted in life. That meant they got to skip the mistake period where you only date assholes because you don’t know any better and bump straight into each other.

Matsukawa watched Hanamaki closely as he sat up and slid the shirt to the floor. He reached out, briskly undoing Matsukawa’s tie and pulling it off in one quick, fluid motion. Matsukawa finally smiled and cupped his hand around Hanamaki’s cheek, pressing a kiss to his lips again. They had agreed to go slow – Hanamaki didn’t want it to hurt any more than Matsukawa did. “Makki…” the middle blocker murmured and Hanamaki hummed happily.

It was still light outside but the pair didn’t want to waste any time. Makki made quick work of Matsukawa’s shirt, sliding it off him and pressing their lips together. This time their kiss was more intense, similar to the kisses they shared on the roof when they sometimes ditched classes or pressed against the wall in some dark alley before they parted ways – hot, passionate, uncontrolled. His hands pressed against the flat panes of his chest, hard enough for him to feel the touch – and to crave it. Matsukawa’s reluctance that day made Makki wonder if he was the one his boyfriend wanted to go all the way with – if he was enough. And he was determined to prove to himself that he was.

One of Makki’s hand slipped lower, to the happy trail of hair running from Mattsun’s bellybutton under the hem of his pants. He traced a finger along it, stopping just above the button. It worked; slowly Matsukawa slid his hands from his knees to his sides to pull him closer, his tongue sliding into Hanamaki’s mouth. Wanting him to go further, Hanamaki took his hand and slid it lower, to the waistband of his school trousers. Matsukawa pulled away a little, their noses touching, “are you sure you want to…?”

Hanamaki was getting impatient but he didn’t let his usual calm demeanour break, “we’ve talked about this a million times. Yes.” He hesitated, “…do you?”

Matsukawa glanced up to meet his eyes and read everything Makki had been feeling in a split second, “hey,” he pushed Hanamaki down gently, lying on top of him and kissing him tenderly, “of course I want to. It’s all I want. I haven’t thought about anything else since you suggested it – and for a while before that, too. I just really don’t want to hurt you,” he hesitated as well before adding, softly, “I don’t want you to hate me.”

“You can’t just hate someone you’re in love with,” Makki murmured, smiling, “besides, it’s your first time, too. I won’t blame you if it’s weird or awkward or painful. Okay?”

“Okay,” Matsukawa breathed, connecting their lips again. His hands hooked around the waistband of Makki’s trousers, like he wanted, and pulled them down. They got stuck at his knees. Huffing a laugh, Mattsun disconnected their lips and knelt on his heels to deal with the obstacle.

“Just…yeah,” Makki laughed as Matsukawa managed to pull the trousers down to his ankles before getting stuck again. Painstakingly slow, Matsukawa tugged the material off one ankle, then the other and tossed the trousers away. Hanamaki gasped when Mattsun suddenly became bold, pinning a lingering kiss to his ankle, his shin, then a loud smooch to his knee that sent Makki into a fit of giggles that were quickly cut off by a surprisingly well-place kiss to his inner thigh.

When Matsukawa looked up, passion he had been keeping back burning in his eyes, Hanamaki flushed and hid his face in his hands. Matsukawa grinned in embarrassment, seeing his boyfriend all flustered like that, and tugged his hands away from his face, kissing his nose, “I love you,” he assured. He glided a ghost kiss against Makki’s mouth, capturing his lower lip between his. Then he pulled away and sat up, “commercial break,” he said, grinning, and begun working on his own
jeans. It took him an embarrassingly long time but Makki was content with propping himself up on his hand and watching him expose his skin, inch by inch.

Finally clad in only his underwear, like Hanamaki, Matsukawa returned to his boyfriend, “um…” he flushed and looked away, “how do you…want to do it? Cuz there’s a number of positions…”

“Like this is fine,” Makki pulled him closer, spreading his legs on either side of Matsukawa. He tucked his hand against his cheek and smiled affectionately, “I want to look at you,” his breath was suddenly taken away when Matsukawa connected their lips harshly, almost losing control. Matsukawa grinned in wonder as he felt Matsukawa’s clothed dick grown hard against his own. His own member responded eagerly and by the time Matsukawa pulled away he was fully hard.

Hanamaki tugged down his underwear half-way with a quick movement, “whoa-” Matsukawa grabbed his wrist and looked at him, “wait, we said…”

“This is slow,” Hanamaki assured and hesitantly Matsukawa released his hand, letting him slide his boxers off. Hanamaki kept the eye-contact going as his hand slowly slid from top to bottom. Matsukawa inhaled shakily and Hanamaki laughed, a little happy from the reaction and a little self conscious, “it’s as if you’ve never masturbated,” he said, sliding his hand up and down and marvelling at how quickly the precum spread along the erection, making his hand movements graceful and easy.

“Feels different when you do it,” Matsukawa said tightly, wrapping an arm around Hanamaki’s waist and hiding his face in the pillow as Makki continued to stroke him. His other arm hooked around Matsukawa’s neck. He pressed a loving kiss to his collarbone as the raven’s breathing sped up, “do you like that?” Makki’s voice was small, shy even. He really did want Matsukawa to like it.

Matsukawa spoke directly against his ear, “if you stop, I’ll kill you,” and Hanamaki grinned – it was answer enough. Soon his hand grew tired, his wrist aching from the constant movement. He ‘casually’ unhooked his arm from around Matsukawa’s neck, sliding his hand down his chest and don his stomach, using both hands to twist gently before switching hands, burying the dirty one in the covers. It was harder doing it with his non-dominant hand – he became sloppier, but Makki was determined to finish the job.

Matsukawa knew he should probably make it enjoyable for Hanamaki too, but from the moment his boyfriend’s had closed around his dick he could not think straight. Overwhelmed with pleasure and knowing that his Makki was the cause of it made him unable to do anything with his hands other than hook them around Makki and hold on.

With growing terror, Makki realised that this hand was getting tired faster than the other. He increased his pace – it wasn’t that he didn’t like pleasuring his boyfriend, but he’d never given a handjob before and his hands were about to fall off. He went faster still; hoping that the pace change meant Mattsun would come faster. He glanced down at flushed. His dick was big (bigger than his own, Makki realised with a pang of annoyance), the hilt melting into a neat bush of dark hair. He felt his dick grow harder. Matsukawa groaned when Hanamaki experimentally slid a thumb over his head but he didn’t come.

Hanamaki didn’t have the patience, “how long are you gonna take?” he exclaimed but didn’t cease his movement.

Matsukawa gave an embarrassed laugh. Makki knew he was being unfair, “I’m sorry. I masturbate too much…”

“Yeah,” Hanamaki said, but he smiled against his shoulder as he switched hands again. Matsukawa
grunted, “what do you do it to?” Makki asked teasingly.

“You. Obviously.’’

“Do you put up a picture?’’

“Sometimes.’’

Hanamaki laughed, red-faced, “do you imagine me?’’

“Yeah.’’

“Doing what?’’

“Precisely this,’’ Matsukawa said shakily and finally splattered all over Hanamaki’s hand. He remained unmoving for a few seconds, catching his breath, while Makki studied his soiled hand in awe. It was the first time he made someone reach an orgasm and it felt pretty damn satisfying. Finally Mattsun pulled himself up, gazing at his sweetheart with new found lust, ‘‘what do you do it to, Makki?’’ and as Hanamaki fumbled for something to say Matsukawa nudged his nose against his jaw, making him tilt his head so he had easy access to the delicate flesh of his neck.

“Um…’’ Hanamaki forgot what he was going to say as Matsukawa’s lips connected with his neck, spreading hot, open-mouthed kisses up and down, “mmm…I don’t know…’’ his mind went blank. And then Matsukawa sucked on his flesh so hard it made a blurring noise.

They both froze and then Hanamaki giggled in surprise. Matsukawa pulled away, looking genuinely interested, “well, that was a weird sound,’’ he grinned and touched a spot on Makki’s neck with his finger, “but I left a mark.’’

“Did you actually!?’’ Hanamaki sat up excitedly and grabbed his phone from the night stand, turning the camera on and looking at the moderately-sized bruise. He grinned, “nice one.’’ They high fived and then, realising that they were acting like this was a volleyball game, laughed again. When the laughter finally died down, Hanamaki scooted closer to Matsukawa, kissing him demurely, “hey…’’ he whispered, kissing him again, “will you do it…?’’

“You’re ready?’’ Matsukawa asked, back in mom-mode and Hanamaki laughed.

“I’ve been ready since we started dating,’’ he slid back to lie down on the bed again and Matsukawa grabbed the lube from the nightstand.

“Fingers first, okay?’’

“Mmm…yeah,’’ Hanamaki gave him a sweet, shy smile and Matsukawa nearly melted. He settled himself between his legs, tugging off his underwear with the hand that was coated in lube. He didn’t even realise that his own half-hard dick was swinging between them. His first finger circled Makki’s entrance and he glanced up to make sure he was okay. Makki flushed, “oh my god, don’t look at me when you do it…’’

“I can’t help it,’’ Matsukawa said with a cheesy grin, “you’re beautiful.’’ Hanamaki groaned a groan that begun with annoyance and ended with pleasure as Matsukawa slid his finger in, “doesn’t hurt?’’ he asked worriedly. Makki shook his head, clamping his hands over his face to hide the blush. Matsukawa glanced down his body, smiling affectionately, and gave his dick a few pumps to bring it fully to life. Makki squirmed, “want me to stop?’’

“No, idiot!’’ Makki half-laughed, half-moaned, ‘no matter what, don’t stop.’’ Matsukawa
obediently moved his fingers in and out, ‘‘you can put the second one in now,’’ Makki murmured and Matsukawa obliged, gliding the second digit in even slower than the first. He gave a few slow, experimental pumps and Makki rolled his hips, ‘‘third…’’

‘‘Already?’’

‘‘Please.’’

Matsukawa couldn’t argue with him. He slid the third finger in and Hanamaki clamped his mouth shut to stop the surprised cry erupting at the sharp burn that filled his ass. If he cried out at this stage, Matsukawa would never go further. The burn was gone as fast as it came and Makki let his man play with him until he was warm inside before finally whining, ‘‘Mattsun, I want you.’’ This time Matsukawa didn’t question it. He pulled his fingers out and Makki missed their warmth. He watched with a burning curiosity as Matsun drowned his dick in lube, spreading it out evenly, ‘‘that was it’ll slip out of me,’’ he laughed.

Mattsun grumbled something, concentrated on his next task. He positioned himself at Makki’s entrance, ‘‘tell me if it hurts. Immediately.’’

Makki smiled fondly, ‘‘I’m not made of porcelain.’’

Matsukawa smiled back, ‘‘no, you’re not. Here we go,’’ and he pushed in, slowly, holding his dick and watching in awe as the head simply disappeared inside Hanamaki. His beau hissed in sharply and it took all of Matsukawa’s self restraint not to pull out. Plus, what little was inside Hanamaki was being squeezed by his warm insides, creating a rumbling groan deep in Matsukawa’s chest, ‘‘you good?’’

‘‘Yeah,’’ Hanamaki said breathlessly, ‘‘come here…’’ he extended his hands to Matsukawa and he nestled himself against him, catching his hand in his free one and lacing their fingers together, lying them on the bed next to his head. He slipped in another inch and a shaky breath flew out of Hanamaki’s lips.

‘‘More…’’ he whimpered breathlessly.

So Matsukawa gave him more. Inch by agonising inch until he was buried to the hilt and Hanamaki was cringing at the stretch. And then he wasn’t. His whole face relaxed and he inhaled softly, opening his eyes which were glazed over, ‘‘how does it feel?’’ Matsukawa’s voice was low.

‘‘Good,’’ Hanamaki looked at him, his lips parted, ‘‘it feels good to have you fill me.’’

Matsukawa blushed from head to toe at his words but he leaned forward, connecting their lips, ‘‘I love you.’’

‘‘I love you too,’’ Hanamaki kissed him again, on the lips, then on the cheek. He brushed his hand up and down his back, ‘‘you can move now. Slowly,’’ as if he needed reminding. Matsukawa pulled out an inch and slid it slowly in, making Makki gasp. He pulled out more and slipped back in, groaning at the sensation of Hanamaki enveloping him. And he realised he forgot to put the condom on and then he realised he didn’t care and all he cared about was that Makki was finally his.

‘‘I’m going all the way,’’ Matsukawa warned him, withdrawing to the tip and sliding in. Hanamaki gave a surprised moan.

‘‘Again…’’

Matsukawa repeated the action, pulling in faster and then slamming in on the third try, making
Hanamaki cry out and arch his back. Enjoying his reaction, he kept going; sweat breaking out along his boy as he panted in pleasure. He found Hanamaki’s neck again and pressed kisses to it. Hanamaki’s arms wrapped around his neck, scratching helplessly at the intense fulfilment. Matsukawa shivered and found Hanamaki’s erection, prominent against his stomach. He palmed it and it only took a short while to get them on the edge.

“Together…” Hanamaki rasped between moans and then they were coming, the world disappearing into a wave of intense, white bliss.

Matsukawa rolled off Hanamaki but stayed close, pulling his arms around him. Still breathing hard, his pink-brown hair dishevelled, Makki drew his fingers pleasantly up and down Matsukawa’s arm, absently, “that was good,” he whispered finally, his eyes flicking to Matsukawa as he smiled, “really good.”

“I’m happy we did it,” Mattsun said, kissing his temple, “you were amazing.”

“So were you,” Hanamaki tucked himself against his side, “and you didn’t hurt me one bit,” he grinned. And Matsukawa laughed happily.

*~*~*

The next day during practice everyone noticed Matsukawa’s and Hanamaki’s glorious glow. Iwaizumi pulled Mattsun to the side during the break, “you…” he started suspiciously, “didn’t just have sex for the first time, did you?”

Matsukawa laughed, “what!? We have sex all the time!”
I'm Sweating Bullets Like a Modern Romeo

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kuroo (top) x Tsukki (bottom)
Prompt by: Lady Lena
Prompt: Romeo x Juliet AU

The Capulet Midsummer Ball was the event of the year. Neither the day of Christ’s birth nor all souls day could beat the ball in splendour and grandeur. Each year Saeko, lady Capulet, made sure the whole Capulet household was donned head to toe in garlands, flowers and candlelight and that the maid-servants prepared the most exquisite delicacies from around the world. For days on end she bustled around the household, the one day where she donned the appropriate womanly duties of minding the house and the parties, ensuring the Ball was the talk of the city till the next one came about. Her son, on the other hand, had little interest in the affairs of the ball, opting for taking sanctuary in his rooms where he read books and wished the days away from sunrise till sundown.

But during the ball every spirit was merry, even that of the young Lord Capulet, who clapped along to the dancing of the noble borns gathered in the ballroom of the household. Every noble house, save for one – the Montagues. That is, to Lady and Lord Capulet’s knowledge, for three Montague boys, unseen and unheard by nought, had sneaked through the hedges and penetrated the Capulet house so they, too, could partake in the merriment.

“If someone catches us here…”

“They will not catch us, Lev,” Kuroo chastised his cousin once more, “it’s a masked ball, for the love of the merciful Lord. Have some fun,” even as he spoke his long neck craned each way in pursuit of a certain someone.

“What if he’s not attending?” Bokuto, Kuroo’s dearest friend, had already helped himself to an abundance of food, clutched in his arms like a babe to a mother’s chest, “that would be grand.”

“It wouldn’t. I shall not risk my head for a pretty boy,” Lev was at wit’s end, for his height set him apart from the noble guests and he was for sure to be committed to memory. Alas, as Kuroo had sworn, no one paid them any heed.

“If not for the boy, then for the feast,” Bokuto nudged his companion with his elbow, “come on, loosen up, bloody hell. It’s midsummer! The fairies dance tonight!”

Finally Lev sighed deeply and reached elegantly for one of the fruits nestled in Bokuto’s arms, plucking it up and towards his lips. Kuroo paid their conversation no heed, continuing to search the crowd feverishly. Suddenly he grabbed Lev’s arm and gripped it with all his might, his eyes shining, “there!” he exclaimed, exultant, pointing towards a youth in a silver mask perched atop his nose. A short boy of dark hair and a smile-less mouth.

“He is indeed fair,” Bokuto spoke around the food, his eyes following the movements of the boy as he made his way to another man – this one fair haired and toy. Bokuto let lose a low whistle, “my lord Montague, who is that?” he purred.
Confusion setting across his features, Kuroo tilted his head to the side, "I’ve no recollection. I’ve never see him before."

“Well,” Bokuto set down the cakes he had been cradling in his arms and stood proudly, “I’ll take the pretty boy – what was his name? Akaashi, yes? And you take the tall gentleman. I implore you.”

Lev groaned low, sensing trouble to come, but Kuroo nodded, his mouth twisting in an unholy grin, “as you wish.”

Before Lev could halt either of them they made themselves scarce, allowing the crowd to swallow them like one would a grape. He gave up on saving his friends from trouble and busied himself with feasting on Bokuto’s leftover cakes. Head held high, Kuroo made his way across the room with the gracefulness of a maiden from the heavens as the music picked up, signalling the start of a new dance. He grasped the stranger’s hand and led him to the dance floor before he could speak against it.

“I’ve spotted you across the ballroom,” Kuroo’s voice dipped low as he pulled the stranger against him. His face was impassive as he suddenly found himself pressed against a strange man, for he was the young Lord Capulet after all and he was not accustomed to dark haired gentlemen selecting him for a dance without as much as a formal introduction, “and I decided I just must have this dance.”

His face remained impassive, but Lord Capulet put his hand atop Kuroo’s broad shoulder and begun moving in time to the merry music, “and who may you be, my lord?” he asked, his voice resembling the icy snow of the Winter Solstice.

“Ah, my name shall not be revealed, my fair one,” the lord winced away from the stranger at the flirtatious words but Kuroo simply threw back his head and laughed loud, his voice booming over the music and Lord Capulet found his body relaxing at the pleasant noise, “but pray tell, who are you?”

“Tsukki,” the lord was cunning; he used a childhood nickname, still invoked only by his dearest friends only, that the stranger would have no way of recognising. Kuroo graced him with a smile, sending him spinning amongst the wine-fuelled couples. From the looks of it, there would be much love making and sins committed under the trees of the Capulet garden that night – but who would worry about that? It was Midsummer fair after all! “have you been invited to the ball, my lord?”

Kuroo grinned devilishly at his dancing partner, enjoying his slyness, “of course. After all ‘tis is the most marvellous of balls!”

In response, Tsukki grumbled incoherently before being pulled closer once more, “have you heard of the pestilence?”

“The plague from two hundred years ago? The French called it the Black Death but-”

“Not that pestilence,” for the first time Tsukki graced him with a laugh, “a simple epidemic in the towns. Word has it the plague doctors have donned the beaked-masks once again and the church bells ring day and night to chase it away.”

Kuroo offered a sly grin, “are you frightened for your life, my lord?”

“Of course not,” Tsukki said lightly, “is it not the truth that each year the heat of the summer brews all kinds of illnesses to prey on the plebeians?”

“And is it not the truth that it is the Lord God who sends down the pestilence to punish the sinners?” Kuroo inquired, twirling Tsukki again.
“Perhaps,” Tsukki said vaguely, “but is it not the truth that was is brewed during the summer’s heat dies out with the winter’s chill?”

“It is the truth,” Kuroo admitted, his smile not once leaving his face, “you have interesting matters to discuss with a stranger on Midsummer Night’s ball, my lord.”

“I find small talk tedious,” Tsukki said, “do you not?”

“I do,” another twirl, “alas, let us not speak of small thing, then. What would you like to speak about?”

“Why are you here? Why are you here really?” this time it was Tsukki who gathered Kuroo closer, gazing into his masked eyes cunningly, “for I do not believe you have been invited.”

“Perhaps I am just a stranger who has sneaked in for a night of wine and dance? Or…” he leaned closer, speaking against Tsukki’s ear, “perhaps I am the devil, here to whisk away a beautiful soul?”

Tsukki shivered against him and Kuroo found he intensely wished to pull the man against him. But the music stopped and, aghast and terrified by his needs, he pulled the young lord away at an arm’s length.

“Unveil!” lady Capulet was by the musicians, her arms thrown wide. Forgetfulness would perish Kuroo, for when he glanced at Tsukki, already unveiling his face he grasped the edges of his own mask and pulled it away, revealing his face. Tsukki did not recognise him nor did Kuroo recognise him.

“You are handsome,” Tsukki said, his words spoken softer than the ones preceding them, as if he was speaking to himself more than to Kuroo.

With an affectionate smile, Kuroo took his hand, “I am as handsome as you are fair.”

Catching himself, Tsukki pulled his hand out of the stranger’s grip but their eyes remained interlocked. That is, until Tsukki’s cousin Oikawa broke through the crowd in his finery. Two brutes held Kuroo’s companions in their grasps while a worried Akaashi floated behind them like a ghost.

“The third one! A Montague!” Oikawa roared furiously, an accusing finger directed at Kuroo and all – even Tsukki – gasped and backed a step, for it was known far and wide that the House of Montague and the House of Capulet had a long lasting feud. Alas, they were the source of misery of the prince of the city, Prince Ukai.

“What are you saying, cousin?” Tsukki asked weakly even as the realisation that the accusation was correct sunk in.

Oikawa chose to ignore his words, taking a threatening step closer to his rival, “a dirty Montague amongst our good company!”

Kuroo laughed menacingly, “why this foul language, friend? Shall we not be friends?”

Oikawa’s face twisted with a demonic rage, “I believe you are a general offence and every man should beat thee,” he spat a thick glob of phlegm at Kuroo’s polished boots.

“I would challenge you to a battle of wits,” Kuroo spread his arms casually, enticing the crowd even as the soldiers which had materialised out of nowhere surrounded him, “but I see you are unarmed.”

The crowd gasped with shock and delight as Oikawa’s face donned a foul red colour, “you are as a
candle; the better burnt out,’” he raised his spade and the soldiers followed suit but Tsukki stepped forward.

“Calm yourself, dear cousin. You are embarrassing the good name of Capulet,” Tsukki said icily, “these hooligans have clearly arrived to destroy the fun, to break the tradition. Let us not let them; let there be no fighting tonight. Guards,’” they stood at attention as their future lord addressed them, “take these disgraced gentlemen and dispose of them outside, unharmed. Let them scurry back to their mother’s skirts like shamed children,’’ the crowd chuckled at that and Oikawa, after a moment of uncertainty, sheathed his blade. The guards pushed Kuroo forward and as he exited the ballroom he cast one last look at Tsukki, who was already looking.

Silently, he swiped Kuroo’s mask from the floor and his it in the folds of his tunic.

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The next two nights of Tsukki’s life were filled with thoughts of Kuroo. He was the only gentleman to ever invade Tsukki’s mind in a way that made him feel hot as the sun and giddy as a child on Christmas-day. He feared he would run mad with thought of the dark haired stranger – a Montague; his arch-nemesis – when one night, long since the moon had risen in the sky, a lone rock clattered onto the marble floor of Tsukki’s bed chamber through the open arch of the balcony.

Cautiously Tsukki clambered out of the bed and out into the warm summer night. He glanced below, gracing a speedy look at the darkened garden before finally spotting a figure beneath his balcony. His dark hair and broad shoulders were not to be mistaken.

“Kuroo!” Tsukki called excitedly before he could compose his voice. He ran back to his bed and pulled off the sheets, fastening a hasty rope for Kuroo to climb up. Mercifully the balcony was not far from the ground, so there was no danger of perish should Kuroo fall. Gracefully grabbing onto the knots, Kuroo clambered up, grabbed hold of the marble ledge of the balcony and stood in front of Tsukki before a minute had past. Suddenly Tsukki felt very exposed in nought but his dressing gown. His arms were folded across his chest quickly, protectively, but Kuroo grasped his hands gently and pulled them down.

“I confess; I could not think of anything but you since the Midsummer night.” He said, voice lower and sweeter than a new spring running down the rocks.

A pleased blush coloured Tsukki’s neck, though he did not will it, and he let Kuroo hold his hands, “as have I.”

Kuroo, as well as the Montagues, were well known for their boldness so it did not surprise Tsukki when Kuroo lifted his chin gently and pressed a gentle kiss to his lips. It was the standard peck and Tsukki found himself dissatisfied.

“You kiss by the book,” he said, smiling.

That was all it took; with a rough push Tsukki found himself back in his room and with another sitting on his bed. Kuroo knelt in front of him, as one might in front of a beau before asking for a hand in marriage; but Kuroo did not ask. He simply kissed Tsukki once more, deeper; showing his passion at the strange, haste love that had blossomed between them – love at first sight; soulmates met.

“How rough of you, my lord,” Tsukki said, the strange giddiness flooding him.

“If love be rough with you, be rough with love,”’ Kuroo’s voice was husky, ‘’prick love for pricking
and you beat love down…except love cannot be beat down, can it?’’ he spoke as if he had tried. His fingers came to gently rest at the opening of Tsukki’s night-shirt, a silent request that Tsukki did not grant. He pulled back on the bed, tucking his legs to his chest.

‘’Why?’’

‘’We are not wed,’’ despite his smile there was sadness in Tsukki’s eyes, ‘’it would be a sin against God.’’

A fire lit in Kuroo’s eyes as he stood, grabbing his hands and pulling him up also. His hands came to encircle his cheeks as he gazed into the depth of his eyes, ‘’then come; let us get married. I love you. It is strange and fast and perhaps wicked, but I love you. Marry me.’’

‘’Our families shan’t ever abide it.’’

‘’let’s run away,’’ as if the idea had just blossomed in Kuroo’s head, he grinned, ‘’Tsukki, run with me.’’

Footsteps echoed down the hall; someone was up. Tsukki pushed Kuroo away, towards the balcony but he, too, was grinning like a wildling, ‘’tomorrow midnight – the chapel of Saint Augustine!’’

‘’I shall be there,’’ Kuroo swore and climbed down the rope, disappearing into the darkness like a phantom.

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The priest that was to wed the couple was sworn not to tell a word. He was the only one in the chapel when Kuroo entered, frowning. The priest responded with a kind smile, ‘’the heavens smile upon this holy act; let sorrow not chide you.’’

Kuroo smiled finally, nervous that Tsukki would not come and giddy as to what would happen after – in only two days times they would be away in a carriage, off to start their married lives, ‘’amen, father. I have no sorrow in my heart for tonight I am permitted to call him mine.’’

The doors to the small chapel were opened and Tsukki came in, dressed in a white tunic and pants, looking as radiant as a bride, ‘’good evening to my ghostly confessor,’’ he bowed his head lightly to the priest.

The priest bowed his head back, a mysterious smile playing on his withered lips, ‘’may the heavens be happy with this holy act of marriage, so nothing unfortunate happens later to make us regret it.’’

‘’Amen, amen,’’ Kuroo said quickly, his eyes fixed on Tsukki at all times, ‘’but whatever misfortune occurs it cannot ruin the joy I feel. All you must do is join our hands with holy words, then love-destroying death can do what it pleases.’’

Tsukki flushed and the priest nodded, although his face had turned solemn, ‘’these sudden joys have sudden endings,’’ it was as if he was speaking from experience, ‘’they burn up in victory like fire and gunpowder. When they meet, as in a kiss, they explode. Too much honey is delicious but it makes you sick to the stomach. This is the key to everlasting love; too fast is as bad as too slow.’’

Tsukki and Kuroo exchanged looks at the cryptic words but even those could not kill the joy blooming in their hearts. The priest seemed to come out of a daze and he beckoned to Tsukki, ‘’come, we’ll do the job quickly because, by your leaves, I’m not leaving you two alone until you are united in marriage.’’

And so they were wed; it was a quick, quiet affair and through Tsukki and Kuroo could not break
their eyes from each other. And when the deed was done, hand in hand, they exited the chapel to consume their love in the forest. Once finished, they gathered their clothes and with final kisses parted ways for the night. However, as soon as Kuroo stepped out from the forest into the edge of town leading to the House of Montague, he ran into a mob – a Capulet mob.

“Thou has secretly been corrupting my cousin!” Oikawa was at the head of the mob, his hand on his rapier. Kuroo swallowed thickly, a pang of worry echoing in his love-filled heart. Did they know about the wedding? Lev and Bokuto broke past the small crowd of six men, attracted by the commotion, and took position at Kuroo’s sides. Akaashi, standing by Oikawa, pleaded with him to calm down but the man pushed him aside, “grab your weapon, sir, and let’s end this dispute once and for all.”

“I warned you, I shall not lose my head for a pretty boy,” Lev said out of the corner of his mouth but his hand descended to his sword.

“Three to six – that hardly seems fair,” Bokuto said loudly, confidently but Oikawa’s glare was unyielding.

“What is unfair is this Montague vermin stealing my cousin away and corrupting his heart,” Oikawa spat, his thundering eyes turning to Bokuto, “be silent, Capulet!”

Bokuto lost his temper, “you are like a toad; ugly and venomous.”

Oikawa jerked his chin higher in defiance, “you are as fat as butter!”

With a mouth opened in a round ‘O’, Bokuto turned to Kuroo who shrugged as if to say ‘you did start’. Seething, Bokuto turned to Oikawa once more, “you are a flesh monger, a fool and a coward!”

Oikawa’s eyes narrowed, “I hate with equal passion hell, the Montagues and you,” he snapped.

Kuroo kissed his teeth, annoyance creeping into him, “your tongue out-venoms all the worms of Nile,” he said drawing his sword, “you shall have your way; let us end this.”

And with that they charged forward – Bokuto, Lev and Kuroo against Oikawa and his four men as Akaashi stayed back, yelling for them to cease the fighting, unheard.

“You are unfit for any place but hell!” Kuroo roared as his spade met Oikawa’s, flinging them both away, “your face is not worth sun burning!”

Said face turned scarlet at the insults, but Oikawa was not to be bested, “your brain remains as dry as a biscuit after a voyage!”

Then there was no more talk as the steel kissed again and again in a fierce battle. It was impossible to tell who was winning – injuries were sustained on both parts and they would have gone on probably till morning broke or they all lay dead had Akaashi not gone to fetch the prince. Ukai’s horse pounded into the clearing and he bellowed, “part, fools!”

At once the command was obeyed as both sides, breathing hard and bloody, retreated to their invisible lines. Kuroo smirked at Oikawa, who was clutching his side, pale of face. Ukai’s voice carried, “I am sick of you disturbing the peace! Montagues and Capulets…” he snorted mirthlessly, “enough is enough! One more fight and you will find yourselves at the gallows, lords or no!” he turned his horse and rode off.

Oikawa sent Kuroo a glare, “you have no faith, disrespecting God like that by stealing away a
“Do not pretend,” Kuroo said icily, keeping back the confession that he and Tsukki were now legally married, “there’s no more faith in you than in a stewed prune.”

With another disgusted spit – it was all Oikawa seemed to do; spit – Oikawa and his companions hobbled away. Bokuto was assessing Lev’s injuries – he was the bloodiest of the three of them.

And meanwhile, while Kuroo was fighting for his beloved, Tsukki’s heart was breaking.

“I cannot marry Yamaguchi!” Tsukki cried, naming a lord he had met a handful of times, “he is clumsy and shy and I shall wither at his side and-“ and I am married already.

Lady Capulet didn’t look happy with her husband’s decision either, but Kyoutani was adamant in his decision, “he’s a good man. And I will not have you disgrace the family name by sneaking around with a Montague boy.”

“We were just playing-”

“The playing is over,” Kyoutani all but yelled, “you will marry Yamaguchi or you will join a monastery, understand?”

Tsukki gritted his teeth; he would rather greet death with open arms than give up Kuroo for another. An idea bloomed in his head – of course! Death. Death would be his escape…“I understand.”

Without another word Kyoutani exited Tsukki’s chamber, followed closely by Saeko. Tsukki wasn’t of the weeping kind; he quickly gathered his wits and slipped out of the house to find the priest that had married him and Kuroo, for he was a marvellous secret keeper and he would understand his need. The plan was this; he’d take a potion that would make him look dead and wait for Kuroo and then…and then, no matter what, it would be okay. He found the priest, who presented him with a mixture that he was to drink that would make him appear dead.

Tsukki hurried to the chapel where he and his love had been married, lay underneath the altar and took the medicine. He did not know what happened after, for he was asleep. His parents wept for him, blaming themselves and each other. They respected his final resting place, instead arranging the coffin to be delivered to his chapel so he could be buried there. Perhaps it was better that Tsukki was asleep through the affair for the fear of being buried alive would have indeed been strong.

Yamaguchi came to part with him, even though he did not know him very well.

Finally, worried for his wellbeing, the priest sent for Romeo who had not come to find Tsukki yet. He arrived, gushing about the preparations for their escape. The priest explained what had happened and handed Kuroo the antidote and he ran – he ran like the zephyr to the chapel, slid inside, nearly knocking into a pillar and found the love of his life dead by the altar. Although he knew it was but a trick, his heart broke at the sight. He knelt by Tsukki, raising his head as gently as a child’s, and dribbling the antidote between his pale lips.

It took all of half an hour for Tsukki come to and when he finally saw Kuroo, he threw his arms around him, “whatever prompted you to do this!?” Kuroo chastised even as his hands ran feverishly up and down his back, his hair, his face…

“They were to marry me off…” Tsukki was blabbering for the first time, “I didn’t…I would not have…” he looked into Kuroo’s eyes, “I love you.”

Kuroo grinned, “I love you, too, my love. But why such a method? We could have ran. Surely that is better than suicide? Am I out of your sweet favour?”
Tsukki touched his face, pressing sweet kisses to his lips, ‘‘never. I swear it.’’

‘‘Do not die without me,’’ Kuroo whispered to him.

‘‘And you without me,’’ Tsukki whispered back, hugging him close, ‘‘let’s run away.’’

‘‘Yes.’’

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And so Kuroo and Tsukki left the city forever, leaving the disputed houses of Capulet and Montague to fight over whose fault it was and their own petty arguments; leaving Bokuto and Lev and Akaashi and Oikawa to wonder where they had disappeared. In a tiny town where no one knew them, they settled, no long Lord Tetsuro Montague and Lord Tsukishima Capulet, but simply Tsukki and Kuroo, lovers, husbands, forever… and the city lived on without them, finding new things to tax, new things to dispute over and new things to blame the sickness on, while the couple lived on happily ever after…

And the priest never betrayed their secret, as he had sworn.
The dead man was screaming. He was one foot in the ‘other world’ already but his body desperately clung to life. Kuroo watched with wide eyes as he was fried. He had promised himself, from the moment he was arrested in that tiny, dinghy hotel, with the owner – an elderly woman he didn’t even know – screaming for the cops to leave him alone, all the way through his trial, in which he was not allowed to speak (that’s what happened when you weren’t considered a human being) to the moment when his death sentence was handed out and he was marched into the death chamber full of waiting convicts that he would not cry. But now he was about to.

The death chamber of the prison, located inside a metal, impenetrable bunker, was large and empty, save for the half dozen convicts and a bunch of guards. The convicts were all the same – ability users. Not Paedophiles, rapists, murderers and terrorist but humans who had the misfortune of developing strange powers. It was the governments fault, of course. They had begun so many wars and developed so many nuclear weapons that there wasn’t a person on earth by the year 2055 that wasn’t in some measure radiated. And those that were more radiated than others…they turned out like Kuroo. And were sentenced to death for it.

Kuroo didn’t remember – never bothered to learn – how long his kind had been hunted down by the government. It was probably since the dictator – a Mr Taekiyu – came to power in Japan twenty years prior. In five years he managed to enslave the world. He had become the dictator of earth with every ruler submissive to him. He changed the names, the order, the rules… He merged countries together till only ten remained with the huge, merged Asia as the eleventh, lording over them.

Taekiyu first took control of Japan and renamed it Yamoto, enforcing all people in Asia to learn Japanese, believing the Japanese were superior to other Asian races. The old name ‘Japan’ continued to be use by those quietly opposing his increasingly oppressive regime. Slowly he took control over countries through the use of nuclear weapons or negotiations – Great Britain fell first and it was renamed ‘Windsor’ – England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland were completely absorbed into one rainy, miserable Island. The Island of Bahrain was next, taken over thanks to its tactical position and re-named ‘Khalifa’ despite not merging with any other country – Taekiyu did not want any reminder of the ‘old’ world.

Belgium, Luxembourg and Netherlands were merged next to form ‘Gotha’ while the borders of Germany, Denmark, Poland, the Czech republic, Austria and Switzerland were dissolved, forming one massive country of ‘Hesse’. Bhutan, the Himalayas, China, India, Nepal and Bangladesh formed the largest new country, christened ‘Wangchuck’. Syria, Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia and Israel merged to become ‘Hashim’. France and Monaco became ‘Grimaldi’. Sweden and Finland became ‘Bernadotte’ and Eritrea, merged with Ethiopia, Djibouti, Somalia, Sudan and Kenya was named ‘Solomon’. Arcania was brought back under the name ‘Orelie’.

At first when mutants begun cropping up they were treated as gods and Marvel fans went crazy. And
then it overtook the nations – already nearly thirty five years prior the mutants were experimented on and then exterminated. The ability users went into hiding or lived in fear of being found out. One of the reasons Taekiyu came into power was because he promised to kill each and every single one of them – like the Roman Empire, going after Christians, like the English expelling Jews before the Black Death struck, like the Indians persecuting Sikhs, like the Hutu murdering the Tutsi during the Rwandan Genocide…

Soon no one came near ability users for any other reason than slaughter – not even scientists wanted to run their experiments. They instead experimented on humans, trying to recreate the mysterious powers. Persecution of Mutants was just the cherry on top of the smoke filled, soot covered streets of countries crumbling from bombs, hate and lack of resources.

Kuroo was diagnosed at the age of eight with ‘Calling and Blinking Teleportation’. He remembered every moment of that day. He had complained about joint pain for days and days and eventually his mother had reluctantly taken him to the doctor. There was a vaccine for everything now – influenza, pneumonia and the common cold, but not only; you could get vaccinated against the Ischemic heart disease, the COPD, a lower respiratory disease, cancer, HIV and AIDS, diabetes, tuberculosis, malaria…with 100% effectiveness. His mother expected to take him in for a quick jab but what actually happened in the end…

It took the doctor all of twenty minutes to run the tests before the news was broken. Kuroo’s mother, conditioned like the rest of the population of the world against mutants, did not protect her son; she backed away from the eight year old in horror, like his radiation was contagious, and let the doctor drag him, screaming and kicking, into a car. Despite his age the government was going to kill him – probably in the more humane way aka a lethal injection. They let teenagers pick their own way of suicide – except it wasn’t suicide, not really. But adults…adults were taken to the chair, their crime being the fact that they didn’t ‘terminate’ themselves before reaching adulthood.

Kuroo ran away, of course. He was fast and once he wiggled himself out of the doctor’s grip and ran, there was no way he could get caught. He travelled for days – thanks to free under 11 travel, until he got to a different city altogether. Thankfully everyone spoke Japanese, due to Taeikyuu’s law. And then…he made do. He never stayed in one place too long, even though nobody knew he was now a fugitive, terrified they would find him out again. Around the age of eleven he finally mastered his gifts – he had to envision the place he wanted to teleport to and then blink. At first he had to blink super-slowly but gradually he learned to do it so casually that one second he was there and the next he wasn’t. Kuroo didn’t know how that worked – perhaps the blink set off something in his brain that destroyed his atoms and reconstructed them in the chosen location a nano-second later…he didn’t know. The blinking worked best when he could see the target eg. When he was teleporting to the end of the street, when he was chased down by the police – because sometimes they found him out. If he knew the town well, he could teleport anywhere and sometime he teleported back to where he was a few months prior. It was convenient – no more buses!

As for the ‘calling’, well…that was convenient too. He just envisioned an object in his hand and he got it, no matter if it was an apple, a key to a particular house or a bomb. That was useful, too, since he never had a permanent home but could very easily break into the summer homes locked up for nine months a year or random hotel rooms. He sometimes wondered if he was ‘stealing’ them from some other country.

But, for all his powers, he was not invincible. And, like most mutants, he got caught. Jerked from his sleep and handcuffed with chromium handcuffs that made it unable for his to access his power and hauled him away. And now he was here…

Kuroo swallowed thickly, forcing himself to look away from the man in the chair. He had thought
death by electrocution wasn’t that bad, that he’d go out fast…but the man that was two people in front of him, the first execute of the night, was poor at conducting electricity. He jerked and shook as the current ran through him. The cables, connected to the sponge moistened with saline, were digging into the pale flesh of his forehead, chest, groin, legs and arms and his hair was on end, smoking faintly. Technically he was meant to be blindfolded but the executioner, looking grimly satisfied, didn’t bother so the man’s eyes were rolling wildly, his tongue, swollen, lolling out of his mouth as the 500 volts coursed through his body. His white knuckled hand, the only part that wasn’t limp or flailing, gripped the hand rest of the chair tightly. For dear life. The smell of burning meat filled the room. The woman in front of Kuroo – probably not older than twenty – fell to her knees and retched helplessly.

Blood and watery vomit erupted from his mouth, drenching his chin and Kuroo prayed for it to be over soon, for the suffering and humiliation to end for the man… His skin was stretched taut and red, looking like he was about to explode or be set on fire. And then, with a horrible pop heard over the sizzle of the chair, the ability user’s eyes popped out of their sockets and hung across his cheeks on long, bloody tendons. Someone screamed. Finally, the victim was dead, not suffering anymore, his heart not beating and his brain fried.

Now that the sickening sizzling and gurgles of the man died down, the death chamber was too quiet. The woman on the floor was not retching anymore – she was staring at the executioner, a wild fire alight in her eyes as she rose. And then the man in front of her turned and – oh god, his handcuffs were somehow gone – and he touched hers. The Chromium clattered to the floor and the woman sprang free. The fire wasn’t in just her eyes anymore – it was her. With a wild roar she combusted and charged at the jailer, who managed to get three steps towards the panic button before she was on him. Kuroo had time to see the flesh peel back from his bones, blistering hot, before the freed prisoner slammed his hand on his handcuffs and they fell away uselessly.

And Kuroo escaped. As the prisoners begun one more useless coup in a line of useless coups, he envisioned the outside of the prison, which he glanced briefly upon his arrival, and blinked. The fresh, cool, neutral-smelling air was such a relief he could have cried. There were shouts as the guards upon the towers and walls turned to him, guns positioned. Kuroo looked at the space just outside the gates, envisioning the path, the green fields on either sides and blinked again. The spot where he had been standing was ripped apart by Chrome bullets. As he teleported outside the gates, the prison exploded. Kuroo wondered briefly how many humans survived – fire girl, no doubt…

The prison was surrounded by fields of raging nothing. Kuroo looked towards the horizon, where the sun was setting slowly – a sun he never thought he’d see again – upon a hill many, many kilometres away. Kuroo concentrated his gaze on the peak of the hill and with a blink he was upon it, the sun glaring at his back, the fields stretched in front of him. Far, far away the prison was now just a tiny ball of fire, like a sun mirroring the one setting behind his back. He turned. The prison might have looked isolated, with no place to run, but this side of the valley the city stretched out.

Tokyo – thankfully not renamed – glared at him with harsh, metallic buildings and miniature roads that could have belonged to an ant nest. Taking a deep breath, Kuroo turned his gaze to the more rundown, rural area and stared hard at the spot next to a factory he knew for a fact was abandoned. He blinked and was teleported to the shadows of an alley, where he slid to his knees and threw up in the gutter over and over, tears streaming down his face as the reality of what just happened hit him. He had been so close to frying on that chair…he coughed. His stomach heaved but nothing came out. Shaking and sweaty, he wiped his mouth with his filthy sleeve – they hadn’t let him shower since the arrest – and sat back on his heels.

“God, you’re a mess,” a young man, probably not much younger than Kuroo, was leaning against the wall. He wore a t-shirt and scruffy jeans, but his eyes were hidden behind sunglasses and his hair
was tucked under a cap so that Kuroo couldn’t tell the colour. What he could tell, however, was that the man wasn’t a friend of the authorities – why else would he be dressed like that? He didn’t move and neither did Kuroo, glancing up at him from under his greasy, sweat-drenched hair.

“Who are you?” he rasped out.

“Tsukki,” finally the man pried himself from the wall and reached into the pocket of his jeans. Kuroo tensed, expecting a gun but instead the man produced a photography, “you’re Kuroo, right?”

As he neared him, Kuroo shakily got to his feet, “much better,” Tsukki smirked, ”a dignified man shouldn’t be on his hand and knees in a filthy back alley. ‘We are all in the gutter…’ eh?”

Kuroo ignored his comment, “How do you know who I am?”

“It’s what I do,” Tsukki gave him a chilling smile and expertly flipped the photography around, “I find ability users I can recruit.” The photograph was of a fortress of a sort, impenetrable, dangerous or safe looking, depending what side you were on, in a stretch of sand. A desert, Kuroo realised. Tsukki glanced behind him carelessly, as if he could see something Kuroo couldn’t. The raven wondered if he was…like him, “here’s the deal; in approximately two minutes a force of forty men is going to raid this alley and apprehend you. This gives me about one hundred seconds to speak, so listen,” Tsukki took a deep breath, speaking fast, “I’m from a secret resistance movement ‘Jayhawkers’ based in the Nile Valley, in the Nubian Desert. We have gathered some of the most powerful ability users in the world and we’re planning to overthrow the government and kill Taekiyu. We’ve done research on you and we want you to join us.” Tsukki extended his hand towards the startled Kuroo. It was pale and perfectly clean. Now Kuroo could hear the thunder of soldier boots, “deal?”

It was a split second decision – either run, like he just done, and die for nothing or join this wacky guy and die for something. It was an easy choice. Kuroo clasped Tsukki’s hand with his grimy one and Tsukki grinned. He shoved the picture in front of Kuroo’s face as the soldiers spilled into the clearing. They positioned their guns, yelling orders, just as Kuroo slipped an arm around Tsukki’s waist, stared hard at the space next to the base and blinked.

**Location: Solomon**

The searing heat of Sudan – now a part of ‘Solomon’ – hit Kuroo like a rocket mission and, already worn out mentally from the execution and physically from teleporting two people across such a distance, stumbled. Tsukki didn’t spare him another glance, simply walking away. Two people were already charging towards Kuroo, picking him up from the searing hot sand and carrying him to the promising coolness of the metal building. Kuroo passed out.

When he awoke a short while later, a pale-haired boy was hovering over him. He had ash-grey hair but his skin as tanned from all the time in Solomonian sun, and his eyes were a rich brown colour. His hands fluttered over his chest nervously and although they were not glowing, Kuroo knew they were healing him. He sat up slowly. The whole bed was grimy from his soiled body but the boy offered him a smile nonetheless.

“Hello,” he said, “I’ve taken care of the physical exhaustion but I can’t do much about the mental wounds. I’m Suga,” he had a vague Hessian accent. He offered Kuroo a hand, which he grasped with newfound strength. He had a feeling that despite being immaculately clean, the Jayhawkers weren’t afraid to get dirty, “the communal showers are right through here,” Suga released his hand and pointed to the doors conjoined to the what Kuroo presumed was the med-room, “there’s a bunch of us and we’re in the middle of a dessert, so you have to be careful about the water. I’ll give you ten minutes to scrub the dirty, but usually it’s five. Showers are every other day, you wipe hands with wet wipes after using the toilet, three meals per day…” he thought about any other relevant
information he might give Kuroo at that point but he came up with none so he shrugged and smiled, "if you get hurt, just pop by. We’re having supper in half an hour, the dining room is just down the hall," he pointed to the other doors on the opposite side of the room, "we’ll introduce you to everyone then. Clean clothes are waiting inside the bathroom. Have a nice shower," with another smile, Suga made for the doors.

"I’m Kuroo," the raven said, feeling the need to say something.

"I know," Suga grinned and disappeared.

Kuroo expected to feel joint pain and an uncomfortable stretch, like always when he teleported large distances, but he felt as good as a newborn. Marvelling at the fact that he managed to teleport him and another person – albeit in panic – to a place from a picture, he entered the washing room. It was made up of multiple stalls, separated by waist-high walls with slightly rusty shower heads protruding from the top. There was a long, out of place table in the corner, probably taken from a dining room, set wide and tall with shampoos and soaps in all form and shape. Next to them, folded neatly, were Kuroo’s new clothes. He grabbed the stack, holding it away from his filthy outfit, and the first few bottles he could reach before making his way to the last stall.

He stripped off his filthy clothes, which clung to him like glue, and dropped it on the floor, stepping into the stall and pressing a small black button. Water rained down on him, freezing cold, but it was like rain from heaven. It quickly warmed to a somewhat acceptable temperature and Kuroo wasted no time soaping every inch of his dirty, greasy skin. He washed his hair so much bubble dripped down to his eyes. And he cried. He had always considered himself a tough guy but now, reminiscing the guy who had been electrocuted to death, he couldn’t stop the tears.

"Didn’t know you were a cry baby."

Kuroo’s eyes shot open, an action he instantly regretted. He blinked soap out of his eyes as Tsukki calmly leaned against the wall, giving him a lazy once over, taking everything from his soaped hair to the tip of his toes. A pair of boots hung limply from his hands by the laces. Kuroo washed out his eyes and looked at the recruiter uncertainly. He was practically unrecognizable – he had changed into a long, baggy grey t-shirt and camo pants. The cap was gone, revealing his pale blond, curling hair and the sunglasses were off, too. His hazel eyes were cold.

"Didn’t you learn to knock?"

Tsukki shrugged, unfazed and Kuroo gradually begun washing himself, "this is a communal shower. Besides," he lifted the boots, "I brought your shoes."

"Thanks," Kuroo wasn’t sure if he meant it. At top speed he washed the suds off himself and stepped out onto the cold marble floor, his wet hair hanging in his face. It felt good to be clean again. There was no towel so without really thinking about it, Kuroo willed one to materialise in his hand. Tsukki smirked when the white, fluffy material appeared in his hand. He patted himself off as Tsukki whistled sarcastically, although his words were genuine.

"This is why we wanted you. That ability is well useful."

Kuroo rubbed the towel down his face, his voice muffled, "how did you know about me?"

"We had a…seer. She saw the future but she’s dead now," Tsukki said bluntly, shrugging again and tossing the boots at Kuroo’s feet, "she could see a few days ahead and she saw where you would teleport and what your power would be. So they sent me to get you."
“Whose they?” Kuroo willed the towel away and picked up a pair of underwear from the pile. Tsukki didn’t seem to care that he was naked.

“Daichi, Shimizu and Suga. They’re the leaders, I suppose.”

“So…” Kuroo pulled on a t-shirt, identical to Tsukki’s, “what ability do you use?”

Something flicked through Tsukki’s eyes, “I don’t have one,” he said simply, turning to go, “see you at supper.”

Kuroo watched him go, intrigued, but in the end pulled on his camo pants and laced up his boots. He walked through the bathroom, disposing the shampoo and shower gel back at the table, and walked beyond, to the empty med-room and even further, into the corridor. It was like being in a metal tin; the corridor was narrow, with metallic, empty walls that echoed each of Kuroo’s footsteps. He quickly made his way down it, walking past multiple doors till he made it to an open doorway at the end.

It opened up into a large mess hall, one half made into a kitchen, the other filled with a table. Fifteen people sat at the table – fourteen of the most powerful ability users, if Tsukki was to be believed, plus Tsukki himself. Suga waved him over as the table fell silent at the sight of him – he was sitting next to a girl and a man, probably Daichi and Shimizu, but the chair on his other side was empty. Kuroo took it tentatively and the man at the head of the table leaned forward, smiling.

“I’m Daichi,” he introduced himself, “I’m the leader of the Jayhawkers. I’m glad you decided to join our cause,” Kuroo only nodded, “you’ve already met Suga. He’s our healer but he can also create portals, which is how we got Tsukki to Yamoto in time to meet you. And this is Shimizu, my second in command. Shimizu, why don’t you tell Kuroo a little about your power.”

Shimizu was stunning but her voice was flat, quiet, calculated, “it’s called ‘sleep induction’. I can put people to sleep with a wave of my hand.”

“I’m Tanaka!” The guy on the other side of Shimizu grinned. His head was shaved in a sleek buzz-cut, “my think is Atmokinesis.”

“Weather control,” a girl sitting next to him said. She had unbelievable curves and a face freakily similar to her brother’s, “and I can insert myself into people’s bodies,” she grinned and waved, “hi, I’m Saeko.” And for emphasis, she entered Kuroo’s body. It was the strangest thing Kuroo had experienced in his life – it was as if someone marched into his head and simply pushed him aside, taking the controls. With dread he felt his limbs move by themselves, his features school themselves into a flirtatious grin as he leaned over the table to where Tsukki sat next to Saeko. He winked at him, “it made me all hot and bothered when you came into the showers with me. You should let me do you.”

“Saeko!” Daichi called, appalled, but the table exploded into laughter as Tsukki rolled his eyes. “Ha-ha. Very funny.”

Kuroo gasped as he felt Saeko withdraw from him and return to her body, which had sat rigid and unmoving while she was in Kuroo. She shrugged, grinning, “he shouldn’t be coming into the showers when we have a noob in there.”

“Anyway,” Daichi interjected, nodding towards the next person down the line; a tiny boy, almost feminine-sized, with blond hair that had gone a little too long without cutting or dyeing, “this is Kenma, who can do audible inundation. Don’t ask.”
Kenma looked innocent enough, shrugging his slim shoulders, “I could show him.”

“Better not,” Kuroo laughed nervously, sliding his eyes to the next person down the line, ‘and you are…?”

“Yaku. It’s a pleasure to meet you,” a short boy said with a seriousness that didn’t fit his child-like face and height. He had an accent he couldn’t place, ‘I can cloak people and objects.’

“So like, make them invisible?”

The rigorous attitude was dropped as Yaku grinned, ‘exactly.’

“It gets pretty useful,” a man said from his shoulder. Compared to Yaku he was impossibly tall with pearly white hair and slanted, green eyes that somehow unnerved Kuroo, ‘hi, I’m Lev! I’m the team Deviator.”

“What’s that?”

In response a boy sitting at the other side of the table, who had been busy trying to balance a spoon on his nose while they talked, opened his mouth and released a powerful stream of fire towards Lev’s head, which he deflected easily with a wave of a pale hand. It was as if the fire changed its mind last minute, swishing away from Lev’s face and back towards the boy, who opened his mouth greedily and swallowed the fire. Kuroo stared, wide eyed.

“I’m Bokuto,” the boy belched to numerous protest, sending a few bubbles of smoke floating to the surface, ‘I’m the team mascot.”

“Dragon?” Kuroo asked, awed.

“Kind of,” Bokuto grinned, “I can breathe fire and fly, so, you know, get me a pair of scaled wing and I’m ready to go!”

“Eat your food and shut your mouth, will you?” a beautiful boy said with an equally beautiful smile and Bokuto flipped him off. He turned that sweet smile towards Kuroo and the raven realised that out of anyone in the room he was the most dangerous one, “my name is Oikawa. Nice to meet you.” He did not say what his ability was but a quick glance at the thick leather gloves on his hands, standing apart from his outfit, confirmed that Kuroo did not want to know.

“I’m Yachi,” the girl next to Oikawa said shyly, glancing at Kuroo from under her lashes, “I’m a voyeur. And Aone over there can do fear projection and Yamaguchi can absorb knowledge and Akaashi manipulates memory!” she introduced the others members in a continuous string before flushing scarlet and squeaking out a ‘sorry’.

As Kuroo tried to get his head wrapped around the info, Tsukki sighed impatiently, ”let’s eat.”

Lev stood and someone grumbled ‘I don’t wanna know what he made’ why someone else told them to shut up. Kuroo had a vague idea that they were all trying to be welcoming so he wouldn’t run off – he was probably a part of some elaborate plan. A huge metal dish of a king of vegetarian, steaming spaghetti was set down on the table between hungry faces. Well, some were twisted in annoyance.

“No meat again?” Bokuto complained.

“How was I meant to get meat in the middle of the desert?” Lev asked genuinely.

“Maybe when it’s Bokuto’s turn to cook, he can go hunt a camel,” Oikawa said condescendingly
and, kissing his teeth, Bokuto tossed his spoon at his head. Without really thinking about it, Kuroo called the spoon and it appeared in his hand. Oikawa looked mildly impressed while Bokuto yelled ‘cool!’.

“I still don’t understand why Suga won’t just create a portal to some supermarket,’” Tanaka complained and the resistance groaned as one as if they had this conversation multiple times before.

“Because someone would notice missing food…” Suga started.

“…And the cops could trace the portals back here!” Daichi added.

“Because we don’t have money,” Tsukki grumbled.

“And some of us are wanted fugitives,” Saeko said pointedly.

“If we portal in the middle of a store, someone will have a heart attack,” Yamaguchi said sheepishly.

“Therefore, eat your veggies.” Shimizu finished and Tanaka threw his hands in the air.

‘Jheez, I got it!”

And, despite the traumatic events, Kuroo felt laughter bubble in his chest and spill out. The others looked at him, surprised, and when he gave them a confused look they quickly started conversations, piling the vegetable spaghetti into a mix-and-match set of bowls. Tsukki’s gaze lingered.

*~*~*~*~

Kuroo walked into the bunker room a short while after dinner. While the others raced each other to the showers (the girls showered after the boys) Daichi filled him in on the resistance and explained that after some test runs they would begin their operation in a few days. Kuroo was surprised that it was so soon, but Daichi told him there was no time to waste.

The bunker room housed all fifteen resistance members – sixteen now – in a neat stack of bunk beds with an array of different coloured blankets and pillows in various stages of fraying, with some personal touches. There was a poker table in the corner, occupied by Yaku, Aone – a beast of a man – and Yamaguchi. Suddenly Yaku dropped his cards and stared with burning terror at Aone.

“I-I don’t want to play anymore…I’m scared I’ll lose…I’m scared I’ll lose my money…I’m scared I’ll rip the cards…” he babbled and then, in a blink, he was back to normal, glaring at Aone, “stop projecting your fear on me!” he snapped.

Yamaguchi laughed, switching a few cards around, “it’s payback for making that ace invisible – you’re cheating!”

“That’s not cheating!” Yaku protested, “you’re using your knowledge absorption!” he accused.

“I can’t see your cards,” Yamaguchi laughed and, grumbling, Yaku returned to his game.

On the opposite corner Bokuto and Akaashi sat opposite each other, with Bokuto staring intensely at Akaashi. He clapped his hands, startling Kuroo, “try again! I’ll get it this time!” Akaashi clicked his fingers and Bokuto’s eyes went hazy, before sharpening again as his gaze intensified on Akaashi’s face. Then he clapped his hands, “try again! I’ll get it this time!” and again Akaashi clicked his fingers, his face impassive, and Bokuto’s eyes went hazy. Then he seemed to come out of the daze and he clapped his hands once more, “try again! I’ll get it this time!”
Kuroo watched them curiously, “the hell…”

Daichi clapped him on the shoulder. Despite his imposing personality, he was at least a head shorter than Kuroo, ‘‘they’re playing a game. Akaashi manipulated Bokuto’s memory so he doesn’t remember the last few seconds and Bokuto tries to resist him. He’s determined and Akaashi likes to spend time with him, so for hours they go at it. It’s like Bokuto resets him every few seconds, which is why he’s on repeat.’’

Kuroo grinned, “that’s cool. Has he ever succeeded?”

“Never.” Daichi laughed and led Kuroo around them to a bunk bed, patting the bottom mattress, “this is yours, top is Tsukki’s.”

Kenma, who was playing a red DS game, looked up long enough to give a quick wave from the bottom bunk of the bed to the left, while Tanaka suddenly came charging in and dived onto the bottom of the right one, his shaved head narrowly missing the headboard.

“So how did you all find each other?” Kuroo asked, leaning against the bunk.

“There’s…ways of contacting us, if you know where to look, and some of us here were particularly recruited. I was born in Gotha but I was studying in Grimaldi, until I was found out. Kenma and Akaashi, who were a few years below me in school, busted me out of jail. We were on the run for a bit and then Suga found us – he was a blessing straight from heavens. He’d come all the way from Hesse but because he could make portals, we quickly ran off to where no one would find us – to the middle of nowhere. And then people begun flowing in.”

**Location: Windsor  Date: 12th November 2053**

It was Winter and the air raid shelter, although a protection from bombs and fire, did nothing to keep out the chill. Tanaka and Saeko sat huddled in their flimsy blankets in the corner, chattering and rubbing hands to keep warm. It had been months since they’d moved in into the abandoned bunker in the countryside, in the middle of nowhere. Tanaka was sure his brain was frozen; he couldn’t even recall how he and Saeko got found out. Windsor, as always, was a rainy, windy place – the zephyr howled mercilessly, and with every growing second the siblings were scared the old, rusty metal walls would collapse on top of them, despite the fact that they were very durable.

Their provisions were in the other corner – a couple of boxes of cans, dried fruits, cereal, nutrition bars…anything that wouldn’t go bad, but they were running out. The rare times when they caught a bird or a rabbit, like some medieval folk, they had to cook it quickly over a small fire outside. They hadn’t actually been far since their escape from the city – they were a bit paranoid. They only had each other in the world and they were desperate to protect each other. Even so, they both knew that the cans and boxes wouldn’t last an eternity and even if they rationed they would have to get more eventually. Neither was looking towards that moment especially now, in winter, where running would be hard with half-frozen legs and numb arms. Plus there was the risk of snow – the next grocery store was miles away and by the time they returned their shelter could be caged in an impenetrable casing of snow.

Saeko sat up suddenly, knocking Tanaka out of the nap he didn’t realise he was taking. The cold hit him like a punch to the face, ‘‘what is it?’’

Saeko put a hand up and her ears almost prickled like an animal’s, ‘‘someone’s here.’’

Immediately Tanaka and Saeko were on their feet, plastering themselves against the walls on either side of the doors. The metal was like a glacier against their flimsy coats but they didn’t dare to move.
And then – the crunch of feet on stones and the doors were thrown open. Saeko lunged herself at the middle aged man that stood inside the doorway mentally, smacking into his mind and shoving him to the side. She took control of his body like one might of a car and steered him out of the doors back out onto the valley.

She froze – and the man froze with her.

Saeko forced herself to keep walking toward the mob of twenty or so people waiting expectantly for the man. She had no idea what to say but thankfully one of the men spoke up for her, “and?” he asked, expectantly, “is there anyone in there?”

“Nope,” Saeko wanted to sound casual but realised the middle aged man wouldn’t probably speak like this, “no,” she corrected, “no one.”

This one breathed out in relief but the one next to him narrowed his eyes suspiciously, “what’s the password?”

Saeko blanched and she hesitated for a second too long. The man shoved her to the side, calling to the mob, “there’s a mutant in there, no doubt about it! Let’s g-“

Saeko didn’t hear anymore because she was back in her own body, breathing hard in fear she had not felt for weeks, “there’s a lynch mob. They’ve found us out somehow,” she said, looking around wildly, “I’m going to run now and lead them away. Take the chance to escape and-“

“No!” Tanaka said sharply. They could hear the sharp cries of the men now, “if we’re gonna die, we’re gonna goddamn do it together.”

And Saeko grinned because she’d much rather face the mob with her brother by her side than alone, “ready when you are.”

Tanaka threw open the doors just as a storm formed rapidly above the heads of the mob, surprised to see a boy jump out at them. A few lightning bolts rained down, striking down a few men, before blinding rain descended on their heads, blinding them. Tanaka spared one glance to his side to make sure Saeko was with him before running hard past the men and down the valley. Saeko tripped face-down into the mud but got up, charging down until they cleared the rain.

“They must have arrived in something there…” Tanaka yelled, pointing to a beat up van parked by the empty highway. Saeko got to it first. The car was idling, probably in case the men had to run away quickly. Saeko slammed her foot on the gas pedal and they were on the high way, speeding away from the bunker. They exploded into hysterical, relieved laughter as Saeko drove crazily as fast as she could.

“Excuse me, I think you’re going above the speed limit,” a voice said from behind them and both Saeko and Tanaka screeched. Saeko slammed her foot on the brake, nearly sending the van crashing windshield-first into the tarmac. They whipped around to find a harmless looking, white haired boy sitting on the back seat.

“Who the fuck are you!?”

“Saeko and Ryunosuke Tanaka, I presume?” the boy said politely, “my name is Suga and I work for the Jayhawkers, a resistance movement based in Sudan, Solomon. We have heard news of two fugitives who have disappeared months ago with atmokinetic and body inserting abilities. I’m here to recruit you because your abilities would be greatly appreciated within our ranks. You will be provided with food, shelter and clothing as well as basic training, but you must be prepared to
sacrifice your life in the attempt to overthrow the oppressive government.’’ He said it all very quickly and the Tanakas stared at him in shock.

A wild cry broke through their daze and they realised, too late, that one van was too small for twenty men. The second one was speeding towards them, overflowing with men ready to spill their blood. Suga smiled, ‘‘what’s your answer?’’

‘‘We’ll take it!’’ Saeko yelled and he drew his hand against the floor. A swirling purple hole opened underneath him.

‘‘Ladies first.’’

With a quick glance at her brother, Saeko jumped into it, followed closely by Tanaka. Suga went last, the portal closing neatly over his hair just as the mob reached them, only to find an empty van in the middle of an empty street.

Location: Terminated  Date: 2nd January 2054

It wasn’t easy being a fugitive from the day you were born to the day you died but Yaku managed, somehow. He’d spent his whole life on the run, where his ability came useful – he could literally make himself invisible and undetectable at will, so he was never caught, although he was wanted in at least three countries. He had been miserable and sulky, like always, sitting in some dusty, stuffy café in the middle of the day when he got the memo. A waitress came up to him, casually slipping a note under his cup as she refilled his coffee. It was an address, somewhere in Sudan and Yaku frowned. And then he realised…

For months he had been hearing about a mysterious underground resistance somewhere out there, recruiting people by the strangest means but this…this must have been the address! He had decided to settle in the terminated area that still called itself ‘Australia’ in private because abandoned places are full of abandoned people, and abandoned meant forgotten. Here no one would look for him, although he still didn’t risk getting a job.

Using his ability to make himself undetectable, Yaku slipped into the airport and onto the earliest flight to Sudan. He spent the trip curled up on the floor of the bathroom, since he didn’t want to risk someone sitting on him if he chose to occupy the chair. The flight was long, bumpy and uncomfortable and when Yaku was disposed onto the sandy plains of the Nile Valley in the scorching heat he wondered if he had been right about the resistance at all. He wandered the desert for days, eventually deciding that dying here was as good as dying anywhere. He collapsed in the sand.

He awoke days later, dehydrated and burned to find a smiling, white haired man hovering above him, ‘‘I’m glad you’re awake. Welcome to the resistance.’’

Location: Hesse  Date: 10th March 2054

Lev had never felt wild panic like this before.

‘‘Immer waiter, bastarde!’’ the men screamed and Lev didn’t understand; something that added to his panic. They prodded him with the barrels of their guns, as if they were afraid to touch him...him, and the hundreds of others. It was like the Holocaust all over again; the ability users were rounded up, dragged from their houses in the pyjamas, some as young as eleven. Many were crying, others were screaming back at the soldiers which earned them solid knocks of gun barrels into jaws. And Lev was quietly panicking, walking through the sterile prison corridors in just his t-shirt and boxers, his arms folded across his chest in a childish, protective fashion. A gun barrel connected painfully
with his side and he winced, but he prodded on. If he stopped he was a dead man, if he wasn’t one already.

They weren’t going to be imprisoned; the soldiers led them past the cells without a second glance and the criminals – human criminals – glanced between bars curiously. To them, the ability users were just an interesting event to break their miserable routine and as Lev shook with fear and exhaustion he wanted to kill them all. But he did not have an offensive power – just a defensive one, and he was hoping that perhaps tonight it would save his life. Even so he was scared out of his mind.

“Halt!” one of the soldiers cried and the whole procession stopped in a claustrophobic jumble of bodies, reeking of stench, breaths and faeces – someone had apparently become too terrified to keep their pants clean. Lev’s stomach heaved; he feared he was going to be sick but then, mercifully, the doors to a large, empty room were thrown open and they were shoved inside, like cattle. They fanned out uncertainly, desperate to stay together not to be singled out for torment but unable to take the stench any longer. Lev found himself standing in the middle alone, singled out with his height. He swallowed hard as a murderous quiet descended over the room, interrupted only by quiet weeping.

“Warum tun sie das?” a little boy asked in the same language the soldiers spoke in, but no one answered him. He was holding strong, despite being parted from his parents. He had instead found comfort in a young woman – too young to be his mother – holding her swollen, pregnant stomach and weeping softly. She knew neither she nor her baby would make it out alive.

“Hvad sker der?” an elderly man asked shakily in a different language. He was shuddering even harder than Lev, holding a stick precariously in his hand, the only thing between him and the cold, hard floor.

A tall, young man was crying. He was shirtless and his muscles were well sculpted – he looked strong but he was bawling like a baby and no one blamed him for it, “nie chce umierac.”

A woman came to him and wrapped her arms around his bare back. She was maybe forty, her face already peppered with wrinkles, “budeme v poradku.” She whispered and although neither understood what the other was saying they clung to each other.

The only composed person in the room was an elderly woman. She had tossed her cane aside and stood tall and proud in her last moments, “in tako zgodovina se ponavlja.” She muttered, more to herself than anyone else.

And then a little girl, alone in the corner, raised her head and looked around the room for help. She spoke in Swedish, a language Lev finally understood, “dar ar min mamma?” – where is my mommy? At those words Lev broke down crying. So many people with so many supernatural powers, all rendered helpless. Before anyone else could ask another pointless question the doors were thrown open again and two dozen men ran inside – a firing squad. They say that in the moments before death you are calm but all Lev felt was rising panic and his tears came faster. People grabbed whoever was closest, clutching each other, not wanting to die alone. Final words broke through the sound of thundering boots as the firing squad took their places.

“Don’t look.”

“It will soon be over.”

“You’re okay now.”

“Hail Mary, full of Grace…”
“Shh, now, shh…”

With a horrible, clattering sound the soldiers aimed their guns at the crowd – at children, pregnant women, sobbing teenagers, young men, old women… without blinking an eye. And Lev realised that if anyone was a monster it was them. “Bereit, set…” one of the men called and the room fell silent, “feuer!” The soldiers pressed the triggers. The room at once was filled with screams and the sound of bullets hitting walls and flesh. The world seemed to slow down and in three second Lev took in the situation around him – the pregnant mother, clutching her stomach which was bleeding in three different places, her baby already dead, before a bullet shot straight through her throat. The little boy, mercifully hit in the head by the first shot that reached him. The little girl, raising her hand to protect herself; the bullet ripping through bone and tendon and burrowing itself in her eye socket. The young man, shielding the woman that had been comforting him only to take two bullets to the chest and crumple down. The elderly woman, ripped to shreds. The bullets burrowed into herself in a dozen different places and she crumpled to the floor in agony, still not dead.

A young man in front of Lev went down and the squad stopped to reload their guns. Blood made the floor sticky and the people screamed in rage and fear and disgust – he saw a few glimmers, people finally using their fires as the soldiers aimed to put down the next line of victims. The people never got the chance to unleash their powers because the bullets were upon them and Lev screamed, crouching into a ball. His power activated itself automatically, changing the course of six bullets and sending them back the way they came from – six soldiers went down. Lost in their shooting the others did not notice, continuing to fire as wave upon wave of people crashed upon each other until Lev was the only one left.

“Feuer!” the general roared and all guns were directed at him. The soldiers pulled their triggers, condemning themselves. When the bullets made it within fifteen centimetres of Lev they turned back, finding their masters and killing them instantly until the entire firing squad lay dead amongst the ability users. Lev’s scream died and shakily he stood upon. He was calf-deep in bodies, ankle-deep in sloshing blood. The bodies were one on top of the other, like some disgusting statue and, not wanting to throw up all over the deceased, Lev bolted from the room.

He was vaguely aware of soldiers shooting at him and dying and still he ran, out of the base, and still on, until he was lost in the city bloody and in his pyjamas. He knew one thing – had had to get away.

Far away.

Location: Bernadotte  Date: 22nd March 2054

Yachi’s eyes, brown and pretty, were concealed in the darkness of the lobby. A shady deal was taking place in the booth she was watching and while the men were glancing around for cops they did not notice a pair of eyes hovering on the wall. Yachi herself, now eye-less, was leaning against a nearby alley, watching and remembering everything she could. She got paid good money for this in the underground and despite her timid nature she was the best informator in all of Bernadotte. But, well, it was her last job. She usually chose secluded spots to hide herself so she would not be found in the brief moments when her consciousness was in a different building, but today…

“Are you okay?” a raspy voice drifted to Yachi’s ears and she jerked. Someone was with her in the alley but she had to listen…and then, “oh my god, your eyes!” and a dull thud. Someone had fainted. Sighing, Yachi’s eyes gave the people gathered at the table a once over and faded back onto her face – it was a freaky ability but at least it was easy to conceal from the authorities. The rain was beginning to fall softly now, dampening her short blonde hair. She glanced down at the man at her feet. He was indeed unconscious and he was of Hessian colouring. Yachi yelped, falling to her knees.
and shaking him until he was sitting up, dazed. He was dirty and he didn’t smell very fresh – like
someone who had been on the road for days and days.

She took him to her apartment and cleaned him up. He told her his name was Lev and he was
nineteen, that he was an ability user and that he had walked all the way from Hesse to Bernadotte –
a process which took 266 hours. He told her this with some difficulty, considering he knew very little
English, but Yachi decided that he would learn. Because she wasn’t about to leave a broken boy to
fend for himself. No, she was going to take him to the resistance. She had been in contact with
Daichi, the leader, for months, planning her escape from Bernadotte. Now there would simply be
two of them.

Location: mid-air  Date: 29th November 2054

Shimizu took approximately ten seconds out of her life to wonder if hijacking a plane with her co-
worker made her a terrorist. It had been ridiculously easy but it had not been their fault. The day
had started as normal; Aone calling her to persuade her to join the resistance, going through a long,
boring day at the office, and coming home to find the cops waiting for her. She didn’t even come into
her apartment, instead taking the train to Aone’s place – she met him halfway. His apartment had
also been turned upside down – apparently the cops had listened in on their conversation and now
wanted to know where the resistance was.

A short debate, a few coffees and a couple of hours later, Shimizu and Aone got up from their seats
on the plane. With a graceful wave, Shimizu sent all the passengers into a blissful sleep – when they
awoke they would be back on course, albeit later than expected. Aone shoved his way into the
cockpit and send waves of terror towards the pilot and his co – strong enough that they did what he
said but not too strong so they’d panic and crash the plane. It was Shimizu who spoke, slapping a
paper with a scribble location between them.

“We’re going here,” she commanded, “follow the orders and you’ll be back on course soon
enough.”

And so, trembling, the pilots took course to Kenya – Shimizu and Aone weren’t stupid enough to
have them land in the Sudan airport and come running back to the police with the info of where they
were. For nearly fifteen hours Shimizu and Aone were holed up in the pilot’s cabin, making sure the
pilots didn’t call for reinforcements (they were too scared to do that anyway) or went off course.
Twice Shimizu went round to give passengers water while Aone kept his hold on the pilots. When
they awoke they’d be hungry as fuck, but not dead, at least.

Everything was going smoothly until Aone dozed off, momentarily releasing his hold on the pilots.
Out of trance, they called for reinforcements. Aone woke up quickly, not realising the mistake until a
reinforcement plane pulled up next to them. At that point they were already above Solomon. Aone
gave Shimizu a questioning look and she thought for a second, before shoving open their backpacks,
which cleverly hid parachutes – Shimizu was prepared for every situation. She tossed one to Aone.

“Go lower,” Shimizu told the pilots calmly, an order that was followed by a wave of fear from
Aone. Obediently, the plane swooped down low enough to not kill anyone when the doors were
opened. The mountains were in clear view within ten minutes. Shimizu turned to the pilots, “when
we jump out, you’ll close the doors and resume your course.” She said, fastening on her seatbelt.
Aone wrenched the doors open. The wind nearly whipped him out but it wasn’t strong enough for
that. Aone jumped. Shimizu bowed quickly, “thank you for your hospitality,” before running out of
the cabin and jumping after her friend. By the time their parachutes unfurled the pilots had rushed to
close the doors while the patients roused, grabbing for the masks that dropped from above their
heads in a sleepy panic.
Aone and Shimizu landed near the border of Kenya and South Sudan, where they rented a car with their fake IDs (also courtesy of Shimizu) and sped away from their previous lives, now wanted terrorists. For days they travelled through the dusty, hot landscape until, finally, they entered the desert.

**Location: Wangchuck  Date: 22nd January 2055**

“I can’t yet, Suga,” Bokuto said through clenched teeth, faking a smile as he passed his friend a cup, “I’m getting paid after my shift.”

“What do you value more?” Suga answered with an equally fake smile as he took the cup, “money or your life?”

“Just a few hours.”

“We don’t have that time.”

“Bokuto, stop slacking!” Bokuto’s boss called and Suga walked to the nearest table, giving his a pointed look. Bokuto swore, barely hearing the order of the next person in line, making the coffee mechanically. He had made Suga portal all the way here (into his toilet in his dorm room) so he could whisk him away to the resistance – something he’d been planning for months – but he was a hoarder. He simply couldn’t leave without getting the months pay, which was just there if he reached out. He made coffee after coffee and he could see Suga getting more and more agitated. Finally the silver-haired man stood to walk to Bokuto.

As he did so the doors to the coffee shop burst open and four cops barged in, guns at the ready, “Bokuto Koutaro you are under arrest under the charges of being a mutant. Put your hands in the air.”

“Fuck,” Bokuto said and Suga was at his side in a second, “I could set the place on fire,” he said out of the corner of his mouth as people backed away in fear.

“No need,” Suga grabbed his arm, “no pay for you, unfortunately,” a swirling purple portal appeared at their feet.

“Damn,” Bokuto said, resigned, and stepped into it with Suga as the cops fired into the place where they had stood.

**Location: Terminated  Date: 25th January 2055**

The pyramids rose above Yamaguchi like an eternal picture of history. He gasped, clutching his notepad close to his chest. He and his team were there on an archaeology find but all he could think about was how amazing the Great Pyramids of Giza were – and they were made by hand!

“Yamaguchi, come on, we need to go to the find site,” one of his co-workers said absently, noting something down.

“Yeah. Right away,” Yamaguchi breathed, his eyes not leaving the pyramid.

It just so happened that Suga and Tanaka were shopping at the bazaar set out next to the pyramids to attract tourists. They sold everything from electronics to food to cloth. The resistance always shopped in different places so they were not identified. Yamaguchi tucked his hat more over his face to hide his eyes from the glare of the sun. He could not resist touching the pyramids. They were so beautiful and smooth…
He reached out and pressed his hand to the warm surface. As he did so his whole body jerked. A purple glare lit where his fingers touched the pyramid and shot up his arm, disappearing under his arm and suddenly he knew everything – the names of the builders of the pyramids, what they said, what they ate in the breaks, how long the shifts were, the material, how long it took to build...

His co-workers were backing away, wide-eyed, while the people of the bazaar stared, shocked. Yamaguchi realised that somewhere along the way the radiation in his body grew and made him a mutant. He stared at his hand, shaking. He didn’t think it was possible to mutate so late in his life – he was twenty one after all! The bazaar was remote enough for the police to take twenty or so minutes arriving but…but...

Suga was at his side in seconds, grabbing his wrist to drag him away, Tanaka pushing his back. They were loaded with shopping but they still managed to drag him behind the pyramid, away from horrified eyes. Yamaguchi’s own eyes filled with tears at the realisation of what he was. Tanaka and Suga exchanged looks – there was no point telling him who they were when he was so shaken up but they couldn’t leave him to be slaughtered either. Tanaka nodded faintly and Suga summoned the portal.

**Location: Orelie   Date: 13\textsuperscript{th} March 2055**

Oikawa ran as fast as his long legs would carry him – not from the police, but from the resistance.

‘‘Stop!’’ Tanaka screeched, nearly catching up to him. Oikawa swerved around an abandoned car, losing him for a second only to smack head first into Daichi.

‘‘We need you!’’ he said gravelly, blocking his way.

Yachi came up from the other side, ‘‘please!’’

‘‘You’ll get killed if you don’t come with us!’’ Lev yelled, closing in from the other side. Like a cornered animal Oikawa bared his teeth and yanked his glove off his hand, showing the normal, pale flesh to the resistance, now circling him.

‘‘One step closer and you’re all dead.’’

‘‘We’ll pay you!’’

‘‘Yeah, annual salary!’’

‘‘Please!’’

‘‘This won’t work without you!’’

Oikawa hissed at them, ‘‘I don’t care about your pathetic little resistance movement.’’

‘‘Hey! It’s not little!’’ Tanaka protested.

‘‘How can we convince you?’’ Suga asked gently, making calming gestures.

Oikawa snorted, ‘‘you wouldn’t able to convince me even if the police rained down on my head with bullets.’’

He jinxed it – just as he finished the sentence a metallic, loud whirring filled the night sky and a helicopter appeared between the buildings, directing a beam of light straight at them. Someone spoke through a tube, ‘‘do not move! You are all under arrest!’’ for emphasis a bullet shot down
“Suga!”

“On it!” Suga touched the wall. Where his fingertips met brick a purple portal came into life. The resistance members pressed themselves flat against the walls to avoid the shower of bullets, one by one jumping into the portal until it was just Suga and Oikawa left, “you’ll die!” Suga had one leg in the portal, his hand outstretched to Oikawa, “come on. We’re the same kind, Oikawa,” his hand trembled, “this is suicide!”

Oikawa, plastered against the wall, glanced up fearfully at the helicopter, ready to shoot him down. He reached for Suga and recoiled, looking at his bare hand. He quickly pulled on his glove and grasped Suga’s hand, letting him drag him into the portal.

“and that’s how everyone met,” Daichi finished his story. By the end the resistance had gathered in the room, listening to it like to a goodnight story.

“What about Tsukki?” Kuroo asked – that’s what he was most interested in. How did a human end up amongst ability users? Or maybe he lied about being human?

“That’s a story for another time,” Daichi stretched and yawned. It made Kuroo realise how absolutely tired he was. He crawled under his blanket – it was one that used to be fluffy and now was a bit clumpy, the teddy bears ghoulish, but it was warm and the pillow was soft. Tsukki’s dainty foot descended onto his mattress for a second as he pulled himself up onto the top bunk. Daichi turned off the lights.

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“We’re gonna need sixteen guns. And sixteen knives – most useful would be bowie knives,” Tsukki read from the list. He and Kuroo were made to replenish the weaponry. It was in a pathetic state with a few handguns and knives on display. Kuroo and Tsukki sat on upturned wooden boxes as Tsukki read the list. Kuroo nodded and opened his hand. One by one guns appeared in his hand, followed by knives which he stacked in another box. When he looked up Tsukki was staring at his hand like it was the hand of God. He quickly cleared the expression from his face.

It had been nearly two weeks since Kuroo joined the resistance and they had done nothing. He was shown around, introduced to the jobs and most time he was replenishing supplies or training how to teleport long distances. During the evenings Daichi and his strategists spent ages in the war room, arguing over the plan of action. Despite Daichi’s promise that they couldn’t waste any time, a revolution was not to be rushed. And while the others trained their abilities Tsukki, who really seemed to be human, took to showing Kuroo around.

“So, tell me…” Kuroo didn’t look at Tsukki as he made more and more weapon appear, “what’s a human doing in a supernatural resistance?”

Tsukki studied him from under the brim of his glasses but eventually sighed, “I knew you’d ask at one point. So nosey.” Kuroo just grinned at him, “if you must know I’m here for revenge.”

Kuroo’s smile died as he glanced at Tsukki, “wanna elaborate?”

“No.”

“Come on. I told you my story.” Their eyes met over the space and they retained eye contact for a few seconds before Kuroo dropped it, “okay, you don’t have t-”
“It’s because of my brother,” Tsukki blurted and rubbed his face, his fingers sliding under his glasses, “fucking hell I might as well tell you. Everyone else knows…” he sighed, “…so I’m from this place called America. It used to be a major power but then it got bombed and practically all of it was not suitable for living so no one bothered with it. It was labelled as a terminated country but I was born there and I lived there my whole life so for me it was just…home. It was so radiated we had to wear suits if we went out to certain areas and masks at all times. When I first left America and I took off the mask I didn’t recognise my face. Still, it wasn’t a bad life.”

“My parents ran the only hospital in the area. They weren’t surgeons but they did the best they could to help people. Our currency was favours – some fresh vegetables for a healed infection, a CD for herbs for a pregnant woman, mask grease for setting a broken arm…it was a good, happy society. So when my brother developed his ability…well, no one was surprised. We probably had the highest ability user rating in the world. The humans were a minority but no one minded. My brother – his name was Akiteru – developed the ability to grow plants when he was ten. It’s all scientific, you know? We all have atoms that are designed to do particular things and when we are under the exposure of radiation they changed properties. So Bokuto’s atoms mutated so they are resistant to fire and can actually heat up to a high temperature to produce it without harming Bokuto himself. Saeko’s mind matter can connect over a small space with another person’s, which is why she can transfer bodies. And you… yours can disintegrate and remake themselves somewhere else.”

“Anyway, Akiteru could speed up the growth of plants. It was pretty useless in the long run but it was perfect for our little family business at the hospital. I ran the records and he took care of the herb garden we used to brew medicine for things. His skin could produce a kind of mixture of nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium so that he only had to touch the soil for a little while and the plants sprouted up. That was we had medicine always, even in winter. We were happy in our little community even though we were dying out – we all vowed to be celibate as to not bring mutated children into the world. We couldn’t take our masks off and most of the time we wore as much clothing as we could find against the radiation, so no one felt the need to get naked to have intercourse.”

“It happened one day when Akiteru and I were off on a trip looking for plants. We did that every year – we searched for areas to which life returned after the war bombings. Usually we came up with none but this time we came to a little river. The river of course was too radiated to drink from but strange plants blossomed all over. We took samples to see if we could make some medicine, spent the night by the river and in the morning we headed back to our village. Except it wasn’t there.”

“When Akiteru and I returned, the whole place had been burned to the ground and the bodies dumped in a shallow unmarked open-grave, one on top of the other, left to rot. It seemed that soldiers had gotten wind of our little society and annihilated it completely. We found the bodies of our parents in the pile – they had all been shot in gruesome ways. Unable to look I helped Akiteru pour earth on top and then…he made a forest grow. He’d never grown anything bigger than a bush but right then, overcome with grief, he made a whole forest grow atop the grave and around the burnt remains of our home, hiding the wreckage. It was beautiful.”

“Without a home we went to the sea-port. It was the only functioning, official town in America the world knew about. We boarded the first ship we could find and we ended up in a poor-ish town in Khalifa. Akiteru grew his herbs in secret and sold them on the market for a living, I got a job as a painter and we got by. But he was never the same and I feared for his health. And then the police – the fucking police…” Tsukki’s face contorted with rage, “they always find you in the end, don’t they? No matter where you hide. I bet you they’ll find this place and-”

The doors to the weaponry opened and Daichi popped his head around. Tsukki slammed his mouth shut and Kuroo gave him a pointed look, ‘later’.
"We’ve settled on a plan," Daichi said, "come to the strategy room."

The strategy room was small but it appeared tiny with the sixteen members of the resistance crammed inside. Daichi pressed a button on his pod and a blue electrical screen bloomed to life in front of us filled with blueprints and explanations.

"There are three parts to our mission," Daichi explained, "the first is, of course, to terminate Taekiyu and his vice-president in a way that will not put the blame our way. The way we’ve decided to do it in is as follows; Yachi, starting tomorrow you will spy the dictator and figure out when it will be the best time to strike. Once we know Suga will port us to the location, where Saeko will insert herself into the body of a staff member and open the guarded doors – because they will be guarded, no doubt. This is where Yaku comes in – you’ll make yourself, Saeko, Yamaguchi, Shimizu and me invisible so we can slip to wherever he’ll be. Yamaguchi you will absorb all that there is to know about him from him and give it to me. I will glamour myself to look like him and address the nations, resigning and accepting mutants as equals to humans – objective number two. We will finish the broadcast and before anyone can realise what’s happening, Saeko you will go into Taekiyu’s body and hang yourself, leaving just before he dies. The you will put yourself in the head guards body and delete the camera footage of when we were here.''

"Then comes the hard part. As you know – well, everyone except Kuroo – Taekiyu’s government had been breeding their own mutants in secret, making kind of super-soldiers to terrorise the world further. They need to be exterminated and I will lead the party. With me will be Tanaka, Oikawa, Kuroo, Lev, Bokuto and Shimizu, since Yaku and Saeko will probably be too drained. Tanaka, Kuroo and Bokuto will take care of the guards at the front and act as a distraction while Shimizu will make the guards inside fall asleep. The rest of us will exterminate the mutants – there are only two hundred at the moments. The codes for creating them are somewhere in the bunker, which is why Bokuto will set it on fire. I tell you know that you don’t have to partake in this because you will all risk your lives."

There was a moment of silence.

"Isn’t that what we signed up for?" Kuroo asked with a grin.

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"You didn’t finish your story."

They were meant to attack the next day and no one was capable of sitting still. Out of the sixteen of them two slept in the bunk room. Most were out doing last minute training. Yachi was exhausted as for the last week she had nonstop been spying on the dictator – walking into the kitchen to find Yachi’s eye-less body there was creepy as hell. And Kuroo...he wanted to talk with Tsukki. It always calmed him somehow so he sought the boy out and eventually found him outside, sitting against the wall of the bunker. The sand was blowing in his face and he was bundled in a blanket because nights in the desert got cold but he didn’t seem to mind.

"I guess I didn’t..." he said wistfully.

"You don’t have to," Kuroo didn’t want to push him the day before they begun the revolution but Tsukki patted the ground beside him. He didn’t seem quiet there.

"Nervous?"

"I’m not doing anything," Tsukki reminded him.
“For us, I mean.”

“...I guess so,” he tucked his knees to his chest, “where did I finish?”

“When...the police found you.”

“Right...” Tsukki fingered his knee, “well, that’s it, really. The police came barging into our tiny apartment, scaring the land-lady half to death,” it reminded Kuroo of his own arrest, “but Akiteru wasn’t having it. He grabbed me and jumped out of the window. It was only the first floor so we didn’t die or anything but Akiteru...” his voice broke and Kuroo realised that maybe he wasn’t as calm as he played out to be. Tsukki cleared his throat and composed himself, “Akiteru twisted his ankle so when we charged down the streets, he couldn’t keep up. I slowed but he urged me on and still I ran the same pace as him. We...we could have made it if...” Tsukki rubbed furiously at his eyes, “...he turned to see a cop pointing a gun at me so he shielded me. The bullet ripped through his knee. I grabbed him and hauled him along but...it was a lost cause. And he was screaming at me to leave him, to let him go but...I couldn’t...” tears spilled down his cheeks. Kuroo hesitantly took his hand and held on as he continued his story, wiping away the tears before they hit his knee – clearly he hated crying.

“And then he got shot, again and again, always in the legs like the cops were having fun tormenting him, making him fall and trip. Blood trailed behind us. I...I had a little handgun but I was a bad shot and I couldn’t protect us while hauling Aki...I couldn’t save both of us and Aki knew it. I dragged him behind the nearest building and he slouched against the wall. The life was already going out of him. He grabbed my hand and it was all bloody and...”

Kuroo couldn’t take it. He pulled an arm around Tsukki, pulling him close and he finished his story quietly. He was calming down, “he told me he didn’t want them to have the satisfaction of killing him. I knew what he meant. He told me he loves me and I told him I love him too. And then I shot my brother in the head and I ran away,” he sniffed and wiped his eyes, “I found Daichi by chance and we started the resistance. Thanks to Aki, tomorrow we begin a new world.”

Kuroo stroked his hair, “I’m sorry for your loss,” he said softly.

“I’m sorry I started crying. I don’t usually tell it in so much detail.”

“So why did you?”

Tsukki shrugged, “you make me open up. I don’t like you for that,” Kuroo chuckled and Tsukki sniffed, “he was only sixteen.”

“And how old were you?”

“Ten.”

Kuroo hugged him tighter, “we’ll avenge him, tomorrow. This will be our vendetta.”

Tsukki smiled, although Kuroo couldn’t see and hugged him back, “thanks, Kuroo.”

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The doors to Taekiyu’s private house opened and Saeko, in the body of a maid, stood in the open doorway. Yaku and Yamaguchi dragged her limp body towards the doors – Yaku had made Squadron 1 completely invisible and undetectable so that when they crossed the threshold of the mansion no alarms were set off. As they passed her, Saeko left the body of the maid and came back to her own. The maid frowned, not sure what she was doing in the open doorway, with the guard
giving her strange looks, and quickly locked the doors. They knew where Taekiyu was – he rarely retreated to his private mansion but when he did he spent most of his time in his study. Thanks to Yachi they knew the layout of the house and they walked briskly and confidently to the stairs – they couldn’t risk using the lift as it would look strange that it was going up and down empty, so by the time they reached the top of the stairs they were out of breath.

Taekiyu’s study doors were undistinguishable from the rest but Squadron 1 knew which one they were. Daichi pushed the doors open and the squad filed in.

“Don’t you know how to knock?” Taekiyu turned on his chair, kissing his teeth and stopped, surprised, to find the doorway empty. The others looked him up and down. He was a surprisingly short man, something you didn’t see on videos since he was filmed from the waist up. He wasn’t very handsome either, or very regal. In fact he looked like a beggar put in a suit with a few measly hairs running across his head. He kissed his teeth again and rose to close the doors – no, to ring the bell for someone to come to close the doors. Shimizu, still invisible, waved her hand and the man toppled to the floor, asleep.

With a loud exhale Yaku released his grip on his team, making them visible again. He slumped against Taekiyu’s vacated chair, tired. Yamaguchi wasted no time – he got to his knees and touched the man’s clammy hand, absorbing everything – the world of politics, his views, his family life…he cringed at the bigotry, racism and hatred but clasped hands with Daichi, passing the info on. Saeko went to the computer and typed in a few commands. A window popped up, light blue and slightly translucent against the window. Everyone moved out of the way as Daichi shuddered and shrunk, his hair fraying and falling out, his face turning pudgier, his camo clothes turning into a suit…until he was the dictator himself.

The call rang out across the room and Daichi double checked himself in his window before, one by one, ten icons lit up with officials in various offices, all in smart wear; Queen Alzbeta of Windsor, Prince Salaman Hamad of Khalifa, Marc Xavier Carlyn, Gotha’s Prime Minister, Sheikh Hasina, the prime minister of Wangchuck, President Assad of Hashim, Prince Albert of Grimaldi, President Saul from Bernadotte, Solomon’s president Teshome, King Java of Orelie and President Joachim of Hesse, all looking grim and bemused.

“There was no scheduled call,” Queen Alzbeta said through clenched teeth. They were practically radiating hatred to the dictator.

“Indeed,” thanks to the memory boost, Daichi knew how he spoke, “but then again I don’t need one, do I?” the Queen fell silent, “I have some news.” Daichi might have imagined the President of Bernadotte mutter ‘not another bomb, please!’, “I am resigning.” The looks on their faces – of shock and unhidden joy were priceless, “I have realised what I have been doing for all these years was abominable,” the looks melted off their faces as they listened intently – perhaps the first time they really listened to him, “the way I’ve treated mutants, how I let the world fall into poverty…” Daichi cleared his throat, “I have a secret to confess. I have been illegally creating soldiers out of mutants to create an army that would bring the whole world to my knees, but what do I need that for? The world is already at its knees and I have gained nothing. Thus, the threat of these soldiers will be exterminated immediately and I will return the power to you to govern over your states. You may name my successor. All I require is that human experimentation is banned, and no mutant will ever be persecuted or experimented on again; they will have full citizenship. After all, we did this to them.”

“I…what?” President Teshome couldn’t wrap his head around it.

“The legal documents will be sent to your scribes. Thank you for your years of service,” Saeko
ended the call and shoved a pad under his hand, where she already drew up the documents she had drafted through the weeks. In Taekiyu’s handwriting he signed them quickly as the real Taekiyu roused from the floor, groaning. Shimizu had already tied a neat noose at the end of the rope and threw it over the chandelier, which looked solid enough, “Saeko?” Daichi faded back to his own body.

Saeko closed her eyes and entered Taekiyu. It was always a shock when someone was smaller or fatter than her but she waddled to the desk all the same and pulled herself up, letting Shimizu pull the noose around her neck. Without further ado she kicked off, letting the world’s greatest evil hang. It hurt, of course, but she was out of that body before the rope really managed to strangle her. They watched as Taekiyu turned purple, his tongue rolling out, his eyes bulging and let him hanging. Saeko was not in her body still – she had found the head of security and was busy typing commands, deleting footage from the last hour.

And just like that the dictator was dead.

*~*~* Location: Hashim

The bunker was freakishly similar to the one the resistance occupied, but much larger and strangely silent for a building that housed more than two hundred people. Thanks to the info downloaded from Taekiyu to Yamaguchi to Daichi, the leader knew where to find the bunker with the mutated soldiers. Of course it wasn’t their fault that they were trained to be weapons, but they couldn’t risk having them live. War costs lives. Tanaka summoned a storm over the valley where the bunker was located, sending icy rain down. The guards at the front, which had been sleepy in the warm afternoon sun, now started yelling at each other in their language, trying to shield themselves from the droplets.

They weren’t paying attention.

There were eight in total. Wasting no time, Kuroo blinked, porting himself in front of the four that had squashed themselves together against the wall to shield from a rain, summoning a curved blade. He slashed their throats neatly with a graceful arc and they fell down, gurgling and grasping at their necks. Bokuto got the two that ran to get their comrades, jumping into the air and landing in front of them. He touched their chests and set them aflame. They ran down the valley, screeching and burning until their fried carcasses fell face first into the burned grass. Tanaka killed the last one, striking him down with a precise lightning bolt. Now the air was heavy with the smell of burned meat.

Shimizu, Lev, Oikawa and Daichi emerged from the small growth of bushes and trees surrounding the bunker from prying eyes, running past the three of them and throwing back the now unguarded doors. Before the guards inside could even raise their guns they were on the floor, snoring, with a wave of Shimizu’s hand. The corridor was so narrow they had to make their way down in pairs, sidestepping the sleeping bodies. There was no doubt where the mutant soldiers were – now that squadron 2 was inside they could clearly hear training going on behind a pair of monstrous sliding doors.

The Squadron looked at each other, taking deep breaths. They looked like they might have been praying or boosting their confidence mentally. Instead, Kuroo envisioned Tsukki, waiting for him to come back and he was ready to fight. Daichi grabbed the doors and shoved them open and they ran inside. There were about two hundred soldiers there, as predicted, all with identical haircuts and body shapes. They stopped as one, looking at the intruders and then snapped into action. There is something terrifying about having fifty trained-since-birth killers charge at you full speed.
Kuroo knew what the plan was – let Oikawa get close enough to them to work his mystic power. But for now staying alive was as good a plan as any. Kuroo blinked and teleported out of the way of the charging mob but one of the soldiers followed a second later, burning up where he stood and appearing in front of Kuroo, angling his gun. Kuroo teleported again but he had the upper hand – the soldiers flames gave him away. He willed a katana into his hand and as the flame appeared in front of him he sliced it vertically. A second later two halves of the soldier fell lifelessly to the floor, splattering it with blood.

Another soldier was on him, cocking his gun and getting him in the head. Kuroo’s head rang and his eyes stung with tears but he managed to teleport himself out of the way of the next blow, neatly appearing behind the guy and shooting him in the head with a pistol he called.

He teleported himself out of the way and as one the group that had been after him turned. Kuroo called a grenade into his hand, pulled the pin and threw it, “everyone down!” he called and his squad dropped down but the grenade didn’t explode. That is until a bullet appeared out of nowhere, hitting the grenade and detonating it. Fifty guys were blown to pieces. Some of the soldiers standing up fell to the floor and were put down. Kuroo checked his watch.

05:43:12

Tanaka was inside so he couldn’t exactly conjure a full blown storm, so he went into full Zeus-mode, conjuring lightning bolts from his hands and striking down one soldier at a time. One he hit so hard he exploded in a shower of blood and guts, splattering into Oikawa’s hair, who grimaced but kept fighting.

“Everyone down!” he heard Kuroo scream and, as always, he did not question his orders. He dropped to the floor just as a boom resounded and the floor shook. His ears rang but he wasted no time getting to his feet, slashing the throat of a soldier that had fallen before he could get up and moving on. The thing was that the soldiers could see their comrades dying but their faces betrayed nothing – they had no souls and hearts. No compassion. They were literally machines. And one does not mourn the loss of a machine.

A soldier came charging at him silently, his flaming fist aimed at his face and Tanaka sent an icy wave of rain, freezing it over in a second. The man dropped to the floor, now just an icicle, and crumbled into a million pieces. Lev, who was running past, nearly slipped on the shards and went down. Tanaka had no time to help him because he had to blast down another three soldiers. He glanced at his watch in worry.

04:22:02

Lev was madly charging around the room, sending enemy attacks back where they came from. Within the first minute of the battle dozen lay dead from their own powers – a man blasted to pieces by black energy orbs, another electrocuted by a course of electricity, another drowned by fluid filling up his lungs…

“Everyone down!” Kuroo yelled. Lev didn’t manage to get down in time but thankfully he was far away. The blast sent him backwards into the wall and, in addition to turning fifty or so men into a bloody pulp, ripped out a large chunk of the wall. Lev didn’t pause. He kept running, his eyes attacked with flashes of fire and electricity.

“Shit!” he slipped on icy shards – no, someone’s remains – and went sprawling onto the floor. A soldier was on him in seconds, raising his knife to stab him. As it was flung down to hit him it disappeared and reappeared behind the soldier, impaling him in the throat and splattering Lev’s face with blood. He kicked the soldier up and was up on his feet, nearly bumping into Oikawa who was
as bloody as he was.

“How long do we have?” he demanded. Lev checked his watch.

“About four minutes thirty,” he charged on and glanced around, looking for someone to help. He watched in shock as a soldier produced a canon from nowhere and aimed it at Bokuto. Lev jumped in front of him and the blast deflected, ripping the man to shreds.

“Thanks. Time?” Bokuto asked.

03:55:14

Bokuto set about thirty soldiers on fire and cringed at the smell of burning flesh. They toppled over, liquid fat sizzling on the metal floor.

“Everyone down!” Bokuto recognised Kuroo’s voice and he jumped to the floor. A soldier jumped on top of him and they wrestled until a bang shook the building, causing the soldier to roll off him. He incarcerated him and was back on his feet, ready for the next opponent.

A man came at him with…was that a canon? He started running back, knowing he couldn’t outrun the deadly blast when Lev jumped in front of it. As if changing its mind, the blast bounced off and backed towards the soldier, who didn’t even look startled as he was blasted onto the walls like some kind of gory art.

“Thanks. Time?”

“Less than four.”

Bokuto checked his own watch.

03:30:11

Shimizu ran around the room, as graceful as a gazelle, waving her hands about frantically. Some soldiers dropped, sleeping, but many proved resistant. Too many for her power to do any real damage. She grabbed the gun strapped to her back and begun putting down men as they came towards her, like in a zombie game.

“Everyone down!” she whipped around in time to see Kuroo throw the grenade. It landed amongst a group of soldiers but didn’t go off. Without thinking about it, Shimizu aimed and sent a bullet into it. The explosion nearly knocked her off her feet. She looked around. Squadron two was slowly overpowering the soldiers. She saw Oikawa, bloody, finally take off his gloves. She checked her watch just as Kuroo yelled something, but she could not make out his words.

03:02:05

Oikawa made the mistake of running around Tanaka and getting a mouthful of guts and blood as he blasted a soldier to pieces with a lightning bolt. He grimaced, spat out blood, but raised his fist none the less to connect with a man’s face. He cried out, his fist connecting with metal that looked like skin.

“Everyone down!”

Oikawa swore internally and dropped, forgetting about metal man for a second as the building rocked with the force of a blast. He picked himself up just as one of Shimizu’s bullets got the man in the head. He went down.
“ Fuck it,” Oikawa said to himself, yanking off his gloves and ran around, like Lev, touching anyone in his way that didn’t wear the camo of Squadron two. They dropped – not sleeping, but dead, their hearts stopped. Oikawa’s power was death and if that didn’t freak you out, nothing would. Apparently his hands produced a poison so deadly one touch killed you instantly. He continued running, putting soldiers down, sparing a second to glance at his watch.

02:57:33

Daichi glamoured himself as one of the soldiers briefly. It was risky, considering he could get killed by one of his comrades but he did it anyway, mixing into a group of people before blasting out a force field – his ace – that sent all thirty sprawling on the floor. Before they could get up he yanked out his gun and shot them, spinning on his toes like a ballerina, not really caring what he hit. He un glamoured himself just as Kuroo yelled;

“Everyone down!”

Daichi didn’t drop, instead putting up a force field around himself as bits of debris and body parts flew at him from the grenade. The shield flickered and went out and Daichi fought on, wrecking carnage wherever he went. He was so absorbed by getting the mission down and taking down the men in front of him that he forgot about the ones at him back until a sword cut through him and emerged just from under his ribcage. As he went down he glanced at his watch.

02:25:11

He wasn’t going to make it.

“Daichi!” Kuroo was by him, heaving him onto his shoulder as his team finished off the last few soldiers. It was like a blood battle compacted to a room that suddenly seemed too small but Daichi smiled – they had succeeded. Even if he was dying, they had won. Now that the others noticed him they rushed forward. Tanaka checked the time.

“We’ve got one minute thirty till the portal opens. Let’s go.”

Daichi winced with each of Kuroo’s steps, his wound jolting, more blood pouring out. They ran through the narrow corridors, his feet nicking the walls and spilled out into the valley.

“Thirty seconds!” Tanaka called as Bokuto launched himself into the air and blew a burning stream of fire at the building, melting the metal like one massive block of pewter.

He landed and ran to where everyone was standing – the same place where Suga had ported them, behind the bushes. Tanaka was counting down and Daichi’s vision was going hazy.

And then the portal took them all home.

*~*~*~*~*

The next day was surreal. The resistance – no longer the resistance, but a free people – sat around the TV, anxiously waiting for the news. Kenma and Aone had been grumpy about not being able to help in the final battle but now they watched in fascination as the news of Taekiyu’s suicide were passed on. Daichi grinned from his place on the couch – Suga had healed him in just the nick of time. As celebration, Kuroo had called a couch into the kitchen opposite the TV. It was now a bit cramped but still homey. And then they all fell asleep, not even washing. Now, in fresh clothes, they watched the news with wide eyes. Kuroo and Tsukki were in the corner of the couch, nestled closed thanks to the fact that Daichi and Suga had to squeeze in the middle with Yachi and Bokuto on the other side. Shimizu and Saeko sat on the arms of the couch while the rest of the boys was sprawled on the floor.
Kuroo grinned when Tsukki slipped his hand into his, his eyes shining as the news reporter conveyed the news.

"Yesterday evening the world leaders unanimously signed the Declaration of Independence of 2055 banning all human experimentation and all mutant experimentation. Following the declaration, the Humanity Law was passed, stating that all mutants are now to be recognised as human citizens."

They didn’t hear any more as their bunker was filled with a cry so joyous they could probably be heard across the desert.

*~*~*

Tsukki and Kuroo were staring out into the desert. It was late at night and they were out on an actual boat that Kuroo had called, promising to ‘give it back’. Sheltered from the sand in the soft arch of the boat, under swaths of pillows and blankets they watched the Solomonian stars.

“Thank you,” Tsukki said suddenly, glancing at Kuroo, “for avenging my brother for me.”

Kuroo tilted his head to the side, grinning like a jester, “I don’t take words for real. You should show your gratitude.”

Tsukki rolled his eyes but he crawled forward, “you’re a prick.”

“You just need encouragement,” Kuroo said and gathered Tsukki into his lap. Now that the threat of death didn’t hang over their heads Kuroo wanted to love and be loved; and Tsukki was the best candidate for it. He slipped his hands under his shirt, warming him and holding him close, “you were my motivation. I thought of you before we fought.”

Tsukki dipped his head in response and pressed a hot kiss to Kuroo’s lips, “that was the last time any of us had to fight. Now we can finally live like normal people,” he murmured and Kuroo grinned, kissing him again and slipping his shirt off. He lay him down onto the bottom of the boat.

“This is comfy,” Tsukki said sarcastically but it was clear he was trying to mask his embarrassment.

Kuroo summoned more pillows and blankets, kissing down his neck and jaw, spreading soft butterfly kisses all over him. His human, “Here – not a gutter, but a bed worthy of a prince,” Kuroo joked.

Tsukki smiled, remembering something, ‘‘we’re all in the fucking gutter, eh?’’

Kuroo kissed his lips again and Tsukki exhaled against him, hooking his arms around his neck, “yes,” Kuroo murmured against his lips, “but some of us are looking at the fucking stars.”
Suga was a sacrifice.

Even donned in gold and silver, jewels and soft fabrics, even if he was dubbed a ‘bride’, he knew the villagers were just using pretty words to divert him from the fact that he was a sacrifice. Suga hadn’t ever thought he’d be a sacrifice to one of the Hellions. There were eight – four good, four bad. There was the Hellion of praise, who took care of the holy men, the Hellion of crossroads, who cared for travellers and The Hellion of crops, the Hellion of Domestication, who looked over families. But it was the bad Hellions that people worried about – the Hellion of famine, the Hellion of sins, the Hellion of Locusts and the Hellion of the Plague. In their little Pagan village, hidden from the prying eyes of Christian priests, they looked to these ‘gods’ for protection and mercy.

They had a belief that each of the Hellions would be satisfied with a bride so every half a decade someone was sacrificed to them. Usually it was one of the many rich nobles, usually the youngest that proved hard to marry, or the oldest child of a devoted family that saw it as an honour, but rarely the peasants; after all, they were not worthy for the all-powerful Hellions. First, years and years before Suga was born, the first sacrifice was made to the Hellion of crops when months of rainfall destroyed the people’s livelihood and then months of searing heat burned up whatever was left. And it worked – once the bride, a young noble girl, was drowned the crops grew. So when the travellers that left the village to look for work or food in other regions were ambushed by thieves or wild animals one by one, another sacrifice was made, this time an Anointer’s son. And once again the travellers travelled without problem.

And then the bad things struck – the famine first, wiping out one third of the village. The bride had been put to death when Suga was just a babe and he remembered she didn’t want to go because an evil Hellion could never make a good husband. And now…nearly sixteen years later Suga was dripping with jewels and gold. The plague had invaded their village, killing half within the week. The French called it the ‘black death’ but the Anointers were sure it was the Hellion of the plague, sending his wrath to their village because he had no bride. They had chosen Suga because he was ‘the most beautiful in the whole village’ and only the best would satisfy such a fear-inducing Hellion, but Suga knew the truth; no noble family would risk giving their son or daughter to an evil entity for a bride, so they would suffer for eternity in their clawed hands.

So the Anointers turned to the peasants. Both of Suga’s parents and his four siblings had fallen to the plague and many were expecting him to be next. He was a ‘dead man already’ as they said but he was still beautiful and the Anointers hoped he would appease the Hellion. Suga had seen the paintings in the Holy Books – black, horned masses with glowing arms and deadly claws, teeth sharp enough to rip your apart – heartless, unfeeling, harsh…and it was easier to think they didn’t exist and that he would simply drown.

The water was surprisingly peaceful and sleepily sludgy in the middle of winter. Suga was shivering
in his silks and golden drapes as the villagers, clad in so many layers only their eyes were visible, stood in a tight semi circle at a safe distance. The Anointers did what they did best – walked around Suga with incense floating around them from their silver turibles. They chanted in a strange, dead language and all Suga could think about was the water below, that would swallow him whole. He shivered again. It was beginning to snow again. The chanting grew louder, more passionate, and the villagers bowed their heads as the Anointers knelt by Suga’s frozen naked feet, tying a large rock around his ankle and placing it into Suga’s arms as if it were the babe Jesus being put into the Virgin’s arms. Suga buckled under the weight.

An anointed came forward, brushing a withered thumb dipped in oil against Suga’s forehead and the silver haired boy felt the need to wipe it away.

And then with the final blessings, Suga was expected to jump. He hesitated. One of the Anointers stepped forward, pressing a withering hand to his shoulder, “thank you for your sacrifice,” he said into his ear maliciously and shoved him into the water underneath. The freezing liquid knocked the breath out of Suga immediately, making him gulp down a mouthful of icy water. He kicked hopelessly but the chain tangled around his legs and the rock weighed him down. He dropped it and realised his mistake as the rock dragged him lower and lower into the murky water. Darkness closed in from either side of his vision and it wasn’t just because the water was getting darker. The water he had involuntarily inhaled filled his lungs and he felt himself slipping away. He didn’t know it but it was better that he had breathed the water in so fast; at least he stopped himself from the pain of slowly suffocating.

*S*~*~*

Suga awoke on a cold marble floor, dripping wet. The rock was gone but the chains were wound around his legs. He gasped and coughed, shooting up to a sitting positioned as he shivered, trying to remember what happened. He was alive but he glanced up fearfully and looked around. He was in an impossibly large room, completely empty with narrow windows letting in cold, watery light. The ash grey bricks were covered here and there in icy blue and black drapes that did nothing to warm the room. A single, unlit chandelier hung above Suga’s head. But Suga sensed he was not alone. His limbs like lead he turned slowly, taking in the dead castle of the Hellion until he turned fully and faced the throne. It was made of silver, carved with a million little silver dragons and jewels glinting in the cold light. As harsh and cold as their master, Suga presumed.

The throne was in the darkest corner of the room, bathed in shadow, but the glint of immortal eyes was unmistakable. Suga noticed them first and the cold, ringed fingers on the arm rests second. The eyes were watching him closely; a demon scanning his bride. Although they were a normal, human brown they unnerved Suga. He struggled to his feet but the chains binding him forced him to the ground once more. Suddenly a ring of cold blue fire encircled him, running in a tight circle, the flames rising high enough that he had no chance of getting through. They also did nothing to keep out the chill in his body. Terrified, Suga curled his knees to his chest and pressed his face into them, not wanting to see anything.

He didn’t raise his head even when he heard the rustled of a cloak and he knew the demon lord was in front of him, within the circle – Suga had nothing to protect himself. It was either the Hellion’s wrath or a fiery death. Suddenly a harsh hand grabbed his hair and yanked him back so he was face to face with the Hellion. He was…beautiful. His brown eyes, although glowing ethereally when they caught the weak light, were a deep shade of brown. His hair looked soft, downy and his body was well sculpted but not too muscular. He looked handsome in his dark blue outfit complete with a silver cloak. He looked human.

“So this is my little human bride,” he chuckled in a voice so cold Suga trembled. He released his
hair but Suga didn’t dare lower his head again, “’aw,” the Hellion said, “are you going to cry? Am I that scary?” he laughed, chilling Suga more than his wet clothing did – he knew he was that scary. Suddenly a voice flooded Suga’s head – the demon’s voice; I am Oikawa, your master. Don’t ever think about running from me, Suga. His lip trembled at that but he refused to give the man the satisfaction of seeing his tears – despite his fragile appearance he was mentally strong. Oikawa kissed his teeth in annoyance, grabbing Suga’s face harshly, ‘’come on. Human beauty is so boring – cry, make that expression more interesting,” Suga stubbornly held his gaze although his lip trembled. Oikawa yanked him harshly forward, his fingers digging into his cheeks, ‘’I said cry.’’

Suga did not. The castle trembled with an unleashed roar and Oikawa slapped him hard across the face. Tears stung at his eyes but still Suga did not cry, ‘’if you dare disobey me, you will be punished,’’ Oikawa snapped, grabbing his arm. The fire, the throne room…it all tilted under Suga’s feet and a second later he was standing in a dungeon, even colder than the throne room. The cells were stuffed with rooting hay. There were no windows and the only source of light were the cool blue flames burning in silver braziers. The whole place smelled of decay and death and it was so cold Suga’s breath came out in puffs.

One of the cells flew open by itself and Oikawa tossed him inside, so hard Suga scraped his knees. The gate slammed shut behind him and without a word Oikawa disappeared. Breathing shakily, Suga sat in the corner, tucking his knees to his chest again. He still didn’t cry – he was not going to. He rubbed his arms and his legs, trying to get his circulation going but it was the hopeless cold. He was dead already – one does not enter hell alive and this was most definitely hell. He had glimpsed the outside threw the window – barren landscapes, dead trees…it was dead world, locked in a castle with a monster. Still, at least there was no fear that he would freeze to death, although the fact that his clothes were slowly frosting over did not help. Suga’s teeth were chattering so hard he feared they’d break – there was nothing to cover himself with, not even a flimsy blanket. For hours he sat there, wondering what kind of sin he’d committed to deserve this.

He must have fallen asleep for when he awoke, hours later; the blue light in the braziers had burned low. Still, Suga easily spotted Oikawa opposite his cell, staring at him emotionlessly. Suga shifted. His clothes were covered in frost, his eyelashes turned white with ice. He huffed out a shaky breath – it still came out in a white puff. If he had been alive he would have frozen over already.

Oikawa tilted his head to the side. The cold seemed to have no impact on him, “still not going to cry? You’re a stubborn one.”

Suga opened his mouth. His voice was raspy, ‘’is that your thing? You’re going to torment me for eternity because you enjoy the sight of tears?’’

Oikawa huffed, amused, “it speaks.”

‘’I’m not an it,’’ Suga’s voice was tired. He wanted to sleep if only to get away from Oikawa’s torments, but the demon was not going to let him rest. The cell opened by itself again and Suga wished he could stay in that freezing cold place just so Oikawa wouldn’t touch him. The Hellion grabbed his arm and teleported them again. The warmth of his bedchamber was a shock to Suga, who nearly crumbled to his feet, the ice melting off his clothes and hair as he shivered helplessly. In contrast to the rest of the castle the bedchamber was furnished in rich greens and golds. The chains that had been around his legs disappeared.

Oikawa shoved him onto the bed, his clothes dissolving. Suga’s eyes widened, realising what he was about to do, ‘’no…no, please…I’m sorry, I won’t…” Oikawa said nothing, shoving down his hands which reached out to create a barrier between them and fiercely attacking his neck. Not with kisses but with bites. Suga felt whatever infernal power Oikawa wielded tug on his clothing until they
ripped away from his body, exposing him, taking away his last bits of dignity and honour.

And he started crying then. His whole form shook as he sobbed, tears dripping from his eyes, “I’m begging you…p-please stop… I don’t want to… I don’t…”

To his surprise, Oikawa stopped. And as the tears ran down his face he leaned down and pressed his lips to his cheek, kissing them away. His hands loosened on his wrists to a gentle grip, “shhh, don’t cry anymore. It’s okay, a few tears are enough… here, you’re okay now, shhh…”

“I don’t understand,” Suga was thrown off track by Oikawa’s sudden behaviour change and he started crying harder. Was there something wrong with Oikawa? Was he the type of person who was nice and sweet one second and then violet and cruel in the next?

“I’m sorry…” Oikawa whispered, cupping his face with his hand and brushing away the tears, “this was the only way,” he pulled away to look at Suga and his face was gentle, concerned. “The only way to keep you here was to have you show complete submission to me. I could either rape you… or make you cry,” a smile played on his lips, “but you were too stubborn for that. It’s fine now; it’s done. You don’t have to cry.”

“So…” Suga sniffed, “you’re… not a crazy, cruel demon who torments humans for enjoyment?”

Oikawa smiled, amused, “no.”

Suga shoved him away, overwhelmed, and stumbled out of bed and to the farthest corner. Oikawa looked a little hurt, an emotion he quickly masked, “What about the plague…”

Oikawa shook his head, “some things must happen. That wasn’t me. That was simply nature.” He looked as if he wanted to go to Suga. “I’m sorry I scared you. Here, let me show you something. As compensation…” he reached out to Suga and the world shifted.

Suga was watching a young Oikawa, maybe eight or nine, in the same bed they were lying in a few minutes before. It was night and it was dark. Oikawa was huddled under the covers, terrified and trembling, listening to the castle howls and creaks. He was alone. The scene shifted to Oikawa, now maybe eleven, standing in the throne room opposite a tall, thin, cold-looking woman.

“Mommy, please don’t leave…” Oikawa whimpered. He didn’t dare approach a woman who glanced at him in disgust.

“Demon lords do not plead.” She hissed, “you are a disgrace to your family. You will remain here and learn how to be a good, ruthless king. You may return to us when you have done so.” And she dissolved.

The scene cut to Oikawa, a little older, sitting on his throne, staring numbly into the cold throne room. And then Oikawa again, maybe eighteen years old, reading a book, casually slung across the throne, flipping through the pages of a book. He was cold and ruthless now – Suga could see it in his posture and eyes – but he had not returned to his cruel family. He had remained at the castle, utterly alone.

The vision ended and Suga was once again tucked against the wall. He glanced at the Hellion, who still did not move from the bed, “it could be an illusion.”

Oikawa shrugged, a little sadly, “It’s the truth. It’s up to you if you believe me.”

Suga, by nature a caring and gentle person, took a step towards Oikawa, “you’re lonely,” it wasn’t a question, “you’re lying. The plague isn’t the doing of nature; you did it, because you wanted a bride
so you wouldn’t be by yourself anymore.”

Oikawa’s mask dropped and he suddenly looked broken, “does that make me evil?”

“’It makes you selfish.’”

“’But does it make me evil?’”

“’…Not necessarily. I suppose this is what anyone would do,’” Suga said, searching his face, “’I don’t think you’re evil. But you’re not good either.’”

Oikawa looked at him pleadingly, “’I wanted someone to care for. I wanted someone to care for me, too,’” he reached out a hand, “’you are my bride now. There’s no changing that. I know what I did was selfish and perhaps it was evil after all but,’” his eyes shone, “’now that you’re here, let me take care of you. Let’s make each other happy.’” When Suga didn’t move, Oikawa went to him. He cupped his face, “’please. Let me make you happy.’” He pressed a light kiss to his lips, “’please.’”

And Suga relented, “’you may try.’”
The King always has a target on his back.

If there was one thing his parents taught him before they died, it was this. Akaashi was a King and he had to live every second of his life with the knowledge that there was someone, somewhere, plotting to kill him. That’s the thing about Kings, you know? No one will ever be satisfied – you give them democracy and they want you to rule them with an iron fist; you become a dictator King and they demand freedom. Be too merciful and you look weak, be too harsh and you’re a tyrant, be too lenient and you can’t rule the country, be too locked away and you don’t know the people…

Akaashi never wanted to be King. He was the youngest out of the three royal children. His brother, the golden boy, was meant to be King; he was trained for it since birth. His parents, a royal planning couple, made sure to arrange a marriage for his elder sister that would mean she and her husband could rule in case their eldest died. But Akaashi…Akaashi got the education and the everything as the prince, except love from his parents who doted on their two first borns.

And then the plague rolled over the country like a tsunami.

Ironically the golden star boy fell first, dying within the day he contracted the disease from a delegation from a Port town. Having lost their first born son, the royal couple locked Akaashi away – a little ten year old, locked away in a hidden tower in the woods on days on end. At first the servants brought food before they, too, fell to the disease. He got told that his sister was sailing with her fiancé back to his home country to escape the Pestilence. They never got to their ship. Their blackened, bloodied, disease-infested bodies were found days later. Desperate, the King and Queen locked themselves away, too, letting their household fend for themselves. They did not emerge.

Finally ten year old Akaashi escaped his tower, on the brink of starvation, and returned to the castle only to find his household dead. A large black cross had been painted on the gates. He remained there for months, eating from the heavily stocked pantry, living amongst corpses, until his Spanish uncle arrived and ‘took care of everything’. When Akaashi returned it was to a clean castle to rule a country reduced by three-quarters.

Akaashi never wanted to be king, and he wasn’t super good at it either but he managed with the help of his uncle until he reached the age of eighteen. He was dissatisfied with life. He found the loud hunts tiring and the governing of the country tedious. His uncle spent weeks choosing candidates for his marriage but Akaashi wanted none and his uncle respected his decisions. He didn’t love Akaashi – he respected him and looked after him because of a long-ago oath he made to his father, but that was that.

No one loved Akaashi.
Not even the people, who were too busy rebuilding their wrecked lives to pay attention to who was governing the country now – they lived in fear of the Pestilence and when the Pestilence did not return, they begun tormenting the new King. They wanted money and material to rebuild, confirmation that the plague did not return and an heir… Akaashi threw himself into ruling with new vigour, trying to please everyone, to gain their love and loyalty, and during his free time he locked himself away in his tower. And he forgot he had a target on his back.

That day had been a grim reminder. He had been riding through the forest, a little behind his hunting party who were excitedly talking about the game they had hunted when he was ambushed. A few rugged, lumpy men jumped down from the trees, surrounding his horse and spooking him. Akaashi patted the horse’s hide, wondering how the hell men their size managed to climb the trees as they drew their swords.

“Down from the horse, pretty boy.”

“Goddamn nobles. We’ll have yer purse.”

“And ya horse.”

Akaashi gracefully jumped down from his horse, his cloak billowing around him as dust settled around his feet. He looked around the men warily as they took hold of the horse. He knew the danger looking curved blades and axes confirmed that if Akaashi tried to scream, he’d die. He had to get past them, somehow. Maybe when they were distracted…he grabbed his purse and tossed it at their feet. As they lunged for it he took a step back. The another…

“I don’t think so, pretty boy,” the stench of onion and unbrushed teeth overwhelmed Akaashi. He nearly toppled to the floor as a hand came to grab his arm. A sharp blade was shoved under his chin. Akaashi swallowed and the sword nicked his throat. The other men chuckled, arguing over their money.

“Just slit his throat,” a guy said carelessly, already leading Akaashi’s horse away, “we’ve no use for another royal.”

Akaashi froze over as the guy behind him chuckled, “yer the boss!” he said merrily, raising his sword. It never came down. Akaashi swivelled around to find the man passed out on the floor. A guy stood in his place. Akaashi’s heart skipped the beat. He was usually surrounded by sour, old men but this man…he was young, perhaps a few years older than Akaashi, and more than three centimetres taller. His hair was wacky, with the roots dark and the tips silver, probably dyed with senna and turmeric. He wore a loose light brown tunic and tight leather pants. There was a bow strapped to his back and a crudely cut wooden club swung between his fingers casually. He caught Akaashi’s eye and grinned.

Akaashi was instantly in love.

“Get outta here, kid,” one of the men snarled, but kept his distance. The others looked uneasy and Akaashi realised that they must know who this man is.

The man strolled casually to Akaashi and threw his arms around his shoulders, still grinning as he spoke, low enough for only the King to hear, “get behind me,” and then Bokuto sprang. Akaashi got behind him as he whacked the closest thug in the head with his club and moved on to the next with terrifying precision. He got the third and fourth but the fifth one, the one who had Akaashi’s horse, drew his knife and made for Bokuto’s back. Without thinking about it, Akaashi grabbed his own bow, drew it taunt and let the arrow fly, knocking the knife out of the thug’s hand. The man whirled as the thug cried out in pain and clocked him in the head with his club.
He was grinning as he made his way back to Akaashi, "good shot," he said, extending his free hand, "I'm Bokuto."

People usually kissed Akaashi’s ring – not even his hand, just his ring – so the feel of skin on skin send a shiver through Akaashi. Bokuto’s hand lingered, "My name is Akaashi," the king introduced himself, slipping his hand out of Bokuto’s as his entourage thundered into the clearing.

"Your majesty!"

"Thank god you’re safe!"

"Is this your saviour? Thank you, sir, for saving our king!"

‘King?’ Bokuto mouthed at him, bewildered, before half a dozen men obscured Akaashi’s vision, fussing over him. Akaashi raised a hand to stop them, "get him to my tower," he said lowly before grabbing hold of his saddle and hauling himself onto his horse. As he rode away he heard Bokuto’s protest as he was tied.

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Bokuto paced around the tower. It consisted of a few rooms – a bedchamber, cooking room and bathing room, all next to each other at the top of the impossibly tall building. The rest was taken up by perilous stairs and the doors to the top floor were metal, locked with multiple chains. The window was big enough for Bokuto to look out into the stretch of forest, tiny below him, but not large enough so that he could squeeze himself through. For the rest of the day of his capture he paced around the bedchamber. He wasn’t chained but it was clear he was a prisoner – he had already tried every way of escaping, all for nought.

And then, when he sun finally begun to set, the metal doors clinked open and were locked again. Bokuto held his breath and watched as the doors to the bed chamber opened and the King walked inside, carrying a basket. He didn’t look like a King – he looked like a weary traveller.

"Why am I here?" Bokuto snapped, stalking up to him. He didn’t care if he was addressing a royal; he grabbed his arms and yanked him close, glaring, "I save your life and you repay me by locking me in a tower, your majesty?"

Akaashi daintily slipped out of his grip, setting the basket down at the little table in the corner, "call me Akaashi, please," he said quietly, opening the lid, "I brought you some fresh clothes. And food," he set out a hunk of cheese, a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine on the table, "I’ll bring more tomorrow."

"Wait, tomorrow?" Bokuto looked at him, clearly distraught, "I can’t stay here!"

"I had information gathered on you; you’ve no family and you sleep where you can…" he hesitated, "do you…not like it?"

"It’s a prison!" Bokuto yelled.

Akaashi studied him, "it’s my favourite place."

"Okay, look, it’s nice but it’s still a prison, your majesty-"

"Akaashi."

"Akaashi," Bokuto looked at him pleadingly, "you have to let me go. Whatever I did wrong – I
don’t know touched you, addressed you in a bad manner… I’m sorry, but please…”

“’You did nothing wrong.’” Akaashi dropped the basked and slipped his hand into Bokuto’s, “you’re perfect,” he said quietly.

“So why…”

Akaashi wet his lips. It had been a long time since he felt nervous, “I like you. So please stay here for now.’”

Bokuto yanked his hand out, ‘’you’re crazy.’”

Akaashi hesitated and dropped his hand, smoothing down his cape nervously. He glanced out of the window, “I’ll come see you tomorrow,” he said quietly and went for the doors.

“’You’re not seriously leaving me here? Hey. Hey!’” he ran for the doors, which were slammed shut and by the time he ran out Akaashi was already locking the metal ones. He fell against them, banging his fists, ”’I don’t care if you’re the king! You can’t keep me here against me will! Akaashi!’” he yelled but Akaashi was already gone.

Exhausted and pissed off, Bokuto made his way back to the bedroom and dumped himself on the bed, falling asleep instantly.

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When Bokuto woke up, Akaashi was back. He was just walking in through the doors, a fresh basket in his hands.

“’Good morning.’” he said quietly, setting the basket down. He frowned lightly at the un-eaten food on the table but started piling new dishes on it – new ones; meat platters and fresh fruit, “’there’s more in the kitchen for dinner and supper. If you don’t like something, tell me. I’ll bring you something else.’” Wearily, Bokuto sat up, the covers slipping off him. He had fallen asleep in his clothes from the day before. Slowly, Akaashi set the basket down and came to sit on the edge of Bokuto’s bed. He reached out hesitantly to pat his hair down, “’did you sleep well?’” Bokuto smacked his hand away and ran his fingers through his hair, avoiding his gaze. Akaashi looked hurt, “’don’t sulk. I’ll draw you a bath.’”

He ventured out of the sleeping chamber and into the bathing chamber. Bokuto took the opportunity to bolt for the doors but Akaashi had locked the metal monstrosity when he came in. He had no idea where the king kept his keys. Sighing and rubbing his eyes sleepily, Bokuto joined Akaashi in the bathroom, “’don’t you have, like…kingly things to do?’” he said, slightly annoyed.

Akaashi shrugged, checking the temperature of the water. He straightened and motioned to the bath but Bokuto leaned against the doors. He wasn’t about to undress in front of the raven. Akaashi hesitated on the edge of the bath and went to Bokuto, sliding his fingers between the strings of his tunic. Bokuto grabbed his wrists, “’what are you doing?’” he asked coldly.

Akaashi blinked, realising his mistake and dropped his hands, “’forgive me, I don’t know…how to do things like this,’” he waved his hand in the air vaguely.

Bokuto sighed, rubbing his face with his hands, “’why won’t you just let me go?’”

“I like you,” Akaashi said bluntly.

“Yes, okay. We can be friends. I’ll come visit you.”
Akaashi shook his head, “I want you here,” he was fiddling with his hands nervously now, “just for myself,” he added quietly.

“That’s selfish.”

“Yes,” Akaashi glanced up at him. His eyes were steely grey, “am I not allowed to have one thing for myself?”

“You’re the king,” Bokuto groaned, prying himself away from the doors, “you have a whole country to yourself.”

“It’s more complicated than that,” Akaashi said simply, “I need to leave now. I’ll come tomorrow.”

This time Bokuto didn’t chase him to the doors. He just got into the bath, sighing and looking at the ceiling as if it held all the answers, “how did I get into this mess?”

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The basket crashed out of Akaashi’s hand.

It was more than a week since Bokuto became imprisoned in Akaashi’s tower and Bokuto was done – he had little to do except eat the food and read the books Akaashi brought him. So he dragged the blankets and covers off his bed and begun fastening a rope. It was stupid – he couldn’t get through the tiny window anyway, but it gave him something to do. He was nearly done when Akaashi walked in and, once he caught sight of the blanket-rope, the basket came crashing out of his hand. Bokuto winced.

“You’re running away?” there was such raw pain in Akaashi’s voice that Bokuto looked up, surprised.

He tossed the rope away, annoyed, “it’s not like I’ll fit through the window anyway,” he said grumpily, getting to his feet. Akaashi didn’t move, just remained standing there. Bokuto glanced at him, annoyed, “what is it, your majesty?”

“Please don’t run away,” Akaashi whispered. He reached out his hand, tracing a tentative finger down his hand and hooking it around his pinkie. Bokuto remained where he was, “I thought you’d like it here…”

“There’s something wrong with you,” Bokuto said harshly, pulling his hand away, “this is a prison. How can this be your favourite spot?”

Akaashi rubbed his forearm, “I…it was my prison, too. But I learned to take solace here. I learned to love the solitude. I thought you’d like it too, except…” his voice broke and he tried to stay composed, “…you wouldn’t be alone.”

“Dammit,” Bokuto swore to himself, running his hand through his hair, “so, what…you want to talk or something?”

Akaashi shrugged, “that would be…nice.” He sat at the edge of the bed and Bokuto sat on the opposite end.

When Akaashi did not speak, Bokuto struck up a conversation, “how come you’re king at such a young age?”

“My parents and older siblings died,” Akaashi shrugged and when Bokuto didn’t reply he
continued, "all fell to the plague while I was locked up here. I wasn’t very important since they had
a son and a daughter, but when they locked me here for my safety I hoped they’d come back…they
died, of course, but I hoped…I don’t know, I like to think they would have come back for me," he
was fiddling with his fingers rapidly, "I’m lonely, I suppose. That’s a funny notion – a lonely
King…isn’t it?"

"No."

"And where do you come from?" Akaashi cleared his throat and looked at Bokuto.

The man shrugged, "far away from here. Never had any family."

"Did you go on adventures?" Akaashi pulled his legs up into a lotus position. It was hard for
Bokuto to imagine him as a king.

Bokuto cracked a smile, his mind whizzing through all the things he’d done in his life, "yes. A lot.
I’ve been all over the place."

"Tell me about it."

Bokuto dumped himself backwards, "Okay, let’s see… I’ve met this man who lost his eye in the war
against the Saracens. Nasty piece of…well, his face was all gory and stuff. Had a scar running down
down it but he was a decent fellow. We used to sell next to each other – I carved bits and pieces out of
wood. He sold holy relics. Except they weren’t holy, not really, but you wouldn’t believe how much
people give for St. Peter’s robes or, I don’t know, the Virgin’s breast milk. It’s all kind of gross in my
opinion."

"Did he ever get caught?" Akaashi was staring dreamily out of the window.

"No. He avoided churches like the plague and only Priests would be able to tell the difference
between a real and a fake relic."

"Who else did you meet?"

"Let’s see…there was a Jewish midwife who helped give birth to a wolf-demons pup, for which
they offered her anything she wanted in the world. She did not want anything. A bit of a waste, don’t
you think? But then again she was a very humble soul."

"What would you wish for?" Akaashi adjusted the cape around himself, "if you could?"

"To be free," Bokuto said and Akaashi looked away guiltily. Bokuto continued, "there was a
runaway couple. The woman was pregnant and it turned out they were siblings. A travelling minstrel
and his apprentice from Prague who met a glassmaker from the same place and remained with him.
He had little apprentices all over the place and the plague never reached them. And there was a one-
armed storyteller who claimed his stub would grow into a wing. I like to think it did. I also met a little
rune reader. Strange kid, that one."

"Did you have your future told?" Akaashi asked, intrigued.

Bokuto shook his head, "I like to go on living without knowing what kind of things are going to
happen. Although," he cut Akaashi an irritated look, "maybe I should have. Then I would have
known not to save the life of a lonely king who would keep me prisoner in his sanctuary."

Akaashi’s hands ceased in his lap and he stood, turning to Bokuto. He did not look at him, "thank
you for your stories. I will come tomorrow."
Bokuto groaned, ‘‘and the day after that, and the day after that…when are you going to let me go?’’

In response Akaashi walked to the bed and pressed a slow kiss to his cheek. Then he left.

*A~*~*~*~*

Bokuto slowly opened his eyes to find Akaashi staring at him.

It was night-time and Akaashi had not come all night. For the month that Bokuto had been locked in the tower he had come every day…frustrated that he didn’t come and annoyed that he cared, Bokuto had gone to bed early. Now he woke up and found himself face-to-face with the king. Akaashi was lying next to him on the lush bed, their hands touching lightly. For once Akaashi wasn’t in his ‘kingly’ clothes, but in a simply nightshirt and trousers. His day clothes were folded neatly at the foot of the bed. Candles were lit all over the room.

‘‘Bokuto,’’ Akaashi said softly by the way of greeting.

Snapping out of his sleepy stupor, Bokuto sat up quickly, ‘‘what are you doing here?’’

Akaashi wasn’t looking at him. His face was impassive, ‘‘I thought I’d sleep here tonight.’’

Bokuto groaned and lay back down, ‘‘this obsession with me if unhealthy. What would your court say?’’

‘‘I don’t care what they would say!’’ Akaashi said, suddenly angry and he sat up violently, ‘‘and I don’t care if you’re angry, either! This is better than you’ve ever had and I don’t care if you hate me or–’’ angry tears were gathering in his eyes and Bokuto was surprised by his sudden outburst.

‘‘Hey…’’ he sat up, too. Akaashi turned to him and, gritting his teeth, he grabbed the front of Bokuto’s sleeping tunic and shoved him close. Their lips connected messily and Akaashi pushed Bokuto back, so his back was against the headboard of the bed as the king crawled into his lap. He disconnected their lips, fumbling with the strings of the tunic but the tears were making his vision blurry so he couldn’t tell what he was doing.

‘‘What–’’

‘‘Shut up,’’ Akaashi snapped, finally undoing the strings and tugging the tunic up. Bokuto had no choice but to put his arms up so Akaashi could pull it off, ‘‘I told you, I like you’’ it took him less time to tug off his own tunic and pants.

‘‘Wait…stop, Akaashi…’’ Bokuto tried futilely to grab Akaashi’s hands but the boy was too quick. He grabbed his trousers and pulled them down. Bokuto tried to get Akaashi off him but the king was resilient. He grabbed Bokuto’s face and kissed him passionately. His hand slipped down to undress himself fully and then Bokuto gasped as his soft hand descended on his member, ‘‘you’re a king!’’ Bokuto yelled in his face but Akaashi didn’t snap out of it. He seemed to be in a trance, pumping his hand up and down in a fashion that left Bokuto unable to scream at him anymore.

Akaashi waited only until Bokuto was hard enough for insertion before hauling himself up on his knees and positioning his entrance at the tip. Bokuto’s eyes widened, ‘‘hey, wait–’’ without preparation Akaashi pushed the tip into himself and cried out in pain while Bokuto hissed at the sudden heat.

‘‘I’m fine…’’ Akaashi said through clenched teeth.

‘‘No, you’re not. At least do it properly, idiot,’’ Bokuto said helplessly as the first tears dripped down
Akaashi’s face, “see, it does hurt-”

“That’s not why I’m crying,” Akaashi cried, finally letting his tears fall, “I can do this…”

“You can’t.”

Chocking on a sob, Akaashi pulled Bokuto out of him and sat in his lap, his arms wrapped around him protectively, head down, “you don’t want this…I knew you wouldn’t so I thought if I started you’d…but I have no idea what I’m doing…I never know, not at court and not here…like, I don’t even know if I’m kissing your right so obviously you don’t want to do it…and I did this wrong, too, didn’t I? And this whole thing…locking you up…that won’t make you like me but if I had let you go…you wouldn’t come back and I like you and I…I…” he was babbling.

And Bokuto felt a painful pang in his chest. He wrapped one arm around Akaashi’s waist, pulling him a little up, his fingers venturing to press against his hole gentle, “here, let’s do it properly,” he murmured and Akaashi looked up in surprise, his face tear stained. Bokuto slipped one finger in, followed by the second closely as the hole had already been stretched by his head. Despite the sudden intrusion, Akaashi was wet. The raven was watching him in shock until the fingers went in. Then, he bit his lip, his fists curling on Bokuto’s chest. With his free hand, Bokuto wiped away the tears, “the kisses were fine,” he said, trying to comfort him.

Akaashi let out a shaky breath when Bokuto angled his fingers. Bokuto grabbed the king’s arm and hooked it around his neck, “come on, you wanted this so much. At least hold me properly.”

Akaashi obediently hooked the other arm around Bokuto’s neck, pressing a kiss to his lips that turned into a gasp when he shoved his fingers deep, “y-you’re not forcing yourself?” Akaashi couldn’t catch his breath.

“Does it matter?” Bokuto was systematically working another fingers into Akaashi, who nodded vigorously, “I’m not forcing myself, your majesty. Don’t worry,” Akaashi bit his lip again. Bokuto frowned and kissed him for the first time, quickly and gently, “don’t do that.”

Akaashi let out a surprised breath, “you…kissed me…” he moaned quietly when Bokuto shoved all three fingers into him and then pulled them out. He twisted them around, pinning Akaashi under his body weight. The king hooked his legs around his waist, tugging him close, one hand on his face. Bokuto kissed him again.

“Don’t cry anymore,” Bokuto told him, positioning himself. He watched each of Akaashi’s expressions; when he entered him, as he adjusted, when he finally moved, when he picked up the pace…Bokuto had taken many lovers in his life but Akaashi was definitely the best. His innocence and honesty made Bokuto melt. He kept his eyes pinned to Akaashi’s face, not wanting to miss a single scrunching of the eyes or light gasp. And afterwards, as they lay next to each other, breathing hard, Bokuto felt better than he had in years.

“Thank you,” Akaashi said softly, staring at the ceiling. His usually pale skin was flushed prettily, “and I am sorry. I will take you to my castle tomorrow.”

Bokuto cut him a look, “I’m glad you’re seeing sense,” but he was grinning. He rolled onto his side, pressing a warm hand to Akaashi’s stomach, “how was that, highness?”

In response Akaashi folded into him, wrapping his arms around him, “is this what love feels like?” his voice was tiny against Bokuto’s shoulder. The man stroked his king’s back.

“I don’t know.”
Bokuto had hoped that now that he was out of the tower he’d be free, but he was not. He now lived in the chambers next to Akaashi’s and the boy visited him much more frequently – something that made Bokuto very happy. He could walk out into the gardens, talk to people…he didn’t realise how much he had missed that. But every time he went outside the palace gates he had an entourage of knights, like a little princess. He talked to Akaashi about it but the only thing he did was order the knights not to be obvious – which was pretty obvious still since a dozen knights-in-shining-armour are hard to hide.

Finally, Bokuto had reached his limit.

He barged into Akaashi’s office, where he was just stamping a letter and slammed his hands on his desk, “I’m done, Akaashi. Tell those idiots with swords to stop following me.”

Akaashi slipped his hand on top of Bokuto’s, “it’s for your safety-“

“Like hell it is!” Bokuto yanked his hand back angrily but his face softened when he saw Akaashi’s hurt and confused expression. He showed little changes in his face that reflected the mood but Bokuto learned to read them, “I’ve always been a free man, you have to understand that. For the love of God, Akaashi, I’m an adult! I live in a fucking palace! I’ve fucked the king in the ass – multiple times. Let me live my life.”

Akaashi dropped the letter and put his head in his hands in a rare display of frustration, “…what if you don’t come back.”

“Where’s the trust, Akaashi?” Bokuto threw his hands in the air.

Akaashi looked at him almost shyly, “I will call the guards off. But please promise me you’ll come back…” Bokuto remained silent. Akaashi’s eyes widened a little and then he dropped his head in his hands again. “okay…fine, go.” Bokuto strolled across the room, lifted his lover’s chin and pressed a kiss to his lips.

“Trust, yes?” he said, setting something on the table and disappeared. Akaashi picked it up – a little owl carve from a piece of wood. He cradled it to his chest.

All evening Akaashi worried, holding the wooden owl in his hand. He didn’t do any work. He wondered if now that he had finally let Bokuto go, he would never come back. There was always the threat of Akaashi tossing him back into the tower or locking him up in his chamber. Akaashi rubbed his face, looking out of the window for the fiftieth time. He leaned over the ledge, looking out. He sighed. It was stupid. He could stand there for hours and still it would not bring Bokuto back. He turned to go.

Something caught his eye.

The glint of the setting sun caught on the opening gates as someone walked in…Bokuto.

Akaashi exhaled and grinned, relief flooding his system. And the realisation that Bokuto loved him. That he came back.

His lover raised his hand in greeting, knowing exactly which window Akaashi was waiting at.

Akaashi waved back.
“Wanna have a freeway?”

When the offer came from the two powerhouse team captain’s, Tsukki was exultant. Here he was, on another pointless Tokyo-away training camp and Kuroo and Bokuto, two of the best players next to Ushiwaka that Tsukki knew were asking him to join their freeway practice.

“Sure,” he said coolly even though his heart was pounding. Little sessions and opportunities like this meant that during the match against Shiratorizawa, Tsukki would be able to stop at least a few of Ushijima’s spikes. It was pure chance and luck that Bokuto and Akaashi scouted him out a few games ago, maybe six months prior, and decided to take him under their wing. This meant that Tsukki would not be entirely humiliated, left with his dignity shredded to pieces by Ushiwaka and the Shiratorizawa team – if they could beat Aoba Johsai. And, to do that, he needed to be one of the best middle blockers in Japan. Bokuto and Kuroo would help him go to nationals.

“Cool,” Bokuto said, grinning, “meet us at nine pm outside the gym.”

Nine pm was a strange hour to be practicing but it made sense – all day the gym was being used by various teams for practices that were commanded by coaches, so actually getting away to do a triangle practice would have to occur later in the night, when the gym was finally free. Plus, Tsukki didn’t doubt that the two captains wouldn’t pass on the opportunity to break the curfew. So, hyped up at the idea of spending a few night time hours practicing with two of the best volleyball players in Tokyo, Tsukki slipped out of the Karasuno room and out into the warm summer air.

He found Kuroo and Bokuto waiting by the gym. Tsukki had wondered if he should change into his gym clothes but in the end he didn’t want to waste time, lest Kuroo and Bokuto think he’d chickened out and move on to a one-on-one game. Tsukki jogged through the site in just his t-shirt and sleeping shorts to where the two captains stood by the doors. Kuroo was also in a t-shirt and shorts while Bokuto’s bare chest was covered only by his carelessly flung on Fukurodani jersey. They grinned at him as he approached causally.

“Ready?” Kuroo asked.

Nodding, Tsukki moved to open the heavy gym doors but Bokuto grasped his wrist, “not here,” he said, “it’s too big, too loud…come on, we’ve got a spot.”

Tsukki nodded again, letting Bokuto lead him into the dark forest surrounding one side of the site. It wasn’t very deep but it was large enough that the others would not hear their grunts and excited yells during practice, like they would if they used the echoing gym. Tsukki was glad Kuroo and Bokuto were taking this practice seriously, even if they were miles better than him. Despite it being summer,
it was already dark; not pitch black but the sky was a dark purple, the stars slowly coming out. It might as well had been two am in winter as they entered the forest though, for the trees cut off the strong moonlight, encasing them in darkness.

Tsukki had just begun wondering how they were even going to see the ball in the dark, when Kuroo and Bokuto stopped. It suddenly registered with Tsukki that he hadn’t seen the ball yet. Before he could say anything Bokuto disappeared and a second later the blond felt a warm hand trace the outline of his ass, “you really are something,” Bokuto growled into his ear in a voice that was unrecognizable. Tsukki’s eyes widened with surprised at the lewd voice and gestures but he could not stop the involuntary shiver that ran down his spine.

“W-What-” Tsukki finally found his voice but before he could utter another word, Kuroo stepped forward, grasped his chin firmly and pressed their lips together. His mouth was warm and firm on Tsukki’s own, practiced and slow. Kuroo easily swallowed Tsukki’s gasp and slid his tongue against Tsukki’s. Bokuto’s own lips grazed the middle blocker’s neck gently. His free hand came to tug Tsukki closer, so his clothed back was pressed against the warm strip of bare chest visible from between the flaps of the jersey. The hand went lower to tug the hem of Tsukki’s t-shirt up.

Kuroo released Tsukki’s lips and the blond inhaled a breath that was drowned out by his shirt being quickly and efficiently pulled over his head. He opened his mouth to protest as soon as the cloth cleared his head but Kuroo’s lips were back on his, his large hands cupping his waist. Meanwhile Bokuto moved his lips against Tsukki’s neck sensually, as if he was savouring a particularly delicious cake. Tsukki shivered again and he tried to tell himself it was the touch of wind on his now naked chest. Helplessly Tsukki pushed his fists against Kuroo’s chest.

The dark haired captain caught them easily, pulling away to quickly murmur, “you’re not getting shy now, are you?” before their lips met again. And Tsukki suddenly understood what he had agreed to. Not a three-way volleyball practice, but a threesome sex adventure. He froze all over as the realisation hit him. Bokuto trailed his hand down his side in an almost loving fashion.

“Relax,” he spoke quietly against his neck. His hands came around him from behind to begin sliding his boxers down. Tsukki futilely tried to tug his wrists out of Kuroo’s grip but the man brought them higher and hooked them around his neck. Now free, one hand came to nuzzle against Tsukki’s cheek, the other to brush against his hip as his lips descended in a breathless cascade on Tsukki’s mouth.

Bokuto finally succeeded in freeing Tsukki’s dick from the confines of his shorts and tucked his hand around it, pumping up and down and quickly bringing it to full erection. Tsukki gasped against Kuroo’s lips and a second later felt his hard tip press against Kuroo’s stomach as the captain leaned forward, “moan for me,” Kuroo requested softly, pleadingly, and it was impossible not to when he out of nowhere felt Bokuto unclothes erection press against his back. Bokuto gave a few laze flicks of his erection’s head against Tsukki’s crease, managing to get a few beads of precum trickling down his shaft.

Fukurodani’s captain scooped them up until his hand was slick with precum, glistening in the moonlight, “’Tsukki,’” he murmured quietly against his ear, his breath hot against it. Biting his lip, Tsukki finally locked his wrists behind Kuroo’s neck, letting the raven come closer. He nuzzled their noses together and this time Tsukki responded to the kiss that descended on his lips. Bokuto’s wet hand slid down his ass to his entrance and Tsukki didn’t protest at the uncomfortable stretch that followed the finger that entered him. When the second finger went in Tsukki threw his head back against Bokuto’s shoulder, his hands tightening around Kuroo’s neck and he moaned quietly. He opened his eyes just as Bokuto’s and Kuroo’s lips met over his shoulder.
Tsukki watched, fascinated, as the older boys kissed with a practiced precision and comfort of a couple whose been together for a long time. Tsukki’s hand came up by itself to stroke Bokuto’s cheek, the other one tugging gently at the bottom of Kuroo’s neck. The raven groaned and hid his face in Tsukki’s shoulder, leaning forward even more so Tsukki’s dick slid up his abdomen. He flicked his tongue against Tsukki’s collarbone, kissing his skin. Apparently he enjoyed the taste because his mouth returned to ravish his neck. Bokuto took the hand caressing his cheek and pressed a long, lingering kiss to Tsukki’s palm. Simultaneously, a third finger moved into Tsukki.

The blond hissed, bucking. Kuroo’s hands on his hips kept him steady as Bokuto pumped the fingers in and out in a gentle rhythm, until Tsukki was rolling his lower body in time. The fingers withdrew with a soft pop and the boy made a little dissatisfied noise before he felt the head of Bokuto’s dick back at his entrance. Kuroo tucked him close and Tsukki wrapped his arms around his shoulders so that he no longer saw the captain’s face but the darkness that stretched behind him. In the next hour Tsukki forgot that they were technically in a public place and that they were breaking the rules. He would only be able to concentrate on the two captain’s caging him in.

To make up for the stab of pain as Bokuto’s head went in, Kuroo grabbed his dick and pumped it a few times his other hand going up to clumsily run his fingers through Tsukki’s blond locks. Tsukki gasped as Bokuto went in slowly, his hands gripping his hips to keep him in place. Tsukki whimpered when Bokuto finally sheathed himself in his ass, his hands curling into fists, “you okay?” Bokuto asked tightly, straining to control his urges. Tsukki nodded, not trusting himself to speak. Kuroo pulled Tsukki off him enough so he could kiss him as Bokuto begun moving.

Tsukki never thought his first time with a guy would turn out to be with two. In the middle of a forest. At the age of sixteen. But as Kuroo grinned at the tiny moans that escaped his lips, caressing his face and sides, Tsukki had no regrets. Bokuto, to his discredit, seemed to forget all about Tsukki and Kuroo as he went harder and faster, the world dissolving into waves and waves of pleasure. He gripped Tsukki’s sides, mostly for his own stability and pounded away into him but he made no other move to touch either of them. Tsukki felt a little better knowing that he wasn’t the only one doing it for the first time with a guy.

That allowed Kuroo and Tsukki to caress each other privately. Tsukki’s movements were uneven, jerky, interrupted by breathy moans and clumsily pressed kisses. Kuroo’s hands rubbed up and down his arms and sides, until eventually he grasped Tsukki’s hand and almost shyly, questioningly, brought it to his aching member that Tsukki hadn’t thought about before. Flushing, Tsukki allowed Kuroo to bring his hand to the hard rod before wrapping his hands around it himself. He’d never given anyone a handjob before but he hoped Kuroo’s dick worked similarly to his own.

Only Kuroo’s strong arm kept Tsukki from collapsing from pleasure as Bokuto continued to ram into him. Tsukki’s hand moved up and down Kuroo’s erection feverishly. Kuroo didn’t seem to mind, locking his arms around Tsukki and concentrating on the pleasure contracted from his fingers. Tsukki came first, abused by Bokuto’s dick and Kuroo’s short, efficient kind-of handjob before. He was breathing hard, working off the high when Kuroo spilled over his fingers. Despite everything Bokuto lasted the longest, pulling out and spilling over the floor long minutes after Tsukki’s release, causing the blond to get another erection.

Without asking for permission, Kuroo grabbed Tsukki arm and flipped him around. His dark eyes were glazed over with lust. Tsukki found himself face to face with Bokuto who wasted no time in attacking his lips. Tsukki exclaimed against his lips as Kuroo shoved himself into Tsukki before his hole closed but felt no pain. He fisted his hand in Bokuto’s hair and tugged harshly, the other hand scratching unconsciously at his collarbone. Bokuto grinned wickedly, gave Tsukki another lingering kiss and sunk to his knees. Before Tsukki could protest, Bokuto’s lips closed around his erection and his cheeks hollowed out as he sucked.
With their combined efforts it didn’t take long to drive Tsukki over the edge. He moaned so loudly that Kuroo had to keep his second moan in by slapping his hand against his mouth and drawing his mouth against his ear, nibbling on his ear lobe and groaning as he came, too. Bokuto got up casually, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He grinned at Tsukki, his teeth flashing in the darkness. Then he grabbed his shorts, which were pooled around his ankles and yanked them up while Kuroo retrieved their t-shirts and wiggled the stunned Tsukki into one.

“So this is a three-way…” he said, dazed.

Both boys stopped. Kuroo spoke first, “what do you mean?”

Tsukki looked at him, his pupils huge. He was too tired to put up his mr-know-it-all mask, “I thought we were going to do a three-on-three training session.”

There was a moment of silence and then Kuroo’s mouth fell open while Bokuto exploded with laughter. He grinned and pulled Tsukki close, still laughing, “you really are something.”

Kuroo flushed lightly, realising their mistakes. He put his hand on Tsukki’s cheeks, “we’ll practice tomorrow,” he promised. Then they both grabbed his hands and pulled him back towards the training camp site. They deposited him at the front doors of the Karasuno sleeping building. Bokuto tucked his finger under his chin, tilting it upwards and pressing a goodnight kiss with surprising gentleness to his lips.

“Goodnight.”

When Bokuto’s lips left Tsukki’s, Kuroo’s replaced them, “see you tomorrow,” he said with a smile. The two disappeared into the darkness.
“Happy birthday!” Hinata launched himself at Yamaguchi at impressive speed, nearly throwing the older boy off balance. His legs came up around his stomach as he squeezed Yamaguchi’s face into his chest. He looked like a little orange monkey while Yamaguchi looked like a very surprised tree.

“Thanks,” he said, flushing a little and then – to Tsukishima’s utter shock – he gave Hinata his special Tsukki-smile. The smile Tsukishima had never seen him give anyone else. The smile that was tiny and shy and so cute that Tsukki could practically melt. When Hinata grinned back, Tsukki felt a strange rage course through him and he went back to spiking with higher ferocity, trying to ignore the scene behind him.

Hinata slid down Yamaguchi and back to the floor. He ran to the bench where a little box stood. It fitted perfectly into Hinata’s hand as he charged back. He slapped it into Yamaguchi’s palm.

“Open it!” he prompted. Now more nervous than curious, Yamaguchi slowly opened the flaps. A cupcake lay inside – a messy cupcake smothered in colourful icing, sprinkles and cream, with a big, wax 17 sticking up from the top. As he did so another arm snaked around him with one of those long kitchen lighters that popped to life right under his chin, making him yelp. The lighter descended onto the 17 and set the tip on fire. A firework of sizzles exploded upwards, and Yamaguchi paled, even more surprised.

Noya jumped out from behind him, clicking the lighter off. “HAPPY SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY, YAMAGUCHI!” they roared together as the shower died down and disappeared, leaving a stunned Yamaguchi.

“This is the cake you made ourselves,” Hinata said proudly, even thought that was pretty obvious.

Yamaguchi’s eyes were wide and he brought the cupcake a little closer, like it was a precious thing for him, “you guys remembered?”

Noya slapped his hand hard into Yamaguchi’s backside, “of course we remembered. You’re the best pinch server on the Karasuno team!”

Yamaguchi laughed, the only alternative being crying with happiness, “I’m the only pinch server. But thank you, guys. I’m never going to eat it,” he closed the box carefully.

“Maybe that’s for the best!” Hinata said wistfully and he and Noya went to get the volleyballs.

Daichi walked in followed by the other third years. Daichi waved his phone in the air, catching the attention of the other players, “I just got us a practice match with Nekoma,” he said. Noya and Hinata cheered. Daichi’s eyes cut to Yamaguchi, “oh, by the way, Kuroo says happy birthday. I
didn’t know it was today.’’

‘‘Yeah, neither did I,’’ Asahi said sheepishly, ‘‘sorry. I’ll practice blocks with you as an apology.’’

Yamaguchi perked up at the offer from the ace, ‘‘really?’’

Suga tutted, ‘‘I can’t believe you two keep forgetting about your teammates birthdays. You’re the captain, Daichi!’’ he walked up to Yamaguchi with a smile and slipped something in his hand, ‘‘thankfully your vice-captain remembered,’’ Suga added with a wink.

Yamaguchi grinned at the thing in his hand. He hooked the string around his finger and let the keychain hang from his hand. It had a little volleyball, the letter ‘‘Y’’ and miniature McDonald fries – Yamaguchi’s favourite food. ‘‘Thank you, Suga-san. Tsukki, look! Isn’t it super cute?’’

Tsukki grunted something, not even looking up. Usually when he was grumpy Yamaguchi would come over and pay him attention, but this time it didn’t work. He went right back to chatting happily with Suga, slipping the keychain into his pocket daintily.

‘‘WHERE’S MY FAVOURITE BIRTHDAY BOY!?’’ the doors to the gym slammed open and Tanaka walked in, his eyes scanning the gym for Yamaguchi. Once he pinpointed him, he wildly charged in his direction. Yamaguchi looked terrified right up to the moment Tanaka grabbed him into a bro hug and lifted him off the floor, ‘‘you’re getting so big, Yamaguchi!’’ he said cheerfully, setting him down.

‘‘I’m only a year younger than you,’’ Yamaguchi protested, but he was laughing. The sound made Tsukki stop practicing without thinking about it. It always pulled him in, made him want to throw an arm around Yamaguchi, but he stopped himself. He was getting all the attention he needed, apparently. He didn’t need his boyfriend. Tsukki knew it was unfair – Yamaguchi was just happy to be the centre of everybody’s affection for once – but still he couldn’t stop the annoyance that sparked in him. Yamaguchi shouldn’t need anyone’s affection, apart from his boyfriend’s.

As Tanaka chatted to Yamaguchi Ennoshita, unnoticed by anyone, ruffled his hair, ‘‘happy birthday,’’ he said quietly and Yamaguchi authentically blushed. Tsukki gripped the ball so hard the air nearly went out of it. He turned away, set on practicing his passes. That is until Kageyama walked up to him, followed closely by Hinata.

‘‘Yamaguchi, come McDonalds with me and Hinata tomorrow. As a birthday treat,’’ he said it like an army order but Yamaguchi nodded happily.

‘‘Sure, thanks!’’ Yamaguchi glanced at Tsukishima, ‘‘Tsukki, you come too.’’

‘‘I’m busy tomorrow,’’ Tsukishima said gruffly and finally Yamaguchi noticed his mood.

‘‘I’ll go practice with him,’’ Yamaguchi told the freaky duo and with a wave was off in Tsukki’s direction. Tsukki waited expectantly for the almost apologetic hand at his back and his sweet smile but neither came. The doors to the gym opened and Shimizu walked in, followed by the coaches. As she passed Yamaguchi, she put a delicate hand on his wrist.

‘‘Happy birthday, Yamaguchi,’’ she said intensely and Yamaguchi blushed from head to toe. Tanaka’s and Noya’s eyes bulged out.

Yachi was the last one in and she clasped Yamaguchi’s other wrist, ‘‘happy birthday!’’ she said, a little out of breath.

‘‘IT’S MY BIRTHDAY TOO!’’ Tanaka and Noya screamed together.
They can’t make him straight, they can’t make him straight, they can’t make him straight…Tsukki repeated in his head, his hits getting more violent with each one that came back towards his hand.

“Okay everyone, gather round,” Ukai and Takeda walked in and the ball missed Tsukki’s hand, bouncing off into the gym. He turned and made his way towards the crowd of boys sitting on the floor. At least coach didn’t make a reference to Yamaguchi’s birthday. Still, acting like a five year old, Tsukki sat on the opposite side to Yamaguchi and pretended not to notice his urgent stare. Ukai filled them in on the upcoming practice match with Nekoma and what they would be practicing that day.

“Oh, and one more thing,” he said, tucking his clipboard at his side, “happy birthday, Yamaguchi!”

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Yamaguchi and Tsukki were walking side-by-side to Yamaguchi’s house, where Tsukki was spending the night. It was late, his family was probably asleep – Tsukishima had taken Yamaguchi to his favourite cake place where Yamaguchi had been so engrossed in the cakes he failed to see Tsukki’s lingering sour mood, that even strawberry shortcake wouldn’t fix. On the way home in the dark Yamaguchi reached out shyly and hooked his finger around Tsukki’s – just one. He never had the courage to take his hand outright, even after nearly a year of dating, in fear of Tsukki snatching his hand back. Tsukki couldn’t blame him – he usually let his moods show through his interactions with his boyfriends, and he knew he had to work on that.

Usually after Yamaguchi hooked his finger around Tsukki’s, Tsukishima took his hand and laced their fingers together. This time he didn’t – he was still grumpy and it was in no way Yamaguchi’s fault – but he still was. But he couldn’t bring himself to drop Yamaguchi’s finger, so he allowed their interlocked fingers to hang between them as they walked in silence. Yamaguchi only withdrew his hand when they reached is dark, sleeping house. He dug in his pocket and produced his keys – Tsukki’s jealousy came surging back when he spotted Suga’s keychain dangling from it.

He composed himself for long enough so he could take his shoes off and quietly tip-toe to Yamaguchi’s room. It was the same as when Tsukki came that morning – Yamaguchi had still been sleeping and Tsukki allowed himself to lie by him and wake him up gently, murmuring a happy birthday between kisses. The game Yamaguchi had been hunting for for months – Tsukki’s gift for him – stood by the computer. Yamaguchi had been so happy with it but now even recollecting that happiness didn’t help Tsukki’s mood. Yamaguchi walked into his room, flicked the light on and dumped his bag in the corner. Tsukki followed him, closed the doors, turned the lock and clicked the lights off.

“Tsukki?” Yamaguchi turned only to be shoved back onto the bed harshly. Before he could do anything, Tsukki crawled on top of him and pulled him into a rough kiss. Yamaguchi responded, of course, as always but he seemed lost. He couldn’t follow Tsukki’s sudden, unexpectedly harsh movements so in the end he just let himself be kissed until some of Tsukki’s anger had vented. They broke away for air. Yamaguchi reached for his face, probably to appease him, but Tsukishima slapped his hand away. He sat back on his ankles and took off his glasses, laying them down on the floor by the bed like when they usually had sex.

As his fingers begun to quickly unbutton his shirt, Yamaguchi sat up, “lie back down,” Tsukki said, a little harsher than he intended but Yamaguchi was unfazed. He reached out again but, after a glare from Tsukki, he dropped his hand.

“You’re angry.”

“I’m not,” Tsukki said bitterly.
“Did I do something?”

“No.”

“…It’s my birthday, please don’t be-“

“I said I’m not,” Tsukki snapped, yanking his t-shirt off, “I just want to do this.”

“Did you stop to wonder what I want to do?” Yamaguchi said softly and Tsukki stopped. The anger fell until it was just a fiery ember in his stomach. He looked at his boyfriend, who looked genuinely concerned.

Slowly, he reached out his hand and cupped his freckled cheek, drawing his thumb against his cheekbone, “what do you want to do?” he whispered.

Yamaguchi tucked himself closer, his hand curling around Tsukki’s, still pressed against his cheek, “I want my sweet Tsukki back. I want you to stop being angry. I want you to…” Yamaguchi hesitated and plopped back down, “you know what, just vent it out on me.”

“No,” Tsukki frowned, “it’s your birthday-”

“And that’s my birthday wish,” Yamaguchi said firmly, “vent out on me so then you’re not angry anymore.”

After a moment hesitation Tsukki lay down on top of Yamaguchi, his hand tracing soft patterns against his neck as he spoke in his ear, “…I…I…don’t want to be gentle today…”

“Then don’t be,” Yamaguchi said quietly and that was all Tsukki needed. He grabbed his wrists and slammed them down, his lips attacking Yamaguchi’s neck fiercely with kisses, followed by near-painful bites that made Yamaguchi squirm. Tsukki was merciless, ripping open his shirt and sliding his mouth to his chest.

“Tell me if you want me to stop,” Tsukki’s voice was low. He took one of Yamaguchi’s nipples between his lips and bit down. Yamaguchi’s whole body jerked as he cried out. Tsukki looked at him dangerously, “keep your voice down,” he ordered harshly and his boyfriend shivered under him. Tsukki hoped it wasn’t with fear but the anger that built up again, wanting release, made him impatient so he didn’t stop to ask. He spread a wet trail of kisses down to his bellybutton and kissed a hickey into his hip. There was a noise in the corridor and the doors to the bathroom opened.

“Tsukki!” Yamaguchi protested harshly. Tsukki plopped down next to him and pulled him roughly towards him, shoving a leg between Yamaguchi’s and pulling the covers on top of them. His hand found his belt and undid it, sliding his trousers down. Once they were gone Tsukki’s pale hand found Yamaguchi’s freckled ass, which he squeezed painfully. Yamaguchi hissed and then gasped when he felt one of Tsukki’s fingers enter him out of nowhere, with no prep.

Suddenly the doors to the bedroom opened. Yamaguchi froze, so rigid against Tsukki the blond was worried he’d snap. Grinning wickedly, he begun to probe his prostate with his finger lightly enough so the movement was not detectable under the covers by Yamaguchi’s mom.

“Are you boys asleep?” she asked sleepily, quietly.

Yamaguchi pressed a hand to his mouth, shivering. His fingers dug in painfully into Tsukki’s shoulder when he pressed another finger into him. There was a little wet noise as it went in but Yamaguchi’s mom didn’t hear, already closing the doors. Yamaguchi only exhaled when she padded downstairs and he heard her close the bedroom doors. He slapped Tsukki’s chest, “Tsukki, she
“He came embarrassingly fast. Tsukki pulled out without finishing, allowing him sixty seconds of
downtime, before flipping him around, tucking both legs on either side of him and shoving his way
into Yamaguchi again. Yamaguchi looked up at him in bliss. His cheekbones were flushed lightly,
his hair glowing silver in the moonlight coming through the window. He caught Yamaguchi’s eye
and leaned down to kiss him as he brought him over the edge again. This time both of them finished.”

Washed up and clad in pyjamas, Yamaguchi and Tsukki lay next to each other. Tsukki was much
calmer now, having released all his anger. Their hands lay between them on the covers, laced
together. Tsukki was stroking his thumb against Yamaguchi’s hand.

“So, what was it?” Yamaguchi asked quietly. He was tired, but he wanted to know, “what was it
that got you in such a state.”

Tsukki sighed, flinging an arm against his face, “you’re going to think I’m stupid.”

Yamaguchi squeezed his hand, “I won’t.”

“I was jealous,” Tsukki said before his courage left him, “you were getting a lot of attention from
the others and…I realised I was really lucky to be your boyfriend. And I realised you could have
anyone you wanted, so I kind of…got worried that you wouldn’t…want…me?” he felt more and
more pathetic with each word. Yamaguchi dropped his hand and rolled over, tucking himself against
his side. Tsukki automatically pulled an arm around him.

“I don’t want anyone else,” Yamaguchi said firmly, “you’re the only one I like. For me, Tsukki is
the most awesome person on the team. And you’re my best friend, even if you’re my boyfriend as
well. You’re the most important to me, Tsukki,” he said heatedly, “so you’re the only one I want.
Please don’t think you’re not good enough for that.”

Tsukki laughed, stroking his hair, “when did I turn into the one who needs comforting?” he said
wistfully but hugged Yamaguchi with both arms, “but thanks. And I’m sorry. And happy birthday.”
Kageyama was going to die. His family knew it and they avoided him like he had the plague. In some ways, Kageyama didn’t blame him – it had been a mere twenty years since the Pestilence had left their country for the second time and there was the constant worry of it returning. Kageyama’s symptoms could well be the plague, come to haunt them again. The doors of Kageyama’s hut had a faded black cross draw on it already, from when his father was a little boy and six of his eight siblings were taken by the Pestilence, as well as his mother.

Their hut was tiny so it was almost impossible to avoid Kageyama, who lay in the dirty nest of rugs and cloths away from his siblings in the corner. He missed the warmth and cramped space of the rotting beds, even if they smelled and were uncomfortable. It was better than coughing himself to death in the corner alone at night. After one particular night when he kept everyone up with his coughs he heard his parents talking about moving him into the barn.

When you have a lot of siblings, losing one child didn’t matter, especially in these times, and especially to down-to-earth, cold people like Kageyama’s parents. Of course they loved their children but life was life and they did not lament at losing one or two when they still had those able to work. Kageyama was number eight in the impressive number of eighteen – counting those deceased ones.

Yume was born as a surprising beauty and a no-one in the poorest of poor areas of the village, already riddled with disease and poverty and hunger before the Plague struck. She and her family got by and when the Plague came they all died, except her. She was smart enough to leg it. Years later she was picked up by Takehiko, a man only slightly less poor than her. He was impressed by her intelligence and cunning and decided to marry her. Since she lived out in the open, vulnerable to the elements she took his offer, since he lived in a sturdy shack. Even if it was cold and dirty and small, it provided a roof over their head.

They married when they were fifteen and that same year Yume gave birth for the first time, to dead twins. It was not surprising that the babies were stillborn as Yume was still recovering from the years in the wilderness and there was not enough food to go around. The next child, the following year, was born alive and given the name Yoko. The following year Kyoko was born and this girl was fully healthy. A year later her brother, Kiyoshi, was also born healthy. A few months after Kiyoshi’s death Yoko fell with a fever and died. Yume and Takehiko buried her in the little forest behind their little hut.

Five years after their marriage another set of twins was born – Masashi and Yuko. A little after the birth Yume fell sick and even upon recovering her body showed how wrecked it was after the disease through deaths for the next three years. First Sachiko, still born and then her brother Takashi the following year. A year after Takashi Yume became pregnant with triplets – something she only found out after the birth. Two were still born and, racked with grief, Yume did not name them. The
third was named Tetsuya but he lived only a few days for he was born frail. After that Yume refused to name her children until they lived a months – she simply referred to them as ‘the baby’.

The first baby was Kageyama. He grew up with Kiyoshi, now five and later, when he turned eight and began helping out in the rice fields he played with the twins – four year old Masashi and Yuko. They quickly found out that the cold, hard environment around them was no place to play.

The year Kageyama was born, another tragedy struck – Kyoko, the eldest now that Yoko and the first set of twins were dead, drowned in the pond in the woods. Kageyama never got the chance to play with his eldest sister. Burdened with the death of nine of the thirteen children she gave birth to, Yume was unable to fall pregnant the year after Kageyama. As if fate had a sense of humour, because Yume did not provide her family with another child, one already alive was ripped away from her. Yuko fell to a cold, leaving her twin brother Masashi all alone.

Around that time Yume and Takehiko grew cold towards death. They learned that children came and went as fate pleased and dying inside every time one of them died would not help those who survived. They had to keep on living, despite the loses. The surviving siblings found it hard to understand what happened to their brothers and sisters but they too, soon, came to realise that not all of them were going to make it. They stopped playing with each other as much, scared that their playmates would leave from one day to another.

The house grew cold.

The year after Yuko’s death no child came still but this time Kiyoshi, Masashi and Kageyama remained unharmed by disease and misfortune. They grew stronger and helped out more so that both parents learned to function with the loss of death, so that they were kept from starving, so that they survived. For the next two years still no new children came – one time Yume bled, losing the child in her womb – and the three years after that were no longer hope-filled for a new pair of hands to help around the house and field. The sex between Yume and Takehiko became scheduled and practiced, no pleasure taken from it.

Even so seventeen years after their wedding Yume gave birth again – to a lovely little girl, Miho. She was the most beautiful child the whole village had ever seen and soon it turned out she was hardworking, too. With new hope, the next year was fruitful too – the couple was blessed with another girl, Akiko. Takehiko was growing impatient for sons, but he tried not to burden his wife. For when he spoke with her about sons Masashi, the second of the twins, was ripped apart on a hike in the forest by a rabid wolf. It was a loss, and not mainly because Masashi had been the second oldest boy. The loss was in that Masashi had been fourteen – a strong boy that was nearly as efficient as his father in hunting and doing the field work – the family had lost another provider. Now Kiyoshi overtook both his brother’s duties as well as his own and Kageyama, only ten, was given more chores. Miho, although she begged, was kept away from chores. She grew more beautiful with each day and her parents wanted to preserve that beauty so that one day she may be wed to a lord and their living condition be improved.

On the nineteenth anniversary of Yume’s and Takehiko’s marriage, Takehiko finally got his son. The boy survived the month and was named Toshi. Before the year turned Akiko got food poisoning and died. Her parents buried her with her siblings – the unnamed twins, Yoko, Sachiko, Takashi, Tetsuya and the two unnamed triplets, Kyoko, Yuko, Masashi and the bloody clump that had been a forming child that Yume lost. And then they returned to their daily lives, simply noting that soon they’d run out of space to bury their dead children in.

A year after Akiko died another girl was born. This one was strong and named Tomoko but Yume was slowly falling into melancholy. Her life consisted of a few sex-filled nights, loveless, cold,
hungry months of cleaning, sorting and sewing and nearly yearly terror of birth – filled with pain and screams and uncertainty if it was worth anything. But Dai grew stronger and a year after her birth Yume gave birth once more – to her third pair of twins, hoping these ones would live. She named these Yemon and Sho when it was clear they’d make it out of infancy. As soon as it was possible, Yume fell pregnant again. Dai came but there was no joy in her birth for that night the beautiful, five year old Miho – the favourite, golden child – was touched by fever. She spent the night writhing and sweating in her room, surrounded by her family while her mother gave birth to Dai in the next room, trying not to scream lest she attract Death to their doorstep to take her little girl. Kageyama was made to help with the delivery – the midwife did not make it in time and Kiyoshi was Miho’s favourite brother, so he was with her. And so thirteen year old Kageyama delivered his baby sister and a bond was forged between them forever.

Miho did not survive the night and as she died so did Yume’s heart.

There were no more children.

The surviving seven lived in a loveless home, working mechanically, trying not to think about hunger, hunting, cutting wood, sewing, making the fire, begging in the village, begging God to keep disease away from them. Visiting their dead siblings bodied, lain in unconsecrated ground, when no one was looking. When Kageyama fell sick Kiyoshi was twenty one and their father had grown sickly. He didn’t die and he tried to work but most duties fell on Kiyoshi. It did not make him humble or hardworking. He did the job well but he became arrogant, his head stuck up his own ass. He boasted to sixteen year old Kageyama that he was the only thing keeping the family together, the pillar and if he wanted he could toss his younger brother out. It was hard to keep up with Kiyoshi’s strength when there was no one to teach him.

The two of them were the only ones who could work now, really. Toshi was only seven so he could do the little jobs, but nothing major. Tomoko was six and she did all she could to help her brothers, which wasn’t much. Yemon and Sho were only five so they were more of a nuisance than help. Yume mostly set them to looking for mushrooms and herbs to put in the watery pottage. And then there was four year old Dai. She was the only one Kageyama truly loved. She followed him like a shadow and brightened his days in the hard snow or unbearable sun with her babbling and laughter. He often set her in a clump of daisies in the summer when he cut wood so she could pick the flowers and ‘ooh’ and ‘ah’ at the pretty ones. In the winter he’d go to hunt birds and she’d trot in the snow, falling over and giggling.

And then Kageyama got sick.

He could feel it days before it became obvious. He felt dizzy in the mornings and evenings, at night his skin was sweaty and clammy, his lips dry, his throat raw. His fingers shook so much he kept getting hit upside the head by his mother or older brother for messing something up. He swayed on his feet. And then one morning he woke up and simply couldn’t get up. He told his mother. She yelled at him not to be lazy and then, when he really couldn’t stand, she made him hot water to drink and told Toshi to run to the doctor on the hill.

There was one place free of the Plague, when it came once in a while – the house on the hill that no one dared to step into. It was where the doctor lived and the sick never went to the doctor – he came to them for if they infested his home with the disease, who would be left to heal them? They gave him food and water and supplies when they could so that if they fell sick and had nothing, he would help them out of gratitude. That is what Kageyama’s family did, also. Once upon a time the doctor had been a great man, a miracle worker, but he was long dead and his son was the only doctor for miles.
Toshi returned long after sun set with the doctor. Kageyama wasn’t sure what he was expecting – a hermit with a long beard and beady eyes, a frail man in strange clothes with a pinched face or a little glowing gremlin with pocketfuls of potions. The doctor who came in through the doors of their tiny shack. He was tall – that was the first thing Kageyama noticed, his light hair being the second. Around here all hair was mud streaked and dirty so even if you were blond you were not light. But the doctor’s hair seemed to be made out of sunshine rays – Kageyama really believed he was a miracle worked for a second.

His eyes were completely ordinary – round, hazel, and surprisingly cold for a good-doer. He carried a leather satchel around a simple tunic and winter trousers. Yume showed him to Kageyama who still couldn’t move his legs and laid in the corner of the hut on the bunch of rags.

“Hello. My name is Tsukishima Kei.” The doctor said, his voice devoid of emotion. Kageyama did not reply. The doctor took off his tunic, his hands checking places and prodding skin, making Kageyama uncomfortable. He did the same with his legs, trying to figure out why they weren’t moving. He checked his temperature. Eventually he stood up, “I do not know what is wrong with him,” he said bluntly, much to the family’s surprise. Dai started crying. Tsukishima ignored her, “I will try and figure this out. I will return in a few days.” Then he simply got on the horse he had left outside and rode away.

Dai had cried about wanting to sleep with Kageyama that night but Yume told her she would get sick too. That night Kageyama nearly coughed his lungs out. And the next. And the next. Some days were better, some worse. On the night Kageyama overheard his family speaking about moving him to the barn, the doctor returned. This time there was a wooden trailer of sorts attached to it, the kind you would use to transport hay. Kageyama heard the doctor arguing quietly with his parents outside before the doors to the hut opened and the angry doctor stomped in like he owned the place. He hooked his long, strong arms under Kageyama’s armpits and hauled him up.

“What are you doing?” Kageyama protested.

“I’m going to heal you,” Tsukishima said firmly, half-dragging him outside. His parents looked angry but they did not say anything. Dai clung to her mother’s skirts; Yume did not react, “you’re dying and they’re angry they’re losing a workforce.” Tsukishima snapped and Kageyama realised he was angry about how his parents treated him. Tsukishima practically tossed him into the trailer, flinging a sack over him for warmth. Without another word he clambered on top of the horse and they were off into the dark night.

Kageyama lost consciousness.

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When Kageyama woke up it was morning and he was warm – something he hadn’t been since the winter’s cold invaded their cold hut. At first he thought he had slept all through winter and spring but then he realised there was cold, beautiful winter light falling through the small windows. Their wooden shutters were left open to let in the fresh air but it was still warm. Kageyama realised that was because he was in a proper bed, covered with thick bedspread, his head resting on a soft pillow. The space next to him was warm, as if someone had lain there moments before. Kageyama stroked the sheets, wanting more of that warmth. A fire was buzzing in the hearth at the foot of the bed and someone had placed additional warmed stoned covered in cloth at Kageyama’s feet to keep them warm.

Kageyama only noticed Tsukishima when the man straightened, carrying something in his hands. He didn’t look surprised that Kageyama was awake. He sat by him and Kageyama watched him warily, “why are the windows open?” he asked finally. His throat hurt.
"Are you cold?"

"No."

Kageyama said carefully.

The doctor set a bowl of porridge on his lap, followed by a spoon. Kageyama’s stomach rumbled, 
"I’m a testing a theory – ‘fresh air helps patients get better.’"

"So, what? If I die, your theory fails?" Kageyama spooned some of the warm porridge into his mouth. It soothed his throat.

Tsukishima shrugged, "I suppose so," he stopped and produced a bottle the size of his hand from his pocket, as if he had only just remembered he had it, and popped it open. He brought it to the bowl but Kageyama jerked it away.

"What is that?"

Tsukishima raised an eyebrow, "a mixture of mint, rice water, lemon and ginger root. It helps with stomach pains."

"My stomach does not hurt," Kageyama said but he allowed the doctor to pour the mixture in.

"But your stomach is connected to your legs, so perhaps you will be able to use them again," Tsukishima said, pocketing the empty bottle.

"You brewed this yourself?" Kageyama asked, sniffing the contents suspiciously. Now the porridge smelled both earthy and fresh at the same time. He decided to give it a try. It was good – even better than before so Kageyama gobbled it down.

"I did," Tsukishima said calmly. He adjusted the rocks at Kageyama’s feet.

"Why did you bring me here?" Kageyama asked between spoonfuls.

For the first time, Tsukishima smirked, "you are a curious incident. Very interesting. I want to try and cure you."

"So I’m an experiment?" Kageyama asked, but he couldn’t exactly complain – for an experiment he was being treated like a king.

"Of a sort," Tsukishima took the bowl from him and pressed a leaf into his hand, "mint," he said simply, "chew on it."

"You’re the doctor," Kageyama said, putting the leaves into his mouth. Truth be told the warm stones and the filling porridge had made him sleepy. His head was spinning again. He lowered himself into the covers.

"Not yet," Tsukishima rushed to his side, "tell me what your symptoms are. Does your head hurt?"

"It’s spinning," Kageyama felt himself drifting away.

"What else?"

"Throat is…sore. Can’t feel legs," Kageyama yawned and pulled the covers on top of himself, "um…arms ache…" he fell asleep.

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When he awoke again it was night time. The fire was blazing harder and the windows were shut for the night. Kageyama sat up, wincing at the pain in his arms and the dull thudding in his head. His stomach rumbled and, as if he was listening out for it, Tsukishima appeared by him with a wedge of bread and cheese.

“Where do you get the food from?” Kageyama asked between bites.

Tsukishima shrugged, like it was a big deal. He was grinding something at the desk in the corner, “some I get from the villagers. Some I make myself.” Only then did Kageyama notice the warm smell of baking bread that filled the hut.

“So you just leave here by yourself?”

“Not anymore,” Tsukishima used a little sieve to separate a few spoonful of liquid from a disgusting-looking mush. He poured it into a vial and brought it over to Kageyama, “lavender oil,” he said before Kageyama could ask, “it’s good to make you sleep. I mixed it with peppermint oil and basil oil, which reduce fever, relieve pain and boosts your system so it can fight whatever disease you have. I also added flaxseed, which is a ‘good fat’. It’ll help you recover.” Tsukishima said. Kageyama sniffed the mixture. It smelled like something noble ladies would wear. He tilted the potion to his lips and drained the flask. Tsukishima got up, “I’ll get you something to help with the taste.”

The taste hit Kageyama like a brick to the face. First the gross, oily substance went down and then the disgusting taste of medicine filled his mouth. As he retched Tsukishima returned with a clay mug, “this is called ‘tea’. It’s a Chinese invention. I added some mint and honey to help with the taste.”

Kageyama took a sip. Even though it was hot, it soothed him, “you sure treat your subjects well,” he grumbled.

Tsukishima shrugged, “if you die, I won’t have anyone to experiment on with my new medicines.”

“I’m going to die anyway.”

Kageyama said the words out loud for the first time and he realised it was true. He couldn’t move his legs and soon he couldn’t move at all – this unknown sickness would kill him slowly and painfully. Tsukishima grabbed Kageyama’s arm and gripped it painfully, “you’re not going to die,” he said intensely, “I’m going to heal you.”

Kageyama yanked his arm out of his grip and gestured to his legs, “your stupid herbs are not going to heal this.”

“We’ll see.”

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“Salt water,” Tsukishima proclaimed, slipping a cup into Kageyama’s hand. It had been three days since Kageyama’s arrival and the oil mixture dispelled his headaches. Tsukishima slept next to him every night for warmth and in the mornings the doctors got up early to get Kageyama breakfast and put warm stones at his feet. Now Tsukishima begun taking care of Kageyama’s throat, which was raw and often meant Kageyama couldn’t speak. Kageyama had learned not to question the doctor; he downed the water, trying not to throw it back up. The doctor produced a piece of garlic from his pocket, “chew on this.”

“No way.”
Tsukishima sighed impatiently and grabbed Kageyama’s nose, holding it till the angry raven had to open his mouth. He shoved the garlic inside and held his mouth closed with his hand, “chew,” he ordered dangerously and Kageyama obediently bit down, cringing. Once Kageyama’s jaw began working under his hand, Tsukishima let go. Kageyama swallowed and shuddered, “how is your head?”

“The mixture helped. It doesn’t hurt,” Kageyama was clear-headed for the first time in days. Tsukishima nodded and pulled back the covers from Kageyama’s legs. He took the left one and placed it across his own legs. He began massaging the spot beneath his knee and then his shins, his ankles… “what are you doing?”

“Keeping your circulation going so your leg doesn’t go black and falls off,” Tsukishima said casually and Kageyama tried to judge whether he was joking or not. Tsukishima smoothed his hands down his leg, “what about your hands?”

“They go numb at night,” Kageyama said but he was concentrating on the doctor’s hands, which were creeping higher and higher, till they were gently rubbing at his thighs. Kageyama shivered and blamed it on the cold, “and sometimes they cramp up.”

Tsukishima nodded again, moving onto the next leg, “I’ll make you something for that in the morning,” he raised the leg, bending it at the knee and pushing it down towards Kageyama’s chest, “can you move it?” Kageyama shook his head. Tsukishima returned to the first one, “it will,” he assured. Kageyama quickly learned that Tsukishima wasn’t the kind, sweet type. He was matter of fact and he kept Kageyama fed because he wanted to test his medicine on him. Still, a fragile truce appeared between them – one that might eventually become a friendship, “but you feel my fingers on them, yes?” Tsukishima asked, sliding his hands to the soft underside of Kageyama’s thighs. Kageyama nodded again, not trusting his voice. Finally Tsukishima released his legs, threw the blankets on top of him once more and passed him a few mint leaves.

The next morning begun with a tea made from cayenne pepper and roots – Tsukishima explained that travellers gave him those exotic spices, “cayenne relieves joint pain and helps with food digestion, apparently.” Kageyama drank his tea. It was more spicy and rich than his normal tea, but he liked it none the less.

“It tastes nice,” Kageyama said and pressed the mug into Tsukishima’s hand, “try some.”

The doctor hesitantly took a sip, “hmm,” he said, “it is pretty good,” he passed the cup back to Kageyama, who drank greedily. It was good to drink something sweet after the daily dosage of salt water for his throat, which was getting better. As Kageyama finished his cup, Tsukishima bustled by the fire. A few minutes later he came forward with a few wet strips of cloth. He told Kageyama to take off his tunic; his own dirty, old clothes had been tossed away after a warm bath in a bathtub Tsukishima kept in the little barn where he had a goat, a cow and a few pigs. His house on a hill was a little self sustaining village. Kageyama pulled the tunic over his head and Tsukishima sat on the edge of the bed.

He took the strips and laid them across Kageyama’s biceps, forearms and shoulders, “the warmth should help with the muscle pain and stitches.” He said when Kageyama hissed in pleasure at the warm strips. Tsukishima readjusted the covers around Kageyama.

“Thank you,” Kageyama blurted, realising he hadn’t yet said it. Tsukishima just shrugged.

Two weeks later the throat and head pains were a distant memory. The muscle cramps in
Kageyama’s arms were few and far between but his legs still would not move.

“Okay, since the warm pads worked on your arms, they should work on your legs, at least a little,” Tsukishima said, dozing strips into a bail of herb water.

“What did you put in there?” Kageyama asked automatically. Tsukishima had a habit of tossing multiple herbs together and hoping they’d work – they usually did and when that happened he scribbled down remedy recipes in his huge book in the corner.

“It’s called Wintergreen oil because the main ingredient is Wintergreen oil as it helps with muscle pains, but there’s a lot of other things here, too. Lavender oil and Chamomile to relax joints, Rosemary for the circulation, Calendula speeds up healing and Camphor mixed with Eucalyptus to stimulate it. And ginger because…I’m not taking any risks.” Tsukishima explained. He placed the strips on Kageyama’s legs and wrapped bandages around them to keep them in place. He tucked towels under his calves and brought more stones for his feet, “are you warm enough?” he asked automatically. Kageyama nodded.

Tsukishima quickly walked to the doors, double checked that it was locked and then made a round around the room, blowing out candles until the only source of light was the fire in the heart, glowing warmly. Tsukishima walked to the bed and tucked himself behind Kageyama, checking that the bandages were in place out of habit. Kageyama swatted his hand away.

“It’s fine. Can you turn me?”

“Which way?”

Kageyama hesitated, “um, yours.” He decided and Tsukishima pulled him onto his side so they were facing each other, moving his legs and then pulling the covers across his back so he wouldn’t catch a chill, “I’m sorry you have to keep taking care of me.” He said softly.

Tsukishima was quiet for a moment, “I’m sorry you have to keep drinking my disgusting medicine.”

“I’m grateful for it. It’s kept me from dying so far.”

“And it will continue to do so.”

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Three days later the headache returned full force. Kageyama clutched his scalp as if he was terrified that if he let go his brain would spill between his fingers. Tsukishima tried everything – lavender, peppermint, basil…when that didn’t work, Kageyama was made to chew on a handful of almonds. That was much nicer than the spoonful of fish oil that followed. For an hour Kageyama sat in pain while Tsukishima flipped through his book, trying to find something to help with the headache. He gave him ginger root to chew on meanwhile and that wasn’t very nice either.

“Goddamn it all,” Tsukishima rarely lost his temper but now he slammed his book shut. Kageyama thought he was angry with him and his groaning but when he approached him, his eyes were soft, “any better?” the raven shook his head and immediately regretted the action. Tsukishima picked him up with some difficulty and took him outside into the cold winter air. He sat him on the small porch and brought out the covers, tucking them around him like a nest. When he was gone Kageyama looked around – he realised he hadn’t been outside since his arrival.

The moonlight was shining strongly, illuminating the valley bellow. There was the forest, the pines nearly silver, and the river behind it. It stretched out far and thin, like a ribbon of quicksilver. His small village was below, the hearths glowing brightly enough for Kageyama to be able to pick out
particular houses. The snow shone in bright patches where it had not melted yet. Tsukishima came back. He told Kageyama to lay back and pressed a strongly-smelling compress to his head, "apple cider and vinegar compress," he said quietly, "and we’re going back to the traditional method; lay back, relax and breathe." Tsukishima lay him across his lap and kept the compress in place while Kageyama closed his eyes and breathed evenly in and out.

To his surprise the headache eased and then disappeared. He exhaled and opened his dark blue eyes, "I’m better now," he said. Tsukishima was shivering in the cold winter night, "let’s go back inside."

Tsukishima, relieved, took him back inside. He settled Kageyama into the bed when the knock came. Someone was giving birth in the village and they needed Tsukishima. The doctor left and returned early in the morning, exhausted, to put the warm stones at Kageyama’s feet and collapse on the bed.

Kageyama woke up next to Tsukishima for the first time. In the icy winter sunlight his hair and lashes were silver, his cheeks and lips pink from the heat Kageyama provided. Worried about him sitting out in the cold, Kageyama reached out and pressed his hand to his cheek. He was warm but not with fever. He was simply warm. Kageyama moved his hand to his neck where it rested, feeling the pulse jump lightly against his palm. Tsukishima’s hand appeared from under the covers. Kageyama moved his hand, expecting him to swat it away, but Tsukishima kept it in place. He smoothed his hand against his palm and rubbed his wrist without opening his eyes.

Kageyama scooted closer as best as he could with his legs not working and moved his hand to Tsukishima’s face again. Tsukishima cupped his hand against Kageyama’s, smoothing his thumb over the back. Kageyama thought he imagined the light kiss pressed to the base of his palm, had it not been repeated. Tsukishima’s lips brushed against his wrist softly before returning. Kageyama gasped when Tsukishima sucked on his wrists suddenly. His teeth grazed the spot lightly before his lips peppered the delicate inside with light kisses. And then, just like that, Tsukishima dropped his hand and went to the bathing room in the chamber next to the main one.

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"Here, this is a nice one. Cherry juice," Tsukishima brought the mug to Kageyama. He was acting like usual – the only indication of what happened in the morning being the large purple mark on Kageyama’s wrist that both tried to ignore.

Kageyama took the mug, "where did you get cherries in the middle of winter?"

"I had them dried before," Tsukishima said simply, digging out one of Kageyama’s legs, "can you feel anything?"

Kageyama drank the warm, sweet cherry juice, "no. It was tingling a few days ago but I can’t move it."

Tsukishima sighed. He looked tired, "okay. Drink the juice before you sleep." Kageyama did.

He woke up unable to move his hands.

"Tsukishima! Oh my God…I can’t…I can’t…" he was panicking, his breath coming fast. He was shaking. Tsukishima found a candle at top speed and lit it, setting it on the windowsill to illuminate Kageyama. Terrified tears were gathering in the raven’s ears, "I can’t move my hands…it’s spread, w-whatever it is…I’m going to die! Oh my god, I won’t be able to move at all and you’ll…you’ll have to…" he couldn’t breathe. His vision was going black on the edges. He couldn’t hear what Tsukishima was saying until a sharp slap to the face brought him back to reality. Tsukishima came
into view – his hair was dishevelled, his eyes concerned and angry.

“You’re not going to die,” the doctor said firmly. He grabbed his arm and begun rubbing it. Kageyama didn’t realise how cold it was until Tsukishima warmed it up, got his blood flowing. He repeated the action with the other one and tentatively Kageyama moved them. He realised there were tears dripping down his face – panicked, terrified tears. He lifted his hands slowly to his cheeks and wiped them away. Tsukishima gave one long, relieved sigh, stood and blew out the candle. He came up behind Kageyama, crawling onto the bed and put his forehead on his shoulder, mentally exhausted.

Kageyama’s hand came up to touch his hair lightly, stroking the strands. Tsukishima lifted his head slowly and Kageyama tilted his so they were face-to-face over his shoulder, their noses nearly touching. Kageyama’s hand slid almost by itself from Kageyama’s hair to his cheek and then fell down. Tsukishima caught it and held it in his warm grip as he leaned forward. Their breaths mingled. Tsukishima reached his free hand out, cupped Kageyama’s face and kissed him. Kageyama responded immediately but hesitantly. Their lips brushed again and again, exploring this strange, new warmth. Finally Kageyama parted his lips slowly and Tsukishima slid his tongue inside. He dropped his hand to his waist and then to his thigh, rubbing harshly.

With no further intro, Tsukishima’s hand slid to Kageyama’s bulge, rubbing it through the soft cotton pants. Kageyama jerked, his hands gripping Tsukishima’s shoulder desperately. Tsukishima rubbed his erection into life and then lifted him into his lap. Kageyama’s legs fell uselessly on either side of Tsukishima’s wait so the blond bent them into a comfortable position before quickly pulling out both their erection and rubbing them with a practiced hand. Kageyama kept kissing him, wanting to taste him, shivering over and over again from the pleasure. He moved his hips in time with Tsukishima’s movements, moaning softly against his lips. He came only a few seconds before Tsukishima.

“More…” he whispered breathlessly as Tsukishima lay him back down.

“I don’t want to exhaust you more,” Tsukishima whispered, but apparently he was having a hard time holding back, too, because he attacked Kageyama’s neck with harsh kisses, rubbing his still prominent erection against his. They came a second time and this time Tsukishima rolled over, giving Kageyama some space, “that’s enough for now,” he whispered, a little out of breath. Kageyama was breathing hard and Tsukishima was worried he was in pain but soon his breath calmed. Realisation hit Kageyama and, flushing, he rolled over, hiding from Tsukishima. The blond wasn’t having it – he tucked Kageyama’s legs around so he was on his side comfortable and then wrapped an arm around him.

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Through the next few days Tsukishima fed Kageyama a steady diet of porridge, blueberry juice and kisses. Kageyama got better – he could wiggle his toes now and his hands tingled sometimes, but remained mobile. His head was clear and his arms didn’t hurt. That is, until one night, when Kageyama woke up in the middle of the night. He was dying.

He threw up over the side of the bed, convulsing harshly after the fact. His whole body was shaking and shivering. His spine and shoulder hurt, his whole chest felt like it was being ripped in two. His throat had been rubbed raw and his eyes watered. His skin was searing hot, cold sweat making his skin slippery. Kageyama’s vision was blurry and his legs were jerking. There was no strength in his arms. He was vaguely aware of Tsukishima fluttering by him. He wiped his sweat and made him more cider-and-vinegar compresses. He pressed warm clothes to his arms and legs, rubbed his shoulders and wiped the tears that slid down his cheeks. He wiped the vomit and brought a bucket for more.
Kageyama was half-conscious through this, remembering that he threw up and sweated, but not what he did in between. He must have slept a little. Tsukishima was by him at all times, feeding him things. “Ginger,” he’d say, giving some to Kageyama. He threw it back up, so he brought him some cinnamon and vinegar, clove and loads and loads of water. Finally he went, dug in his supplies and in his desperation brought out a prototype potion, “pine bark extract,” he said, tilting Kageyama’s head back and dripping a little vial of the extract down his throat. He gave him some honey to soothe the burn, cleaned up the vomit, washed him as he shook helplessly and dressed him in new clothes. He brought out fresh blankets.

When Kageyama came to, he was exhausted, as was Tsukki. He held his lover in his arms, stroking them. Kageyama realised there was a piece of bread toasted over the fire in his hand, warm and dry, “eat that,” Tsukishima said softly, stroking his soaked hair, “it will make you feel better.” Piece by piece Kageyama finished the bread and his stomach didn’t heave anymore. Absolutely spent, the two fell asleep side by side.

They woke up in the evening. Tsukishima made a quick meal and then they slept some more.

In the morning, Kageyama was all better.

For the first time in more than a month he felt no pain anywhere. And, when Tsukishima threw back the covers, he could move his legs a little. Tsukishima dresses him eagerly in some of his winter clothes, which were a little too big, and helped Kageyama stand up. He did so, shakily, and clumsily, leaning on Tsukishima, went to the doors. He couldn’t walk by himself yet, but he was on his way. They made it to the doors and Tsukishima threw them open. Kageyama gasped at the snowy, sparkling landscape. Tsukishima helped him stand up straight and he did so. The doctor tucked an arm around him, keeping him from falling. Kageyama turned to him.

Tsukishima smiled, “I told you that you weren’t going to die.”
The dance studio was occupied. For the first time in months Madame Willowe had a student older than six. Madame Willowe was one hell of a woman – old but graceful, capable of taking the shit people threw at her and tossing it right back in their face. No one really knew her real name – she picked the name because she was ‘elegant as a willow’ and added the ‘e’ because she was extra – and the only thing the people of Miyagi knew about her was that she probably nagged her husband to death. And that she was the goddess of ballet. Since Miyagi was small and most people were all about volleyball, her students were usually limited to the age of six. Madame Willowe wasn’t cut out to coddle little kids and teach them the basics – she was made to create dancers fit for the world stage. Still, she remained in Miyagi, hoping one day she would be graced with a student fit for her teachings.

Hinata was so lost. It was his first day at Karasuno high school and he had no idea where to go – this wasn’t about lessons, oh no. This was about morning volleyball practice. He’d transferred from a school in Tokyo smack in the middle of the semester and it took a while to wrap his head around the lessons and surroundings. But what he really wanted to do was play volleyball – he had been benched in his old school but this time around he was determined to be a regular. That would mean finding the gym; something he was apparently unable to do.

The gym was huge and housed so many rooms Hinata’s head spun. He had no idea where the volleyball gym was – he found two changing rooms, a janitor’s closet and the PE teacher’s office, but no Volleyball gym. He didn’t resign though; with newfound determination he stomped up the stairs, deciding to work systematically from the top to bottom – he’d have to find it eventually, or at least bump into someone who knew where it was. He stomped to the end of the third floor corridor, grabbed the doors of the last room and shoved them open.

The music was so loud the rattle of the doors was completely drowned out. The music was meant to be delicate and stimulating but now, blasting from speakers, it seemed violent and wild. Hinata’s eyes immediately fell on the only dancer in the room and his breath caught. The boy wasn’t just beautiful – he was prepossessing, exquisite and alluring. He was the higher form of beauty and grace. The boy was perhaps his own age and height but his legs were impossibly long, clad in skin-tight leggings that showed off his perfect ass. His toes were bare, and he stood on his tiptoes so often Hinata wondered how they didn’t break. His long arms, stretched above him, were also covered in the black sleeves of his tight, black long-sleeve. His hair was as dark as his outfit but his eyes were a startling dark blue of the sea, something you didn’t see often in Japan. His movements were the very definition of grace.

Suddenly the boy stood wrong and toppled over to the floor. ‘AGAIN!’ a voice roared over the music and Hinata whipped around as the boy scrambled to his feet. He spotted the old lady at the
same time that she spotted him. She was terrifying and Hinata was terrified. She stomped over to him, walking much faster than expected for her age, and smacking a thin metal cane at his feet. ‘‘are you lost, boy?’’ she asked in a tone that dripped condensation.

‘‘Yes,’’ the boy caught Hinata’s eye and it took him a few seconds too long to look at the woman, ‘‘um, I was looking for the volleyball clubroom-’’

‘‘Downstairs,’’ she snapped, ‘‘and don’t eye Kageyama like he’s your prize. He’s mine,’’ she slammed the doors shut in Hinata’s face but all thoughts of the volleyball club flew out of his head.

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Despite the disruption, Hinata found the volleyball club in a daze and signed up. Through his lessons he couldn’t think of anything but the beautiful Ballet dancer – Kageyama. He was on look out for him in his lessons but the raven was nowhere to be seen. Finally, unable to keep his desire to see him again at bay, Hinata skipped lunch in the canteen in favour of climbing the three flights of stairs to the dance room in hopes of finding Kageyama there. He was not disappointed. This time there was no music and no scary Ballet teacher. Kageyama was alone, his hands on a metal rail that ran around the perimeter of the room. Hinata didn’t knock but the boy heard the doors sliding open.

‘‘If it’s the ginger peeking Tom, go away,’’ Kageyama called, not looking at the doors.

Hinata found himself grinning despite himself, ‘‘hi,’’ he said, approaching. He fumbled with the strap of his bag nervously. Kageyama ignored him, raising his leg backwards at a ninety degree angle. His whole leg was perfectly straight and not even shaking with the effort. Hinata’s eyes bulged out.

‘‘Tilt it upwards,’’ Kageyama said, still not gracing him with a look.

Unsure of what he was asking, Hinata gently grasped his ankle and hesitantly pulled it upwards. He was met with virtually no resistance, ‘‘won’t it break?’’ he asked nervously. The ankle seemed thin under his hand as he continued to tilt the leg further up.

‘‘Nope,’’ Kageyama stood on his tiptoes with the foot on the floor, ‘‘okay, do the other one.’’ Hinata gently lowered the leg as Kageyama raised the other one to ninety degrees. Hinata begun tilting it further up and up until Kageyama told him to drop it. Finally he turned around. His hair was a little dishevelled, probably from a warm up he did before. His body was incredibly lithe and graceful under the dark, tight clothes, ‘‘so, who are you?’’

‘‘Um, my name is Hinata Shoyo. I just transferred here.’’

‘‘That would explain it. No one in their right mind comes here because they’re scared shitless of Madame Willowe,’’ Kageyama tilted his head and narrowed his eyes, ‘‘you should be scared of her, too.’’

‘‘I’m not,’’ Hinata said, wanting to impress him, but Kageyama only rolled his eyes.

‘‘You should be. She’s the fucking Godzilla when she wants to be,’’ despite his beauty and grace, Kageyama spoke like a forty year old sailor, ‘‘but, since you’re here, you might as well help me,’’ he walked up to the speakers. He was light on his feet, like they didn’t really need to touch the floor but did it out of habit, ‘‘I’ll dance and you have to tell me if I’m in time with the music. You’re the most graceless idiot I’ve come across, but you’ll have to do.’’

Hinata felt like he was getting a private lap dance as he leaned back against the rail and waited in anticipation. Kageyama turned on the same music from the morning but this time it was at a level that
didn’t blast Hinata’s ears into pieces. Kageyama took his position in front of him and counted down, his lips moving silently. And then he started dancing.

Hinata’s eyes could barely follow his movements – it was as if he was flying. He ran across the room, as graceful as a faerie, twirling as he went once and then he jumped in the air. It was like Hinata’s jump – strong and high, like he was flying, except his foot came up at an angle and he twirled around, landing lightly on his feet. During this his face was completely controlled – there was no sign of exertion or concentration. He did it as easily as if he was born in pointe shoes. Moving his legs in soft, swooping arc, Kageyama’s arm went up in a graceful arch and then went down, as his other went up. His movements were as smooth as if he was made of water.

He went back across the room, jumping up again and kicking out on the landing so that when the kick came down he hit the floor. It was so perfectly coordinated Hinata gasped. He twirled again, ascended into the air, did a split midair, landed and went down on one knee. He was the god of grace. Hinata held his breath. Kageyama got to his feet without the help of his hands in a split second. He hopped lightly to the middle of the stage, spread his arms slowly and elegantly, as if he was taking a bow, and spun around. He looked like a ballerina in a little music box. He struck something inside Hinata, that made him want to weep. Another jump; Kageyama’s legs folded at impossible angles but when he landed they were straight again. He didn’t trip or stumble. He was perfection in every inch. With another landing he folded himself on the floor briefly, one leg sliding behind the other, his arms coming around him as if he was a tiny flower, folding for the night, but before the metaphor formed in Hinata’s head Kageyama was on the move again.

He did another series of spins, ending them with arching his whole body backwards, like a suicidal man free-falling beautifully through the sky. It was the embodiment of melancholy – Kageyama’s dance gave so many emotions Hinata didn’t know which one to grasp onto. Hinata watched, forgetting to breathe as Kageyama danced. He gasped again when Kageyama lunged himself in the air and went sideways, his body turning, his legs moving quickly twice like scissors before landing on the floor lightly. Another spin combination and Kageyama’s arms came up in the most commonly known Ballet girl arch, his fingertips nearly touching over his head. It displayed his body’s strength and beauty perfectly. Kageyama finished with twirling himself in the air sideways like Deadpool and landing in front of Hinata, bowing.

Hinata was speechless.

“Okay, how was it?” a light sweat coated Kageyama’s forehead but other than that he was unfazed. He picked up a white towel from the floor and wiped his face.

Hinata opened his mouth a few times but nothing came out. When he finally found his voice it was low, uneven, “that was…good. You were in time and everything. Really good. Amazing, actually. You’re…amazing.”

Kageyama stopped for a second, looking surprised, “you really think so?”

“Yeah,” Hinata grew more confident, “it made me feel…like…like… ‘BWAH!’ inside.”

“Bwah?” Kageyama repeated, raising an eyebrow, but he seemed pleased. He walked up to Hinata and extended his hand, “I’m Kageyama Tobio.”

Despite his delicate structure, Kageyama’s grip was strong, “Hinata Shoyo.”

“Madame Willowe,” a voice boomed from the doors and there was the old hag, her hands on her hips. She clicked her fingers at Hinata, “you. Out of my dance room.” She personally escorted him out of the doors, closing it behind them. She grabbed Hinata’s shoulder before he could leg it,
“listen,” she said gravelly, “I watched the performance. That was the first time Kageyama did that without tripping or messing up. I think your presence made him try harder,” she released him and raised her chin, “you should come to his practice tomorrow at lunch.” She said, offhand.

And you can bet Hinata was there. Kageyama welcomed him with a glare but didn’t say anything. Awkwardly, Hinata came to stand by Madame Willowe, who watched Kageyama do the same routine as the previous day with a set face. Even though he’d seen it before, the dance took Hinata’s breath away once more and he could not take his eyes off Kageyama until the boy bowed. He went to clap but Madame Willowe shook her head, tapping her chin, “something is wrong. I can’t tell what but you can’t win the dance tournament at the end of term like this.”

Kageyama looked mildly annoyed, “I did all my steps right!” he protested.

“You did.” Madame Willowe said but she did not change her opinion.

Not wanting Kageyama to explode, Hinata raised his hand shyly, “um, maybe…” he began shyly but cleared his throat and spoke properly with a nod from Madame Willowe, “maybe you’re doing the steps right, but you’re doing just that,” he put his hands up defensively when Kageyama gave him a murderous glare, “hear me out; maybe what Madame Willowe is looking for is your personality shining through, but you keep your face in a practiced, steely look and just do the steps. Maybe you have to let go a little.”

Kageyama’s face cleared a little, “let go?”

“Chill out,” Hinata clarified.

“Chill out?” Madame Willowe parroted, thinking.

“Actually have fun when you dance,” Hinata shrugged and smiled encouragingly, “it’s not a chore; it’s something you love doing, right? Like me with volleyball. I wouldn’t be able to play if I didn’t love it, so you have to show your love for dance through your Ballet, if you understand my drift.”

“Okay,” Kageyama threw his hands in the air, “but how do I do that?”

Madame Willowe slapped Hinata on the back, “take him out, will you? Poor Kageyama hasn’t actually ‘chilled out’ with friends for weeks. And then make him dance. We’ll see how it goes.” She left the two stunned boys in the dance room.

Hinata glanced at Kageyama, worried for his life, “um…do you like McDonalds?”

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It was strange to see Kageyama in normal clothes.

They met afterschool. Hinata was in a t-shirt and his Volleyball jersey, while Hinata was in a hoodie and a hooded hat, looking grumpy. The hoodie efficiently hid his perfect figure but his long legs were on display. Hinata felt a little bit happy that he got to see the raven’s both sides.

“I have to watch my weight,” Kageyama said, hands in pocket, as they walked into the local McDonalds and scanned the Menu, “so I just want a milkshake or something.”

“You want be able to resist the fries,” Hinata said and laughed at the glare he received from Kageyama. He ordered himself a full meal and a banana milkshake for Kageyama and they sat in the booth by the window. Hinata opened a packet of salt and generously sprinkled his fries.
“Isn’t that already salted?” Kageyama raise an eyebrow but Hinata just shrugged, opening another packet. Kageyama snatched it out of his hand, “whoa, would you like some fries with your cholesterol?”

Hinata grinned sheepishly, “I like my fries really salty.”

“Yeah, no shit.”

“I don’t know what’s more salty,” Hinata said, “my fries or your personality,” he stuck his tongue out at the raven and laughed when he received another glare. He began munching on his burger as Kageyama sipped on his drink. While his movements and dancing were suave and refined, his normal actions were vulgar and graceless – he grabbed the cup and slurped the milkshake noisily. It was hard to imagine he was the magnificent dancer from before. Hinata took a chip and waggled it in his direction, “here, have one.”

“I’ll pass. There’s enough salt on that to make me gain ten pounds,” Kageyama said.

Hinata shoved the fry in his mouth and looked at the little golden pile, “hold up, I’ll find you a clean one,” before Kageyama could protest, Hinata dug out a long, floppy chip and passed it to Kageyama who took it grudgingly and, opening the lid of his cup, dipped it in his milkshake. Hinata shuddered, “you’re one of those people,” he whispered dramatically.

Kageyama tilted his half-empty cup towards Hinata, “here, you try it too.”

“No way.”

“I tried your chip,” Kageyama said firmly, “now you try the milkshake.”

Relenting with a sigh, Hinata dipped a chip in the pale yellow mush and chomped down on it before he lost his courage. He cringed, “it’s not like it tastes bad…it’s not amazing but just the knowledge that it’s a fry coated in milkshake…” he shuddered again.

Kageyama rolled his eyes, “you’re very dramatic.”

Hinata grinned, “and you’re super tense. Weren’t you meant to chill out?”

“This won’t work. I’ll dance the exact same way,” Kageyama said and immediately regretted it; Hinata grinned dangerously and stuck his hand in the air.

“If tomorrow Madame Willowe sees an improvement, you give me a private Ballet dance wearing a Tutu,” Hinata said with a grin, “and you can’t do it the old way on purpose either.”

Kageyama grabbed his hand; he wasn’t one to back down from a challenge, “and if I win, you’ll dye your hair blue.”

Hinata’s eyes widened and he exploded into laughter, “you’ve got a deal.”

Once they were finished with their meal, Hinata and Kageyama walked to the small natural park in Miyagi, where, in a secluded spot surrounded by trees, Hinata sat down on a bench and Kageyama positioned himself in front of him, “if I twist an ankle, I’ll kill you,” he said, glancing at the ground peppered with pebbles. He shrugged off his hoodie and tossed it at Hinata; underneath he wore only a thin grey t-shirt. He shivered in the cold, his arms covered in goose bumps. Kageyama took out his phone, shuffled through his songs and tossed it at Hinata also.

“Remember – chill out. Have fun,” Hinata said.
"I know." Kageyama growled.

Hinata stopped the music, "come on, you can’t be pissed off when you dance. Just…relax. Breathe."

"Since when have you become the expert on Zen?" Kageyama crossed his arms over his chest.

"Don’t get defensive, I’m only trying to help," Hinata put his hands in the air.

"Now you’re getting defensive!" Kageyama rubbed his face, "this isn’t going to work."

Hinata sighed, dropped his stuff on the bench and put Kageyama’s phone in his pocket. He approached the raven, realising with a spark of annoyance that Kageyama was slightly taller than him, "close your eyes," he ordered. Kageyama did so, sighing like Hinata was a kid asking Kageyama to say the same story for the fifth time. Hesitantly, Hinata took Kageyama’s hands and rubbed the backs lightly, ‘’come on, slacken these,’’ Kageyama’s fingers went limp, ‘’deep breath,’’ Kageyama complied, his whole body slumping on the exhale. Hinata released his hands, took a step back and pressed play on the phone.

Kageyama danced.

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It was Hinata’s first match – a practice one against a different school, but for the first time his captain, Ennoshita, allowed him to play in it. He was a nervous wreck and he knew he wouldn’t be able to do it. He wiped his sweaty palms on his thighs nervously; they were about to start. In his panic he glanced around the gym, looking for an anchor and his eyes fell on Kageyama. He was leaning against the doors to the gym, watching the match intently, his ballet clothes hidden under a baggy hoodie. Hinata inhaled sharply when he saw him – great. Now not only was he going to embarrass himself in front of the whole team, but the most graceful person Hinata knew. But then Kageyama caught his eye and with a straight face stuck up his thumb in the air. Hinata felt a surge of adrenaline rush through his body; Kageyama believed in him. He could do it.

The match begun and Hinata was light on his feet. He imagined this was what dancers felt during their routine; like with every little jump they flew. Hinata’s eyes followed the ball sharply, his arms somehow managing to get it to go back up before it hit the floor. He jumped high, envisioning Kageyama’s jumps and not once was he the cause of a missed point. By the end of the match his team was in awe.

Kageyama’s face was emotionless as Hinata walked over to him after he had changed; he had no idea why the dancer was waiting for him until he waved a plastic bag in the air, ‘’good match.’’

‘’What’s that?’’ Hinata ignored his remark.

Kageyama flushed lightly, ‘’…the tutu. Cuz, you know…Madame Willowe said I did better…so…” he fumbled for words.

Hinata grinned, ‘’I can’t wait to see this,” he walked to the staircase on the side of the gym and Kageyama followed him grumpily.

‘’I didn’t know you were such a good player,” he said, hoping to maybe compliment Hinata until the boy decided he didn’t really need to see Kageyama dance in a pink tutu.

‘’That was actually the first time I did so well,” Hinata said over his shoulder, ‘’I think it’s cuz you were there. Weird; I perform best when you’re watching me and you perform best when I watch
you.'"

"I do not perform best when you watch me," Kageyama denied but he was blushing. They made it
to the studio quickly, and thankfully it was empty of everyone including the tyrannical Ballet teacher.

"When did you start dancing?"

"When I was five," Kageyama said, stretching as Hinata looked around the mirrored room, "when
did you start playing?"

"In junior high. Didn’t really have a fantastic team but, you know…" he assumed his usual position
against the rail and grinned at Kageyama, "can I film this?"

"Try," Kageyama said and Hinata decided he’d rather live, "what do you want me to dance to?"

Hinata hadn’t thought about that, "I don’t know, your usual thing?"

"You’ve seen that already. Plus, it’s long. I’d rather do something short and have it over with."
Sighing like a martyr, Kageyama went to his plastic bag and pulled out the pink tutu he nicked off
his fourteen year old sister and pulled it on with only a little difficulty, since he was about as thin as
her. He turned around to Hinata, blushing and furious, expecting a wave of laughter that never came.

Instead, Hinata just tilted his head and folded his arms across his chest, "do you look good in
everything?"

Kageyama flushed an even deeper red, "shut up," he snapped. He tossed Hinata his phone, "chose
a song. I have a routine for all the ones on there," he positioned himself in front of Hinata, shaking
out his joints, trying to ignore the tutu wobbling around his waist. Hinata scrolled for a second a
finally pressed something. Take me to church played.

Kageyama lost himself in the dance. He sank to his knees, slowly running his hand through his hair,
mussing it up and feeling the music. He balanced himself on one hand briefly, his leg erect and
straight to the side, his hand up elegantly. He held himself up and then fell back as if in slow motion,
laying on the floor. This dance was different to his normal routine – it was so much more vulnerable
and personal. It was easy to forget the ridicule of the tutu – for the first time Hinata saw the real
Kageyama. Leading with his stomach, Kageyama raised himself off the floor for a second, showing
off the pale, perfect flesh and then lowered himself back to the floor in perfect sync with the music.
Again leading with his stomach he sat up; it was as if each part of his body had a mind of its own,
moving separately, creating a mesmerising image on the floor. Kageyama wasn’t a person in that
moment – he was art.

Kageyama flipped so he was balancing on his hands and ankles and flung himself in the air, his body
curving in a poised arc, before landing on the floor and rolling over onto the back. This all happened
very quickly but to Hinata it was as if they were in a different realm where each of Kageyama’s
movements was a slow imprint on his mind. This time as he lay down Kageyama splayed his hands
on either side of himself but he did not stay down for long; his lower half went up leading with the
abdomen while his hands traced his hair and came down by his sides. Now the dance was intimate,
sexual and it made Hinata’s heart pound. Kageyama flipped himself over, his hands pressed flat
against the floor, his face so intense and unguarded Hinata’s breath hitched. Again Kageyama
balanced himself on one hand, showing off the subtle muscles, his long legs stretched out to meet at a
point, his other hand coming out and up like a swan’s wing.

The next movements were hard to follow – they were so smooth it was as if Kageyama was
teleporting into different positions. He went down again and then flipped himself around so he was
practically sitting, his legs extended towards Hinata. They drew up to his chest, and out again. Hinata noticed that Kageyama’s lips were parted; he was breathing hard, finally challenged and it added to the beauty and complexity of the dance. Then Kageyama flipped himself up, using only one arm to propel himself from the floor and he was standing in one dignified movement. His toes poised, he made his way back to the centre in time for the chorus.

He ran across the room lightly, jumping into the air and twisting himself into one long body, his arms locked together above his head before landing and continuing on into a spin that started off fast and ended delicately with his hand extended comely towards the ceiling, as if he wanted to reach the sun. Another run across the room that started as a run and ended in a jump; Kageyama extended one hand towards the wall and one leg behind him, looking impossibly long and beautiful, before running back across and into the air once more. One leg was tucked in during the jump, his hands coming up to clutch his hair. They remained in his hair as he landed lightly, a picture of despair and agony. It tugged on Hinata’s heart. Kageyama stumbled as he landed but it did not take away from the performance; if anything it made it seem more real, like Kageyama was trying to make it perfect. Like it was a challenge he raised up to.

Unfazed by the stumble, Kageyama raised one arm, flipping it in a neat circle, his foot following and finally rising in the air so Kageyama, balanced on one foot, could spin like a ballerina both ways. The next moments were a series of complicated, rapid hand and leg movements that Hinata could never hope to re-create. After the first chorus, Kageyama’s movements slowed, became more delicate. He went into opulent poses, starting fast and ending slow, showing off every strong and elegant part of his body, each imperfection. His skin glistened with sweat, his hair fell in his eyes…it was the most beautiful sight Hinata had ever seen.

Kageyama flipped himself through the air neatly, did a quick twist on the floor and fell to his knees, clutching his head once more in a human gesture that made the performance all the more interesting and relatable. Hinata gasped when Kageyama propelled himself in the air, balanced once more only on one arm, flipped himself around and extended a longing hand towards the sky, his body raising slowly, hesitantly. On the next spin he overturned but didn’t seem to realise. His arms came out slowly, palms out as if pushing back invisible walls, his head tilted back. Hinata saw his chest moving up and down. Again when he turned he turned too far, but he followed on, stumbling backwards and pressing himself back against the wall. He wasn’t looking at Hinata; he probably forgot Hinata was there at all.

The chorus began. He lunged across the room, jumping and landing not too far from the entranced ginger, his arms folding over his head and extending towards Hinata, as if Kageyama was offering something to him. Another series of complicated jumps, starting with ones high in the air to ones low on the ground – Kageyama messed up only one. For one blissful moment Kageyama stopped, looking up at the sky; now his face looked almost angry, desperate. He reached for his arm, tugging it twice and when the arm wouldn’t follow the rest of the body he went down, twisting violently and quickly on the ground and eventually coming to a sitting position in front of Hinata, one hand extended in front of him, trembling, as if to say ‘enough’.

He fell onto his side, his feet poised on the floor and rolled over slowly, one hand clawing at the floor and coming up to draw down the other arm and across the chest, gnawing at the skin in a show of madness. His next flip was very quick, contrasting with the previous slowed movement, his hands extended on the floor as if in praise, coming down the floor as his body came up on his knees and straightened, his hands drawing across his thighs. He went backwards, almost folding his body in a circle and back up, arms out as if he was flying, then coming up as he straightened again and eventually lowering themselves to his knees in a simple gesture.

The music ended but Kageyama didn’t get up for a good minute, catching his breath. When he
looked up, he frowned, ‘‘you’re crying,’’ he told Hinata.

The ginger touched his cheeks in surprised and laughed, wiping the tears, ‘‘can you blame me? That was…that was…’’ he shook his head, ‘‘I can’t even find the words.’’

‘‘It was just meant to be to take the piss,’’ Kageyama mumbled, tugging on the tutu, suddenly looking shy.

Hinata grabbed the towel from the rail and sank to his knees by Kageyama, throwing the towel over his shoulders, ‘‘you could never dance to take the piss. Not you. What you just did…this is what I meant. You showed so much emotion I…I couldn’t take it.’’ Hinata gushed, trying to convey how good the performance was, ‘‘that was…it was like a suicidal man falling from a window, sex and some faerie dance all in one. Sorry, was that too poetic? My point is – you exceeded my expectations and…heck, Kageyama you need to do that for the end of term dance competition. That will get you first place.’’

Kageyama shook his head, ‘‘I can’t. I mess it up too much.’’

‘‘We can polish it,’’ Hinata said firmly, grabbing his arms, ‘‘Kageyama, you have to do that one.’’

Kageyama looked helpless perhaps for the first time since Hinata met him, ‘‘I can’t. Madame Willowe won’t let me.’’

‘‘It’s not her choice,’’ Hinata frowned, ‘‘besides, why wouldn’t she?’’

‘‘Because she didn’t choreograph it and she’d want to take credit for the performance.’’

Hinata’s hands remained on Kageyama’s arms, warm and reassuring, ‘‘then who did?’’

Kageyama glanced up at him from under his fringe, ‘‘I did.’’

With newfound determination, Hinata stood, pulling Kageyama to his feet, ‘‘then we don’t need her. That’s pretty much perfect, it just needs practice. She can either roll with us or roll with someone else.’’ Hinata grabbed his wrist and squeezed, ‘‘we can do it.’’

Kageyama almost smiled, ‘‘will you come to the tournament?’’

‘‘Of course.’’

‘‘Then I’ll come to yours.’’

Hinata flushed, ‘‘h-how did you know about it?’’

‘‘I overheard.’’

Hinata shrugged, suddenly miserable, ‘‘I don’t even know if I’ll be allowed to play. I’m not that good.’’

Kageyama tugged his wrist out of Hinata’s grip and took his in return, ‘‘hey, we’ll practice that, too. We can do it, yeah?’’

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Kageyama danced the best when Hinata watched him and Hinata played the best when Kageyama watched him, but they could not attend each other’s tournaments.
“I cannot believe the prelims and the dance tournament are on the same day,” Hinata said for the hundredth time, running his hands through his hair in frustration.

Kageyama sighed, “I know.”

They were leaning against the back wall of the gym. In half an hour the coach was taking Hinata and his team to the Miyagi gym while Madame Willowe – who stuck around for the two months Kageyama and Hinata practiced Ballet and Volleyball – would drive Kageyama to the Tokyo dance hall, where he would stay for two days. It made Hinata’s blood boil that he couldn’t be there for him and that he wouldn’t see him straight after, but Kageyama would never forgive him if he didn’t go to the prelims, especially since he was now a regular.

In a surge of emotion, Hinata took Kageyama’s hand and squeezed it. Kageyama didn’t snatch his hand back and their interlocked fingers hung between them. Kageyama was in his usual hat and hoodie, hiding his lithe body.

“Do you think we can do it?” Kageyama’s voice was small for once.

“Of course,” Hinata said with full certainty, “you’re the best dancer in the world.”

At those words, Kageyama suddenly yanked Hinata’s arm and threw his arms around his neck, snuggling his face into his neck. Knowing this uncharacteristic moment of affection wouldn’t last long, Hinata wrapped his arms around Kageyama’s waist and hugged him close, “thank you,” he whispered, “for everything.”

“Stupid,” Hinata laughed, “you helped me too.”

They embraced for a little while in silence. There was nothing friendly about the hug and they both knew it, “I need to go now,” Kageyama mumbled in his shoulder.

“I’ll see you right after you come back,” Hinata reluctantly loosened his grip so Kageyama could slip out of his grip, but he didn’t do so. He pulled back enough so that their noses were touching. He was flushed, one arm still around Hinata’s neck, the other resting on his chest. Hinata tucked Kageyama closer, feeling his strong, supple body under his hands, “good luck- oh, sorry, merde.” Hinata grinned at him.

Kageyama tilted his head and kissed him. It was soft and sweet but Hinata was not satisfied. He brought one hand to Kageyama’s face, tucking it underneath loose strands of hair and kissed him deeper, conveying all the emotions Kageyama made him feel with his dancing. They broke away for air and Hinata kissed him again, “good luck,” Kageyama whispered breathlessly, pecking Hinata’s lips once more.

Then Kageyama slipped out of his grip and disappeared down the side of the gym.
This is Heaven and I'm Your Only Friend

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Bokuto (top) x Akaashi (bottom)
Prompt by: IzTrash
Prompt: Akaashi is Bokuto's guardian Angel & tries to protect him as he can. But one day Bokuto gets a deadly disease and there's nothing Akaashi can do about it...

“Hi. My name is Akaashi.”

It had been a while since Akaashi had been back at heaven or spoken to another guardian so bumping into one was nice, even if neither was very talkative. They were at the police station which reminded Akaashi of their headquarters. Bokuto had gotten into a fist fight with some dude who was being interrogated, leaving Bokuto to die of boredom in the waiting room. There was a guard in the corner but he didn’t seem very concerned with the twenty two year old. In times like these Akaashi wished humans could see their guardian angels so he could scream at him to stop getting his ass into trouble. Of course that was impossible since Akaashi was invisible to Bokuto, but he still didn’t miss the chance to give him a few earfuls that he didn’t hear on the way to the station in the police car.

Bokuto had always been a difficult child – it started with picking his nose in the middle of his nursery play and pulling girls’ hair, to being a delinquent in high school and neglecting his work in favour of volleyball, to occasionally experimenting with drugs, sleeping around with both genders and doing some light shop lifting in his adult life. All Akaashi could do was make sure he didn’t take it too far – he made drugs disappear when Bokuto had too much, got rid of potential partners with STDs, swerved traffic so hung-over Bokuto wouldn’t walk under a truck etc. But he couldn’t stop him from getting a fight, which was kind of annoying.

Bokuto was wiping his bloody nose for the sixth time when the doors opened and a cop walked in – dark haired, looking a little bored. And behind him trailed a younger boy, dressed in the guardian uniform consisting of a golden jacket and matching trousers. He was playing a game and almost on instinct held the doors open so they wouldn’t snap back into the unsuspecting cop’s back. The cop sprawled himself in the chair opposite Bokuto, casting him an uninterested glance. The guardian looked up and saw Akaashi. He looked mildly surprised.

“Hi. My name is Akaashi,” Akaashi introduced himself.

“I’m Kenma,” apparently this guardian was used to seeing others around because he returned to his game, “which division are you?”

“Sting. Atheist squadron. What about you?”

“Siberia. Buddhist.”

There were divisions within the guardian community that arch angels sorted you into, when they weren’t too busy running around after God and complaining to Buddha. Basically, once a human was born it was known straight away what religion they were and vaguely what kind of person they would be, although that could sometimes change depending on their life choices. There were nine teams, corresponding with the nine circles of hell; if a guardian failed and their human used up their
‘soul points’ the human was left in that circle for eternity to suffer while the guardian was put in that fallen division to do little dirty jobs until they redeemed themselves, which was sometimes never.

Akaashi was part of the Sting team, which corresponded with the eighth circle, ‘Fraud’ because Bokuto was predicted to be a seducer, flatterer, liar and thief at different points in his life. He was part of the second largest squadron in Sting – the Atheist one since Bokuto was born in an orphanage and never believed in anything. In a way it was worse for him, because if he fucked up and used up his soul points he would have no god to plead with that could save him from eternal damnation. He only had Akaashi. The headquarters for Sting were fashioned to look like a large police station, completed with offices, cells and stacks of paperwork, where everything had a rigid order and all guardians were disciplined. Even so, everyone was kind. Being at the police station made Akaashi a little homesick.

Kenma was part of the Siberia team, corresponding with the first circle, ‘Limbo’. This one was where all the uncertain predicted babies were assigned, or those who would possible commit sins from different circles. Since Kenma’s human became a cop he was probably good and his ‘sins’ not big enough to actually put him in a more severe circle. The Limbo headquarters resembled the cheesiest imagination of heaven the most – white fluffy clouds where guardians lounged all day, bored out of their minds, waiting for an assignment, or visiting other teams.

The team of the second circle ‘Lust’ was Carnality. They were a wild bunch taking care of all prostitutes, strippers, those who slept around and just anyone who couldn’t control their desires. They themselves often shagged anything that moved; Akaashi had yet to meet someone from team Carnality but he heard stories of their crazy, uncontrollable personalities. Rumour has it their headquarters was a harem where they sneaked those fallen humans that were stuck in the lust circle sometimes to have their fun when they were bored.

The third circle of ‘Gluttony’ was ruled by team Zest. It was a very old fashioned circle that went after anyone who craved too much food and bodily pleasures. Hedonists, basically. Many of the Zest team members were appealing to have the team eliminated and the circle closed, probably because they didn’t like their headquarters, which was an ancient McDonalds that smelt of old oil and processed meat. The fourth circle was ‘Avarice and Prodigality’ a circle Akaashi never understood. This circle was pretty big so it was split into two teams – team Thrift, who guarded and punished the greedy from headquarters located in a bank and team Unthrift, who took care of those done for something Akaashi only ever heard referred to as ‘extravagance’. He hadn’t ever seen their headquarters but apparently it was a palace, lush and bedazzled.

Team Ire took care of the fifth circle, ‘Wrath’. This was a very serious circle as any murderer, rapist and criminal who acted out of wrath was immediately transferred there – their headquarters were just a large field with many creases and hollows where the punished were chained. The sixth circle was the smallest one – ‘Heresy’, lorded by team Schism. Here he small portion of those who committed crimes against or because of religion ended. Terrorists, priest paedophiles and whatnot. Their headquarters were located in, ironically, a church. Circle seven, ‘Violence’, was often mixed up with ‘Wrath’, which pissed off Team Clash to no end. While ‘Wrath’ took all those who sinned out of anger, ‘Violence’ took literally anyone else. Akaashi, too, often mixed the two up so he could not remember where Clash’s headquarters were. Then there was ‘Fraud’ and the final, ninth, circle – ‘Treachery’, ruled by team Bunco. They famously (and apparently) had Judas Iscariot there.

The whole idea of soul points was simple – each human was born with ten and the more serious crimes and acts that affected a larger amount of people took one soul point away. Massive crimes, such as murder and rape, took two and could not be regained. Even bigger crimes, such as slaughter of the family, murder with cruelty, mass murder, terrorism etc. took four points. If a human did something absolutely amazing and positive, like finding the cure for cancer, they could regain a point
at a time. If one ran out of soul points by the time of their death, they were sent to be punished in their circle. If someone had all soul points still intact they were offered the position of a guardian or arch angel. Everyone else still left with their soul points got to go where their belief directed them – Christians to heaven, Buddhists get reborn, Jews will be judged by the Mashiach and Atheists will live the same lives as they had on earth except they will be perfect and ultimately happy. Those who believe there is nothing after death will simply cease to exist.

But in the end, if you had any soul points left you should be okay. The thing was, Bokuto wasn’t even thirty and he only had two soul points left. Akaashi wasn’t worried about himself; he was worried about Bokuto’s soul. He was never going to get to fifty with all his soul points unless he went and became a charity worker or a monk or something (no chance of that). So Akaashi hovered by Bokuto as he sat in the plastic chair at the station and worried. Kenma swiped a hand across the air in Bokuto’s direction and frowned, “that’s not very many soul points.”

Akaashi repeated the gesture in Kenma’s direction. Information popped up above the cop’s head – Kuroo Tetsuro, Buddhist. ******* “that’s pretty impressive,” Akaashi said softly, swiping his hand backwards. The info disappeared just as Kuroo glanced up once more at Bokuto. The man glanced at his hand, bloody from wiping his nose, and with a bored face wiped it on the chair next to him, leaving a scarlet ribbon in his wake. Kuroo smirked.

“Hey,” he said in a dramatic whisper and Akaashi could feel trouble stirring, ‘‘you. Idiot with the bloody nose. Wanna get out of here?’’

Bokuto looked up.

“Oh no,’’ Kenma’s game clattered out of his hand and disappeared before it hit the floor. Akaashi swore as Bokuto grinned and stood. Kuroo unpinned his badge and tossed pocketed it, “he’d wanted to quit for ages but this…” the two men charged for the doors without a warning. Akaashi and Kenma shot through the air after them, going through the doors. The two bolted for Kuroo’s officer car, parked in front of the station and got in, giggling like teenagers. Akaashi and Kenma had no choice but to pile into the back, “stop. Please stop.” Kenma was whispering to himself but of course Kuroo couldn’t hear him. He turned the key in the ignition.

Without thinking, Akaashi grabbed Bokuto’s seatbelt and released it, letting the metal clam bump against Bokuto’s arm. Surprised, the man looked down and then on instinct pulled the belt across his chest. Seeing the precaution, Kuroo copied his movements. Akaashi held onto Bokuto’s headboard as, yelling wildly, the boys shot down the empty street, windows rolled down. It was dark. There were no lanterns. Kuroo turned on the flasher and the night was filled with an unbearably loud howl that mixed with the wild screams of the two. Akaashi glanced at Kenma, who looked mildly distressed. He suspected inside he was shaking with panic and fear for his human. Fearfully Akaashi swiped his hand across both humans.

Kuroo Tetsuro: *******

Bokuto Koutaro: **

He swiped his hand again, relieved. At least the theft of a cop car wasn’t worse than other thefts Bokuto had committed, so his two soul points were still intact. But Kenma gasped and Akaashi realised that Kuroo now had seven soul points, not eight. Kenma groaned and pressed his forehead to Kuroo’s head board, as if he was silently praying. Kuroo clicked the flashers off and grinned at Bokuto, not concentrating on the road.

“I’m Kuroo. What’s your name?”
“Bokuto. Nice car, dude.’’

“Thanks. What did you do to get a bloody nose?’’

“Oh, you know, just completely obliterated some idiot-’’

Akaashi didn’t have time to scream as suddenly they hit something. Not too hard – the person didn’t go flying. Kuroo braked hard, his eyes suddenly wide. There was no trace of the previous wild excitement, “…was that…”

“Shit, drive,’’ Bokuto said on impulse.

“Idiot, check if they’re okay!” Akaashi yelled, slamming his fist against the back of the chair. There was no indentation – guardian angels could only interfere when it was to directly help their humans; Akaashi couldn’t knock some sense into Bokuto, no matter how much he wanted to.

“We need to check…” Kuroo was shaking but he didn’t seem convinced. He looked like he was about to throw open the doors and run away.

“Just drive, idiot!’’ Bokuto yelled at him, his panic peaking. He slammed his hand into Kuroo’s knee and the car jolted forward at top speed.

“Dumbass, hold up!’’ Kuroo shoved him away and fought to control the car.

“I’ll guard them. Go.’’ Kenma said to Akaashi. He looked shaken up. Akaashi flew out of the car and back where they came from. There was a girl on the floor, her dark hair black against the silvery asphalt, shining in the moonlight. She was groaning softly, stirring; she was unconscious and her leg was bent a little. Above her hovered a boy with grey hair, his hands fluttering nervously. Her guardian. He whirled around, his eyes wide and spotted Akaashi.

“What the hell!?’’ he demanded, lost between going to Akaashi and staying with his human, “…you just hit Shimizu out of nowhere! What is wrong with you!? And you didn’t even stop…she could have died…’’

“Calm down,’’ Akaashi said, keeping his voice collected, “…what’s your name?’’

“Suga,’’ he said, reigning in his anger.

“Okay, Suga. Her leg is broken, that’s all. Grab her phone and call an ambulance.’’

Suga snapped out of his nervous panic and flung his hand into the pocket of her hoodie, yanking out a phone and dialling the ambulance. He couldn’t say anything – technically he wasn’t of this world so humans couldn’t see or hear him, but he clattered the phone to the floor next to Shimizu’s face. She groaned again softly and thankfully the operator heard it. She said something about getting her coordinates, help being on its way…

“I’m really sorry about this,’’ Akaashi said, feeling his skin prickle. He needed to get back to Bokuto before he did something stupid, “…really…” he couldn’t stop himself anymore. He flung himself in the air and sped after the car, leaving Suga and Shimizu behind him.

He caught up with Kuroo and Bokuto twenty minutes later. They had taken a different road and Akaashi had to backtrack. Bokuto and Kuroo were talking feverishly while Kenma fluttered nearby, “…just leave the car here. And let’s go, I’m…I…” Bokuto’s hands were shaking. Akaashi didn’t remember his hands ever shaking, not even when he got sent to Juvie.
Kuroo was nodding along to what Bokuto was saying but he didn’t seem to be able to concentrate on his words, “yes…I’ll…I’ll…god, I’m so stupid…” In the end they decided to ditch the car. Kuroo promised that if he got found – it was his car after all – he wouldn’t betray Bokuto. They parted ways.

“Keep them away from each other. They’re trouble,” Kenma said, walking after Kuroo. Akaashi nodded. As soon as Kuroo was out of view, Bokuto slid to his knees. He was shaking even worse now, the reality of what he had done hitting him hard. Akaashi reached out, his hand ghosting over the top of his head.

“What am I going to do with you?” he said softly and then stopped. Slowly, he moved his hand across Bokuto’s face.

Bokuto Koutaro: *

Akaashi inhaled sharply, “you idiot…you idiot…” he whispered, feeling the strong urge to pummel him with his fists, “you should have stopped! What is wrong with you!? Do you want to go to hell!? Why do you have to make it so difficult!? You’re so stupid, I can’t believe you…I can’t…” Bokuto got up, unable to hear his guardian. Akaashi shut up and shook his head. Slowly he followed Bokuto down a random path, making sure they walked in the right direction of home. After about an hour of walking it happened. Bokuto was cold and shivering but he prowled on stubbornly when suddenly he stopped. He gave a little cough, cupping his hand across his face. There was a trickle of blood on it. Akaashi sighed; his nose was bleeding again.

But then Bokuto went into a coughing fit. He fell to his knees and with another cough a puddle of blood splattered across the ground. Akaashi’s eyes widened. He seemed rooted to the space, unable to think about what to do next. Bokuto cringed in pain, whining and rolled onto his side, curling into a ball on the grass. This way he was going to get hypothermia. Akaashi dug in his pocket, not caring if Bokuto felt it and yanked out his phone. He copied Suga’s method, dialling the ambulance and dropping the phone on the grass next to Bokuto’s face who conveniently started coughing again. As the operator confirmed his co-ordinates, Akaashi could only hope they were far away enough from he stole cop car that Bokuto would not be associated with the hit and run.

The ambulance arrived an agonizing half hour later. Bokuto lay in the grass, shaking, the entire time, a steady dribble of blood slipping down his chin. All Akaashi could do was kneel by him and pray that he would be okay. When he was finally hauled into the back of the ambulance, Akaashi knelt by the bed and nearly cried with relief. That night was one of the hardest in Akaashi’s life – worse than watching Bokuto fuck someone after a drunken night, worse than watching him destroy his system with cocaine mixed with wall paint, worse than watching him get beaten up because he couldn’t keep his mouth shut…that night in the hospital all Akaashi could do was watch Bokuto, with a mask on his face, an IV drip in his arm and hope he would not die. He fidgeted with his hands all night, watching doctors and nurses come in, take blood, check pressure and inject drugs into the drip.

In the morning Bokuto awoke. Akaashi was perched on the metal edge of his bed as he sat up, hesitantly taking his mask off. A blond doctor came in a few minutes later. A man vaguely similar to him, with his hair a few shades darker, trailed after him. At first Akaashi thought it was another doctor but then the man glanced at Akaashi and smiled, unsurprised.

“Hello. I’m Tsukishima Akiteru.”

“Hello, my name is Doctor Tsukishima Kei,” the doctor said almost immediately after Akiteru and Akaashi realised that the two must be brothers – and that Akiteru must be dead, “want to tell me what you were doing out in the forest in the middle of the night yesterday?”
“No,” Bokuto said. His voice was hoarse from all the coughing, “why am I here?”

“Well,” Tsukishima’s voice was very emotionless, even though he was a doctor, “I have some bad news. Some very bad news. I probably shouldn’t be the one telling you since I’m bad with things like this, but the whole ward is pretty busy today.” The young doctor flipped through his clipboard.

“Well, whatever it is, at least I’m not dying,” Bokuto laughed and then coughed violently.

“Actually, you are,” Tsukishima deadpanned. Akaashi’s world came to a violent stop. He forgot to breathe, stumbling back. Akiteru glanced at him worriedly. Bokuto, surprisingly, didn’t react. Maybe he was in shock, ‘we ran some tests last night. We sadly must inform you that the disease has spread to a stage where we are unable to surgically cure you. Of course this is only speculation, and we will have to run a positron emission tomography to be sure. If poor respiratory reserve is revealed, it will simply be impossible to perform a surgery. Of course, there is still a chance that we may be able to remove the lobe of the lung or a smaller sublobar excision to remove the cancer. If you are ineligible for surgery, we will perform chemotherapy and radiotherapy. We could also-’”

“Shut up,” Bokuto snapped suddenly, “I don’t have money for that shit. And I can’t pay the fucking hospital fee either so just tell me if I’m dying or not so I can at least go in my own fucking bed.”

“Please calm down.”

“Like hell I’m gonna calm down!” Bokuto yelled and Akiteru winced while Tsukishima remained stone faced, ‘you just told me I’m gonna fucking die!’

“We must check it fir-’”

“Then check it!”

Eventually, after many hours of arguing, planning and people coming in and out of Bokuto’s hospital room he was taken to the Tomography room where he was placed on a thing surface that slid him into a capsule. Akaashi could barely watch, barely hear what the doctors were saying. All he could think about was that Bokuto was dying and he had failed his job. A horrible hole swirled in his heart. Akaashi was numb for the next few days, even when doctor Tsukishima broke the news.

“It is estimated you have two months of life left,” he had the sense to look a little sympathetic, “we could offer you care, painkillers and-’”

“That’s fine,” Bokuto’s voice was hollow, “I’d rather die at home.”

Tsukishima nodded and that was that. Akaashi trailed after Bokuto, rolling the thoughts over and over in his head as they got home. Bokuto didn’t cry. He didn’t do much of anything, which chilled Akaashi. Bokuto was loud, boisterous and outgoing – he was never, ever quiet and…empty. Now more than ever Akaashi wished he could comfort him.

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The doorbell rang. Bokuto trailed to it in his PJs, his eyes dropping. He was tired.

It had been a month since the doctor broke the news and Bokuto was somehow holding out. Fatigue had overtaken his daily routine – he dropped his job and social life. Nowadays after one or two functions he was too tired to do anything for an hour or two. He’d take a shower and then collapse on the bed. He’d make himself tea, turn on the TV and be too tired to move for hours, the cup growing cold in his hand. He slept a lot and when he didn’t sleep he stared at the walls or tried to
read books – he was never much of a reader, though. Akaashi was with him at all times, sitting by
him, watching over him, stroking his hands and hair even though he could not feel it.

A lot of the time Bokuto couldn’t sleep. He was in pain, something he didn’t admit to even himself. It was hard to breathe more often than not and he coughed every five minutes. He couldn’t concentrate and eat properly, so he lost a lot of weight. His ribs were showing. Bokuto looked at himself once in the mirror, shirtless, and then took the mirror down. He knew he should be in the hospital with morphine pumping through his veins, but he didn’t want to. One time he woke up in the middle of the night unable to move because of the pain. After it died down he went to the kitchen, took out a knife and stared at his wrists for a long while. He wanted to go out on his own terms but he was scared. That was the first time Akaashi broke down and cried, cradling his head in his arms against Bokuto’s thighs.

When Bokuto could eat, he ate little and his appetite changed often. Sometimes he crave large portions, which relieved Akaashi up to the point where he couldn’t eat more than a few mouthfuls and most of the food landed in the bin. Sometimes he only ate one yoghurt all day and sometimes he forgot to eat altogether, so Akaashi had to leave food out on the counter of the tiny apartment so Bokuto would find it easily. Often Bokuto wheezed and blacked out from not breathing properly and each time Akaashi was scared he wouldn’t wake up, but he always did. He never looked happy when he opened his eyes.

When the bell rang, Akaashi perked up. Maybe someone came to visit Bokuto? It would do him good – he was practically a skeleton now, his eyes set against dark purple shadows, his lips chapped, his hands pale and shaking and veiny. He hobbled over to the doors at a horribly slow pace and slowly opened them. Kuroo stood on the doorway, Kenma behind him on his console. Akaashi blinked in surprise and so did Bokuto. Kuroo’s eyes widened, “you look like shit.”

“How did you find me?” Bokuto didn’t sound like himself.

“I had the database before they took my badge. Thankfully I got off without a prison sentence. And about that incident, they never…” he shrugged, “can I come in? Are you okay?”

“No. I’ve got lung cancer and I’m suppose to die next month.”

Bokuto and Kuroo talked for ages and Akaashi was glad for it. Bokuto had been unbearably lonely these past few months. Kenma and Akaashi spoke, too. Quietly, with long pauses. Kuroo dragged Bokuto out into the fresh air, and he actually got him to play some volleyball. For the first time in weeks Bokuto looked…alive. Only for a little while, though, because soon he couldn’t catch his breath and Kuroo brought him back inside. Bokuto could barely stand. Kuroo set him down on the bed and remained hovering over him, “hey…” he said and Bokuto’s eyes focused on him. His breathing was ragged. Akaashi hovered in the doorway, anxious. Kuroo touched Bokuto’s cheek, “you don’t have to be alone in this. I won’t let you die alone.” Bokuto reached up to press his hand to Kuroo’s and Akaashi felt a painful pang in his chest. He looked away.

A second later he heard kissing noises, soft and sweet and…and Akaashi realised that for a while he wished Bokuto would kiss him like that. He turned to give the two some privacy; Bokuto deserved it, “I can’t…” Akaashi stopped and turned. Bokuto had pushed Kuroo backwards gently, “sorry. I just…can’t. It doesn’t feel right.” and Kuroo nodded, ruffling his hair and crawled off him.

“I’ll make you something to eat.” When Kuroo left the room, he exhaled, relieved. Then he felt guilty. Kuroo left in the evening; he was going to a job interview out of town for a few days but he was definitely coming back after that and he was going to be there with Bokuto until the end. When he and Kenma left, the house became so quiet Akaashi almost wished they would come back.
The next few days were hard. Bokuto got worse and worse to the point where he didn’t really get out of bed much. Akaashi sat by him, listening to his ragged breathing at night, wondering which would be his last. A month and a half after the diagnosis Bokuto broke down. He woke up one night and burst into tears. Akaashi cried, too. He wanted to hold his hand, at least, because they both knew this night would be Bokuto’s last. He knew what Bokuto felt – he couldn’t remember what his last meal was, what was the last thing he said to someone…he had no family to say goodbye to, he was all alone.

“I don’t want to die…” Bokuto whimpered, shaking, tears dripping down his face as he curled into a ball. He was in pain; Akaashi could tell from the way his whole body was tense, “I don’t…want to…” he was sobbing uncontrollably, body quivering in the dark, “I’m scared… I’m scared, I don’t want to die, I want to get a proper job and get married and go travelling and…and… I don’t want to die alone…” he whispered as if he hoped someone would hear. Akaashi heard and his heart broke. Without thinking about it, he wrapped his arms around Bokuto.

“Shhhh….shhh, I’m here…” he whispered against his hair.

Bokuto stopped crying. Just like that. His body loosened up, his breathing evened out. He looked around and then he smiled lightly. He didn’t look at Akaashi; he couldn’t see him. But, somehow, he knew he wasn’t by himself. With a last surge of strength he reached for his phone and picked Kuroo’s number. He wrote a text, slowly and shakily.

Don’t worry. I’m not alone.

The phone slipped out of his hand and hit the floor. Akaashi’s whole form shimmered. Bokuto slid down the bed, not feeling pain, not feeling alone. He slumped into the covers and Akaashi pulled the blankets on top of him. His arm was see-through as he lay down next to Bokuto and wrapped an arm around him, snuggling into his back. As Bokuto died, Akaashi faded out of existence but when he drew his last breath Akaashi was with him. Bokuto didn’t die alone.

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It was strange to be back in headquarters after so many years guarding Bokuto. To an immortal angel like Akaashi it wasn’t that long – like an extended vacation, maybe. Team Sting was lazing about, as always. Hanamaki was asleep on his desk, as always, while Tanaka and Noya chased each other around. Tendou was still guarding – forty years now, Akaashi believed. From what he knew, Hanamaki just returned from an assignment but Tanaka and Noya still hadn’t gotten an assignment, as far as Akaashi was concerned. He didn’t know what happened after his human died; Bokuto had been his first assignment. But he was sure he was his last. There was a gaping hole in his heart and a burning need to find Bokuto, so after a quick greeting from Team Sting he found his boss – Ukai was in his office, smoking a cigarette and looking through paper work.

“I’m resigning,” Akaashi said.

“I thought you might. You get attached way too easily,” Ukai didn’t seem surprised. He laughed, smoke billowing from his mouth.

Akaashi stared at him hard, “I want to be with Bokuto. Wherever he went… he only had one soul point left but he’s definitely not going to hell. So…I want to settle with him somewhere.”

“You know you can’t come back if you settle with a human,” Ukai lectured, “and he might not want it. His family-”

“He has none,” Akaashi said, “and I’m in love with him.”
Ukai shrugged like it wasn’t a big deal and stretched, ‘‘Bokuto Koutaro is settling into the Valley right now. You can go to him tomorrow.’’

Akaashi gave him one of his rare, grateful smiles. He took his guardian badge, which he rarely wore anyway, and placed it on Ukai’s desk. Then he left Team Sting and his career as a guardian angel forever.

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It was weird but it was as if Bokuto was waiting for him.

The Valley was beautiful and endless, stuck in eternal spring. Many guardians and humans settled here but to any one person the Valley was empty, save for their cottage – here they waited for family, friends and their loved ones, building their lives anew in this perfect atmosphere. The sky was bright, the warm sunshine illuminating the cottage in the distance. The hike was good for Akaashi. He was a little out of breath by the time he reached the cottage, but it was a good fatigue. He hesitantly walked through the waist-high red fence – the cottage looked like something out of a colouring book.

Bokuto was sitting on the front porch. It was as if he had never been sick – his hair was sticking up again, not falling limply against his temples. He was muscular and his skin was tan once more – not skin and bones anymore. There was a healthy glow to his skin and his eyes shone. He wore brown trousers and a white shirt, rolled up at the elbows. He was barefoot. And when he saw Akaashi he didn’t look surprised, ‘‘so it was you,’’ he said simply, grinning at Akaashi. The guardian – ex guardian – stopped where he stood on the round-pebble pavement leading to the front porch. Bokuto laughed, ‘‘what are you being shy for? We’ve been together since I was born. You don’t need to act like I’m a stranger, Akaashi’’ he tilted his head when Akaashi still didn’t move, too stunned, ‘‘they told me everything. Filled me in on all your policies – the soul points and guardian angels and stuff – and they showed me you and…kind of…replayed my life, I guess? In fast motion but you were there this time. It was quite funny to see my stupid mistakes that could have gotten me hurt and you, running around after me and moving things out of the way so I wouldn’t get hurt.’’

‘‘It kind of made me realise why I never craved a stable relationship with anyone I knew and why it felt wrong to kiss Kuroo; because you were there with me since forever and I wanted you to be there after, too. And…when I was dying. When I had my meltdown or whatever, you hugged me. I felt that, you know. I was so scared and in pain one second and in the next I just felt like someone was protecting me. You were. My whole life. And I felt like I could die in peace, you know? So…thank you for that. And for everything else. And I hope you still want to hang about,’’ he gave him a grin and extended his hand, ‘‘I can’t really deal without you.’’

Akaashi’s feet moved on their own. He walked to Bokuto and slipped his hand into his. It was warm and solid. Bokuto was solid and real and for the first time he was touching him back. Bokuto yanked him forward and they curled together on the porch, hugging each other tightly as if they were never going to let go. Bokuto stroked his fingers through Akaashi’s hair and down his back. Akaashi grasped onto his neck tightly and pressed kisses to his cheeks. They were laughing and Akaashi might have cried a little, despite himself. There was no awkwardness, no hesitation. Akaashi had known Bokuto from the beginning but now it was as if Bokuto knew him from the start, too. Akaashi was happy.

Bokuto whispered quiet ‘‘I love you’’ into Akaashi’s hair, against his ear, brushing his lips against his as he spoke and for once Akaashi felt like it was Bokuto who was protecting him. When the sun set and the sky turned pink, they stood up. Hand in hand they walked into their new home.
Hinata squinted in the bright morning light. He was sore from the previous night’s activities but he was happy, like always when he got to spend the night and a large portion of the next morning with his boyfriend. Tanaka walked out of the bathroom and stretched, yawning. He might have brushed his teeth and taken a quick shower but Hinata could bet a hundred bucks that he’d take a quick nap before breakfast, “morning,” his boyfriend mumbled and plumped onto the bed. Hinata settled the covers around him and kissed his head.

“Morning,” he said and Tanaka smiled. He padded to the bathroom and hopped into the shower, sponging himself down. Whilst he was brushing his teeth and running his hands through his hair he wondered what he and Tanaka could do. It was Sunday so there was no practice and no school. Since Hinata felt like having a cheeky lie-in with Tanaka he went back into the bedroom and threw himself down next to his boyfriend. Tanaka didn’t stir. He had his back to Hinata and was breathing evenly; sometimes the speed in which he fell asleep amazed Hinata, “senpai~” he called. If Tanaka had been pretending to be asleep he would have reacted, but he didn’t even move, “do you want the meat jacket? I will give you the meat jacket,” Hinata warned but Tanaka slept on. Hinata grinned and wrapped his arms around the taller boy from behind before latching himself onto him and squeezing with all his might.

Tanaka was jolted awake with a yelp, “are you trying to get my insides to come out of my nose?” he asked tightly, trying to wiggle out of Hinata’s grip.

“I can’t believe you fell asleep!” Hinata laughed and then it was his turn to yelp when Tanaka was set free. He grabbed Hinata’s arm and twisted him around, pressing him against his chest and wrapping his arms around his small form.

“Should I take my revenge?” he asked teasingly as Hinata struggled, giggling, “hmmm, or should I be a good senpai~?”

“You’ll break me in half!” Hinata laughed, finally settling in Tanaka’s arms.

“It’s not my fault you’re so tiny,” Tanaka said affectionately. He nuzzled his nose into Hinata’s shower-damp hair and inhaled, “mmm, you smell nice.”

“It’s your shampoo,” Hinata’s voice was quieter now, more content.

Tanaka chuckled and rolled over, lying on his back and pulling Hinata against his side. Hinata settled his head on Tanaka’s shoulder, draping an arm around his middle. He glanced down at Hinata, “hey, can I tell you something?”

“What?”
“I love you,” Tanaka grinned.

Hinata propped himself on his fist and looked at him intensely. “Oh my god, really? I had no idea.”

Tanaka rolled his eyes and grinned, pinching Hinata’s nose, “that’s not how you talk to your senpai,” then he leaned over and pressed a light kiss to the tip of Hinata’s nose before plopping back down again. Giddy, Hinata returned to his previous position, humming happily. His hand found Tanaka’s arm, draped over his own stomach. His fingers begun tracing little patterns into Tanaka’s tan arm, caressing his skin. Hinata went up and down in a steady rhythm, enjoying the feel of Tanaka’s warm skin against his fingertips.

“I love you, too,” he murmured.

He could almost see Tanaka smile. The arm that held him tightly against Tanaka’s side loosened as he begun lightly scratching Hinata’s back up and down. Hinata shivered in pleasure and hummed again. Tanaka was a good lover, despite his loud and boisterous personality. And he was a surprisingly caring boyfriend – he always made sure Hinata had eaten lunch, drank water after practice and texted him if he got home safe if he didn’t take him himself. After sex he always took care of Hinata first, murmuring praise and peppering his body with loving kisses that made Hinata’s heart ache. And when they were just hanging out Tanaka always made Hinata food (he was a really good cook), gave him the best pillow and let him pick a movie. In many ways, Hinata was pampered and he enjoyed it. He knew Tanaka liked having someone to take care of, to call his.

Hinata’s hand slid down his arm one last time and found his fingers, playing with them against his chest. They were about as calloused as Hinata’s, longer, too. One of Hinata’s favourite things about Tanaka was his strength – not just his stamina, which was useful during games and their night time activities, but his mental strength, too. He was a good listener and he somehow always solved all of Hinata’s problems, be it by studying with him or simply giving him a hug. But then again there was an endless list of things Hinata liked about Tanaka – his sense of humour, his height, his eyes, his smile, his sense of righteousness, the way he was hard working and caring, how he could be super sweet just to Hinata, making him feel special…

Tanaka took control of Hinata’s hand, raising it to his lips to give him a light kiss. Hinata flushed and snuggled into Tanaka’s chest – even after nearly six months of dating Hinata still got shy sometimes. Tanaka’s mouth lingered against the back of his hand, moving to press light kisses to each finger in turn and another to his wrist. Tanaka’s other hand trailed up Hinata’s back and found his hair, playing with it, tugging gently. In many aspects Hinata was like a cat – caresses like that got him in a blissful state. He knew for a fact Tanaka’s favourite thing about his appearance was his fiery height. Or wait, maybe it was the fact that Hinata was so tiny… or his hands; Tanaka definitely seemed to like those. Or his hips or his lips or… Hinata smiled. It was nice to be loved.

“You’re really pretty, you know that?” Tanaka whispered against Hinata’s hair, kissing his forehead softly.

“I really, really love you, Ryu,” Hinata whispered. Sometimes he was worried Tanaka wouldn’t understand the depth and magnitude of the feeling Hinata bore for him – it exceeded love at this point. But another delicate kiss to his forehead reassured Hinata that Tanaka knew and shared that feeling. Hinata tugged on Tanaka’s waist until he turned on his side, one arm around Hinata’s waist. Hinata shuffled upwards so they were forehead to forehead, scanning each other’s eyes, stealing glances at lips and gently brushing each other’s bodies. Suddenly Tanaka dived down and stole a kiss from Hinata, who giggled.

“I like the sound of your laughter,” Tanaka said and before Hinata could react his hands were at his hands, tickling his mercilessly till Hinata was a laughing mess and Tanaka was able to steal as many
kisses as he wanted.

“Stop…stop! Please, ha ha ha, oh my god…Ryu! Ha ha, stop it!” Hinata was nearly crying by the
time Tanaka relented. He shoved a quick hand up Hinata’s shirt, up his spine and Hinata’s laughter
died down in an instant.

“Fine, I’ll stop,” Tanaka murmured against his ear, biting lightly on the ear lobe. Hinata shivered,
“but I want something in return.”

Hinata gasped softly when Tanaka’s hand slid down to cup his ass, his lips moving to kiss down his
throat. Let’s just say their Sunday lie-in was not a lie-in in the least.
Best Friends With the Thing That's Killing Me

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Noya (top) x Hinata (bottom)
Prompt by: CrazySanity
Prompt: Noya has always been obsessed with Hinata but could never confess, not knowing the other feels the same. Then, one day after practice, he finally musters his courage.

Noya was obsessed. It was obsession – there was no other word for it. How else could you explain pining for your best friend, feeling desire roar through your veins every time you look at him, getting dizzy and unsteady on your own feet at the smallest gesture or word from him, following him and his every move during practice, instead of chasing the ball…it was wearing Noya down. At night he thought of wild scenarios – Hinata tucked under him, whispering his name, not his surname, quietly, holding his hand on the way home from practice, tucking his flame hair behind his ear and reminding him to cut it, doing homework together, practicing receiving and blocking, sleeping next to each other, waking up with a sweet kiss…

Noya grudgingly trailed his eyes after Hinata who was a little ball of energy, bouncing around the gym as always. Even as Noya tried to knock the thought out of his head it came – every part of Hinata is perfect. And for Noya it was true; he loved everything about his Kouhai. His height, even though Noya was an inch shorter. Noya never liked girl taller than him simply because it was impractical to look up all the time and the smaller ones required him bending down all the time. But Hinata was just right. What else…? His unruly ginger hair. It was rare to see someone with natural hair like that – it reminded Noya of carrots. He loved carrots. And his big, brown eyes…they were darker than Suga’s, warmer somehow, open, inviting. They were the thing that hooked Noya in at first glance. His build; small, thin, perfect to wrap your arms around. The way he personalised his uniform was cute too – Noya liked to tug on the strings of his beige sweatshirt peeking from under his collar.

Noya loved his personality, too. The way he was so loud was perfect – Noya never felt stupid about his excited outbursts or loud yells around Hinata, because the ginger boy often followed with his own wild war-cry. His excitement was contagious and his determination to become the ace pushed Noya to improve. The way he made friends easily was admirable, too – Kenma was way too quiet and Aone way too scary for Noya to ever try it, but Hinata did it effortlessly. On the other hand, Hinata also got scared a lot which was adorable. Noya liked to think that he could be the dependable, protective boyfriend when Hinata got scared. Noya loved him for everything, really. For the smallest ways – the way he couldn’t catch a ball with one hand and always tried to when he had a free moment during practice, for the way he hadn’t ever scored a double-digit on a high school test but didn’t let it get to him… not being able to be with Hinata was killing him. His best friend was killing him and he didn’t even know it.

Daichi clapped his hands, knocking Noya out of his trance. He peeled his eyes away from the decoy as Daichi spoke, “that’s it for today. Grab the mops and-”

“Actually,” Hinata put his hand in the air. He was breathing hard from the series of tosses Kageyama set him, but he was still pumped up, “I’d like to stay behind and practice some more, if
that’s okay. I’ll clean up and lock up.” Daichi grinned. He liked how hard Hinata was training; it
gave the whole team hope. As the Karasuno team begun dispersing, chatting as they walked, Hinata
turned to Kageyama, “will you toss for me some more?”

Kageyama put his hand up, “sorry, but I’ve got a relative visiting. Next time.” He jogged off and
Noya didn’t waste his chance. He threw an arm around Hinata’s shoulders, keeping his face in an
easy grin despite the fact that the contact sent an electric current raging down his veins.

“Don’t worry, Shoyo!” he said, “I’ll save you!” Hinata laughed and thanked him but he didn’t
meet his eyes and slipped out of his grip fairly quickly – something that didn’t go unnoticed. Noya
frowned. Was Hinata angry at him? Did he maybe not want to practice with him? Or…had he
somehow found out Noya’s feelings and now was grossed out? Tanaka called a quick goodbye and
the doors to the gym slammed shut, sealing his fate. Well, if Hinata did find him creepy Noya had to
do his best to act normal so he would let it go. He picked up a ball, twirled it easily and took his
place opposite Hinata at a fair distance, “I’m no setter, but we can practice your blocks.”

Hinata grinned, setting his feet evenly apart, “bring it!” Noya exhaled; at least Hinata was back to
normal. Trying not to concentrate on his legs, Noya threw the ball in the air and spiked it into the
corner. Hinata easily anticipated it and Noya caught the ball as it flew back in his direction. Noya’s
next serve flew in a wide arc and hit the opposite wall, completely missing Hinata. Even so, the
ginger whistled, “impressive. I bet I could have blocked that!”

Noya grinned, readying the next ball, “well, try blocking this!” Hinata smirked, readying his hands.
Noya got distracted by the gesture and as he hit the ball, he lost all concentration. It flopped
pathetically at Hinata’s feet.

Hinata frowned, “was that on purpose…or?” he glanced at Noya, “are you okay?”

Noya laughed but even to him it sounded unnatural, “of course, just a bit out of it. Here, the next one
will be fine,” but the next one went askew also, hitting an out. Noya swore. Hinata picked up the
ball cautiously.

“Maybe it’s enough for today…”

“No! I promised I’d help you practice so…” Noya couldn’t believe how bitter he sounded as he
picked up the next ball, “so let’s practice.”

He finally got a decent hit in but Hinata deflected it easily, “is it a girl?” he asked, taking up his
stance. Once more he wasn’t looking at Noya. The libero hesitated. Should he just say it was a girl,
let Hinata relax?

“It’s…someone I like,” Noya picked up another ball.

“Oh,” Hinata stopped talking, blocking the ball. Noya hoped the conversation was over but Hinata
spoke up again, “do I know her?”

“Yeah,” Noya threw the ball again and this time, despite being relatively easy to block, Hinata
missed it.

“Is it Kiyoko-san?” Hinata made no move to get the ball so Noya dug one out of the trolley.

“No,” Noya gritted his teeth and threw it towards Hinata. It’s you, dumbass.

“Yachi-san, then?” Hinata missed this one too and before he could recover, Noya grabbed another
ball and sent it flying, cursing his own cowardice. This was the perfect chance to tell him but he
couldn’t bring himself to do it.

“‘No, not Yachi,’” the ball caught Hinata’s hand, making it fly. Hinata didn’t say anything and Noya was already throwing a ball in the air.

“‘Can’t you just tell me? Maybe Saeko-san, she’s very pretty…and you know her well,’” Hinata blocked that ball and by the time he straightened Noya had another one in the air. He hit this one with more force than necessary and it nearly made Hinata topple over, “‘or maybe, I don’t know, a female teacher?’”

“‘What’s with all these questions?’” Noya asked through gritted teeth, throwing another ball. Hinata didn’t hear him or chose not to.

“‘Or maybe a girl from your year or-‘”

“‘Why does it have to be a girl?’” Noya exploded. He was mechanically tossing balls towards Hinata, his force increasing with each hit, “‘why can’t it be a guy? Maybe it’s someone on our team and you’re being stupid, asking me all these questions – you shouldn’t talk to your senpai like this and sound so accusing. I can like whoever I want and you can’t call it creepy or weird or-‘” Hinata was opening his mouth to protest but Noya was on the roll, “‘and, hell, it’s none of your business! Honestly, you can’t judge me. I’m an awesome libero and that’s all you should be concerned with. I could like girl or boys or no one at all and-‘” as his fury – for himself – rose, his spiking strength reached its peak. A ball sailed straight for Hinata and hit him square in the face, toppling him over. Immediately all anger went out of Noya.

“‘Shoyo!’” he fell to his knees by his friend who was already sitting up, groaning. His nose wasn’t broken but it was spurting blood and his eyes were watering, “‘shit, I’m so sorry. I don’t know what got into me…’” he pulled the sleeve of his sports jumper over his wrist and dabbed at Hinata’s nose gently. He winced all the same, “‘I shouldn’t have hit it so hard, I’m sorry…” a tear rolled down his cheek and Noya wiped it with his clean sleeve, “‘that must have hurt like hell, I’m-‘” he cut off and his eyes widened as another tear slipped down Hinata’s cheek. And another, “‘Shoyo…why are you crying?’”

“‘Do you hate me?’” Hinata’s voice was wobbling. He grabbed the hem of Noya’s jumper as if he could keep him there.

“‘What!?! Of course not!’”

“‘Cuz…” Hinata sniffed, fat tears rolling down his chin. Noya couldn’t keep up with wiping them away, “‘you sounded like you did. Do you think I’m just a brat? Do you not like me? Please tell me if you don’t,” he sniffed again, “‘I’d rather know than…than be like…this.’”

“‘Like what?’” Noya was kicking himself mentally but on the exterior he was calm, caring. When Hinata didn’t reply he tilted his chin up, “‘Shoyo. Like what?’”

“‘Like this…” Hinata whispered, swung his legs over Noya’s knees, grabbed his jumper and pressed their lips together. It was a weak, terrified kiss but it lingered for a long time. Hinata pressed his lips against Noya’s in an extended peck, feeling their softness before pulling back violently. At least he wasn’t crying anymore.

In a moment of shock and unbelievable happiness, Noya found himself laughing, “‘well, good, cuz I’m ‘like this’ too.’”

Hinata’s eyes widened, “…seriously??”
“Yeah. Seriously.”

“Really?”

Noya grinned, pulling an arm around Hinata’s waist, “really.”

“Why did you say?” Hinata exclaimed.

“Why didn’t you?” Noya laughed. He didn’t think it was possible to be this happy.

“I thought you’d hate me,” Hinata said, disbelieving.

“I thought you’d think I’m creepy,” Noya said, his laughter dying away. He brushed a stray tear away from Hinata’s cheek, “I’ve been in love with you for ages.”

“Me, too,” Hinata said excitedly, his eyes sparkling. Then they just sat there, grinning at each other like two goofballs. Finally Noya’s gaze slid down Hinata’s body, finally so close to him and he reached to tuck a piece of his hair behind his ear.

“You need a haircut,” he said affectionately, connecting their lips once more. He could literally feel Hinata melt into his arms and from that point onwards he lost all control. There was no ‘going slow’. In the next instance Hinata was on the floor, Noya nestled comfortably between his legs. Their breathing sped up as Noya reached into Hinata’s pants. The whole thing lasted for hours. Noya marked every part of Hinata’s body and the blocker slid his hands over Noya’s in return, exploring every area. Soon the gym was filled with the smell and sound of sex and sweat-slick bodies rubbing against each other. The gym soon went dark as the sun set, the gym quiet expect for the whispered ‘I love you’, repeated over and over again in two voices.

Hinata never thought he’d lose his virginity on the dirty floor of the gym, but then again you never know what’s coming.
Incoming Call: Daichi

Suga smiled and picked up his ringing phone. He was in bed, snuggled under his covers in the PJs, waiting for his boyfriend to call. Maybe he was being a little co-dependent, but he needed Daichi to call so he could go to sleep. It was Karasuno’s captain that had started their routine – he called him every evening to say goodnight and every morning to wake him up so he wouldn’t be late to school. Suga liked it a lot because even though he saw his doting boyfriend in school, knowing that he took time specifically to call him made him really happy. He pressed the green receiver and pressed his phone to his ear, “how’s my favourite boyfriend?”

“I’m your only boyfriend,” Daichi’s laugh warmed him, even when it came through a phone, “how was your day?”

Suga sat up, “good,” he played with the covers on his knee, “I think practice went really well today. How was your day?”

“Yeah, mine was good too. What do you mean it went well!? Did you see Hinata and Kageyama?”

Suga laughed, “yeah, but at least it was funny.”

Daichi paused on the other end and when he spoke, his voice was soft, “I like your laugh.”

Suga blushed, “I like yours too,” his voice went quieter. They were still not really accustomed to the boyfriend thing, but they were getting there.

“Hey, Suga, are your lights on?”

“Hmm? Yeah, why?”

“Turn them off.”

Suga blinked, surprised, “okay,” he kept the receiver against his ear as he padded across the room and flipped the light switch off. His bedroom was flooded by inky darkness and Suga dived under his covers, settling down to continue talking to Daichi, ”why did you want them off?”

Daichi ignored his question, “what are you wearing right now?” his voice had gone low, predatorily and Suga shivered when he heard it.

“Um, my PJs,” he said, uncertain. He was flushing head to toe.

“What kind?”
“The standard stripy trousers…”

“And?”

“Um…” Suga blushed even harder, “a shirt…your shirt, to be specific.” Daichi had stayed over countless times and he’d left some clothes by accident. Suga never gave them back and now he was in one of his white shirts that was way too big for him. It was a standard boyfriend shirt, hanging past his thighs but it still smelled like Daichi. Suga had the collar turned up so his nose brushed against it, breathing in Daichi’s scent.

“Take off your trousers,” Daichi’s voice was nothing but a murmur, “so you’re just in my shirt.”

Suga slipped off his trousers and decided to be brave. Two could play this game, “are you imagining me in it?”

“Mmmh, just in it.”

Suga huffed a laugh. His stomach felt hot and he felt dangerously close to an erection, “I could… take some other things off.”

“Like what?” Daichi’s voice was so soft it felt like a caress.

“I don’t know…what do you want me to take off?”

“Everything else.”

“The only other thing I have on is boxers.”

“Then take them off.” Daichi’s voice was tight, strained. Suga shuffled out of his boxers, the hem of the shirt brushing his dick, teasing it into a half-erection, “and unbutton your shirt. But don’t take it off.” Suga took a little thrill from being ordered by Daichi. His fingers obediently slid over the buttons of the shirt, “are you doing it?”

“Yes,” Suga breathed. His voice turned small, each word almost like a moan, “I’m on the fourth now. Fifth. Second to last. Last… finished.” He hesitated but decided that fuck it, he might as well enjoy this – and make Daichi enjoy it too, “the shirt smells like you. I wish you were here…”

“God, you don’t wanna know what I’d do to you if I was there right now,” Daichi’s voice was a growl, thick with uncontrollable desire and adrenaline rushed through Suga’s veins at the knowledge that he caused it.

“I do, actually,” Suga whispered, shuffling further under the blankets, “tell me.”

“I would pin you underneath me and kiss your neck, leave marks so everyone would know who you belong to. No other guy at school would look at you again. You’re mine, Suga.” And Suga couldn’t help himself – he wrapped his free hand around his cock and slid his fingers up and down. He’d never gotten this hot and bothered from just masturbating but Daichi’s voice… “and then I’d kiss down, all the way to your thighs. I like those, you know? Your skin is so soft…”

“Daichi…” Suga was surprised when the quiet, high pitched moan slipped out of nowhere. He rubbed his thumb over the tip of his dick, spreading pre-cum down to the base to make it easier to slide his hand up and down.

Daichi paused and then his voice became soft again, like a lover’s caress, “are you touching yourself, Suga?”
Suga laughed, embarrassed, ‘’sorry. You’re pretty good at this.’’

‘’Don’t apologise. And don’t stop.’’ Daichi ordered.

Suga slid his hand down his thigh, imagining it was Daichi’s strong fingers touching him, till he got to his entrance. He slid an already lubricated finger into him an another quiet moan slipped out. Daichi’s breath was ragged on the other side of the phone and Suga knew he was touching himself too. Suga slowly moved his finger in and out but it wasn’t enough. Shakily he reached out and opened his bedside cupboard. He rummaged around blindly and finally found it – there, in the corner, was a vibrator the guys had gotten him as a gag gift for his eighteenth. He’d never used it before but now he needed something other than himself or he’d go crazy with need for Daichi.

‘’What are you doing, Suga?’’

‘’N-Nothing,’’ Suga lied, flushed and sweaty. He opened the box clumsily with one hand and took out the vibrator. It looked like an elongated egg, about the thickness of two fingers but a little shorter with a long string attached to a remote. It didn’t look like much but Suga was willing to experiment. He spread his legs under the covers and pushed the ball inside, hissing a little at the stretch. He pushed it as far as it would go, hoping it was enough, ‘’keep talking, Daichi. I want to hear you…’’ he whispered, finding the control remote and clutching it in his hand.

‘’Suga, did you put something in yourself?’’ Daichi’s voice was quiet and controlled and it pissed Suga off.

‘’Keep touching yourself,’’ he didn’t want to be the only one out of control.

‘’I will, if you answer my question.’’

Suga fingered the remote, biting his lip, ‘’that thing Noya and Tanaka got for me for my eighteenth birthday party…do you remember?’’

‘’You mean that vibrator?’’ Daichi said but his breath was coming out unevenly again.

‘’Y-Yeah…’’

‘’It’s fine. Turn it on, lowest setting. And imagine it’s me doing it.’’

Suga looked at the remote in the dark. There were five buttons for five settings of vibrations. He bit his lip again, reminding himself to keep his voice down so he wouldn’t wake his mom up. He clicked the bottom button and gasped when the vibrator jumped in his ass, going into gentle, almost massage-like vibrations. Even so his insides clenched down on it and he imagined it was Daichi putting it inside him. He shuddered and clasped the phone, trying to breathe evenly, ‘’I-it’s on…’’ he whispered.

‘’Does it feel good?’’ why was Daichi so goddamn calm?

‘’Mmmh…’’ Suga whined, ‘’let me turn it up.’’

‘’Not yet.’’

‘’Please…’’

‘’You’ll turn it up when I say you can,’’ Daichi said, deliciously dangerous and Suga felt the need to obey him. Quiet moans spilled out of him and he heard Daichi grunt, ‘’Suga, you can turn it up now. All the way.’’
Suga’s eyes widened, “wha…but I…”

“If I was there right now,” Daichi growled, “that’s what I would do. And then I’d fuck you so hard you’d see stars.” Suga couldn’t take it. He grabbed onto the remote, his hovering over the fifth button, “highest setting, Suga.”

Suga pressed the button and his ass exploded with pleasure. He clamped a hand over his mouth, dropping the remote which fell over the side of the bed and hung there, out of reach. Helpless moans spilled out, ”oh my God…Daichi…Mmmh, Daichi….ah, no…shit…ah…”

“Fuck, Suga…”

“I want you so much, Daichi…” Suga whispered, shaking and shivering as the vibrations pulsed through him. The vibrator tilted inside him, finding his G spot and Suga latched onto his nipple with his free hand, moaning even harder, “I need you right now. Daichi…ah, Daichi…Daichi…” Cum gushed out of the top of his dick, spilling all over his stomach, “I came…”

“Don’t take the vibrator out.”

Now Suga’s insides felt impossibly sensitive, the vibrator rubbing him raw. His dick ached, “n-no, I can’t…it’s too much…ah…”

“Don’t take it out.”

Despite Daichi’s orders, Suga blindly searched for the remote. He couldn’t stand up or even crawl towards it, and his fingers couldn’t navigate it. Still on the highest setting, the vibrator rubbed into him mercilessly, “I can’t…it’s still…ah…no…” Suga clutched the phone, flipping over. His dick was pressed against the mattress, his ass in the air. He wanted Daichi to be behind him, pounding into him, “it’s too much…I need to take it out…” Suga put his hand backwards and shoved his fingers inside him, ignoring the string attached to the vibrator. His walls clenched around his fingers.

He found the vibrator inside him, vibrating like crazy. It was slick and hard to grab with two fingers so Suga shoved in a third, moaning Daichi’s name. He grabbed the vibrator and yanked it out just as Daichi groaned and came on the other side of the line. It took Suga thirty seconds to get down from the high and then he realised what he had done. Panicking, he disconnected and grabbed the vibe, wiping it with the tissues by his bed, putting it back in the box and tossing it into the cupboard with no intention of ever using it again. He went into the bathroom and cleaned himself up. Then, finally he came back to his bed and dumped himself into the covers, bright red.

His phone rang – Daichi again. Cautiously he picked up.

“Hello? Suga, are you okay? You just hung up on me…” Suga didn’t know what to say, “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have…”

Suga laughed, embarrassed, “it’s okay. I did it myself.”

“That was really hot,” Daichi said but he was saying it in an almost shy way, like he didn’t want Suga to find him creepy.

“It was, you dominating perv,” Suga laughed, “don’t worry. It was fun. But I want the real thing tomorrow.”

“Okay,” Suga could hear Daichi smile. For all their dirty talk, they had only had sex a few times and it would be gentle and slow, as always. Suga was glad – he definitely wasn’t ready for this kind of intensity yet, “I love you, Koushi.”
“I love you, too, Dai.” Suga flushed when Daichi said his name, “thank you for calling. Goodnight.”

“Sleep tight. See you tomorrow,” this time Daichi hung up and Suga lay there with his phone cradled to his chest, under the covers in only Daichi’s shirt which, unfortunately, now just smelled like Suga.

Suddenly the doors opened and his mom walked in, groggy, “Koushi, can’t you talk with Daichi quieter? You woke me up.”

Oh.

Shit.
Chapter Summary

Pairing: Ushijima (top) x Suga (bottom)
Prompt by: Raventsurara
Prompt: creepy Angel Tendou visits a sick Suga, offering him a deal - a prolonged life if he makes someone happy.

The survival rate of people with pancreatic cancer was 1%.

But Suga didn’t give a shit.

You think you have it hard?

Think again.

Introducing;

Sugawara Koushi, popularly know to friends as ‘Suga’ except he doesn’t have any friends anymore. He’s the most bitter person you’ve met in your life, and he’s only twenty six years old. Blood type? Who cares. Nationality? Who gives a shit? Suga has a shitty life. Always had, always would, so perhaps it was a relief that he’d go out quickly.

Backtrack twenty six years – Suga is born prematurely and dies. He’s reanimated. He’s weak. He doesn’t have enough power in his lungs to cry so the nurses put him in the neonatal unit and his mom legged it. She was sixteen years old, a runaway and she had gotten pregnant by accident. Suga often wished she’d just have gotten an abortion.

Suga grew up in a foster family who took in kids for the money. They weren’t awful but they were definitely not warm, loving parents. The other kids picked on Suga because he was skinny and his hair was white and he got sick easily. They came and went but Suga always stayed because no one wanted a sickly child – he often daydreamed about becoming top dog, about welcoming new kids as the one who’s been around the longest, being their mentor. But he was too sick, he didn’t look powerful enough.

But Suga doesn’t give up. He goes to college and is sick every other week. He misses classes but pushes on. The teachers put him down. They don’t care; they’re tired and they don’t praise him when he tries hard. He almost drops out, twice, but he forces himself to keep going.

He falls in love.

Introducing;

Daichi Sawamura, athlete, heart throb and a total badass. He’s Suga’s first, best and only friend. He’s a good guy. Suga, who has never been shown kindness before, falls fast and hard. Daichi rejects him. Gently but it’s still a rejection and Suga doesn’t feel like living anymore because, hey, what is he even striving for?

Suga falls sick, majorly. He spends his college graduation in the hospital and when he comes out it
turns out Daichi left to study abroad without telling him.

And then to add to the mix, when Suga is twenty four years old he is diagnosed with pancreatic cancer. He’s told the odds and they’re not pretty; 93% of patients die within five years, 8% will survive those five years. Only 8%. 71% of patients will die within the first year. The average life expectancy is 3-6 months. But for once Suga is ‘lucky’. Within two years he’s still alive, still bothering the staff of the hospital.

Despite his sickliness, he’s a nice guy. He makes friends with nurses and doctors but finally now that he has acquaintances he doesn’t care. He wants to go. The beds are warm, he has a view of the city – he just wants to go.

No such luck.

Introducing – Tendou Satori.

Suga’s dramatic saviour.

What’s he all about?

Creepy smiles.

Red hair.

*Being dead.*

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“Are you seriously trying to kill yourself in a hospital?” Suga turned to find a red haired guy standing in the middle of the room. He didn’t hear the doors open. He has a creepy smile on his lips, “that’s a bit stupid, don’t you think?” Suga shrugged and put down the razor. He couldn’t very well kill himself in front of the stranger. Plus, now that he thought about it, he probably shouldn’t do it in his room. That would just mean the nurses would have a lot to clean up and he didn’t want to do that to those lovely nurses. The red haired guy sighed, “wow, you really want to die, don’t you? Aren’t you already dying?”

“Who are you?” Suga asked. He didn’t care.

“Tendou Satori,” the red head didn’t extend his hand for Suga to shake, just took a step towards him.

“Why are you in my ward?”

“I came to visit you.” The creepy smile widened. Suga tilted his head, confused. Tendou stopped in front of him and threw his arms around his neck, speaking cryptically, “you believe in God, Suga-san?”

“I…no…”

“Neither do I,” Tendou grinned.

Suga finally felt a spark of irritation. He grabbed Tendou’s arms and yanked them off him, “how do you know my name?”

“It’s on the doors.”
‘Go away, before I call the nurses.

Tendou grinned. And then a lot of things happened.

White exploded around Suga and he realised with a jolt that feathers were raining down around him. And then he realised they were coming from the massive wings that had erupted from Tendou’s back. And then he was flying, straight through the ceiling and up and up. He was screaming and the feathers were raining down around him. Blood rushed in his ears and his eyes watered from the speed. The world was a carousel of colours.

And then they landed on the roof of the hospital.

Suga fell to his knees, shaking as he stared out into the city stretched out in front of him. He could tell Tendou Satori was still next to him but he didn’t want to look at him. He didn’t want to see what he really was. He knelt there on his hands and knees, feeling nauseous. He was sick and getting him out of the warm confines of his room hadn’t been a good idea. Tendou sat down next to him, “pretty view, isn’t it,” Suga finally glanced at him. His mouth was curled in a cat-like smile, his eyes half-closed, content. He pulled one wing around Suga, shielding him from the wind, “listen, Suga-san, I have a deal for you~”

Suga looked out into the city, running his hands through his hair. He wanted to tell himself that Tendou wasn’t real but he was right there, his feathers brushing Suga’s arm, “what deal?”

“If you do something for me, I’ll prolong your life.”

Suga snorted and finally looked at him fully. Other than the wings, he looked completely normal, “why do you think I would want to prolong my life? You just saw me try and commit suicide,” he said quietly.

Tendou sighed, “well, jeez, I’ll make it happier then!” he blinked and then grinned, “yeah! Look, you do something for me and I’ll prolong your life and make it a happy one!”

Suga gave him a doubtful look but then remembered Tendou was an angel, “…what do you want me to do?”

“Easy! I need you to make someone happy!”

Suga sighed, “I can’t even make myself happy. Find someone else.”

“Nu-uh!” Tendou stood up, putting his fists on his hips, “listen, you. You’re so sad and depressed that I actually get down just looking at you. I help you, you help someone else…everyone wins!”

Suga narrowed his eyes, “you’re not telling me something. What’s in it for you?”

Tendou rolled his eyes, “long story short, I’m not allowed into heaven till I fulfil this ‘quest’. Got it?”

“Okay, but what do you mean happy? Like, I bet I could buy a lollipop for a kid and that would make them happy.”

“I mean happy-happy. Like, you need to find a person in a similar state to yours and make them happy,” Tendou grinned and clapped his back, “don’t worry, I’ll help you. Why don’t you check yourself out? We have a man hunt to go on!”

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Tendou seemed to know where he was going and Suga wondered if once upon a time he had lived here. This was his quest to get him into heaven so he couldn’t have died that long ago. He had gotten a hoodie out of nowhere and put a cap on his bright red hair. His wings were gone – he looked normal. Suga wore a cream sweater and jeans. It was early October, so it was still a little warm. They walked side by side down the high street. He found out pretty soon that no one else could see Tendou but somehow they naturally meandered around him so he didn’t get bumped into. When Suga walked next to Tendou he felt much better – not weak and faint like he usually did. It must have been his angelic power.

“Okay, how about we try this café?” Tendou stopped randomly on the corner. It was beginning to rain so Suga shrugged but Tendou didn’t walk in, “I can’t directly help you, so I’ll stay out here. My senses are telling me there’s someone there that could use your help. Off you go!”

“Will you wait here?”

“Nah, I have better things to do. I’ll find you, don’t worry,” the angel turned and disappeared in the throng of people. Suga hesitated but the rain suddenly slammed down so he shoved open the doors and walked in. It was more of a pub than a café. The walls were dark and covered in rich wallpaper while the floor was covered in thick carpet. There were antlers and vintage paintings of fishing villages on the walls and loads of fat, friendly men. Suga scanned the room but everyone seemed jolly and drunk, even the baristas and waitresses. He sighed. Maybe Tendou had been wrong. He made a beeline for the table in the corner, by the rain streaked window and practically toppled into one of the two plush armchairs around a small, wooden table. He sighed. His strength had given out. Since there was nothing here for him, he might as well get a drink.

“Excuse me,” Suga looked up and blinked. The other armchair was occupied by a large, broad shouldered man with short hair and a very serious expression. He had the type of features that would make him handsome if he smiled, but he looked like the brooding type. He also didn’t fit in with the merry company – he wore a pressed white shirt and a long black cloak, “…this table is taken.”

How had Suga not noticed him!? “Oh, I’m so sorry! I didn’t see you!” he laughed nervously. He had to stall because right then he couldn’t stand up, “um, I…” a waitress materialised out of nowhere like a blessing from heaven.

“Hi, what can I get you?” she asked, smiling.

“Actually…” the man started but Suga interrupted him.

“Hi! Can I get a beer please,” he said, overly cheerful and turned to the startled man, “do you want something?”

The guy scanned his face for a second before leaning back in his armchair, “make that two beers.”

“No problem. Just a moment,” the waitress smiled and walked off.

Suga turned to the man with a guilty smile, “I, uh…sorry. I can’t really get up right now.”

“Why? Is there something wrong with your legs?” the man had a very deep voice.

“Um, no…” Suga laughed, his nerves jittering, “I’m a bit sick, that’s all…”

Suga hoped the man would leave it at that but he just deadpanned, “what do you have?”

“…Cancer.” To hell with it. He might as well pull the cancer card to get out of having to move.
“Pancreatic.” What was this dude’s deal? But then that thing flashed through his eyes again, longer; ground breaking, heart wrenching pain. Suga’s heart skipped – Tendou was right! Here was a guy who was in a mental state similar to Suga’s, perhaps an even worse one. Suga cringed mentally – he didn’t look like a guy who got out a lot. After all, he was sitting in a pub by himself, dressed like some 1980s James Bond. Still, Suga didn’t have much time left to live so he’d have to do. He extended a pale, nearly translucent hand across the table, ”I’m Sugawara Koushi, by the way. You can call me Suga.”

The other man looked at the hand long and hard, like it was an alien thing, but eventually decided to grip it. His grip was strong, almost crushing but Suga didn’t jerk back. At least he wasn’t tip-toeing around him like most people, ”Ushijima Wakatoshi.”

”Nice to meet you, Ushijima,” Suga smiled and the conversation cut there. The waitress returned to deposit their beers and before Suga could say anything, Ushijima took a healthy gulp of his, going back to staring out of the window. Suga played with his bottle. To be honest he’d only ordered beer because it was the first thing that came into his head and he wanted to seem confident. He wasn’t really meant to drink alcohol in his condition and he didn’t like beer anyway, so he held the bottle between his fingers loosely. He glanced up at Ushijima but the man wasn’t looking at him. Suga fought back a sigh. Ushijima Wakatoshi was going to be hard work. Still, he had to try, right? He’d promised Tendou and he was really looking forward to that ‘happy life’ that was promised to him. ”Ushijima?”

’Hm?’

”Do you want to get out of here?” that line usually worked in movies but the giant looked at him sceptically.

”It’s raining.”

Somehow that only fuelled Suga’s determination, ”scared of a little rain? Personally I like it a lot. It’s very pretty and getting soaked is actually very liberating. Plus, the best thing to do after is go home and drink a hot cup of tea, don’t you think?”

Ushijima looked back towards the window but there was a hint of something that had the potential to be a smile on his lips, ”you’re very talkative.”

Suga flushed a little, ”sorry. Does that bother you?”

”Not at all.”

Suga tried again, ”here,” he tapped his beer against Ushijima’s hand. He’d nearly finished his, ”I’ll let you drink mine if you go do stuff with me.” It sounded even lamer out loud but he had Ushijima’s attention.

”Stuff?”

”Yeah. Like a bucket list,” Suga grew more confident and cracked a smile, ”help a dying man out.”

”Not funny.”

”Sorry,” Suga laughed sheepishly but a fragile truce had appeared between the two of them.
"What kind of things do you want to do?"

Truth be told, Suga didn’t have a bucket list. He wasn’t very rich and he didn’t exactly have any friends/family to fulfil his wishes with, but there had been a few things he’d always wanted to do, “like…go to China.”

“We can’t go to China.”

“We can go to Chinatown, though,” Suga offered, “and, um…I always wanted to do what they do in the Indie movies – standing on top of a cliff and screaming at the sea. What else…I want to get arrested just so I can ride in a police car. Stupid, I know… I’ve always wanted to go to a different country. I’ve wanted to have a drink up in a cave. Ha-ha, that’s about it, I guess…”

“…that’s a lot.” Suga flushed again. God, he was being ridiculous. Besides, how was he gonna make this guy happy by making him fulfil his bucket list? “let’s start with Chinatown.”

Suga looked up, startled. Ushijima was studying him close.

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“So then we decided to go for an ‘authentic Chinese experience’ in Chinatown.” Suga shrugged. He had returned home from the hospital, to his shitty apartment, for the first time in weeks. It was musty but clean and more like home than the hospital bed. He was lying on his sheets, arms and legs spread like a starfish, trying to blow a stray piece of hair out of his face without using his hands. He felt better today, “this way I’ll at least see him again, so I’ve more of a chance to make him ‘happy’, right?”

“So, let’s get something straight,” Tendou drawled. The red haired angel had found him, as promised, in his apartment, materialising out of nowhere. He was currently sitting on Suga’s desk, arms crossed over his chest. He seemed so real at that moment; his wings were still gone, “you’re meant to go on a date with this Ushijima to China Town?”

“It’s not a date.”

Tendou waved the comment off, “so why aren’t you getting up, hmmmm?”

Suga sighed, staring at the ceiling, “how am I meant to make him happy, though? He seems like such a closed off guy. I don’t have the energy for that.”

Tendou studied him for a second and he reminded Suga unnervingly of Ushijima. Then he shrugged and hopped off the desk, “I guess I’ll leave you to die, then.”

“Waaait…” Suga groaned, heaving himself up. Despite feeling better he was still tired and weak. He prised himself off his bed with some effort and opened his closet, filing through his limited clothes. He finally settled on the warmest clothes he could find – a white long sleeve and a cream coloured cardigan, jeans and trainers and a fluffy hat paired with a blue scarf. He looked like a mess but then again he didn’t really have enough clothes to create a matching outfit. Tendou grinned but refrained from commenting on Suga’s miserable appearance. Before he could chicken out, Suga left the house. Tendou walked with him.

Suga and Ushijima had exchanged numbers when they had met at the pub and in the evening Ushijima texted him to set a time and place for their meeting. It was Sunday. People were eyeing Suga as he walked and he felt more self conscious than ever. It wasn’t just his funky outfit – it was the fact that he had white hair and such a frail appearance. He talked to Tendou out of the corner of his mouth so people wouldn’t think he was a loony. But as Suga approached the train station, where
he was to meet Ushijima, Tendou stopped, “this is where I live you, my young Padawan,” he said gravelly although Suga had no idea what he meant, “make him smile, at least. I’ll see you back at home.” And he disappeared.

Taking a deep breath, Suga walked into the station. It wasn’t hard to pinpoint Ushijima, who grew tall against the small crowd, dressed all in black. He spotted Suga easily too, because of his hair, and raised his eyebrows when he saw him. Suga decided to go shopping for something normal next time but when he stopped in front of Ushijima, the man just said “you look nice,” throwing him off track. Suga smiled shyly and they went on the train. The ride to Chinatown was silent as all hell but, somehow, not awkward at all. Suga played snake on his shitty, outdated phone while Ushijima read one of the newspapers.

“Anything interesting?”

“No.”

That was the extent of their conversation.

They got off the train and were lost. Suga had googled how to get to Chinatown but he had no idea where to walk to find it, “hold on, I’ll get my internet up,” he said, trying to stay positive even though getting 4G on his phone was as likely as Ushijima saying a monologue. They continued walking as Suga desperately clicked refresh on Google maps. It was getting dark and it looked like it might start raining again. Suddenly Ushijima stopped and when Suga looked up he realised they had come to one of those blocks erected in major cities and towns with a map engraved on it. Suga laughed nervously as Ushijima searched the map and mutely begun walking in one direction. With no other choice, Suga followed him. Even in his cardigan it was cold.

Chinatown’s entrance was in an alleyway and it was as if they had walked into a completely different world. As soon as they stepped over the massive crimson arch, Suga inhaled sharply. It was absolutely drop dead gorgeous, straight out of Mulan. There were paper lampions on practically every building, most of which were Chinese supermarkets or restaurants. In the rapidly darkening sunset they illuminated the old cobblestone streets in an eerie, faerie way. A thousand more of the little lampions hang above head between buildings, covering the sky with bright orange orbs. The restaurants were brightly lit and looked oriental, authentic, “wow…” Suga breathed but when he looked at Ushijima, the man didn’t look impressed. Not for the first time Suga wondered how the hell he was gonna make that guy happy.

“Which one should we eat at?” Ushijima asked gravelly.

“Hmm~” Suga didn’t answer, walking ahead. Ushijima caught up with him and they walked on. Suga loved pretty things and Chinatown was definitely pretty. They passed a bakery and finally Suga spotted a nice looking locale. It had large windows and was made of dark wood, giving it the kind of old fashioned, Ancient Chinese Sake house feeling. Suga nodded towards it and Ushijima shrugged his broad shoulders. They ventured inside. It was almost empty but Suga and Ushijima didn’t mind. They took a seat by the window with a good view of the magical street. The interior was dark too, lit only with a few gaslights. It was like walking into a restaurant that lived one hundred years back. After a quick scan of the menu and an agreeable grunt from Ushijima Suga ordered the meal for two for 20.50, coupled with a pot of tea.

The tea came. They sat in silence, with Ushijima staring out of the window and Suga trying not to stare at him. There was no music, which made it all the more awkward. Suga rapped his fingers on the table a few times, hoping Ushijima would tell him to stop and he would be able to initiate conversation, but Ushijima said nothing. Suga stopped. He took a sip of his tea and cringed; no sugar, but he didn’t have much strength in his legs from all the walking, so he couldn’t bring himself
to go up to the counter.

“Ushi.”

Ushijima looked up, surprised.

“Ushi,” Suga repeated, “can I call you that?” Ushijima opened his mouth, stopped, closed it and shrugged. Suga found his shin under the table with his foot and tapped it lightly, “come on. Talk to me.”

Ushijima finally concentrated on him, “about what?”

“Anything. Do you like it here?” Suga motioned outside.

“It’s alright,” Ushijima replied. Rain begun pattering on the window, making the scenery outside look like a watery rainbow.

“I think it’s very pretty,” and now it was Suga who was staring out of the window, making the scenery outside look like a watery rainbow.

“I think it’s very pretty,” and now it was Suga who was staring out of the window and Ushi who was staring at him.

The waitress returned with two bowls of soup. They ate in silence. Suga didn’t like it – it reminded him too much of hospital food. It was a halfway mix of soup and stew, made of chicken and sweetcorn. It looked like someone threw up in a bowl and to top it off they were given small, traditional Chinese spoons that quickly became slimy and gross with the thick liquid. Suga swallowed with some difficulty but Ushijima seemed to enjoy his, so the silver haired boy didn’t complain. As soon as they were done they got a little plate consisting of two Gyoza, two spring rolls and a whole load of sweetened, fried seaweed. Suga and Ushi munched on their Gyoza and rolls and eventually Suga grinned at him.

“I dare you to try the seaweed.”

He was hoping for some bickering, something to loosen the tension but Ushijima munched down on the seaweed without any complaint, “it’s good.” Suga gave a tiny sigh and tried it himself. It was alright for a few mouthfuls but then he had enough. And just in time because the waitress brought deconstructed duck pancakes with Hoisin sauce. There were basically separate plates of pulled duck, Hoisin sauce, greens and thin-as-paper pancakes about the size of Suga’s hand. The waitress left quickly and Suga waited for Ushijima to start making his pancake, but the man didn’t move. Suga tilted his head to the side and Ushijima glanced at him, “I don’t know how to make them.”

Suga blinked and then laughed. Properly, not nervously and this time, finally, the tension was lifted. Ushijima studied his closely, “here, just copy what I do,” he took a pancake and set it on his plate. Ushijima did the same. Suga spread some Hoisin sauce on the pancake, followed by duck and finally greens, setting the filling in a tight line on the edge. Then, skilfully, he rolled the pancake up. Ushi’s came out way sloppier but he didn’t seem to mind. They bit into their pancakes. The strong, medicine-like taste of Hoisin sauce penetrated Suga’s mouth but he liked the taste. Ushijima cringed almost unnoticeably and his next pancake was without the sauce. After the pancakes Suga finally felt more-or-less full but then the waitress came out with massive bowls of stir fried noodles. Suga ate with difficulty and eventually Ushijima ate his, too.

They asked for the bill.

The bill came.

Suga’s eyes bulged out of his head.
Ooops.

He grabbed the menu and read the meal for two. Oh, no. There it was – 20.50… and at the end of the whole order…/per person. Crap. He glanced at the bill of 41.00 fearfully. That was his food budget for a week! He paled, which wasn’t really noticeable since he was naturally white as paper, but thankfully Ushijima didn’t notice and reached for the wallet, “I’ll pay.”

“Ah, no, I invited you out…” Suga said weakly, even though he didn’t have that amount on him. To him it was a fortune but Ushijima still reached for his wallet. Froze. Patted around. Glanced at Suga.

“I…forgot it.” Suga swore mentally. He laughed, jittery, and dug around for his own wallet, pulling out a miserable twenty and a few lose coins. He glanced at Ushijima, so embarrassed he could die, and the bigger man understood, “I’ll talk to them…”

No, Suga thought. If he let him, he’d never see this miserable man again. He’d forever be remembered as some sick guy who dragged him around to Chinatown and then couldn’t even pay for their meal. So Suga decided to take a more dangerous approach; at least he’d be remembered as reckless, not pathetic. He grabbed a napkin and tugged out a pen that he always carried for some reason out of his pocket. *Sorry:* he wrote and put the money on top of the napkin. He observed the counter. The waitress was there, alone, staring sleepily at the opposite wall.

“Suga…” Ushijima said warningly and in the next instant Suga was pulling him to his feet and, holding onto his hand, charging out of the doors. They ran into the rain, soaking their clothes, and down to the arch, out of Chinatown. Suga didn’t realise he was laughing till he charged out into the main street and stopped by the station, breathing hard. He dropped Ushijima’s hand and bent over, wheezing. God, he was really out of breath… and why was everything going dark? Oh, no. Oh, no, oh, no, oh…

No…

*S*~*~*

Suga woke up and for once he was glad he did. He had a job to do and he didn’t want to go out before he finished it – he wasn’t going to let himself die. He was in an unfamiliar hospital room, but a hospital room nonetheless, and all hospital rooms looked the same – bare, white, sterile. Suga moved minimally, staring at the ceiling, judging his situation. He didn’t feel any pain any more but he had an IV drip plugged into his arm, which meant it was pretty serious. He was out of wet clothes and in a hospital robe. He looked to his side. Saw Ushijima. Remembered the whole evening. Well, at least they didn’t get arrested. The room was dark and Ushijima was sleeping, his head tilted forward. His jacket hung on the heater in the corner and his clothes were still damp.

“Ushi? Ushi…” Suga said softly and Ushijima woke up from his shallow sleep quickly.

“Are… you okay?” he asked uncertainly, blinking to clear the sleep from his head.

“Yeah, thank you,” Suga smiled softly, “go home, Ushi.”

“But you…”

“Sleeping like that can’t be comfortable. I’m fine. I’m used to this.” Suga assured him.

Ushijima actually sighed, ”yes, me too,” Suga blinked but he didn’t elaborate, standing up and grabbing his coat. He turned around as he was leaving, “I’ll call you.”
Suga doubted he would.

As soon as he was gone, Tendou appeared in his chair. One second he wasn’t there and the next he was, “hello, patient-san~”

Suga rolled his eyes, “well, there goes our plan. Out of the doors.”

“Jheez, you sure do give up easily,” Tendou crossed his legs.

“It’s helpless. Did you see him?” Suga argued back.

“Hey, it wouldn’t be fun if it wasn’t hard!” Tendou laughed. The doors opened but Suga couldn’t help yelling.

“It’s not fun!”

“Who are you talking to?” the nurse walked in, looking around the room cautiously.

“My imaginary friend!” Suga burst out and shoved himself under the covers like a little kid. He heard Tendou chuckle and then the red haired angel disappeared.

*S~* ~*~ *~

“Suga?”

Suga was more than surprised when nearly a week later, two days after he was discharged after some tests, he got a call from Ushijima Wakatoshi.

“…Ushi?”

“I’m going to London,” Ushijima said. He really wasn’t much for small talk. As if by some fucked up magic Tendou materialised next to Suga and listened in to the conversation.

“Oh,” for some reason, Suga felt a pang of sadness at hearing that, “…for ever?”

“No, for a business trip.”

“Oh. Ha-ha.”

“Come with me.”

Now that was a surprise. Suga grabbed the phone with both hands, feeling many emotions course through his body, “I…to London? As in, Europe?”

“Yes.”

“I-I can’t… I’m too sick to go and-”

“You said you wanted to see a different country,” Ushijima’s voice was grave, “my company is paying for a hotel and living expenses for nearly four weeks. Come with me.”

Suga looked around helplessly. Then, out of nowhere, Tendou smacked him upside the head and put both thumbs in the air, grinning. Suga sighed, “I…”

Ushijima’s next words were very quiet, “It would make me very happy.”

Tendou started waving his thumbs in the air madly. Suga flushed and the tiniest of smiles appeared
on his lips, ’okay. When?’

Even during a nearly twelve hour long flight Ushijima didn’t entertain Suga much. They had met and it had been very…awkward. At least for Suga. Ushi didn’t show any emotions. They didn’t hug or anything. Suga just smiled at him. He only had a backpack full of clothes since he didn’t have enough to even fill a small suitcase. He hoped it would be enough for four weeks, even if he had to do laundry every day. During the flight, Suga watched a movie and Ushijima slept. Then when Suga slept, Ushijima did paper work. Then they both slept. Suga woke up against Ushijima’s arm and quickly sat up. He wondered if after this trip was over, Ushijima would be ‘happy’. After all he said that if Suga came, he’d be happy. Did that count as fulfilling his quest?

Suga didn’t sleep much after that so when they got off the plane he was incredibly sleepy. He had expected Big Ben and ish but the airport in Heathrow was more in the countryside than anything so there was no landmarks. In fact everything looked very small compared to Japan but Suga was too tired to care. He must have been stumbling around a bit because Ushijima took his arm and steadied him, leading him to the luggage pick up, to the passport control and finally out, where a guy handed over the car Ushijima’s company had rented for him. Suga fell asleep as soon as he put his seatbelt on.

The hotel was in an inn. Suga had expected some prestige, slick, professional hotel, much like a hospital, so this was a welcome surprise. The downstairs was littered with huge bikers and girls in heavy makeup, all drinking beer and eating traditional English food. It wasn’t that different from the pub in which Ushi and Suga met. The downstairs was incredibly loud but as soon as they cleared the second floor, the sounds practically disappeared. Despite an old fashioned, homey look to the inn it was pretty modern with a working lift and everything. It was like two words had clashed but Suga was glad for the lift, because he wouldn’t have been able to walk up the stairs.

Their room had two single beds, one by the wall and one by the window. The one by the window overlooked the sleeping town and it kind of looked like something out of a horror movie so Suga dumped himself on the one by the wall. The walls were made of bare, dark brown wood that made the room even darker than it already was and the floor creaked, but it was nice and at least there was a conjoined bathroom. Once Suga dumped himself down he had no energy to get up, his backpack still on his back. Ushi sat on the edge of his bed, ‘are you going to shower?’

‘Tomorrow,’ Suga said tiredly.

‘At least take your backpack off,’ Ushijima said and when Suga didn’t move he pulled him up and wiggled the straps off his arms. As soon as they cleared Suga’s arms, he dumped himself back in the bed. ‘Are you okay?’

‘Yeah.’

‘Not going to faint?’

Suga smiled at him from the pillow, ‘nope.’

‘I’ll get you something to eat.’

Suga cringed, ‘not hungry.’

‘You didn’t eat since the flight,’ Ushijima said, ending the conversation and leaving the room. Suga breathed in a few times, deeply, trying to get rid of his drowsiness. He counted himself down and
heaved himself up, sat on the bed and dug in his backpack for his PJs. They were old and a the shorts were a little too small, tight around his waist, and the t-shirt was faded but Suga didn’t mind. By the time he finished, Ushijima came back upstairs with a plate of sandwiches and two cups of tea. Suga sat against the wall on his bed and Ushijima propped himself on the edge of it.

“Why is it white?” Suga crinkled his nose.

“English people drink tea with milk.”

“Oh,” Suga gave it a try and after a few sips he decided it wasn’t too bad. He had more trouble with the sandwiches; he nibbled on one aimlessly but under Ushijima’s scrutinizing gaze he forced himself to finish it and not throw it up.

“I’m busy the next three days but we can do something fun on Friday.”

Fun = happiness. Suga smiled, “sounds nice.” They each got under the covers of their beds and turned off the lights, “Ushi…” Suga said into the darkness. Now that he was actually meant to, he couldn’t sleep, “why did you want me to come.”

“Don’t know.”

“Liar.”

Ushijima sighed, “I liked going to Chinatown with you. It was fun.”

Suga held his breath, “did it make you happy?”

“…don’t know.”

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**Too scared to venture out into London by himself, Suga took to helping out at the pub downstairs during those three days that Ushijima was doing work. He woke up early to eat a quick breakfast with Ushi before he ran off to the office – his English was very good. Ushi inhaled his food and was off within fifteen minutes, while Suga sat at his favourite table, drinking milky tea and munching on scones. He got to know the staff quite well, even though they talked English and he understood them only a little bit. They often sat with him during breaks and communicated with gestures. When he got tired, he took a nap in their room which wasn’t much brighter during the day. It was like a little nest – even the bathroom was made of wood, looking more like a sauna in the middle of a forest than anything else. During those times Tendou chatted to him, making plans. Apparently he was an international Angel. Strangely enough, he never appeared when Ushijima was around. Suga wondered if Ushi could see Angels and then laughed at the thought.**

He wondered why he could see Tendou.

As promised on Friday Ushi took him sightseeing – apparently he’d been to London before. Suga took pictures with Big Ben, rode the London Eye and spend a good two hours in the London Aquarium. They went Museums and parks, to Trafalgar Square and Buckingham palace. They also took frequent breaks when Suga got tired, in numerous cafes and park benches. It was a lovely day out, even if it was a little cold and it started raining at one point. Suga managed to coax a smile from Ushijima twice, something he was very proud off.

Until Tuesday Ushijima was busy working. On Wednesday they planned to go out but Suga got a fever and no matter how much Suga complained about ruining Ushi’s trip, the man stayed with him. They did the most mundane things; playing cards, talking, watching TV. In the evening when Suga
got better they went down to the pub, as always full of loud drinkers. This time Suga was more careful with his drink choice. He was steadily learning English, too. Until Saturday Ushi was on business and, to Suga’s surprise, it was a certain girl who worked as a waitress who took him out to Camden, a wild, cultural market, for the whole day.

On Monday, on the day that marked their two week stay in London, Suga was awoken early by Ushijima. He got dressed in his funky clothes quickly, ‘where are we going?’ he asked but Ushijima wouldn’t say. They got to the pub downstairs where the staff were only just sleepily opening up. The girl who took Suga out passed Ushijima a mysterious bag and they went outside, into the car. For once the day looked like it was going to be clear, ‘where are we going?’ Suga asked again when they were pulling out of the driveway.

‘You’ll see.’ They drove in silence for a good hour and a half, not listening to music, but it was a comfortable silence. Suga must have napped at some point because when he woke up, they were there. It was still early morning and the sky was clear. The sun reflected off a never ending, blue surface. Suga gasped and jumped out of the car. He was hit by a refreshing wind that smelled of salt and sand. They were at the beach. They were the only car around, considering that it was Monday, and they were parked not too far from the edge of the cliff. Suga turned to Ushi, already knowing what he was going to say, ‘you wanted to scream off a cliff, right?’

And Suga grinned and turned, running for the cliff before Ushi could see the happy, bewildered tears that had gathered in his eyes. He stopped on the edge, not even caring if he fell, flung his arms wide and gave a long, joyful yell. His voice was carried off by the wind into the sea, lost forever and Suga laughed, feeling the wind whip at his clothes. He wiped away his tears quickly and turned to Ushi, who was watching him curiously, hands in pockets. Suga went to him and threw his arms around him, surprising him, ‘thank you, Ushi.’ He whispered.

Clearly unaccustomed to hugging, Ushijima took one hand out of his pocket, and patted Suga’s head. Despite being such a cold-looking giant, Ushijima was warm and solid and he made Suga feel safe, ‘wanna go down to the beach?’

They spent a large portion of the day on the beach, like little kids, despite the nearly unbearable wind. Ushijima rolled up his trousers and waded into the ice cold sea, letting waves break on his knees. Suga made patterns on the floor with pebbles and built a little sandcastle with his fingers. They walked along the beach, too, and Suga allowed himself to take off his shoes and wade in the damp, cold sand. They went back up to the cliff eventually and drove to a little seaside town called ‘Brighton’ full of narrow, hill-like streets to eat at a local fish and chip shop. Then they drove somewhere else, still along the coast.

When they reached a series of caves by the cliff, Suga laughed, turning to Ushi, ‘do you have alcohol?’ Ushijima motioned to the mysterious backpack hanging from his arm, ‘you really thought of everything, huh,’ Suga smiled fondly. They climbed into the largest cave. It was hollow, able to fit perhaps three adults if they lay down, one behind the other. It was white and smooth inside, and it was safe from the wind. Ushijima and Suga sat against the back wall. It started raining and it felt amazing – like being closed off from the world in their own little cocoon.

Ushijima rustled through his backpack, pulling out multiple things – a bottle of wine, a blanket, two plastic glasses… they just sat there, drinking, under one blanket. Suga was so unbelievably happy he felt like he might cry again. Out of nowhere Ushijima slipped an arm around his waist and it made it even better, ‘Ushi…why were you sad before?’

‘I was sad?’ Ushijima took a sip of his wine.

‘When we met. And when you heard I was sick,’ Suga turned to him, holding his glass in both
hands, “did something happen? Before?”

Ushijima turned to him, “I...lost someone,” Suga waited expectantly for him to say more so eventually Ushijima told him. He spoke without emotion, in a way that told Suga that he cried too long to cry any more for this person, “he and I were lovers. We’d been together since high school and... he died.” Ushijima’s eyes turned sad and Suga wished he hadn’t asked, “he died of the same thing you have.”

Suga’s eyes filled with tears. He knew he shouldn’t, that it would only hurt Ushijima, but he hugged him, hard, briefly and then sat back, smiling weakly, “what was his name?”

Ushijima looked out into the cave entrance, where the rain was pouring down, “Tendou Satori.”

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“You lied to me!” Suga screamed at Tendou, not caring if someone held him. He’d sent Ushijima to the grocery store under the pretext of needing pain killers and, like he anticipated, Tendou appeared a short while later, wanting to know how it went, “you were his lover!” Tendou stood in the centre of the room and let Suga yell abuse at him, till Suga was crying and shaking, “you knew he was going to be in that bar! He’s so broken and now you want me to get with him, make him happy only to share your fate and die and leave him even more shattered than before…”

“I want you to fix him,” Tendou snapped and shoved his hands into his pockets, “look, it’s been more than a year since I’ve died and I’ve been stuck here for...shit, you want the truth? Here it is. I’m dead and I’m no fucking guardian angel. I’m a ghost and you can only see me cuz I died of Pancreatic cancer and you’re dying of the exact same thing. I’ve been around Wakatoshi for this whole time, unable to communicate and I know he needs someone to pull him to his feet. You were my only hope, don’t you see!? You were the only one who acknowledged my presence. And you’re messed up, too. I want him to be happy with someone else and it might as well be you, if it will make you happier.”

Suga wiped his tears, getting hysterical, “it doesn’t matter, I’m dying! And if you’re not a guardian angel then you can’t prolong my life and this whole thing, this quest, is a waste of time! I have to leave, I have to…”

“Don’t you dare!” Tendou grabbed his arms. The expression on his face was terrifying. “Listen to me! Haven’t you been feeling better these past weeks? That’s because you have motivation to keep living and if you fight it, you won’t die.”

“The survival rate for Pancreatic cancer is ten years, Tendou,” Suga said, breaking down.

“Well, shit man, it’s still ten years! That’s more than I ever had! Ten years to live, to love Wakatoshi. I wish…” Tendou dropped his hands, “I wish I was you. I wouldn’t waste this opportunity. I fought as hard as I could and...shit, Suga, please make him happy. Please. Dude, with you he’d smiled! Actually smiled for the first time in a year! He took you to London! He wants to be happy and he knows you can make him happy.” Tendou shook his head, “I was meant to go before but I wanted to make sure you were okay. Now I know you are. And so is he. Together, you guys are okay. So I’m leaving now, okay? I’m going and not coming back. So please...please…” Tendou was taking steps back away from the stunned Suga.

“Wait, Tendou-”

“You can do this, Suga,” Tendou grinned at him even though he looked like he was about to break down himself and then he was gone.
Forever.

The doors opened and Ushijima came in, a plastic bag hanging from his hand. When he saw Suga’s tear-streaked face, he dropped the bag and went to him, ‘’Suga, what’s wrong? Are you in pain? I’ve got the pills…”’ he started wiping his tears away but Suga shoved his hands away.

“I can’t Ushi…I’m going to die and you’ll…you’ll end up like before…”

“You’re not going to die…”

‘’Is that what you told Tendou Satori?” Suga said and the words hurt him as much as they hurt Ushijima. He pushed past Ushijima, suddenly feeling the need to run away. He, for once, used the stairs, charging down them to the pub. By the time he reached the bottom Ushijima was there, waiting by the lift. Suga sprinted past him and through the bar, nearly bumping into the friendly waitress and out into the parking lot. It was drizzling again. Suga was lost – how could he outrun Ushijima? And then, like a salvation from God, he saw a cop car and a cop walking out of it, bored. Without thinking he shoved the cop aside, jumped into the drivers seat…

“’The hell?’ his partner was still inside, looking stunned. Shit, now he had done it. But then the doors opened and Ushijima grabbed the cop, yanking him out and plopping down in his space, pulling a seatbelt across his chest.

“Drive,’” he ordered and Suga, who had failed his driving test, sped down the road. He was crying again, ‘’Suga, I knew Tendou was going to die…” he said, out of breath, ”he knew it too but he made it happy. But you…you’re different, somehow. You can make it, Suga.”

‘’There’s no guarantee…”’ Suga held onto the steering wheel tightly. Behind them another cop car turned on its flashers.

“’Shit, then you shouldn’t have made me fall for you!” Ushijima yelled and Suga braked, surprised by his sudden outburst. He looked at Ushijima, whose eyes softened, ‘’Suga, I’m in love with you. You make me happy,’” he took his hand, ‘’please don’t give up.’’

Suga thought of Tendou, so set on finding the love of his life someone else to love, just to make him happy. Suga was being an idiot. Ushijima made him so happy but he was going to toss him away for precaution. To hell with it. The happiness of whatever was left of Suga’s life was going to be worth the pain afterwards, “’okay, I won’t…”’ Suga said simply. Ushijima drew him closer, still holding his hand, and slid their lips together.

For the first time in two years, Suga felt truly alive.

He laughed shakily against Ushijima’s mouth and the man wiped away his tears, holding his hand for dear life. The other cop car stopped. There was the sound of slamming doors and then a policeman aimed a gun at them through the windshield, ‘’get out of the car!”’ he yelled.

“I guess we’ve ticked off everything on my bucket list,” Suga laughed.

“Let’s make a new one,”’ Ushijima said matter-of-factly.

They kissed again.
Champagne, Cocaine, Gasoline

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Noya (top) x Hinata (bottom)
Prompt by: CheetahLeopard2
Prompt: Shouyou is a lightweight and Noya has to take care of him at a party.

“Oh, Shoyou, No…” Noya groaned as he saw his flame haired friend stumbling around, knocking into walls. The party was well underway with alcohol, dancing and smoking – somebody was getting pregnant in the host’s bedroom and a group of friends were playing strip poker in the corner. Noya had lost sight of Hinata for, what? Half hour? Okay, more like a full sixty minutes, but Shoyou had wandered off somewhere and Noya had been pulled into a round of shots. He’d eventually gone looking for him, since he was technically responsible for his younger, being the one who invited him out to the party. And he found him, surrounded by a flock of people who passed him more alcohol, even though he clearly had enough, “you’re drunk…” Noya said and the people immediately dispersed, worried they’d get yelled at by the short yet intimidating second years.

Hinata stumbled over to him and put one finger up, looked at it, frowned and opted for clamping Noya’s mouth shut with his whole hand, “shhh…I’m not drunk…” he slurred.

Unimpressed, Noya prised Hinata’s hand from his mouth, “that’s what drunk people always say.”

Hinata threw his arms around Noya’s neck and looked at him grumpily, “I’m not drunk…” he mumbled and then frowned again, “but for some reassssnn…I can’t move my legs, he-he…” and Noya nearly toppled over as Hinata leaned his whole bodyweight on him. Noya caught the middle blocker in the last second, yanking him up but he couldn’t move with the additional weight so he stumbled towards the narrow staircase, away from the rush of the room. The whole house was pulsing with music and shone with purple light. It looked like it was one of those parties that were gonna get out of hand real fast. Noya dumped Hinata next to him.

“Dude, move!” some kid was coming down, carrying a bottle of Vodka in his hand. A pair of lacy panties were stuck in his back pocket.

“Use the other staircase,” Noya snapped at him. He knew the girl who was the host and he’d been to her house a few times – this was technically the back staircase and the main one was much more spacious. The guy kissed his teeth but retracted back upstairs.

“Wooo, so scary~” Hinata giggled. He couldn’t even sit up straight.

Noya propped him up on the wall and pulled his red hair out of his eyes, “how much did you drink?”

With ultimate concentration, Hinata put up two fingers, about an inch apart, then his brows furrowed and he widened them, then giggled and dropped his hands, “I don’t know, honestly… there was this nice, sweet one…almost like swe-” he hiccupped, “ets.”

“Oh my god, Polish Vodka,” Noya ran his hand down his face. His hair was down for once and he was wearing a leather jacket over his black t-shirt. It was October after all, and it was pretty chilly.
Hinata, on the other hand, seemed to have lost his jacket and pranced around in his bright green t-shirt. Usually Noya got pretty annoyed when someone got smashed off their head and he had to take care of them for the rest of the night. Not to mention puking…but for some reason, he didn’t mind sitting there with Hinata, making sure he wasn’t going to throw up, “I didn’t know you were such a lightweight.”

“Am not,” Hinata said stubbornly.

“What else did you have?” Noya asked strictly.

Hinata looked at the ceiling as if it held the answers, “r-rum? I think it was...It was...pirates...” he had a laughing fit again and Noya patiently waited it out. When Hinata was done, he threw his arms around the shorter boy again, “don’t be so serious, Noya-senpai~”

“Oi, get off the staircase!” a blonde girl in massive red heels was coming down the stairs and she didn’t look like she was going to retreat as easily as the guy before. With a sigh, Noya picked up Hinata, threw his arm over his shoulders and dragged him into the living room, where the heart of the party was. He shoved past a throng of dancing people, keeping a firm grip on the swaying Hinata, and dumped him on one of the couches that had been shoved against the wall to make a makeshift dance floor.

“I’ll get you some water, okay?” Noya grabbed Hinata’s face in his hands and forced him to meet his eyes, making sure he understood what was being told, “stay here, yes? Shoyou, stay here.” Hinata nodded vigorously. Noya dropped him back on the couch and then turned it around for good measure. It was on wheels so that was pretty easy. Hinata yelled like a little kid, giddy, but his yell quickly turned into a groan. Not even feeling guilty about his actions, Noya ventured into the kitchen – the most dangerous part of the party.

There was a smashed wine bottle on the table, bright red liquid dripping onto expensive tiles. Noya sidestepped the puddle. Here the more dodgy business went down – a girl was selling a guy something in a white packet and two dudes by the doors looked ready to fight. Another girl was passed out on the counter while her friend dialled a taxi, annoyed. All cupboards were opened and looted – Noya told himself he’d never host a house party. He dug around, searching for cups and eventually came up with a shitty plastic one, the kind you use for kids. Unable to locate bottled water, he turned on the tap and filled the cup, carefully walking past the spilled Wine and carrying the water like a precious baby through the crowd of people.

“Stop it– You’re using too much teeth, jheez...” Noya frowned when he heard Hinata’s protests and quickly went around the couch. Hinata was still facing the wall, still looking grumpy, but now some dude was kissing a hickey into his neck. Hinata winced, “Oi, Mr Wolf...stop biting...”

Noya kicked the guy harshly in the knee to get his attention, glaring daggers at him, “why don’t you go find some other drunk kid to molest, hm?” The guy flipped him off and wandered away. Noya pressed the cup into Hinata’s hand, “drink this!” he yelled over the music and Hinata obediently gulped down the water. Once he put the cup down, Noya touched the mark on his neck, “jheez, he really did give you a hickey.”

Suddenly Hinata grabbed his face with both his hands, “he was creepy...kiss over it,” he said. His eyes were half closed and his face bright red from intoxication. When Noya stared at him, stunned, Hinata shoved his face into his neck and kept it there, “jheez, just do it...” he whined in a drunken voice. He felt Noya sigh softly against his skin, sending a shiver down his spine, and then he lips pressed to the space where the guy had kissed him, followed by his warm tongue. Hinata dropped his hand and Noya softly kissed up from the mark, to his ear, where he sighed again.
“Gosh, what am I going to do with you, Shoyou?” he whispered, nicking his ear and then pressing a kiss to his hair. He pulled away, “do you feel sick?” Hinata shook his head vigorously, stopped himself, paled and then nodded his head, “well, don’t move your head around so much!” Noya couldn’t help but laugh. He shrugged off his jacket and patted his lap, “come on, lay down.” He grabbed a pillow off the couch for good measure and put it on his thighs to make it more comfortable. Hinata dumped himself onto it with no further encouragement and Noya threw the jacket over his shoulders.

“Sorry, senpai…” Hinata mumbled, curling himself into a ball, “I’m really not drunk…”

“Mmmh, of course you are,” Noya poked his cheek playfully, “but I don’t mind, so don’t worry. Just rest for a little bit. Clear your head.”

Hinata obediently tucked one hand under the pillow, where it rested against Noya’s thigh. The older boy tried not to think much of it until Hinata started moving his hand up and down, gently, caressing his leg through his jeans. Noya ran his hand through his hair gently, encouragingly. Hinata didn’t stop moving his hand. Suddenly it wasn’t enough, though. Noya grabbed Hinata and yanked him up, so his butt was in between Noya’s legs and his feet dangled over his knee. Hinata looked surprised until Noya gathered him up in his arms, pressing him to his chest. Hinata folded his head onto his shoulder.

“Aw, look at you,” the hostess peeked behind the couch. Only then did Noya realise that the party was dying down. She dropped a blanket on top of them, “you can sleep here tonight, Yuu, but only if you help me clean in the morning~”

Happy for this turn of events, Noya lay Hinata down gingerly and tucked himself behind him, throwing the blanket over them. It was pink and fluffy. To Noya’s surprise Hinata gathered his leather jacket in his arms and pressed it to his face, inhaling deeply, “what are you doing?”

“Smells like you,” Hinata said groggily.

Noya stroked his hair, “you know, that’s just my jacket,” he whispered. Someone turned the music down to an acceptable level, “and I’m right here.”

Hinata hesitantly let the jacket slip from his fingers to the floor and turned to Noya, who tucked one arm under his own head and the other around Hinata’s waist. Hinata looked at him, dazed, “I think I’m a little drunk.”

Noya grinned in the dark. The purple flashers were turned off, too, “I think so as well.’’

“So if I kiss you, can we just blame that on alcohol?” Hinata asked quietly. He suddenly didn’t seem all that drunk anymore.

Noya’s grin widened, “nope,” he said and pulled Hinata closer. Their lips connected. Hinata did indeed taste of sweet alcohol but Noya didn’t mind. He wasn’t a heavy drinker himself but Hinata was getting him drunk at that moment. They parted and Hinata blinked at him, then smiled. Noya pulled him against his chest, brushing his fingers through his hair. Even though Hinata was taller by an inch or so, right then Noya felt like the taller man, like the protector, and he liked the feeling. He kissed Hinata’s forehead, “sleep, Shoyou. Tomorrow you’re gonna have a killer hangover.”
Rubbing Shoulders with Some Unknown Lovers

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kyoutani (top) x Yahaba (middle) x Watari (bottom)
Prompt by: CheetahLeopard2
Prompt: Watari and Yahaba help Kyoutani become more social

Watari extended his fist to Kyoutani, who looked at it blankly. The two of them, plus Yahaba, who was trying to find his other sock, were the only ones left in the Aoba Johsai changing rooms – the others had gone to class after morning practice already. Kyoutani was about to leave, his gym back slung over his shoulder, when Watari just randomly extended his fist towards him. His nostrils flared and he glared at him, giving him his best ‘the fuck you want?’ look. Watari was unmoved, smiling gently, “bump it.” He instructed.

“What for?”

“That’s what friends do, right?” Watari grinned, “come on, you have to be better with people, Kyoutani.”

“Yeah, learn how to be social and stuff,” Yahaba finally appeared, his lost sock in his hand. He hopped around, trying to pull it on with no purchase. Finally he leaned against Kyoutani, pulling the sock on and Kyoutani stumbled forward. He saved himself by quickly bumping his fist against Watari’s, whose grinned turned happier, somehow. It made Kyoutani’s heart skip a beat for some reason. Yahaba laughed, “wow, so you are capable of socialising.”

Kyoutani whipped around, fuming, “I am!” he said defensively.

But Yahaba just smiled and, again, Kyoutani’s heart stopped for a second. He pocked Kyoutani’s forehead, “I’m kidding; don’t frown so much, you’ll get wrinkles.”

“You should be more friendly, Kyoutani. Smile more. Stop glaring so much,” Watari lectured.

Kyoutani flushed a little and looked away, “…how?”

As if expecting him to ask, Watari flung his arms wide, “here, give me a bro hug.”

Kyoutani hesitated but, prompted by a look from Yahaba, he sighed and walked to Watari. If he was going to do it, he decided, he was going to do it on his own terms. He grabbed his wrist and yanked the surprised boy forward, into his arms. He wrapped them around him and nuzzled his cheek into his buzz cut, feeling ridiculous but…good somehow. Watari laughed nervously, hugging him back uncertainly, “that’s…definitely not a bro hug.”

“Huh? The fuck am I doing wrong?”

“Ah…not wrong, exactly…”

Kyoutani released him suddenly and went to Yahaba, giving him a similar treatment; yanking him forward into his arm, “Watari won’t tell me what’s wrong with my hug. You tell me.”
To his surprise Yahaba nuzzled into him, “nothing’s wrong. It’s not a bro hug. It’s a normal hug,” he grinned at Watari over Kyoutani’s shoulder, “you’re a good hugger though.”

“He is, isn’t he?” Watari smiled lightly.

Kyoutani let Yahaba go quickly, blushing even more, “you two are weird. I’m going to class.”

“Or more like, you’re going to skip class,” Yahaba chastised, grabbing his bag. The three of them left together. Kyoutani frowned at the floor – why were Watari and Yahaba following him around? Why did they suddenly want to become friends? Was this some kind of bet or jo-

“You should go out with us.” Watari appeared at his side, bumping his back.

Kyoutani flushed head to toe, “like…boyfriends?” he asked in disbelief.

Yahaba laughed mockingly and annoyance sparked in Kyoutani, “no, like out to see a movie. On the weekend.”

“We’ll text you the details; I have your number already,” Watari said as if Kyoutani was even going to go. He wasn’t. But then Watari reached out and touched the back of his hand hesitantly, ”you… will come, right?”

He was still hesitating till Yahaba bumped his shoulder against Kyoutani’s, friendly for once, ”the weather will be nice. We checked.”

And Kyoutani thought that maybe…they really wanted to hang out with him? ‘fine,’” he spat the word like he was talking about going to the gallows but Watari and Yahaba grinned at each other and fist bumped, like they were genuinely happy Kyoutani was going with them. When they finally parted ways – the two to go to class and Kyou to go to the roof – his heart was pounding wildly.

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“Hey, Kyoutani, are you scared?” Yahaba whispered practically directly against Kyou’s ear, making the blond jump. He turned, ready to be mocked by Yahaba, but the boy gave him a nervous, sheepish smile, “…me, too.” It was the weekend and, stupidly, the other two had let Watari chose a movie – and it was a horror one. While Watari watched with shining eyes, Yahaba concentrated on his drink. Sandwiched between them, Kyoutani managed to contain his gasps to sharp inhales of breath during the jump scares, but apparently it was still pretty obvious that he was scared… Ever so slowly Yahaba’s pinkie bumped against Kyoutani’s and then wrapped around it, squeezing with each jump scare.

During the downtime between the scenes, where it was chit-chat with the exorcist, Watari leaned over Kyoutani with a cheeky grin, ”not fair, Yahaba~” To everyone’s surprise Yahaba blushed and turned away, telling him to shut up, ”Kyoutani, are you scared? Here, I’ll hold your hand properly,” he slipped his hand around the taller boy’s but it remained limp. Watari looked up with a questioning look and saw that Kyoutani was bright red and looking quite grumpy, ”’come on, we told you we’d help you be more social,” did they? Suddenly Watari looked uncertain, ”’…unless you don’t want to’”

“Shhh!” someone snapped from the other side of the cinema. Watari shut up and sat back in his chair but before he could move his hand Kyoutani grabbed it, laced their fingers together and pulled their interlocked hands into his lap. Watari couldn’t concentrate on the movie at all after that. As for Yahaba, well, he got a similar treatment. Kyou slipped his pinkie out of his grip and gently took his hand, lacing their fingers together. Yahaba ran his thumb against Kyou’s knuckles, sipping on his
drink. He was staring at their hands like they were a strange kind of species but all Kyou could look at was his mouth, working around the straw of his drink.

Suddenly Kyou felt very hot, sandwiched between the two boys.

But after the movie they dropped hands and the other two acted as if nothing happened. The weather was indeed nice – the sun was shining and warming them through their clothes. They took some McDonalds for takeout and set off to a nearby park, finding a private, secluded spot between some trees. Most people flocked to the kiddies park or the pond, so here they were left alone, under the cover of trees.

"Here, Kyou, try this," Watari said, pressing the straw of his milkshakes against his mouth. Kyoutani didn’t comment on the nickname, taking a tentative sip. He blinked.

"It’s nice."

"Right?" Watari laughed. They munched on their food, threw away their wrappers and then Yahaba casually touched Yahaba’s face, just under his eyes.

"How do you keep the eyeliner on?" he was referring to the dark crayon marks on his waterlines.

Kyoutani shrugged, looking embarrassed, "like girls do, I guess."

"Why do you wear it?" Yahaba pried, his hand slipping from his face. Kyou almost missed it.

Kyoutani shrugged, “…to scare people?"

"Why do you want to scare people?" Watari laughed.

"I don’t know. What with the interrogation?" Kyoutani snapped but the two didn’t seem intimidated by his outburst. He calmed down and sighed, "I though you didn’t like me," this was directed at Yahaba.

"I don’t," Yahaba shrugged but he was smiling, suggesting otherwise, "you piss me off with your attitude and lack of cooperation in matches, but you’ve been getting better. At team work at least, but you’re still bad with people."

"Which is why we will teach you to deal with them properly," Watari grinned and Kyou rolled his eyes, "I think I’m gonna take a nap," he said out of the blue and then, to Kyoutani’s surprise, just lay down in his lap.

"Good idea," Yahaba said and Kyou felt his arms snake around his bicep. His head land on his shoulder.

Kyoutani sat there, rigid and unmoving for a good twenty minutes, till both boys were breathing deeply, asleep. Hesitantly, Kyou nuzzled his nose into Yahaba’s hair. It was impossibly soft, like rabbit fur, and it smelled nice, too. Despite being a very brave and strong person, Yahaba had a baby face and only now Kyou realised that every part of him looked…soft. Cuddly. He was terrified by a sudden urge to touch him all over so he turned to Watari. The shortest boy’s eyes were closed. Kyou touched his face hesitantly with a finger. It was soft, tan. Watari had really nice, grey eyes, Kyou thought. His fingers moved down, his thumb brushing against his lower lip and lower, past his collarbones, the pinkie dwelling under the collar of his t-shirt…

Kyoutani snatched his hand back. What was he doing? He went rigid again, not realising how relaxed he had become, and sat for another ten or twenty minutes, till the boys finally stirred, “what
a good nap,” Watari stretched.

“Mmmh,” Yahaba rubbed his cheek. He had sleep marks from Kyou’s t-shirt and somehow Kyoutani found that…adorable, “time to go home.”

“I had fun today,” Watari said as they exited the park and bumped against Kyoutani, “did you?”

“I guess.” Kyou said gruffly.

“Do you know what I really wanna do?” Yahaba asked, “go to a hotel.”

Watari’s eyes lit up, “oh my god, me too! I’ve never been!”

“Seriously? It’s not that exciting,” Kyoutani deadpanned.

“Kyou, you’ve been?” Watari asked.

“Then come with us! We need an expert,” Yahaba laughed teasingly, “next weekend!”

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Kyoutani felt a bit ridiculous, having gone halfway across Miyagi just to go to a hotel. Because of school they only got to the hotel in the evening on Saturday. The hotel itself wasn’t anything special; it was definitely affordable but even so when they entered Yahaba asked which room was the cheapest for three people.

“Probably the one with one double bed,” the receptionist said, “it’s a king size but you might not all fit…”

“We’ll take it,” Yahaba said confidently. They went up the staircase (there was no lift) to the room – it was small and only fit the king sized bed (which didn’t look very king sized, just like a normal double bed) and a closet, with minimal standing space. It was cosy and definitely intimate. Watari and Yahaba were hyped, hoping onto the bed and giggling like little kids. Kyou knew Watari was unreserved, but it was nice to see Yahaba let go for once. They took turns showering in the bathroom down the corridor, shared by the whole floor (thankfully the hotel was relatively empty) and then there was nothing left to do but sleep.

“They offer breakfast in the morning. I’m hungry just thinking about it,” Watari said, wiggling under the covers. Kyoutani dumped himself in the middle. He secretly wanted to be between them again.

“I’m just really tired,” Yahaba confessed, lying down on the other side of Kyou, like he hoped he would, “goodnight.”

“Night,” Watari and Kyou said and Yahaba reached out to flick the lights off. It was dark and quiet and Kyou couldn’t sleep. He stared at the ceiling. There was barely any space in the bed; Yahaba and Watari were turned away from him, nearly falling off the bed – it would definitely be more comfortable if they cuddled but Kyoutani was too embarrassed to initiate it. Eventually he fell asleep.

He woke up probably not an hour later with a pleasant, warm weight on his chest. He looked down. Watari was tucked against his side, his arm flung over his stomach. On the other side Yahaba was using his chest as a pillow. Kyoutani was surprised when he saw both his arms were around the two boys, holding them in place. There was no way he’d fall asleep now. He looked down and nearly groaned – he had a boner. That was his problem – he got aroused way too easily. The two were just hugging him but all he could think about was shagging their brains out.
I’ll just touch them a little, he told himself, and then I’ll go to sleep… he moved one hand, which was around Watari’s shoulder down under the covers to cup his ass. It was small but soft against his hand and Kyoutani nearly melted. He squeezed it a few times, gently enough not to wake Watari up. His other hand found the hem of Yahaba’s t-shirt. He pulled the boy almost completely on top of him, hooking his arm around him under his t-shirt and rubbing senselessly at his skin, his hand going up and down and in circles. Like he had expected, every inch of Yahaba was soft. A soft groan escaped Kyou’s lips when he shifted and one of Yahaba’s legs fell in between his, rubbing his erection. Kyou moved his knee up innocently and it rubbed against Yahaba, who stirred but remained asleep.

It wasn’t enough. Kyoutani kept going, slipping the hand on Watari’s ass between his cheeks, rubbing him there, not caring if he woke up. He rubbed his knee more, up and down and then Watari shifted and blinked sleepily, “Kyou?” Kyoutani froze and Watari went bright red, realising what was happening. Kyoutani started taking his hand away, trying to formulate an apology but Watari grabbed his hand, keeping it on his ass in an almost desperate manner, “it’s okay, you don’t have to stop.”

Kyoutani was surprised but more than happy. He moved his hand around his butt slower this time, caressing him. Watari took a shaky breath and buried his face in his chest when Kyoutani’s hand ventured under the hem of his boxers, shivering at the skin-to-skin contact. Watari cried out when Kyoutani slipped a finger into him and the sudden noise woke up Yahaba who jerked awake, subconsciously grinding his hips against Kyoutani’s knee, “what’s happening?” he said, sounding confused and scared.

Kyoutani pumped the finger in and out of Watari. Now that he was in control he wasn’t embarrassed. He pulled Yahaba between his legs, pressing a kiss to his nose, “relax,” he murmured. Yahaba took in the scene before him – Kyoutani flat on his back, eyes filled with lust, erection prominent and Watari against his side, gasping and moaning softly as his hand moved under the covers – and went bright red.

“Oh, god, Kyoutani, what are you…”

“Shhh. I want you,” Kyoutani whispered heatedly, kissing his jaw. His initiative and heat surprised even him but the surprise quickly disappeared, “if you don’t want this, tell me now.”

“Kyou, another…” Watari whined quietly. Kyoutani turned to him, obediently slipping another finger inside him. Watari tightened around him suddenly. Kyou’s dick ached. He turned to hear Yahaba’s response and as he did so, the boy swooped down and crushed their lips together. Kyou took control of the kiss, going slow and steady to calm the boy down. He removed his fingers from Watari and pulled him up to a sitting position with him. Yahaba fell in-between his knees while Kyou jerked off his pants in one quick movement. Yahaba glimpsed his erection for one second and his eyes widened, before Watari was pulled into his lap and lowered gently onto the tip.

He tensed and whimpered so Kyou went slower. Yahaba snapped into action, cupping Watari’s face and distracting him from the pain with kisses. When Watari was finally sitting in Kyou’s lap, shaking and shivering, Kyoutani wrapped his arms around him from behind and kissed his back, “move when you want to.”

“Mmmh,” Watari was unable to formulate actual words. He leaned backwards into Kyoutani, taking Yahaba with him to kiss him as he adjusted to the stretch, “feels good…” he whispered half-consciously against Yahaba’s lips before kissing him. He finally moved, gently and slowly, and once he did Kyou lost all control. He grabbed his hips and moved him himself, lifting Watari effortlessly and bringing him back down.
Afterwards the three of them lost track and memory – they didn’t remember who did who, who gave a blowjob, who got a handjob, who kissed who how many times, which hickeys belonged to whom… just that it was unbelievably good and satisfying and it made all three of them happy.

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Watari woke up first. He had gotten over his embarrassment during the first round the previous night and now he snuggled happily into Kyoutani. When Yahaba woke up he was much grumpier, going into the bathroom with a dark cloud hanging over his head. But when he returned, freshly showered, he looked much happier. They talked quietly while Kyoutani slept and eventually they woke up the tallest boy with kisses.

“What’s this called?” Kyoutani asked sleepily after satisfying himself with the two boys.

“Hm?” Watari was tracing circled into Kyou’s hard stomach.

“Are we going out? What is this even?”

“Yeah, we are going out,” Yahaba said firmly and Kyou hugged him tighter, and dug the phone out of the back pocket of the jeans he had tossed on, goggling the term, “um, it’s called Polyamory. Like, the relationship. But the… intercourse is called a three-way. I think that sounds better.”

“So we’re a three-way, huh?” Kyou kissed Yahaba’s head and then Watari’s, who giggled and sat up.

“Come on, three-way, let’s order that breakfast.”
Pairing: Iwaizumi (top) x Oikawa (bottom)
Prompt by: Yus
Prompt: Sassy gossip King Oikawa, a host, gets involved with the Yakuza, who kidnap him, thinking he is Iwaizumi’s weakness.

Chapter Notes

Ahhh, all reuploaded~
It only took three hours xD
And it’s only 85 chapters without the xmas ones, so we’ll get hyped when we reach 100 again ;D
Either way, please continue to support me <3

Oikawa Toru hoped the Yakuza would visit him again. He stared at the doors expectantly for the sixth time – it was after seven and Oikawa was already losing hope. He was an idiot – Iwaizumi Hajime, the head of the Yakuza in Miyagi, had come to see him maybe four times, the last being two months prior. Oikawa was deluded, thinking he was special. He sighed – this is what happened when you were in the water trade. A host’s life was not easy.

“Oi, Kane,” Futakuchi Kenji, stage name Jian-Li after his favourite businessman, donked the back of Oikawa’s head with his fit, “stop lazing about and do some work, or someone will take over your status of Host King.”

Terushima Yuji, stage name Nas, appeared by them, “yeah, like that new kid. Hinata. What was his stage name? After that volleyball player…?”

“Mika,” Futakuchi said, “and I doubt it. That kid is way too inexperienced,” they looked towards the doors as if they could see the newest addition to the host club out in the streets, trying to catch customers for the club. The workers came and went, and there were only a handful of regulars – Oikawa, Futakuchi, Teru, Suga, Akaashi and Tendou.

“I dunno, man. It’s always the clumsy ones,” Nas grinned, and winked at Oikawa, “watch your butt, king.”

“I don’t want to hear that from a guy who took a nickname from a rapper,” Oikawa said coldly.

“Says the dude who took his after a fictional alien!” Teru said defensively, dancing around them, “besides, we’re not even that bad. Josef is named after a psychopath and Tarako is a type of Onigiri.”

Futakuchi shook his head, “do you two want to get paid tonight?”
"Yes!" Teru put his hand in the air and went back to the secluded, dark red and black booths littered all over the large hall, overlooked by the bar.

Futakuchi looked at Oikawa, who sent one more glance at the doors, "he’s not gonna come, Kane. Give it up."

Oikawa sighed and forced a laugh, "I don’t know what you’re talking about, Jian-Li chan!" and he danced back to the customers. He caught Sugawara Koushi, conveniently nicknamed Sugar, as he got up from a customer and he slid into the space just vacated, "hello, handsome," he said to the forty-something, slightly chubby and tired looking man. He smiled at Oikawa, seeing his beautiful face. Oikawa wanted to concentrate on that smile and make this man happy, but Iwaizumi Hajime was plaguing his thoughts. Would he never be able to be a good host again? At this rate he really could lose the position of Host King. Or, as all the other hosts called him, "annoying gossip king''.

But, tonight was a different night. He had barely began his conversation with the man and already he had to muster all his energy to not imagine Iwaizumi. What was so enticing about the Yakuza anyway? Yes, he was dangerous, and the power he wielded in Miyagi’s underground sent a thrill through Oikawa, but other than that his face was too harsh and grumpy to be considered handsome, maybe if he smiled more…but his body was tan and muscular, exactly the type Oikawa liked. And despite his grumpiness he cracked a smile once in a while, reserved specially for Oikawa, and clearly he liked him if he requested him those four times…

The man he was trying to flirt with suddenly jumped, his eyes widening and looked behind Oikawa. Oikawa fought not to kiss his teeth. If it was Tendou Satori, nickname ‘Josef’, again, pulling faces…but when he whipped around he found himself facing Iwaizumi’s muscular stomach. He jumped to his feet. Iwaizumi barely glanced at him and didn’t touch him, as per host club policy, instead sending the other customer an icy look, "this one’s my favourite. Mind sharing?'' his suit and rings on his finger made it clear who Iwaizumi was, even if the man didn’t know already – the most powerful Yakuza boss in the underground. Akaashi Keiji, nickname ‘Tarako’, appeared like a godsend and slid into the booth with the man.

"Don’t mind them, sir," he said and the man was instantly taken with his beautiful face and silky voice. Oikawa took the opportunity to back away, heart beating fast.

"Follow me, sir~" he didn’t let his nervousness show, smirking at Iwaizumi over his shoulder as he led him to one of the booths at the back. They slid into the secluded booth, next to each other, away from prying eyes. Oikawa spotted Hinata sneaking back into the club and called out to him, "Mika, get us a whisky and orange juice!" he called out to the newbie and turned to Iwaizumi, finally addressing him, "you still like Whisky, right? I haven’t seen you for so long that I can’t remember~"

Iwaizumi ignored his subtle hint – or maybe he didn’t read it, he wasn’t the brightest guy around, "and you still drink orange juice like a child?"

"I’m sorry, I can’t let you get me drunk and drag me to bed,” Oikawa grinned.

"I don’t need to get you drunk to do that,’ Iwaizumi grinned and pulled out a cigarette, popping it between his lips. Oikawa produced a lighter from his pocket, which he had even though he didn’t smoke, and pressed the flame to the tip of the stick, lighting it for him. He was careful not to brush his face with his fingers, even though he wanted to.

"Smoking is bad for you, Iwa-chan~” Oikawa grinned cheekily. Before Iwaizumi could reply Hinata appeared, putting a whisky and an orange juice on the table, “did you get any customers, Mika-chan’"
“‘One requested me personally,’” Hinata said, grinning, his excitement adorable. He skipped off and Oikawa raised his glass.

“‘Cheers.’” Iwaizumi clinked his whisky against Oikawa’s juice, taking out his cigarette and blowing out a puff of smoke, adding to the hazy interior of the club, “‘you haven’t come to see me for a long time.’” Oikawa said casually as Iwaizumi took a sip of his whisky, “‘did you get bored talking to me?’”

“‘You know I’d want to do something other than talking,’” Iwaizumi said and Oikawa’s heart sank. He wanted his body, just like every other person in the locale. Why had he thought Iwaizumi was… different? As a Yakuza he needed release, not just chit chat.

“‘Sorry, Iwa-chan, I’m not a prostitute~’”

“‘That’s not what I meant,’” Iwaizumi said but he didn’t expand, just finished his cigarette and then his whisky. Finally he spoke again, twisting his body around so he was facing Oikawa, who sat next to him, “‘Kane.’” He said.

“‘That’s my name,’” Oikawa shrugged innocently.

“‘No, it’s not,’” Iwaizumi said, voice low, “‘tell me your name. Or your number at least. I want to take you out.’”

“‘That’s bad manners, Iwa-chan.’” Oikawa’s smile didn’t falter despite his heart feeling like it would pound right out of his chest.

“‘I don’t care.’”

“‘And that’s now how things work,’” he said. Iwaizumi hand tightened on his glass and Oikawa was suddenly worried he’d get angry, storm out and never come back, “‘Tooru,’” he blurted out.

Iwaizumi set his glass down, “‘Tooru?’”

“‘That’s my first name.’”

Iwaizumi sniggered, “‘no way. That does not suit you at all.’”

Oikawa pretended to be offended, “‘and why not?’”

“‘I don’t know. It’s such a pretty name.’”

Oikawa gasped dramatically, “‘are you saying I’m not pretty?’”

Iwaizumi rolled his eyes, “‘don’t make me say it.’”

Oikawa came just a little bit closer, so their knees were nearly touching, “‘maybe I want you to say it.’”

Suddenly serious, Iwaizumi leaned closer still, “‘you’re the most beautiful person in this whole goddamn country,’” Oikawa’s heart skipped a beat at that and stopped completely when Iwaizumi, despite the no-touch policy, put his hand on his knee. His hand was warm and dangerous and Oikawa forgot how to breathe.

Oikawa wet his lips nervously, “‘is that why you like me?’”

The hand slid lower, to his thigh, “‘no. I don’t know why I like you. I just do. You’re way too sassy
and annoying and yet…” Iwaizumi trailed off, his hand moving to Oikawa’s hip. Once he started touching him it seemed as if he couldn’t stop. He leaned forward, slowly, aiming for Oikawa’s lips and Oikawa knew they overstepped the line. He cast a quick glance at the bar and yelped. The boss, bartender and papa of the host club, Takeda, was standing behind the bar, a glass in one hand, glaring at Oikawa. He looked like he might toss the glass across the room at his head in a second so Oikawa shoved him away quickly.

“Jheez, you know the rules, Iwa-chan,” Oikawa brought the flirtiness back, smirking, “let’s change the subject.”

“As you wish. But first, get me another drink.”

Conveniently Suga was just walking past so Oikawa wave him over, “get us the whole bottle of whisky, will you, Sugar, baby?” he asked, innocently drinking his juice. Suga sent him a smirk that said ‘I’m not your fucking bartender’ and walked off towards the bar. Daddy Takeda was still glaring daggers at them but eventually lost interest. As soon as the whisky bottle landed on their table, Iwaizumi uncapped it.

“Why Kane?”

“What, my nick? It’s after Gilbert Kane, a fictional alien.”

Iwaizumi snorted and Oikawa’s heart warmed, “you like aliens, then?”

“Yeah. And space, in general,” Oikawa said happily, ”what about you, Iwa-chan? What do you like?”

Iwaizumi’s eyes were serious, despite his light smile, “I like you.”

“Other than me.”

“I don’t know. When I’m around you, I can’t think of anything else,” Iwaizumi said honestly and that made Oikawa unbelievably happy. He didn’t pass on the chance to tease Iwaizumi, though.

“You like me because you can’t have me~”

“That’s not it,” Iwaizumi said seriously, even thought Oikawa was kidding.

Oikawa glanced at his watch, ”thirty five minutes is up. Time to switch me with someone else.” He got up but Iwaizumi’s hand shot out. He stopped himself at the last second, before his fingers connected with Oikawa’s wrist.

“Stay!” he said desperately and then calmed down when Oikawa sat back down, “I don’t want anyone else.” Despite being a fearsome Yakuza boss, Iwaizumi was surprisingly honest and open. He couldn’t have been much older that Oikawa, either, maybe twenty two, “hey,” Iwaizumi brushed his ankle underneath the table against Oikawa’s. Oikawa glanced at the bar but Takeda wasn’t paying them any attention, serving a customer, “what would you do if I asked you to drop the job?”

“Hmmmm~” Oikawa quelled the surprise and hope as soon as it rose up, “I don’t know what I would say, Iwa-chan~ To drop my job for a gangster I’ve met only a few times, what a feat~” Oikawa couldn’t help but think that Iwa looked a little disappointed as he poured himself another drink, and then filled Oikawa’s empty orange juice glass.

“Drink with me,” he said.
“See, you really are trying to get me drunk,” Oikawa laughed but picked the glass up, not wanting to deny Iwaizumi anything else. They clicked glasses. Iwaizumi downed his while Oikawa took a tentative sip. He didn’t want to get drunk this early on in the evening. Suddenly he felt something brush his pinkie finger. His hand was resting on the soft leather of the booth’s seat and now Iwaizumi’s hand was next to his, their pinkies touching. Even though there was no way Takeda could see their hands, Iwa didn’t go further. Suddenly Iwa’s phone rang and the moment was broken. After a short, ambiguous conversation Iwaizumi got up.

“I need to go now,” there was evident regret in his voice, ‘walk me to the doors?’

Oikawa got up and walked with him, keeping a safe distance away as they passed the bar. The air outside was cool but not freezing. It was dark and no one was around, conveniently. A car had already pulled up for Iwaizumi, who made no move to leave. “Tooru I…I’ll come see you again. Is that okay?”

“What, in two months?” Oikawa teased.

“No. Before that. As soon as I have a moment,” Iwaizumi brushed his hand with his fingers and then, when Oikawa didn’t jerk back, he held it loosely in his own.

“Okay. I’ll wait,” Oikawa said softly, squeezing his hand. He didn’t want to let go. Eventually it was Iwa who dropped his hand and got in the car without turning around.

Sighing, Oikawa returned into the host club, where he animatedly entertained more customers, not feeling the usual satisfaction or amusement. At the end of the night, when everyone was done cleaning up, Oikawa came up to the bar, “hey, daddy, 50/50 for today’s alcohol, please~” he said, grinning.

Takeda glanced at his tab, “that’s a whisky, two beers and a champagne, right, Kane-kun?” Oikawa nodded eagerly. Champagne was expensive as hell at the club. Takeda pulled out a wad of cash – Oikawa was thankful that their boss was one of the honest ones. But before the papa of the club handed the cash over, he gave Oikawa a serious look, “if you’re going to let him touch you, make him pay extra,” his eyes softened and he sighed, “or just don’t let him touch you. Yakuza always get in trouble, but their lovers even more so.”

“Jheez, daddy, you sound like you’re talking from experience,” Oikawa teased, taking the money. He waved at everyone in the club generally, “see you tomorrow, babies!”

“Bye, annoying gossip King-san,” they called back in unison.

Oikawa flipped them off with a grin, “it’s Host King, bitches!” and disappeared out of the doors. Somehow without Iwaizumi it felt colder. He wrapped his jacket closer around himself and begun walking quickly in the direction of the apartment blocks. His rent was due today and if he didn’t pay it he would get evicted the next day.

He never made it.

The pain lasted only a second, a sharp stab to the back of his head and then everything went dark.

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“Oi, slutbag. Wake up.”

Oikawa groaned and opened his eyes, blinked…something was wrong with his eyes. His heart sped up. He couldn’t see anything properly, couldn’t make out what he was looking at…
Wait, no. He was just upside down.

He wiggled his body only to find that it was wrapped tightly in rope, like in those movies. A guy stood in front of him and he looked dangerous, a little like a rabid animal. His hair was close cropped and dyed blond, save for two black stripes running along his length like Saturn’s rings. He wore a suit, even messier than Iwaizumi’s and his slanted eyes were lined with black. Oikawa swallowed hard. The blood was rushing to his head.

“So this is Iwaizumi’s bitch,” the Yakuza spat on the floor, “not much to look at.’’

“Excuse me, that’s because I’m upside down!” Oikawa said defensively before he could stop himself.

The man looked surprised for a second and then a sharp slap landed on Oikawa’s cheek. The ring on the man’s finger cut his cheek shallowly, ‘‘don’t talk back. You just be a good little whore and wait here for that bastard Iwaizumi to rescue you. He should be here around now.’’

“H’m won’t come, if that’s what you’re counting on,’’ Oikawa decided that if he was going to die, he might as well go out with his head raised high. Years of chatting up random men at the host club gave him the attitude and sass necessary, ‘‘ah, such a cheesy scenario~ You’re number two, want to be number one, so you kidnap your oppositions lover to get him to wield to you. Except you’ve made one major mistake – I’m not his lover. He pays me to talk to him, it’s my job. So, sorry, mad-dog chan. He won’t come.’’

A dangerous flare flashed in the man’s eyes, ‘‘you think you’re so smart? Well, for one, this is about territory. But trash like you wouldn’t know anything about things not involving sex, right?’’

“I’m not a prostitute. I’m a host. Educate yourself,’’ Oikawa snapped.

The Yakuza whipped around and grabbed his face, squishing his cheeks painfully, ‘‘is the blood rushing to your head? Watch who you’re talking to or I’ll mess up that pretty face of yours.’’ He released his cheeks.

“So you do think I’m pretty,’’ Oikawa grinned. The mad dog gave a growl but just then the doors were throw open.

A boy ran in, looking terrified, “boss, the-“

He was promptly tossed aside by none other than Iwaizumi, back up by a dozen men, all holding guns. Oikawa gave the other Yakuza boss prompts – he didn’t waver, even outnumbered, and a second later doors all over the room burst open. Guns were angled at Iwaizumi and his men, but they also didn’t waver, “Kyou-tani,’’ Iwaizumi addressed the other boss, his voice deadly.

“Iwaizumi,’’ Kyou-tani spat, taking out his own gun, “so you finally decided to show your ass around here.’’

“Give me back what’s mine,’’ Iwaizumi said through gritted teeth and the reality of it all hit Oikawa. He was kidnapped by the enemy and held in a hostile base and yet still Iwaizumi came for him. A host he’d met five times. Suddenly Oikawa didn’t want to go out bravely. He didn’t want to go out at all. Perhaps for the first time in his life he wanted to sink to his knees and cry and have Iwaizumi save him. Then he remembered that he wasn’t just some princess waiting to be rescued and that he probably missed the deadline payment and now he didn’t have a home…anger surged up in him.

As the two bickered, he began wiggling around. Thankfully he was skinny and the rope tying was poorly executed. He managed to get one arm free as Iwaizumi demanded Oikawa back. Kyou-tani
demanded the territory ‘you bastards stole’ in return. Another hand popped free and now Oikawa could wiggle out, almost, almost… as Kyoutani spoke, he gestured with the gun. Oikawa dropped to the ground and, before anyone could react, he slammed his knee into the back of Kyoutani’s and as he went down he snatched the gun out of Kyoutani’s hand, and slammed him fully to the ground, pressing the gun to his forehead.

“Idiot, you forgot the safety,” Kyoutani barked and in the second that it took Oikawa to check, all guns were directed at him. The safety was off, of course, but Kyoutani did a good job at deceiving him, “go on, fire. As soon as you do, my men will rip you apart,” Kyoutani growled. He really resembled a mad dog.

“Don’t, Tooru,” Iwaizumi took a step forward and now some guns were aimed at him, too. He held a gun directed at the man closest to Oikawa but there was no way he’d save him if Kyoutani’s men chose to fire, “Kyoutani, we’ll give back the territory.”

“No,” Oikawa snapped. For some reason he was determined to win this. Adrenaline was making him reckless.

“We don’t actually need them. You’ll get them back. Just tell your men to put their guns down and give Tooru back.” Iwaizumi went on. Kyoutani glared at Oikawa, who still had a gun pressed to his temple, but nodded.

“Three seconds, everyone drop your guns. Including you, slut.”

“Don’t tell me how to live my life, mad-dog-chan,” Oikawa said with an icy grin.

“One, two, three,” Kyoutani counted without any pauses and both sides dropped their guns. Oikawa only a second later. He got off Kyoutani. Iwaizumi grabbed his arm and as soon as he was by him, he glared at Kyoutani.

“The next time you put even the smallest cut on him, I’ll burn this place to the ground,” he said with a fire that scared even Oikawa. Then, still holding firmly onto Oikawa’s forearm, he pulled him out of the room. His men closed in behind him and then they were out, in the fresh air. It was mid afternoon, something Oikawa didn’t realise till they were out. There were multiple black cars parked in front of the warehouse serving as Kyoutani’s Headquarters. The men filed into them, after respectful nods to their boss and Iwaizumi almost shoved Oikawa into a small limo, occupied by only the two of them once Iwaizumi got in. The car roared to life and sped off – the driver was separated by a solid looking partition so it seemed as if the car was moving by itself.

Iwaizumi systematically when around the car, pulling black curtains along the slanted, darkened windows till the inside of the car was dark and… intimate, “where are we going?”

“Back to mine, for now. You need to rest,” Iwaizumi said and Oikawa found himself being turned around, the buttons of his work shirt undone from behind. Kyoutani’s men had taken the rest of his uniform save for his trousers but Oikawa didn’t feel like complaining about getting his jacket back right now, “they hit your head and your shirt if all bloody at the back,” Iwaizumi said, sounding pissed off. Oikawa waited patiently as Iwa took off his shirt and felt a few band aids being stuck to the back of his head, “at least it’s not very deep.” Iwaizumi tossed the bloody shirt to the floor and took off his blazer, throwing it over Oikawa’s now naked shoulders.

Tentatively, Iwaizumi reached out and touched the cut on Oikawa’s cheek, which he had forgotten about. He produced another band aid from his pocket, a cute heart-pepper one. Oikawa refrained from commenting; his grin said it all and Iwaizumi glared at him as he put the band aid against the cut. Then, to Oikawa’s surprise, he leaned over and pressed a lingering kiss to it, “I’m sorry I got
you into this mess.” He pulled him into his arms, wrapping him in his warmth tightly.

It felt good to finally touch Iwaizumi properly. Way too good, “thank you for coming to save me.” It didn’t sound sufficient.

“Thanks for trying to take down a Yakuza boss for me,” Iwaizumi smiled, brushing his hand through Oikawa’s soft hair and pulling him into his lap. Oikawa shifted so he was straddling him comfortably, his arms wrapped around his neck tightly. He smelled good, “come here,” Iwaizumi pulled him back a little and grasped his chin, pulling him forward.

Their lips met and almost immediately Oikawa jerked back, “they’re soft…” he was so nervous he said the first thing that came into his head.

Iwaizumi laughed, his hands encircling his waist, “what did you think they’d be?”

“I don’t know…” Oikawa said and smiled, cupping Iwaizumi’s face in both his hands. They kissed, slowly, in the dark limo. Iwaizumi’s hand drew up against Oikawa’s bare stomach and pushed the blazer off his shoulder. Oikawa found Iwaizumi’s collar and undid his tie. He pulled back and looked into Iwaizumi’s eyes as he did so but he saw no shadow of doubt. He pulled the tie off in one swift motion and begun working on the buttons, exposing more and more of Iwaizumi’s ripped body. He tilted his head and pressed his lips to his neck, kissing a hickey into it. When he straightened again, Iwa kissed him again, “do you really wanna do it here?” he asked breathlessly between kisses, “in a limousine with a guy who has a heart patterned band aid on his face?”

Iwaizumi pulled him down for a deep kiss, savouring Oikawa, “I can’t think of anything better.”
He fucked up, but this was too harsh. Kuroo squinted in the blinding sun. Here in the outskirts of Alabama it was scorching hot. And it was as if this place had frozen in the 90s – it all felt so...old, after the novelty and electricity of Tokyo. Kuroo’s house for the summer matched the scenery perfectly. Ran by his parent’s old school friends, the household was set between a large apple orchard. Well, one side was the orchard – the other was a plain field, used for growing potatoes, but after a few rows it stretched, tamed and empty. The household consisted of a one storey high cottage straight out of a fairytale, a barn, a stable nearly as large as the house itself and a chicken coop. Currently some of the field was being occupied by a bunch of cows, grazing on the grass lazily. The lady of the house – a plump, elderly woman named Sue, rushed to greet Kuroo. Before they even reached the front doors Kuroo found out from her that she and her husband, although American, had studied in Japan (where they met and got married) with Kuroo’s parents and returned to Alabama some twenty years ago, a little after Sue gave birth to her first son. Yan, her husband, was the complete opposite. When they walked in through the rackety doors he was sitting at the kitchen table, surrounded by children. He had the air of a professional, sophisticated man and yet didn’t look out of place in a country kitchen.

Yan and Sue had a lot of children. Aki was said ‘first child’ that was born in Japan and was twenty years old. Kuroo didn’t meet him straight away because apparently he was out. He was the town’s sheriff, something Sue was very proud of. Mi was the youngest child, barely four years old. Labour must have been hard for Sue, who was probably after fifty already, but Mi herself was a sweet looking child with long golden hair. Kuroo hadn’t seen natural blond hair in Japan but the whole family seemed to have it. Tommy was the second youngest, at six years old. He was a very serious boy and helped Sue prepare dinner, while Mi chatted excitedly to Kuroo, asking him about Japan. Kuroo managed to communicate, being very skilled at English. Sue and Yan had also taught their children a little of their beloved language.

‘Oh, is that him?’ Kuroo glanced up from Mi to find a startlingly beautiful woman standing in the doorway. She was maybe nineteen, and had the golden hair that was the family trait. Her face was straight out of a fairytale but the rest of her looked like a cowboy – flared brown jeans, a leather off-the-arms vest completed with a Stetson. She had a bit of an accent like the rest of the family – making I’s sound a bit like short A’s, shortening the E’s and speaking fast, ‘Kuroo, right?’

‘Yeah,’’ Kuroo nodded at her.

‘I’m Lia. Now what did ya do to get sent all the way to the middle of nowhere?’

Kuroo shrugged, ‘my parents thought I’d been bad at school,’’ truth be told, he had been a full
blown delinquent, which is why his parents wouldn’t let him go to Ibiza with his best friend, Bokuto, but rather sent him here, probably so he would fix up. Little towns like this seldom permitted delinquent behaviour and all the girls were proper, so no sleeping around. Whatever, it wasn’t as if Kuroo was actually interested in females, “thanks for taking me in,” this was directed at Sue. It was annoying, having to translate everything in his head from Japanese to English and he could only say simple sentences, but at least he could communicate.

“Oh, it’s no problem!” Sue said happily. The kitchen smelled amazing – organic, home grown food was definitely better than the processed stuff in Tokyo, “Kei will have someone to talk with, thankfully. He’s my other son and you’ll be sharing a room with him. Hope ya don’t mind~” she turned to her other kids, “okay, y’all, get the table set, will ya? Kuroo, sweetie, would you go out to the field and find Kei? He’s probably riding Firefly again.”

Kuroo obediently stepped into his trainers, which wouldn’t last very long in this sort of landscape, and ventured outside, past the bags he’d ditched by the doors. He squinted once more in the summer and remembered his sunglasses in his pocket. He put them on. God, could he really live through three months of this? He sighed. More than anything he wanted to be in Ibiza with the beaches, alcohol and clubs – and, most importantly, Bokuto. They were like soul mates, except platonic. Kuroo lamented the loss of three months he could have spent getting smashed with his best friend.

The field looked massive and hot. Kuroo had no desire to go looking for this ‘Kei’ but, considering Sue’s kindness, he couldn’t exactly say no. He trailel himself through the grass, wishing he could strip off his shorts and t-shirt, and dump himself in a river. It must have been at least thirty degrees. He was already tanned – by the time he returned to Japan he’d have had a race change. Kuroo soon found himself in the middle of the field, the neatly cut grass tickling his ankles, with no desire to go further. And then, thankfully, he heard a noise, like an animal galloping towards him. He turned. He had about ten seconds to take the boy in but that was all he needed. Tall, lanky, golden haired, with a similar fashion sense to his older sister, riding a beautiful white horse. He looked like a knight from a fairytale, right up to the moment when he yelled, ‘HEY! OUT OF THE WAY!’ and Kuroo felt something hard connect with his head.

He was only out a few seconds but the pain made his vision white. When his eyes focused, the knight was hovering above him. He’d lost his Stetson somewhere and was way too close for comfort. Kuroo found it hard to breathe once he concentrated on the beautiful panels of the boy’s face. He was, what? Sixteen? The collar of his shirt was undone, exposing a slither of milky chest… how did he not tan in this weather? Unless he only just came…

“Shit, are you okay?” the boy spoke in perfect Japanese and, startled, Kuroo sat up. His head throbbed but the initial pain had worn off.

“Oh…your mom’s made dinner,” was all he could say, because there was no doubt that this was Kei.

The guy he would be sharing a room with.

Kei extended his glasses, which had been knocked off his face, to him, “I’m sorry about hitting you with Firefly,” Kei got up and dusted his knees off, going to the horse who seemed to be the calmest animal in the world, “but I did yell at you to move out of the way.”

“I’m Kuroo,” the raven blurted, “how do you know Japanese so well?” he struggle to his feet, head spinning.

“I’ve just returned from there three days ago. Graduated from middle school but now I’m starting
High School here, so…” Kei smiled and stroked Firefly’s hair, “I don’t mind. I’ve missed this place,” he glanced at Kuroo, “so, you’re the dude who got sent down here for bad behaviour, eh?” he switched to English casually. Thanks to living in Japan he didn’t have nearly as thick of an accent as his parents.

“That’s me,” Kuroo touched his head gently.

“You’re not seriously hurt, are you?” Kei asked, twisting Firefly’s reign around his hand and leading her towards the house. Kuroo fell in step with him, shaking his head minimally.

“So you ride?”

“Yeah. Firefly’s one of the nicer horses, but,” Kei looked at him with a challenge in his eye, “there’s a black stallion called Sev that ran off last summer and has been roaming around ever since then. A horse gone wild. No one can catch him. He barely tolerates me, as long as I don’t try to put a muzzle on him,” Kei laughed, “considering how easy it is to trample you, I’d advise you to stay away.”

They got to the hut and Kuroo went to the kitchen while Kei went to get Firefly in the stables and get washed up. He came in a little after dinner started. Sue chastised him, “always late. You know when dinner is.”

“Sorry, ma,” Kei said, sitting down. Kuroo realised he really liked to hear him talk in English. It was easier to hear the sound and ignore the actual words. Kei’s family was heavily religious, also, “let’s say grace,” Sue said and extended her plump hands to her children. Tommy grabbed onto Kuroo’s hand and, as if it was the most normal thing in the world, Kei slipped his fingers into Kuroo’s other hand. For the second time in the span of an hour, Kuroo found it hard to breathe. His hand was deliciously cool in the stuffing hot temperature. Too soon was the prayer over and Kei was withdrawing his hand.

It got only slightly cooler when the sun went down completely. Kuroo finally gathered his suitcase and backpack and went down the house to the very end, where Kei’s room was. It was small and, instead of a futon like in Japan, Kei had a proper bed. Kuroo only slept in bed’s when he went to hotels, “I tried to tell ma that you could sleep on the floor but she insisted we cram into my bed,” Kei’s bedroom was spotless, like the rest of him once he got clean. He was speaking Japanese again.

“I can sleep on the floor…” Kuroo offered.

“Too late now. There’s no mattress and the floorboards are unbearable.”

“Well,” Kuroo, freshly out of the shower that had cooled him down for a blissful ten minutes, jumped into the bed, “I guess all we can do is try not to boil.

“I suppose so,” Kei stretched out and kicked the covers into the foot of the bed, curling by the wall. The window was wide open and no doubt Kuroo would wake up with a thousand and one mosquito bites, but that was probably the better option since he didn’t want to fry at night.

“How long have you been riding?” Kuroo asked, staring at the dark ceiling.

“Since I was a kid, really,” Kei was rolled onto his side, his back to Kuroo.

“Always on Firefly?”

“What is this, question time? Go to sleep,” Kei said, annoyed, but after a moment he mumbled, “I used to ride on Sev when he was a pony.”
Kuroo didn’t know what to say to that. Eventually he just rolled onto his side, “goodnight.”

“Night.” But Kuroo couldn’t sleep. It was just too hot. He reluctantly turned and then turned again. Kei kissed his teeth, “mind not making the bed jump around?”

“Sorry. It’s too hot for me.”

“Welcome to Alabama.” Kuroo turned to Kei. Somehow, even though they were right next to each other, Kuroo didn’t feel any warmth seeping from the blond boy. Hesitantly he reached out and touched his back through his t-shirt. It was cold. He sighed. He could almost see Kei roll his eyes, “are you okay?”

“You’re body temperature is actually really pleasant,” Kuroo said, scooting closer. But it wasn’t enough. He poked Kei in the back, “take off your shirt.”

“Perv. At least take me on a date first.”

Kuroo rolled his eyes, “come on. Be a good host.”

Kei sighed and sat up, tugging off his shirt. In the darkness his skin was almost white, “you too, then.” He snapped at Kuroo, who quickly stripped, too, and then they lay back down in Kei’s bed. Kuroo wrapped his arm around Kei who immediately elbowed him in the stomach. He kissed his teeth when Kuroo didn’t even flinch and his elbow was met with rock hard resistance, “get off. You’re like a human heater.”

“Shhh. This way you don’t need a blanket,” Kuroo pulled Kei’s back against his front and it was like holding a sack of ice cubes to his chest. He sighed.

“I don’t need a blanket,” Kei grumbled and shifted around, getting comfortable. Then he stopped moving and Kuroo finally fell asleep.

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“Wakey, wakey, eggs and bakey,” Kei nudged the sleeping Kuroo with his toe. Kuroo cracked his eyes open and glared at Kei, fully dressed with his hat plomped on his head. Seeing Kuroo’s look, Kei rolled his eyes, “wakey, wakey, misery and sadness. Get up. I’m gonna show you around.”

“Now?”

“Yes, now. Come on, we’ll make it back for breakfast. I’m busy later.”

“Is your mom putting you up to this?” Kuroo got up and stretched.

“Nope. This is an apology for kicking you in the head with my horse yesterday,” Kei smirked and tossed him his clothes, “you have ten minutes to get yourself out of a state.”

Scared of what Kei would do if Kuroo exceeded the limit, he threw on the clothes, got himself clean in the bathroom and then they ventured outside. The weather was just about bearable, seeing as it was probably only seven or so in the morning. Kei went left, towards the barn, “wait…don’t tell me you’re gonna make me help you out with chores under the pretence of ‘showing me around’…”

Kuroo shook his head as Kei sent him a wicked grin over his shoulder. Inside were two cows, a goat and a couple of pigs. Kei took one cow by the rope and indicated for Kuroo to take the other one.

“So this is our barn,” he said mockingly as they led the cows outside, “and that’s our field. Wanna check it out?” with no other choice, Kuroo followed Kei onto the field in which he got kicked in the
head. He didn’t notice before but there was a metal ring to the side, in a patch of shaved grass. Kei tied both cows to it by the ropes, which were long enough to allow loads of freedom, and dusted off his hands. Making small talk, they returned to the actual farm where they went inside the chicken coup. Kuroo had to hold out his shirt like girls in fairytales while Kei expertly piled eggs inside without cracking even one. They walked back into the kitchen just in time.

Sue had been expecting them, “good morning, boys,” she took the eggs from Kuroo’s shirt, unfazed, and put most in the box. The rest she cracked into a pan to make omelettes, “Kei, go wake up your siblings. Kuroo, would you be so kind as to make the tea…” soon enough the whole family was gathered around the table, eating and chatting. Kuroo was surprised – it wasn’t as bad as he had thought it would be.

But then he and Kei were sent out to plant potatoes all day long and that wasn’t fun for someone who wasn’t accustomed to hard work. Well, maybe it wasn’t 100% bad since he got to see a sweaty Kei, which set off his imagination…

“Let’s go for a ride,” after a day of hard work all Kuroo wanted was to dump himself into bed but he couldn’t refuse Kei. “Have you ridden before?” Kuroo shook his head, “well, then you’ll ride with me today.” He got Firefly ready as Kuroo watched curiously and led the horse outside. The sun was just setting, tinting the sky orange. Kei smoothly glided onto Firefly’s back but Kuroo had to really strain himself to get up there on the first try and not embarrass himself in front of Kei. He wobbled preciously behind him and eventually held onto Kei’s waist. He inhaled his scent. He smelled of sweat, since neither of them had changed yet, and of earth and something else that Kuroo couldn’t place. He leaned forward subconsciously, enjoying the coolness of the other boy.

They rode for the forest in the distance. It was bumpy and uncomfortable but Kuroo supposed he’d get used to it, eventually. He swept Kei’s hat off his head and tucked it atop his own so he could see above his blond locks. It was pretty cool to be so high off the ground. Once they got to the forest, they escaped the heat completely, leaving only pleasant warmth. Kei didn’t say anything the whole way, only stopping the horse when they came to a river. It was a small one, barely up to Kuroo’s waist but Kei waded in immediately once he tied Firefly to the tree, close enough so the animal could lap at the water comfortably. His clothes were soaked through in seconds. Kuroo swallowed, hard. “Ahhh~” Kei threw himself backwards, letting the soft current carry him a short way. Then he sat on the river bed, so the cold water covered him to his shoulders, “you’re coming in? You should, you know. We both reek.” So Kuroo shrugged, set the Stetson on the floor and waded into the water. It was deliciously cold and Kuroo couldn’t help the sigh that escaped his lips. He laughed a little before lying himself under the water, letting it cover every inch of him and wash away his sweat and the fatigue of the day. When he came up again, his black hair was in his eyes. Kei grinned, “I prefer it like this. Looks more natural.”

“Well,” Kuroo waded through the water, “it’ll be like that all the time soon, since I didn’t pack enough gel.” Suddenly a ‘neigh’ cut through the air. Both boys froze, because Firefly was on the left of the river…but the sound came from the right. They turned, slowly, to find a black stallion lapping calmly at the water. “Sev?” he guessed but Kei was already halfway across the river and reaching out for the black horse, who watched him calmly.

“Hello,” he said with uncharacteristic softness, “how have you been?” the horse nuzzled against his outstretched palm. It seemed to enjoy Kei’s coolness as much as Kuroo. Kei got out of the water, soaking wet, and leaned against the horse, stroking it’s wild, outgrown hair. Kuroo swam in their direction, “careful. He doesn’t like strangers.” Kei said, his voice still soft. Kuroo looked up. The horse was staring down at him. He remembered something about animals not liking eye contact, so he dropped his eyes and, with his head slightly lowered, he got out of the river and outstretched his
hand. Sev let himself be touched. Kei watched him with awe and then he cried, “Kuroo, no!” when Kuroo swung himself onto the back of the powerful animal.

Sev didn’t as much as tap his hooves and Kuroo patted him between his ears, “good boy. Good boy,” Kuroo extended a hand to the stunned Kei, “come on up.” Kei let himself be yanked up and this time he was sitting behind Kuroo.

“Take hold of his mane,” Kei instructed, hooking his arms around Kuroo’s waist, “tug left or right. Come on, we’ll go around to reach Firefly.”

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“’You draw?’

After the incident with Sev, Kuroo and Kei grew closer, even though Sev refused to return to the farm adamantly. A month of the summer holidays flew past and Kuroo found himself spending every second with Kei.

“A little,” Kuroo said self consciously, gently trying to pry his art book, which Kei dug out of his suitcase, out of his hands to no avail.

“Anything else you like doing?”

“I play volleyball.” Kuroo shrugged.

Kei flipped through his half-finished sketches, eyebrows raised, “these are pretty good.” They were mostly sketches of people. Kei touched his fingertips to one drawing. Kuroo looked at him, properly. His lashed were lowered, casting shadows over his cheeks. In his white t-shirt, he looked like an angel.

“Let me draw you,” he said evenly. Kei look at him, a joke on the tip of his tongue, but when he saw Kei’s serious expression he shrugged.

“Where do you want me?”

“Window.” As Kuroo dug out his pencil case and produced a pencil, Kei sat at the ledge of the window. Kuroo modelled him, turning his head towards the window, letting one leg hang off the ledge, the other pulled to Kei’s chest, elongating his limbs. He had a very good profile. Kuroo sketched fast, the outline of Kei, his limbs, the panels of his face, his glasses, the soft curl of his hair, the window…he began drawing his eyes but he got lost in his beauty. He exhaled softly. The art book landed on the desk as Kuroo approached him slowly. Kei didn’t turn, even when Kuroo put a hand on his waist to steady him and pressed a kiss to the nape of his neck. Slightly irritated by the lack of reaction, he pressed his lips more firmly to his neck, giving it an experimental flick with his tongue, “you’re not going to react?”

“How do you want me to react?” Kei asked, voice quiet.

“Impulsively,” Kuroo whispered.

Kei whirled around and, still sitting on the ledge of the window, yanked Kuroo forward, sliding their lips together, “this is only for the summer,” he mumbled.

“Okay, cowboy,” Kuroo breathed, smiling and taking off his glasses. He pressed soft kisses all the way down his face and neck and then picked him up and carried him off to bed.
“Sev will miss you,” Kei said out of the blue.

It was night time, the doors were locked, the lights were off and Kuroo and Kei had just finished their third round of lovemaking. Kei was sprawled across Kuroo’s chest while the dark haired boy traced patterns into his back, his hand holding firmly onto the one splayed on his stomach, “you mean you’ll miss me.”

“…maybe.”

Kuroo stared at the ceiling. He didn’t want to think about going but school was going to start and he couldn’t stay in Alabama forever, “…would you…like me to come back?” the question came out awkwardly but he received an answer immediately.

“Yes.” Kei glanced up at him, “would it be okay if I…visited you sometime?”

Kuroo smiled down at his lover, “yes.”
Chapter Summary

Pairing: Kageyama (top) x Hinata (bottom)
Prompt by: Milla
Prompt: Hinata is depressed and Kageyama finds out

Chapter Notes

Ugh I feel like my fics lately are so...mediocre, somehow?

“T’m okay.”

Hinata was not okay.

It was so obvious now that Kageyama knew what he was looking for, “no, you’re not.” Kageyama dropped his back by the doors. Hinata wasn’t expecting him so he couldn’t cover it up very well. Kageyama had been suspicious for months – Hinata acted strange when he thought no one was paying attention to him. And then Suga told Kageyama that he thought something was wrong, too. It was around nine pm and Kageyama just couldn’t sleep, knowing his partner in volleyball and best friend was going through a rough patch in life. So he came to his house – bit creepy. He rang the doorbell and it was Hinata who opened, already in PJs with a radiant smile that broke down pretty quickly. Kageyama practically invited himself in. Hinata’s house was dark. Was his family not there? He led Kageyama to his bedroom, where he plomped down on the bed.

“Um…did you need something?”

“Is something wrong?” Kageyama asked, maybe too harshly and Hinata blinked, surprised.

He mustered up a smile but it was wavering, and it was utterly unconvincing, “I’m okay.”

After dropping his bag Kageyama approached Hinata and knelt down by the bed so they were eyelevel, “come on. Tell me what’s wrong?”

“N-nothing…” but Hinata’s eyes were filling with tears and he couldn’t even smile anymore, “I’m…o-oka…” he sounded like he was trying to convince himself and it wasn’t working. The first sob shook Hinata’s body. Kageyama was unable to move. He’d never seen Hinata like this. Who would have thought that this ginger ball of energy, always happy, always hyperactive…was like this, “I’m just…so sad all the time…for no reason…” Hinata managed between sobs. He hid his face from Kageyama, pressing his wrists to his damp eyes.

“Hinata…” Kageyama lowered his voice, not wanting to startle his friend, “are you…depressed?” Hinata shrugged. Or it might have just been his shoulders shaking from the sobs, “okay,” the raven put his hand on his shoulder, “let’s just get you to bed, okay? Don’t cry, hey…”
But Hinata was shaking his head, “don’t like the bed.”

Kageyama frowned, “what? Why not?”

“Too big…” Hinata sniffed and finally calmed down enough to speak properly, “I usually sleep on the window seat.” Kageyama turned and realised that there was in fact a flimsy blanket and a single pillow in the dent of the window seat. It was pretty big, too, big enough to maybe possibly squeeze in two people.

“You’ll catch a cold like that,” Kageyama sighed, “sit on the chair for a bit, I’ll…” but it was as if Hinata wasn’t listening. He was shaking badly and it looked like he might break down into hysterical crying again any second. Without hesitation, Kageyama picked Hinata up and put him on the chair. He then gathered the covers off the bed, followed by the three unused pillows on top. He arranged them around comfortably, spreading the blanket that was already there on the bottom of the seat and then putting the covers to the side. He dug in his bag by the doors and pulled out his own pillow and blanket, which he brought in case he was gonna stay over. He added them to the border of pillows running around the window seat. He walked out and went into the parent’s bedroom but…the bed was stripped bare. He found another blanket and a few pillows in the living room. When he returned to Hinata’s bedroom, the ginger was still curled up on his seat, sobbing softly. Kageyama’s heart broke at the sight. He quickly finished his nest and then picked Hinata up again.

He dumped him in the soft nest he made on the window seat and pulled the covers on top of him. Buried under all those layers he looked unbelievably cute. Kageyama barely kept himself from pressing a kiss to his forehead, “just try to get some sleep. I’ll come check up on you tomorrow-” he turned to leave but Hinata’s hand shot out to catch his wrist. He wasn’t crying anymore but his eyes were rimmed red and he looked miserable.

“Did I freak you out?” he asked in a small voice.

“No. We all have our problems,” Kageyama said wisely, even if he felt totally incapable of making his friend feel better.

“Then…please stay.”

“Okay. I’ll sit on the chair-”

“No, I’ll move up…” but there was no way someone as tall as Kageyama was gonna squeeze in next to Hinata.

With no other choice, Kageyama picked Hinata up again. He felt incredibly light in his grip. Kageyama, with some difficulty, manoeuvred himself onto the seat and placed Hinata between his legs, so he could lean against the setter. “this okay?”

“Mmmh,” Hinata pulled the covers on top of them, “thank you. And I’m sorry. And-”

“Shhhh.” Kageyama didn’t know why he was feeling so protective over the shorter boy, “where are your parents?”

Hinata sniffed, “I live alone,” he said simply.

“Have you…thought about getting therapy?”

“…yes. I haven’t…gotten round to it.”

“Ohkay. We’ll look at facilities properly tomorrow.” Kageyama reassured him. Hinata was still
shaking faintly. Kageyama shifted under the covers, “can I...hug you, maybe?”

“Yeah,” Hinata found Kageyama’s large hands under the covers and wrapped them around himself. After a while of just staring into space, Hinata turned sideways, throwing his legs over one of Kageyama’s knees and dumped his head on his chest with a kind of finality. Kageyama pressed them together tightly, making sure Hinata was well covered by the blanket. He glanced to his side, out of the window. It was snowing faintly. The snow probably wouldn’t settle and would soon turn to rain, but it was definitely pretty. Kageyama could understand why Hinata liked the window seat so much.

“You warm enough?” Kageyama stroked his back lightly. Hinata shifted, sitting straighter so his head was upright and not on Kageyama’s chest. His eyes, which were sorrowful before, were now intense. He hooked his fingers into Kageyama’s t-shirt and pulled him closer. Kageyama realised what he was going to do, and blushed furiously, “Hina-” Hinata pressed their lips together before Kageyama could even finish saying his name in a short, slow kiss, “hey, wait…” Hinata kissed him again. Kageyama gently took hold of his wrist and tried to pull his hand away from his t-shirt. As soon as he succeeded, Hinata’s other hand cupped Kageyama’s cheek, pulling him in for another kiss, “you’re not thinking straight...” Kageyama said softly when Hinata pulled away. He didn’t want to startle him or make him cry again, “tomorrow you’ll regret this…”

Hinata wasn’t listening to him. He pushed Kageyama down and got on top of him, kissing him fiercely again. Giving in, Kageyama flipped him over and pulled the covers on top of them. He kissed him a couple more times. His lips were soft and his kisses were well placed. Kageyama quickly took control of the kiss, making sure to be slow and comforting rather than stimulating. He pressed kisses to his jaw and down his neck, hooking his thumbs into the waistband of his PJ pants when... “wait, stop…” Hinata’s voice sounded choked. Kageyama looked up at him sharply. There were fresh tears in his eyes, “I’m sorry,” he whispered, “see? It’s like that all the time. I’m doing something and then...I just get sad. Even in volleyball lately…”

“It’s okay. We’ll fix this, okay? Don’t worry. Don’t cry. Hey, it’s not a big deal, we don’t have to do anything…” Kageyama tried to comfort him.

“But I want to,” Hinata sniffled, “I’m sorry if you don’t-“

“If I didn’t want to, I wouldn’t have,” Kageyama said firmly and now it was it was Hinata’s turn to flush. Kageyama pulled him in for a soft kiss, “we’ve got time, yeah? Let’s just sleep for now.” The only way they could settle down together was with Hinata practically on top of Kageyama, resting his head on his chest, with Kageyama’s arm around him. It was a good arrangement. Hinata felt safe and warm and not alone for the first time in months. Kageyama snuggled his face against Hinata’s hair, “don’t worry, Hinata. You’ll be happy again.”
Let's Love the Broken Ones

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Daichi (top) x Suga (bottom)
Prompt by: Theskyisblue
Prompt: Suga has an eating disorder because he's insecure about his body

Chapter Notes

Yoo-hoo big summer blow out!
Ok ok i'm sorry I wasn't around for time and time, but yano I ran off to Vegas, got married and am currently pregnant with quadruplets sired by a drug lord from China. Ok, no, nothing that wild, but I did ditch school for two days to attend two parties in my home country, saying I was sick in school, which resulted in instant Karma kicking me in the ass and me actually getting sick. Thus m I'm updating fics and not being in school xD

Your boyfriend is someone who is supposed to be 100% honest with you, right? Boyfriends don’t hide anything from each other, always tell the truth and trust each other completely, right? So why was Suga lying to him?

Okay, so Daichi and Suga had only been dating for less than 24 hours but did Suga really not trust him? Daichi watched his new boyfriend from across the gym spinning a volleyball in his hands. He was waiting for Ukai to finish talking to Takeda so he could go over a new strategy with him but as he watched Suga the strategy went right out of his head. Something was wrong with him. Before they started dating Suga and Daichi had been best friends and Suga had been his vice Captain – the trust was absolute. So why now…maybe Suga didn’t want to date him after all. His confession had been sudden, spurred by desperation as they were walking home the night before and more than heated. It was intense. More – it was extreme and concentrated solely on poor Suga who had no choice but to let Daichi’s passionate words spill over him like a tsunami. And nonetheless, at the end, he had smiled his usual smile and said yes but what if he hadn’t wanted to date Daichi after all and now the captain had destroyed the trust that built up over the years? What if now Suga wouldn’t tell him whatever the hell was wrong with him?

Daichi cut him a glance again. If you just looked there was nothing wrong – he was practicing as always. But if you really, truly looked with a practiced eye like Daichi you could see the subtle warning signs. Like the fact that Suga wasn’t nearly as energetic as always and seemed a little unsteady on his feet, his jumps much lower than usual. Already, only ten minutes into practice his forehead shone with sweat and his eyes were glazed over. He was naturally pale but his skin had an almost green tint to it. Was he sick?

“Sawamura,” Ukai approached him finally, “what did you want to talk about?”

Daichi was already distracted, “later, coach. I…have something to do…” he said absently, already
turning in Suga’s direction and jogging over to where he was setting for Asahi. The gentle giant was missing most spikes because they were too low or too weak but he didn’t speak up, probably thinking it was a strategy from Suga. Daichi touched him on the shoulder before he could spike another ball, “can I talk to you?”

Suga laughed but there was something tight about it, “I’m practicing right now, Daichi.”

“It’s okay, Suga,” Asahi said from over the net. He probably thought his practice was going disgracefully.

But Suga wasn’t giving in, “later, Dai.” He said with a quick smile and turned from Daichi. Too quickly, not meeting his eyes for long enough. There was definitely something wrong.

Daichi walked around him so they were facing each other again, “no. Now.” The air grew tense. Casually Suga brought the volleyball he was holding between them, as if he was creating a barrier.

“Becoming my boyfriend made you awfully clingy,” Suga said with a sweet smile. It was cruel and Daichi could tell he regretted saying it as soon as the words were out of his mouth.

“I’m worried about you,” he said quietly, reaching out for him. He remembered they were in the gym with their whole team and dropped his hand, “can we talk?”

“I’m fine, Daichi,” there was the lie. But Suga’s smile almost made Daichi believe it.

Almost.

“Let me come over today. We’ll talk about this properly.”

Suga gave a long, exaggerated sigh, “there’s nothing to talk about. You’re looking for an excuse to worry about me,” he smiled again and flicked his nose, “you’ll get wrinkled from all that worrying,” but Daichi didn’t smile so Suga sighed again, this time quietly, “okay, you can come over. My parents are out anyway. But I’m telling you everything is fine,” he dropped the ball to the floor, let it bounce once and back into his hand. He kept it low; the barrier was gone, “I wouldn’t mind spending some alone time with you either,” Suga said cheekily and finally Daichi smiled. Suga winked at him and danced away, calling, “Asahi! Let’s continue!”

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Daichi and Suga were on Suga’s bed, watching a movie, like a million times before, except this time Daichi’s arm was slung casually over Suga’s shoulders. Daichi wasn’t concentrating on the movie but rather on how to make a move on Suga. Even if he kissed him out of the blue, the silver haired boy would probably go along with it but he wanted to do it properly. Well, they couldn’t exactly do it with Bolt playing full volume and Suga giggling quietly. And Daichi didn’t even know what ‘it’ was. Kissing was normal for boyfriends, but…well, they were eighteen, but…but… they had been best friends before. What if Suga found it weird? Was Daichi trying to move too fast? But he was at his limit.

When his mind came to that conclusion, his body did so also. He grabbed the remote and switched the TV off. Suga glanced up at him, pouting, “hey, it was about to get to the good bit-”

Daichi neatly slid him off his arm and down onto the pillows. Suga looked at him, surprised, and Daichi gave him a shy smile, “sorry. I can’t wait anymore.”

Suga went bright red and then Daichi followed, realising what he said. But then Suga gave the cutest of smiles and tugged Daichi down on top of him, “I was really happy when you confessed to me
yesterday,’’ he whispered earnestly, pressing his hand to Daichi’s heated up cheek and tracing his fingers over the rough hint of stubble on his chin, “I like you a lot, Dai.’’

Daichi grinned happily, leaning their foreheads together, “I like you, too,’’ he said, tilting his head. Suga’s eyes fluttered shut as he guided Daichi closer, brushing their lips together. Suga pulled him even closer, slotting their lips together properly. Daichi broke. He pushed Suga down into the mattress, sliding his tongue easily past Suga’s defences and tasting him properly. It was everything he imagined and more. Suga tugged one hand into Daichi’s hair for purchase as Daichi ground against him harshly, once, out of nowhere, causing Suga’s entire body to arch upwards.

“More…” Suga whispered, breathlessly, once they parted. Daichi tugged his legs open and pulled them on either side of his hips, yanking off his jersey. He saw Suga falter and hesitate so he swooped down and pressed a kiss to his lips again.

“It’ll be okay. I know what I’m doing,’’ he promised, pulling off his t-shirt, too. Once Suga caught sight of his body he went bright red again.

“Jheez, do you have to be so ripped?” he complained, hiding his flushed face behind his hands. Daichi chuckled and pulled them away, kissing him once more.

“Do you have to be so cute?’’ he countered, sliding a hand under his t-shirt.

Suddenly Suga grabbed his wrist. He looked nervous again, “wait…let’s do it with my shirt on.’’

“Why?’’ Daichi frowned, turning his head to kiss his neck gently, “I want to see you, too.’’

“I know, but…” Suga hesitated again.

“Are you scared?’’ Daichi murmured, moving his hand from under his shirt to hug him around the waist, ”we don’t have to do anything.’’

Suga looked determined, “no, I want to. I’m being stupid.’’ He sat up quickly and pulled his t-shirt over his head but before Daichi could take a proper look at him, he was pulled back on top. Suga pressed their chests together straight away, hiding himself from view.

Daichi smiled, ‘how cute,’’ he muttered to himself, kissing Suga’s head just below his hairline. He moved his head again to kiss his neck and pale shoulders. Suga tucked his hands around Daichi’s cheeks and dipped his head to kiss him but Daichi slipped out of his grip after a brief kiss and kissed down his throat and moved onto his chest.

“Wait, Daichi…” Suga sounded nervous again. More than anything Daichi wanted to calm him down so his kisses turned sensual, going lower slowly, “Daichi…” Suga sounded panicked as he grabbed Daichi’s shoulders, “don’t go lower-” Daichi kissed his stomach, trying to show him that it was okay, but Suga desperately squirmed in his grip, “stop, Daichi, I said-” his voice broke and Daichi’s head shot up. Shocked tears were beginning to fall down Suga’s cheeks.

“Suga?” Daichi’s voice was a whisper as he pulled back enough to let Suga scramble into a sitting position. He was trying to cover himself with his arms.

“Stop it. Stop looking at me,’’ he didn’t sound like himself. More like a broken child.

Daichi snapped into action, “shit, I’m sorry. I’m so sorry Suga, I’m such a fucking idiot,’’ he searched for his t-shirt and pulled it over Suga’s head, “Shhh, it’s okay, I should’ve stopped, I’m sorry…” once the shirt was back in place Daichi cupped Suga’s face and tilted it up, “talk to me. Tell me what’s wrong. You’re not okay,’’ he added firmly when Suga opened his mouth to protest.
Finally Suga relented. He looked at Daichi pleadingly as if he didn’t know what to do, “I…don’t like myself.”

“What?”

“My body. I hate it.”

And that’s when Daichi realise why Suga seemed off. Usually he wasn’t chubby or round of anything but he was solid, and there was something there to hug and he was soft and…and now his ribs were sticking out and his cheekbones were defined in an almost ghastly way. The reason why he had no energy and looked sick…

“You’re not eating properly, are you?” Daichi asked quietly.

“I’m a freak, I know-”

“Shut the fuck up. Stop talking about yourself like that,” Daichi growled.

Suga threw his hands up in the air helplessly, “just look at me Dai…” he hid his face in his hands.

Daichi sighed and tugged his hands away, tilting his head up, “I am looking,” he said quietly, “and I can see that you’re sad and I hate that. And I hate that you hate you, because I love you. Everything about you. You’re beautiful.”

“Don’t say that,” Suga hiccupped.

“But it’s true,” Daichi said, holding his face up so he would look him in the eyes, “the way you’re going, you’re gonna have an eating disorder, if you don’t have one already and you’re going to collapse before we get to nationals. We didn’t win with Shiratorizawa for this,” he brushed his thumbs against his cheeks, “Suga. Please. Please don’t be sad. We’ll get you help. I know you don’t want to, but you need to start eating properly. Little by little, I’ll help you,” he kissed his lips, “I’d love you if you weigh 200kg or 2, but I like you best when you’re healthy. Please don’t do this to yourself.”

Suga started crying again but this time he latched onto Daichi like a life line, “I’m sorry…I’m sorry…” he babbled, tears dripping down his face.


“I love you, too, Daichi,” Suga sniffed.

*~*~*

“Work~”

“No…” Daichi groaned.

Suga laughed and jumped onto their bed in their flat, “do I have to remind you it was you who wanted to get up at 5am in time to do a certain something before you have to go into the office?” Suga wiggled his eyebrows. He had hopped straight into the shower after sex while Daichi fell asleep again, “I should be the one whose exhausted! You’re like a monster in bed.” He flipped himself onto his back and stared at the ceiling, one hand resting on his exposed stomach, stroking it absentely, “a monster truck. That’s the new movie in the cinema. We should go see it. And before you say ‘omg Suga you’re twenty five, not five’ I’ll tell you it’s not even animated. Well, parts are,
but you know…’’ he waved the unspoken comment away and looked sideways at Daichi, who had propped himself on his elbow and was looking at his fiancé lovingly through his rant.

‘‘Suga…’’ he said, smiling, ‘‘you’re the most beautiful person in the world.’’
Mating day was coming. Saturday 5th May was the day when the moon shone brightest and alpha-omega instincts peaked. It sometimes got to the point where even Betas weren’t safe – from Alphas and to Omegas. Mating day was important as it helped people find mates. Or, more like, it gave Alphas and stronger Betas free reign over the territory, which they could search high and low for Omegas. Sometimes they settled for Betas but on that one night most were driven into a crazy frenzy until they found an Omega which they mated and marked as theirs forever. Many problems arose from that, like Alphas coming to their senses to find that they had mated their best friends, or Alphas and Betas battling it out for one Omega, but in the end the bonds forged were eternal and mates always came to mutually respect and need each other, if not necessarily love.

But Kageyama was scared out of his mind. He was in his last year of Junior High, still with a slightly chubby face and excitement despite a growing reputation of being the King of the Court, despite his alienation from the rest of the team…which freaked him out, because not only was he an Omega, but he was an Omega with a soft body and the perfect height for a lot of Alphas. He knew from the way his dad had matured that in a year or so he’d fill in, his face would get more angular and he’d shoot up but right now he was like this and… right now he would have to survive May 5th.

“It’s fine. My team doesn’t like me all that much so all that’s left is staying away from my neighbours…” he was thinking as he spiked by himself. His tosses hit the wall and bounced back, ready to be slammed into the ground. It wasn’t much fun, since he could easily predict where the ball would go, but he had no courage to ask his teammates to practice with him. His excitement often manifested in an angry and controlling way so for now he steered clear of the court. He was too concerned about not waking up next to a random guy to spike properly anyway.

“Hi, team~” Kageyama whipped around upon hearing his senpai’s voice. Oikawa Tooru, two years into high school, and Iwaizumi were coming in through the gym doors. Kageyama knew that his career as a team player went down since Oikawa graduated but he ceased to look up to him as a role model, and rather viewed him as a rival now. He was the only person on the Kitagawa Daiichi court who didn’t rush to meet their ex captain. As Oikawa and Iwaizumi greeted the new team members, he simply continued to set for himself.

“Tobio-senpai~” Kageyama froze when he heard Chidori, a Kouhai one year younger than him, speak his name. Chidori made Kageyama more than a little uncomfortable and his fear of Mating day stemmed largely from Chidori, who was the first person to ever show interest in him as an Omega. Chidori was an Alpha and, despite being a year younger, already looked like a man – tall, broad shouldered, he practically loomed over Kageyama. And he followed him around in a way a predator might stalk it’s prey. Since Kageyama didn’t react to Chidori’s voice, the boy threw an arm around
his shoulders and swung himself around, leaning down so they were face-to-face, ‘’wanna hang out together on Saturday?’’

Wanna spend mating day with me?

It was kind of gross hearing something like that from a fourteen year old but then again Alphas matures mentally very quickly, ‘’no,’’ he said bluntly, trying to sidestep the Alpha. His hand shifted quickly to squeeze at the nape of his neck, his fingers long enough to curl around and touch his scent gland. Kageyama shuddered at the sudden invasion but Chidori just laughed easily.

‘’So salty, senpai. I thought you could show me how to spike~’’

Suddenly Chidori was yanked back by Oikawa, who appeared out of nowhere. He didn’t stop there. As the younger boy whipped around with a ‘what the hell’ on his lips, he got a mouthful of knuckles as Oikawa’s fist smashed into his face. Chidori stumbled back and fell smack on his bum, blood gushing from his nose. Kageyama turned to look at Oikawa, shocked, ‘’senpai, wha-’’

He was yanked forward, too, out of nowhere till he collided with Oikawa’s chest. The smell of his pheromones enveloped him like a blanket; possessiveness, desire, arousal, desperation… Oikawa pulled his face close to his own and looked heatedly into his eyes. His pupils were dilated and he was breathing quickly, as he was trying to regain control or inhale as much of Kageyama’s scent as he could before someone dragged him back. ‘’I want you,’’ he whispered intensely as the waves of emotions washed over Kageyama, knocking him off balance. He heard someone call Oikawa’s name waringly as if through a fog. Kageyama shoved both hand against his chest, trying to pull back from him – this was exactly what he didn’t want to do; attract the unwanted attention of Alphas. Especially not Oikawa. They didn’t even like each other! ‘’promise me you won’t go with anyone else, Tobio.’’ Oikawa begged him heatedly and Kageyama felt like he might faint till Iwaizumi yanked Oikawa off him and dragged him out of the room.

For the first time in weeks his teammates showed some concern, ‘’are you okay, Kageyama?’’ they fussed over him. Someone took Chidori to the school nurse. Kageyama was able to relax, knowing that none of them were being attentive because he was an Omega but because what happened had been shocking to all of them, so they sympathised with him. For a good thirty minutes Kageyama could not breathe properly.

*~*~*~*

Saturday came without further incidents. For the remainder of the week Kageyama saw no hide or hair of Oikawa so he hoped the older boy came to his senses. He was too preoccupied with mating day on Saturday to even think about his former senpai. In the morning he took half a dozen of different pheromone suppressants and kept glancing out of the window at the sky, despite it being a fairly warm spring day with no sign of the moon. His mom and dad helped to change the sheets in his room and do ‘spring cleaning’ so the smell of Omega wasn’t as prominent in the room anymore. With each hour ticking by and night approaching, Kageyama grew more and more nervous. He was scared out of his mind that by some wild chance an Alpha or a Beta out on the streets would catch a whiff of his pheromones and break into his house and then, in front of his parents…

From 5pm Kageyama locked himself in his room, playing with his volleyball, to distracted to do anything properly. His windows and doors were locked, drapes drawn so that his scent had no chance of getting out of his room. His parents were downstairs, watching the main doors. They were trying to calm Kageyama down so they were watching TV ‘casually’ but Kageyama knew they were on look out. He also knew they would fall asleep before nine pm, being as overworked as they were. Kageyama decided that if that happened, he would have to guard his virginity personally. It was only one night. He could do one night, he tried to convince himself as he glanced at the baseball bat in the
corner of the room – he dug it out of the shed in case of an emergency. Each time he looked at the window he could visualise an old, creepy, beefy guy crawling through, eyes glowing, mouth watering…

Kageyama awoke with a shudder and swore mentally. How did he fall asleep!? He tried to calm his breathing – he wasn’t buried under the covers, an ‘extra protection’, but at least he was still in his room, still alone, even though it was dark… a light wind ruffled his hair and he sat up quickly, panic rising in his chest.

His window was open.

Already knowing it was too late, that someone was in his room, Kageyama bolted for the window. The curtains were blowing in the chilly spring wind. Before his fingers even brushed the window someone grabbed him, one arm around the waist, a hand clamped firmly on his mouth as he was about to scream… tears stung at the corner of his eyes. God, was it possible to be this scared? But then a voice spoke directly against his ear and just recognising it made Kageyama sob with relief, “Shhh, what’s wrong, Tobio-chan? It’s just me. Don’t scream, you’ll wake your parents.” A quick glance over his shoulder confirmed that it was indeed Oikawa holding him. Alpha Oikawa, with his eyes glowing faintly – which meant his wolf was in control of his body. Even so his voice was soft, placating, gentle. Kageyama reached out a hand and grabbed his wrist, tugging on the hand that held his mouth shut, “don’t scream, okay?” Oikawa whispered, slowly lowering his hand.

Kageyama swallowed thickly, ”get out of my room.”

“’So mean, Tobio-chan~’” Oikawa laughed, “and after all the trouble I went through to pick the lock on your window…”

“Do you realise how creepy that is!!?” Kageyama exploded and tried to shove Oikawa away.

“’Shush, gosh, so loud,‘” Oikawa reprimanded him and his usual careless tone made Kageyama relax, gain courage, “’hey, I did something for you. Or I made something. A place. Kind of. I don’t remember making it but I know where it is. Want to see it?’”

“’No. You sound like a psychopath.’”

Oikawa sighed, “’as stubborn as always. Come on.’” He grabbed Kageyama by the waist and threw him over his shoulder. Kageyama’s eyes widened, realising what Oikawa was about to do. There was no getting out of this one. This was his last chance – he opened his mouth but his scream was ripped away. They were soaring, flying through the air and then they were landing beneath Kageyama’s window. Again before he could scream he was whisked away. Oikawa was running at incredible speed through the thick forest, going deeper than Kageyama’s ever been. He closed his eyes and hoped Oikawa would stop running before he hurled. Thankfully they finally came to a stop but now Kageyama was too anxious to open his eyes. He felt warmth enclose around him and then he was dumped on a pile of something soft.

Kageyama opened his eyes and his mouth fell open. They were in a cave of sorts, deep enough to put a fire at the entrance and still be pressed against the back wall, out of its circle of warmth. It wasn’t very tall though – Oikawa could only kneel with a straight back, his hair already brushing the ceiling. The mouth of the cave was guarded by the fire, which provided the rest of the cave with a pleasant warmth but not light. Kageyama moved his hands an inch. The other end of the cave was stuffed thick with soft materials – mostly blankets, furs, covers and pillows. There were soft hoodies on the outer edges, plushies, curtains…anything that had a soft, cuddly quality to it.

“’You built a nest,’” Kageyama nearly choked on his words.
“Yes. For you.” It was perhaps the first time Kageyama saw Oikawa shy or embarrassed. He lowered himself next to Kageyama carefully, “are you cold? You’re shaking.” Kageyama realised he was, but it wasn’t from the cold. He was scared out of his mind. He scuttled away from Oikawa, pushing his back against the smooth wall of the cave. Oikawa wasted no time; he yanked him down and started piling covers on top of him, till they were wrapped up together like a burrito, “tell me if you’re hungry. I brought some food; aren’t I a good senpai?” Oikawa grinned but Kageyama could tell how nervous he was. It somehow calmed him down. Oikawa’s hand moved hesitantly under the covers to touch his stomach through his t-shirt. Kageyama jumped at the touch, “you smell really nice, you know that?” Oikawa murmured against his hair.

“What do you want?” Kageyama asked around the tightness of his throat.

“Not what you expect,” Oikawa said firmly, “I’m not going to mate you tonight. And I’m not going to bite you, unless you want me to. Don’t worry, I have a tight grip on my wolf.” He pulled Kageyama closer, turning him on his side so they were face to face. He slipped his arms around Kageyama, pressing them together.

“You don’t like me,” Kageyama whispered, confused, “you wouldn’t ever teach me how to serve.”

“Because you have way too much raw talent,” Oikawa smiled fondly, “as a player I could never feel safe around someone younger and equally as talented as me. I was scared that if I teach you, you’ll steal my spotlight,” Oikawa moved his hand from Kageyama’s stomach to his face and stroked his cheek. His eyes were closed, like he was savouring the moment, “it all seems so insignificant now,” he murmured. Then his eyes snapped open and he grinned, sitting up. He was trying to stop himself from blushing, that much was obvious, “are you comfortable enough, Tobio-chan? Do you want more pillows?” Kageyama looked up at him and watched him with cautious eyes, “what? Are you still scared? I told you I won’t do anything,” Oikawa smirked, “wait, no. You’re not scared. You’re angry. Because you were powerless to stop me before,” he lay back down, “you’re a very proud Omega, Tobio-chan.”

“And you’re a very annoying Alpha,” Kageyama snapped, turning on his side away from Oikawa, “since I’m already here, I might as well sleep.”

“Don’t be angry at me, Tobio-chan,” Kageyama jumped when Oikawa spoke again. His voice was soft and his breath brushed the back of Kageyama’s neck – the place where he would place the mating bite. When Kageyama didn’t reply, Oikawa kissed the nape of his neck, sending a shiver down his spine. He pulled Kageyama against his chest, wrapping his arms around him from behind. Kageyama was overwhelmed immediately by Oikawa’s scent, stronger than before. His senpai was letting his wolf go a little, just so it would get Kageyama’s Omega to respond to him. And it did – there was a stirring of heat in Kageyama’s stomach. He exhaled shakily as his arms were covered in Goosebumps. It was as if Oikawa knew exactly where to touch under the covers; his hand came across Kageyama’s chest to brush against his sensitive arms, his mouth beginning to work against the skin of his neck.

“Stop it,” Kageyama barked when Oikawa rubbed his nose against his scent glands, releasing more of Kageyama’s pheromones. Oikawa’s own pheromones reacted to that, and soon the cave was filled with their scent, their smells mixed together. It nearly drove Kageyama crazy. He whimpered and pressed himself into the pillows, trying desperately to escape the heat and sensation of Oikawa. Oikawa’s teeth grazed the back of his neck and he realised, with horror, that he was fully hard.

Oikawa’s hand slipped down his thigh to rub his bulge. Kageyama jerked but Oikawa pulled him almost painfully against him, his chest pressed to Kageyama’s back, “Shhhh, it’s okay. Just let me
do this. I promise I won’t go further.’’ Kageyama forced himself to relax and give in as Oikawa gently rubbed him through his jeans. He undid the top button and slipped them down just a bit, so he could finger the outline of his erection through his boxers. Kageyama shuddered against and Oikawa moved on to kiss his neck. There was nothing rushed or frantic about it and that helped Kageyama relax, too. It was Oikawa doing it, not his Alpha, that was what Kageyama was sure of.

He bit his lip and, blushing furiously, he guided Oikawa’s hand to the hem of his boxers, giving his silent permission. Oikawa kissed his shoulder and slipped his hand into his underwear. Kageyama hissed when Oikawa’s hand closed around him, jerking backwards, rubbing against Oikawa’s own prominent erection accidentally. After a few steady pumps Kageyama whipped around and begun hectically undoing the button of Oikawa’s jeans. Oikawa stopped him with a quick kiss to the forehead, ‘‘it’s okay. You don’t have to.’’

‘‘If we’re doing it, let’s do it properly,’’ Kageyama didn’t realise he was panting till he spoke. Oikawa chuckled fondly and pushed his hand away gently, pulling out his own erection and pressing it against Kageyama’s. He grunted when he begun moving his hand against both of them, their precum mingling, making the descent easier. Kageyama moaned softly into his shoulder, using his hand to help him. He tucked the other one against the pillow, to cup Oikawa’s cheek. Lost in the sensation, he sought out his mouth and pressed their lips together. Oikawa welcomed the kiss, returning it with heat. Kageyama soon lost all senses – he closed his eyes and allowed himself to let the pleasure of Oikawa’s hand, his heat and scent, as well as the kisses that made his heart pound wrap around him like the blankets.

When he came back to his senses he was flat on his back and Oikawa had just finished cleaning them up. He gave Kageyama a drink of water as he blinked back the haze. Self consciously, he touched the back of his neck but it was smooth and untouched by any marks, not even hickeys. Kageyama felt a sinking feeling of disappointment. He was still under the influence of Oikawa’s pheromones – or that’s what he told himself, his pride not allowing him to admit that he wanted Oikawa to claim him – as he crawled over to where he was sitting and into his lap amongst the blankets. Maintaining eye contact, he gave him a slow, steady kiss and then, giving time for Oikawa to push him away and tell him it was a mistake, he turned around and lowered his head, exposing the back of his neck.

It only took Oikawa a second of stunned silence to catch on before Kageyama felt the return of his hot lips. He grazed the spot with his teeth again, marking it mentally, as he pulled his arms around Kageyama’s waist and held him close, his teeth finally sinking into Kageyama’s neck. There was a sickening crunch and a wave of nausea and then Kageyama passed out. He must have been out of it for maybe five minutes. When he came back to it he was lying in the nest again, a bandage taped to the back of his neck. Oikawa was tending to the fire. Kageyama watched the flame soar high, licking the top of the cave and then he was coming back, ‘‘you okay?’’ Oikawa was definitely himself 100% now but it was hard to believe as he doted on Kageyama, brushing back his hair.

‘‘Yeah. Thanks,’’ Kageyama wasn’t sure what he was thanking him for, exactly. Definitely for the effort. And the gentleness.

Oikawa lay down next to him, almost giddily, and opened his arms. Grudgingly, Kageyama scooted into his personal space, letting those arms wrap him in a safe hug, ‘‘do I get a kiss?’’ Oikawa asked cheekily. Kageyama grunted and tilted back his head, letting Oikawa lay waste to his mouth with his for a solid two minutes, ‘‘tired?’’

‘‘Yeah,’’ Kageyama whispered. The back of his neck was throbbing but he was happy, knowing it was marked by Tooru Oikawa, his senpai and now his mate. Other than that he was mentally and emotionally drained and Oikawa was really warm, so sleep seemed like a good option.
“For today, I’ll let you sleep,” Oikawa grinned, pulling him against his chest, “tomorrow will be a whole different story. Prepare yourself~”

Chapter End Notes

Ok so this was gonna go in all sorts of rapey, non con directions (obvs with consent at the end) but then I thought hey, let's just give them a piece of fluff with a lil' lemon juice. I hope you liked that, my baby Miasmas!!! Love ya!
“Family Meeting!” Saeko Shelby, unofficial head of the Shelby Family, one of the leading gangster families in Birmingham, called out to her brothers. Immediately everyone who was in Kyoutani’s bar (even though it was only ten pm) stood up and filed out of the main doors into the dusty, smoke-filled Birmingham streets, each tipping their cap to Saeko. Once only the Shelby brothers were gone, Saeko closed the doors. The Garrison was the Shelby gang’s ‘headquarters’, even though Ukai, the official head of the family, had legally given it to Kyoutani. Kyoutani was second oldest at twenty three, had a bit of a depression and gambling habit, but owning the bar seemed to cheer him up a bit, “right, boys, here’s the deal,” Saeko was always one to get straight to the point. She looked around at her brothers – she was second oldest to Ukai, who was twenty eight. Just a year younger than her was Kyoutani, with Yachi, Saeko’s only other sister, standing at twenty. Tsukki was nineteen and not present at the Garrison. Then there was Kenma, barely sixteen years old – the baby of the family.

“Tsukki’s getting married.” There were various reactions – Kenma’s barely lifted eyebrows, Kyou’s frown and Ukai’s laughter. Saeko waited patiently for them to calm down before dropping the bomb, “to the Lee boy.”

Now the reaction was one – fury and shock, “you’re not serious,” Ukai blurted, his cigarette stuck between his fingers, forgotten, “the Lees!? We hate the Lees.”

“Yeah, we hate the Lees,” Saeko admitted, “but between the Jews, the Italians and the coppers we have enough enemies. Which is why the two gypsy gangs should join together. Yachi went and married a communist – she’s a Thorne now, not a Shelby. Kyoutani is depressed, Ukai, you’re busy with family business, and Kenma’s not even an adult yet. Tsukki gets into enough trouble as it is and the Lee boy isn’t a saint either, I hear,” she shrugged, “I’ve talked to the head of the Lee family and they’re happy to form an alliance through the marriage and end this bloody war. Their house is paid for,” Saeko gave a slow grin, “one thing’s left – convincing Tsukki to marry the Lee boy.”

“That will take a lot of convincing,” Kenma said quietly. He was staring at his half-full whisky glass like it held the secrets of the world. He had just barely been allowed to drink in company and now that the guests of the Garrison were gone he had lost all interest in the liquor.
“Yeah, I bet,” Saeko stood straighter and put her fists on her hips, grin widening, “which is why I will leave you to it, boys. The wedding is this Sunday – make sure he doesn’t find out till the last moment, so he can’t leg it. Good luck!”

*~*~*

The Shelbys owed the best export of Whisky in all of Birmingham – with America under prohibition, their business flourished. The Lees ran the bets at the Derby, giving them quite a bit of money. Between the two of them, they were a force to be reckoned with – and soon they would become one force. Of course Tsukki didn’t know this. He strolled down to the open fields just outside of Birmingham causally, gun tucked under the waistband of his suit – he thought they were going to a shoot out with a bunch of guys who decided to oppose the family. He was flanked on both sides by the most trusted men in the Shelby family – his brothers and the street preacher and pacifist, Akaashi, as well as a few others.

Ukai stopped and the men fanned around him, “okay, boys,” he said, an unlit cigarette sticking out from between his lips, “this is it – remember your roles. Don’t screw up.” Tsukki nodded, once, along with everyone else but he was frowning. Ukai never made a ‘speech’ before they took action; he trusted them enough not to do so. So why…? “Have a drink, Tsukki,” Ukai took a small canister from his pocket and passed it to an uncertain Tsukki, who took a healthy swig, “Oh, and before we go, one more thing…” Tsukki watched, stunned, as Ukai produced a white flower from his pocket, a little wilted but still looking smart as he slipped it into the breast pocket of his suit. As one, the other Shelby boys followed suit, tucking their flowers into their pockets.

“What’s going on?” Tsukki asked as Ukai stepped forward and slipped a flower into his pocket also, fixing his cap on his head.

“Cheer up. You’re getting married!”

Tsukki blinked, “whose getting married?”

“You are!” there was laughter from the crowd as he was patted on the back.

Ukai slapped his hand on his shoulder, “there’s a boy in the Lee family whose gotten a bit out of hand,” he said slowly, “he needs to settle down, and if you marry him we’ll have peace-”

“Oh, hell no,” Tsukki shoved away the men nearest to him but Ukai grabbed his shoulders.

“Listen to me, Tsukki,” he said gravelly, “peace. Bloody peace. Come on. You need a husband, too. You’re getting a house from us, a car from them. You’ll do fine, eh.” The last he said with a grin. Tsukki studied his eyes but there was nothing he could say – this was how it had always been in their family. Ukai makes a decision, everyone goes along with it. You make sacrifices for the family and you’re open to option. So Tsukki forced himself to be open. A wild gypsy gangster was still better than dying alone, or worse – some shy girl or boy from London.

He sighed, “fuck you, Ukai.”

More laughed from the crowd as he was led towards the fields. The Lee encampment was nowhere to be seen. Singular Lee men appeared here and there, on look out, patrolling the hills with rifles. Soon Tsukki spotted a singular wagon, belonging to the head of the Lee family, and a small crowd – some Lees, some Shelbys. He spotted Saeko who gave him a discreet thumbs up. He sighed and forced himself to loosen up – it was about time. Ukai had been engaged and although it hadn’t worked out, he was still looking. Kyou had a wife, but she’d divorced him. Even though, he had one once upon a time. Yachi went off and married a communist. It was now up to Tsukki to have a
They weren’t religious but there was an official waiting for them at the head of the wagon. The steps were occupied by a tall, pale woman, with black hair, clad in many layers. Ukai came to a stop at the foot of the stairs, giving a respectable nod, but the grin was still present on his mouth. He indicated Tsukki, “will he do?”

The head of the Lee family took her time looking him up and down, from the tip of his polished shoes to the last strand of his golden hair. The two families collectively held a breath until finally the head of the Lees smirked and gave a short nod, ‘’he’ll do.’’ There was cheering from both parties and Tsukki found himself being led to the official. The doors to the wagon opened and the man he was meant to marry came bundling out, past his mother who lit a cigarette. Tsukki eyed him as the man approached – he was tall, taller than Tsukki, and well built. Muscular, handsome, dark, walking carelessly as if this wasn’t much of a deal for him either. He caught Tsukki’s eye and grinned.

Tsukki had known men before – as the man came to a stop next to him and faced the official, Tsukki smirked. He was definitely going to be fun.

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The kiss came unexpectedly. After a wild night of dancing, drinking and smoking, a few fist fights and a growing attraction to his new husband, a barely-sober Tsukki half-stumbled into the room when he heard the doors of their new bedroom click as they were locked. He was too tired to even look around his new house and all he wanted to do was dump himself in the heavenly-looking bed. His new husband’s name was Kuroo Lee and he had other ideas. Suddenly Tsukki felt himself being whipped around and pressed against the wall, a hot kiss descending upon his lips. He didn’t resist. Instead, he opened his mouth, letting Kuroo’s tongue venture into his mouth. He tasted good – of liquor, smoke and mint.

“Heard you were a bit of a wild card,” Kuroo said, nuzzling his lips against Tsukki’s again.

“I heard the same about you,” Tsukki replied with a smirk, kissing him again.

“How does it feel to be a Lee?” Kuroo asked once they broke away again.

Tsukki pulled him in for another kiss, making sure to bite his lip hard in warning, “once a Shelby, always a Shelby,” he said a little breathlessly.

“Is that right? Does that go for your sister too? I heard she goes by Thorne now, and refuses to talk to you,” Kuroo chuckled but Tsukki didn’t find it funny. He scowled and pushed Kuroo away at an arm’s length. The Lee chuckled, ”did I piss you off?” he tried to kiss Tsukki again but the blond’s mood was gone; he flipped him off and headed for the bed, ”jheez, you Shelbys. So sensitive.”

“Come back when you’re sober,” Tsukki snapped, dumping himself onto the bed.

After a little while of just standing there, Kuroo’s clumsy, drunken hands managed to turn down the oil lamps scattered around the room. He disappeared into the bathroom and Tsukki decided that that was the end of their wedding night. He was a bit angry at himself for losing his temper so easily – gangsters would always be gangsters. They were not soft spoken and sweet but when Tsukki was grumpy and tired anything could set him off. He was fully expecting Kuroo to give him space and go sulk in the living room so he was surprised when water droplets hit his face. He looked up to find the outline of Kuroo in the dark. His hair was dripping wet and plastered to his forehead.

“I’m sober now,” he said quietly, “I’m sorry for making you angry. I didn’t mean to. My mouth just has a habit of running off on its own when I have a bit to drink,” he leaned down. Tsukki cupped his
face on reflex, feeling the cold water droplets under his fingers.

‘‘Maybe your mouth should do something else, then,’’ Tsukki’s voice was equally soft.

Kuroo kissed him gently, ‘‘like what?’’

‘‘Use your imagination.’’

It only took Kuroo a second to wiggle himself under the covers, a bit longer to find the waistband of Tsukki’s underwear in the dark but it was all worth it when Tsukki felt Kuroo’s hot mouth descend upon his member, sucking him to full hardness. It took him an embarrassing minute forty seconds to come, but Kuroo didn’t seem to mind. His grins, smirks and cheeky comments were gone, replaced by seriousness and determination to make Tsukki feel good. Tsukki wanted to return the favour but his mind wandered away when Kuroo begun touching him with his rough, calloused hands. All he could concentrate on was running his hands through Kuroo’s dark, damp hair and kissing him, mostly on the mouth, occasionally on the neck to leave a mark. He bit his shoulder softly to keep embarrassing noises to a minimum but he quickly decided Kuroo’s lips were his favourite thing to kiss. Kuroo, in turn, seemed to like his hips, his hands always returning to caress them as he pumped into him relentlessly all night.

They were finally satisfied just as the first rays of sunlight lit up the horizon. Exhausted, Tsukki let his new Lee husband pull him into his arms, the weak sunlight stopped by the curtains drawn across the windows minutes before. Tsukki closed his eyes sleepily, finding one of Kuroo’s hands and lacing their fingers together. Maybe they’d fall in love – they probably would. For now Kuroo was fun.
Two Thousand Years I've been Awake

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Ushijima (top) x Oikawa (bottom)
Prompt by: Mellajhhj
Prompt: UshiOi Vampire AU

Chapter Notes

Okay so at first this was supposed to be something elaborate with clans and vampire wars and shit but then I decided I'm too lazy so enjoy this pure indulgent oneshot

Ushijima hated blood houses almost as much as he hated blood whores. They reeked of old blood and sex – eating in one was like eating in a dumpster, but it had to be done. Ushijima was a busy man, always securing deals and making new partnerships for his company so he didn’t exactly have time to go out hunting. And blood whore blood was still better than the gross bagged stuff in supermarkets. Ushijima didn’t care or despised a lot of things in his life, while there were practically none that he liked. He didn’t care about his super speed or strength as a vampire, but he despised his need for human blood. And he despised those who gave it up willingly.

Ushijima Wakatoshi was a massive hypocrite.

“Hello, love,” an older woman croaked. She couldn’t have been older than forty but she sounded ancient, no doubt thanks to the cigarettes she smoked each day. The smell of tobacco clung to her like a second skin, “who can I get for you today?” here he wasn’t a rich businessman, but just another customer. Perhaps the anonymity was better.

“Anyone new?” he replied gruffly. There usually wasn’t – new meat was pounced on immediately and Ushijima didn’t come to blood houses often enough to secure new blood. Even so it was worth a try. He hated the depleted, mostly lifeless blood whores he was usually stuck with. He’d considered ‘buying’ one – most blood houses kept a blood whore for you specifically and no one else if you paid handsomely – but he didn’t want one which had already been used and discarded multiple times. Those blood whores had blood that tasted like other people, other vampires.

“There is one, actually,” the woman perked up. Only now did she seem to recognise Ushijima as a wealthy businessman, “well, he came in yesterday evening and he’s already been used once but he is still full of life…and blood.” She smirked, “would you like to try him? Or would you prefer a girl?”

“The new one will be fine,” once again, drinking from boys or girls was something Ushijima didn’t care about.

The madam gave him a suggestive wink and begun walking – Ushijima followed her. Her was just a counter, separated by a thick curtain made of beads, but as soon as they went through it, Ushijima was assaulted by smoke, the smell of old blood and something else that he couldn’t, and didn’t want
to, place. Here were the poorer customer who didn’t care how long their blood whores had been selling their blood. It was a pathetic sight – seeing their dirty, hunched over forms, drinking for what it was worth from limp, spaced out humans. Ushijima was glad for the smoke coming from unsanitary pipes and cigarettes, obscuring most of these people from view.

He inhaled a freshgulp of air when the madam led him into the corridor, where the smoke was considerably thinner. It was made from dark wood, no paint or wallpaper, just a dusty red rug dumped on the floorboards. But when the madam opened a door, it was like he entered a whole new world. She closed the doors behind him as he looked around, momentarily stunned. The bedroom was dimly lit – the interior was all dark red and dark brown, the curtains drawn, creating a very intimate atmosphere. Spotting an armchair, Ushijima took off his blazer and dumped it on it next to his briefcase. He loosened his tie and walked towards the bed where he could sense his blood whore was. The bed was massive, that much was plain to see, and it had a cascade of material on each side, creating a cocoon inside the bed. Ushijima stopped just outside of the bed, letting his presence be known, and then parted the curtain with a large hand.

His breath hitched as soon as he saw the man behind the curtains. He was young, and beautiful, and his eyes were angry. Ushijima fought off a smirk – he could only imagine what his blood tasted like. He wore only an overly large shirt, easy to unbutton, with nice access to the neck. Where two pinpricks had just barely healed. Ushijima gave the blood whore credit for not dropping his eyes as he sat on the edge of the bed, the curtain falling into place, enveloping them in a scarlet darkness. Ushijima grabbed the boy’s chin and yanked his face forward, ‘‘name,’’ he demanded.

‘‘Tooru,’’ the boy looked close to snapping and shoving his hand away. Ushijima almost wanted him to do it, so he could pounce and not feel bad, ‘‘what’s your name?’’

Ushijima raised his eyebrows minimally. In the vampire world, a blood whore asking a question was a sign of insolence but he felt like playing with this boy – a thrill he hadn’t felt for years, ‘‘Ushijima.’’ Tooru dropped his eyes, his shoulders sagging. As if that small act of rebellion had sapped his strength. Ushijima did smirk this time, wondering how he would react once he got bitten. Curious to see, he grabbed Tooru’s chin again and tilted his head to the side.

Tooru’s eyes widened, ‘‘wait, hold-’’ Ushijima’s teeth sank into his neck where the previous vampire had bitten him. The first drops of blood were bitter, marked by that other vampire. Tooru struggled against him, his panic making the next few drops taste like iron. At this rate he was going to shred his own throat on Ushijima’s fangs, so Ushijima pulled back, wiping the corner of his mouth.

‘‘You’ll just hurt yourself if you-’’ he stopped. Tooru’s eyes were filled with tears – angry, frustrated tears, not pathetic, sobby tears. Ushijima had never had anyone weep in front of him, especially not blood whores, who usually wanted to please him to the point where it was sickening, ‘‘sorry.’’ He said before he could stop himself. He’d forgotten that Tooru was new and he usually had well used blood whores…

‘‘It’s fine,’’ Tooru said quickly, wiping his eyes, one hand clamped protectively over his wound. He seemed to be angry at himself for getting scared, ‘‘you’re still better than the other guy. I mean, the other vampire. Um, sir.’’ Ushijima wondered just how traumatic Tooru’s first biting experience had been. He took Tooru’s wrist and drew the boy to him, in between his legs, ‘‘I’ll be gentler. Sorry.’’ He repeated but made no move to bite Tooru, since his hand was still clamped on his neck. Tooru realised it quickly and drew his hand away, but when he saw the blood droplets gathered on his palm, he started shaking, ‘‘sorry,’’ he laughed nervously, folding his hand into a fist, ‘‘I’m just…I don’t like blood…’’ Oh Ushijima thought, he’s scared of blood. He probably wasn’t here from his own will then – most weren’t. He was probably sold or got into debt that he had to pay off. Ushijima
lost all interest in drinking from Tooru. Not because he suddenly stopped finding his appealing but because he didn’t want to hurt him further. It was rare for Ushijima to care about a person. Mutely, he took off his shirt, unbuttoning it in quick movements, and took Tooru’s bloody hand in his. He still had to feed and that meant he had to calm the boy down. He pressed the white material to his hand, wiping away the blood. Tooru’s eyes widened, ‘‘your shirt-’’

‘‘It’s fine,’’ Ushijima said gruffly and Tooru’s eyes travelled away from his hand, to Ushijima’s body. The vampire tossed the bloodied shirt away, ‘‘close your eyes,’’ he told Tooru. The boy looked at him, distrusting. Ushijima undid the top button of his shirt to expose his neck and collarbones, ‘‘that way you won’t see any blood. It’ll be over before you know it.’’ Finally Tooru’s eyes fluttered shut and he allowed Ushijima to slowly tilt his head to the side. Since he’d already bitten him, there was no initial sting of skin being pierced by fangs as Ushijima’s fangs slid in gently. Tooru stiffened but relaxed as quickly when Ushijima began drinking.

He tasted divine. Ushijima inhaled sharply at the first taste of Tooru’s blood, not tarnished by fear, panic or another Vampire’s scent. He tasted like life and energy and Ushijima felt stronger just after a few drops. Tooru’s hand curled on Ushijima’s knee, his other one finding his shoulder to brace himself. And then he moaned. It was a quiet, breathy moan but it surprised Ushijima as much as it aroused him. That must have meant he was aroused before – if he was aroused or happy and bit Tooru, then the experience could be extremely pleasurable. It usually wasn’t, since Ushijima was in a rush and wasn’t a patient man, and his blood whores were usually already too sedated to feel anything.

Ushijima grabbed Tooru’s waist on autopilot and Tooru moaned again, this time louder, more high pitched and out of control. Ushijima pulled out and retracted his fangs, having drank as much as he needed of that heavenly liquid. It left him light headed. He lapped up the remaining blood with his tongue, his saliva closing up the wounds from his fangs. Tooru grabbed onto him, moaning continuously, each moan making Ushijima lose control more. Ushijima hauled him into his lap properly, his mouth working over every remaining drop of blood he could get, ‘‘Ushi…’’ Tooru’s voice was high, uncontrolled, his breath laboured, and Ushijima’s name on his lips sounded like a moan in itself, ‘‘bite me again…’’ Tooru begged but Ushijima knew that if he did, he would drain Tooru completely.

Making sure his fang were completely retracted, he bit Tooru next to the wound, lightly enough so that it didn’t hurt much but hard enough so that Tooru’s back arched and he moaned loudly. And then Ushijima was kissing the spot. He rarely kissed even his lovers, but something pushed him to marking Tooru’s neck with his lips. Tooru went completely quiet and for a second Ushijima wondered if the human didn’t want to be kissed by him, but then he heard Tooru’s ragged breathing and realised the boy was trying to contain his voice. He kissed him again, higher, and he felt Tooru grip the back of his neck. His fingers found the next button down of Tooru’s shirt and undid it, and then another one. The shirt slid off one of Tooru’s shoulders, almost like an invitation, and Ushijima took it. His lips pressed to his shoulder next, marking it as well. He was just going in for the next button when-

A bell rang in the distance. Ushijima remembered there was a bell tower somewhere on the premises of the blood house. Tooru jumped so suddenly that Ushijima pulled back and looked at him. His head was dishevelled and sweaty, his eyes just clearing, his lips parted and moist, ‘‘I need to go now-’’ Ushijima swept down and kissed him. His lips tasted almost as good as his blood. Tooru was on him in seconds, a hand against his cheek, keeping him in place, Ushijima’s tongue relentlessly exploring Tooru’s mouth. When they finally parted, Tooru seemed unable to catch his breath. He lay his head on the vampire’s shoulder and wrapped his arms tightly around his neck. Ushijima hesitated. He wasn’t much of a hugger but…his strong arms came around Tooru gently, hands smoothing down his back to help him catch his breath. ‘‘I need to go,’’ he repeated, ‘‘to get changed before…’’
before the madam…”

“Let me buy you,” Ushijima said levelly, already having made up his mind. He made it sound like a request, but he doubted he’d be able to keep it from happening even if Tooru said no.

Tooru pulled back. He was paler and looked tired – just how much had Ushijima drank? But then he blushed, realising what he meant – living in the relative comfort of the blood house with only Ushijima drinking from him, doting on him. That created a bond, “you want to?” Tooru asked quietly, weakly, “I’m warning you, I’m not usually like this. I can’t keep my mouth shut, I’m really vain and I boss people around.”

“If I wanted a brain-dead human, I’d take anyone else in this place,” Ushijima said seriously. Tooru laughed quietly and Ushijima decided he profoundly enjoyed that sound.

“I’m not cheap,” he said, still smiling.

“I don’t expect you to be.”

His smile faltered, “are you…sure?”

“I was sure the moment you glared at me,” Ushijima said truthfully.

“Okay. Then please. Thank you. Um, I hope to be of service?”

Ushijima begun crawling off the bed, gently dumping Tooru back on the mattress – he was going to be late to work and he still had to find a different shirt. He pressed a kiss to Tooru’s cheek quickly, before he chickened out, “don’t worry. You will be.”
Chapter Summary

Pairing: Ukai (top) x Takeda (bottom)
Prompt by: AuspiciousVagabond
Prompt: Takeda gives Ukai a lap dance/strip tease which may or may not turn into something more

“You can’t dance, sensei,” Ukai said to Takeda’s sudden proclamation, laughing.

“Can too!” Takeda protested, shakily getting to his feet.

“You can’t even stand straight!” After Karasuno made it to the nationals, the whole teaching board took Ukai and Takeda out for drinks. Ukai had sobered up on the walk home but Takeda kept drinking the beer in his hand, till he was a giggling, cute mess. Yeah, Ukai found him cute – he didn’t initially become Karasuno’s coach to train some brats, but because of a certain cute teacher’s persistence. But that wasn’t why Ukai invited Takeda over – no, he was just genuinely worried he wouldn’t get home safely. Takeda had proceeded to sniff out all the alcohol stashed in Ukai’s house and was currently on the floor – or getting up from it. Or trying to, “there’s no music!”

Takeda pulled out his phone and clumsily unlocked it. Some new pop song, sexy and sensual, blasted out – Ukai would have never pinpointed Takeda as a fan, “I’ll make my own music!” Takeda declared and stumbled, nearly falling right back to the floor. Ukai shot up from the bed and caught his wrist, pulling him back upright. Now, in just Ukai’s jersey hanging off him like a bag and his jeans he didn’t look like a teacher. More like Ukai’s personal, cute, tiny klutz, “see?” Takeda said, louder than necessary, his face flushed from the alcohol, “and now we just…” he pulled one hand on Ukai’s shoulder. Ukai sighed and put his hand on Takeda’s hip and putting his other hand on his other shoulder. He begun swaying him gently, despite it not fitting with the music, scared that anything faster would make Takeda hurl.

Takeda leaned into him, forehead pressed to his collarbone, arms hooking around his neck to balance himself better – or hold Ukai closer. The coach hoped it was the second one as his other hand joined its twin on Takeda’s waist. They continued to slow dance through the song, with Takeda giggling every half minute, “what’s so funny?” Takeda asked him eventually.

“Nothing~” Takeda looked up at him with his big, innocent eyes, “it’s just that you look like such a scary guy but you’re actually a sweetheart, Ukai-kun.” Despite the clarity problem arising from Takeda’s slurred speech, Ukai understood and flushed.

“I’m not scary.”

“Are too!” Takeda laughed. Ukai huffed and Takeda laughed again, “see? I can dance!”

“That’s because I’m leading, dummy.” Ukai grinned.

Takeda looked up at him with a determined expression, “you’ve always been so stubborn, Ukai-kun,” he breathed. Suddenly Ukai found himself being whirled around and shoved on the edge of the bed into a sitting position. Suddenly the music seemed louder, pumping through Ukai’s veins.
Takeda looked serious – more serious than Ukai’s ever seen him, and his eyes had a dangerous glint in them. Ukai felt himself grow hard and swore under his breath. And then Takeda made it even worse. Ukai flushed head to toe when Takeda slid smoothly into his lap, his tongue darting out to wet his lips, his eyes not leaving Ukai’s. Ukai was stunned – was Takeda that drunk?!

Takeda took his glasses off slowly and tossed them onto the bedside table. Somehow he looked even more seductive like this – maybe because Ukai could see his eyes properly. They were clouded over and there was no denying the lust swimming inside them. Ukai’s breath hitched when Takeda pulled himself right up against Ukai’s chest, his ass…oh god, his ass was right on Ukai’s erection. Takeda was moving in a way a teacher shouldn’t – in a dirty, sinful, dangerously delicious way, his movement fluid like water – he probably couldn’t dance like this, would even be too embarrassed to try, when he was sober. But a drunk Takeda was brave and was using that lithe body to its maximum. Ukai glanced over Takeda’s shoulder and his eyes widened – how could someone’s ass move like that? Especially a guy’s…especially innocent little Takeda’s… Ukai’s erection grew painful in its restraints as that ass popped and grinded against it.

“Do you like that?” Takeda’s voice was soft, smooth like chocolate, his breath tickling Ukai’s ear. He unzipped the jersey and the smooth movements of his hips caused it to slip off one shoulder and then the other, teasingly revealing more and more pale skin. Takeda’s hand went to his own jeans and he popped open his button, showing a slither of dark blue underwear.

In response, Ukai slid his hands down Takeda’s back to grab his ass. Takeda’s breath hitched as he was forced to look Ukai in the eye. Ukai’s blush was gone and that same dangerous flame was lit in his eyes as he shoved Takeda’s ass hard down on his clothed erection. He couldn’t help it – Takeda was just so erotic. And the fact that he was an innocent, prim teacher on a day-to-day basis made it even better. But Ukai growing more condiment made Takeda sober up and now he was flushing, trying to pull up his jersey, “I-I’m sorry, I made an embarrassment of myself-”

“You didn’t,” Ukai said softly, grabbing his wrist and pulling his hand away from his jersey.

Takeda locked eyes with him and then hesitantly reached out, pulling his headband off, letting his long, blond bangs fall in his eyes and then brushing them away with his fingers. He tilted his head. Ukai closed his eyes and their lips met. As soon as he got a taste of him, Ukai knew he was addicted to Takeda. His lips were soft and sweet like the rest of him, intoxicating. Ukai’s hand went up to pull the jersey off him completely, his fingers brushing up his spine, “I like you,” he whispered when they pulled away for air.

“Me, too,” Takeda laughed softly against his mouth, “I wouldn’t be on your lap otherwise.”

Ukai pulled him closer, “are you still drunk?”

Takeda giggled, “maybe a little,” he said, giddy, and kissed Ukai again. Suddenly Ukai found himself being shoved down onto the mattress, Takeda crawling on top of him, his hot mouth on his neck. Even quicker Takeda felt himself being flipped over, pressed into the pillows. Where were they? Oh, in Ukai’s apartment. His head felt so woozy but he felt so good, pinned under Ukai. Giving him the control sent a thrill through Takeda’s body that made him shuffle, seeking the press of Ukai’s erection against him. He moaned softly when he found it, when Ukai ground his hips against Takeda’s.

And then his world flipped upside down and instant karma kicked him in the ass. He shoved Ukai away and groaned, rubbing his eyes with the balls of his palms, “oh god, I’m so sorry, I think I drank too much.”

Ukai didn’t get angry. He laughed cheekily and pressed a kiss to his dark hair, “serves you right. I
did tell you to stop. Are you going to be sick?”

“Ugh, I might…” Takeda said softly. He didn’t want to stop their activities – he really didn’t – but the last thing he wanted was to throw up all over the bed. Still…, “come here,” Takeda tugged a finger under the waistband of Ukai’s jeans and pulled him closer, “at least let me-”

“It’s fine,” Ukai took his wrist gently and kissed it affectionately.

Takeda flushed, “but… I got you in a state…”

“It’ll go away.”

The teacher glanced up from under his long lashes, “what if I don’t want it to?”

Ukai grinned, “then you can deal with it once you feel better. Come on, up.” Ukai pulled him to his feet and led him out into the balcony. He left him there, shirtless, and even thought it was cold the bite was good, like a slap to the face, calming down Takeda’s stomach and making his erection slowly go away. Ukai returned with a glass of water, which Takeda sipped slowly, looking out at the dark houses of Miyagi. Ukai draped his jersey over his shoulders again and Takeda wiggled into it.

“Thank you,” Takeda said quietly, putting his glass carefully on the rail of the balcony, “I didn’t know you had a balcony,” he said, looking at Ukai, who was lighting a cigarette.

Ukai shrugged, “I guess it didn’t come up in conversation,” he took a drag.

“Mmmh, guess not,” Takeda smiled and put his arms on the rail, laying his head on top and looking up at Ukai. The movement caused the glass to wobble and fall. There was a crash as it hit the pavement and Takeda jumped, eyes wide, going to apologise, but Ukai just laughed.

“God, you’re such a dork,” he opened his arm and gathered Takeda against his side, offering him his cigarette, “you want?”

Takeda shook his head, “I can’t smoke. I choke on any kind of cigarette.”

“Really?” Ukai grinned, “how about this, then? Open your mouth,” he took a deep drag and Takeda hesitantly parted his lips. Ukai dipped his head and blew the smoke directly into Takeda’s mouth in a steady, thin stream, their lips barely brushing. Even so Takeda flushed and once Ukai pulled away, he clamped his mouth shut. Ukai cracked up, “silly, you’re supposed to blow it out!”

“Oh!” Takeda said surprised, and was even more surprised when a messy cloud escaped his lips when he said it, “oh! Do it again, do it again! I’ll get it right this time!”

Ukai chuckled, “okay, okay,” he took another drag and tilted his head, this time pressing their lips together more firmly, the smoke travelling past Takeda’s lips. Ukai pulled away and Takeda blew out and then gasped, delighted.

“Oh my god, I did it! Without choking!”

He turned to Ukai but the blond wasn’t watching the smoke; he was watching him with a smile, “yeah, you did.”

Takeda gave him a smile that made his heart melt, “I’m really happy right now, Ukai-kun,” he whispered.

Takeda pulled an arm around his middle, snuggling into his chest and breathing in his scent, ‘‘nope!’’

‘‘Me too.’’

He glanced up at the coach, ‘‘what, not feeling sick?’’

‘‘No, dumbass,’’ Ukai laughed, finishing his cigarette and tossing it over the rail. He moved his arm from the small of Takeda’s back to hook it around his neck and pull him in for another kiss, ‘‘I’m happy, too. And you were right – you can dance.’’
La, La, La, Just Levitate

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Hinata (bottom) x Kageyama (top)
Prompt by: mackandmads
Prompt: It’s Valentine’s day and dorky Kageyama is super pumped up for a cute date, but Hinata has something else in mind (aka he may or may not suck him off in the movie theatre)

Chapter Notes

Whether you’re with your SO or you’re waiting for discount chocolates starting tomorrow, HAPPY VALENTINES MY LOVES <3

It was Kageyama’s first time spending Valentine’s day with a boyfriend. He was nervous, obviously. He and Hinata had been dating for a couple months – they’d gone pretty far. They both got a few handjobs and blowjobs, and they were kissing on a casual basis now. Kageyama would have never thought that tiny, hyperactive, immature Hinata could turn him on to the point where he sometimes had to physically push him away to stop his lust. But they’d never been on a date. Somehow between practice and studying they were just always in each other’s houses, talking or watching a movie or just cuddling on the bed. But now it was half term, and the students had a week off school. Tuesday was Valentine’s day – and Hinata had said he wanted to see a movie so…

Kageyama tugged on his jumper nervously. Was he overdressed? No, definitely not. Well, he did dig out his only nice coat, which was a long-ish jacket that made him look like Sherlock Holmes but… underdressed, then? The jeans and black jumper were plain…although it was still better than his Setter Soul t-shirt, which had been his go-to option. Why were people staring at him? Did he look weird? He probably did – like some detective wannabee standing by himself at the corner of the street. He’d gotten here earlier because he was nervous he would be late. Why couldn’t Hinata just hurry up? With Hinata not around he was plagued by nervous thoughts – should he have gotten Hinata a gift? They never talked about Valentine’s day, but maybe a chocolate was a must. He turned on his heel, intent on going to the closest shop when he bumped straight into his tiny boyfriend.

“Ouch! What’s with you?” Hinata said, rubbing his forehead.

“Why are you sneaking up on me, dumbass. Were you trying to-” Kageyama stopped his retort as Hinata looked at him properly, his eyes sweeping up and down his lean form, and his eyes widened, “oh god, I knew it, I look weird, don’t I?”

But then Hinata blushed from head to toe and punched him in the stomach, “why do you have to look so cool, baka-yama!? No wonder people are staring at you!”

Kageyama doubled over from the punch on instinct even though there wasn’t much force behind it, “why are you hitting me, dumbass?” but he couldn’t bring himself to smack Hinata upside down
because his comment had made him happy. Just a little bit.

“Cuz I’m jealous,” Hinata shuffled on the spot, pouting at the floor and now Kageyama was ecstatic.

“Idiot, what am I supposed to say? You look cute no matter what you wear, so people are always staring at you.” Kageyama grumbled.

Hinata glanced up at him and smiled, “does that mean you’re always jealous?”

Kageyama rolled his eyes, “maybe,” he took Hinata’s hand – the idiot had forgotten his gloves again and he had poor blood circulation so his hands were super cold. Kageyama tucked their interlocked hands into his pocket, “come on; you really wanted to see this movie, right?” Kageyama didn’t know why. It was some poorly reviewed spin off from a popular franchise. But if Hinata wanted to see it, he would damn right see it – even if it was a Tuesday, and ten am. The walk to the theatre was short but pleasant – because it was only ten am the atmosphere was sleepy and quiet, but refreshing, thanks to the crispy, cool air. The theatre was even emptier than the streets, with only one station open and a very tired looking clerk behind it.

“Toilet,” Hinata said, “wait for me,” and walked off. Kageyama decided that movie tickets were as good of a Valentine’s day present as anything so he walked up to the clerk.

“Um, hi. Do you have, like…a VIP lounge or something?”

The clerk tapped on his screen, “yeah, but it’s more expensive than normal tickets and it depends what you want to see.” Kageyama asked if they were showing the movie Hinata wanted to see. The clerk winced, “that piece of shit? No way.”

Kageyama did what he technically wasn’t supposed to do – he forced eye contact on the clerk and glared, giving a light smirk. He knew he looked like a demon from hell and the clerk authentically flinched, “I think you should play it. Right now. Do-able?”

“Um, I mean…sure, uh…I…there’s no one here anyway cuz it’s so early,” the clerk prattled nervously as he scrolled through something on his screen, “not in the VIP lounge anyway, so…um, sure, why not?”

Kageyama dropped his demon exterior and sighed, “thanks.”

The clerk stopped and raised an eyebrow, still clicking, “last minute present for your boyfriend over there?” he nodded his head and Kageyama saw Hinata walking across the cinema towards him from the toilets, clicking on his phone.

“Yeah,” Kageyama said and the clerk looked sympathetic.

“I feel you. I still haven’t gotten anything for my girlfriend.”

He printed off the tickets, which were quite a bit more expensive than normal ones but Kageyama didn’t care. He turned to get Hinata just as the ginger reached him and, after a quick “thanks” to the clerk, led him away, “I told you to wait for me. Here, let me give you the money,” Hinata started digging around in his pocket but Kageyama caught his hand.

“No, it’s…uh, your Valentine’s day present. And then we’ll go eat something after.”

Hinata’s eyes widened and he blushed, “waah! Kageyama, you didn’t have to! You should have said you’re getting me something, I didn’t get you anything!”
Kageyama should have probably told Hinata that he did it in the heat of the moment and this wasn’t planned, but he decided not to, since Hinata was so adorably flustered by the gesture. Instead, he draped his arm over his shoulders and dipped his head to kiss him, “that’s okay. I’m happy just having you here.” By the time they reached the other clerk, hidden in the hallways leading to the rooms, Hinata was bright red. Security didn’t even spare them a second glance as they walked past them and all the way down the hall, past the numbered doors to the last two – ‘VIP lounge 1’ and ‘VIP lounge 2’.

Hinata’s eyes widened, “that’s expensive!” he protested.

“You’re worth it,” Kageyama said and then flushed and looked away. Hinata was making him say all kinds of embarrassing things today. The lounge was definitely worth the money, too. The chairs were massive, made from soft leather, with retractable arms and there were only about forty in the whole room, which definitely made it seem VIP. Kageyama and Hinata climbed to the very top and Hinata wiggled his butt on his seat excitedly, giddy like a little child, “the guy said it’s gonna take a while to set the movie up,” Kageyama told him. No point letting him know that Kageyama orchestrate a movie change – Hinata would probably die from embarrassment.

Hinata looked around the completely empty room, “I’ve never been by myself in a cinema room,” he said happily and then yelled, his voice echoing all the way down the front, “this is awesome!” and then, “Kageyama is awesome, too!”

Kageyama smiled affectionately at Hinata, who turned to him, “you’re such a child,” he said softly and then took hold of the leather arm separating them, popping it up so they were now on a mini soft created by the two chairs.

Hinata grinned, “what did you do that for?”

“No reason,” Kageyama said mysteriously. Hinata was just about to scoot up against his side when the doors opened and four or so people walked in – one group.

Hinata groaned quietly, “aw, I wanted the room all to ourselves!” thankfully the people sat much closer to the front, chatting excitedly. Kageyama sighed – well, it couldn’t be 100% perfect – and pulled Hinata against his side. About ten minutes later the ads started, and then the movie. Fifteen minutes in Kageyama already knew that the movie was as bad as the reviews said but he didn’t care, because Hinata’s warm body was pressed to his side. That is, until Hinata raised his head and pulled back a bit, “hey, Kageyama, do you want a Valentine’s day present?”

“I told you it’s fine,” Kageyama whispered back, flicking his nose.

“But what if I want to give you one?” Hinata whispered stubbornly, “can I?”

“Um…” what was Hinata planning? “o-okay?” The next thing he knew, Kageyama was being pulled in for a kiss. He easily took control of it, the soft, wet noises of their mouths drowned out by the loud, cheesy sound of the movie. Hinata hand was suddenly on the button of Kageyama’s jeans. Kageyama wondered if he should stop him, but he decided against it – even if they were in the cinema, they were well hidden, and Hinata clearly wanted to give him a hand job. Plus, now that Hinata put the thought in his head the setter was aching for the feel of his hand on him. But as soon as his member was out Hinata disappeared, sliding to his knees on the floor, “Hinata, don’t-” Kageyama hissed when he felt Hinata’s warm mouth on him and he was instantly fully hard.

Hinata was teasing and slow, his tongue wandering up his shaft and circling around the head. Kageyama would have never guessed that someone as innocent looking as Hinata would be so naturally good at blowjobs – it still astounded him at how quickly Hinata could undo him, without
even using his hands. Hinata took half of his dick in his mouth and Kageyama released a harsh puff of air through his teeth. He took hold of Hinata’s fiery hair and pushed him down gently, indicating that he couldn’t wait. He’d learned early on that Hinata hated being shoved down and rather wanted to take things at his own pace. This time Hinata let himself be glided down gently till his mouth hit the base. Here was another good thing about Hinata – he had literally no gag reflex. Kageyama’s dick glided smoothly down his throat and that in itself was pretty impressive, since Kageyama was a few inches longer than average.

As soon as Hinata got in the rhythm Kageyama felt like he was levitating. He closed his eyes, keeping back a low growl, his hand still threaded through Hinata’s hair. He cracked his eyes open, just to make sure they weren’t being watched. The group was busy watching the movie and occasionally exchanging remarks but just the thought that at any point they could turn around and see what he and Hinata were doing was enough to drive him over the edge. He didn’t give Hinata any warning but the ginger didn’t seem to mind, happily swallowing the load. He sat back, panting slightly, and wiped the corner of his mouth. Flustered, Kageyama zipped up his member in the safe confines of his underwear and jeans and looked at Hinata, sitting on the floor still. Suddenly Hinata went bright red and clamped his hands over his cheeks, “oh my god, I can’t believe I just did that.” It was always like this – Hinata did something outrageous and incredibly sexy in the heat of the moment and then felt embarrassed about it. Kageyama loved that about him, too.

Smirking and regaining his confidence, Kageyama grabbed his jacket and bundled it up. He moved the second leather arm out of the way, creating a three-seat couch and put the jacket at the end, “come here.” He pulled Hinata up.

“What are you doing?” Hinata was still a bit dazed and embarrassed and he yelped when Kageyama tossed him onto the seats, his head landing neatly on the jacket. Thankfully the yelp was drowned out by the movie. Kageyama crawled over him, “someone will see!” Hinata hissed when Kageyama attacked his neck with his mouth, “Kageyama there’s cameras!”

“That didn’t stop you,” Kageyama said cheekily, biting the soft skin of his neck lightly, causing a shiver to ran up Hinata’s spine. Kageyama grabbed Hinata’s legs and tugged them on either side of his hips, pressing up against him. His hand snaked under Hinata’s t-shirt, brushing against his ribs and stomach, then his chest. His other hand went to press against his steadily growing bulge, teasing him through the material of his trousers. Hinata moaned softly, grabbing Kageyama’s face and pulling his face forward to kiss him desperately.

“Are we seriously going to have our first time in a cinema?” Hinata asked but he was panting, not really concentrating on his words.

“It’s your fault,” Kageyama reminded him gruffly, removing his hand and pressing his own bulge against Hinata, “besides, I can’t wait any more. I need you right now,” he cupped Hinata’s face and kissed him heatedly, “I need you, Hinata,” he whispered.

Hinata latched onto him and kissed him back, hard, grinding his hips in time with Kageyama’s. Kageyama picked up the speed and set a steady rhythm, grinding against him in smooth, hard strokes. Hinata’s breathing sped up and he clung to Kageyama like to a life line, “oh god, Kageyama…” he moaned again with a particularly harsh thrust. Even through several layers of clothing he could feel the outline of Hinata. He kissed his neck again, pressing kisses all down his neck, never once stopping the movement of his hips. And then Hinata pressed himself against Kageyama so hard it almost hurt and a powerful shiver racked his whole body. He went limp in Kageyama’s arms.

“Did you…?”
“S-sorry…” Hinata whispered, trying to catch his breath.

“From just that?” Kageyama grinned, unbelievably happy.

“Don’t tease,” Hinata panted. Kageyama kissed his forehead, letting him catch his breath, his hand brushing against his stomach gently. Hinata opened his eyes and pulled Kageyama on top of him into a hug. He looked over his shoulder and- “oh, no! Kageyama, security!”

Suddenly the cameras seemed very important. Kageyama looked over his shoulder. Indeed, security was coming in from the left doors – two men and a woman, all with flashlights, “okay,” Kageyama breathed as Hinata slowly unwound himself from around his boyfriend, “on three, we run for the right exit and get the hell out of here,” the last thing he needed was to get Hinata done for public indecency on Valentine’s day, “ready? One, two…”

They sprung up and charged down – Kageyama down the aisle, Hinata jumping down chairs like a frog. They got to the bottom just as security spotted them but they had no chance. Kageyama and Hinata jogged every day and the security was weighed down by heavy uniforms. They were out of the VIP lounge in seconds, running down the corridor and past the sleepy clerk, right out of the front doors. They only stopped running a few blocks down, leaning against the wall in a nearby alley. Hinata burst out laughing and Kageyama grinned, “what was the movie about again?” Kageyama asked, his mind hazy.

“I don’t know,” Hinata grinned at him, “I picked it cuz it had bad reviews, so there weren’t going to be many people in the cinema. And I wanted to give you your Valentine’s day gift,” he wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

Kageyama’s mouth fell open, “oh my god, you little mastermind, come here!” Hinata shrieked but Kageyama caught him easily and pinned him against the wall. He kissed him softly, “it was a very good present. Thanks.”

Hinata snuggled into him, “so was yours. Happy Valentine’s day.”

Kageyama hugged him tightly, “I love you.”
I Know It's Dark but Let Me Show You the Brightside

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Yamaguchi (top) x Tsukki (bottom)
Prompt by: Timelord_exorcist_blogger
Prompt: Grumpy, pregnant Tsukishima x suffering Yamaguchi

“Oh, look who finally decided to show up,” Tsukki grumbled as Yamaguchi came in through the front door and blinked, noticing his boyfriend in the corridor, “have anything to say?”

“Um, I’m sorry I’m late, Tsukki,” Yamaguchi said sheepishly, giving him his placating smile. But Tsukki wasn’t having it.

“You might want to call next time. So your boyfriend isn’t worried in his condition,” he snapped.

As always, Yamaguchi picked up on the wrong thing, “you were worried about me?” he said with a soft smile. Tsukki groaned and came over to him. He completely ignored Yamaguchi, instead grabbing the plastic bag that hung from his hand, “oh, that’s why I was late,” Yamaguchi said, changing his shoes, “um, I didn’t know which one you wanted so I took a bunch…”

“Way to waste money,” Tsukki peered into the bag, “figures.”

“Hey, you’re not being fair. If I brought the wrong one, you’d get mad,” Yamaguchi said defensively.

Tsukki knew he wasn’t being fair but he was irritated – he was always irritated lately and Yamaguchi was usually the one under fire from him, “at least you brought something,” Tsukki grumbled, padding into the kitchen. Yamaguchi followed him like an obedient puppy and watched him unload the strawberry shortcakes – three different brands – onto the counter. In his current condition, he’d probably inhale all three before midnight. Yamaguchi smiled affectionately at Tsukki’s back – he was wearing an oversized white sweater. Oversized clothes were the only things that fit him now. He slipped up behind him hugged him from behind, “Gah! Don’t sneak up on me!” Tsukki snapped, swatting at Yamaguchi’s hand.

“Hey, what’s gotten you in a mood?” Yamaguchi asked softly.

“Your child.” Tsukki barked.

Yamaguchi put a protective hand on his swollen belly, “our child,” he said patiently, “our Tiny”.

“Sorry, I meant to say your accident.”

“Tsukki!” Yamaguchi rarely got fed up with his boyfriend and Tsukki flinched.

“Sorry. I just…” he sighed and then groaned, “I’m done with this whole situation. I just want it out.”

“Please stop talking like that,” Yamaguchi’s hand tightened on Tsukki’s stomach.
The blond whipped around, “hey, I mean out, not gone,” he said and sighed again, then rubbed his
face, ‘god, I can’t even say stuff properly lately. The baby’s been kicking all day; can’t nap, can’t
watch the TV in peace, can’t take a shower and now my back hurts and I’m pissing off the only
person who listens to my whining-“

Yamaguchi pulled his hands away from his face and tilted his head, pressing a kiss to his soft lips.
Tsukki stiffened – he still did that, even after a year of dating – but then relaxed just as quickly,
pressing a hand to Yamaguchi’s face, “I’m sorry I didn’t use a condom,” Yamaguchi murmured
against his lips, “but I wouldn’t have it any other way. I love the child already.”

“Of course you do,” Tsukki rolled his eyes, and then out of nowhere Yamaguchi yanked his jumper
up, exposing his round belly, “hey!” Tsukki protested, pulling it back down, “don’t just randomly
decide to take my clothes off, idiot!”

“I was just checking if Tiny was kicking-“

“Well, you can ask,” Tsukki said, irritated. Yamaguchi was unfazed; he was used to Tsukki’s
moods by now.

“I wanted to see-“

“I don’t care what you wanted,” Tsukki half-yelled, angry, and then shrivelled in on himself, pulling
his arms protectively over his stomach, “I…you shouldn’t like me like this,” he said quietly.
Viciously.

“But I do,” Yamaguchi replied calmly, pulling his hands away, “you’re beautiful Tsukki. With or
without Tiny growing in you,” he pulled him closer, running a hand down his back, “you said your
back hurts? Maybe I can…”

“Give me a massage?” Tsukki snorted, “as if you know how to.”

“I can try!” Yamaguchi said with a grin and pulled him into the living room. He grabbed all the
pillows he could find and made a sort of nest on the couch while Tsukki hovered in the doorway,
uncertain. Yamaguchi gestured to the couch, “okay, lay down on your side, facing the back of the
couch. And take your sweater off.”

“God,” Tsukki groaned but pulled off his sweater and hobbled over to the couch. He lay down as
instructed keeping a safe distance between the back of the couch and his stomach, his back facing
Yamaguchi.

“Comfy?” Yamaguchi asked and Tsukki heard him uncap something.

“What was that?”

“Oil,” Yamaguchi said innocently.

“Oh my god, don’t tell me you watched YouTube videos on this.”

Pause.

“I did,” Yamaguchi relented, “but only because you were complaining about back pains. I thought I
might as well do something about it,” Tsukki jerked when Yamaguchi’s now-oiled hands touched
just below his neck, “tell me if you don’t like something.” Tsukki nodded, smelling the gentle rosy
scent of the oil. He’d smell like a fucking garden after this. Even so, Yamaguchi was trying hard for
him and even though he was a klutz and would probably get nowhere with his massage, Tsukki
closed his eyes and let him do his thing.

Yamaguchi’s slippery hands went from his neck to his shoulders and down his spine, slowly, tracing each bump with his fingers. Tsukki had to admit it felt pretty nice, especially when Yamaguchi started moving his hands down Tsukki’s back in long, slow strokes. Immediately Tsukki felt more relaxed, a tension he didn’t even notice lifting off his shoulders. Yamaguchi’s hands found his shoulder blade and he expertly traced his thumbs along the edges, causing Tsukki to sigh. That was really nice, “do you like it?” Yamaguchi asked quietly.

“Yeah,” Tsukki’s voice was equally quiet. He let Yamaguchi massage his hurting back till he felt limp as a noodle and ready to sleep. But just then his unborn child decided to wake up and kick. Yamaguchi came back from washing his hands just as Tsukki sat up on the couch, “Tiny’s kicking,” he told him.

“Oooh!” Yamaguchi came over excitedly. He’d only been home a handful of times when the baby kicked and he was everything Tsukki imagined he’d be – aka an overexcited child. Tsukki didn’t even bother putting on his sweater. Yamaguchi sat down next to him and patiently waited for permission. If he had a tail, he’d probably be wagging it. Tsukki took his hand and gently placed it on the lower part of his stomach, holding it over Yamaguchi’s and stroking his thumb across his knuckles. A silent apology for his previous behaviour. “Oh, no kicking anymore,” Yamaguchi said dejectedly.

“Wait a little,” Tsukki laughed, lying his head on Yamaguchi’s shoulder, and then he spoke to the child in his stomach, “come on, kid, you’ve been kicking all day but you won’t kick for your dad?” just as he finished saying it, there was a kick against his stomach that felt deliberate. He smiled as Yamaguchi gasped, delighted. Using his other hand he manoeuvred the blond to sit between his legs, his own legs draped over one of Yamaguchi’s knees, his head still on his shoulder. Yamaguchi stroked his stomach lovingly, laughing every time the baby kicked, “I wonder if I’ll have stretch marks,” Tsukki said absently.

“I want you to,” Yamaguchi kissed the top of his head, “it’ll be like proof that we made something together.”

“Oh my god, shut up before I throw up,” Tsukki said but he laughed, “you’ll have living proof. A little wild child running around the house.”

“I don’t think Tiny will be wild. After all, both of us are so level-headed.”

“I’m level headed; you’re a klutz. Besides, all kids are little roaring beasts,” Tsukki said simply.

Yamaguchi smiled and didn’t say anything for a while, his hand still on Tsukki’s stomach. Finally he reached for the blanket on the arm of the sofa and pulled it around Tsukki’s naked shoulders, “we should probably think of a name. We can’t call the baby ‘Tiny’ forever.”

“We don’t know the gender.”

“Then we should figure out a name if it’s a girl and a name if it’s a boy.”

“What if it’s twins?” Tsukki said, smirking.

“Then you’ll kill me but it’ll be worth it,” Yamaguchi said and kissed Tsukki’s nose.

Tsukki swatted him away, “I told you to stop being gross,” he said but he wasn’t angry, not really. Yamaguchi smoothed his freckled hand down Tsukki’s stomach soothingly, “I wonder if Tiny will have freckles,” Tsukki said out of the blue, catching Yamaguchi’s hand in both of his, moving his
thumb over the freckled skin, “I want it to. I like your freckles,” he looked up at Yamaguchi. He was sleepy which was why he was being so submissive, that much was clear, “I like you in general, Yamaguchi. You’re a great boyfriend and you’re gonna be a great dad. I’m sorry I’m such a prick to you.”

“Hey, my fault, remember,” Yamaguchi said with a soft smile, kissing him again, “I think we’re both gonna be good parents,” he nuzzled his nose into Tsukki’s hair and then whispered, “you should marry me.”

Tsukki rolled his eyes, “don’t be gross.”
The church was silent – completely, utterly silent. As an archangel, Kuroo had been around for a long time – since the beginning of time, actually. He was from the second batch of arch angels, after Gabriel and Suriel and that holy lot, which meant he was a lot more deficient – as was Tsukki. Kuroo glanced at the blond across the endless church pews. It was Sunday and as always there was a long, long church service. The pews extended into eternity, disappearing into mist, seating every single person in heaven. All had the same dreamy, reverent look on their faces and even those at the non-existent back could hear one of the first arch angels preaching at the front. It was as if the inhabitants of heaven didn’t already know about the ‘goodness’ of God. And, as the bible commands, no one but the priest could speak. Over the millennia Kuroo had lived in heaven he’d gotten real tired of the church services… they sometimes went on for hours, if the arch angel leading it felt like it, and no one questioned it – mostly because no one was permitted to speak. Over the last couple of thousand years there’d been more and more Fallen – angels and inhabitants who realised heaven wasn’t as much perfect as it was restraining. And it was easier to fall than to take a fucking shit – all you had to do was go against one of the many, many bible restrictions and be brought before the high court of archangels.

Tsukki held his gaze across the pews, almost making the service bearable. The archangels from the second, third and fourth batches stood lined all the way down the never ending pews. Like guards, making sure everyone stayed in their seat as the archangel priest’s melodic voice washed over them. The remaining six of the original archangels stood on the podium behind the priest, nodding their heads, eyes closed as if the bible readings were their drug. The second batch of archangels – Kuroo’s and Tsukki’s batch – had twenty. The third had fifty three and the fourth had one hundred and twelve. As you went down the ranks the archangels got less and less important.

“Praise be to God almighty,” the priest said with a radiant smile and broke Kuroo out of his trance of staring into Tsukki’s beautiful eyes. He straightened and looked away as the pews of people echoed the words in a strong, worshipping tone and them orderly begun to get up and walk out of the doors that appeared in the curling white mist. It could take another hour and the archangels left after them so…well, it wasn’t as if there would be anything interesting happening today, or ever. Sunday was ‘resting’ day so no one would even be out on the heavenly streets. Kuroo sighed and the
next thing he knew, one of the archangels, Selaphiel, was at his elbow, smiling heavenly. They were still in church; they still couldn’t speak. Kuroo forced a dreamy smile and looked at Selaphiel. His blood ran cold. The smile was wiped off his mouth, his eyes cold and glaring, like he knew Kuroo’s inner thoughts. Despite being shorter and slighter, the archangel made flashing warning signs go off in Kuroo’s head. He forced himself to look ahead and not even glance in Tsukki’s direction. Heaven might have been restraining but falling from it would be soul wrenching. And he couldn’t risk being the reason for Tsukki’s falling.

He couldn’t risk any archangel finding out about their love.

When he was finally out of the church, Kuroo finally relaxed and stretched, looking over the landscape with bored eyes. It was perfect in every sense but Kuroo knew perfection was overrated. And tedious. He spread his wings – huge, white, the only joy he had other than Tsukki – and flew over the grassy slopes and sun-warmed cottages. Below the inhabitants of heaven, those who had died, led peaceful lives. They were all returning home for the day – there would be no work. No tending to the flowers, no feeding chickens, no cooking dinner…everything had been done the day before in preparation for the holy Sabbath day. Kuroo supposed he had no choice but to return to his own house and wait out this boring day. He flew in through the window of his manor – the one in a line of pristine white manors belonging to the second batch of archangels. The originals were above them, on top of a hill and the fourth batch was at the very bottom. Tsukki’s manor was at the end of the line.

Kuroo dumped himself on his bed and ran a hand through his shaggy hair. He really ought to get it cut. He’d always wanted to trim the sides but, surprise-surprise, the bible banned that as well. In fact even eating a cheeseburger – a mix of meat and dairy – would get tossed out of heaven. So here he was – a miserable angel who’d never tried a cheeseburger. He sighed, loud and clear. Tsukki swopped in through his window and Kuroo wasn’t even surprised; he’d left it open in hopes of Tsukki visiting him. The archangel tucked in his wings and dumped himself on top of Kuroo, putting his face in his hand as he stared down at his lover, ‘‘how was that?’’ he asked, referring to the mass.

‘‘I thought I’d fall asleep,’’ Kuroo grinned, touching Tsukki’s smooth face, ‘‘but it got better when I looked at you.’’

‘‘Wow, when did you become so cringy~’’ Tsukki asked with a mean smile and Kuroo flicked his nose, smiling. Then the smile disappeared. Lately he was finding it harder and harder to keep up the façade that everything was okay and he was happy. Tsukki noticed immediately and dipped his head, nuzzling his lips against Kuroo’s. Kuroo responded gently, his lips brushing against Tsukki’s a few times in gentle caresses, ‘‘hey,’’ Tsukki whispered, glancing up at him. He cupped his cheek, ‘‘it is what it is. We have to deal with heaven as it exists,’’ he smiled, ‘‘I know you’re fed up. But at least we’ve got each other, right?’’ he kissed him again. It was true – Kuroo couldn’t imagine existing in this miserable realm without Tsukki. They’d fallen for each other as soon as they were created…literally. It was as if they were created for each other.

‘‘I’m tired of hiding it,’’ Kuroo said quietly. Kuroo and Tsukki rarely talked about the fact that they couldn’t be open about their love in the ‘most perfect place in existence’, and they never mentioned the fact that if they were found out, they’d be cast out of heaven. Even with the risk, though, they also never spoke about ending what was between them. Because it wasn’t just ‘love’ anymore but an eternal bond that couldn’t be severed.

‘‘I know,’’ Tsukki said quickly, kissing him again. Not talking about it meant they could ignore their dark thoughts, at least for the extent of their time together.

‘‘Tsukki…’’ Kuroo started, sitting up, pulling the blond against him.
“Don’t,” Tsukki almost snapped, looking at him waringly.

Kuroo drew him forward and pressed his nose into his hair, inhaling his scent, “listen, if we fell…”

“Then we’d have our wings ripped away,” Tsukki said bitterly, pushing Kuroo away, “we don’t know what’s there waiting for us if we choose to fall.”

“Aren’t you willing to risk it?” Kuroo whispered heatedly, “for me?”

Tsukki smiled softly, “aren’t you willing to give it up for me?” he kissed his forehead, “there’s dreams and then there’s impossible notions, like this one. Promise me you’ll get this idea out of your head.”

“I can’t,” Kuroo shook his head and Tsukki’s eyes filled with so much sadness that Kuroo’s heart broke. It was as if he knew already that Kuroo wouldn’t manage to stay much longer.

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“Tsukishima!” one of the archangels from the third batch waved to Tsukki. He was safely behind his white-painted fence, low enough so that it was just there for decoration and not security, sitting on his front porch in the wonderful sun, sipping iced tea. It was Sunday and he had a bunch of friends over, just lounging around, “come join us!” Tsukki really, really didn’t want to but it would be impolite and it would make everyone suspicious even though he’d said he was better now…

He walked past the white fence into the front yard of the manor, forcing a smile onto his lips. The host fussed over him, finding him a deck chair to lounge on and pressing a glass of iced tea into his hand, “how are you, Tsukki? I haven’t seen you for so long,” he gushed.

“Yes, it seems we’re always on opposite ends of the pews during mass,” another laughed.

Tsukki laughed but even to him it sounded forced, “seems like it.”

The archangels sobered up and someone put their hand on his shoulder. He felt like breaking their fingers, “are you okay? You said you were but…”

“Fine,” Tsukki said, forcing another smile. He was starting to feel nauseous, surrounded by these brainwashed angels.

“Are you absolutely sure?” the host asked, “I know he was your best friend, but it’s been millennia since Kuroo fell…shouldn’t you be…better now?”

Bile rose up Tsukki’s throat at those words. ‘Kuroo fell’ and then… ‘best friend’. Even now he could not mourn Kuroo’s falling as losing his lover, but only as losing a dear friend…and he wasn’t expected to mourn his fall for this long as a friend. And yet his heart felt as broken as the day when Kuroo made the conscious choice to abandon him to achieve his own means, “it still shocks me, though,” one of the archangels said pointedly, like he was discussing the weather.

“Yes, why would he do that? Speak so boldly in church,” another shook his head, “why would he consciously choose to abandon paradise?”

But Tsukki was understanding more and more. It took him millennia to get to the point at which Kuroo was that day when he spoke in church, his voice loud and clear, booming over the pews, drowning out the priest. The people had not gasped, had not made a noise, as was proper, but their faces were all set in equal shock. And then he was marched away by the archangels either side of him. He risked one glance at Tsukki and in that moment…Tsukki couldn’t be mad at him. He
watched, heartbroken, as he was dragged away. He never saw Kuroo again and slowly the anger festered up. But now it was mixed with understanding; Tsukki didn’t know if he’d be able to hold out in heaven much longer without Kuroo. Kuroo, who’d been with him for so long, ‘‘I have to go,’’ Tsukki said suddenly, setting his glass down, ‘‘thank you, but I forgot I put the laundry on…’’

The host’s mouth fell open, ‘‘you’re doing laundry on Sabbath?’’

‘‘Um, no, I meant…’’ Tsukki’s head spun from the sheer amount of energy it took to keep the façade up, the lies… ‘‘I-I have to go…’’ he unfurled his wings and shot into the sky.

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‘‘Isn’t this absolutely exciting?’’ the archangel next to Tsukki said, face bright with happiness, ‘‘a treaty for the next 5,000 years with the demon king and all of hell! Peace at last!’’ he gushed while Tsukki gave a non-committal response. It was exciting but Tsukki couldn’t bring himself to care much. All the archangels including the newest, fifth, batch were gathered in the auditorium where the high archangel was ready to sign the peace treaty on behalf of God, who negotiated it with the Demon King of hell. It would mean there’d be no more angel-demon clashes, assure there would be no war and offer a fair distribution of souls awaiting purgatory. Tsukki tried hard not to think about Kuroo…what did he do after he fell? Was there a possibility he was somewhere in hell. It was unlikely he’d be able to corner the Demon King and even more unlikely that he’d know a fallen angel amongst countless others in his legion. Even so Tsukki was expected to attend the signing and stand in a straight line with the other archangels.

A hush fell over the room. Tsukki was close to the end of the line – he could barely see the high archangel, waiting by a pure-white marble podium where the treaty waited, accompanied by two pens. But by the sudden silence Tsukki guessed the Demon King was here. His entourage – or bodyguards – entered first. A bunch of demons, looking malicious and…free? One had tattooed arms and a shaved head, the other two-coloured hair, the third was a female. In heaven females were thought to be inferior; the archangels and even angels were strictly male. But here was a girl in the Demon King’s entourage! Tsukki counted a total of four females when suddenly excited and shocked chatter broke out on the opposite end of the line. Tsukki pried his eyes from the entourage to glance at the Demon King.

A choaked noise escaped his throat. He suddenly felt cold and hot all at once. He couldn’t budge his muscles or move his body, even if he wanted to run towards him…to kiss him or slap him. Kuroo was there. Right there. He wasn’t part of the entourage of the Demon King – he was the Demon King. And he looked so different. Better. Happier. The sides of his head were shaved, leaving a mop of dark, messy hair on the top. There was a hint of stubble on his chin and a tattoo on his exposed arm. He wore dark clothes and a long cloak. He looked so regal. Tsukki had always thought he looked like a prince but for him to be an actual King… Tsukki was aware of archangels eyeing him from their places, knowing who Kuroo was to him, but the Demon King didn’t even look in his direction. Gradually Tsukki calmed down, watching as Kuroo shook hands with the high archangel and the signing of the treaty…and then Kuroo was leaving and Tsukki still couldn’t move and then he was leaving too but Kuroo was already gone…

It all caught up with him only once he reached his manor and sat on the bed, letting his wings flutter out and rest on the mattress. He stared at the dark wall in shock; it was dark. Kuroo was alive and he had been here, but he hadn’t even searched the crowd for Tsukki. It was as if he’d forgotten about him. Tsukki couldn’t blame him…he wasn’t prepared to risk escaping this prison for him so why would he still care, after thousands and thousands of years of being apart? But Tsukki felt their bond still inside him, holding his broken heart together, pulsing weakly as it had been since Kuroo fell.
A shadow fell over the thin sliver of moonlight that shone through into Tsukki’s bedroom. A hulking black shape crouched on his windowsill. Without thinking, Tsukki grabbed his lamp and hissed at the figure, “show yourself,” he ordered. The figure jumped down onto the floor and stepped into the beam of light falling through the window.

The lamp fell from Tsukki’s hands and crashed onto the floor and then he was running and slamming straight into Kuroo’s warm, strong form and Kuroo was hugging him back, moving his hands desperately over his back, his wings, his hair, whispering his name against his forehead, kissing him again and again… “You’re a King…” Tsukki said weakly, brushing his thumbs over his face, searching his eyes, “you became…”

“For you…” Kuroo’s voice was a heated whisper. He kissed Tsukki, holding him close as if he was afraid that if he let him go, he would disappear, “this was the only way. I started working on that treaty as soon as I became King because it was the only way we could be together…but not here, not in this shithole…I wanted us to be free…I love you, Tsukki, this was the only way…”

“Shhh, shh, I know, I get it now,” Tsukki whispered, closing his eyes against the tears that threatened to spill over his cheeks, “you don’t have to explain, I understand. I was selfish, I was…”

“You wanted us to be safe. It almost wasn’t worth it for all those years where I couldn’t see you…” Kuroo murmured, “but now I can see you, on Earth maybe or-”

“No,” Tsukki said quickly, taking his face into his hand, “no, I’m not staying here. You made me realise that heaven is a prison. I’m ready to run with you now. I’m ready to fall,” he leaned their foreheads together and looked deep into Kuroo’s stunned eyes, “if you still want me to.”

“Yes,” Kuroo smiled, his smile so happy it was already beginning to mend Tsukki’s heart, “yes.”

Tsukki smiled back. Now all that was left was to figure out a way to leave heaven – but he wasn’t speaking in church. No. He’d go out on his own terms.

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact - all these 'rules' are from the bible. Yes, the bible bans speaking in church, cheesburgers, trimming your beard and fuckboy haircuts. Either way I thought it would be interesting to portray the heaven as a very confining space, since in some cases it could be a literal manifestation of bible teachings. So...like a puritan society x 100. Either way, hope you enjoyed this!
Who the Fuck Wants to Die Alone?

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Bokuto (top) x Akaashi (bottom)
Prompt by: animebooklover14
Prompt: Bokuto asks Akaashi to marry him three times, always at the wrong moment, so Akaashi says no. Then it's up to Akaashi to ask him the fourth time.

“Will you marry me?”

“Bokuto-san, we’re about to die!”

Bokuto glanced over at Akaashi. It was technically true – they were hanging by their fingertips from the grocery store roof, their chests practically pressed up against the glaring neon sign. The grocery store’s rooftop probably wasn’t the best place to meet with Yakuza leaders, especially since Akaashi, the informator, didn’t have any information for them, “I know!” Bokuto yelled. His fingers were starting to ache and there was no way he could pull himself back up, “and that’s exactly why I’m asking! I’d rather die knowing that you’d marry me then die thinking you wouldn’t!”

“Are you an idiot, Bokuto-san!?” Akaashi yelled, futilely trying to pull himself back up, “how about we don’t die!?”

“Good plan! Will you marry me then!?”

“Are you two lovebirds done?” one of the three Yakuza members crouched down and glanced down at the two hanging men. He had a rifle in his hand and was smiling cruelly at Akaashi, “see, this is what happens when I pay for information on a man that pissed me off, and I don’t get the information. You’re making enemies fast, informator-san~”

“Oi! Leave him alone!” Bokuto yelled, kicking his legs to try and find purchase against the wall to no avail.

“Oh, look at the big man talk,” now the gun was directed at Bokuto’s head, “my patience has ran out. Why don’t you two lovebirds fall now, hm?!” There was a screech as a car parked below them, leaving tire marks on the pavement. More gangsters jumped out, pointing their guns up at Bokuto and Akaashi. The Yakuza gargled with laugh, “or, fine; stay hanging. We’ll shoot you down like ducks!”

He stood up and Bokuto used the opportunity to whisper to Akaashi, “jump,” he said and Akaashi’s eyes widened. He usually didn’t go along with Bokuto’s primal, reckless ideas but now he couldn’t find any other solution, to concentrated on keeping himself holding on, “just trust me,” and he let go. As he had hoped, Akaashi let go just a second after him. He managed to yank him closer. The fall lasted a very short time; shorter than Bokuto expected and when he hit the car below, like he had prayed he would, the breath was knocked out of him. He could feel the roof of the car denting under the impact of his back and the searing pain running down his spine. He hoped he didn’t break anything vital, like his neck or back. But, thankfully, Akaashi had landed on top of him and even though it hurt much more than it would have without the extra weight, Akaashi rolled off him easily. Bokuto gulped down the air once he remembered to breathe. The whole fall might have taken maybe
three seconds and the Yakuza around the car were still confused on why Bokuto and Akaashi would fall willingly.

*Now or never,* Bokuto thought and shoved himself into a sitting position, slipping off the car. Something clicked; it might have been a gun or something in Bokuto’s back. Fuelled by adrenaline and trying not to think of the searing pain as he charged for Akaashi, who managed to jump off the car. Akaashi grabbed his hand and yanked him forward, sprinting. If Akaashi hadn’t been pulling him, Bokuto wouldn’t have made it. Even now as they ran in a zigzag to avoid the shower of bullets from the now-irritated Yakuza every bit of his body was going into shut down. Thankfully they parked their car just outside the grocery store premises. The Yakuza would have probably shot through their wheels if they had known it was their car; as it was, there was no way they’d suspect this beat up Honda belonged to the most notorious informator in Tokyo. Bokuto barely managed to yank himself into the passenger seat before the world went black on the edges. He took deep breaths, barely aware that Akaashi was pulling out and driving away, barely aware of the bullets hitting the road, the car…

Bokuto really regained consciousness properly and relaxed when he was back in Akaashi’s huge-ass mansion. There was equipment everywhere – the living room alone had six computer monitors and the extra power generator stood in the corner. The extra-extra power generator was in the basement. Bokuto dumped himself on the vintage cream couch, pulling some stray cables from under his stomach, “please take your shirt off, Bokuto-san,” Akaashi said. He was coming back into the living room with a first aid kid – when did he leave. Grunting in pain, Bokuto obediently pulled his t-shirt off and collapsed back onto the couch, exposing his back to Akaashi. He touched it tentatively and Bokuto hissed at his cool touch, “it’s bruised, but not too badly,” he prodded around despite Bokuto’s protests, “you should be fine. Don’t need the hospital, I don’t think,” he applied some salve onto his hands and spread the cold jelly on Bokuto’s back. Bokuto jumped and complained, but Akaashi ignored him, rubbing every last drop into his tan skin.

When he was done he went to wash his hands and then knelt by Bokuto, stroking his hair, “thank you,” he said quietly, dipping his head. Bokuto readily accepted the kiss and then stole one of his own, “you’re still officially the worst secretary ever.”

But he didn’t give Bokuto an answer.

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Two days later they were already on a plane to the Bahamas. Akaashi decided that he was pretty much done with the informator gig – or at least in Tokyo. He’d decided that overnight and before forty eight hours were gone, the two of them were packed and ready to go. Akaashi instructed one of the family butlers to pack up his equipment carefully and keep it hidden, in case Akaashi came back or they were in desperate need of money and could sell it off. Now that the Yakuza had targeted Akaashi, he couldn’t stay in Japan any longer – and he wasn’t about to leave his secretary-slash-boyfriend behind.

“’This is exciting,’” Bokuto was rapping his knuckles on his armrests in a repetitive pattern. The old lady next to him cut him a look before closing her eyes, tucking ear buds into her ears and pulling sunglasses onto her eyes. She was asleep by the time the airplane started to slowly edge towards the starting lane, “I haven’t been on a plane for ages.”

“I haven’t ever,” Akaashi said tightly, “and now that we’re here it’s pretty stressful…isn’t it?”

Bokuto blinked at him, owl-like, “Akaashi, you’re scared?”

“Um, more like nervous,” Akaashi was playing with his fingers in his lap, one step from starting to
bit his nails. Bokuto took one of his hands gently in both of his and gave Akaashi an adoring smile.

“’Akaashi. Marry me.’”

Akaashi gave a soft laugh, something he did rarely, “are you trying to distract me, Bokuto-san?”

“No,” Bokuto turned grave, “I’m completely serious.”

“I-” just then the plane lurched and began roaring down the lane. Akaashi paled and slid down in his chair, one hand clutching his seat belt, the other squeezing Bokuto’s fingers, “‘oh, god.’”

Bokuto scowled at the ceiling, “cockblocking plane,” he grumbled but then dropped one hand in favour of rubbing up and down Akaashi’s arm in a calming fashion, his other hand pulling Akaashi’s fingers to his lips to kiss his knuckles lovingly, “it’s okay,” he murmured, “you have more chance of crashing in a car then a plane,” he said matter-of-factly.

Akaashi hissed, “Bokuto-san, please, don’t talk about…crashes…” his eyes were closed tightly, his teeth gritted together as the plane picked up speed.

“Okay, okay,” Bokuto said apologetically, massaging Akaashi’s wrist, “But you can’t be this stressed for sixteen hours worth of airtime. And I’m serious; air travel is the safest travel.”

Akaashi smiled faintly, nervously, “that sounds like a slogan.”

And then the plane was tilting and they were up in the air.

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It was paradise. Thanks to all the money Akaashi saved up from brokering information, plus the inherited family fortune, they could afford a luxurious life. White beaches, scorching sun, cocktails and Akaashi 24/7. Bokuto truly believed he died that time on the roof and went to heaven. He was currently flat on his muscled stomach on a surfing board. He’d been to Florida a few times as a teenager so he was pretty good at surfing, but Akaashi was a complete noob. It took him a good week to even stand on his board, even though he suggested they learn how to surf. He still floated around in the warm, relaxing sun on his stomach until Bokuto reminded him he had to stand up to catch the waves, “come on, Akaashi!” he called, laughing, and stood up. There was a small wave rolling towards him – a good practice round. He caught it easily, whooping, as Akaashi grudgingly swam closer. Bokuto watched him as a moderately sized wave came closer and Akaashi stood, exposing his lanky body. Bokuto used the momentum from the first wave to catch this one as well, and Akaashi – for the first time – did not fall on his first try.

“I did it!” he called to Bokuto, grinning. He rarely grinned. Bokuto pushed his damp hair back, grinning towards his boyfriend. He turned back to the immaculately aquamarine sea just in time to see what looked like a massive bump in the sea rolling towards them.

“This one’s gonna be huge!” he yelled, excited.

“Oh, no, please,” he thought he heard Akaashi mumble. Either way they were on their stomachs once more in seconds, swimming towards the impending wave.

“Hey, Akaashi!” Bokuto called to him, “you’re beautiful, you know that?”

“What?” Akaashi called, and Bokuto could have sworn he blushed.

“You’re beautiful!” Bokuto half-yelled, half-laughed, “absolutely gorgeous!” the wave formed and
Bokuto jumped onto his board, followed by Akaashi, ready to take it, ‘‘and I think you should marry me! How about that? Wanna be mine?’’

Now Akaashi was truly red and throw off track – which meant he didn’t look at the wave. He went under the wave and Bokuto laughed, well used to the sight. He played chase with the wave, letting it rage after him, trying to close over him as he slid easily down its length, laughing with pure joy. When the wave was swallowed up by the sand he circled back. Akaashi was floating on the shallow ends, arms resting on his board, looking miserable, ‘‘you distracted me on purpose,’’ he grumbled as Bokuto swam closer, adapting an identical pose and lying his head on his arms.

‘‘Sorry?’’ he said innocently, batting his eyes. Their boards bumped together gently and Akaashi, stone faced, flicked Bokuto’s nose with the tip of his finger. Bokuto grinned and straightened, leaning over to kiss Akaashi. His boyfriend obliged and they kissed above their boards in the hot Bohemian sun.

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Had it really been a month? Bokuto still inhaled the salty, fresh air with as much relish as he did on day one. He stood on the balcony of their house, looking out at the rising sun above the ocean’s line. It was breathtakingly beautiful and Bokuto was glad they came; they were so, so happy. And they had a busy day ahead of them – they were going to the exotic market for some shopping. It was Akaashi’s turn cooking and he wanted to do some funky, exotic fish. Then they’d probably shag, which Bokuto was really looking forward to. He’d probably nap after that. They were due to catch some waves at sunset – Akaashi had finally gotten a hang of surfing. Then they’d run home, dry off quickly and go to the beach-side party their new friends had invited them to. He’d probably have a killer hang over tomorrow but as long as he woke up next to Akaashi, he was good. And for now he was good, too, standing in the fresh morning breeze, letting his unbuttoned palm-tree-printed shirt blow in the wind.

Akaashi’s now-tan arms slipped around Bokuto’s stomach. He was fresh out of the shower and his arms were still slightly damp, but Akaashi didn’t mind. They just stood there like that for a few minutes, Bokuto breathing in the air, Akaashi breathing in his smell. And then, out of nowhere-”Bokuto-san, will you marry me?”

Bokuto’s eyes widened as he stared at the ocean, “w-what?”

“Will you marry me?”’ Akaashi repeated in his silky voice, “you asked me a couple of times, always at the wrong moment. I’ve been waiting for you to do it again so I can say yes, but you haven’t, and I’ve grown impatient,” he said calmly. Bokuto didn’t realise he had one fist clenched until he opened it, revealing a pretty leather-and-seashell bracelet, “I know you don’t like rings so…”

“Ask again,” Bokuto said firmly.

“What?”

“Ask me again so I can give you a proper reply.”

Akaashi huffed a soft laugh, “Will you marry me, Bokuto?”

“Yes,” Bokuto said, grinning. This was like a cherry on top of everything. Akaashi clumsily slipped the bracelet on Bokuto’s wrist without looking and then Bokuto whipped around and picked Akaashi’s up. The raven easily wrapped his legs around his waist and his arms around his neck as he was kissed with all the ferocity and passion Bokuto had to offer, “I love you,” he whispered, holding him up easily.
Akaashi stroked his face, “I love you, too.”

Bokuto set Akaashi down gently and looked at his bracelet, grinning, then kissed Akaashi again, “we’re getting you a matching one.”
Stop shooting at me!” Matsukawa screamed at the cops below, not because they could hear him but because it was a good way of letting out frustration. He was not the bad guy. He was just very, very clumsy. The superhero thing was a hard gig and Matsukawa realised this more and more. He was the self proclaimed superhero of Tokyo, since all major cities had one, but he wasn’t very good at his job, despite the miraculous powers he was born with. Since he was the first hero in Tokyo he had no mentor and he had to figure out everything by himself. And since he had more than one major fuck up while chasing down the real bad guys (*cough* setting fire to the national bank in December *cough*) it made him look like a super-villain (he was still a bad super-villain). And where there are villains, more heroes arise. So Matsukawa did not only give himself competition by sparking the more competent members of the nation into action but he also made himself enemies everywhere — in the police, in the gangs...it was like he didn’t have anyone who supported him.

He jumped between two buildings easily, going into the poorer areas of the city. Despite blending into the cover of night in his black suit and mask and hair the police were still hard on his tail, shooting up in hopes of shooting him down. They had a good reason for it — he was chasing down a dude who tried to rape a lady when he tripped and fell backwards into the car. Now, as well as being able to jump large distances and set fire to banks Matsukawa also had super-strength. When he fell into that car he not only crumpled the mask but managed to slam it so hard into the next one that said ‘next one’ exploded in a cloud of flame. Matsukawa managed to get a woman out of the first crushed vehicle with some effort and as soon as her feet hit the floor she was off running, yelling her head off, hysterical, that the Black Arsonist, the name the press gave him, was trying to kill her. She alerted the police and in minutes they were on his trail.

Now he had to lose them but how!? If he went down to the ground he’d just make it easier for the cops to catch him but up here he was apparently too visible. He had no choice; he’d have to hide somewhere and wait them out. He stopped and scanned the buildings. He couldn’t stop for long but everywhere around him were warehouses. Unless...the one he was standing on...Matsukawa ran to the other end of it and jumped down, not caring that if he hadn’t grabbed the ledge of the top window he would have splattered on the cobblestones below. He peered inside the window — it was pitch black and no one was moving inside, so it was fair to say that it was empty. He used his super strength to knock the window open — he may or may have not made one fall off its hinges. He jumped to the floor, deadly silent, just as someone said ‘what the fu-'”

He didn’t finish because Matsukawa was by that man. Of course no one was moving because the owner of the apartment was asleep! Another fuck up but Matsukawa didn’t have time to feel sorry for himself. He jumped onto the bed, where the faint outline of the man was in a sitting position before he could finish swearing and grabbed him from behind, one hand clamping down hard on his mouth so he wouldn’t scream and give him away, the other... oh god. Oh god, oh god, oh god! He
hadn’t been sleeping! The cops drove past, sirens blaring and then stopped right under the apartment block. He picked up their confused murmurs, so maybe he wasn’t busted, as long as this guy didn’t scream… without his knowledge, Matsukawa’s hand begun moving on the man’s unfinished business. Yes, he had broken into someone’s house in the middle of their wanking session.

The other guy was already slick from his previous activities, his precome soaking Matsukawa’s glove. The guy’s exclamation of protest was muffled by Matsukawa’s other hand as he stroked him erratically, “sorry!” he said loudly, his voice shaking, “I’m sorry, I don’t know what I’m doing, I’m panicking right now-” something vibrated against Matsukawa’s hand and the antihero’s eyes widened. Had this dude just…moaned? Had Matsukawa really gotten half-hard from the knowledge that he had!? The guy slapped his hand in irritation and slowly Matsukawa drop it.

The guy gulped down air and then squirmed in between Mastukawa’s legs, “god, don’t do it so hard, fuck. Jesus.” He snapped but his breathing was ragged, “what the hell…are you doing in my apartment?” he ground out between pants. His hand was clutching Mattsun’s other wrist to slow his movements. He did so quickly, apologetically.

“I’m sorry I…I’m still panicking…” Matsukawa said, trying to sort through his thoughts as his hand slid up and down the other guy’s shaft. Was he seriously giving a stranger a hand job? Was his new name gonna be the Black-Arsonist-and-Sexual-Assailant?

But the other guy gritted his teeth, “if you’re gonna do it, do it properly.”

Matsukawa quickly pulled off his soaked glove with his other hand, not caring if he left fingerprints all over this guy, and begun stroking him again. He stopped concentrating on the chase, what he’d done…all he was thinking about was delivering enough pleasure to this man so he wouldn’t report him to the cops. A short while later the cars rolled away, sirens blaring, and as they faded into the night the man moaned and threw his head back against Matsukawa’s shoulder. He smelled nice, Matsukawa decided, and his bare back felt nice against his chest. He didn’t mind at all when the man came all over his hand, moaning again, his free hand gripping the material of Matsukawa’s suit trousers. Matsukawa gave a few more slow pumps to get him through his orgasm and then the darkness was just filled with the man’s ragged breathing. Matsukawa had calmed down.

The guy peeled himself away, “go wash your hand,” he said emotionlessly and Matsukawa didn’t need to be told twice. In the dark he found the doors to the bathroom, miraculously without tripping. He turned the lights on and washed his hand at top speed, not wanting to give the stranger time to call the police back. But when he emerged back into the bedroom the boy wasn’t even close to a phone. When Mattsun returned to the room, the boy was pulling on a t-shirt. His head popped out and Matsukawa’s eyes widened behind his mask. He was…really pretty for a boy. And he didn’t look too old – probably a Uni student. The boy looked at him and his eyes widened – that’s when Mattsun realised that he hadn’t seen him with the lights off and now… “oh my god, you’re the dude who set fire to the bank around Christmas!” he exclaimed, “the Black…?”

“Arsonist,” Mattsun said and then kicked himself mentally, “but I’m not an arsonist! I’m a hero, just…misunderstood?”

The boy raised an eyebrow, “so what’s your real name?”

“I can’t tell you that. Um, just call me Mattsun?” Matsukawa said.

The boy shrugged, “I’m Maki. Were you running from that car chase?”

“Ah, yeah. Sorry for…” Mattsun gestured, “breaking your window and uh…doing…that…”
“Giving me a handjob?” Maki raised an eyebrow and smirked, “I’ll forgive you for that, this time. Next time try knocking.”

The corner of Matsukawa’s mouth quirked up, “I…okay. Thank you. I should get going.”

“Try not to set fire to anything on your way out,” Maki said, unbothered. Mattsun nodded and edged around him, hyperaware of his lithe body. He climbed through the window.

“See ya, Maki,” he said over his shoulder before jumping out into the black night.

Maki smiled at the window, “that was almost cool,” he said to himself before hitting the shower.

*~*~*

Maki just wanted to drink coffee in peace. Until 11am that was his only goal. Then it was getting to his lectures on time. Later – getting home safe. Then making a nice dinner. Then daring himself to come super fast or take his bloody time when he wanked in bed at night. Perhaps he had a bit of a sad life but he was content as long as it was peaceful. And as he set out from his apartment a week later at 9am to get his daily dosage of caffeine, he was happy. But his peace wasn’t meant to last.

Despite his sugar-and-spice-and-everything-nice appearance, Maki liked his coffee black with no sugar. The bitterness woke him up and the high dosage of caffeine kept him going through his Ancient History lectures. The baristas at his local coffee shop knew that about him so when he popped by they had his order ready in minutes. He strolled outside into the crisp autumn morning. He had a few hours to spare, having woken up early. What could he do? His mind wandered back to the dark haired superhero that broke into his room that night. That was probably the best handjob he’d ever received. Granted, he didn’t receive many; he never seemed able to keep a girlfriend. He just couldn’t get the antihero out of his head. He was exactly his type and it didn’t help that whatever accidents he kept getting into were briefly mentioned in the news, accompanied by his blurry pictures. But Mattsun never returned and all Maki had after him was a glove, which he diligently washed and kept, hoping he’d return for it. He sincerely hoped he would because he was this close to masturbating with it to recreate that sensation.

Maki decided on a stroll in the park. Maybe the cold weather would clear his head. But before he got to the park gates, he got kidnapped. Maki knew as soon as the sickly sweet smell hit him that he was getting kidnapped, seeing as he’d had that done to him countless times. He uttered an irritated sigh as he slipped into oblivion, thinking how low his attendance for lectures would be.

When he woke up he was in a metal-tin-like room with…other redheads? There were boys and girls of all ages and sized, but they all had one thing in common – red hair. Some were as pale as Maki’s, some bright red, others vibrant orange. They were all huddled together, weeping or pacing the room and hitting walls. All their hands were tied and there was no sign of a door. Maki blinked at everyone gathered inside and sighed again. There was a pattern to this – every time a group of people with similar characteristics were kidnapped it meant some supernatural villains were going to use them as means to their ends. I mean, it could be human traffickers, but their hair colour probably had something to do with energy or magic or something.

“Good morning.”

Maki looked to his side at a frail looking older lady, who was smiling dreamily at the wall. She had faded ginger hair that was nothing but a few tufts on her head – Maki had no idea what anyone could still get out of her. She was a husk but…a happy husk? “Exciting way to die, isn’t it?” she chuckled, “do you think we’ll be mentioned in the papers?” she glanced at Maki and something twinkled in her eyes, “almost like superheroes, isn’t that about right?”
And Maki understood. He grinned but before he could reply the metal wall was ripped away. And there was Mattsun. Maki frowned and his heart gave a happy pound. This was getting stranger by the second. Mattsun look frantic behind the mask but the redheads in the room rejoiced; they didn’t recognise him as the Black Arsonist, “everybody out, everybody-” Mattsun stopped dead when he saw Maki who tried to wave, but his hands were tied behind his back, “I…Maki?”

“Uh, hi.”

“Hi. Um, I was meaning to come see you but I was uncovering this whole plot and…god, fancy seeing you in a place like this. Do you want to go on a date with me?” he asked out of the blue.

And Maki laughed because it was so adorable and sudden. Even the older lady next to him chuckled but, again, before he could reply there was an explosion somewhere in the compound. Mattsun was suddenly all business. He looked at Maki gravelly, “can you get these people out safely?” Maki nodded. Mattsun grabbed his arm and whipped him around, untying his wrists, “I’ll see you in your apartment, okay?” his breath ghosted Maki’s ear and the redhead thought the shiver. He nodded again and Mattsun was gone. Now the redhead prisoners looked to him for leadership. Maki glanced at the old lady who, somehow, had gotten out of her bonds.

“’There’s no time to untie you all. Just follow me. We’ll cover you.’” The people looked at him and the frail old lady sceptically but soon they were running down the corridor. Because they had many children and elderly with them they could only move as fast. To Maki’s surprise the lady kept pace with him, using his arm for purchase, her feet moving quickly and efficiently, if with frequent cracks in between steps, “where are we going?” Maki asked out of the corner of his mouth. He actually had no idea. Just then a group of dangerous looking men – your standard superhero movie goonies – turned the corner and stopped dead upon seeing them. Their hair was white and their eyes empty. Maki had a weird feeling that would have been them if they hadn’t been rescued.

The old lady stopped first, closing her eyes briefly. Maki worried her energy was at a limit but she opened her eyes just as quickly and smiled serenely, “I know where we are going,” she said, “why don’t we make way, dear?”

Maki nodded, grinning. He hadn’t done this in so long but a release once in a while would be nice. He angled himself just as the old lady extended her hand. Water shot from the cracks in the walls, from the pipes hidden within, deadly fast, slamming into the soldiers who were cocking their wicked looking guns. Before they could react to it, Maki’s flicked his hand in the air. The water turned to ice on their bodies, freezing them in place. Their dead eyes moved in their sockets frantically but they could not move. Without communicating further, the group hobbled on, the rest now in a quiet awe. Maki let the older lady lead – perhaps she had read their minds. He did not know nor did he care. There were all kinds of strange people out there.

Another explosion shook the compound and Maki found himself worrying. Even as they cleared the gates, freezing a few more guards, he was so sick with worry he nearly went back. He was worrying about Mattsun. He had promised himself he’d dropped the superhero gig for good, but now he wanted to go back and help. But, thankfully, he didn’t have to. As they ran out into the fresh morning and some people wept with joy, more heroes appeared. The new Tokyo heroes that had cropped up after Mattsun begun his crusade. Some flew, other rode on wicked, awesome vehicles. They took over the group, easily claiming the glory, some evacuating the redheads, other making for the compound. A third explosion shook the grounds and Maki couldn’t. He couldn’t go back in there and fight like he had two years ago. He was never risking his life again; his sense of self preservation was too strong. He wouldn’t die for a guy he’d met once. Even so he lingered by the gates for twenty minutes and then around the area. Deciding that Mattsun would make it out, now that he had the help of the other superheroes, he finally returned to his apartment.
Maki dumped himself on his bed and started biting his nails. An old habit that resurfaced when he was truly stressed. The sickening worry didn’t disappear and Maki didn’t even have the mind to distract himself. He kept glancing towards the window which he had patched up. Eventually he took Mattsun’s glove from his bedside table and pressed his nose to it, trying to find a hint of his scent. There was none – he’d washed it too well. Even so he slipped his hand inside. It was a little big for him, probably custom made, from the best leather. Maki made his hand into a fist and closed his eyes, pretending it was Mattsun holding it. God, he was an idiot. He actually wanted to go on that date. He’d felt like he’d met his ‘one and only’, after one time – wasn’t that pathetic and naïve. Even so he pressed his hand to his chest and prayed that Mattsun-

“Maki?”

Hanamaki was up in two seconds flat, staring in awe at Mattsun who, once again, had slipped in through his window. He was a little singed on the edges and he’d lost his other glove – or more likely burned it off. Maki wished he could have seen the emotion in his eyes behind the mask as he flung himself at the superhero, wrapping his arms around him. He didn’t care if Mattsun thought he was desperate or weird for it. He was just so glad Mattsun was alive, even if he smelled like burnt dinner. Matsukawa sighed with relief and wrapped his arms around Hanamaki tightly. They embraced for a good five minutes, not saying anything. It was Maki who pulled back eventually, slipping the glove off his hand and pressing it into Mattsun’s palm, “you left it here last time. I washed it for you.” He said, looking up at his mask. He bit his lip and reached up, his fingers brushed the edge of it, “I won’t tell anyone who you are-”

“It doesn’t matter,” Mattsun smiled, a little sadly, “I’m not going to do this superhero thing anymore. I mean, I can’t anyway. I don’t think I have the energy to try and prove all those people wrong.” He shrugged, “so it’s okay. You can take it off. I think you’ll prefer me as a normal guy anyway.”

“I like you now,” Maki murmured but slowly slipped the mask off anyway, arms raised high thanks to Mattsun’s height. He had dark eyes. Maki smiled softly. He really was Maki’s type. Mattsun bit his full lip, nervous and Maki stood on his tiptoes and kissed him.

It all went so fast after that. They were on the bed, Mattsun wiggling out of his suit, Maki pulling off his sweater, spreading his legs, Mattsun spreading kisses all over his body, their breaths mingling between kisses. It was as if the handjob had been a preview to what came now. And it was pure and utter bliss.

After, they lay intertwined, spent as the morning slowly faded into the afternoon. They’d made love twice now and Maki was still in awe at how good Mattsun was at it. He hoped he’d been at least satisfactory but Mattsun’s smile told him he’d been more than that. Maki heaven himself on his elbow and pressed a slow, lingering kiss to Mattsun’s lips. Then he grinned and poked his nose, “okay, spill the beans. You used your superpowers, didn’t you?”
We Do It Like Ice-Cream for Dinner

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Noya (top) x Hinata (bottom)
Prompt by: Hey hey
Prompt: Noya has a senpai-kink and for some reason Hinata won’t stop calling him 'Noya-senpai' during practice.

READ THE IMPORTANT NOTICE!!!

Chapter Notes

IMPORTANT NOTICE!!!

Okay, so there's been a drastic change of plans. I will write two more chapters for this fic, to get it up to 100, before starting a brand new Haikyuu Prompts 2 (this won't get deleted, dw). Basically the fact I lost all those kudos and comments and all that support is still hanging over me, so I guess I kinda wanna start fresh?
Either way, when I say fresh I mean fresh. There's a lot of prompts that I got that I wanna write but that would take me TIME so if you're still keen on getting yours written, and if it hasn't already, you can REQUEST IT AGAIN, or request something brand new when I open my Haikyuu prompts 2.
So I guess I'll start taking new prompts in a couple of days - think hard on them my darlings ;)
Thank you for your support, enjoy the last few chappies!

“Noya-senpai!”

Noya had to suppress a shiver when he heard Hinata call him…that. He squeezed the volleyball in his hands to steady himself and it bounced right out of his hands, inflated to its limits. Hinata bounced it on the floor and it jumped into his hands. Noya forced a casual smile, forced his eyes to stay on Hinata’s eyes and not wonder anywhere else, ‘’what’s with that?’’ he asked, his smile turning into a grin, ‘’you rarely call me senpai.’’

Hinata tilted his head to the side adorably, giving a smile, ‘’well~ I head you talked Daichi into talking the principal into letting me take my test again sooner so I could go to the Tokyo training camp with all of you which is, like…wahh! So great! So I thought that I would call you senpai for today,’’ Hinata finished with a cheeky grin while Noya prayed he wouldn’t. Because if he did he wouldn’t be able to control himself… ‘’and also, I’ll treat you to ice cream after practice is over! If you want.’’

Noya grinned and ruffled his hair, ‘’always. Thanks.’’ He took the volleyball out of his hands, making sure to brush his fingers against Hinata’s casually, ‘’come on, let’s practice your blocks.’’

Hinata beamed, ‘’thanks, Noya-senpai!’’
Noya closed his eyes briefly, pained, as Hinata jogged towards the other side of the net, ducking underneath it. He felt himself getting aroused – just from one fucking word – and he felt pathetic. Reduced to a hot mess by Hinata calling him senpai. Wasn’t that embarrassing. Thankfully Hinata refrained from calling him senpai as he concentrated on his blocks, getting frustrated and elevated every time he missed or blocked, too busy to remember his promise. But Noya knew he wasn’t off the hook – with the way things were going, he doubted they’d end up in the ice-cream parlour.

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He’d been right.

‘‘You live the opposite way to me, don’t you, Noya-senpai?’’ Hinata asked, casually skipping next to Noya on their way to the busier part of Miyagi. Noya tried to turn a deaf ear on the last word and failed. Hinata’s enthusiasm was heightened when Tanaka whined about how lucky Noya was to be a proper senpai and now he in cooperated deliberately into conversation as many times as it could. It ended with Noya having a half-boner which he skilfully covered with his bag, which hung over his stomach. Who knew being a senpai was so hard?

‘‘Yeah. I go the same way as the other guys,’’ Noya said, forcing his voice to be calm, ‘‘you go with Kageyama, right?’’ now he was trying to feel out where he stood, as Hinata’s friend, senpai, and perhaps something more… it wasn’t his fault, really. Hinata was the one who took his moves seriously, even rolling thunder, who admired him no matter what; he was cute and sweet and motivated, Noya had a thing for gingers, they were the same height and Kageyama was an idiot if he hadn’t made his move yet.

‘‘Yeah,’’ Hinata said and grinned at Noya, ‘‘but I bet it’d be more fun to walk home with you, Noya-senpai.’’ Noya rolled his eyes, even though his body reacted to the word, and bumped Hinata with his shoulder, ‘‘Noya-senpai,’’ Hinata said suddenly and Noya swore mentally when Hinata repeated it, drawing out the syllables, ‘‘Noya-senpai…that kind of sounds nice, doesn’t it? Noya senpai…Noya senpai…’’

Noya stopped suddenly and threw his arm over Hinata’s shoulders, turning him towards him, ‘‘hey, tell you what? Why don’t we save your budget and just go mine? I have some ice cream and a Netflix account.’’

Hinata’s eyes lit up, ‘‘nice! I’ve never been to your house, Noya-senpai!’’

Noya nodded his head in the direction of his house, ‘‘follow me then.’’

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Noya had let Hinata use the shower conjoined with his room and he himself bundled downstairs to the bathroom to wash after practice – he’d also lent Hinata some clothes, since his parents were going out so they had the house to themselves; Hinata might as well stay over. After taking a shower, his hair hanging around his shoulder, Noya said bye to his parents, who were leaving for their dinner date. They’d probably wind up in a bar with their friends and stay in hotel, not wanting Noya to see them in ‘a state’. They’d be back in the evening the next day, when they sobered up. Noya knew – they’d left him a few bank notes to order takeout for dinner and lunch the next day.

Noya waited till his parents were gone, locked the doors and went upstairs, a tub of ice-cream under his arm. He was rubbing his wet hair with the towel with his free hand when he entered his room and the towel dropped. Hinata was sitting in the middle of his futon, legs tucked under his butt, waiting politely – apparently he’d never been over at an older friend’s house. He was wearing one of Noya’s t-shirts and his hair curled a little from the humidity of the shower. Despite wanting to just stare at
Hinata in awe, Noya grinned and set the ice cream and the one spoon he’d brought next to the futon and crawled onto it. He made sure to invade Hinata’s personal space, maybe coaxing him subconsciously to cuddle. He even flicked the light switch off as he picked up the remote, ‘‘what do you want to watch, Shoyo?’’ he kept his voice low, as to not disturb the atmosphere.

Oblivious, Hinata wondered about it aloud, ‘‘hmmm, I dunno. You only like action movies, right, Noya-senpai?’’

‘‘Yeah, but I’m not in the mood for an action movie,’’ Noya was glad he’d turned the lights off because his dick woke up again and it was harder to hide the fact with only his PJ shorts on. He slipped under the covers for further protection and Hinata took that as an invitation to do the same. Their legs bumped under the covers, ‘‘how about horror?’’

Hinata’s teeth flashed in a grin in the dark, ‘‘cheesy. I like it. Do you know any good ones?’’

‘‘Nope,’’ Noya used his remote control to log on into his Netflix account, ‘‘I only watch action movies.’’

They spent five minutes picking out the right horror film, settling for ‘‘Dead Silence’’ – something about dolls and creepy women. Hinata slid lower into the covers, ‘‘I’m already scared, Noya-senpai.’’ He whispered, giggling.

‘‘Don’t worry, I’ll protect you,’’ Noya said jokingly, shifting so his erection wouldn’t bump against Hinata by accident. The first jump scare came quickly and Hinata jerked, gasping – to be honest Noya got pretty scared too – and pressed himself flat against Noya’s side. Maybe two inches from Noya’s dick, which started throbbing at being in close proximity to Hinata, and his soft hands and voice and… ‘‘I need to go to the bathroom,’’ Noya said, going to get up but Hinata latched himself onto him.

‘‘Don’t leave me, Noya-senpai! I don’t wanna be here by myself, especially since wherever you pause the film, it’s still gonna be something scary.’’

Noya huffed a laugh, getting over his embarrassment which gave way to fondness. Well, if Hinata wanted to keep him here he’d have to deal with the consequences. Noya slid back down into the futon, pulling an arm around his shoulders, ‘‘here, this way you’ll be less scared, right?’’ he whispered and Hinata must have sensed the change because he went completely quiet. Noya wondered if he’d over-stepped a line when Hinata mumbled the quietest ‘yeah’ and settled against him. Noya went on further, playing with the curling hair at the nape of his neck, stroking the back of it, tracing his spine. Through his touches Hinata said nothing, and didn’t move. Maybe he’d just stay like that till Noya had enough and would leave him alone?

Noya shifted casually, so he was sideways to Hinata, letting his throbbing erection press lightly against Hinata’s thigh. When he didn’t react Noya scooted closer, pressing it against him harder. There was no way he didn’t know what it was. ‘‘Fuck it,’’ he whispered and moved his other hand, letting it linger on Hinata’s waist before slipping to cup his butt, pushing him against Noya’s erection. Noya pulled them down, getting on top of Hinata who still remained deathly quiet. He moved his hips in small movements, grinding his erection against the front of Hinata’s boxers, trying to get a reaction out of him. He brushed his lips against Hinata’s ear, ‘‘it turns me on when you call me senpai,’’ he murmured, biting his ear lobe. Finally Hinata shivered underneath him. Noya felt something grow steadily hard under him and he smiled, pulling away enough to look at Hinata.

Hinata’s face was as red as his hair – even his ears seemed to be glowing. Noya nuzzled his nose into his neck, ‘‘want to stop?’’
Hinata shook his head, “…Senpai, I…”

Noya lifted his head, ‘‘I swear, you’re doing it on purpose.’’ He pressed his lips against Hinata, using his hand to hold his face, ‘‘keep calling me that. I like it,’’ Noya whispered when they broke apart and begun pulling off Hinata’s t-shirt. It went off clumsily and Noya pulled his own off in one quick movement.

‘‘H-have you done this before?’’ Hinata was nervous, ‘‘um, Noya-senpai?’’

Noya laughed quietly, ‘‘no. But don’t worry, I know what I’m doing.’’ He traced a thoughtful finger down one of Hinata’s nipples, pressing down on it and watching it spring back up. In the background, someone screamed from the film. Noya sat back to turn it off and when he looked back down on Hinata he was staring at him with glazed-over eyes.

‘‘I haven’t done it with anyone either.’’

‘‘Good,’’ Noya felt a thrill about being Hinata’s first, ‘‘that’s good,’’ he kissed the top of his head and went to kiss his neck. He reached behind his nightstand, where he kept dirty magazines, a pack of condoms and a small bottle of lube. He helped Hinata out of his boxers, leaving him exposed, and then shuffled out of his PJs himself. He didn’t want to admit, but he was pretty giddy and embarrassed himself. He opened the condoms with a little difficulty and pulled one on, swathing his dick in lube. Hinata had managed to turn around, burying his red face in the pillow. Noya caressed the curve of his ass lovingly with his hand before smothering two fingers in the lube. He pressed the first one in, slowly. Hinata made a muffled noise at the burn but didn’t say anything. Once one finger was in and Hinata had adjusted, he wiggled his ass around it until Noya begun pushing the second one in. Noya leaned over Hinata, kissing the back of his neck, ‘‘you’re impatient today, Shoyo,’’ he whispered.

Noya prepared him carefully and then pressed himself inside. The tip went in pretty smoothly and Noya stroked Hinata’s back comfortingly, trying not to let the sudden pleasure take away his rational thought. He went in slowly. Later, when Hinata had adjusted, he still went slowly, rolling his hips in small movements. It didn’t matter that he wasn’t thrusting full force – it still felt good, just being close to Hinata. What made it even better was when the younger boy started moaning and when he got close to his climax, he begun moaning a steady string of ‘‘Noya-Senpai…’’ which alone nearly drove Noya over the edge.

For the rest of the night they made love. They did it with half hour pauses in between, when they waited for the high to come down from the high, caressing each other. Noya had only planned on going once. After they’d finished Noya had propped Hinata up against him and opened the tub of ice cream. He ate small mouthfuls, feeding Hinata till his sleepiness gave way to more desire. It was Hinata this time who pulled Noya down for a kiss, whispering a tiny ‘‘Noya-senpai’’ to alert him of his needs. Noya put the ice-cream back down to melt and turned Hinata around on the futon, so they were facing each other when they did it.

This position made them both sticky. They took a shower and did it in the shower, then they changed the covers, cracking jokes as they went. Noya was glad that the sex hadn’t ruined their friendship, but instead enhanced it. They went to the kitchen and had tea and frozen pizzas. Around 3am they did it on the kitchen counter. They stumbled back to bed and finally fell asleep, utterly exhausted.

They woke well past noon and Noya fetched a new tub of ice-cream, which they had for breakfast. They finished the horror movie, which seemed much less scary in the daylight. They spent a few hours cuddled up naked in a hazy room that smelled like sex, with the blind halfway drawn and the room bathed in an orange glow. When the sun started setting they cleaned up the room, opening the windows to let some fresh air in. They ordered Chinese and ate it. Then they had sex again. They
had just gotten dressed again when the front doors opened and Noya heard his parents come in.

“Well, it looks like your parents are back,” Hinata murmured, nuzzling his nose against Noya’s, “wanna come round mine?”
What Does It Mean, the Gaelic Ink on Your Arm?

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Akaashi (bottom) x Kuroo (top)
Prompt: Hanamaki_chan
Prompt: Flower shop x Tattoo parlour AU

Chapter Notes

IMPORTANT NOTICE REPEAT!

Okay, so there's been a drastic change of plans. I will write two more chapters for this fic, to get it up to 100, before starting a brand new Haikyuu Prompts 2 (this won't get deleted, dw). Basically the fact I lost all those kudos and comments and all that support is still hanging over me, so I guess I kinda wanna start fresh?
Either way, when I say fresh I mean fresh. There's a lot of prompts that I got that I wanna write but that would take me TIME so if you're still keen on getting yours written, and if it hasn't already, you can REQUEST IT AGAIN, or request something brand new when I open my Haikyuu prompts 2.
So I guess I'll start taking new prompts in a couple of days - think hard on them my darlings ;)
Thank you for your support, enjoy the last few chappies!

It was like Fast and Furious all over again. Akaashi glimpsed the yellow mini cooper in his rear view window and that was all it took for his foot to slam into the gas. His beastly, black land-rover roared and sped down the road. The mini cooper followed close behind – the land rover was bigger than the mini cooper, so slower, but its size allowed it to block the road so the mini cooper had no way of squeezing past. Akaashi glimpsed Kuroo Tetsuro, his dark eyes full of anticipation and rage, in the window and smiled to himself. Okay, so both of them always arrived in the nick of time, to grab their coffee and run to work, a minute before they officially became late – which meant there was always one parking space left. Akaashi could wake up ten minutes earlier and claim the spot but he'd gotten used to the car chase he had every morning with Kuroo. It provided an exciting start to the day.

“Yes!” Akaashi mumbled to himself as he managed to barge into the parking spot, nearly denting the car behind him. The mini cooper roared past, practically fuming, and disappeared down the road. Today Akaashi won, which meant Kuroo would be late. Akaashi didn’t know Kuroo well – he just knew he worked in the tattoo parlour upstairs and that he liked chai latte in the morning and a double shot of tequila in the evening, carefully smuggled under the bar.

Tsukki, who worked the morning shift in the coffee shop downstairs, nodded a good morning at him, “I see you won today,” he said, passing him a mug of black coffee – this was another reason why Akaashi didn’t want to arrive at any other moment; Tsukki knew his coffee order and when to get it
ready, so that Akaashi could bundle up the narrow stairs down the back to the second floor while he sipped the drink. All the workers in the four storey building started their day with Tsukki’s coffee from the Crescent Moon coffee shop – they always drank from mugs rather than paper cups, because they always remembered to bring the cups down.

Akaashi pushed open the small doors to his flower shop. The main stairs were wide and painted white and spiralled outside all the way up to the beauty guru on the top floor, but the staff stairs were rickety and old. As soon as Akaashi entered the shop the comforting smell of flowers wrapped around him like a cocoon. He smiled faintly to himself and walked behind the counter – the shop was empty, but not for long. Akaashi set his coffee next to the cash register – there was a mug of tea there already, nearly empty. Akaashi felt a soft, pale hand brush away a leaf from his shoulder. He turned to face his boss, Suga.

“Morning, Akaashi,” he chirped, motherly as always. He fusssed over Akaashi’s metal-studded leather vest and then sighed at his heavy rocker boots, “for the love of god, can’t you dress…less scary?” Akaashi shrugged, pulling a hand through his hair. It nicked on the silver stud in his ear and Akaashi winced – he’d only gotten it done a couple weeks ago and it wasn’t healing very nicely, “well, either way,” Suga finished his tea and cringed as the cold liquid went down his throat, “today’s a busy day. Unload the delivery and give out the correct flowers to the building. Then you have to go to the other side of town to collect pansies because the bride for tomorrow’s wedding wants them – pansies! In the middle of summer! Tomorrow I want you here at five am because the wedding is at eleven and we need to get all the…” Akaashi stopped listening. His heart sank at the prospect of not racing Kuroo the next day. He knew he was being ridiculous and that he’d see him the next day, but he still didn’t like it.

Once Suga finished prattling off the list of things to do, Akaashi went back downstairs, going down the narrow wooden corridor that separated the staff stairs from the coffee shop. Through the thin wall he heard the sleepy chatter of the first customers. Outside it was humid, and the light drizzle wasn’t helping. Akaashi didn’t mind getting his hair wet; he opened up the boot of his monstrous land rover. He only really drove the huge car because it had space for delivery – it was now filled with rows of Beardtongues, their pretty little pink flowers hanging off the stems like bells. Akaashi picked up the first box – it was heavy but Akaashi carried it easily. He smiled as he remembered himself when he’d first started working at the Sugar Flowers – skinny, with arms like noodles, freshly dropped out of high school. He could barely lift one tray.

He carried it inside, up the stairs, and set it down behind the counter for Suga to unload – he was currently busy with the first customers browsing through rows of flowers. On his way down for the second load, Akaashi brought down his and Suga’s mugs to Crescent. He was just pulling out the second tray when he felt eyes on the back of his neck. He glanced up to the third floor, where the tattoo parlour was. Kuroo was half-hanging out of the open window, his creamy blue sweater rolled up to his elbows, exposing his tattoo sleeves on both arms. He was smoking a cigarette with a smile, his eyes following Akaashi, ”hey, flower boy!” he called down. Akaashi purposely ignored him, walking into the building and up the stairs. When he came down for the third batch of Beardtongues, Kuroo was still there, “Akaashi!” he called.

“Don’t you have work?” Akaashi wasn’t irritated – not really.

“Are you by any chance going to Tohoku today?”

Akaashi raised an eyebrow. He did have to go collect the pansies, but should he tell him that…?

“Maybe. Why?”

Kuroo sent him a sheepish grin and called, “the shop needs new needles but my car doesn’t have
enough tank and the gas station is the opposite way.’’

Akaashi adjusted the tray, hiding his smile, ‘‘are you asking me for a ride?’’

‘‘Maybe?’’

‘‘I’ll think about it,’’ he said, but he’d already made up his mind, ‘‘I finish at four.’’ He walked inside, not waiting for his reply, and when he came to get the last order, Kuroo was gone. Once he finished with the Beardtongues he walked round the shop – by now he knew the orders of every other shop in the building. The Owl Beauty Shop wanted pineapple lilies and Gloriosa lilies, the Black Beauty Tattoo parlour liked Gaillardia and Crescent wanted peonies and daffodils for their tables. In the winter the orders changed to pansies and violets, Honeywort and sweet alyssum.

Akaashi took one of the trays, emptying it off Beardtongues and pulled flowers onto it, till it was brimming with multi coloured petals. He walked downstairs first, where Tsukki was polishing glasses in Crescent and Asahi was making coffee sleepily – he’d just come in. It was Yamaguchi who took the peonies and daffodils, promising free coffee till they wilted and they’d need another supply. Next Akaashi went back up the stairs but instead of going into the first door, which was Sugar Flowers, he climbed higher. Already he could hear the heavy metal music blasting and he was deafened by it when he entered Black Beauty. When he entered, he barely heard Daichi, the boss, yell over the music for him to give him the flowers – they kind of didn’t fit with the interior, but the boys wanted them anyway. To be fair Kuroo didn’t fit with the interior either – he wore pastel colours and the boys often joked that Kuroo and Akaashi should switch jobs. But Akaashi loved his flowers and Kuroo loved his ink. Goshiki was busy discussing a design with a customer; Kuroo himself was in the middle of tattooing a large man. He didn’t look up and Akaashi lingered in the doorway, hoping he would, but he didn’t.

Shaking the feeling of disappointment off, Akaashi climbed higher still. The stairs creaked as he walked up – they’d really have to fix them before someone fell through. Getting to the top floor was like entering another realm – Akaashi’s senses were immediately overcome with the scent of incense and he knew his flowers wouldn’t survive long in the perfumed area that was the Owls Beauty Shop. As soon as he stepped through the doors, the beaded curtain slipping over his shoulders, Bokuto swooped in, ‘‘Akaashi, you’re late!’’ he chastised, taking the tray from him before Akaashi could protest. Bokuto rubbed a piece of Akaashi’s hair between his fingers, ‘‘jheez, you need a haircut.’’

‘‘Or better yet; a full transformation,’’ Oikawa said from where he was smoking an e-cigarette by the window.

Shimizu, who was working on a customer, glanced at Akaashi, ‘‘he looks fine, leave him be.’’ Her customer chuckled and nodded in agreement. Akaashi cleared out before the fumes made him say something funny – Owls was like the world of Alice in Wonderland.

*~*~*~*

Akaashi told himself he wouldn’t wait for Kuroo and yet ten past four he found himself leaning against the doors of his rover, twirling his keys around his finger. Kuroo came sprinting down the stairs, his sleeves still rolled up to show off his tattoos – Akaashi wondered how he could wear a jumper in the middle of summer. Even though his own vest was leather, ‘‘sorry,’’ he said, a little out of breath, ‘‘I had to finish up a customer.’’ He grinned when Akaashi raised an eyebrow, ‘‘but it’s your fault I got stuck with his job, cuz you didn’t let me park so this is my punishment.’’

‘‘I won fair and square,’’ Akaashi shrugged, getting into the driver seat, ‘‘besides, if you want to hold a grudge then this can be pay back.’’
Kuroo grinned again and got into the passenger seat, zipping himself up. Akaashi turned on the radio and the song that he’d cut off when he turned off the engine started playing. Kuroo’s grin softened to a smile, “I thought you’d listen to cheesy pop songs.”

Akaashi pulled out of the parking spot, “you…like this type of music?”

“Yeah.”

“Huh. I would have pin pointed you as a heavy metal fan, not an indie sort of guy.” He muttered to himself.

Kuroo sent him a loop-side grin, “don’t stereotype.”

*~*~*~*~*

They parted ways in town. Akaashi grabbed a quick, light lunch which he ate on a park bench before going over to the flower market. He entertained himself for a good half hour by looking through the stalls of daylilies, zinnias and plumerias. He waded through knee-high bougainvilleas and lavenders and poked at sunflowers, stealing some seeds. He fingered the delicate periwinkles, shrub roses and asters. He inhaled the scents of hibiscus and scarlet sage. Out of all the flowers, Akaashi definitely enjoyed summer blooms the most. It was nearing seven when he finally found the vendor that sold rare, unseasonal flowers for higher prices than they were worth. But he was one of the rare greenhouse flower farmers around, so Akaashi couldn’t argue. He still haggled, though. At half seven Akaashi left the market, with three buckets of pansies, one balanced precariously on his pinkie finger.

When Akaashi reached his truck, Kuroo was already there, leaning against his rover, a plastic bag slung over his elbow. He reached inside and mutely offered Akaashi a lukewarm pork bun which he took gratefully. “Did you wait long?” he asked around a mouthful.

“Nah. I took a stroll in the park,” Kuroo dug something out from his back pocket – it was a slightly crumpled white camellia, it’s symmetrical petals hard to mix up. Akaashi blinked at the flower and a second later Kuroo was tucking it in behind his ear. Akaashi flushed a little, staring at the pork bun in his hands, “do you know what the Language of Flowers is?” Kuroo asked conversationally, opening the doors to the rover and sitting on the edge of the seat, feet dangling off. Akaashi shook his head, “it was a language used by two courting people during the Victorian era. Instead of letters they gave each other flowers and then they deciphered the meaning – later they’d give flowers in return as their answer. It was like a whole secret language of lovers.”

Akaashi glanced up at Kuroo, “I’ve never would have taken you for a romantic,” he brushed his fingers against the camellia. A metal dropped to his shoulder and he brushed it away, “so what does this one mean.”

Kuroo grinned cheekily, “it means ‘you’re adorable’”.

Akaashi rolled his eyes and took the flower out, dropping it to the floor, “well, I’m not getting flower petals all over my front seat,” he threw away the wrapped from the bun and got in behind the wheel.

And that was that.

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A few weeks later Akaashi received a message. He’d been making little bouquets for a girl’s communion with Lev, their part timer, who was so tall he bumped his head on the doorways, all day
and when he emerged to the main room he saw a flower in front of the cash register, carefully placed. It wouldn’t have been strange to see a random flower in a flower shop, except it was so deliberately placed and it was a yellow Chrysanthemum – a fall flower that would bloom only in a few weeks. Sugar Flowers only had seasonal flowers which meant…that this was a message from Kuroo.

Akaashi wasted no time driving to the library during his break. He took out a bunch of books on flowers and read them in his car, the heavy covers splayed across his lap. He went alphabetically until he found the flower and the meaning – *Chrysanthemum, Yellow: secret admirer*. Flushing, Akaashi slammed the book shut and grabbed the mum, which he’d brought with him for whatever reason, tossing it out of the window and driving away.

He did not intend to be pulled into Kuroo’s flower conversations, but Kuroo was relentless.

When Autumn begun, but the summer heat had not yet ended, Akaashi was unloading his truck again. He came back for the second crate of bulbs when he spotted something that hadn’t been there before. An Amaryllis tossed over the bulbs, out of place. He’d left the car boot unlocked, so it must have been Kuroo. Akaashi kissed his teeth, grabbed the Amaryllis and tossed it under his foot, grinding the red flower to dust. When he turned around Kuroo was hanging out of the window again, grinning, heavy metal music blasting.

When Akaashi returned to his apartment he told himself he wouldn’t check the meaning of the Amaryllis but by the time the clock struck midnight, his resolve broke. Okay, so the Language of Flowers was interesting and Kuroo was…interesting, too. That’s all Akaashi allowed himself to think before fingering through the books about flower he’d gotten from the library. He came across the definition quickly enough.

*Amaryllis: splendid beauty.*

Akaashi sighed. Was Kuroo calling him a splendid beauty? He was hardly a beauty, much less a splendid one. Maybe Kuroo was taking the piss? Or maybe…he really was Akaashi’s secret admirer, although not that secret. Akaashi shoved the thought out of his mind as quickly as it came. He wasn’t into pastel, tattoo-covered boys. He wasn’t into boys, period. Even tanned ones with pronounced muscles and bad-boy grins wearing sweaters in the middle of summer and tucking flowers behind his ear and knowing the romantic languages of long-ago eras and… Akaashi groaned, pressing the cover of the book to his forehead. At this rate, the flowers were going to be the death of him.

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Even though summer had just finished, Akaashi received a carnation. He’d rolled up to the Black Beauty parlour with the last bunch of Gaillardia. Kuroo was by himself in the parlour, cleaning needles. His eyes lit up when he saw Akaashi, “if it isn’t the cold hearted beauty.”

Akaashi thrust the flowers in his direction, “delivery.”

Kuroo took the flowers off him. He was wearing a cream-coloured jumper today and bright pink trousers, “oh, is this your reply to me? Finally?”

“No. It’s delivery.” Akaashi said levelly.

“Good. Because Gaillardia means cheerfulness, and although I’m glad you’re happy, it’s not much of a reply,” he set the flowers on the windowsill.

“You…” Akaashi shuffled on his feet. He rarely felt nervous, “know a lot about flowers.”
"I went to Botany school, but I ended up here," Kuroo shrugged and picked something from the windowsill, "anyway, I was waiting to give you this," he extended a flower in Akaashi’s direction. For once he wasn’t grinning but staring at Akaashi intently. Maybe he wanted to escape from Kuroo’s gaze because he grabbed the flower and left the parlour. It was a carnation. Akaashi waited till he got home and, knowing he would break eventually, he took up his books right away.

There were more problems with the carnation. One of the books said it meant love, another pride and yet another admiration. Akaashi was pretty sure Kuroo was trying to convey emotions of the first one but he forced himself to wonder if Kuroo simply admired him. That night Akaashi dreamt about Kuroo, about his tattoo-covered body above his and when he woke up his covers were wet and sticky. He groaned, punching his pillow, frustrated, "what am I, a teenager?" he mumbled to himself. But, after he’d changed the covers, he put the half-dead carnation in a glass of water.

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The next week Kuroo hitched a ride to the flower market with Akaashi. He didn’t say why he needed to go to the next town over and Akaashi didn’t ask because he didn’t mind Kuroo’s presence. In fact, he was beginning to crave it, running flowers and coffee up to the parlour as often as he could. Sometimes Kuroo was too busy working but sometimes he gave him a smile. Akaashi volunteered to do all the truck-unloading and most of the time it paid off with a quick conversation with Kuroo, who hung out of the parlour window. As they drove, Kuroo talked about everything and nothing, not once mentioning his flower messages, which were starting to lead in one direction. They split up in the flower market because Akaashi had a large order and Kuroo wanted to wander around. They met an hour later by the rover.

Kuroo approached him, his hands behind his back, ‘‘Akaashi,’’ his quiet voice startled Akaashi, who nearly dropped a bucket of Dahlias. He turned to Kuroo who was looking serious. He extended a single red tulip in Akaashi’s direction – they blossomed in spring so Kuroo must have paid extra for the out of season flower. Hesitantly, Akaashi took the flower by its stem and bit his lip, because Kuroo was still staring at him. Suddenly, gathering up his courage, he squared his shoulders, ‘‘I’ll tell you the meaning straight away – declaration of love.’’ His eyes softened, ‘‘give me a reply this time.’’

He climbed into the rover. Akaashi stared at the red tulip in his hand, then flushed with sudden realisation. To his shock his heart fluttered happily. He quickly slipped into the rover, placing the tulip on his dashboard. It was as if Kuroo was a completely different person – he talked and sung along to the music as if he hadn’t just confessed that he was in love with Akaashi through a flower.

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Akaashi thought long and hard on what his reply should be – if he even should reply. He browsed through the flowers in Sugar Flowers but none seemed adequate. The following week he drove to the market and sat in his car for an hour, reading up on flower meanings. Finally he marched into the flower market and went to the greenhouse farmer with the intention of finding a spring flower. Lilac – meaning; first love.

Akaashi decided that there was no point hiding his growing affection and need for Kuroo. He wanted to tell Kuroo that he felt similar things for him, but simply a flower meaning ‘affection’ or ‘love’ didn’t seem like enough after all of Kuroo’s effort. He wanted to relay to him that he was his first love. Akaashi realised that this probably came out of the blue and that he probably expected a striped carnation – refusal – or even lavender – distrust. Instead he was getting a love confession back.

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Kuroo’s reply plomped on his head a few days after. The yellow tulip, another spring flower, slipped off Akaashi’s forehead and into his hands. When he glanced up at Black Beauty’s window, Kuroo was already gone. During his break, munching on a chicken sandwich, Akaashi flipped through the pages of his constantly renewed books about flower meanings till he reached tulip, yellow. He huffed an affectionate laugh – Kuroo had gone from ‘confession of love’ right to ‘hopelessly in love’. Akaashi fingered the stem of the tulip. Kuroo’s reply seemed rushed and instinctive, like he’d thought of a reply immediately, bought the flower and literally dropped it on Akaashi’s head before he could chicken out. Akaashi begun thinking of his reply.

Apparently he thought too long because nearly two weeks later Kuroo, who replied quickly and sporadically, not calculatingly like Akaashi, marched into the flower shop. He browsed through the flowers for a second, finding one of the last summer flowers in a pot. Tuberose. With a determined expression on his face, he walked up to the stunned Akaashi, slammed the tuberose in front of him and dropped a bank note next to it. Akaashi bit his lip once Kuroo left, touching the small white flowers running along the rigid stem. He requested the rest of the day off and drove home with the tuberose in his lap.

Once he’d watered it and placed it on his windowsill, he got his book. Tuberose had one simple message – pleasure. Did Kuroo find pleasure in his single reply? Or…was he offering pleasure? As soon as Akaashi realised he might be offering it, he was craving it. He suddenly felt hot in his leather jacket and that night his dreams were once more filled with Kuroo.

The next day Akaashi woke up extremely early to go to the flower market. He arrived just as the sleepy vendors were setting up and purchased a single pink camellia, a summer flower.

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A couple of days later Akaashi was on the last shift, minding the shop. It was dark and cold outside, so nobody came in and he fell asleep on his flower book by the cash register. He woke up to find something prickling him in the nose – a mistletoe that hadn’t been there before. He sat up straight, suddenly, and flicked through the pages of his book. Mistletoe: kiss me. Akaashi exhaled shakily. Had Kuroo been here? Obviously. Why hadn’t he woke him up? Calming his heart rate, Akaashi gingerly picked up the mistletoe. As he did so, a piece of paper fell from between the sharp leaves. Akaashi lifted it to his eyes.

By my car, when you wake up.

Akaashi smiled. Finally. Today Kuroo had won the race so his yellow mini cooper was parked right outside. Akaashi peeked into the night – indeed, he could see Kuroo leaning against the car, wrapped in a dark blue coat. Akaashi hurried to lock up the store, tucking the mistletoe into the back of his jeans and picking up his flower book. Too excited to keep still, he practically jumped down the staff stairs.

There was a creek.

And then the stairs gave way under Akaashi’s weight and he fell.

*~*~*~*

A mild head injury, the doctors said two days later when Akaashi woke up in the hospital. Kuroo was nowhere to be seen. Akaashi had a bad headache. Suga and Lev came in to check how he was doing; then his family. By the evening he was exhausted and he fell asleep in the hospital bed,
He awoke to the smell of flowers and when he opened his eyes, the whole hospital room was an explosion of colour. On the windowsill, the bedside table, the unoccupied second bed, the visitor’s chair, even the floor, were primroses – dark blue and pink and violet, white, yellow and light orange… Akaashi gasped. He’d studied enough of his book to have memorised most common flowers. Primrose: I can’t live without you. Overwhelmed by the magnitude of Kuroo’s message, Akaashi sat up and something slipped off the covers and into his lap. A different flower – a common bundle of leathery green leaves on a twig, with a spray of tiny, star-shaped white flowers. Stephanotis. Akaashi searched around wildly, till he found his flower book next to his bed.

He flipped through the pages until he reached what he was looking for. He read the message. He read it again and the first tears fell down his cheeks. Stephanotis: happiness in marriage.

It was a marriage proposal, clear as day.

As if it wasn’t obvious enough, when Akaashi lifted the flower a silver engagement ring slid off its stem and landed on his lap.

*_~*_

Akaashi must have looked like a right mess – a half-wild boy with a nearly-undone bandage, in hospital pyjamas, with no shoes, running into the flower market to purchase a single red carnation. He must have looked even weirder, getting out of his scary-looking land rover to run up the guest stairs and barge into the tattoo parlour. Kuroo was just wiping a customer’s arm with antiseptic when Akaashi ran in, doors banging open. He looked up and his eyes widened, seeing him there, panting and staring at him desperately. The other workers and customers stared in shock. Kuroo stood up and took a step towards Akaashi but Akaashi couldn’t wait anymore. He took three steps forward and thrust the red carnation into Kuroo’s chest.

Kuroo looked down at the flower and his eyes widened and then his breath left him when he spotted the ring on Akaashi’s finger. The next thing Akaashi knew he was being lifted into the air, his legs wrapped around Kuroo’s middle, his hands on his face as Kuroo – finally, finally – kissed him with all he had.

The crushed carnation fell to the floor, the single best message Kuroo had ever received.

Red carnation: yes.
Before I say anything - if you like my style of writing, please check out my original work (it's gay, yes ;) ) it's so hard to make original works fly!

Anyways...

OH MY GAWDDD GUYS HERE IT IS THE FINAL CHAPTER!
So this is, as a treat, every single pairing I could think of in a mix of tumblr & other social media prompts I found on my best friend, Google Images. I hope everyone finds something for themselves - they're mostly teases, but I think it's good closure.

Anyway, so now that we're done here, I will be starting Part 2 and taking prompts then (not yet) withing a few days, so be on look out ;)

Suga x Hinata

Suga crept towards his back doors, holding the flashlight in his hand for dear life. He hadn’t turned it on yet, not wanting to alert whoever was slinking around his garden of his presence. He was in his pyjamas and he was scared – his parents had warned him to knock down the waist-high hedge and build a proper fence to keep out intruders. And he’d said ‘we’re in a good neighbourhood in the countryside – we don’t get serial killers’ – but now he didn’t feel so sure. He’d heard the person from his bedroom window, which had been cracked open as a last defence against the summer air. The burglar, psychopath or stalker didn’t try to conceal himself, apparently, because Suga was awoken to quiet swearing and twigs breaking. To make it all worse Daffodil, Suga’s dog, was not barking – had he been killed? Did the intruder kill him with a pitchfork like in The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-time and-

Suga shoved open the doors, steeling himself and pressing the flashlight’s button. Light erupted and illuminated a tan face attached to a short body, topped with carrot-orange hair – the face was gone quickly, followed by a squeal as the boy – just a teenager – fell onto his bum in the grass. Daffodil panted as he ran around his legs, not barking, wanting to play. Suga exhaled in relief, then put one arm on his PJ shorts, shining the flashlight on the boy, ‘’it’s three am in the morning – what are you doing in my backyard?’’ he demanded.

The ginger boy glanced up at him, rolling around until he could crawl forward. He opened his mouth but before he could reply he made a retching noise and vomited all over Suga’s shoes. Suga didn’t swear, just groaned – what a joy it was to be living by a Fraternity. His nights were often disrupted by drunk boys, but they never wandered into his yard and threw up on his shoes. Ignoring the gunk on his slippers, Suga crouched down next to the groaning boy, ‘’what’s your name.’’

‘’H-Hinata,’’ the boy said weakly, his speech slurred.

Suga couldn’t help but put a calming hand on his hair, ‘’okay, Hinata. What are you doing in my
‘Your dawg’s great…’ he said, grinning, and then passed out face-first in his mess.

“So that’s what happened,” Suga finished his story and sipped his tea. Hinata, now freshly washed and tucked in a blanket on Suga’s couch stared at him in disbelief. He had already downed three glasses of water, having a killer hangover in the morning. Suga laughed at his comical expression, “it’s okay. It’s pretty funny, looking back at it.” Hinata was blushing, too ashamed for words. Suga laughed again, and reached out, pinching his cheek affectionately, “hey, I said it’s okay. But why don’t you tell me what you were doing in a stranger’s back yard, petting their dog?”

Kyoutani x Yahaba

Yahaba sighed, “seriously, are you homeless or something?” he grumbled to himself.

Kyoutani was there again. Yahaba had been working the night shift at IKEA all week and every night he had to chase Kyoutani out of the bedroom section. It got to the point where he actually got used to his presence. Still, he couldn’t exactly let the boy sleep in the IKEA display beds, or he’d get fired. Now Yahaba went down on his knees next to one of the lush king sized beds, where Kyoutani was tangled up in the freshly-pressed sheets, the plastic tag splayed across his ankle. He even had the pink bedside lamp on and was sleeping with his lips parted, one muscular arm tucked under the pillow. He had a peculiar haircut and he was grumpy all the time, but he wasn’t rude – he got Yahaba coffee sometimes, as if he was apologising for his behaviour. That made Yahaba wonder if he just didn’t have anywhere else to go.

Yahaba touched the tip of Kyoutani’s nose and when the boy didn’t stir, he ran the tips of his fingers through his fuzzy buzz cut. He had a weakness for short-cropped hair and the way it felt under his fingers. The way Kyoutani had brought him coffee that afternoon, thrusting it grumpily into his hand, made Yahaba smile at the memory. He’d spent the day wandering around IKEA – Yahaba had bumped into him at least once every hour, until maybe an hour before closing time, when Kyoutani no doubt went and hid somewhere. Yahaba didn’t spend an excessive amount of time at trying to find him; he was a pro at hide and seek. Instead, he politely ushered the customers through their last purchases and out of the front door, had a chat with the hot-dog guy as he closed the stand and eventually wandered back to the bedroom section. Sure enough, Kyoutani was already curled up there.

“Seriously, you’re like a stray,” Yahaba sighed, poking Kyoutani’s cheek again. When he didn’t wake up, Yahaba crouched, folding his arms over his knees and tilting his head, “a stray, mad-dog.”

“I ain’t a dog,” Kyoutani grumbled, turning onto his other side.

Yahaba poked his head with his flashlight, “got ya. Come on, time to go. I’m closing up.” He stood and flicked the bedside lamp off, but Kyoutani just grumbled something and buried himself under the covers. Yahaba sighed and put his hands on his hips, looking down at Kyoutani helplessly, “seriously, if you don’t have anywhere to go, there’s a burger place open 24/7. I’m sure it’s warmer and less scary that IKEA at night, even if there’s no bed.”

The tips of Kyoutani’s ears, which were peeking out from under the covers, turned bright red, “I have places to go,” he grumbled unconvincingly.
“Really?” Yahaba raised his eyebrow, “I doubt that. And I don’t want to be rude, but you seriously can’t sleep in display beds.” When he still didn’t move, Yahaba swore, picked up one of the pillows and brought it down hard on Kyoutani’s head, who growled and jumped up to a sitting position, “seriously, you’re going to get me fired! Get out before I call the police!” before he could even finish the sentence, he was flying through the air and landing hard on the crisp sheets of the display bed. Kyoutani pinned him down and growled low.

“No cops.”

“Okay, okay,” Yahaba tried to put his hands up in surrender but Kyoutani had them in a tight grip. For some reason he wasn’t scared, though, “you know, you’re really mad.” He kicked his shins half-heartedly and Kyoutani released his wrists, a guilty expression on his face. He sat back on his heels, but Yahaba didn’t get up. Instead he stared at the ugly IKEA ceiling, “you know…oh god, I’m gonna regret this so bad,” Yahaba rubbed his face, “if you want, you can crash at mine. But you need to get a job and tip in with rent, and as soon as you can get an apartment.” He looked at Kyoutani who, for once, didn’t have a guarded expression on his face, but rather a surprised one. Yahaba sent him a cheeky grin, “I’ll even help you get a job here, if you promise not to nap on the display beds.”

Lev x Yaku

Yaku stretched and yawned, watching the quick spinning of the washing machine. He cringed; the repetitive motion made him feel sick, so he looked away. He didn’t feel like sitting down on the benches but he didn’t feel like just standing around, either. He vowed this was the last time he’d ever throw a party at his own house. How did Tora mistake his closet for the toilet and throw up over most of his clothes? Well, it wasn’t like it could be helped. At least it had been lit. Yaku stretched again. More than hung over, he was tired as hell. To the point where he didn’t care that he was standing in a public laundry room, where all his neighbours went, in his panda-printed underwear, dishevelled hair and a mug of tea in his hand. It was lukewarm now, but Yaku didn’t feel like drinking it anymore. He didn’t feel like doing much – he just wanted to sleep, but he couldn’t with his closet reeking of Tora’s vomit and said culprit occupying his couch. Returning would mean he would have to take care of Tora, too. At least he was alone in the laundry room, and didn’t have to explain to elderly Ms Rei why he was being indecent.

The thought hadn’t even finished bumping around Yaku’s sluggish brain when the doors opened and someone walked in. Yaku didn’t bother looking up. He tucked one arm against the other, bringing the tea to his lips, not drinking, and lowering it again. He was concentrating on the spin of the machine again, challenging himself to how long he could stare without hurling. The person next to him tossed clothes into the neighbouring washing machine and turned on the button, tucking in change into the dispenser. Yaku saw a flash of pale hands and then the person stood, washing the machine, just like Yaku.

Half-intrigued, half-bored, he glanced at the neighbouring machine and blanched. There was nothing unusual about the machine alone, but there was a stack of clothes waiting to be washed after this set and each and every one was splattered with blood. The dark red spots were unmistakable. Actually, they weren’t even splattered – they were practically covered in it, leaving a sticky puddle on top of the machine. Fearfully, knowing the guy who stood next to him blocked his exit, Yaku glanced up.

The guy was staring at him curiously.

He definitely wasn’t Japanese – Yaku guessed Russian, or something, with his smooth grey hair and cat-like green eyes. He was impossibly tall – at least compared to Yaku. He was wearing a scruffy
suit that was dirty in places, like he’d just had a fight. The shape of a gun tucked into the waistband of his pants was unmistakable. A cigarette tucked behind his ear completed the look, and so did the large bruise blooming on the guy’s jaw. Who the fuck had he been fighting on Monday, at 7am!?

Yaku glanced away quickly, trying to calm his heart. *He’s not going to kill me, he’s not going to kill me, he’s not going to kill me…* “Nice weather,” the guy said causally. He had a young voice, which made him seem more like an abnormally large teenager than anything else, and it gave Yaku courage.

“Y-Yeah,” he said, praying to Jesus when his machine stopped. The gangster huffed a laugh at his terrified expression. Yaku grabbed his laundry basket, scooping the clean, wet clothes out in two quick swipes and holding them to his front as a barrier, his half-full cup in his other hand. He sidestepped around the Russian, ‘’good day…” he mumbled, still thinking about that gun when…

The guy turned around and a second later Yaku froze when he felt his hand on his ass. It wasn’t an accidental pat, oh no. His hand deliberately grabbed one of his ass cheeks, squeezing it between his fingers, almost a caress and Yaku froze up because fuck it sent a fucking shiver down his spine. The good kind of shiver, ‘’cute boxers,’’ the guy whispered, practically against his ear. He must have been bending really, really low, ‘’but your ass is better, shortie.’’

He would have let it go. He really would have, if not for the last word. All rational thought left Yaku’s body as a smirk pulled at his lips, ‘’shortie, huh?’’ he whipped around and slowly, deliberately opened the tray for the washing powder, pouring the tea in with a smile. He slammed it shut, ‘’enjoy the sticky clothes, sugar,’’ he said with a sweet smile, strolling out casually.

**Kuroo x Bokuto**

Kuroo opened the doors and looked him up and down, ‘’what are you doing here?’’

Bokuto peeked from above a massive bouquet of chocolate roses, almost shyly, ‘’um…”

Kuroo crossed his arms over his chest, ‘’it was a one night stand. Do you understand those words? One. Night.”

“Yeah, I know that’s what we agreed on,” Bokuto extended the bouquet towards his best-friend-turned-lover on a drunken night, ”but we literally got each other’s names tattooed on our asses. You’re kind of hard to forget.” Bokuto grinned, ‘’I’m sorry. Thinking realistically, it was probably my fault. Let’s at least talk?”

Kuroo groaned, snatching the bouquet from him and walking back into his apartment, leaving the doors open for Bokuto, “I’m never drinking again,” he vowed to himself. His ass still stung, even after two days. If he remembered getting tattooed, he’d find the guy who did it and kill him, “laser removal is too expensive, seeing as I apparently funded the drinks of the entire club that night.”

“I know,” Bokuto followed him into his living room, where Kuroo set the bouquet down, “my bank account weeps.”

“My ass weeps. Shit hurts,” Kuroo picked up a chocolate rose, unwrapping the carefully crafted candy and eating it off the plastic stem.

“So, what?” Bokuto stood awkwardly in the middle of the living room, “are we not friends anymore?”
Kuroo studied him for a second, chewing the chocolate. Finally he spoke, his mouth full, “I don’t think I can be friends with you if I have your name tattooed on my butt.”

Bokuto took a step forward, hands in pockets, “what about…more than friends?”

“One. Night. Stand,” Kuroo drew out the words with his hands, “I swear to god, I can’t make any deals with you.”

Bokuto closed the gap between them, placing his hands on either side of the table, caging Kuroo in, “what do you expect? I thought I’d be satisfied after one time,” he leaned forward, brushing their foreheads together, “you were good,” he added, quietly.

“You, you were good too,” Kuroo grumbled, and then crossed his arms over his chest, “right up to the point where you came up with the brilliant idea to get our names tattooed permanently on each other’s asses!”

“Okay, we still don’t know if it wasn’t your idea.”

“I’m not ready for that kind of commitment,” Kuroo said stubbornly.

“Well, we’re too broke to get them removed right now,” Kuroo yelped when Bokuto grinned and slipped his hand right down his boxers, cupping the tattooed butt cheek, “so we might as well roll with it.”

“Of course you’d think that, dumbass,” Kuroo said, sighing.

Bokuto grinned and kissed him on the mouth, deeply, straight away and Kuroo didn’t resist him, opening his mouth. Bokuto pulled back after a while, licking his lips, “you taste sweet.”

Kuroo raised an eyebrow, “what did I taste like before?”

“Beer. We were drunk, remember?”

“No, I don’t remember, that’s kind of the fucking prob-“

Bokuto didn’t let him finish, kissing him again.

Oikawa x Kuroo

Oikawa screamed when he heard a noise, leaned out of the window and found a dark-haired, handsome stranger hanging by his fingertips off his ledge for dear life. “Hi!” he said nervously when Oikawa got over his shock.

“What the hell are you doing in my house?” Oikawa buttoned the top buttons of his PJs, feeling suddenly exposed.

“Technically I’m not in your house-“

Oikawa grabbed the edges of the open window, “do you want these slammed on your fingers?”

“Okay, okay!” the guy tried to make a placating gesture, letting go of the ledge with one hand. He yelped, forgetting he was meant to hold on for dear life. Wow, this guy is an idiot, Oikawa thought, “basically…” he tried to grab onto the ledge and finally succeeded, “I forgot to introduce myself. I’m Kuroo. And you are?”
“The cause of your death, if you don’t answer my question.”

Kuroo grinned up at him, “that’s kind of long. Got a nickname you go by?”

Oikawa sighed, “Tooru Oikawa. What are you doing…” he stopped, his brows furrowed and then realisation twinkled in his eyes, ‘’oh my god, you’re trying to rob me, aren’t you!? I’m calling the cops!’’

“Wait! No, no, that’s not it!” Kuroo called desperately and Oikawa stopped, ‘’well, no, that’s exactly it but I can’t exactly tell you ‘hey, I was trying to rob your house, fell off the roof and now I’m hanging off your window, about to fall to my death. Some help?’’’. He turned his pleading eyes to Oikawa, ‘’c’mom, dude, I don’t want to die and I definitely don’t want to go to jail.’’

“Priorities,’’ Oikawa crossed his arms over his chest.

“Hey, you…you’re kind cute, you know,’’ Kuroo said.

“Oh please, flattery isn’t gonna help here,’’ Oikawa snapped, but he was glad for the darkness of his room because he was flushing.

“No, I’m serious,’’ Kuroo held on tighter, ‘’we should make-out when I’m not clinging to your window for dear life.’’

Oikawa stared at him for a second, then smirked, ‘’sure, I don’t mind~’’ he said, and then slammed the window shut, hard. He heard Kuroo swear as he fell and then the thump when his ass hit the grass of Oikawa’s garden a few meters below. Laughing to himself, he called the police. As soon as he put down his phone, the doorbell rang. Oikawa frowned, suspicious, ‘’that was kind of quick…”

He padded downstairs and opened the doors. Kuroo was standing there, a stray leaf in his hair which practically melted into the night, as did his clothes. He yanked Oikawa forward by his wrist and smashed their lips together, ‘’as promised,’’ he said, grinning wickedly, ‘’and here’s a little extra, for making me fall,’’ Oikawa yelped when Kuroo latched onto his neck with his lips, biting and kissing mercilessly. Oikawa’s protests quickly turned to pants.

“You should get out of here,’’ he said, gripping Kuroo’s shirt as he was slammed against the doorframe, Kuroo’s mouth working relentlessly against his collarbone, ‘’I called the cops on you.”

Kuroo pulled back enough to say ‘motherfucker!’ before he kissed Oikawa again, this time higher, on his jaw, where he wouldn’t be able to hide the mark even if he wore a collar to work tomorrow. Oikawa squirmed in his grip and eventually gave in, letting Kuroo attack him with his mouth. He only pulled back when he heard the sirens, and Oikawa’s neck was completely ravished. Then he disappeared into the night.

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**Tanaka x Ennoshita**

Ennoshita moaned in Tanaka’s ear, nearly driving him over the edge. Tanaka begun thrusting harder, holding his boyfriend down by his wrists. He was kissing his neck so his lips were free to make those delicious noises.

“Ah, Ryu, wait…” Ennoshita mewed hopelessly as Tanaka rocked him into the bed.

“Can’t,’’ he said gruffly. Ennoshita scraped his nails down Tanaka’s back as he moaned again against his shoulder, “see…” Tanaka managed to grin between the waves of intense pleasure, “it’s
your fault.’’

‘‘I–’’

Meow.

Tanaka snorted, ‘‘I know you feel good, but I didn’t think you’d start meowing.’’

‘‘I…I didn’t…’’ Ennoshita couldn’t catch his breath. He buried his head into Tanaka’s shoulder helplessly, ‘‘go faster.’’

Tanaka happily obliged, when…

Meow.

He stopped moving, still buried deep within Ennoshita, ‘‘shit. We forgot to put the cat outside.’’

‘‘Eh?’’ Ennoshita glanced over Tanaka’s shoulder, disbelieving, and saw their pet cat Daryl indeed sitting on the floor. He didn’t care that Ennoshita and Tanaka were in the middle of sex – he was meowing stubbornly for his afternoon snack. But Ennoshita wasn’t going to give in.

‘‘There’s no way we’re doing it with him in the room…’’ Tanaka begun but one thrust of Ennoshita’s hips was enough to silence him. Ennoshita drew him closer, slotting their lips together and all the protests melted right off Tanaka’s lips. He kissed him back, beginning to move again. They ignored Daryl’s meows and pretty soon they couldn’t hear them anymore, lost in their joint bliss. It only returned to them, loud and persistent, when Tanaka pulled out of Ennoshita and plomped down next to him. He glared at their cat, ‘‘he’s such a fat shit.’’

Ennoshita, eyes closed and still panting slightly, stuck out his hand, ‘‘rock, paper, scissors, whose gonna let him out.’’

‘‘Rock, paper, scissors!’’ Tanaka counted them down. He had rock, Ennoshita had scissors. Ennoshita groaned and heaved himself up onto his elbows. Tanaka kissed his shoulder, ‘‘it’s okay, I’ll do it.’’ He kissed all the way down his arm with Ennoshita giggling softly before getting up, exposing Ennoshita to a lovely view of his ass. Ennoshita watched lovingly as Tanaka opened the doors to the bedroom. Daryl strolled past him with dignity. ‘‘I hate you!’’ Tanaka called after him before closing the doors. He returned to his boyfriend, ‘‘ready for round two?’’

Yamaguchi x Tsukki

Yamaguchi paced up and down the kitchen, wringing his hands out nervously, ‘‘you have to calm down,’’ Suga, his sous-chef, said, placing a calming hand over his hands, ‘‘you’re the head chef. You have to act like it. Come on, we’re full today and the brigade is doing a great job,’’ he smiled, ‘‘we’re going to be fine.’’

Yamaguchi exhaled, brushing back his hair, which was tied in a ponytail at the back of his head, but the bangs still came out. He fixed his chef jacket, smoothing it down, ‘‘right. Right.’’ He walked up to the pass. Kageyama, the perfectionist, came up with a hot pan of lobster risotto.

Yamaguchi picked up the pan and begun piling the risotto onto plates, ‘‘very nice! Where’s the garnish?’’ he called, trying to regain his usual rhythm in the kitchen.

‘‘Lobster tails, walking!’’ Ennoshita cut across the kitchen and put down the plate of lobster tails on
the pass. Yamaguchi finished plating the risotto and Suga loaded it up on the tray. One of the waiters too it.

“Great job so far, guys,’” Yamaguchi forced his usual radiant smile onto his face, “follow up with that salad and we can start on the entrees!”

“Chef,’” Hinata, the Maitre d’, appeared at the pass. He looked green, “he’s here.” He passed him a ticket, “this is his.”

Yamaguchi tried to keep the sweat to the minimum as he nodded and took the others, “two cover, table twenty. One scallops, one salad. Guys,’” he added and his kitchen froze, “please don’t screw this up. This is for the world renowned food critic, Tsukishima Kei!” The chefs seemed to go a little green as well. The first up to the pass was the scallops but they were returned, “Noya, those are over-cooked!” Next was the salad, “Tanaka, way too much sauce! Come on, don’t drown it!”

Suga appeared at his side as Tanaka carried off his failed salad, “chef, I know you want perfection, but those dishes were up to standard. Don’t stress. He’ll like our food. He has to.” He patted his shoulder, “we don’t have three Michelin stars for nothing.”

Yamaguchi exhaled, “right. Of course.” He threw himself into plating and tasting and let Suga read out the entrees and desserts, so that he didn’t know what was being served to the critic. He had been stressing about this for weeks and he couldn’t wait for the night to be over. Finally, finally…

“Okay, stoves off,” Suga commanded.

“Great job, guys,” Yamaguchi was weak with relief. Now he didn’t have to stress. The critic would write whatever he wanted about his restaurant, but he wouldn’t worry because he knew his team did the best they could, “thank you so mu-”

“Chef!” Hinata appeared at the pass again. Now his face was vibrant jade, “t-the critic! He’s coming this way!”

Yamaguchi paled. “You got this.” Suga said.

Yamaguchi took the hundredth deep breath of the evening, wiping his hands on his apron, taking it off, straightening his chef jacket before stepping out of the kitchen. The critic was walking towards him with his partner, some girl, but he completely over-shadowed her. In person he was even taller and more handsome than in pictures – not that Yamaguchi checked him out or anything, “chef Yamaguchi,” he said in a voice smooth as silk, his eyes dark with a strange emotion behind his glasses. Yamaguchi was entirely sure he wasn’t breathing as Tsukishima Kei extended a hand for him to shake, “I will be sure to write this restaurant a good review. The food was fantastic.”

Yamaguchi exhaled shakily and grasped his hand, “thank you, sir! I appreciate it!” he said, relief flooding his body. Tsukishima, however, wasn’t done. He pulled him forward a little, so he could whisper in his ear.

“The food was lovely, but I would much rather eat you,” he murmured, before releasing his hand and taking a respectful step back, “I trust my assistant will give you my contact details.” He gestured to the girl, before turning and walking out, leaving the girl to scribble down numbers. And leaving Yamaguchi star-struck, and bright red.

Kageyama x Hinata
Hinata’s beat up pick-up managed to crawl into the driveway of a small gas station before whining and dying. Hinata shivered, not from the cold but because of the station itself. It was tiny and in the middle of nowhere; behind it was a wheat field, and in front a dusty road. A few lamps lined it but down here the light barely reached Hinata in his dark truck. It was completely empty, too. The small shop had a single lamp on inside but there was no-one there. To make matters worse, the big neon sign signalling the gas station flickered and died. Hinata gulped. He really shouldn’t have watch ‘lights out’ the other day. He could practically see black claws extending towards him from the shadows; even his own truck didn’t feel safe. He futilely tried to get it running again but it was as good as scrap. He leaned against the steering wheel and squeezed his eyes shut.

There was a rumble and Hinata jumped up in time to see a dust-covered Audi roll up next to his truck, providing a little light before the engine was cut off. Hinata waited, peering out of his window, but the person inside didn’t move. Somehow feeling even more endangered, Hinata popped the doors of his truck open as quietly as possible. He had one option – find whoever worked here and ask to borrow a pay-phone, since his own had died on the long drive from his Uni to his home town. But wasn’t this what happened in horror films? Like ‘the hills have eyes’ or something – cute boys getting kidnapped by weirdoes who enjoyed working at isolated places in the middle of the night.

Wrapping his cardigan around him, Hinata peered into the dusty shop. There were a few candies that looked older than his grandma and dusty packets of crisps. No clerk. Suddenly there was a curse from behind him and Hinata jumped again, whipping around. He exhaled when he saw that the owner of the Audi was around his age – in horror movies it was usually creepy 40+ men who preyed on hitch hikers. The guy, tall and dark haired, sighed and slammed the fuel dispenser back in its place. Hinata crept up to him, ”um, excuse me…”

The guy jumped, yelping and Hinata realised that, despite his height, he was as creeped out by this place as Hinata was. He exhaled when he saw Hinata, probably labelling him as less of a threat because of his height. He shuffled awkwardly, ”um, you’re the owner of the truck?”

Hinata nodded, ”yeah. I’m Hinata. My car died.”

The guy gestured to his own vehicle, ”I’m Kageyama, and same. I mean, I just need fuel but this,” he pointed a thumb at the dispenser, ”needs the admission card of the clerk, and the clerk’s nowhere to be seen.” They glanced around as if said clerk was around somewhere, but he was not. ”do you think…maybe something happened to him?”

Hinata’s pulse jumped at the thought, ”o-or there’s no clerk and this place isn’t actually real and we’re dead and…” the stranger clamped a hand on his mouth.

”That’s enough,” but he seemed nervous, ”um, maybe we should just wait inside our cars till the clerk…” the neon sign came to life with a loud buzz and then died again, ”or you could just wait with me in my car,” Kageyama said quickly, ”if your car is dead then that means you don’t have heating, right? It’s pretty cold, so…” Kageyama had already made it to his Audi, and held the doors open for Hinata. The student didn’t feel like spending time in his dark, creepy truck by himself so he slid into the Audi gratefully. For a second he wondered if that was wise, that maybe Kageyama was a creep after all…

Kageyama slid into the seat and locked the doors, before exhaling, relieved. That gave Hinata courage. He watched Kageyama turn on the car. He had minimal amounts of fuel left, ”how long do you think we’re gonna be here?”

”Dunno,” Kageyama looked out into the shop. Still no clerk, ”my phone died, so…”

”Oh my god, mine too!” Hinata exclaimed, folding his arms around himself, ”Jesus, we’re gonna
...a psycho will come out of the woods and go all like bam! And they’ll never find us…”

Kageyama clamped his hand over Hinata’s mouth, glaring, again.

“’You’re not helping,’” he dropped his hand but stayed leaning in Hinata’s direction, “’we’re over-exaggerating. The guy’s probably in the toilet…”

A stray can rattled past, prompted by the wind. Kageyama and Hinata yelped and Kageyama grabbed Hinata’s hand. He didn’t let go, looking suspiciously at their surroundings from the inside of the now-toasty car. Hinata squeezed his hand, “’um, can I ask a favour? If we’re gonna die…”

“’We’re not going to die,’” Kageyama turned back to him but Hinata wasn’t listening. He looked close to a mental break down.

“…can you kiss me?’

Kageyama blanched, “’what?’

Hinata was too scared to even blush, “’I’ve never kissed anyone! I can’t die with no experience! That’ll be embarrassing.’’

“’Seriously? No kiss? How old are you?’” Kageyama raised his eyebrow.

“’Shut up! I know. Eighteen. Kinda lame,’” he glanced down, “’just a little kiss is fine…”

Kageyama sighed, “’it’s not like I have anything better to do,’” he dropped Hinata’s hand and tilted his head, “’and for the record, we’re not gonna die,’” but he didn’t sound convinced. He’d probably rather concentrate on Hinata than the creepy, probably-haunted station.

Hinata’s eyes fluttered shut and a second later he felt the soft press of Kageyama’s lips against his as he pecked them. Before Hinata could even open his eyes, Kageyama came back for more, pressing his lips to Hinata’s with more force, his tongue sweeping against his bottom lip. Shyly, Hinata opened his mouth. As Kageyama moved his hand to cup his cheek, his tongue venturing into his mouth, Hinata forgot all about the creepy station, psychopathic axe murderers and impending doom.

He was warm and solid and Hinata felt like he could protect him, even if he was scared shitless himself.

Kageyama didn’t let him go. He leaned even more forward, their lips making soft noises in the dark car as Kageyama kissed him harder. Hinata gripped his wrist as his head spun from sudden heat and then transferred it to the hand still cupping his cheek, lacing his fingers through the backs of Kageyama’s. Kageyama’s kisses turned sweeter, slower.

There was a bang on the window and Hinata jumped for the nth time that evening. A bored-looking clerk in a red uniform was looking at them through Hinata’s window, unimpressed. It was a girl and she didn’t look much older than them, “’if you love-birds want to restock on fuel, I’ve got the car here,’” her voice was muffled through the glass, “’if not, get off my station.’”

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Daichi x Kuroo

Daichi unbuttoned his pants, glancing at the guy next to him who was staring at his own junk with interest. Why was this always so awkward? Daichi concentrated on the wall, doing his business. The café’s toilet was tiny and not the cleanest. The guy next to him was wearing the café uniform with a big name badge that read ‘KUROO – here to help’. Daichi finished at the same time as Kuroo, doing up his pants and walking over to the sink. Now it was even more awkward as he waited for Kuroo to
finish with the soap before smothering his own hands in it. He was just rinsing his hands when he heard it.

The gunshot.

He whipped around at the screams that followed, and a second gunshot. He did the only thing he could think of – he looked at Kuroo and went “what the fuck was that?”.

Kuroo was staring at the doors but he quickly set his jaw, “I’m gonna check.”

“What?” Daichi hissed, grabbing his forearm, “you can’t! I’ll go.”

“That’s ridiculous. Stay here, I’ll just peak out.”

Daichi watched, hands dripping water onto the toilet floor, heart thumping wildly as Kuroo inched towards the doors. He pushed it open just a little – it creaked minimally but to Daichi it sounded too loud. Kuroo peered out and Daichi joined him, peering over his shoulder. All the customers and staff were on the floor, hands behind their heads, shaking and crying. Three masked men were holding guns and yelling. Kuroo closed the doors slowly and turned to Daichi, “I…I think they’re being held hostage. But the attackers don’t know we’re here,” he hesitated and frowned, “why the fuck are they robbing a café, I mean…”

“Quiet!” Daichi hissed, grabbing his wrist and dragging him into one of the cubicles. He locked the doors, “we need to think of what to do.”

“Police!” Kuroo said brilliantly.

“Probably already notified,” they called anyway. The cops told them to stay where they were but when they disconnected another gunshot went off.

“Okay, so we were saved by our weak bladders,” Kuroo reasoned, “but that means we’re part of a bigger plan. We need to do God’s will.”

“I’m not religious.” Daichi said.

“No, neither am I, but it’s good to believe in something when you’re about to die,” Daichi admired Kuroo for being able to grin.

“What do you mean die?”

“Well, we’re going to go out there and help the hostages, right?” Kuroo asked.

Daichi felt things click into place; a plan formed in his head, “okay. Do you have any weapons?”

“It’s a café, so the best thing I can offer are knives,” Kuroo said thoughtfully.

“Alright. We’ll crawl out, grab the knives and…”

“They’re not going to be much help against guns,” Kuroo said and grinned again, “but I get where you’re going with this.”

“You’re suicidal. And my plan is stupid,” Daichi said bluntly, “ready?”

“Yeah.” Daichi pulled open the cubicle doors and crept out, trying to even out his breathing. Preparing to drop to his knees to crawl out, he was stopped by a hand from Kuroo, “hey. If we don’t die, you’re going on a date with me.”
“Huh?”

“You’re cute. And I just realised life is too short to let cute guys run off.” Kuroo said, his determined eyes on the doors.

Daichi turned his gaze to the doors also, “okay.”

“Okay,” Kuroo repeated, a smile pulling on his mouth. It was a hysterical smile, “let’s go out there and try not to die.”

Akaashi x Tsukki

“Yes, yes, a blond one and a dark one is my favourite combination!”

“Indeed, especially considering that my Tsukki is so tall compared to Akaashi!”

“Yes, yes! Oh, it must be fate that we became friends.’

“This is out God-given mission, indeed.”

“Oh, they’ll make such a perfect couple!”

“Grandmother!” Tsukki stood in the doorway, arms crossed over his chest, eyebrow raised. His grandmother, an elderly, large woman in a pastel pink cardigan chuckled while her companion sipped her tea with a knowing smile.

“Oh, Tsukki, it’s about time you got a boyfriend! Considering you clearly don’t like girls,” she gave him a pointed look at Tsukki sighed. Grandmother Tsukishima fluttered up, her large bottom moving her chair, ‘oh, where are my manners. Forgive me dear; meet my grandson, Tsukishima Kei.”

Tsukki, raised to be a polite boy, walked over to the other woman and squeezed her hand, ‘eat a cake, love. I’m Grandma Riri. Oh, smile a little! I’m sure you’ll love Akaashi!” she turned to Grandmother Tsukishima and chuckled, ‘how could he not? They’ll make the perfect match!’

“Indeed, indeed,” Grandmother Tsukishima nodded her head, chuckling.

Tsukki sighed again, adjusting his glasses, ”grandmother, when you asked me to come over for tea I didn’t expect you to try and match me with someone,” he dropped his voice and spoke out of the corner of his mouth, “remember what happened last time you tried to get me a girlfriend?”

“Oh, don’t worry, Kei, dear,” it was Grandma Riri who answered, “girlfriends are too much trouble; I’d know. But you and Akaashi will get along just perfectly! Like in that book…”

“The captive prince,” Tsukki’s grandmother said and he nearly barfed, “although in this case the size difference is reversed…”

Tsukki was about to interject before they begun discussing which one, in their opinion, would top when there was a gentle knock on the doors, open to the garden to let in some of the stuffy summer air. ‘Come in, Akaashi!” Grandmother Tsukishima called and ‘Akaashi’ stepped in, bowing his head respectfully.

Tsukki’s eyes widened with surprise and wonder. The girls his grandmother had tried to find for him were always so extreme – with makeup that would drop off them if it rained and skimpy skirts; with shy smiles and everything except the hands and face covered; the new neighbour girl who didn’t
speak a lick of Japanese but felt very patriotic over her country… but Akaashi was beautiful in the muted way – he had the standard black hair but his eyes, appearing dark at first look, were slate grey. He was slim but strong, clearly, and he wore a simple t-shirt and summer shorts down to his knees.

“Hello.” He said quietly.

“Hi,” Tsukki blurted and both the grandmothers chuckled, as if he’d just proven them right.

Kuroo x Kenma

“You coming out yet?”

Kuroo’s voice reached Kenma faintly just as his head broke the surface of the water and he gulped down air. He’d gone under for too long, again. He swiped his long-ish hair out of his face and looked at Kuroo. He was sitting, stark naked, on a rock, his knees tucked to his chest, watching Kenma swim in the moonlight-lit river with a soft smile on his mouth. Kenma flushed and submerge till only his eyes were above the waterline, letting out a stream of embarrassed bubbles. Kuroo laughed and dipped his toes into the water a few times, creating ripples that reached Kenma, “well?”

Kenma popped his mouth out, “only if you turn around.” He, too, had decided to go skinny dipping. In fact, he’d begun this tradition and Kuroo had no choice but to follow him into the water – he was always out first. Since their parents started sending them to camp every summer when they turned fifteen, they’d done this. Sneaking away from camp had become as easy as tying shoe laces.

“Aw, come on~ I was looking forward to this!” Kuroo complained.

Kenma sighed, leaning back to look at the moonlight, “you asked last year, and the year before that, and the answer is still the same.”

Kuroo’s voice went soft, coaxing, “we weren’t dating last year, or the year before that.”

Kenma shrugged, pale shoulders emerging and submerging into the inky water. He swam further out, his arms working around his body in slow circles; his eyes were inviting. Kuroo stood up, revealing his impressive body, not feeling embarrassed in the least. Kenma didn’t look away, although he flushed. Kuroo waded into the water and then swim up to Kenma. His feet barely touched the bank when he stood up and Kenma put his hands around his neck so he would stay above the waterline. Without any further words, Kenma fitted their lips together. Kuroo cupped his wet body against his, one hand holding his cheek. They kissed softly, slowly, still exploring each other as lovers. They’d only done it once, but it had brought them closer.

Kenma pushed away from Kuroo and swam away, “okay, turn around, I want to get out now!” Kuroo sighed affectionately and turned, staring out into the other end of the dark lake. That was where camp was – the bonfire light was nearly visible. When Kenma gave him the okay, Kuroo got out of the water and patted around for his boxers. Pulling them onto his wet buttocks, he searched for his camp t-shirt but when he lifted it, he raised an eyebrow.

“You know… I think I’m going to have to strip you after all.”

“Huh?” Kenma was getting sleepy and when he was sleepy, he didn’t notice things. Like the fact that the t-shirt he was wearing was about three times too big for him. He tugged on the hem, which touched his knees, “…oh.” Kuroo laughed. Kenma rubbed his wet hair, “just go without,” he said eventually, irritated as if it was Kuroo’s fault and begun walking around the lake.
“Okay,’” Kuroo threw an arm over his shoulders, his t-shirt in the crook of the other one, and pressed a kiss to his brow, “but only if you sleep in my tent.”

Akaashi x Bokuto

“Shit,” Akaashi rarely swore, but now he had to. He held the bottle of lube helplessly in one hand, his other one clicking desperately at the screen of the self-checkout system, which had frozen over. ‘ASSISTANCE REQUIRED’ lit up the screen. Akaashi tossed the lube in next to the packet of condoms already in the bagging area and waited, but the sign didn’t change. He was debating on leaving his products when…

“Can I help you?” instead of a normal bored-looking Tesco assistant, the worker next to him looked…weird, and excited, and curious. He had sticking up hair and golden eyes that were so large he reminded Akaashi of an owl. His tag, next to a big black sharpie, read ‘BOKUTO’.

“Um, no, I’m okay…” please don’t look in the bagging area, please…

But Bokuto moved him out of the way and tapped in a code. When that didn’t work, he frowned and picked up the lube. Akaashi looked away for a long, long time as Bokuto hummed, trying futilely to scan it. He smirked, “whose the lucky girl?” he asked, as he read the code. Akaashi flushed, “or guy?”

“Um, it’s for a friend…”

Bokuto snorted, “yeah, right. What’s your name?”

Akaashi wanted the ground to open and swallow him whole when Bokuto picked up the condoms as well, “A-Akaashi. Um, those are…”

“Very useful,” Bokuto grinned at him, “hey, you’re beet-red. No need to get embarrassed, we all do those things,” when Akaashi flushed further, he laughed and took his wrist, placing the box of condoms and the lube in them, “but, unfortunately, the lube is expired and the condoms have to be bought in the pharmacy section over there.” He ruffled his hair, “aren’t I great, warning you from gross expired lube?”

“I…uh, should you even have expired lube? Isn’t that a violation?”

“I think Tescos selling lube is a violation in general,” Bokuto shrugged, “well, either way you can use something home-made…like hair gel?”

“Thanks,” Akaashi said quickly, pointing awkwardly, “I’ll…go to the pharmacy section then. Like you said.”

Bokuto grinned, already walking off, “go get ‘em, tiger. And call me.”

“Huh?” Akaashi glanced down at the lube. Against the instructions on the back, Bokuto had written his number in the big black sharpie.

Nova x Hinata

“I got locked out,” Noya said miserably.
Hinata exploded with laughter, tears streaming from his eyes, “HAHAHA OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! I TOLD YOU, I TOLD YOU! I SAID ‘DON’T SHARE A ROOM WITH TANAKA-SENPAI CUZ HE’LL WANT TO GET FREAKY WITH SOMEONE AND HE’LL LOCK YOU OUT’ AND HE...HE...HE LOCKED YOU OUT, PHAHAHAH!”

Noya jumped on him, tackling him to the floor, and tickled him mercilessly till Hinata was squealing in his grip, “don’t get cocky, first year!” he said, grinning. He stopped only when Hinata hit the floor twice and remained sprawled on the floor, breathing hard. Noya glanced around, “where’s Kageyama?”

“He’s having a drinking contest with Tsukki and Suga’s having a heart attack.”

Noya grinned, “so...I got locked out and you got ditched.”

“I didn’t! I promised my mom I wouldn’t drink!” Hinata said, pouting.

“Well,” Noya grabbed his cheeks, squishing them together till his lips were puckered, “that means I get to have you all to myself,” he leaned down and pressed a loud, deliberate kiss to Hinata’s lips.

Hinata swatted him away, “I told you to stop doing that!” he flushed and looked away, adding in a small voice, “someone will see.”

“Good. I told you, I don’t want to keep this a secret,” Noya sighed, rolling off Hinata and lying down on the floor next to him. He kicked the doors shut with his foot, “but you even asked Kageyama to share a room with you,” now it was Noya’s turn to pout, “the one time we go to a hotel to party, and you don’t even wanna room with me.”

He felt Hinata shyly take hold of his hand, “I was nervous! Can you blame me?” he complained, but he squeezed Noya’s hand.

“Do I come off that strong?” Noya rubbed his face with his free hand.

“No! It’s just that...” Hinata rolled into Noya’s side and his boyfriend pulled an arm around him. Hinata giggled again, “I just can’t believe Tanaka-san locked you out of the room!”

“I’ll tickle you again,” Noya warned.

“Well, I’ll tickle you back!” Hinata exclaimed, jumping on top of Noya and moving his fingers quickly. Noya started laughing and begging for mercy. He was still cracking up when the doors opened.

“What’s this? Group huuuuug?” a very, very drunk Kageyama slurred before passing out on top of Hinata.

Before Hinata could toss him off Suga, bright red in the face, plopped down next to Noya, who was still giggling and now started crying with laughter again, “Suga-san, you were supposed to watch them!”

Daichi leaned in the doorway, holding a drunk Yamaguchi upright, “yeah, well, we had a change of plans,” he said fondly. Apparently he was parenting tonight. Tsukki stumbled in and plumped behind Kageyama, throwing his arm wide to scoop Hinata against him too.

“Group hug!” he declared, drunk off his head.

Yamaguchi extended his hand to Tsukki desperately, “I wanna join!”
Tsukki opened his arms, “come!”

Daichi released Yamaguchi with a sigh, “go on, then.”

Yamaguchi stumbled over to Tsukki and dropped into his arms. Tsukki started littering his face with kisses, murmuring a repetitive stream of ‘I-love-you-I-love-you’ to him. Suga yanked on Daichi’s trousers, “join the Karasuno hug!”

Daichi sighed and lay down, “where’s Asahi?”

“Seasick,” Noya laughed.

“Tanaka?”

“He brought back a girl from the bar and locked Noya-san out!” Hinata laughed.

“Huh? But I swear he left with Ennoshita?”

Hinata cracked up.

Asahi x Noya

Noya woke up and, by how dark it was, decided it wasn’t time to wake yet at all. He yawned and shifted in his bed…only to realise he wasn’t in his bed at all. He sat up quickly and a thin blanket fell off him. He was lying on an empty desk in the back of a control room – there were multiple black-and-white screens showing grainy images of different corners of the museum.

The museum…

There was a clink to his left and Noya jumped. There was a large, broad shouldered, long-haired security guard there. He looked huge and terrifying, but he was making tea with so much concentration that Noya immediately labelled him as a ‘gentle giant’. “How much sugar do you want?” he asked conversationally and Noya realised the guard knew he was awake.

“Um, three please.”

Normally people told him he’d get diabetes that way, but this guard didn’t say anything, tipping the sugar in from a little tin and stirring the tea before walking over to where Noya now sat on the empty desk, handing him the tea, “you scared me, you know,” the guard said sheepishly when Noya thanked him and drank, realising how thirsty he was. He doubted anything scared this giant, “here I was, just patrolling the museum when I see you, curled up in the stone-age settlement exhibition! I thought you were dead at first, and then that you were sick…”

“Did you carry me all the way here?” Noya asked, surprised, although he was quite tiny so it couldn’t have been that hard.

“Ah, yeah. In the end I decided you were just tired,” he had been. He’d come to the museum after pulling an all-nighter to write his thesis for Uni, and he’d been in the museum to do some first-hand research on the beginnings of man to dispute the Adam and Eve theory when… god, he just wanted to go back to sleep, “I’m Asahi.” The guard said, smiling and looking away, like a shy child.

Noya smiled, “I’m Nishinoya Yuu, but you can call me Noya,” he kicked his feet against the desk, “so…”
“So…” Asahi parroted, finally looking at him.

“Thanks for helping me out,” Noya didn’t feel like leaving yet, “a strange job. Do you like it? The museum must be scary at night.”

“Nah, it’s much less scary than actual day jobs with yelling superiors and stuff,” Asahi shrugged, “it’s nice.”

“How old are you?” Noya sipped his tea.

“Twenty. What about you?”

Noya choked on the drink, “seriously? You’re my age!”

Asahi looked offended, “how old do I look?”

Noya shrugged, embarrassed, “I dunno. Just…kind of…older than me? You’re massive – I bet you’d be great at blocking in volleyball.”

“Haha, I actually play some…”

“Really!? Me too!” Noya exclaimed, but his sentence ended with a yawn and a stretch.

Asahi smiled, “you can nap some more.” He nodded to a jacket, which was presumably his, that had been Noya’s pillow.

“Really? Thanks so much,” he let Asahi take the cup out of his hand and dumped himself back on the desk. Asahi threw the blanket over him, “we should play volleyball together, sometime…”

Noya mumbled before drifting off.

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Ukai x Takeda

Dinner? I’ll wait for you after five.

Takeda blushed and smiled. The new trainee teacher really didn’t give up with the date thing. Maybe it was about time to go? The English teacher took the post-it from his black-board, folding it carefully and tucking it into the back of his jeans. He wiped down the black-board, even though he’d done it the day before, just to stop his shaking hands. Ukai had a strange effect on him. Maybe because he wasn’t really like a teacher – more like the bad-boy school crush everyone once had. Once he finished wiping, Takeda folded the cloth carefully and lined the chalks, preparing for his homeroom. There was a faint slam and Takeda looked at the doors. There were two in his classroom – one at the back that led to the corridor, and one full-glass one that connected his and Ukai’s classrooms.

Ukai had just come into his classroom. He taught biology. His bleached hair was dishevelled and pushed back with a head band, a cigarette tucked behind his ear. He looked tired, but he had two cups in his hand. He glanced up and saw Takeda watching through the doors. Takeda flushed and rushed to the door to pull it open, “thanks,” Ukai said, passing him one of the cups once he closed the doors, “and morning.”

“Ah, thank you, Ukai-kun,” Takeda said, sipping his coffee. He blamed the rest of the teaching department for betraying him and telling Ukai his coffee order, “how much was it?”

Ukai caught his wrist before he could run over to his bag and the wallet inside, “you can pay me
back by going to dinner with me,’” he grinned, letting his hand go slowly.

Takeda flushed harder, “t-that’s…” he could see that happening – and more. They were always in their classrooms early. He could see Ukai coming to steal kisses in the morning, waiting for him after school so they could drive home together, leaving notes on each other’s black-boards…

The bell sounded and Takeda’s first-years flooded into home-room. Ukai left quickly to tend to his own third-years and Takeda smiled, forcing himself to give out noticed with usual brightness, even though his heart was pounding. During first period, when the students were doing a group activity he sat by his desk and pulled a bright-orange post-it from his stack. He stuck it to his desk and clicked his pen a few times, biting his lip. What should he write? He already knew he was going to go, but saying ‘yes’ sounded a bit like accepting a marriage proposal. He wrote in his cursive script ‘dinner sounds nice :)’, sighed, and tucked it in the back of his jeans next to Ukai’s note. He’d worry about it after.

‘After’ came during second period, when Takeda was reading out of a book in English while his students concentrated on his words. He read slowly and evenly, but Hinata still looked as if he was talking Latin. There was a knock on the glass doors and Ukai’s head poke through, ‘hi, sensei. Can I borrow Shakespeare for a sec?’

It would have made more sense for Ukai to have the full-size skeleton in his biology class, but it was Takeda who got stuck with it, “ah, sure!” he rushed over to the corner where Shakespeare the Skeleton stood and hesitated. Now was his chance… as some students started bombarding Ukai, who was also the volleyball coach, with questions about joint practices, Takeda fished out his bright-orange note and stuck it between Shakespeare’s exposed ribs. He wheeled the skeleton into the other classroom to the exultant cheers of the third years. He returned to his class and tried teaching, but the next moment he got he glanced at Ukai’s classroom. The note was gone from Shakespeare’s ribs.

Ukai caught his eye and beamed.

Tanaka x Noya

Tanaka was falling asleep and he was at a freaking party. It wasn’t his vibe, though. He was more of the drinking-contest-and-3am-pizza-once-everyone-has-passed-out type of guy, the smoke-in-the-back-garden-and-dance-on-tables guy, not the play-slow-music-and-make-out-with-girls-in-the-dark guy or the clump-into-pairs-and-flirt-all-night guy either. And the party was one of those designed for hook ups. Tanaka didn’t feel like hooking up tonight – he felt like drinking and having a good time, but instead he was stuck between two glammed-up girls on the couch. Usually he was all about the booty – boy or girl – but tonight he just wanted a guy-night. Video games, pizza and beer. Or, if he really had to hook up with someone, he didn’t want slobbering, high girls with sticky lipstick or dudes so fucked they couldn’t tell his shoulder and his mouth apart.

“Hey, where are you going?” one of the girls, who had her sharp-tipped nails on his thigh, whined when he stood.

“Getting some beer, ladies,” Tanaka grinned at them, ”be right back.”

By the time he made it half-way across the host’s living-room, the two girls had their tongues down each other’s throats. Which mean that Tanaka didn’t have to come back, thank god. The kitchen was more lit – both light-wise and fun-wise. Still not very interesting. There was a girl up on the kitchen counter, back pressed against the cupboards, making out with a dude for dear life, her legs, tipped with wicked-heels, sticking out. They were a real hazard. Tanaka moved past them carefully, aiming
for the fridge. He vaguely knew the host – the guy’s parents were loaded and he had a good job, too. The house was massive, the kitchen three times the size of Tanaka’s living room.

Tanaka bent down, retrieved a beer and stood. That was when he noticed the only interesting thing at the party – a cute boy playing beer pong. He sucked and kept drinking, but he was the kind of person people migrated to at parties. Two of Tanaka’s friends were in the beer-pong gang, too, “Ryuu, man, where were you?” the more sober one called, dragging him into the crowd. His shoulder bumped against the cute guy’s and his aim went well off, the ball bouncing off the table.

He turned to Tanaka, “Oi, dude, look what you did!” he complained. The girl from the opposite team caught the ball and threw it expertly. It fell into one of Noya’s cups, “Aw, you gotta drink that one with me, no way around it,” he told Tanaka and reached for the red cup one of the girls was passing him.

“Down it, Noya!” someone from the opposition yelled.

“Don’t wanna get alcohol poisoning,” the guy – Noya – said, but he obediently drank half the cup, passing the other half to Tanaka. He shrugged and finished it, chasing it up with his beer. Noya passed him a ping-pong, his hand lingering on his, “your turn, you’re on our team. Don’t disappoint me, bro.” he grinned and moved back. Noya’s team cheered, and exploded with ovation when Tanaka’s ball hit the opposition’s cup. The game continued for quite a while and Tanaka finally felt like he was having fun. He finished his beer and a couple of cups, thanks to the other team’s good aim.

“Okay, boys and girls,” Noya stood straighter, hands on hips. He looked a little green on the face, “I will now exit this game in favour of throwing up,” and he bolted for the kitchen doors, running out into the patio. It was a cold night and, save for some people in the shed-turned-little-house in the garden, it was empty and dark. Tanaka ran after him, genuinely worried. He found Noya on the edge of the patio, kneeling, his forehead pressed against the cold wood. He didn’t appear to have throw up yet, but he was groaning.

“Dude, you okay?” Tanaka sat down, his legs dangling over the edge, ankles brushing grass. He touched the back of Noya’s neck and rubbed it, “still feel sick.”

“Nah…” Noya said weakly, and, after a moment, “touch me more…’s feels good…”

Tanaka obediently rubbed his back, and when his hand came to the hem of Noya’s t-shirt he hesitated only for a second before slipping his fingers underneath to brush against his bare back. Noya half-moaned, half-sighed, lifting himself off the floor to press against Tanaka’s side, his face in his shoulder, “better?”

“Yeah. Better,” Noya mumbled, clinging to Tanaka. Tanaka brushed back his hair and continued rubbing his back. It was 90% innocent until Noya swung one of his legs over Tanaka’s knee and ground against his thigh.

Tanaka let him for a few minutes, and when he felt himself react, he moved Noya’s head from his shoulder, “dude, do you want some water? You’re doing…”

“I know what I’m doing,” Noya said, eyes glazed-over. He cupped Tanaka’s face in his hand and pulled him forward, “and I don’t think you should move.” He murmured and kissed him.

Matsukawa x Hanamaki
“Jheez, this probably looks so weird…” Matsukawa complained to himself quietly, focusing his camera on a single daffodil in a whole clump of them, “a guy in a school uniform, down on one knee in a public park with a camera, taking pictures of flowers,” he switched the setting, “god damn this stupid photography project. Natural beauty my ass…” he focused again on the flower, but he just wasn’t feeling it. It was just a stupid flower that grew everywhere. Nothing beautiful about it in Mattsun’s opinion.

He sighed and stood up, levelling his eye to the camera and looking around through the lenses. Trees – nope, not beautiful. Plus, there was too much shade. More daffodils. Roses were the default go-to flower and the carefully arranged rows had nothing ‘natural’ about them. He perked up when his camera focused on a year-old child in a buggy, who was staring cross-eyed at the butterfly on her nose. But before Mattsun could photograph the moment, the butterfly fluttered off. He continued to scan the horizon.

When he spotted the boy, the camera nearly fell from his hands. There was a really, really cute girl standing in the perfect lighting… no, not a girl… a boy. Matsukawa stared in wonder at the tall boy with short strawberry blond hair, looking intently through a camera. He was taking pictures of the park in general and, before he could wander off, Mattsun raised his camera again. Here was his muse – the perfect natural beauty. He started taking pictures like crazy, from all angles. The light hit the boy’s hair in the perfect way, and his figure…

Suddenly the boy turned, his camera poised on Mattsukawa, who, in his surprise and embarrassment, dropped his again. It dangled around his neck. The boy froze and stared. Kept staring through the lens. Mattsukawa stood where he was, staring back. Finally the tell-tale closing of the lens let Mattsun know that the other boy had taken a picture of him. Apparently he wasn’t the only one who found a muse today.

Ushijima x Tendou

“…Tendou…TENDOU!!”

“I’m okay, I’m okay, I’m okay!” Tendou rattled, not knowing why he was saying it till a second later he realised he had tripped and fallen onto the curb. He banged his elbow and knee, both of which now stung. He groaned. Some people were the happy drunk, some the affectionate drunk and some the emotional drunk. He was the slow-reflexes-and-two-left-feet kind of drunk. By the end of the night he’d look like he’d gotten into a fight, “I’m okay, I’m okay…” he stood and banged his head on the telephone pole. His companions exploded in chortling laughter, swinging their bottles around.

One of his friends helped him stand up, “come on Tendou! We’re in Vegas!” he yelled excitedly even though it was 3am and they were trying to get back to their hotel.

“Where the fuck is the limoooo?” the birthday boy, who just turned eighteen, bellowed in a slurred manner. He was absolutely loaded and he’d funded this whole weekend in Vegas, complete with a limousine and a very grumpy driver.

“Where’s the hot driver?” Tendou matched him with his volume, throwing his arms wide just as the black shiny limo swerved into view. The group cheered. While the others found their uptight, scary-looking driver, Ushijima, a party-popper, Tendou found him unbelievably hot. The tall-dark-mysterious guys were his thing.

The birthday boy pulled open the doors, “ladies?” he gestured, grinning. The more sober guys
helped the rest of them in till all ten were inside, passing around the drinks they had. The birthday boy pulled out champagne from a fridge stuck to the wall of the limo and passed that around too, not bothering about glasses, spilling a large portion of it on himself and Tendou, ‘‘ooops…sorry, man, I guess you’re gonna have to give us a strip-teaseeeee~’’

The others hollered and chanted Tendou’s name till Tendou smirked and put his hands up, ‘‘okay, gentlemen. DJ, hit the music!’’ one of the boys put on a song and started waving his phone in the air. Tendou clicked his finger and pointed at the steering wheel, ‘‘this is for you, Mr Driver-san!’’ he called to Ushijima and begun clumsily pulling his t-shirt off, rolling his hips. The guys cheered and as he stood to throw his t-shirt on to the floor, someone smacked his ass, ‘‘wanna play dirty?’’ he was drunk and he wanted Ushijima to pay attention to him and not the road. He slid neatly into the lap of the birthday boy and gave him an exclusive lap dance that nearly had him drooling. He whole time he was staring at Ushijima in the mirror. The driver glanced up, once, and nearly hit the curb when he saw Tendou.

The next day Tendou woke up hung over, not remembering most of what happened the night before, in a different hotel room to his own, with a very naked, very hot Ushijima next to him.

In the end he was kind of glad he didn’t remember what kind of thing he got up to in Vegas.

-

Tanaka x Tora

Something hit Tanaka’s head – a rolled up piece of paper. He grinned at Tora, who was sitting across from him in the empty classroom. Wasn’t this exactly what they got detention for? He glanced at the teacher, who was sitting on her swivel chair, her back to them, chatting on the phone, before unrolling the piece of paper.

*I can show you the world, bro.*

Tanaka snorted, flipped the paper and scribbled *show me bro* on the other side, tossing it at Tora’s Mohawk. As if expecting exactly that reply, Tora, who was sitting at the very front of the class, casually reached over and swiped the teacher’s hand mirror from her desk. He opened it and tilted it in Tanaka’s direction till he could see his miniature reflection inside. Tora grinned and mouthed ‘*you are my world, bro*’ Tanaka grinned, and pressed his hand to his heart, ‘‘bro.’’ he whispered. The teacher glanced over her shoulder. Tora slipped the mirror into his sleeve and pretended to study his science text book. Tanaka quickly glanced out of the window, placing his arm on the desk to cover the note. As soon as the teacher turned back around and started laughing to the phone, he slowly and as quietly as possible ripped a piece of paper from his textbook and scribbled a message.

*Bro, do you have a band-aid? Because I scraped my knee falling for you.*

The note hit the back of Tora’s head again and he swiped around, grabbing the ball out of the air expertly. He read it, looked up at Tanaka and wiped an imaginary tear, ‘bro’ he mouhted. Tanaka grinned at turned back to the window. A minute later a scrunched up ball of paper landed on his desk.

*Bro, do you lift? Because you lift my heart whenever you’re around.*

Tanaka cupped is hand over his mouth and looked at Tora with his best love-struck expression, ‘‘bro,’’ he whispered, removing his hand. He turned the paper over and thought for a second.

*Bro, I want to live in your socks, so I can be with you every step of the way.*
Tora caught the paper easily, already waiting for Tanaka’s reply. When he read it, his eyes went glassy, “oh my god…bro…” he whispered.

“Okay, okay, thanks, bye.” The teacher turned back around, putting down her phone and Tanaka and Tora quickly looked away, looking very guilty. Even though the teacher had stopped talking on the phone, a scrunched up post-it not hit Tanaka’s desk a few minutes later. He unwrapped the note.

Bro, are you a thief?

Because someone stole my hand mirror.

You can pick up your extended detention slip when you hand it back :)

Tanaka gulped and glanced up at the same time as Tora, who received the same note. The teacher was leaning her face on her hand, smiling serenely.

Hinata x Kenma

Hinata flipped off Noya and Tanaka, with whom he’d come to the amusement park, as they piled into a cart of the Ferris wheel. It was an open cart, big enough for two – which meant Hinata had to go into the next one alone. He stepped into the gently swinging bright green cart, but apparently he wasn’t meant to be alone after all.

“Uh, I’m with a group…” a short boy with long-ish hair and pronounced roots muttered, but the security guard didn’t hear him, gesturing him through. The boy was practically pushed into the cart with Hinata, despite his group’s protests. He glanced up at the surprised Hinata from under his bangs, ‘‘oh…um…”

“Ah, I got separated from my group, too,” Hinata said awkwardly, sitting down. The boy sat down nervously opposite him, in the middle of the bench, and stared at his hands, ‘‘um…I’m Hinata?”

“Kenma,” the boy glanced up at Hinata and then back at his hands.

“Are you just shy or is there something wrong?” Hinata tilted his head.

“Ah, actually, I’m not good with heights…” Kenma yelped when the cart lurched and started going up. He grabbed onto the rails creating the dome over their heads.

Hinata’s eyes bulged out of his head, ‘‘you’re kidding! Why are you on this ride then?”

“I…uh…” Kenma squeezed his eyes shut, ‘‘my friend Kuroo said he’d hold my hand but we got separated…”

“Ah, don’t worry,” Hinata said quickly as they were lifted further into the air, ‘‘these are open carts, see? So that means we’re not going awfully high and it’s completely safe…”

“R-right…sorry…” Kenma opened his eyes slowly and stared at Hinata’s knees.

“it’s okay. It’ll be over faster than you know it.” Hinata assured, reaching over to pat Kenma’s hand. Kenma grabbed it before he could retract it.

“S-sorry…Kuroo was meant to…I…”

“It’s cool,” Hinata laughed, squeezing Kenma’s hand, ‘‘it’s okay, I don’t mind. Oh, here we are!
We’re at the top, so now we’re just gonna go down-’’

Suddenly the whole ride lurched, swinging the carts precariously as it came to a stop. Kenma paled, “why did we stop?” he was holding Hinata’s hand almost painfully.

Hinata peeked over the top of the cart, his hair whipped by the wind. The whole ride had stopped. They weren’t awfully high but if one of them fell out, they’d still die… “Hinata! Are you okay?” Noya, the eternal risk-taker, poked his head sideways out of his cart and yelled at him, waving his hand. He and Tanaka were a little lower than them, so Hinata and Kenma were right on the top.

“Yeah!” Hinata stuck his thumb through the opening.

“Just a malfunction, I think! Hang in there!” Noya called and disappeared.

“’They’ll fix it in a second,’” Hinata assured Kenma, who was shaking. He sat down and the whole cart swung lightly.

Kenma screamed and threw himself at Hinata, clinging to him for dear life, unbalancing the cart further, “hey, wait, now we’re uneven…” but Kenma wasn’t listening, “it’s more dangerous this way…” Kenma was breathing fast, probably having a panic attack, his arms tightly around Hinata’s neck, “okay, okay…” Hinata lowered them slowly to the ground so they sat intertwined in the middle of the cart. The cart finally stopped shaking. Hinata held Kenma around his waist, stroking his hair with his other hand, “it’s okay. They’ll fix it in a second.”

“Sorry…sorry…” Kenma kept repeating, holding onto Hinata tightly. On the floor they could only see the sky through the openings, and not the amusement park below. They were separated from death only by the thin plastic below their feet but Hinata didn’t feel scared.

He hugged Kenma tightly, “deep breaths. Come on, breathe with me.” He helped Kenma regain his breath and when he did, he snuggled further into Hinata’s shoulder, hiding from the danger.

“Hinata…what if we don’t get rescued?” he mumbled shakily.

“Well…” he knew he probably shouldn’t have said it, it wasn’t reassuring, but he whispered it anyway, “then I don’t think this is so bad.”

Tsukki x Hinata

“What is that awful smell?” Tsukki asked sleepily, walking into the kitchen, stretching, “seriously, did someone die here. I…” he stopped. Looked at his boyfriend, “oh. Oh. I meant-”

“It’s okay,” Hinata gave him a sheepish smile, waving the spatula around to disperse the smoke from the burned something on the stove. He was wearing one of Tsukki’s t-shirts and an apron – only that. Tsukki felt hunger, not for breakfast but for Hinata, “I kind of screwed up. This is what you get when you try to cook for the first time,” Hinata laughed, but he was embarrassed, Tsukki could tell.

He walked up to him and peered over his shoulder, “what were you trying to make?”

“Scrambled eggs,” Hinata said determinedly.

Tsukki tilted his head to the side and looked at the non-descript black pieces all over the pan, “r-really?” he asked, astounded at Hinata’s lack of skill in the kitchen.
Hinata’s whole body sagged, “you don’t have to be mean.”

Tsukki touched Hinata’s hair apologetically, “sorry. I’ll eat it.”

“No way. You’ll die,” Hinata said and quickly tipped the contents of the pan into the bin, knowing full well that Tsukki would grab it and eat the burn bits right off the pan just to please Hinata.

Tsukki sighed, “okay, well, if you make a new one, I’ll eat that.”

Hinata squared his shoulders determinedly, “okay.” Tsukki went to scrape the burnt residue off the pan in the sink while Hinata took out their only other one. This one was smaller. Tsukki watched out of the corner of his eyes as Hinata cracked four eggs into the pan, a look of pure concentration on his face. Tsukki’s heart fluttered with love for the middle blocker. He was just so… Hinata picked up the spatula and scrambled the eggs in quick, circular motions. When Tsukki finished with the pan he grabbed salt and pepper and added some to the eggs.

“Okay, that’s enough. They’re done!”

Hinata tilted his head to the side, “really?”

“Yeah, they’re meant to look like that,” Tsukki turned the stove off and opened the window to let out any residue smoke. When he turned to the stove, Hinata was still standing by the stove, “what?”

“This was the first time we cooked together,” Hinata said, his eyes full of awe.

Tsukki snorted and patted his head, “yeah, well, maybe we should do it more often.”

“Yeah!” Hinata’s whole face lit up and Tsukki dipped his head to kiss the bridge of his nose, and then to peck his lips.

“Okay, let’s eat.”

Akaashi x Kuroo

“Why am I married to you?” Akaashi groaned, hiding his face in his hands. They were in the middle of a two-hour traffic jam back from a trip by the beach and Kuroo had put on his ridiculous pop playlist. The song currently playing? Well…

“I trade my soul for a wish, pennies and dimes for a kiss…” Kuroo sang off-tune with Carly Rae Jepsen, but he wasn’t just singing. He was gesturing as well, in his exaggerated fashion. As he sung he grabbed Akaashi’s wrists and pulled them away from his face to kiss him right when the word ‘kiss’ was sung.

Akaashi jerked his wrists out of his grip, but a smile was pulling on his lips, “seriously, drive!”

“You stare was holding…” Kuroo tossed his hair and stared intensely at Akaashi, “ripped jeans, skin was showing…” he slipped a hand under Akaashi’s t-shirt and Akaashi squealed, trying to squirm out of his grip. Akaashi turned his head to the back seats, longingly, but Kuroo grabbed his chin and swerved his head back in his direction, “where you think you’re going baby?”

Akaashi surged up and kissed his husband before he could get to the chorus and ruin his ear buds completely.
Oikawa x Kageyama

‘‘Tobio-chan~ I’m in pain~’’ Oikawa whined, dropping his bag by the doors.

‘‘Welcome back,’’ Kageyama said bluntly. He was studying at the desk. When Oikawa continued whining, he sighed, ‘‘how was the trip?’’

‘‘It was nice. Well, no, it wasn’t! Tobio-chan, I have the worst sun-burn, you would not believe! It hurts so bad.’’ Oikawa dumped himself on their bed, face-first.

‘‘I did tell you to use sun-screen,’’ Kageyama said, only half-listening.

‘‘I did! The sun just doesn’t like me!’’ Oikawa lied, ‘‘which is strange, because I’m so radiant. Maybe it thinks I’m competition.’’

‘‘I think you got heat stroke as well,’’ Kageyama said, but he closed his books, ‘‘okay, take your shirt off.’’

‘‘Tobio-chan, you’re so mean!’’ Oikawa stuck his tongue out, but took his shirt off.

‘‘I’m helping you,’’ Kageyama grumbled, returning from the toilet with a tube of Aloe Vera. He winced when he saw Oikawa’s bright red back, exposed as he lay back down on the bed, mumbling about this world’s injustices.

Kageyama touched a finger to the back of Oikawa’s sun-burnt neck, ‘‘ouch, Tobio-chan, be gentle, jheeze!’’ Oikawa complained and Kageyama fought back the desire to smack his hand on Oikawa’s back. Just, ‘‘you should be cherishing me right now, telling me to get better and maybe giving me a welcome-home kiss,’’ Oikawa mumbled into his arm, ‘‘instead I get a grumpy Tobio-chan who doesn’t want to take care of me.’’

‘‘I was studying!’’ Kageyama said defensively and then sighed, patting Oikawa’s hair, ‘‘and I’m taking care of you. See?’’ he squirted some Aloe Vera on his hand and begun to gently rub it into Oikawa’s skin. He jumped at initial contact but relaxed under his touch. While the Aloe Vera dried and Oikawa complained, he wiped his hands with the box of wank-tissues on the bedside table and put the Aloe Vera tube next to them. Then, to stop Oikawa’s complaint, he dipped his head and kissed his lower back, which the sun hadn’t reached. Oikawa fell silent as Kageyama kissed his way up to his neck, his lips brushing gently against the burnt patched of skin till he reached Oikawa’s hair, ‘‘welcome home,’’ he nuzzled into his brown locks.

Oikawa glanced over his shoulder, a genuinely happy smile on his mouth. He shifted to his side so he could kiss Kageyama, ‘‘it’s good to be home.’’

Kuroo x Tsukki

It was such a beautiful night. Kuroo definitely loved camping, especially with Tsukki. Away from Volleyball and school and the city he was such a different person. Kuroo loved his sarcastic side, but he also loved the wanderlust Tsukki who always climbed the hills when they went somewhere, always swam if there was a creak and eagerly collected wood for a bonfire. It was summer and they were in their favourite place – the firefly field where Kuroo had asked Tsukki to be his boyfriend all those summers ago and where Kuroo planned to propose. It was night and the fireflies were jumping around. The fire was burning low. It was warm enough to sleep under the bare sky so after a hearty bonfire meal, Kuroo and Tsukki had set up their hammock between their trees. One of which had their initials engraved on it.
Tsukki had dozed off, mesmerised by the fireflies as if he was seeing them for the first time. Lulled by Kuroo’s warmth, the gentle sway of the hammock and the soft rush of a nearby river, he was asleep in no time and Kuroo didn’t want to wake him. Very carefully he kissed his hair, slowly tucking him closer. Tsukki’s head was on his chest, his hand curled adorably on Kuroo’s chest also. Tsukki slept like a little child. Kuroo tucked his arm around him more securely. He picked up his hand and brought it to his lips, kissing it, “I love you,” he whispered to his sleeping boyfriend.

Ever so carefully Kuroo dipped his foot till it touched the ground and begun swaying the hammock gently so Tsukki wouldn’t wake up. He kept his foot on the ground, rocking the hammock and stroking Tsukki’s hair softly. He was so content he thought his heart would burst. Then Tsukki shifted, and mumbled sleepily into his neck, “love you too…”

Iwaizumi x Oikawa

Oh, this dude was loaded and Oikawa knew it. He had learned to pin point those who were rich a mile away – the ones in business suits, designer clothes, the guy’s with a very careful fashion sense, the ones with cold faces, the ones who were alone, usually, off to a job or a meeting… this guy looked like a private school student in a white, prestige uniform, even though his top button was undone and his tie was loose. The perfect target. Not to mention he had a chain attached to his belt loop, running to his back pocket, indicating where his wallet was. He looked distracted, too, and the sidewalk was so packed…

Oikawa sauntered up behind him, his lithe fingers dipping into the back pocket. Oikawa usually didn’t do back pockets, because they were so tight the people could feel everything moving against their ass, but this time he was lucky. Not only could he easily yank the wallet out by a chain, but it was also sandwiched behind a phone, which meant the guy wouldn’t feel the wallet move, the phone acting as a barrier. Very carefully, Oikawa took hold of the chain and lifted the wallet out. So close, so close…

Oikawa yelped when the guy grabbed his other arm and swung him around to face him. He was handsome but his facial expression was terrifying, “what,” he hissed, “do you think you’re doing?”

“Who, me?” Oikawa batted his eyes innocently, before going up on his tip toes and sliding their lips together. He felt the boy start, surprised, but Oikawa kept kissing him, firm and sure. The next thing he knew the guy had fallen for the bait, grabbing his chin almost as punishment and slipping his tongue into Oikawa’s mouth. Oikawa kissed him ferociously, and at the same time his hands were working the buckle of the chain, until the wallet came loose. Making sure it was squeezed tightly in his hand, Oikawa allowed himself a few more seconds of tasting the guy – he was a good kisser! – before pulling back, “thanks, bye,” he said, a little breathlessly, and then he was sprinting away with his reward, victorious.

He almost wished the guy would chase after him.

Aone x Futakuchi

“Damn, what a bitch…” Futakuchi paced his apartment, but he couldn’t calm down. He rarely lost his temper like this, but that girl…that fucking… “I’m gonna bloody kill her…” he ranted to himself. His fingers itched to punch her, or someone, or something, so he grabbed his lamp and smashed it against the floor, “god, lighten the fuck up!” he raved, “what an absolute…” he grabbed a vase of flower his sister had left when she visited and smashed it against the wall, wilted flowers
and water spraying onto his bed, “utter idiot!” feeling his rage culminating, he grabbed the bedside stand itself and threw it at the wall with all his strength and a roar to back it up.

And then the bedside stand went right through the wall, taking with it all of Futakuchi’s anger. How could he have forgotten that the wall was so fucking thin…and the whole…his neighbour would…his neighbour…

“Aone?” Futakuchi couldn’t help but stare. Aone, his giant neighbour, stood in the middle of the living room, not even looking surprised at the hole in his wall and Futakuchi staring through it, “oh my god, I’m so sorry about the wall and…oh. Oh god, you’re naked…you’re a nudist…oh, god…” Futakuchi couldn’t help but stare at Aone’s massive, muscular arms, his go-fucking-dly stomach abs and his…his junk…damn, that would give Futakuchi complexes… but it also made him feel…kind of…

Aone shrugged his massive shoulders, motioning to the cup he casually held in his hand, “wanna come for tea?”

Oikawa x Suga

Oikawa woke up to the sound of crying, except he lived by himself and the sobs were muffled. It’s Suga, he realised. Suga, who lived next door, who’d moved in last summer and whom Oikawa had made good friends with. After Iwaizumi, he’d wanted to be alone, and he stayed alone for so long that when he met Suga, he almost clung to him. They lived in a shitty apartment block in adjacent rooms and they could talk through the wall. And if Suga was crying…that meant he was leaning against the wall in his bathroom, which was directly behind Oikawa’s head when he slept. He got up to a sitting position, “…Suga?” he asked gently but loudly enough for his neighbour to hear.

There was a powerful sniff, “o-oh, Oikawa-san, I’m sorry, did I w-wake you…?”

“Hey…” Oikawa touched the wall as if he could touch Suga, comfort him, “what’s wrong?”

“I…I just…um…” Suga’s voice was muffled and broken up by hiccups and sobs so it was hard to understand him, “I saw a post on facebook…Daichi, he…he…”

“Got a girlfriend?” Oikawa asked, knowing exactly how Suga felt.

“No…h-he….got m-married…” Suga broke down into tears again, leaving Oikawa staring at the wall in shock.

“What a dick!” he exclaimed finally.

“H-He’s not…” Suga still defended Daichi, even after he broke his heart, “he deserves to be…h-happy…”

“So do you, Suga…” Oikawa sighed, leaning his forehead against the wall, “don’t cry, you deserve better. Do you want me to come over?”

“No,” Suga said quickly, “thank you, but I-I’m…” he laughed, “a bloody mess right now. I don’t want you to see me like t-that. I’m sorry for waking you, I’ll stop c-crying now…”

“No, it’s fine,” Oikawa slid down to the floor and sat against the wall where he felt Suga was sitting, “I’ll sit with you. Cry all you want.”
In the end they ended up talking all night, with Suga gradually calming down. They talked about Daichi and Iwaizumi and how their lives were going and how was Suga’s miniature flower garden growing on his windowsill and how were Oikawa’s lectures and his part-time job at the coffee shop and what Suga was having for breakfast and when was the last time Oikawa ate something other than pot noodles and where Suga was going for the spring break and what concert Oikawa was seeing… they went to bed at 5am and woke up at 7, Oikawa half-dead to trail to his 9am lecture, Suga to go to the shops.

They met right outside their doors.

They both looked like hell, and Suga’s eyes were puffy, but Oikawa smiled at him fondly, ‘‘morning.’’

Suga walked up to him, laced his hands on Oikawa’s shoulder and pulled him down to kiss his cheek, ‘‘thank you for yesterday,’’ he said, smiling radiantly, ‘‘want to come to dinner tonight?’’

Oikawa smiled back, ‘‘would love to.’’

**Ushijima x Oikawa**

‘‘I’m aware we don’t know each other,’’ the stranger next to him said matter-of-factly, ‘‘but you look like you’re about to cry. Do you want to hold my hand or something?’’

Ushijima was surprised. He rarely showed any emotions. Did he really look like he felt? Terrified, about to shit his pants and convert to Catholicism…? ‘‘Uh…sure. Thanks.’’ He said gruffly. Why, oh why, did he choose to sit at the front of the rollercoaster? They were rolling slowly – oh, so slowly – to the top and with each second Ushijima’s heart felt closer to his throat. He tried not to look to his side, where the rollercoaster plunged into a sheer drop. Instead, he took the stranger’s hand, ‘‘Ushijima.’’ He said, trying to concentrate on something other than the impending doom.

‘‘Tooru Oikawa,’’ the stranger grasped his hand tightly in his, a firm, reassuring grip, ‘‘try not to burst my ear drums when you scream.’’

Ushijima sincerely tried, and failed, even as Oikawa yelled in glee, throwing their laced fingers up in the air on the plunge down.

**Kageyama x Tsukki**

‘‘Oh, shit!’’ Tsukki swore, watching the bright red punch stain spread through Kageyama’s white, carefully pressed shirt like blood, ‘‘uh, sorry!’’

‘‘Dumbass, look where you’re going!’’ Kageyama yelled, attracting attention of a few people hovering around the Prom photo booth, ‘‘shit!’’

Tsukishima pulled the sleeve of his tux over his wrist and started rubbing at the stain, ‘‘look… just…’’

Kageyama swatted his hand away, ‘‘that’s not gonna help, idiot!’’
“Okay, stop yelling!” Tsukishima snapped, grabbed his wrist and dragged him into the first bathroom he spotted.

“Wha—” Kageyama protested as Tsukishima thrust his against the row of sinks violently and grabbed a bunch of paper towels from the dispenser.

“Shut up, I’ll fix this, so stop whining.” Tsukishima was growing irritated. He practically ripped Kageyama’s jacket off, undid his tie in one smooth movement and started wiping at his shirt with the towels.

“Wait…stop…hold on…that’s too hard…” Kageyama futilely tried to grab Tsukishima’s wrist. Tsukki grabbed his instead and pinned it down against the marble.

“I said stop whining,” he ground out, rubbing at the stain.

“Wait…” Kageyama said, and when Tsukki looked up, he froze. Kageyama was bright red in the face, his lips squeezed tight, eyes half-lidded, his free hand gripping the edge of the sinks.

“Don’t tell me…” Tsukki smirked and dropped the towels, “you’re sensitive there? Talk about lame!”

Kageyama yanked his wrist out of his grip, “shut up. Get the hell out, I’ll do it myse—”

“Nah, come on, this is too good to be true;” Tsukki laughed and Kageyama blushed even harder. Tsukki pressed his hand against Kageyama’s chest and moved it around, exploring, “oh my god, you really are!”

“Stop it, asshole!” Kageyama tried to pry his hand away to no avail. Tsukki’s touches were making him weak, “just leave me alone…”

But Tsukki kept teasing and touching as Kageyama tried to get away from him. He found himself pressed against the cubicle doors and then he was inside and sinking to his knees, Tsukki’s touches having the same effect as a solid make out session. Still laughing, Tsukki kicked the doors closed and locked it. He knelt by Kageyama, who was desperately trying to hide his erection. Suddenly the doors to the bathroom opened and a gang of girls came in, chatting loudly.


“I wasn’t looking;” Tsukki whispered and shrugged, un-effected, “you’re going to have to be quiet now, though.”

“What?” Kageyama’s eyes widened when Tsukki pulled his legs apart and settled himself in between, his hand wandering to Kageyama’s chest again. Kageyama clamped his hand over his mouth when Tsukki found his nipple and pressed down. While he was distracted, the blond quickly unbuttoned his shirt and when Tsukki’s hands came to contact with Kageyama’s bare nipples, he moaned.

The conversation outside the cubicle closed, and then a girl asked, “gross, is someone shagging in there?”

“Look, someone’s tie is here.”

“Whoop, whoop, you go girl!” someone called.

“Don’t be disgusting, come on girls, we’re out of here.”
The crowd of giggling girls left and as soon as the doors closed, Tsukki twisted Kageyama’s nipple, eliciting a moan, “stop it…” Kageyama whispered, his erection pressing against the front of his pants. Tsukki dropped one hand there and fingered it through the material. Kageyama squirmed in his grip and finally settled against him, breathing hard against his shoulder, his forehead pressed against his collarbone. Expertly, Tsukki undid the top button of Kageyama’s trousers and slipped his hand into his boxers, steadily moving his hand against his erection. Kageyama flinched to the side, exposing his neck. Tsukki took the opportunity to kiss down it to his collarbones, and lower to take one of his nipples into his mouth. This time Kageyama moaned his name, softly, quietly, gripping his hair. Tsukki had a go at the other nipple till Kageyama became undone under his tongue and hand before kissing back up to his ear.

“It’s not lame,” he breathed, stroking faster. He didn’t really want Kageyama to concentrate on his words, “it’s cute, actually. You’re cute, I just don’t know how to tell you that. Sorry about the shirt and all this, but I don’t regret it.”

Kageyama was breathing hard and Tsukki felt his arm come around to circle his neck, “you…” Kageyama couldn’t catch his breath, “you think I’m cute?”

“Yeah. Damn, you really are,” Tsukki whispered, and kissed him just as Kageyama came with a cry. Kageyama kissed him back, clinging to him long after the waves of pleasure rolled off him. People came and went and they didn’t leave the cubicle, kissing and kissing.

Daichi x Suga

Daichi tapped his hand nervously against the table and glanced at his watch. Nearly an hour late. The restaurant’s staff were starting to feel sorry for him, giving him free re-fills of wine. Finally, Daichi gave up and nearly banged his head on the expensive linen cloth. He rubbed his face, “this was the first and last time you went on a blind date,” Daichi grumbled to himself, standing up.

That was when his phone rang.

He fumbled with it and when he saw the caller labelled as ‘Suga’ – the blind date who had just stood him up – he braced himself, straightening his suit, took a deep breath and answered, “hello?”

“Daichi-san? It’s Suga, I am…I am so sorry, gods, I don’t even know how to make this up to you…” Suga’s voice, soft and sweet, rushed at him from the other end of the line, “I was so excited to finally meet you, but my stupid sister – gods, I hate her right now – decided to go and break her leg at football practice. My parents are out of time so the hospital staff called me so I had to go to the hospital and now I’m just standing here all dressed up in a freaking waiting room and you probably think I stood you up, and god, this is such a mess, I’m so sorry…” he sounded close to a break down and, somehow, Daichi felt a sort of weight lift from his shoulders. He hadn’t been stood up after all.

“That’s horrible, is she okay?”

“Yeah, they’re doing the bandaging or something right now, but it’s gonna take a while so I…I won’t be able to meet you today, I’m so sorry…maybe we can reschedule?” he added shyly.

“What hospital are you at?” Daichi grabbed his jacket, left a handsome tip on the table and rushed out of the restaurant to his car.

“Huh? Miyagi North, at the emergency ward, why…”?

“I’ll be right there,” Daichi said confidently and hung up.
When he entered the hospital, he immediately knew which guy was Suga. He was pacing the corridor, looking so nerve-racked Daichi actually felt sorry for him. He was also incredibly beautiful with silver hair and a white sweater that brought out his hazel eyes. When Suga glanced up at him, coming in through the doors, his eyes flickered with recognition. Suddenly shy, Daichi came to the corner in which Suga had stopped, away from parents talking angrily on the phones and people sleeping, and extended his free hand, “hi. I’m Daichi.”

Something flickered in Suga’s eyes and his smile was so full of relief Daichi knew he had been right to come. His grip was strong, “Suga. I’m so happy to meet you. And I’m really sorry about all this…” he gestured to the waiting room, “thanks for coming.” He added, his smile turning softer.

“No problem. Take out?” he raised the brown paper bag in his other hand and Suga grinned.

“Yeah. I’m starving. Thanks.”

They ate and talked and by the time Daichi tossed the paper bag away it was as if they’d know each other their whole lives. They sat on the floor, as the chairs were all occupied, and waited to see Suga’s sister. “So…” Daichi said, “do we count take-out in a hospital waiting room an appropriate setting for a first date?”

Suga laughed and leaned his head against Daichi’s shoulder, “definitely”.

Chapter End Notes

O-kaaaay so I hoped you liked that, let me know what you think ;)

I just wanted to say you guys have been absolutely awesome - seriously, a few comments each chapter kept me going, all that love...<3 Your positivity and support made this fic possible and I hope you will continue to support me with the next Haikyuu Prompts, when it comes out.
OR maybe I have something else in store ;) If I got through with it, you might have to wait ages for the second prompts, but I can assure you, it's gonna be banging ;)

Kocham was, my babies!!!

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