“I don’t blush.” He insisted, pushing himself up and putting his dishes in the sink. “It’s nothing to worry about, I just don’t. I’ve never blushed a day in my life.” He sighed.


“You read my mind, Yuuji.” Futakuchi’s grin was bright and mischievous, even in the early hours of the day.

The second gen captains try to make Shirabu blush, with varying degrees of success. Hilarity ensues.

Notes
The only reason I specified that it was 7 AM at the beginning was to tell you guys that this entire shebang happens over the course of a single Sunday.

Enjoy <3

See the end of the work for more notes.

It was 7 AM.

“God, I wanted to punch him so bad.” Terushima groaned into his cereal. “And I totally would've, too, but Hana-san was there, and I can't punch people in front of girls, y’know? It goes against my code of honour. The funny thing was, though, she ended up punching him herself.”

The fivesome, consisting of Ennoshita, Yahaba, Futakuchi, Terushima, and Shirabu, was sat at the table, eating breakfast together on a Sunday morning, and Terushima was telling them a story about one of his demon senpai from his first year at Johzenji.

“I honestly still can't believe that when I first met you, I thought you were a douche and a playboy,” Ennoshita said both to himself and to the group, shaking his head in amusement. “You're actually just a total sweetheart and gentlemen.”

“I don't think the fact that I repeatedly tried to ask out your old manager helped that image at all.” He said sheepishly. “I still feel bad, y’know.”

“Oh, I'm sure she's forgiven you. You apologised to her face, and Kiyoko-san is a very forgiving person.” He smiled. “I can't speak for her, though.”

“Wait, Yuuji, what if you're punching someone to defend a girl?” Shirabu leant forward in interest. “Would that go against your code of honour, or is that a loophole?”

“Well, if it’s for Kuribayashi, our manager, then yeah, that's a loophole. She’s too shy to defend herself, and only about the size of Karasuno’s manager. But for Hana-san, Nah, ‘cause I know she’d end up punching them herself if they pissed her off enough. She’s a lot tougher than she looks.”

“Ah.” And they fell into silence.
“Oh, do you guys want to know something I learned last night?” Yahaba asked. At everyone’s expectant looks, he grinned and said, “Kenji looks very nice while blushing.”

“W-wait, I thought we weren’t going to tell anyone what happened last night.” Futakuchi looked ever-so-slightly panicked.

“Oh, I wasn’t going to tell them, I just wanted to show them how nice and pretty you looked while blushing.” He tucked a lock of hair behind Futakuchi’s ear, and whispered something in his ear, making his eyes widen and his face heating up a pretty shade of red.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen Kenji blush,” Kenjirou said softly.

“I’ve never seen you blush, either.” Futakuchi countered, face having quickly faded to a colour closer to pink.

“That’s because I don’t blush.”

“Everyone blushes, Kenji.” Terushima rolled his eyes. “It’s a normal human bodily function, some people just do it less.”

“I don’t blush.” He insisted, pushing himself up and putting his dishes in the sink. “It’s nothing to worry about, I just don’t. I’ve never blushed a day in my life.” He sighed. “Oh, by the way, there’s a huge practice match going on between Fukurodani and Shiratorizawa tomorrow, so Keiji is visiting later.” And with that, he left to go get ready for the day.


“You read my mind, Yuuji.” Futakuchi’s grin was bright and mischievous, even in the early hours of the day.

“Why Operation Second?” Ennoshita asked. “Wouldn’t be better to make it something with four, since there’s 4 of us?”

“Nah, it’s ‘cause we’re the second gen captains, right, Kenji?” Terushima grinned.
“Yeah.” Futakuchi nodded.

“I think we could make it more interesting than that,” Yahaba suggested. “Why don't we make a bet? Whoever wins gets $100 from each of the losers?”

And so, that was how ‘Operation Second’ had gotten started. They had decided to go by the honour system, and not to use anything sexual because that was cheating (Lookin’ at you, Futakuchi).

“And remember, flustered does not equal blushing. People can blush without being flustered, and be flustered without blushing.” Yahaba reminded.

And with that, they finished their breakfast and left to get ready for their various days.

Chikara was up first.

His method was… a bit dumb, but he thought it would work.

“Kenjiro, come here for a second!” He smiled.

“Yeah?” He sat down on the couch next to Chikara.

“Look at this picture I found.”

Chikara knew Shirabu had a weakness for bunnies.

“Bunnies?” He muttered, leaning in a bit to see the computer screen better.
“Yeah! I was just looking at them today, and I remembered you liked bunnies, so I called you over to see if you’d like to look with me.” He smiled.

“Why were you looking at bunnies?”

He shrugged. “No reason.”

“Well, as much as I’d love to, I’m a bit busy right now.” He apologised. “Maybe in an hour?”

“Sure.”

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It didn’t work.

No matter how many cute photos Chikara showed him, the most he would get is sparkly eyes and a smile. No blush.

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Yuuji had consulted his friends for help when they were out to lunch.

“Try giving him flowers!” Futamata suggested. “*Everyone* loves flowers.”

“Yeah, but we’ve given him flowers before, and he didn’t blush.” He hummed, eyebrows furrowed.

“Oh, I know.” Bobata grinned. “You gotta *kabe-don* him.”

Yuuji blinked. “Kabe-don? What’s that?”
After glancing around to make sure the restaurant was empty (which it was), Bobata grinned. “Stand by the wall.”

Standing by the wall as told, Yuuji cocked an eyebrow, asking, “What are you doing?” When Bobata followed him.

Slamming his hand next to Yuuji’s head, he looked down at him with a serious, dare-he-say sexy expression.

Needless to say, Yuuji blushed.

“O-oh my god…” He muttered into his hands, which were on his face, once they were sat down again, face still flushed an unbelievable red. “I cannot believe you just did that.”

Bobata looked far too proud of himself, shrugging. “I accidentally did it to Kuribayashi one time when I was a second year, and she swooned. Figured it might work on you too.”

“Damn, we’ve got a lady killer over here.” Futamata grinned, holding his arms up in a mock-surrendering gesture. “Anyway, try doing that to him! If he’s anything like you or Kuribayashi, you should win the bet in no time.”

“Yeah, and if all else fails, you could always do that thing you do where you grin and laugh that makes girls blush.”

“You mean… be myself…?” Yuuji cocked his eyebrow.

“Yeah, exactly!”

“Hey, Kenjirou, can you stand against the wall for a sec?” Yuuji asked once he had gotten home from lunch.
He blinked. “Okay?” He did as he was told.

Slamming his right hand down next to Shirabu’s head as taught by Bobata, he stared down at his boyfriend with a serious expression.

Shirabu’s eyes were wide with surprise. He seemed to be trying to speak, but it was coming out in embarrassed squeaks and stutters.

“I-I-um, Y-Yuuji, what are you-?”

He certainly looked flustered, but no blushing was evident on his face.

He quickly composed himself, though, and took a breath, before saying, “If you're trying to get me to blush, it's not working. I told you, I don't blush.”

Then he left the room.

(Yuuji thought he may have heard him scream into his pillow, but he wasn't sure.)

“Hey, Shigeru, what are you planning?” Futakuchi asked him as they were walking to the supermarket together, later that day.

“I'm going to try and make him laugh.” He grinned. “People get red in the face when they laugh too hard, it's a known fact.”

Futakuchi hummed. “True. However, it's also a known fact that Kenjiro isn't ticklish. At all.”

“Yeah, it's not fair.” He scrunched up his nose. “I was on a team with Hanamaki-san and Matsukawa-san, though. I know a thing or two about making people laugh.”
“To that, I can testify.”

And with that, they fell into a comfortable silence.

Arriving at the supermarket, though, Shigeru asked, “What are you planning?”

“I'm not sure yet, but I think I'm going to try and find his ticklish spot.” He smirked at Shigeru’s curious raised eyebrow. “Trust me, everyone has one. Actually, for the longest time, we all thought Koganegawa wasn't ticklish until Sakunami accidentally brushed his finger behind the back of his ear while playing with his hair. It's his neck.” He grinned. “The reason we couldn't find it was because no one could reach it.”

Shigeru laughed. “I'm sure you guys used it to your full advantage?”

“Oh, yeah. Still, do.” He picked up a few boxes of Yuuji’s favourite cereal and put them in the basket. “So, I wouldn't be surprised if Kenjirou has one as well.”

“I know it’s not his neck, I’ll tell you that.” He shrugged. “I'm still confident my method will work, though. I'm going to be trying some things that my senpais did that made Shinji and I die of laughter.”

“Do your best.”

“Oh, and if tickling him doesn’t work, you can always sing for him. That always makes Chikara blush.”

“True!” He nodded. “I think he was blushing at the lyrics, though, not my voice. They were pretty dirty.”

“By the way, nice touch with the wide eyes this morning. Everyone totally bought it.” He grinned.

“Heh. I always love it when people think they can make me blush and then completely fail because they can’t.” He snickered. “I am impenetrable.”
“I can.”

“You’re an exception.”

All right, it’s Shigeru’s turn.

As they were making lunch together, Shigeru grinned at Shirabu.

“Wanna hear a joke?”

“Shoot.”

“A priest, a doctor, and a rabbi walk into a bar. The bartender says, ‘What is this some kind of joke?’”

Shirabu laughed lightly. “Good one.”

“I’ve got tonnes from my second year days with Hanamaki-san and Matsukawa-san.” He grinned.

“Mind telling me more, then?”

“Not at all, my dear.” He thought for a moment. “Why did the farmer call his pig ‘Ink’?”

“I dunno, why?” Shirabu looked very amused at this point.

“Because he kept running out of his pen!”
A snort. “That was bad.”

“It made you laugh, though.”

“Guilty.”

“Hey, why don't I show you a few of my impressions? They could make you laugh, I'm sure.”

Shirabu narrowed his eyes. “Why are you trying to make me laugh?”

“I like hearing you laugh! Is that so wrong?” Shigeru pulled back, widening his eyes in a motion of feigned offence. “You have a nice laugh, and you don't do it very often.”

“Okay, fine. Continue.”

“I can do Semi-san.”

Shirabu was now eyeing him with interest. “Can you?”

“Yeah! He actually has a pretty easy voice to imitate, it's just a bit low.” He cleared his throat, thinking of something to say. “Man, Shirabu’s a way better setter than me! How annoying.” He said in Semi’s voice, marvelling at the loud, boisterous chuckle that ripped out of Shirabu’s throat.

“That was pretty funny.” He said once he had calmed down. “Can you go get me some milk?”

“Sure.” He retrieved the milk, handing it to Shirabu, and decided to continue with the jokes.

“Oh! I’ve got one.” Shirabu grinned up at him. “Why is Peter Pan always flying?”
“Why?”

“He Neverlands.”

“I love that joke because it never grows old,” Shigeru answered immediately.

“It has a nice hook.” He agreed with a hum.

Then they finished lunch and called down their boyfriends to eat.

However, scanning Shirabu’s face, there wasn’t even a trace of a flush, making him sigh. Well, at least he made him laugh.

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It’s Kenji’s turn.

He decided to go for the straightforward method, and straight up asked Shirabu, “Hey, are you ticklish anywhere?”

“Nope.” He answered, curled up on the couch with a book.

“Nowhere?”

“Nowhere.”

“Everyone’s ticklish somewhere,” Kenji told him.

“I’m not.” He shrugged.
Kenji cocked an eyebrow. “Oh? Then, you wouldn’t mind if I did… This?” He poked him in the stomach as he said it, resulting only in a grunt.

“Ow. What was that for?”

“Trying to find your ticklish spot!” He answered.

“Get your unnaturally large hands away from me.” Shirabu scowled, scooting away from him when he sat next to him on the couch.

“They’re not that big!”

“They are.” Shirabu insisted. “Look.” He held up his hand against Kenji’s, revealing just how much was covered up when Kenji bent his fingers.

“Maybe you just have small hands!”

“I have normal sized hands. Shigeru has small hands.” He sighed. “Trust me, when Keiji gets here, you’ll see that your hands are actually huge. And his hands are bigger than Bokuto-san’s.”

“How’d you know that?”

“He told me.” Shirabu shrugged.

“Now, back to finding your tickle spot.” Kenji grinned his best devilish grin, though Shirabu was not deterred. “Is it… your hips?”

“Nope.” He answered when Kenji tried poking them.

“Your feet?”
“Try it.” He lifted his feet up and wiggled his toes. Upon Kenji’s attempted tickle attack, he made no noise when tickled, only read his book in silence.

“Damn, I really thought that would work.” Kenji sighed when he had tried all of the spots he could think of.

“You guys do realise I’ve noticed you making a game out of trying to make me blush, right?” Shirabu asked, blunt and to-the-point as always. “There’s really no point in trying to be discreet about it anymore. You guys aren’t discreet at all about it. I was suspicious after Chikara was showing me cute animals, but Yuuji kabe-donning me just made it obvious.”

“Hey, to be fair, you were pretty embarrassed by that.” Kenji snickered. “I thought that totally would’ve made you blush.”

“So did I,” Shirabu admitted. “I mean, not only was it Yuuji, he was fucking kabe-donning me.”

Then he cocked an eyebrow. “Now, I was actually kind of enjoying that. Are you going to continue trying to make me blush, or have you given up because I’m not ticklish?”

“Oh, you know I’m too stubborn for that.” He crawled over to sit next to his boyfriend and draped an arm around his shoulder. “I’m just gonna try complimenting you.”

“That’s a little boring.”

“Hey, there’s a reason telling Shigeru that his hair looks nice makes his face pink.” He shrugged. “Compliments work.”

“Okay.”

“You’re just going to let it happen?” Kenji was surprised.

“Why not? It’s funny watching you crash and burn.” Shirabu snickered. “I’ll even compliment you in return, I’m in a good mood.”
“You’re secretly a sadist, aren’t you?”

“And you’re a dick. I thought we were exchanging compliments, not stating facts.” His grin grew a little. “Now, I’ll even start us off. I think your dick-ish personality is actually really hot.”

Okay, that made Kenji’s face pink. “Thanks. I think your eyes are ridiculously attractive. Seriously, it’s a little unfair sometimes.”

That made Shirabu smile. “Thanks, Kenji. I like your eyes, too.”

‘It’s been an hour.’ Kenji thought to himself. ‘I’m sure my face has gone through a whole colour spectrum of reds, but his hasn’t even been pink once!’

“Kenjirou, this is a little ridiculous. You haven’t blushed once. I don’t think that’s healthy.” Kenji complained, desperately trying to cool his face down after Shirabu had, in detail, complimented him on his... form.

“It’s nothing to worry about, I promise. I’m perfectly healthy.” Oh, now the bastard just looked smug. “Though, you look very red right now. Who knew I could make the great Futakuchi Kenji the colour of a tomato just by complimenting him?”

“Shut up, I’m done now.” He stalked off to the kitchen, where Yahaba was finishing a late lunch.

“Wow, and, here I thought I was the only one who could make you blush.” He commented, noticing Kenji’s face.

“This is crazy.” He seethed, stealing a bite of Yahaba’s fries. “I don’t think there’s a way to make him blush!”

“Hey, guys, Keiji is here!” Shirabu called suddenly from the porch.
“Hey.” He grinned. “It’s so nice to see you guys again.”

“Keiji!” Terushima just about tackled him into a hug, placing a loud kiss on his cheek. “I missed you so much!”

“I missed you too, Yuuji.” Akaashi chuckled, kissing him back and setting down his suitcase. He looked pretty much the same as when they had seen him this summer. His hair was a bit longer and curlier, but other than that, he looked the same.

“Shigeru, Kenji!” He grinned, holding his arms out for a hug.

Kenji grinned back. “I can do better than that.”

He stepped forward and kissed Akaashi fiercely on the mouth, revelling in the moan it pulled out of him. “I missed you all so much, I can’t wait until I graduate so I can move here with you guys.” He sighed in between kisses, kissing back just as fiercely.

“All right, Kenji, stop hogging Keiji.” Yahaba laughed. “He’s our boyfriend too, y’know.”

“Yeah, yeah.” He chuckled, pulling back and wiping his mouth. “How was that for a welcome home kiss, though?”

“That was great.” He nodded.

“Up for another one?” Ennoshita asked with a grin that was less than innocent.

“Absolutely.” It was Akaashi who initiated the kiss this time, throwing his arms over Ennoshita’s shoulders and causing an animalistic growl to arise from Ennoshita’s throat.

“You have no idea how long I’ve been waiting to do that.”
“Hey, who’s the one with the tongue piercing?” Terushima complained.

That made Akaashi laugh as he pulled away from the Karasuno captain. “I’m always up for your kisses, Yuuji.” He purred.

“Ew,” Shirabu muttered.

And then Akaashi and Terushima were kissing, and if Kenji had thought the one he had shared with Akaashi was steamy, he had nothing on this one.

Terushima had slipped his tongue into Akaashi’s mouth at some point, and now Akaashi was just a moaning mess in his arms. Their hands were all over each other, and at least one of them was moaning. Probably both. “I’ll never get tired of feeling that.” He smiled as he pulled away.

He then turned to Yahaba, who had been standing there awkwardly the whole time. “You want some?”

“I think I’ll settle for something a little more innocent.” He smiled awkwardly and leant forward to place a delicate kiss on his cheek.

“Me too.” Shirabu nodded, doing the same, except on the other cheek, so now they were kissing him at the same time.

Somehow, that made Akaashi’s face redder than any of the other kisses from before. “Wow…”

“Anyway, would you like to come to the living room to tell us about your life since we saw you last?” Ennoshita asked sweetly.

“Y-yeah.” He nodded.

And then he was led to the living room but was stopped by Yuuji. “You guys go ahead, I just need to tell him something.” The others nodded and went into the living to talk.
“What’s wrong, Yuuji?” Keiji asked, concerned at being stopped.

Terushima shook his head. “Nothing’s wrong, I just wanted to tell you about the bet we made.” He lowered his voice to a whisper, to make sure Shirabu didn’t hear. “We made a bet to see who could make Kenjirou blush first, and we’ve been unsuccessful so far, so I decided to let you in on it.”

Keiji hummed. “I think I could do it.” His pretty blue eyes sparkled with mischief. “I’ve always been good at that.” And with that, the two left to sit with the other members of their relationship.

Keiji sat directly in front of Shirabu and bent down to lean on his hands so he could look up at Shirabu through his eyelashes. “So, how’ve you been…” When he spoke next, his voice was a low and rumbly purr, “*Kenjirou?~*”

Oh, that made Shirabu blush, all right. His face lit up bright red, and he got incredibly flustered.

“I-I-um, g-good, h-how are y-you?”

Keiji was smirking now, and the others were all staring at Shirabu’s pink face in awe.

“Wow… You did it, Keiji.” Ennoshita said simply. “You made Kenjirou blush.”

“I’m really not all that surprised that it ended up being Keiji to do it.” Yahaba laughed. “He’s always been good at making *us* blush and stumble over our words.”

“I’m right here, y’know,” Keiji mumbled, his own facing taking on a bright pink colour. “I picked that little trick up from Bokuto-san. He’s managed to make the likes of Shirofuku-san and Pain-in-the-ass-Kuroo-san, who are both impossible to make blush, blush by speaking like that, so I figured it might work on Kenjirou as well.”

“Well, it worked.” Futakuchi sighed. “Pay up, everyone.”
As everyone was digging through their pockets for $100 to give to the Fukurodani captain, while Shirabu watched with a scandalised expression.

“I knew you guys made a game out of it, but you were betting too?” He asked incredulously.

“It was Shigeru’s idea,” Terushima said quickly.

“You were the one to suggest it in the first place!”

“For once, Kenji is completely innocent,” Ennoshita commented.

“What do you mean, ‘for once’?”

“You’re always the one to start things like this.” He shrugged.

“What about you?” Keiji cocked a large eyebrow.

“Oh, I didn’t start this.” He chuckled. “I’m not creative enough to come up with something like that.”

“Says the future film major.”

“Shut up.”

fin.

End Notes

I HAVE A LOT OF THINGS TO SAY RIGHT NOW.

First off, announcement! This is the last instalment in the "Impressions" series, but also the first in the new series I'm starting! It will be based entirely around the sixsome's life after they graduate, so Akaashi can be in it too :3 I call it: The Life of Six ^^
Some sexuality hcs: Ennoshita is panromantic asexual, Yahaba and Terushima are bi, Futakuchi is bisexual, Shirabu is homoromantic demisexual, and Akaashi is homosexual :3

Also credit to my mom for the pig joke. She learned it when she was 4 and it's the only one she can remember. Credit to Tumblr for the Peter Pan joke.


And lastly, if you're wondering what happened last night between Futakuchi and Yahaba, go read my fic, "Midnight Teachings." (ok shameless self-promotion over.)

I hope you enjoyed! Erica out (ﾉ´ヮ`ﾉ)*:・*

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