

30 (25) days of otps

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Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Haikyuu!!
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Characters:	Oikawa Tooru , Iwaizumi Hajime , Hanamaki Takahiro , Matsukawa Issei , Haiba Lev , Yaku Morisuke , Tsukishima Kei , Yamaguchi Tadashi , there's probably other characters mentioned but no main ones
Additional Tags:	and that's about all folks , i wish i wrote some kuroyaku or some iwadai or something else but NOPE , so herr we are , Take this , idek what to tag as uhhh , Angst , Fluff , Major character death - Freeform , Final Haikyuu Quest , Fantasy AU , it could rlly be either , no beta we die like men
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30 (25) days of otps

by [horsegirlsdiscarge](#)

Summary

last year in june i wrote one fic a day for nearly the entire month! i wasn't going to post them, but eventually i decided i would just stick them all in in one big heap so, here ya go!

most of these are iwaoi, so sorry in advance

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calendar

Chapter Summary

prompt calendar!

these are the prompts that i used, stolen from many different sources and arranged into a calendar! some i did more justice than others... anyway, these are just the prompts- if you want a bit more information, head to the corresponding chapter!

day one, iwaoi: “beauty is pain, and i’m hurting so bad right now”

day two, iwaoi: “sometimes, i forget you can die” “sometimes, i don’t want to remember”

day three, iwaoi: “i’ll keep you warm”

day four, matsuhana: “i can’t believe *my* clothes look better on *you*, this should be illegal”

day five, iwaoi: “i’ve never seen eyes the same colour as yours” + BONUS: shower of compliments (iwaizumi’s birthday fic)

day six, tsukkiyama: “this is where we first met”

day seven, iwaoi: “i think i’m in love with you” + BONUS: kissing in the rain and getting soaked; laughing

day eight, iwaoi: “can you be less... *you*? at least for this very important meeting?”

day nine, iwaoi: “jealous? jealous?! you don’t even exist to me!”

day ten, iwaoi: “relax, it’s only *magic*”

day eleven, iwaoi: “this is why we can’t have nice things”

day twelve, iwaoi: “where have you been all my life?” “hiding from you”

day thirteen, iwaoi: “maybe you should leave the cooking to me”

day fourteen, iwaoi: “hey, do you love me enough to share your food?”

day fifteen, iwaoi: “i was gone for two days and suddenly this place is a mess”

day sixteen, iwaoi: “pink and blue only go together in cotton candy. go change”

day seventeen, iwaoi: “rock paper scissors to see who gets up and turns off the light”

day eighteen, yakulev: “can you explain why there are sheets everywhere?” “i was building a fort”

day nineteen, iwaoi: “did you just fart?”

day twenty, iwaoi: “this is my favourite time of day” + BONUS: plants on the balcony
(sequel to day seven)

day twenty-one, iwaoi: “i didn’t mean to love you so much”

day twenty-two, iwaoi: “what the hell are you doing on the bathroom floor at three in the morning?” + BONUS: tea and cuddling

day twenty-three, iwaoi: “for you, darling, i would collect every cherry blossom in japan- no, the world”

day twenty-four, iwaoi: “i know it’s early, but you *have* to see this sunrise”

day twenty-five, iwaoi: “to be honest, i just wanted a chance to look at the stars with you”

strawberries

Chapter Summary

june 6, day one

iwaoi, modern (aged up)

prompt: “beauty is pain, and i’m hurting so bad right now”

Chapter Notes

oh yeah babey! iwaoi number one of many.... this is aged up iwaoi, established relationship, they live in an apartment together!

yes oikawa! down with toxic masculinity! you wear that face mask!

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

“Ouch!”

Oikawa’s yelp of pain was loud enough to reverberate throughout the entirety of the tiny apartment, and poor Iwaizumi cringed at the sound- partly out of annoyance, because he was watching a movie and didn’t want to get up, and partly out of fear. Oikawa was prone to screwing things up when he wasn’t supervised, because he was five years old, and Iwaizumi felt more like a mother than a boyfriend at this point. “What’s he done now?” he muttered to himself before he swung his legs over the couch and stood fully, making his way towards the washroom with more haste than he would’ve liked to admit.

When he pushed open the door, he was not surprised to find Oikawa splayed across the floor like a sea star, some weird pink cream slathered evenly across his face, which was contorted in pain. The furrow between his brows was one that was only present when in pain or concentrating, and Iwaizumi distantly noted that it was cute.

Instead, he said “what is it now, Shittykawa? I was just getting to the good part of Godzilla.”

Oikawa's eyes shot open. "Trick question. You think *all* of Godzilla is good. And my life is *misery*, Iwa-chan, that's what- I'm going to die here, on the floor, and then you'll never get to kiss my face and taste the strawberry mask I have on."

"Probably tastes like chemicals anyway," he muttered, rolling his eyes. However, Iwaizumi had a weak heart when it came to his stupid fucking boyfriend, and he gently knelt down beside him and brushed his fringe to the side. "But really, what is it? Did you get your hair caught in one of those stupid contraptions again?"

Oikawa gasped, as if offended, and lifted one limp arm in order to indignantly push Iwaizumi's shoulder. "The audacity! I would never."

A pause. A sigh.

"Yeah, I did. It's hot, too! My neck hurts," Oikawa whined, closing his eyes once again and flopping backwards even more, if at all possible. "Hold me in my dying moments, Iwa-chan. I need your strong muscular arms around me before I pass on."

Iwaizumi knew that this wasn't going to get them anywhere, so he decided to fix the problem himself. He shuffled so that he was near Oikawa's head of chestnut hair, and pretty quickly caught sight of the offending object- some weird curly looking thing. When he put his hand near it, he could feel the heat radiating off of it. Iwaizumi, however, had always had tough hands- Oikawa complained about it often- and if it hadn't burned Oikawa's fair skin, then he could definitely handle it.

Of course, when he actually touched it, it was barely hot at all, and he had to let out a mourning sigh for the movie that he was missing outside simply because his boyfriend was an incapable toddler. Yes, he'd watched it a hundred times, but so what?

The thing was actually a fair bit tougher to unclip than he had expected, and he found himself tugging on Oikawa's hair and muttering "*sorry*"s to him whenever he let out a pained whimper. "Why do you do this shit to yourself anyway, Oikawa? You know that this happens every single time."

Oikawa, if he had been capable of doing so, would have turned his head around and glared at Iwaizumi- at least, that was what his scoff seemed to say. “Beauty is pain, Iwa-chan, and- *ow* !” he yelped as Iwaizumi tugged particularly hard on the object stuck in Oikawa’s hair. “I was going to say *‘I’m willing to suffer for you,’* but this hurts a lot so please hurry up and get it out.”

“You’re a big, stupid, romantic baby,” he groaned, unable to hide the flush on his face- a red colour born of a mix of anger at Oikawa’s incessant idiocy, fondness for his equally idiotic romantics, and disgust at himself for the fondness that he felt. “I’ve told you a million times, you don’t need to put in extra effort when we’re together. I’ve seen you cry, Oikawa, and no hair curlers could make you beautiful in my eyes ever again.”

“Iwa-chan! Rude! Here I am, being romantic while you’re literally pulling my hair out of my scalp, and you’re insulting me! I need a new boyfriend. Or girlfriend. What do you think about Shimizu? She’s pretty. Come to think of it, why am I dating a brute like you instead of her?” He tapped his jaw thoughtfully, because there was cream on his chin and he wouldn’t have disrupted it for the world.

“A multitude of reasons, For one, Shimizu isn’t interested. She’s dating Yachi. For another, Shimizu would never have my saint-like patience with you when you get yourself into these situations. For yet another, Shimizu is a good person, and you don’t deserve her. Also, you’d probably feel threatened by how pretty she is. Need I go on?” He tugged a little bit on Oikawa’s hair with each reason he listed, fingers still working away at the clamp in his hair.

There were a few moments where Oikawa didn’t say anything. Iwaizumi wasn’t worried, though- he was probably just letting his stupid bastard brain process so he could come up with a shit comeback.

“Smartass,” he grumbled finally, crossing his arms. “I can’t believe I’m hopelessly in love with you.”

“You can’t believe you’re hopelessly in love with *me* ?” Iwaizumi scoffed, trying not to blush at the outward exclamation. “I can’t believe I’m hopelessly in love with *you*. Not only do you have a shit personality, you’d literally be dead without me. I’m constantly on babysitting duty by being your boyfriend, and I’m not even getting paid for it.”

Finally, he managed to get the object out of Oikawa's hair, and placed it out of sight behind some stuff on the counter. Oikawa would moan about his hair loss and how *'I'll go bald before I'm thirty'* if he saw the few strands of chocolate brown that had been pulled from his head, and Iwaizumi wasn't up for dealing with that right now- he wanted to do something else instead.

He wrapped his arms around Oikawa's shoulders and pulled him into his lap, so that his chest was tucked neatly against Oikawa's back, like two puzzle pieces fitting together. There was a small red mark where the curler had been resting against Oikawa's pale neck, and he leaned in to softly press a kiss to it.

Oikawa laughed and squirmed in Iwaizumi's arms, because he was shamefully ticklish there and Iwaizumi *knew* it. "Hajime, don't you dare," he giggled as Iwaizumi brushed his lips along the side of Oikawa's neck, purposefully a feather-light touch in order to light up his nerve endings.

And then Iwaizumi made his move. He dragged his tongue along the side of Oikawa's neck, earning a shriek from the poor receiver, as he wriggled in Iwaizumi's arms. "No! I'm still wearing my face mask! Don't you do this to me!"

Iwaizumi trailed little kisses up his jaw, unable to stop a smile on his lips as Oikawa tried to angle his head away so that Iwaizumi wouldn't be able to mess up the mask on his face. Naturally, it didn't work. Iwaizumi lifted one hand from Oikawa's waist, instead pulled one leg over his long ones to stop him from using the moment of freedom to escape. He used his hand to wipe a portion of the mask away from Oikawa's face, and pressed his lips to the patch of skin on his right cheekbone, right in front of his ear.

Of course, it tasted like strawberries.

Oikawa shrieked and pushed Iwaizumi away with his strength, standing up and leaning over the sink to check his face in the mirror. "Iwa-chan! You ruined it! Now my skin won't be silky smooth!" He puffed his cheeks out in indignance, crossed his arms over his chest, and turned towards his boyfriend. "I'm hurt. What do you have to say for yourself, mister?"

Iwaizumi stood up with a grin. “Beauty is pain, Tooru.”

Oikawa whacked him on the shoulder with one of his obscenely long limbs. “Go wait on the couch. I’ll wash this off and then you can kiss my face all you like- but *properly* this time. No more law-breaking.” He stuck his tongue out childishly.

Iwaizumi leaned over and pressed one last kiss to Oikawa’s cheekbone before he left. He grabbed a blanket from their bed and settled onto the couch to wait, stretched it out along the entire length because he knew that that was the way Oikawa liked it.

It wasn’t long before Oikawa came out, smelling like strawberry. He flopped onto the opposite end of the couch, and after all of about ten seconds of quiet, he started complaining, as usual. His long legs tangled with Iwaizumi’s shorter ones in a pretzel- Oikawa’s body had always fit seamlessly with his own- as he commented on every little aspect of the movie and asked why Iwaizumi liked it so much. Iwaizumi defended his favourite movie, but his usual fierceness wasn’t quite in it.

Yes, Godzilla was his favourite movie, but Oikawa Tooru was (unfortunately) his favourite person, and despite the fact that his complaints were so loud Iwaizumi couldn’t even *hear* the movie, they were worth the attention. The sparkle in his eyes whenever he turned his head to Iwaizumi in order to nitpick a detail sparked a stupid fondness in his chest, and as usual, he found himself hardly minding the interruptions.

By the end of the movie, Oikawa was wrapped around him like a koala, fast asleep, perfect face resting in the crook of his neck as he snored softly. Iwaizumi could only gently run a hand through Oikawa’s short hair, let a dumb smile grace his face because he was *stupidly* in love with this idiot, and wrap his free arm around his boyfriend’s upper back.

He fell asleep to the faint fragrance of strawberries.

Chapter End Notes

hope u enjoyed!! come yell haikyuu at me

if you liked this fic visit my twitter @nautillyus (or <https://twitter.com/nautillyus>) for more including polls n updates !!

forever

Chapter Summary

june 7, day two

iwaoi, fantasy au
(demigod!oikawa, mortal!iwaizumi)

prompt: “sometimes, i forget you can die” “sometimes, i don’t want to remember”

Chapter Notes

they’re both like 15 in this

light angst but also kinda soft?

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

There was a blaze of blue fire, a scream, and then, silence.

The night was dark and starless, black like a cloak of raven’s feathers, lined by a thick shroud of black smoke from the fiery blue explosion. A body lay in the shadows, half-obsured underneath a web of low-hanging branches, singed black from the heat of the flames.

“Hajime!” A panicked voice rung through the darkness, a clear bell that was the moon missing from the sky, and then gentle arms were wrapped around his waist, lifting him gently. He let out a groan of pain, and then he was released- there was now something underneath him, something that felt like hands anxiously running through the spikes of his hair, coming down to cup his cheek gently, as if afraid to break the skin. “Oh gods, are you okay?”

The voice was male, and fervent with worry. Hajime would recognise it anywhere. He opened one eye a crack, looked up at the anxious face he’d memorised every curve of since they were children. It was a rush of memory, seeing that face hanging over him, a rush like a wave that brought him back to a time when that face was younger, rounder, barely glowed with magic.

He lifted one of his own hands and brushed Tooru's brown hair to the side, fingers lingering on one of the horns jutting out of his head before coming down to similarly cup his cheek. He began to laugh, but it quickly dissolved into a cough- the smoke still hung heavy in the air, and in his lungs. He could've been mad at the young demigod, but he was more relieved that Tooru was still working on his magic and wasn't actually strong enough to do anything but wind him. "I'm alright," he wheezed, "but you really suck at magic."

Tooru puffed his cheeks out, attempting to be indignant, but it hardly worked when his frown was wavering with the beginnings of a smile and there were tears in the corners of his eyes. Without warning, he wrapped his arms around Hajime and pulled him into a tight hug, pressing their chests together. "Don't scare me like that. Sometimes, I forget that you can die with the snap of my fingers, even though my magic isn't very strong yet."

Hajime let out a long sigh and returned the embrace, pushing his face into the crook of Tooru's neck. "Shut up. You're not even strong enough to *hurt* me yet," he whispered.

A slight cobweb, the memory of a spider that had been driven away by the rains whose drops now lay on the silken threads as evidence, hung between them in a moment of silence. The gentlest touch of a finger, the most fractional displacement of the fabric, could have sent the flurry of raindrops still suspended on the edge scattering down and onto the forest floor like shooting stars- the shooting stars embedded within Tooru's skin, shining diamonds gleaming underneath a milk sea.

"Sometimes, I don't want to remember," he finally breathed out onto the pale skin, pale skin that seemed to shine in starlight that wasn't even there, trapped within his body and shining through the cracks with a luminous lustre that betrayed his godly origin. Shooting stars. "That you're immortal and I'm not. That even if you don't kill me in a freak accident, I'll die eventually, and you won't." It was an oddly sentimental thought, for Iwaizumi. It felt like his and Tooru's personalities had been switched, for a moment- that, or perhaps it was just strange that for once, Tooru was the one holding *him* and taking care of *him* instead of the other way around.

"Don't talk like that," Tooru mumbled, tightening his arms around his friend as if he would never let go again. His chestnut hair tickled Hajime's skin- it smelled faintly like some kind of flower that he couldn't quite place, subtly fragrant and barely there underneath the harsh scent of smoke. "We're still young. We'll be best friends forever, Hajime. Okay?"

Hajime coughed once and smiled weakly, closing his eyes and angling his head to burrow his face into his best friend's neck. Perhaps it was the smog clouding up his brain, but that sounded like an excellent idea. As a star penetrated the black smoke around them, accentuated the ethereal glow of an expanse that so captivated Hajime's attention, he closed his eyes and let out a long breath into the cocoon of warmth.

“Yeah. Forever.”

It was a promise.

Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoyed!! come yell haikyuu at me on tumblr @cheeky-nan!

fire and ice

Chapter Summary

june 8, day three

iwaoi, modern (childhood)

prompt: "i'll keep you warm"

Chapter Notes

just iwaoi being children in the snow and some weird convoluted metaphors(?)

bold of you to assume i know how to write

no angst pure childhood fluff they just baby

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

The snow was crusted thickly outside of the house, thick drifts of white that only became larger with each passing second as the clouds relieved their load, effectively barricading the occupants of the house inside.

Hajime placed one hand on the window longingly, staring out at the snowy landscape which so strongly beckoned him to walk into the frigid air and jump head-first into the thickest and coldest pile of snow that he could find. He was only nine, after all, and snow was a rare sight in Miyagi Prefecture- especially so much of it. Usually, the temperatures in the area stayed above freezing level; but this winter had been particularly cold, and it was only expected that eventually, the skies would begin to shed. Hajime'd once heard his mother compare the snowflakes to little flakes of clouds, a bird molting its feathers- out with the old, in with the new. Hajime liked that comparison. Hajime liked the cold little bits of cloud, liked little bird's feathers like ice scattered across the ground. Hajime liked snow.

However, he didn't like snow when there was so much of it that he wasn't even able to get outside to touch it, even if his mother had ever conceded to letting him go outside in the harsh weather- which she wouldn't have. And so, Hajime was stuck inside, sat on his bed with the covers thrown onto the floor as if he could emulate the wonderland he couldn't enter,

staring out of the window and at the different world of frost and ice that awaited him, a world that he would probably never see again. He wasn't old enough to think so complexly about it, but this was new and exciting and he somehow knew that new and exciting never stayed around for long.

It wasn't all bad, though. At least he was stuck inside with his best friend.

As if on cue, despite only thinking of it inside of his head, as if he'd *known* that Hajime was just about to turn around and tell him to come over, Tooru was suddenly *right there*, squirming into the space at his side like a little squirrel and leaning into Hajime's warmth.

Hajime was always warm, like a little furnace, and he loved the biting chill of snow and the stark contrast that it threw against his dark skin- white on brown, Tooru's hair and skin, a chestnut deer with long legs like Tooru's splattered by white paint, patches that blended into the wintry world outside.

Tooru was always cold, like a gust of wind, and he hated the biting chill of snow and the way that it blended into his fair skin but left his hair sticking out- white on brown, Hajime's skin peeking out from between the patches of snow, a chocolate deer with horns spiky and sticking up like Hajime's hair, splattered by chestnut paint, mixing the colours together into patches that stood out against the bleak white world.

It had always been that way. Hajime was warm, and Tooru was cold. Tooru was cold, and Hajime was warm. Too many nights to count had been spent sleeping over at the other's house, two boys in two beds becoming two boys in one bed, tucked underneath the same covers with mischievous expressions as if they were sharing a secret that nobody but them knew about, Tooru wrapping his slender form around Hajime's and leeching off of the warmth that Hajime pretended to be stingy about but loved to supply. Tooru always tangled his legs with Hajime's, managing to fit their bodies together in such a way that Hajime couldn't have moved even if he'd wanted to, gently creeping his cold hands underneath Hajime's shirt with short steps made by long fingers in order to reach the end goal of resting his palms flat against Hajime's stomach to warm them up. Tooru always fell asleep first, head tilted reflexively into Hajime's warmth, mouth open and a small rivulet of drool falling from his mouth to pool on the sheets (and sometimes, Hajime's chest), a light chorus of snores rising from his chest in a way that was almost nice. It was the sound that he most often fell asleep to, like how one might listen to the sound of a cat purring because of how familiar and comforting it was. Yes, Tooru's cold body wrapped around his was annoying, but he had grown used to it, and he ended up more than happy to share his warmth with his best friend. He always had been, and maybe he was only a child, but he thought that he always would be.

The world outside was cold, and Tooru was cold, but Hajime was warm, and he was willing to share it. Tooru pulled the blanket from the floor up onto the bed, and tossed it around their shoulders, grabbing the piece on his side and pulling it further into his body as if it would somehow warm him up more. Hajime let his friend lean into his side, shuffled a little bit closer and tilted into Tooru's cold skin. They pulled the blanket over their heads and wrapped it tighter around their bodies, pressed together like two sardines in a tin.

“Hajime, I'm cold.”

“I'll keep you warm.”

Hajime could pretend that Tooru was ice, and Tooru could pretend that Hajime was fire, and they could both live in their own worlds without having to leave the blanket.

Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoyed! come yell haikyuu at me on my tumblr @cheeky-nan!

in the name of the moon!

Chapter Summary

june 9, day four

matsuhana, modern

prompt: “i can’t believe my clothes look better on you. this is illegal”

Chapter Notes

as expected from seijoh’s meme team, literally just pure crack

mentioned iwaoi, kyouhaba, and kinkuni (or whatever kunimi and kindaichi’s ship name is)

completely and shamelessly inspired by the fact that furudate always accidentally(?) draws makki and mattsun with each others jersey numbers

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

“Holy shit.”

Hanamaki posed like Sailor Moon, cocking one hip out and raising a sign made with his fingers up to his chest. “I’m Matsukawa, and in the name of the moon, I’ll punish you!” He opened his mouth and tried to widen his eyes, as if he could completely mimic Sailor Moon in the environment of the boy’s locker room rather than a starry blue and pink background.

However, this didn’t matter to Matsukawa, who grabbed his stomach and doubled over in laughter. “Nice, nice. That’s probably the best impression yet- it works even better wearing my jersey. You look better in it than I do,” he murmured admiringly after a sudden switch of gears, looking over his boyfriend fondly. Hanamaki coloured a shade of rose that put his hair to shame in return.

Hanamaki and Matsukawa had been together for god-knows-how long, but nobody knew about it because pretty much everyone on Seijou's team was too wrapped up in their own gay crises to notice. Iwaizumi and Oikawa had been tiptoeing around their feelings for each other for years, Kyoutani had no idea what to say to Yahaba during practice and neither did Yahaba to Kyoutani (which often ended up with both of them as blushing messes), and Kindaichi was always peering at Kunimi during practice (and even though Kunimi would never admit it, sometimes he peered back).

Basically, everyone on the team was gay and oblivious. Go figure.

Anyway, both of them knew very well that if anyone knew about it, they wouldn't be left alone, as they were the first two to finally figure out their feelings and act on them and that was admirable in this mess of a team. So, they'd taken to playing a game- swapping jerseys in the locker room during practice to see if anyone would suspect anything- let alone notice- sharing their closets with each other and just picking out random bits from each other's clothing when they went out on casual events with their friends, obviously going to the washroom at the same time and switching clothes halfway through the day and then playing it off whenever someone commented on the obvious switch, wearing each other's uniforms of just *slightly* different sizes; the list goes on.

In summary, the two of them were trolling their gay and oblivious friends. But what was new? It was Hanamaki Takahiro and Matsukawa Issei. It was what they *did*.

"Shut up, Issei," Hanamaki groaned out, covering his face with one hand- however, a smile was evident through the spaces between his fingers. "Your jersey's too big on me. You're a fat man."

"My mum says it's all puppy fat," Matsukawa frowned, sticking out that pronounced upper lip of his in a frown and rounding his sleepy eyes. "I'll grow out of it eventually."

"You're already eighteen, there's no growing out of your puppy fat now, mister fat man." Hanamaki stuck his tongue out, and Matsukawa crossed his arms in mock indignance in response.

"Jealous I'm taller than you, 'Hiro?" he grinned, and Hanamaki let out a laugh.

“As long as we’re both taller than Oikawa, there’s nothing to be jealous of,” he responded, taking a seat beside Matsukawa and bumping their shoulders together.

“Oh come on, you’re only taller than him by like, not even a centimetre. That hardly counts. Meanwhile, I’m an entire inch ahead of the game.” He ran a hand through Hanamaki’s close-cropped hair, leaving a slight displacement in its wake.

Hanamaki hit him in the shoulder with a laugh. “Alright, alright. We should probably actually get to practice. Oikawa *will* notice if we go missing.”

Matsukawa let out a reluctant sigh of agreement and stood up, stretching upwards. The slightly shorter #3 jersey hiked up just a little bit, showing the smallest portion of his stomach. “Yeah. Day number something of switching jerseys. We might as well make the switch permanently- I’ve lost count of how many times they haven’t noticed it.”

“Aww, give poor little Kunimi some credit. He did give me a weird look yesterday, like he knew something was wrong but couldn’t figure it out,” Hanamaki supplied, standing up as well and beginning to walk out towards the door that lead to the gym, behind which were the sounds of volleyballs hitting the ground- probably from Oikawa’s monster serves.

Matsukawa followed, and laid one hand on Hanamaki’s shoulder affectionately. “Maybe our clothes looking good on each other means that we’re meant for each other. You really *do* look good today, ‘Hiro.’”

Hanamaki swatted his hand away, but snorted regardless. “Yeah, I do look good. Can’t say the same for you, fat man.”

Matsukawa let out an offended gasp. “Okay, Chibi-chan.”

“I’m not short, fatso!” Hanamaki yelped back.

“You’re short from up here.”

Hanamaki kicked him in the heels and used the opportunity to gain a head start.

Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoyed! come yell haikyuu at me on my tumblr @cheeky-nan!

lavender sky

Chapter Summary

june 10, day five

iwaoi, modern

prompt: “i’ve never seen eyes the same colour as yours”

bonus: shower of compliments

Chapter Notes

happy birthday iwa-chan!!!! i love you vewy vewy much 🥺

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

It started on June 3rd.

Iwaizumi hadn’t been sure at the time as to why June 3rd was the day, but it was.

The day had been normal. Casual. He followed the same routine that he always did- woke up, got ready, waited for Oikawa (who seemed to have a timer for Iwaizumi’s arrival, as he was always at least five minutes late no matter *what* time Iwaizumi arrived at the gate), walked to school with him, went to classes, went to practice, and started the walk home.

He’d been walking to and from school with Oikawa ever since they were children. He’d simply *been with* Oikawa ever since they were children. They had been neighbours, and their mothers had been friends, and Iwaizumi was an only child and Oikawa was loud and eccentric. It was practically meant to be. Most of his childhood was impossible to remember without the youngest Oikawa’s smiling face. In fact, one of his earliest memories was of dragging a crying Oikawa through the forest at sunset, after they’d gone out bug hunting.

(Iwaizumi's grasp on Oikawa's hand was tight.

Oikawa had always been an ugly crier, but somehow he was even more so when he was hurt. His eyes were round and red, brimming with more watery tears than the ones that already rolled in rivulets down to his chin, and the tip of his nose was turned cherry by his sniffles and the cold night. Bruises decorated his knees in light blue and purple blooms, rosy skin marred by small and ugly lavender marks the colour of the sky's dying light, which clearly didn't belong to his pale complexion.

"Iwa-chan," he sobbed, "it hurts. My knees hurt." His grip tightened in his best friend's, like he was using the pressure to distract himself from the pain.

"You only fell outta the lowest branch of the tree," Iwaizumi grumbled in return, like he was irritated, but conversely comfortingly rubbed circles on the back of Oikawa's hand with one finger. "Don't be a baby."

"Are we nearly home, Iwa-chan? I wanna go home," Oikawa whined, looking up at Iwaizumi. Iwaizumi didn't look back at him.

"Yeah, we are, you whiny baby. But if you don't stop whining, I'm gonna let go and leave you here," he responded, stepping up the pace.

Oikawa sniffled. Iwaizumi's words seemed to be comforting to him, despite their coarseness. Perhaps it was the familiarity. "Iwa-chan's holding my hand. Does that mean Iwa-chan's my friend?"

Iwaizumi rolled his eyes, but he made no move to protest. Oikawa was quiet for the rest of the walk.)

Oikawa now wasn't too different from Oikawa then. He was still loud, still whiny, still annoying, still practically a toddler, and Iwaizumi was still hopelessly attached to him. The only difference was that Iwaizumi's feelings of attachment were much less platonic now than they were in those days, days when their lists of worries were comprised of falling out of

trees and letting that last bug escape their grasp rather than losing their last game as third years and finally facing the harsh reality of a world after high school.

A walk to school, classes, and volleyball practice. June 3rd was a day like any other-- up until his and Oikawa's regularly scheduled walk back home, because nothing that involved Oikawa could ever stay simple and constant for long. He always just *had* to make things more complicated. Iwaizumi sometimes had to wonder if he was a *sadist*, falling deeply and irreparably in love with the single worst person on Earth just to hurt himself.

They'd only been walking for a few minutes, side by side in an unusual silence, (usually Oikawa was talking, but it seemed that today was an exception) when Oikawa finally broke it.

"That colour compliments your skin tone."

It was blunt. Out of nowhere. Iwaizumi stopped suddenly, in the middle of the road, and looked over to Oikawa, raising his eyebrows. "Huh?"

Oikawa stopped slightly ahead of him, yet he didn't turn his head around when he spoke again. "It looks good on you, is all."

"Trashkawa, this is the exact same thing that I wear to school every day. You're only choosing *now* to comment on it?" Iwaizumi scoffed, crossing his arms.

Any other person would've been flustered at their crush complimenting them, but then, Iwaizumi wouldn't have called what he felt for Oikawa a *crush*. Crushes were schoolgirls whispering giddily to their friends about how cute the guy walking past them in the hallway was, trying to get their attention or blushing when they so much as looked at them. Iwaizumi and Oikawa were different. Iwaizumi had seen him almost hit someone in a fit of instability and rage, seen him lie defeated on the floor after working so hard that he couldn't stand, seen him cry ugly and bitter tears of anger and sadness and regret and everything in between. Oikawa had seen him doubt his abilities as an ace, seen him angry and upset that Oikawa never seemed to be able to believe that he was *enough*, seen him hang his head low after missing a ball set to him with perfect timing.

He'd been Oikawa's pillar, and Oikawa had been his in return. They'd both stood strong and reminded the other that they were the same. He knew Oikawa inside and out, and Oikawa knew *him* inside and out in return, and he was *not* one of the schoolgirls that gawked at Oikawa in the hallway and twirled their hair around their fingers imagining him taking them out on a charming date. He was not one of the schoolgirls that dressed up in nice clothes everyday on the off-chance that Oikawa would see them, and ask them out. The both of them had been through the worst and the best together.

So, no. Iwaizumi did not have a crush, and he did not become flustered at the compliment.

"Rude, Iwa-chan! You're supposed to join in with my many adoring fans!" Oikawa whined and looked back at Iwaizumi, with the whole 'kicked puppy' look on his face. It was the kind of look that would have sent a legion of young girls into cardiac arrest for ten seconds before they started offering to carry him around like a prince in earnest. Iwaizumi wasn't completely immune, but his resistance had been building for many, many years. "Compliment me back! Say I'm pretty!"

Iwaizumi didn't even have to think of a retort for that one- it was his sixth sense for Oikawa's bullshit kicking in. "I'm pretty," he responded with a roll of his eyes and began to walk again.

"Mean!"

No, Iwaizumi did not have a crush. He did not spend his nights wide awake, thinking about Oikawa holding his hand and kissing him under the streetlights and taking him out on dates. Their relationship was built in an entirely different way. Instead of, say, nights spent out on the town eating an expensive dinner by candlelight, the food that they would eat would be takeout, and the only illumination in the room would be the television screening one of Oikawa's favourite shitty movies. Instead of gentle kisses and long conversations about about how much they loved each other, they would sit on the couch and hurl insults that they didn't truly mean at each other. They knew each other too well, were built too differently, for it to be classified as a crush.

However, that didn't mean that Iwaizumi didn't spend most of his night thinking about why Oikawa said it.

-

June 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th. The same thing. A normal day of waking up, walking to school listening to the consistently-late-Oikawa's chatter, going through regular class, practicing, and then starting on the walk home. Oikawa's talkativity varied on different days- sometimes he was just the same on the afternoon walk as the morning one, loud and annoying, and would manually steer the conversation towards a compliment, or he wouldn't say anything and then simply toss a compliment at Iwaizumi out of the blue. Iwaizumi had started expecting it when he woke up in the morning, strangely enough.

Iwaizumi had been talking about the new Godzilla that came out recently on the next day- the 4th. Oikawa had laughed, and told him "You're so cute when you're excited, Iwa-chan." (Iwaizumi would never have mentioned it and stroked Oikawa's ego, but Oikawa was especially adorable when he got excited. All of his bravado dropped, and as a result of that genuineness, Iwaizumi could overlook the annoying child beneath.)

On the 5th, Iwaizumi had been listening dutifully to Oikawa complaining about Ushijima and Kageyama. (He would've reprimanded Oikawa- at least on Kageyama, because he was a good kid- but it wasn't going to get through to Oikawa anyway.) When Oikawa had finished, he had looked down at Iwaizumi with one of his rare genuine smiles. "Aah~ you're so easy to talk to, Iwa-chan. Such a good listener." (Iwaizumi had only been able to roll his eyes and respond "It's not like you give me much of a choice.")

When the 6th rolled around, Oikawa told Iwaizumi a joke. He hated to admit it, but it was a well-thought out joke, and funny in the stupidest way possible. Perhaps his sense of humour had been degraded from hanging out around Oikawa for so long? Iwaizumi had laughed loudly, a deep and rough sound, and Oikawa had let out a long sigh. "Iwa-chan, your laugh is so adorable. You sound so happy." (Iwaizumi wasn't about to burst his bubble, but Oikawa's laugh was much nicer than his was. Oikawa hated that he snorted when he laughed, but to Iwaizumi, it was incredibly endearing.)

Iwaizumi was talking on the walk back home on the 7th. It had started off with a topic, but eventually it had just devolved into the two of them aimlessly chatting with each other and bouncing between multiple other topics. Iwaizumi just so happened to know a lot about comics, and he was informing Oikawa about them while he smiled on. When he'd finally finished, Oikawa had averted his eyes and looked straight ahead. "You're good at listening, but you're good at talking, too," he had murmured, running a hand through his own hair. "Your voice is nice and soothing, Iwa-chan. Did you know that?" (Iwaizumi had never had

the word ‘soothing’ used to describe his voice. He supposed it was quite low, but also quite soft. Soothing was an adjective that made sense. Oikawa’s voice was generally high-pitched and annoying most of the time, but for some reason, Iwaizumi kind of liked it. Maybe it was from putting up with Oikawa’s rants all of the time. It had grown on him, like some fucked-up fungus.)

The 8th of June came relatively quickly. For the first time in multiple days, the walk back had been quiet, just like on the first day Oikawa had complimented him. However, despite the verbal distance between the two, Oikawa had been walking closer to Iwaizumi than ever. When they walked forward, arms swinging at their sides, their knuckles knocked gently against each other and the backs of their hands just brushed. Neither of them had made an attempt to move away. Oikawa had looked down at Iwaizumi’s hands, slightly shorter than his own, and fractionally smaller, but with noticeably thicker fingers and a more broad frame overall. They looked like the hands of a dependable person, like Iwaizumi. He had let out a small hum, and spoke out of nowhere once more. “Maybe this sounds like a weird observation, but you have nice hands, Iwa-chan. They’re pretty perfect for spiking.” (It *was* a pretty weird observation, but Iwaizumi would’ve been lying if he said that he himself didn’t look at Oikawa’s hands. They were slightly longer than his own, and fractionally larger, and his fingers were longer yet also thinner than Iwaizumi’s. They looked like the delicate hands of a setter- just looking at the surface of Oikawa and his personality, it would be impossible to guess that it was that personality that lead the calculations to Seijou’s victories and those hands that served balls as powerful as spikes.)

The 9th was another quiet one. Oikawa had regained his distance from Iwaizumi, who would have been both lying yet also telling the truth if he’d said that he hadn’t been missing the way that their hands brushed when they walked. Iwaizumi had been able to feel Oikawa’s eyes on him- he had been staring a lot more than usual. Whenever Iwaizumi had looked back at him, though, he’d looked away and denied that he had been. So, he’d simply let Oikawa stare at him while he stared at the road ahead of him. They were nearly home- the longest that Oikawa had gone without complimenting him, which was an interesting thing to think about as Oikawa would never have complimented him even *once* on a usual week, let alone regularly- when Oikawa said something at last. “You know, Iwa-chan, I’ve never seen eyes the same colour as yours. Sometimes, they look brown, and other times, they look green, and *other* times, they look like both. They’re pretty unique, huh? But in a good way.” (Iwaizumi had simply sighed and continued walking. “They’re *eyes*, Oikawa, not treasure. Their colour is irrelevant, I need them to *see*. ”)

Naturally, Iwaizumi had tried raising the topic to Oikawa multiple times. It was so sudden, so unexpected, so organised yet somehow also disorganised in the most Oikawa-like fashion possible, and he couldn’t think of any reason on Earth that would have made sense for why Oikawa, who had rarely said anything about Iwaizumi’s looks and personality, let alone positive things, suddenly had so much to *say*.

However, Oikawa Tooru was a master of stubbornness and avoidance, and Iwaizumi woke up on the 10th not even a single step closer to figuring it out than he had been when it started on the 3rd of the month.

The 10th was almost just like every other day. Wake up, walk, school, practice, start the walk back. There were a few nonchalant ‘happy birthday’ comments here and there, the first of which was from Oikawa, but other than those it was mostly normal.

However, this time on the walk home, he and Oikawa hardly got twenty metres outside of the school’s walls before Oikawa was grabbing his arm and pulling him in his wake. It made him recall a memory of the lavender in the sky, lavender littered in oblong shapes on Tooru’s knees, lavender in thick swathes in a small forest where he and Oikawa used to kneel in the grass and climb the trees in pursuit of bugs. This time, though, he wasn’t the one pulling.

Oikawa sat him down on a park bench, crossed his arms over his chest, and puffed his cheeks out in the way that an indignant little child would. “Happy bir-“ he began, but Iwaizumi raised a hand to cut him off.

“You already said ‘happy birthday.’ You obviously want to tell me something- and don’t give me that *look*, there’s no other reason you would have dragged me here- so just spit it out.” He crossed his arms in return, raising his eyebrows high onto his forehead.

One of those rare genuine smiles flashed across Oikawa’s face. “Ah, Iwa-chan! Always straight to the point! I just...” He placed his hands in his lap and began to twiddle his thumbs. “You asked me about why I was complimenting you?” Oikawa took a look over at Iwaizumi, out of the corner of his eyes, waiting for the nod that he knew would come.

When It did, he continued. “It was just kind of, like, a lead-up to your birthday. And this.” All of a sudden, Oikawa leaned close into Iwaizumi’s personal space, raised one of the hands from his lap and ghosted the tips of his fingers across Iwaizumi’s jaw. All it was was one gentle movement, Oikawa gently pressing his lips to the corners of Iwaizumi’s as if he was afraid to pass a boundary, a shy experiment, but they could both feel the electricity that passed between them.

“I’m kind of totally in love with you, Hajime,” Oikawa murmured against Iwaizumi’s skin, a hot exhale that smelled like forests with clearings full of lavender. “Always have been, maybe. Possibly always will be, but that’s kind of presumptuous for third years.”

Iwaizumi wasn’t one to waste time. “Well, that’s awful, because I regret to say that I’m also kind of totally in love with you and now I have no excuse not to kiss your stupid pretty face.” He grabbed Oikawa’s cheeks, which had just indignantly puffed out, and pulled their faces together into a soft kiss.

“Woe is you,” Oikawa muttered, rolling his eyes, but the way that he slid his arms around Iwaizumi’s neck and locked his fingers together at the nape, plus the stupid smile gracing his stupidly pretty face, suggested that he wasn’t so sympathetic to the cause after all. “Happy birthday, Hajime.”

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading! come yell haikyuu at me on my tumblr @cheeky-nan!

constellations

Chapter Summary

june 11, day six

tsukkiyama, modern

prompt: “this is where we first met”

Chapter Notes

a break from the iwaoi??? who would've guessed it...

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

“Wait for me!”

A familiar voice called after him, but Tsukishima neither stopped nor responded. He only slid the headphones down from his ears as acknowledgement and waited for his friend to catch up with him.

Yamaguchi was by his side after a moment, cheeks tinged rose and breath slightly heavier than usual from running. “You’ve been leaving school early recently, Tsukki,” he murmured, looking over at the blonde boy.

It was true. Usually, Yamaguchi was out of practice before him- and in the rare case that he wasn’t, Tsukishima would usually wait for him outside of the door. They lived relatively close to each other, so they often took the same path home anyway, and Tsukishima supposed that Yamaguchi’s company wasn’t the *worst* out of everyone he could have walked home with. Hinata was awfully annoying, Kageyama was just plain rude, Tanaka and Nishinoya were both ridiculously loud, Azumane was irritatingly nervous about everything, and Sawamura and Sugawara probably would’ve been flirting on the way home, and Tsukishima had not signed up for the volleyball team to see that.

So, Yamaguchi it usually was. He'd simply decided to stop waiting for Yamaguchi after practice recently, because he had better things to do. Waiting around to walk home with someone was a waste of time, and Yamaguchi usually caught up with him anyway, so it wasn't like it really *mattered*. Besides, Yamaguchi and him always walked the same way home because it was the midpoint between both of their houses, and Tsukishima simply liked looking at a variety of scenery. He had taken one such alternate path today- so it appeared that Yamaguchi would have to make a detour. Oh well.

"Yeah. I suppose," he responded coolly, shrugging his shoulders once. There wasn't much more to say about it than that- it wasn't a big deal. Besides, Yamaguchi had never one to pry- although, Tsukishima did suppose that he *had* changed quite a bit over the years that they'd known each other. Yamaguchi had also never been one to inspire other people, what with his all-around average looks, grades, and athletic ability, but he was the only one who had been able to pull Tsukishima out of his slum.

However, Yamaguchi didn't pry. He simply hummed in acceptance- he had regained his breath- and moved on with his life, swinging his arms as he walked. After a few moments of silence between them, Yamaguchi suddenly exclaimed something. "Hey! Look at that, Tsukki! It's the old playground!"

Tsukishima, who hadn't noticed it before, turned his head to check if Yamaguchi was really telling the truth. Of course, he was. The yard of their old school, with gaudy bright plastic crafting the tiny slides and swings visible even through the shroud of darkness.

"Where we first met," Yamaguchi tacked softly onto the end, looking over at Tsukishima for a moment before stopping in his tracks. Tsukishima, though he didn't know why, stopped too. Perhaps it was because Yamaguchi had echoed aloud what he had been thinking inside of his head?

Without waiting for another moment, Yamaguchi grabbed onto one of Tsukishima's uniform's wrist cuffs and dragged him towards the playground. He awkwardly maneuvered around the fence, and then he was inside, looking over the ugly and tiny playground full of memories with a sparkle of nostalgia in his eyes. He touched everything as he walked past, as if remembering them by touch alone, and then climbed onto one of the swings.

It was a waste of time. Tsukishima knew that. He could keep walking and leave Yamaguchi behind, and he would be back home earlier the sooner that he left, so that he could isolate

himself in his room. There was no sense in waiting for Yamaguchi, who was staring up at the night sky, a childlike wonder brightening his features, making them shine like the same constellations that he was mapping with his eyes. Tsukishima thought that he could map out all of those same constellations on Yamaguchi's freckles.

There was no sense in waiting, for it was a waste of time, and so he sat down on the swing beside Yamaguchi's and stared up at the sky just like him. However, he quickly grew bored, and shifted his attention to Yamaguchi's face instead. The map of stars splashed across the bridge of his nose and cheekbones was much more interesting than the one in the sky's featureless face.

There was no sense in waiting. He would be better off going home.

So he stayed and mapped the stars.

Chapter End Notes

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like petrichor

Chapter Summary

june 12, day seven

iwaoi, modern

prompt: “i think i’m in love with you”

bonus: kissing in the rain and getting soaked; laughing

Chapter Notes

this is one of my favourite fics i’ve written for this! i hope you enjoy it too!

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

“No way! Not ever! This is, like, on the level of *murder*. I would never put anyone through that kind of pain- that’s so fucked up.”

Iwaizumi let out a sigh. A long sigh. A sigh of pain, and misery, and the longing to be anywhere except for there. “It’s literally water falling from the sky, Oikawa. I hope you’re not *this* dramatic every time you get into the shower.”

The sky was dark with rain and early evening air. Once again, Iwaizumi and Oikawa had stayed behind after everyone else had left. Practicing serves, practicing sets, practicing spikes, practicing receives- there was no real point to it anymore, because they had lost and they wouldn’t be going to nationals, but it was pretty much tradition at this point. That, and maybe they were trying to fool themselves a little bit longer.

By the time that they’d finished today, it had started raining. Well, ‘raining’ was a generous term- it could hardly be considered rain, because it was more like a small *drizzle* than actual and legitimate rain. Iwaizumi had walked straight out into it, because he didn’t bring an umbrella and didn’t care- however, Oikawa was being a little baby about it. No surprises there, though.

“A shower is different!” he protested, holding onto the doorframe of the gym and not daring to poke his head out. “When you shower, you *voluntarily* get your hair wet, and you don’t ruin your clothes! Wrinkled fabric and wet hair is not a joke, Iwa-chan!”

Iwaizumi let out another sigh. He’d practically perfected it, due to prolonged exposure to the most annoying member of the Oikawa family. The harsh exhale conveyed a level of suffering that only Oikawa’s best friend would ever have been able to feel. *What did I do to deserve this?* Iwaizumi briefly thought to himself, like he did thousands of times a day- a mantra repeated over and over in his head, as if it would change something- *anything* . “I’m leaving, Stupidkawa. You can walk home by yourself when the rain stops.”

He’d only managed to turn around when he heard the protest behind him. “Wait! You can’t *leave* me here, Iwa-chan! I’m going to rot and die all alone! Then my mum will call you and ask ‘ *where’s Tooru, I haven’t seen him in months,* ’ and you’ll have to tell her that you left me in the gym while it was raining!” Despite not being able to see Oikawa, he could tell that he was using his signature puppy eyes and pouting.

Iwaizumi began to walk. “You won’t die without all of the attention on you for a couple of hours. In fact, it might actually do you some good,” he commented idly.

Next thing he knew, Oikawa was standing beside him, cheeks puffed out like a blowfish and hand extended. “Give me your jacket. My hair’s gonna get wet.”

Iwaizumi rolled his eyes. “Oikawa, your jacket is literally in your volleyball bag, which you are currently holding. You could just take it *out* of the bag.” Regardless, he paused for a second and pulled his own jacket off of his shoulders, pushing it into Oikawa’s hands and hoping that he wouldn’t drop it.

“Who do you take me for, Iwa-chan? ‘ *Just take it out of the bag.* ’ You’re crazy. That’s too much work,” Oikawa complained, accepting the jacket and sliding his arms through the sleeves before pulling it down over his torso. As soon as he had it on, he flicked the hood up over his head and offered a grin to Iwaizumi. As usual, Oikawa looked good in everything that he wore. “Besides, you always give me your jacket anyway, so there’s no point in bothering.”

“Yeah, but now I’m cold, asshole,” Iwaizumi grumbled, crossing his arms over his chest and starting the walk back. The chilly rain felt colder on his arms than it did on his face, warm from both rage and a blush at Oikawa’s regular bullshit, and though he supposed he would acclimatise soon, it still stung the skin.

“Aww, Iwa-chan’s cold? He can take my jacket out of my bag.” Oikawa turned around to show Iwaizumi his volleyball bag, which had multiple pockets unzipped. Iwaizumi reached over and tugged the zippers back across to where they belonged in order to seal the pockets, and then kept walking. It was so *Oikawa* to steal his jacket because he was too lazy to get his own and then make Iwaizumi get it instead, and he wasn’t about to surrender to it. Oikawa chuckled in response to Iwaizumi’s defiance, and put an extra skip in his step in order to catch up.

Oikawa was just about to open his mouth again upon seeing Iwaizumi shiver just slightly, but the world took that as the signal to turn on the fan and throw the shit at it, because shit hit the fan real fast and the skies suddenly opened up with a torrential downpour.

Oikawa screamed and grabbed onto Iwaizumi’s arm, but when he began talking, he sounded more excited than scared. “Run, Iwa-chan! We’re going to get soaked!”

Iwaizumi sighed for the third time, but there was slightly less suffering in it than the past two. He slid his hand into Oikawa’s and broke out into a run, pulling the taller boy along the quiet streets and towards the nearest cover that he could see- the awning in front of a small shop with dark windows. Oikawa began to laugh behind him, tightening his hand around Iwaizumi’s and letting himself be dragged along. “Run, Iwa-chan!” he screamed over the wind and the rain, and Iwaizumi could only grin broadly in response.

It reminded him of when they were children, and he would’ve been surprised if Oikawa wasn’t thinking exactly the same. An excited Iwaizumi dragging a reluctant Oikawa along the pathways near their house as it drizzled rain, checking the sidewalks for wriggling worms to put in jars and take home for a day before freeing them out of pity. (“*Why are we looking for bugs, Iwa-chan? They’re gross, and icky!*” “*Bugs are cool. You’re gross and icky.*” “*Well, bugs are still ugly! Are you saying you like ugly things?*” “*Well, I like you.*”) Most of their childhood had been spent in similar spats, and now they were together in a similar situation, childhood energy reinvigorated as they ran towards the awning, lost in laughter and each other. Their world, once again reduced to only the two of them for as long as they were together, and even when they weren’t.

Finally, they reached the awning, out of breath and panting from the frantic sprint and the laughter that had shaken their bodies as they ran. Oikawa wrapped his arms around Iwaizumi's shoulders and pressed their foreheads together, closing his eyes and panting warm air against Iwaizumi's face. Their breaths mingled together as one as they tried to regain them, warm hands on each other's skin, cold from the rain's relentless onslaught. Both of them were still chuckling through their pants, swallowing down full-blown laughter attacks once again. Slowly, they opened their eyes, which instinctively sought out the familiar pair across from them.

Iwaizumi felt *good*. The brief exercise, the sound of Oikawa's laughter as well as the sensation of his own, the proximity of their bodies and the way that their chests seemed to heave in tandem from the exertion- Oikawa's soft features, his dark eyes gleaming with mirth and his genuine smile reserved for the most intimate of moments, face streaked with the trails that the rain had left on its passing and the slightest sheen of sweat, long eyelashes gleaming with the droplets of rain that had trapped themselves in the fibres, the list went on.

Oikawa was always beautiful, with big eyes and perfect hair and that irritating yet sexy smirk on his face, but in that moment his beauty seemed to multiply tenfold. Oikawa was always beautiful, but especially when his elaborately constructed walls were down, especially when he wasn't trying to be, and above all, especially when he had that lopsided smile of true happiness on his face. It was moments like this when Iwaizumi remembered why he spent his life putting up with Oikawa's bullshit, and why he would continue to do so for as long as he could- and no, it wasn't only because he was completely and utterly in love with his best friend.

Completely and utterly in love.

"I think I'm in love with you," he breathed out softly between his weakening pants, closing his eyes once again and swallowing any nervousness that lingered down his throat. "God, Oikawa, I think I always have been."

And it was true. Iwaizumi had never known it to be love, for he had been too young and too naive, but once he had clicked two of the puzzle pieces together, all of the fragments of his past with Oikawa had simultaneously gravitated together and finished the rest of the puzzle for him. His love had always been shown in action, rather than words, and he had been showing his love for Oikawa since they were only children. Bringing him his favourite milk bread when he was sick, never leaving him behind on an adventure no matter how much he whined, kissing his bruises better upon his request whenever he tripped and fell- it had been a

different love, yes, but it had been just as strong, and he knew that it had been the basis for what he felt now.

Oikawa let out a noise, which sounded like a mix between pleasure and frustration. “Iwa-chan, are you *serious*? I’ve been waiting for you to say that to me for *years*, I was expecting at least a single candle at a decent dinner table, or something! Not all sweaty and gross out in the rain! My hair’s a mess, and my face is red and puffy, and-”

“And,” Iwaizumi interrupted, “you’re beautiful. You’re never more beautiful than when you’re not trying to be,” he muttered, colouring the gentlest shade of pink that was hardly visible underneath his tanned skin. “But really, years?”

Oikawa opened his mouth wide like he was about to say something about Iwaizumi’s compliment, but he closed it and began quietly instead. “Years. Iwa-chan. I’ve never loved any of my girlfriends like I love you. I always thought that it was a different love between us, and maybe it was, and I don’t know when it changed, but-”

Iwaizumi interrupted him for the second time, dropping one hand to Oikawa’s hip and ghosting the other across his cheek. Oikawa fell silent instantly, and Iwaizumi could both see and feel the red flush on his face.

“Can I kiss you?”

Oikawa didn’t respond in words.

Oikawa pushed and Iwaizumi pulled, and then Iwaizumi pushed and Oikawa pulled. In the end, they met in the middle, just like they always had. When their lips touched with a messy and off-centre movement, they both mumbled their apologies and released their remaining laughter and tried to figure each other out.

It would be a learning curve, he supposed- just like he’d spent all those years learning what kind of movies Oikawa liked to watch and where he was the most ticklish, he’d have to spend more learning how their lips best fit together and where Oikawa most loved being kissed.

But Oikawa's lips were sweet, like the smell of the earth after rain, and Iwaizumi thought that he might be okay with learning all over again.

Chapter End Notes

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professional

Chapter Summary

june 13, day eight

iwaoi, modern (aged up)

prompt: “can you be less... you? at least for this very important meeting?”

Chapter Notes

i like this one less but i wanted some oikawa content so HERE YOU ARE

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

Oikawa was garbage.

Actually, fully, completely *garbage*.

He seemed to have no redeeming qualities. Sure, he was pretty, but if personalities had smells, his would be the washroom after someone took a massive dump and didn't turn the fan on to air out the room. He was loud and whiny, and whenever he wasn't being loud and whiny, he was either pissed off or had the most obnoxious smug smirk on his face. Both were annoying. In fact, all versions of him were annoying. Iwaizumi thought he would never find anything about Oikawa to like, simply because of the fact that whatever beauty he had was instantly soured by the scent of garbage that wafted around him.

Yet, somehow, Oikawa was coming along with him to a professional meeting. An actual, important, *professional* meeting that would probably have an impact on his life for the years to come. A meeting that actually mattered. And he was bringing *Oikawa*. The human embodiment of trash-- then again, Iwaizumi supposed that it was an insult to trash to compare Oikawa to it.

And still, Oikawa was by his side as he walked towards the meeting, clad in a suit nearly identical to his own and looking surprisingly smart with a pair of thick-framed glasses pushed against his nose. Ah, those professors- they would be charmed by Oikawa's good looks and sweet talk, fully unaware of the fact that his brain was an empty husk.

Perhaps that was slight hyperbole, though. Oikawa wasn't dumb- not by a landslide. Iwaizumi knew that better than anyone. His observance during a game of volleyball was better than anyone else's, and the strategies that he came up with on the fly while still managing to stay in top athletic form was truly stunning. Oikawa was definitely not stupid- at least when it came to volleyball. Iwaizumi just thought that in a professional environment, Oikawa would have a lot of trouble trying to keep his mind on the topic instead of on volleyball, was all.

They stopped outside of the double doors. Iwaizumi sucked in a breath and turned towards Oikawa, surprised to find his face blank and expressionless as he looked forward to the doors. "Look, Oikawa. I know you're... *you* ... But could you try to be a little bit less *you* ? At least for this very important meeting? My job depends on this."

He hadn't wanted to bring Oikawa along. It had been more of a babysitting thing than anything else- Oikawa would've been home alone in their apartment, and Iwaizumi didn't trust him to be sensible and not add a fiftieth stain to the poor rug in their living room. Besides, Oikawa didn't *want* to be left alone, and once Iwaizumi had mentioned he was going to a meeting, he was dead-set on coming with him. Stubbornness was one of Oikawa's most annoying qualities.

"Rude, Iwa-ch- I mean, Iwaizumi-san," he corrected himself hastily, lowering his voice from what had been nearly a shout, seemingly becoming aware in the moment of how close they were to the doors, behind which were a bunch of Iwaizumi's colleagues and superiors- university professors who were there to talk about important things, such as the curriculum and the funding in their programs. Today, though, it was just Iwaizumi's department- science and medicine.

Iwaizumi simply sighed, hoped that none of them had heard that, and opened the doors. He let Oikawa in first- he could see by the way that Oikawa bit his lip that he was trying not to comment on Iwaizumi holding the door open for him- and then followed, shutting it behind him and walking over to the table.

It was a relatively big room, wide and rectangular with a long table in the centre, almost like a dining hall from medieval times. However, the room itself was more modern- though still dated- with nice wooden arches framing tinted windows and an overall weathered and homely look to it. It wouldn't have seemed like the type of place that a meeting would be held, but the people in suits around the long table signalled otherwise.

“Good morning. Sawamura-san, Sugawara-san, Azumane-san.” He bowed to the three that he knew, and then once more to the others that he wasn't quite sure of the names of. “This is Oikawa-san. He's simply accompanying me for the meeting.” He decided not to expand on it any more than that- not only was it really not anyone's business, but Iwaizumi didn't like lying, and he didn't want to tell all of his important colleagues and superiors that he had taken Oikawa along because Oikawa was practically four years old.

Oikawa, surprisingly, bowed elegantly and without any of the regular showiness and glamour that he would have tossed in. He simply bowed once, eyes closed, and then took a seat beside Iwaizumi, who had already done so. Nobody acknowledged him, but Oikawa didn't seem bothered at all by it. Iwaizumi felt like that didn't bode well.

“Alright. Let's get started.” Sawamura lifted a few papers from the desk and tapped them against the hard surface of the table that they were all seated around, pushing them into a neater pile with every single *clack* of paper against wood. “The first topic that we need to discuss is, of course, next year's curriculums, in following with the governmental restrictions and learning requirements.”

Each of them taught a different class- Iwaizumi taught all of the classes on sports medicine, Sugawara was a biology professor (although, specifically, it had been marine biology that had caught his interest), Asahi was a professor of physics, Sawamura taught a variety of science classes, and he wasn't sure about the others- but case in point, they never actually agreed entirely to one sole curriculum, because they literally couldn't. Rather, the points of these meetings were to discuss curriculums with the other professors and bounce ideas off of each other. Iwaizumi had no idea why they were always so formal about it, because he was friendly enough with the three professors in the room that he *knew* to simply ask them for feedback (as well as give it to them), but apparently, they had to wear suits. It was probably their boss being uptight, as usual.

As Sawamura talked, Iwaizumi could visibly see Oikawa growing more and more impatient where he sat. His fingers twitched in his lap and his leg bounced just slightly up and down, carefully positioned away from the table so as not to shake it. He was having trouble keeping the words in- Iwaizumi just hoped that he didn't burst out something about having to use the

washroom while Sawamura was sharing his ideas and run out of the room, leaving poor Iwaizumi to deal with the critical glares of ‘why did you bring that nutjob to this meeting.’

Either way, he should have known that it was about to happen the moment that he saw the erratic movements in his fingers. It was only a matter of time, but it seemed to have come a lot sooner than he had intended.

“Why bother adding that section to the mix?” he piped up, voice oddly low and serious. Iwaizumi had expected an outburst, from his frantic shuffling, but he seemed more *contemplative* than anything else. “The percentages of your tests, as well as their location in the year’s timeline, don’t make any sense with how important they are and where they should be located. Yes, the course you’re teaching here is physics, but biology and chemistry are very important in the foundation. If you simply shuffle around the tests a little bit and add the percentage from that project you wanted to cram in to all of the others, spread out, then you could have numbers and a curriculum that makes a lot more sense with the weight factor of the tests and what they’re about. Kill two birds with one stone.” He pointed towards Sawamura’s schedule as he talked, visibly modelling his plan with his hands. Sawamura had been nodding while Oikawa spoke, clearly joining the puzzle pieces together in his hand.

“That’s not a bad idea, actually. I might do that.”

The rest of the meeting continued in a similar way. Iwaizumi was just about to pipe up- sometimes he wasn’t, but a good chunk of the time, he was- when Oikawa got to it first, providing surprisingly good information for the fact that he was still working towards his university degree. Then again, maybe it was the experience of being a student that had allowed him to make such educated decisions about the curriculum- or maybe he just knew about the easiest way to do things for *himself*, and was manipulating the poor professors- but regardless, Oikawa knew what the hell he was talking about.

After the meeting, those who were in attendance came up to chat with Oikawa a little bit further, and he gladly supplied his information using surprisingly professional language. It was, overall, a very weird experience, because Iwaizumi felt like walking through the door had somehow put him into an alternate reality where Oikawa was actually a decent person.

Then, they got outside and Oikawa slapped his shoulder and began to brag about how well he did, and Iwaizumi was equal parts relieved and regretful to know that it wasn’t some type of fucked up dream.

The next day, all of his colleagues were chatting with him about how *smart* his friend was, and how he should bring him around for more meetings like that because he had valuable input.

So, maybe Oikawa had *one* redeeming quality.

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading! come yell haikyuu at me on my tumblr @cheeky-nan!

jealousy

Chapter Summary

june 14, day nine

iwaoi, modern

prompt: “jealous? jealous?! you don’t even exist to me!”

Chapter Notes

i have! no self-control!

minor angst but happy ending

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

He’d been feeling weird, lately.

And no, it didn’t have anything to do with volleyball, or school, or anything of the sort. His jump serves were coming along well, and his studying had been going fine, thanks to Iwaizumi.

Iwaizumi.

He’d been walking around with a girl, recently. She was cute- short, athletic, long blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail. If Iwaizumi had a type, then she would’ve been it- in fact, she probably was, because they’d been spending a *hell* of a lot of time together. Iwaizumi had even ditched him once after practice to go out for coffee with her.

He wasn’t jealous, though. The heavy feeling in his heart and the desire that he felt to pull Iwaizumi away from the girl was *not* jealousy. If it was jealousy, it was probably about the

girl, and not Iwaizumi. That was what he enjoyed thinking, anyway, but he wasn't fooling anyone- especially not himself.

But that didn't mean that he couldn't deny it.

"Iwa-chaaaaaan," Oikawa whined, draping his arms over his friend's shoulders from behind him. Iwaizumi was packing up, sticking the gym clothes that he'd already changed out of into his bag. "Are you going to leave early *again*? I'm so bored practicing without you!" He poked his bottom lip out in a pout, much to Iwaizumi's irritation.

"Stop that, Shittykawa. With all of the fuss you make not having the attention on you every second of every day, people are going to start thinking you'll *die* without it." Iwaizumi rolled his eyes and zipped his bag up, crossing his arms over his chest. Iwaizumi had nice arms- tanned and muscular. Oikawa would never admit it, but he'd spent more than one night thinking about how they would feel around him in the same bed now that they weren't kids anymore.

"But I *will*!" he whined instead, batting his long eyelashes in a pitiful way. He had the entire sad puppy thing going on- eyes wide and sparkling, pouty face, eyebrows crooked up like he was about to cry. "Iwa-chan, you're so rude! Why don't you ever invite *me* for coffee?"

He regretted the words as soon as they were out of his mouth, because that had some very strange implications that Oikawa had not even accepted himself, let alone was willing to let his judgemental best friend know about.

However, Iwaizumi's reaction wasn't bad- or, well, as bad as it could have been- as in, he didn't seem to take it in that way. "Because I don't want to spend any more time with you than is absolutely necessary," he simply muttered, swinging his bag over the bit of shoulder Oikawa wasn't draped all over and shoving his hands into his pockets. "At least Fuyumi-chan is nice. You'd probably rant about Ushiwaka the entire time we had coffee."

Fuyumi-chan. So that was her name. "I'm hurt! You expect so *little* of me!" he whinged like usual, tucking his face into Iwaizumi's shoulder. "I don't rant about Ushiwaka and Tobio-chan *all* of the time!"

Iwaizumi let out a long sigh, and turned around to face Oikawa. “I know that whiny tone. Are you jealous or something, Oikawa?”

Oh, no. He’d hit the nail that Oikawa was avoiding square on the head, with his usual hammer-like bluntness. Rather, it felt like Iwaizumi had *thrown* the nail at the collar of his shirt and pinned him against the wall, leaving him suspended.

And thus, he launched into flustered babbling.

“W-what? Jealous? What do you mean *jealous*? You don’t even exist to me, Iwa-chan! We’re close, but not that way!” he burst out loudly, turning his red-flushed face away, because it definitely wasn’t in *that way*. “I definitely don’t think about that kind of thing! Guys, that is. I mean, I think about guys, but not like, in a gay way. I don’t! At all! And especially not about you! Or with you! Or anything! That’s crazy, Iwa-chan! Why would you even suggest that?” The nervous laughter started pretty quickly after, as he wrapped his arms around his midsection like he was trying to not be obvious but was very, very, very obvious.

Nailed it.

Iwaizumi was silent for a moment. When Oikawa dared to look over at him, Iwaizumi’s face was a similar pinkish shade. His eyes were wide and his lips were pressed into a tight line, like he was simultaneously trying to dissect Oikawa’s word vomit while also being surprised by it. “What?” he finally settled for sputtering out. “I was talking about Fuyumi-chan. I thought you’d be jealous of me, for going out with coffee for her.”

And for some reason, those words hit Oikawa harder than any other words that Iwaizumi could have said. He simply closed his eyes with a sigh, cursed his talkativity, and sat down on the locker room bench, sticking his head in his hands before furiously running them through his hair. For once, he wasn’t worried about messing it up. “Yeah, that’s it. Forget about it, Iwa-chan. I just got nervous. Fuyumi-san is super cute- I’ve seen you guys together before. You’d make a cute couple- I guess I just got a little bit jealous and started vomiting out words.” he admitted to the partial truth, so it wasn’t really admittance, but he digressed.

Iwaizumi made no movements for a moment, and then he dropped his bag. Oikawa looked up at the noise to see Iwaizumi red in the face, arms crossed and eyes averted. After another moment, he opened his mouth, and it was Oikawa’s turn to be shocked.

“I’m gay.”

Iwaizumi murmured the words out like he was scared to say them, but then looked back to Oikawa with his normal steely resolve. “I’m not dating Fuyumi-chan, and I never will be. She’s cute, but I don’t see girls the same way that you and other guys do. So…” He paused, and raised a hand to rub awkwardly behind his neck. “Don’t be jealous. You can have her, if you want to come along for coffee with us,” he finished, in a rare state of nervousness.

Oikawa was pretty much speechless. He’d never known Iwaizumi to date anybody, he was so awkward around girls and sweaty around boys, and Iwaizumi had never *ever* told Oikawa about his crushes when Oikawa had asked, and now everything made sense- the last little piece of a puzzle slotting where it belonged. It took him a moment to realise that Iwaizumi had extended an offer to him.

“Yeah. I’d like that, Iwa-chan.”

Chapter End Notes

thank you for reading! come yell haikyuu at me on my tumblr @cheeky-nan!

come kiss me boy

Chapter Summary

june 15, day ten

iwaoi, fantasy haikyuu!! quest / fantasy au
demonking!oikawa, knight!iwaizumi

prompt: “relax, it’s only magic”

probably the angstiest fic i wrote the whole month, content warnings for blood/violence and major character death

Chapter Notes

wow uuhhhh it's been a while huh???? i did NOT mean to go a year without updating this i just kinda got hit by the worst depression of my life so. that happened !! i think ym writing quality has taken both an increase and a decrease since these days LOL but i'm going to finish updating these anyway!! to have the whole anthology out there and also for the clout it'll give me. amen

ALSO BOOM TWITTER PLUG follow me on twitter @nautillyus for fic updates and @hgdischarge for BANGER TWEETS

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

“You’re going to get yourself killed!”

Oikawa didn’t understand what the big deal was. His mother was a demon, his father was a demon, his grandparents were demons, and so were their parents. Naturally, he would be a demon too. Demons had dark magic, and Oikawa’s was particularly potent. He knew the risks, knew the dangers, knew what would happen to him if he continued to use it- continued to strengthen it, to make the power his own and to use it. That fact alone, however, only made him crave unlocking the power dormant inside of him ever more so. Perhaps it was in his blood.

Iwaizumi understood what the big deal was. His father was a knight, his mother was a knight, his grandparents were knights, and so were their parents. It had been tradition, and so he'd followed in their footsteps. Knights didn't have magic, yet they were professionals on all of the dangers of it from how many times it had been turned on them. His parents had told him millions of times over, from the day that he'd first met and become inseparable from a demon, that he would have to watch out for the black magic. To not get attached, because one day, that magic would consume Oikawa, and when that day came, it would be Iwaizumi's responsibility to fight him. Perhaps it was in his blood.

“Relax, Iwa-chan. It's only *magic*. ”

It had been Oikawa's mantra since they were children. He'd argued *what is the point of having this power and not using it, it's already inside of me so there's no sense in pretending that it's not there*, and Iwaizumi had always responded with *it'll only get worse the more you use it, you know that it's bad and that it's going to kill you one day so why do you still try?*

Still, nothing could have ever changed Oikawa's mind. He was stubborn, and he was set on using the power that had been given to him naturally to the fullest. It was only magic.

But it wasn't only magic.

Iwaizumi had always known, and he was still the only one of the two of them, standing across from each other in the ruins of Aoba castle with fire in their eyes and fire in their hearts. Pain and anger, anger and pain, smashed together into a medley of tragedy.

Tragedy. That was truly their story. Iwaizumi's best friend, only truly realising the all-consuming darkness inside of him once it was too late, poisoning his soul and turning him against the world. Turning him against the poor people of Aoba Jousai city. Turning him against Iwaizumi.

And now, broadsword in hand, it was Iwaizumi's responsibility to finally turn on him and deal the final blow.

Best friends, turned enemies by the passing of time and the darkness of fate. It had been destined from the start, and yet, he had still tried to figure out a way to avoid it- to stop what he knew was coming and avert the crisis that was yet to happen.

It was clear, now, that he had failed.

Oikawa stood in front of him, dark cloak covering up his long robes and leaving only the snow-white tips of his boots visible. Maybe now that Iwaizumi was close to the end, he could acknowledge the symbolism of the slightest hint of good left in Oikawa's body. White purity against black corruption. Perhaps that purity was still in him somewhere. Iwaizumi desperately wanted to draw it out, to pull the essence of the child that Oikawa had once been out of him and hold it close so that he could never forget it existed.

However, Oikawa's eyes cast in shadow gleamed red in the darkness of the sky's dying light, as if it too was acknowledging that there was no hope while the demon king walked the earth. Whatever purity was left in Oikawa, if any, was deep in the recesses of his mind- the darkest trenches, trenches which he himself dared not light, and Iwaizumi didn't have enough time left to take up a torch.

"I really hate to do this, Iwa-chan," Oikawa murmured, outstretching a hand. The delicate shape of it, the slender arch of his fingers, the light colour- it seemed so unlike the red glow at the tips of his fingers, a red glow that was so sinister it would have sent a shiver up his spine if he could have moved from his kneeling position. "But you leave me no choice."

His voice was dark. Gone was the childish sparkle, the innocence that he'd displayed when he was first learning how to use a spellbook and how to cast. Despite the fond childhood nickname, there was nothing but bitterness and anger in his voice.

His family had told him not to get attached, and here he was, stuck in the situation because he had waited too long to kill his best friend. Because he hadn't had the heart to do it, despite being the only one who could. Because Oikawa's tyranny would only end when he killed him and broke the magic that had bound their lives together since they were children.

Iwaizumi didn't want to give up. The people down there were depending on him.

But he'd always been weak when it came to Oikawa. It was the reason that he'd let Oikawa cast the bond on him before he'd had the chance to raise his sword.

He raised his sword one last time, let out a weak cough. "You know what you'll do to yourself if you kill me, right?" he murmured, all of his strength going into his words. "We're bonded, Tooru. You cast the spell yourself. Your life is mine, and my life is yours."

Oikawa's exterior didn't crack. "I know very well. Do you? Are you willing to throw your life away to end mine, Iwa-chan?"

"Are you willing to throw yours away to end *mine*?" he countered, lifting his face to stare at Oikawa.

"You're the last piece of the puzzle, Iwa-chan. I've laid waste to more cities than I can count, killed more people than I knew existed, and I get no enjoyment out of it anymore. You're all that's left. At least, this way, I can die feeling fulfilled." The red glow around his fingertips intensified, and a beam shot out of his palm. Iwaizumi moved at the last possible second, and charged forward with every last fibre of strength that he had in him, sword outstretched.

With a wet noise, it slid straight into Oikawa's abdomen.

The red in Oikawa's eyes, around his hand, died down to a faint glow until it completely vanished. Iwaizumi slowly drew the sword out, stared at blood, black like ink, staining the sharp steel blade.

Oikawa collapsed into his arms as soon as he dropped the sword on the ground.

There was silence for a moment- silence all except for the fire in the background, the screams of the people from the nearby town, Iwaizumi's muted coughs due to smoke.

Then, a small voice. Brown eyes, a soft chestnut instead of blood red, looking straight up into his hazel ones. Slender fingers grasping at his shoulders. "Iwa-chan?"

All it took was his name, filled with confusion and fear, emotions that he hadn't heard in that voice for more years than he could count, for tears to start running down his face in rivulets. Waterfalls from his hazel eyes, hazel eyes like Oikawa's brown ones- brown eyes, not red ones. No magic at his fingertips. No red anywhere, except for the crimson stains on his legs and on the floor from the blood streaming out of Oikawa's body.

Oikawa- no, *Tooru*, *his* Tooru- was back. His purity restored, in the final moments before his death, where all of the magic had left his body. All Iwaizumi could do was bow his head and cry, let his tears drop onto Tooru's face.

Tooru gently lifted a hand and cupped Iwaizumi's cheek, with all the tenderness which one would treat a flower. "Iwa-chan's crying. What did he do now?"

Iwaizumi bowed his head, pressed his face to Tooru's- Tooru's face, which was already growing cold with the ghost of death creeping up on him. "I love you, Tooru. I love you," was all he could choke out before he pressed their lips together for the first, and last time.

Tooru opened his mouth, as if he was about to say something.

But there was only silence, and heat slipping through his fingers like grains of sand.

Chapter End Notes

hope you enjoyed my old trash!! come yell at me on my twitter @nautillyus (
<https://twitter.com/nautillyus>)

awkawa

Chapter Summary

june 16, day eleven

iwaoi, modern (aged up)

prompt: “this is why we can’t have nice things”

Chapter Notes

this one is super short! oops! and also not very good! oops!

talk to me on twitter @nautillyus for fic updates and @hgdischarge for BANGER TWEETS !!!

“Okay, let me get this straight.”

Iwaizumi rubbed at his temples, kneading the skin harshly with his fingers to try and quell the Oikawa-induced headache which he felt coming on. “Multiple *months* ago, you tripped and knocked the vase over, and then *swept the shards under the rug* instead of cleaning them up?”

“Yeah, that pretty much sums it up,” Oikawa murmured, raising a hand to rub awkwardly at the back of his neck.

Iwaizumi let out a long sigh- it was his trademark sigh for when he was near the youngest Oikawa- full of pain and suffering. “And *why* did you think that that was a good idea?”

Oikawa shrugged once, and then looked to Iwaizumi with a childish pout. “I didn’t know what else to do! You always keep the broom and dustpan in a weird spot, and you never answer your text messages!” he complained, staring down at the glass shards on the floor.

Iwaizumi put his head in his hands for a moment, and then looked up. For the third time, a patient explanation, from the top. “I always put the broom and dustpan in the closet with all of the *other* cleaning supplies, Oikawa. I pick up my calls, too- if you’d just called me, I could have told you where it is,” he muttered, trying not to let the frustration seep into his voice. Iwaizumi had never really been an angry person- yeah, he got upset at Oikawa for being stupid a lot, but really, he considered himself quite patient with literally anyone and everyone else. Living with the guy, was a line that he couldn’t believe he’d ever willingly dared to cross.

Oikawa let out a long sigh. “But I didn’t want to clean it up, either! You always do it anyway, Iwa-chan.”

A vein may or may not have popped in Iwaizumi’s forehead just then. “Go get the broom, Oikawa. You’re cleaning this up.” He pointed towards the closet full of cleaning supplies over near the washroom, and raised his eyebrows at his roommate. Oikawa whined once and fixed Iwaizumi with his puppy eyes, but he didn’t surrender, and Oikawa took the broom and dustpan out of the closet.

He was only halfway through cleaning when he asked Iwaizumi what they were having for dinner, and he got preoccupied with that instead.

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