

Make You Say I Look Good

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15005018) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/15005018>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Haikyuu!!
Relationship:	Hinata Shouyou/Kageyama Tobio
Characters:	Hinata Shouyou , Kageyama Tobio , Tsukishima Kei , Yachi Hitoka , Yamaguchi Tadashi
Additional Tags:	maid outfit , Culture Festival , First years as third years , Fluff , First Kiss , Feelings Realization , Canon Universe
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-06-21 Words: 5,376 Chapters: 1/1

Make You Say I Look Good

by [Esselle](#)

Summary

'Kageyama balances a tray of scones, and little teacups and saucers, and a pretty teapot, as he walks across the room slowly and carefully. His attention is entirely focused upon the very breakable, spillable things he is holding. So much for his innate setter's skills at the task; he moves so slowly that Hinata isn't sure how he's managed to serve *anyone* since they started. He's sweating profusely, apparently from stress and intense concentration, little beads of perspiration running down the side of his face and arms. His shoulders are too wide and broad for the outfit, the bulk of his muscular arms straining against the ruffled sleeves.

"Oh, no," Hinata says.'

--

In which the volleyball club decides to open up a maid cafe, and Hinata is forced to confront his feelings for a certain setter.

Notes

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO MY BOY HINATA! AND ALSO TO ME, and I'm upset because I have to post this unedited or I'm going to be late to my bday dinner, so I will be stressing about that while eating delicious steak I GUESS

cheers to the anon who kept requesting maid cafe server Hinata and smitten Kageyama... my mind went the exact opposite direction though XD

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

When Yachi informs her fellow third years of their leading (read: only) option for the culture festival, none of them really believe her at first.

"A cafe?" Kageyama repeats blankly.

"Yes!" Yachi replies with a bright smile.

"A... *maid* cafe?" Hinata clarifies.

Yachi nods enthusiastically. "I think it's our best bet if we want to attract people for our fundraiser. The soccer team is doing a play, and the literature club is already signed on for a planetarium—sorry, Kei—so this is our next best option!"

She smiles at them, increasingly brighter and brighter, as they all look at her wordlessly.

"Yacchan," Yamaguchi says, when it finally starts to become too awkward to bear, "the volleyball club is entirely male."

Yachi tilts her head. "I... know that?"

"Don't you mean a butler cafe, then?" Kei points out.

Yachi's smile doesn't waver, and neither does her voice when she tells them, "I meant what I said."

The four boys look at each other. The past three years, they have discovered that while Yachi never really gets less sweet, once she sets her mind to something, there is no changing it.

Yachi sighs. "Our team has gotten really popular," she explains, and it's true—they're pretty much famous in Miyagi after all the tournament wins, "and people are definitely going to come see what we do, but we need to make a statement if we want to raise any significant amount of money for the club. We want people to be lining up out the door!"

"And you think a *maid cafe* is the best way to do this," Tsukishima says, skeptically.

"I do."

"Why?"

"Because," Yachi says, holding up a finger. "skirts are cute." She points at them. "Our team is cute. Adding two positives always yields a positive sum."

"Is this math? That sounds like math," Kageyama whispers out of the corner of his mouth to Hinata. Hinata shakes his head blankly.

"I'm not dressing up," Tsukishima says, which is not a huge surprise. "Not as a maid, or as anything else."

"I've already accounted for that," Yachi says, "you can make the pastries we sell, and I'll consider your debt paid."

"I'm not *in* debt."

"You'll be in mine if you don't help me with this fundraiser," Yachi says.

Tsukishima makes that face he always makes when he realizes he can't get out of doing something he really doesn't want to do, like flying falls, or treating their kohai to popsicles, or talking to Hinata. "I get to create the menu?"

"Yes," Yachi says, "but try to bake *some* things that don't have strawberries in them. We need variety."

"Then what's even the point," Tsukishima mutters to himself, before sighing in resignation. "Fine."

"Yes!" Yachi cheers.

"I'll be Tsukki's assistant!" Yamaguchi volunteers quickly.

"Deal," Yachi says.

Hinata twists his mouth into a frown. What this all sounds like it comes out to is that he's going to be made to wear a dress all day for the duration of a week at school. He'd be fine with it if it was just one or two days, but the prospect of being trapped in a frilly contraption that will take too long to change out of during lunch breaks when he would *normally* be doing spiking or receiving practice with Kageyama sounds unappealing at best, and suffocating at worst.

He glances sideways at Kageyama and finds that, as usual, the other boy's face is pretty much inscrutably blank. Hinata wants to ask him about it—lunchtime practice with Kageyama has become one of his favorite parts of his whole entire day. Practice before and after school is great, too, but... lunch is when the two of them get to practice one on one. And it's just—it's nothing *too* special, but it's nice.

But he doesn't know what Kageyama thinks about it. Maybe Kageyama might see it as an acceptable way to pass the time, but it's not like twenty minutes in the yard at lunch are the most valuable practice sessions they have.

So since he can't ask Kageyama directly, he says, "If the two of them don't have to wear a huge dress, then I don't want to either!"

"Oh, right!" Yachi says, "No, that's okay, Shouyou—I need you to stand outside to attract customers! The problem is... we won't have enough dresses for the second years who'll be serving if you're wearing one. But you're one of our most recognizable faces, after all, so I think that's fine!"

Hinata swells with pride a bit. "Okay, I can do that!"

"Better than a neon sign," Tsukishima says with a snicker. Hinata ignores him pointedly.

"And Tobio-kun..." Yachi starts to say.

"I'll do it," Kageyama says.

"You... don't even know what I'm going to assign to you," Yachi says.

"One of the third years has to actually be serving, right?" Kageyama asks. "People won't be as likely to come if none of us are there."

"Well, yes, actually," Yachi says. She looks surprised, as do the rest of them.

"So, it's got to be me, then," Kageyama says. "I'm not good at talking to people, I can't bake, and like hell I'm going to help this guy—" He jerks his thumb in Tsukishima's direction, and then ducks forward to dodge the swat Tsukishima aims at the back of his head. "So, I'll help in the cafe."

"Y-yeah!" Yachi agrees. She looks caught off guard, now. "Okay! Wow, I thought... it would be a lot harder to get you to agree to that."

"I'm the best option anyway," Kageyama says, "because I'm the most physically coordinated out of all of us, so I'll be the best at serving. That's why you decided to ask me, right?"

"Um, well," Yachi says, "I'm sure... that will help? But mainly, I just thought you'd be the best because everyone thinks you're really handsome."

Kageyama blinks at her like this is something he has never before suspected in his life. Hinata can practically hear Noya and Tanaka shouting at Kageyama in the distance for taking all the girls' feelings for granted.

"Wait, but—" Hinata interjects, and then stops, realizing he really doesn't have anything of value to add. "But... does that mean he'll have to—Kageyama, you're going to wear a dress?"

"Dumbass, isn't that what we just discussed?"

"Well, you're dumb, so I wasn't sure you realized!" Hinata says defensively.

Kageyama growls at him and tugs on Hinata's hair. It hurts, but not overly so, and Hinata doesn't really mind it like he used to.

"I realized," Kageyama says. "It's just clothes, what's the big deal?"

"It's—" Hinata *still* can't figure out the right words.

He doesn't want to spell out his thought process in front of everyone, and admit that he's kinda already regretting that he and Kageyama aren't going to get to have lunch together for a whole week. Because that's when they play volleyball, together, obviously—and he likes having even more time for it.

"It's gonna look hilarious on you!" is what he finally settles for saying. He really can't picture Kageyama serving tea and little cakes in a big old stuffy maid costume. But he can picture Kageyama wearing that and tossing to him even *less*, and that's the upsetting part.

But Kageyama just shrugs, looking down at his hands in his lap. "It's for the club," he says. His voice is mostly quiet, and not even all that annoyed. "We need some new equipment before nationals this year."

And just like that, Hinata feels like the most selfish person in the world.

"Yeah, you're right," Hinata says. "Doesn't mean I won't laugh at you, though."

Kageyama meets his eyes, a challenge there. "I'll be the best server out of everybody and earn us ten thousand yen," he says. "Then we'll see who's laughing."

"I'll get us enough customers to make *twenty* thousand yen," Hinata immediately shoots back.

Tsukishima groans, Yamaguchi grins, and Yachi claps her hands together.

"Great!" she says. "You guys are the best!"

Hinata stays glaring at Kageyama until Kageyama snorts and looks away. As soon as he breaks eye contact, the energy that always crackles through Hinata whenever he and Kageyama get into a competitive mode is sapped out of the air. Hinata always misses it once it's gone. He likes the way Kageyama looks at him, like he's trying to discern the best strategy for defeating Hinata. Maybe it's a weird thing to enjoy but it just means Kageyama isn't underestimating him. Hinata loves that feeling.

And it's not weird, or anything. It's just a normal best friend thing, and they've always had that between them. And it's certainly not something Hinata can't live without for a week.

So he snorts louder than Kageyama and makes a big show of looking away himself, crossing his arms for emphasis.

He will definitely get more attention than Kageyama will, galloping around with his big, bulky body stuffed into some terrible Halloween costume; and Hinata will make sure to rub Kageyama's nose in it afterwards, as punishment for not reading Hinata's mind and opting to do something else so that they can play together during lunch.

*

The weeks leading up to the festival are packed with activity. There's volleyball, as usual, but there's also preparations for the cafe, and to Hinata, they seem endless. Yachi is handling the outfits for their maids, but the rest of them still have to wear suits, which they have to run by her—probably a smart decision, after she vetoes one of the first year's pleas to let him wear a "fancy tracksuit" and has to tell Hinata that he can't wear his gym shoes with his dress clothes.

Tsukishima, meanwhile, is taking his role as head chef more seriously than most of them would have guessed he would ("He *does* really like baking," Yamaguchi confides in Hinata

one afternoon, after they've all been made to try out the newest batch of confections that might be up on the menu). And Kageyama...

Apparently Kageyama, and the other second years, are being put through rigorous training, in advance of the nonstop customer service they'll be providing throughout the week. They need to learn how to take orders, balance tray tables, walk in their costumes—and be generally pleasant on top of all of that. This last task is mainly one Yachi is worried about where Kageyama is concerned, and so much of Hinata's already precious lunchtime volleyball sessions are taken up by Kageyama running through scenarios with Yachi that might occur while he is waiting tables. The current benchmark for passing is not scowling or snapping at anyone if they confuse Kageyama during the ordering process.

Even with how much work it all is, everyone is really excited—and Hinata can't help getting excited along with them. This is the kind of stuff he loves, anyway; it might not be volleyball, but it's for the club, and he's already super proud to be a part of it. Plus, talking to new people, telling them about the club and his friends and the greatest sport ever ("...so please, spend a little time and maybe help us towards our goal for nationals!") is one of his favorite things to do. Lunchtime practices or not, he's starting to buzz with excitement the weekend before the culture festival.

And then, the unanticipated happens.

Sunday evening sees Hinata at Kageyama's house, about to head home for the night. Their competitive spirit has been steadily building as the week approaches, and Hinata is fired up at the thought of totally obliterating Kageyama both in popularity and in bringing in the customers.

"I'll see you tomorrow, then, *meido-kun*," Hinata singsongs. "Don't sulk when I do better than you or you'll scare any customers away with your face." Kageyama shoves at his head and he laughs.

"I'm not gonna look scary," Kageyama says resolutely.

"Sure, sure..."

"I'm better at it now!"

That *is* true, Hinata has to admit. Kageyama will never be an *infectious grin* type of person, but he's improved a lot since their first year, in his own ways. He barely scowls unless there's a reason to be scowling, first of all. And his smiles, though rare, are really nice. Better, Hinata thinks, because they're so hard to catch. When he makes Kageyama smile, it feels like a real victory.

"Guess we'll find out," Hinata says, because even if they both know Kageyama has changed, he could never let Kageyama off the hook that easy.

Kageyama looks at Hinata out of the corner of his eye for a long moment. It's a dangerous expression, because it means he's thinking about something. That never bodes well.

"What?" Hinata asks.

Kageyama looks away, staring mainly at the ground. Finally, he mumbles, "I'm going to make you admit I look—not scary, tomorrow."

Hinata grins. "If you say it with *that* little confidence, I don't think you're gonna get very far."

"I'll make you—" Kageyama's voice raises and he turns to look at Hinata directly, finally catching his eye. Hinata blinks at the intensity in his gaze. "I'll make you say I look good, and you're not allowed to lie about it, if I do."

Hinata's mouth falls open. "Wh-what the heck kind of a challenge is—"

Kageyama lunges forward, and Hinata starts to raise his arms in defense. But Kageyama grabs his shoulders, leans down—and then presses his mouth right up against Hinata's before Hinata can do a single thing about it. It happens so quickly and is over so fast, Kageyama pulling away shakily and taking a step backwards, that Hinata doesn't even manage to change positions. He just stands there, frozen, hands mid-karate chop, lips slightly pursed, eyes half closed.

What.

"Tomorrow!" Kageyama half-shouts, which explains *nothing*, before he turns and speed stomps his way back to his house, leaving Hinata standing out in the yard. "Bye!"

The door slams behind him as he disappears inside. Hinata still hasn't moved.

Like waking up from a dream, his conscious thought process starts to return to him. He finishes raising one hand, to touch his fingers to his mouth, staring wide-eyed at the closed front door of Kageyama's house.

Had Kageyama... just...

Hinata turns and runs, barely remembering to grab his bike from where it sits outside Kageyama's front gate. He doesn't know what to think. He doesn't know what he *should* think. All he knows is that Kageyama just maybe—no, definitely—okay, probably?

Kissed him. And it seems like, as much as Hinata had never, ever expected something like that to happen today (or at all, or *ever*)... Maybe he's been waiting for it, all along.

The problem is, he's got no idea what to do next.

*

Hinata is no less confused the morning of the festival. Kageyama acts so normal that he's forced to wonder if he hallucinated the whole thing the evening before—Kageyama's weird statements, and then the sudden kiss. Was Hinata totally misunderstanding him? Was Kageyama trying to challenge him in some way?

"Yacchan," he asks, sidling up to her in the gym in the morning. The transformation has already started, tables and chairs being set out, tea sets arranged on white tablecloths, laminated menus distributed. Yachi stands in the middle of the organized chaos, turning in circles as she calls instructions to the first years who are scrambling to get everything put together.

"What's up, Shouyou?" she asks, without looking at him. "Akane-kun, we need blue and purple flowers on alternating tables, they're too bunched up over there!"

"Can I ask you something?" Hinata asks her, glancing around furtively. He doesn't see Kageyama anywhere. He must be off with the rest of the second years, getting changed.

"Sure!" Yachi says, then, "Well, maybe in a minute? Or later—much later? Can it wait?"

Shouyou wants to whine at her a bit but he also realizes that she's incredibly busy as it is. She's the one who basically organized all of this, and while all her artistic touches are much needed and very evident, keeping everything running smoothly is no easy task. It also makes her roughly four times as anxious as usual.

"It can wait," he says, mostly without pouting. She glances at him and does a double take.

"You need to get dressed!" she says. "And have Kei do your tie, please!"

"I—I can do it—" Hinata splutters.

"We don't have time for you to be struggling with it for a quarter of an hour!"

Somebody taps on the top of Hinata's head and he turns to see Tsukishima already standing there, a smirk already on his face. Hinata glares.

"You heard the boss," Tsukishima says. "Let's go."

About ten minutes later, Hinata has made it into his suit and tie. His hair has been combed forcefully back, courtesy of Yamaguchi, who is under orders from Yachi to make Hinata look "presentable". Even with the extra effort, his unruly hair won't quite stay, so they've taken a page out of Ukai's book and secured it in place with a thin headband. It feels really strange, having all his bangs off his forehead.

As soon as he's ready, Yamaguchi bustles him outside with a handful of flyers and sets him loose. There's people milling about everywhere, trying to decide where to go first, and Hinata bubbles up with excitement before running to the front of the gate, leaping into the air.

"Hey!" he shouts. "If you're hungry now or later, the Karasuno Volleyball Club is ready to receive you!" Immediately, heads start to turn, and people begin talking.

"Who's that little kid?"

"Wait, that's not a kid—I've seen him on TV!"

"Mom, it's the Small Giant! I wanna go!"

Hinata basks in the attention as a small crowd starts to form, lining up as he eagerly hands out flyers and points people in the direction of the gym.

"A *maid* cafe?" one girl from another class asks. Her and her friends all giggle amongst themselves. "Um, is the captain going to be there? The tall, angry looking one..."

Hinata feels his face going red at the mention of Kageyama. He nods, hoping they don't notice. "Y-yeah, he's serving in there already!" he says.

"Is he going to be wearing—" More laughter. "Will he be dressed up as a maid?"

"He is," Hinata says, and then squints at them. "Why?"

"N-no reason!" she tells him. "You look nice, too, Hinata-kun!"

Hinata frowns. "Thanks?"

He stares after them as they start to beeline in the direction of the gym. Why are they in such a hurry just to see Kageyama in a maid outfit? Wait a minute... they're not planning on laughing at him, are they? Hinata's hackles rise before he remembers that *he's* planning on laughing at Kageyama, too.

But that seems not exactly right, either, because they'd made a point of telling him that he also looked nice. So... were they expecting *Kageyama* to look nice? In a fancy dress? Hinata hates to break it to them, but Kageyama can barely manage to put his school uniform on neatly most days (not that Hinata is much better, but still). There's no way he's going to look nice in any kind of fancy clothes.

He shrugs, shaking it off. He's still got awhile left before Yamaguchi takes over for him and he can go check out the gym; in the meantime, he's got potential customers to rake in.

It's a couple hours before Yamaguchi comes to get Hinata so he can take his break and eat. Hinata thanks him and hurries off for the gym. When he gets close, he's first stunned to see *how long* the line of people waiting to get in stretches—way out the door and down the little path connecting the gym to the rest of the school, spilling into the hallway. People notice him as he gets near and greet him cheerfully, and he waves back as he squeezes his way through the packed entrance and into the gym.

"Woah..." he says.

The gym looks totally different. Well, besides the floor having the lines drawn on it for the court and everything. But all the tables are set up now, and there's even little (fake) candles on each of them, and some flowy partition-type stuff set up between where the "kitchen" is and the dining area. All the seats are full, and gaggles of exuberant boys run back and forth between them, waiting tables, bringing out drinks and food, taking orders on little tiny clipboards that appear to be adorned with black and white bows.

Hinata covers his mouth to laugh. "Kirihara-kun is totally gonna fall on someone." The second year in question appears to be the only one brave enough to try wearing heels, and it

doesn't look like it's going very well.

He scans around the room but doesn't see the person he's looking for—not that he's *looking* specifically, but he's already seen the others, and they did have a bet for today, so he should really...

Suddenly, the curtain that blocks Tsukishima and the rest of the Pastry Prep area from view flies back. Hinata's mouth falls open.

Stomping through it comes none other than Kageyama, in all his frilly, black-and-white glory. The skirt is a truly ridiculous level of full, black and white layered petticoats billowing out around Kageyama's legs like a fluffy cloud. The black of the puffed, short-sleeve top is offset by the creamy white of the lacy apron, tied in a big round bow in back. A delicate white headband sits on top of his head, woven with more tiny black bows.

"Oh," Hinata says.

Kageyama balances a tray of scones, and little teacups and saucers, and a pretty teapot, as he walks across the room slowly and carefully, his attention entirely focused upon the very breakable, spillable things he is holding. So much for his innate setter's skills at the task; he moves so slowly that Hinata isn't sure how he's managed to serve *anyone* since they started. He's sweating profusely, apparently from stress and intense concentration, little beads of perspiration running down the side of his face and arms. His shoulders are too wide and broad for the outfit, the bulk of his muscular arms straining against the ruffled sleeves.

"Oh, no," Hinata says.

Kageyama finally reaches his target: a table on the far side of the room, where several of the girls from one of the first year classes sit. He painstakingly sets the tray down so he can distribute their order, as the girls all hide behind their hands. It's harder to say which is redder: Kageyama's face, his customers', or Hinata's. He places each of their orders down in front of them—mixes up two and aggressively corrects his mistake, before pouring their tea with a surprisingly steady hand. That, at least, he probably is consistently good at. Once he's done, the girls thank him profusely, and he thanks them in return in his customary earnest tone. Hinata can hear him from all the way across the gym, as he bows repeatedly and says, "Yes! Thank you for coming to our cafe! The volleyball club appreciates your continued support!"

The skirt of the costume is a bit too small for him and every time he bends at the waist, Hinata can see the additional pair of puffy white shorts he is wearing to keep him modest.

"Noooo," Hinata says. He sinks slowly to the ground in despair.

Kageyama has unquestionably beaten him. It doesn't matter how many customers Hinata manages to bring in. Kageyama has won the hearts of the people, and also, Hinata himself (Hinata refuses to admit that this might have happened quite some time ago without him noticing, and has been sneaking up on him for some time). Kageyama had told Hinata that Hinata would have to admit he looks good, and Hinata would have to be a fool to deny it.

Kageyama is without a doubt the sweatiest, most intense, cutest maid to ever work in a makeshift high school cafe.

"What's wrong?" asks a voice from behind him, and he looks up to see Tsukishima leaning over him. "Traumatized by how silly the king looks?"

Hinata glares. "He doesn't!"

One thin blonde eyebrow raises. "Oh?"

"I think he looks great!" Yachi says as she passes. She seems delighted by how everything is going.

"Yeah, don't be mean," Hinata tells him. "He looks really cute!" He realizes his mistake when the curve to Tsukishima's mouth turns wicked. Yachi actually stops in her harried tracks to look at him with wide eyes.

"Have you ever considered," Tsukishima says, tapping his chin, "that maybe you should be saying that sort of thing to him *directly*? I certainly don't care."

"Ohhhhhh—" Yachi starts to say, eyes widening further. Tsukishima puts a hand on the top of her head and turns her in the other direction.

"Don't stare," he tells her, "you'll spook him."

"I'm not scared—" Hinata starts to say angrily, when there's a *loud* crashing noise, and they all turn to see where it came from.

Kageyama stands in the middle of all the tables, staring in their direction. A tray of dishes lies scattered over the floor at his feet. As soon as he and Hinata lock eyes, he tears his gaze away. Hinata can't tell if he's imagining it or not, but he thinks Kageyama's mouth looks oddly wobbly, and not the good sort either, but Kageyama ducks down to hastily gather everything onto the tray he just dropped, before he stands and speeds off back behind the partitions without looking back.

"Wh—Kageyama!" Hinata calls after him. When Kageyama doesn't stop, Hinata chases him.

He tears through the curtain and nearly collides with Kageyama, who is standing just beyond it. Kageyama almost drops the tray again, and whirls around to glare at Hinata.

"Watch where you're going, dumbass!" he says, remembering not to raise his voice at the last minute.

"Why are you just standing right there?!" Hinata whispers.

"I was—because—" Kageyama glares furiously at him for a moment, before stomping off to go set down the disordered tray. Hinata follows him.

"Kageyama?"

"You surprised me!" Kageyama says, like he's sentencing Hinata to a crime. "I wasn't expecting..."

"What are you *talking* about?" Hinata asks him blankly.

"You're all d-dressed up!" Kageyama says.

"So are you!"

"Yeah, but it's different," Kageyama says. "Your clothes... and your hair, you—you look all... all *nice*, and I saw you all of a sudden, and I know you saw *me*, but you were trying not to look and so that means I..."

Hinata gapes at him. He shakes his head. "That's not what I was doing. Wait... I looked nice?"

"It means I *lost*," Kageyama says defeatedly, not paying attention to Hinata. And this is the *weirdest* thing of all, because Kageyama hates admitting losses out loud, and he certainly doesn't spend time *moping* about them. He just dusts himself off, determined to try again.

"What did you lose...?" Hinata asks. He means to tell Kageyama that he thinks he's got it wrong, but *first* he needs to make sure they're both getting everything *right*.

Kageyama tugs on the front of his bangs, shoulders hunching, before he finally mumbles a response. "I told you I'd make you say I looked good. But you don't think I do, do you?"

"I didn't say that," Hinata points out.

"No, but you..." Kageyama looks up at him, his face open and sincere beneath his sweet little headband. "Last night I—I *did* something, something weird, and you didn't... you haven't said anything about it. And if you thought I look good, then you would have. Wouldn't you?"

Hinata covers his face with his hands. "Tobio..."

"Don't try to make me feel better," Kageyama says, with a hint of the petulance Hinata knows so well.

"I think you're the *cutest*," Hinata continues.

Neither of them say anything else, for quite some time. Hinata finally looks through his fingers at Kageyama. Kageyama's expression is not unlike the first time Hinata told him he was awesome, which means he's not processing the information at all.

"What?" he asks.

"You're not *losing*, Bakageyama," Hinata says. "You win. I admit it, you look good. You look—I don't know, ugh! Why do I have to be the only one to—you look the best, okay?!"

Kageyama's eyes keep widening with his every word. "But—when you say that, do you mean —"

"Cute," Hinata says, poking him in the chest. Kageyama stumbles backwards, caught off guard. He doesn't even try to defend.

"But only right now?" Kageyama asks, a note of hopeful desperation in his voice, "In this outfit?"

"Cuuuuute!" Hinata says again, pushing him back even further, until Kageyama's back hits a wall and there's nowhere left for him to run. Hinata leans in, pushing himself up to get in Kageyama's personal space, and right up in his face. "All the time. Happy now?"

"I'm... wait, Hinata—" Kageyama chokes out in a small, hoarse whisper, and Hinata pulls him forward by the front of his ridiculous apron and kisses him. Kisses him back.

Kageyama's hands fly up, his fingers fluttering over Hinata's cheeks and jaw, before finally settling on cradling Hinata's face between his palms. This second kiss is significantly less forceful, and also less confusing, than the first. Hinata can take pride in that, at least. Kageyama is still very sweaty, but he's also warm and seems intent on not pulling away first, so Hinata loosens his grip on the lace apron so he doesn't tear anything in his excitement.

"I *would've* said something," he tells Kageyama, "but you didn't give me a chance to do *anything*. It was like *BAM!* And then you were like *woosh*, and were already gone, and I had no idea what happened—"

"It's not that hard to figure out, stupid Hinata," Kageyama murmurs, but the insult is rendered utterly ineffective by the way he keeps brushing his thumbs across the apples of Hinata's cheeks.

Hinata doesn't feel like arguing right now. "Why were you so surprised by *me*?" he asks.

"I've never seen you in a suit," Kageyama says. His voice seems pitched a bit lower than usual, and Hinata can't suppress a slight shiver at the way it sounds. "And your hair... s'nice."

"Yeah, you said that," Hinata says.

"I like it."

"You're being weirdly nice, Kageyama."

"Shut up," Kageyama says immediately, before kissing him again. "It's just because I've wanted to kiss you for a really long time."

Hinata considers telling Kageyama that this is *still a really nice thing to say*, but he doesn't want Kageyama to get annoyed and stop, so he just smiles, and feels Kageyama's lips against his.

"Yeah..." he says, "I can relate."

He starts to pull Kageyama closer again, sliding his arms around Kageyama's waist as Kageyama's fingers slip into his hair, which feels *amazing*, when suddenly—

"*Definitely not*," a sharp voice says, as the curtains fly back. Hinata flings himself away from Kageyama, who plasters himself against the wall in the absence of anywhere left to go.

Tsukishima stands there, with Yamaguchi trying to peer over his shoulder, and Yachi blinking under his arm.

"Oh, hey!" Hinata says, like absolutely no sudden confessions were happening not four seconds earlier. "We were just, uh, you know... we were—"

"Whatever you *were* doing," Tsukishima says, "it's not happening in *my* kitchen. Get out there, and do your jobs."

"Right!" Hinata says instantly. Kageyama nods without a single argument.

As they both shuffle shamefacedly past their teammates, Yachi tugs on Hinata's arm and whispers, "Is this what you wanted to talk to me about?"

Hinata grins at her. "Yeah. But it's all good now."

He can't believe it took a culture festival, no lunchtime volleyball, a surprise kiss, and one maid outfit for him to finally admit how cute Kageyama is to them both. But then again, Hinata's feet did always work a lot faster than his brain.

And since they're generally always chasing after Kageyama, he's just glad he's so damn good at catching up.

End Notes

Not sure which of my stories to read next? [Check out my guide to my fics on Carrd!](#)

[I'm [@esselley](#) on Tumblr, [@Esselle_hq](#) on Twitter]

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