

Just Make Him Blush

Tags: KuroAka; Established Relationship; Tokyo Training Camp Arc; Lots of Blushing

~ 1 / During a Nekoma vs. Fukurodani Practice Match ~

Bokuto hit a cross shot that sneaked by Tetsurou's block. As gravity pulled him back down, Tetsurou looked back, hoping to see a teammate pick up the ball. Unfortunately, Yaku was not on the court and Yamamoto was too slow to get underneath the ball. It hit the gym floor with a thwack before bouncing away—Fukurodani's point.

"Think you can actually get a block in today?" Akaashi taunted from the other side of the net. His lips pulled into a playful smirk.

Tetsurou glared back at the setter through the net. He felt the tug of a small smile, but he latched on to his annoyance to keep it from forming in full.

"Akaashi, you're being extra mean today," Konoha called out. The spiker gave Tetsurou a weak, apologetic smile as he pushed Akaashi into his rotation spot.

Tetsurou found it a little funny how people thought he and Akaashi hated each other when really it was the opposite. The biting, sarcastic remarks were more of a love language than anything else. However, no one seemed to pick up on that because the only people who knew they were currently dating were Kenma and Bokuto.

In love or not, Tetsurou wanted to wipe the smirk off Akaashi's face, and he figured the easiest way to do that was to take Bokuto down. He waited patiently, forcing Bokuto to take line shot after line shot. Then when he knew Bokuto was hitting the ball on instinct, he jumped up. The volleyball hit

his arms and fell back down on Fukurodani's side of the court.

Bokuto fell to his knees pouting, but Tetsurou ignored him. His attention fell to his boyfriend. "What are you going to say about that, Akaashi?"

"Nothing, Kuroo-san. That was a wonderful block."

The setter punctuated his compliment with the sweetest smile that Tetsurou had ever seen on his face. Tetsurou was just barely able to keep his cool with that first compliment, but then Akaashi did it again and again. Even when Tetsurou messed up, Akaashi praised him for trying with such earnestness.

And each time he was complimented, Tetsurou blushed a little more until his ears were burning.

When they lost the match, Tetsurou knew it was partially his fault. He broke down in the second half, missing too many blocks. Still, he didn't understand why Kenma was so grumpy at him until after their penalty laps.

"I hate Fukurodani," Tetsurou said to Kenma as he grabbed a water bottle from the bench.

"Well we could have won if you didn't let your boyfriend fluster you with praise."

Tetsurou looked at his best friend, mouth agape. "Huh? I was totally focused on the game! Akaashi just kept setting to places I wasn't expecting," Tetsurou defended.

"Sure, Kuro." Kenma rolled his eyes and sighed before walking away, leaving Tetsurou there to replay the game in his head.

He knew Kenma was right. Kenma was always right. However, Tetsurou thought he was better than that. Usually, he picked up on when Akaashi was playing games with him, so why was this so different? Was it training camp? The fact they were surrounded by people who didn't know they were together?

Whatever the reason, Tetsurou started to believe he was in for some trouble this week.

~ 2 / When They All Played Truth or Dare ~

Akaashi sat across the room talking to Kenma. It was tradition for the second and third years to get together on the first night of training camp for a few games. The evening was a chance to get to know each other a little better, and this year they had plenty of new faces with Karasuno joining.

"Can we skip to the part where we play Truth or Dare?" Bokuto asked when the room reached critical mass.

Everyone agreed and people settled into a rough circle. There were a few shared glances about how to determine who to start with, but it was Daichi who spoke up first and got the game started.

"Kuroo, truth or dare?" Daichi asked.

"Truth."

"Kenma, Suga, and"—Daichi looked around the room—"Akaashi. Who would you fuck, marry, and kill?"

Tetsurou looked at all three before he settled his stare on Akaashi. Without batting an eye, he answered, "Fuck Suga. Marry Kenma. And kill Akaashi."

He didn't miss the subtle smirk on his boyfriend's lips. Akaashi had probably known that was going to be his answer, but his eyes still said he would pay Tetsurou back.

The game continued around, the majority of players choosing to answer truths. For those who did choose a dare, it was often tame: sneaking into the kitchen to grab ice cream, having to put on as many shirts as they could in three minutes, eating the however-many-times-over melted candy in Yamamoto's bag.

Then it was Akaashi's turn.

"Dare," he said, his eyes flitting to Tetsurou before returning to Bokuto.

"I dare you to kiss the person you find the most attractive in this room," Bokuto said proudly, looking at Tetsurou with a smile.

Tetsurou realized that Bokuto probably thought he was helping. Given that he and Akaashi were dating, there seemed to be no doubt in his friend's mind that Akaashi would choose him. He wasn't as sure.

The setter took his time while he looked around the room. Every so often he would pause on someone, tilt his head to the side, hum, and then continue. After thirty excruciating seconds of this, he faced Tetsurou.

Akaashi crawled across the center of the circle, never taking his eyes off him.

Tetsurou felt his heart beat faster in his chest. The anticipation of kissing his own boyfriend making the butterflies in his stomach flutter.

It wasn't like the two of them hadn't kissed before. However, this would be the first time they kissed in front of their teammates. Their relationship would still be a secret, but that made it feel all the more risky. There was bound to be someone who would pick up on the fact it wasn't their first kiss.

Akaashi got close enough for Tetsurou to feel his warm breath. His eyes fell to Akaashi's mouth and that is when he noticed the devious smile. At the last second, Akaashi swerved and kissed Suga beside him.

The kiss started small, slow and tame. Until Akaashi climbed into Suga's lap to straddle the other setter where he sat. Then Akaashi laced his hands into Suga's hair, and Suga's hands grabbed Akaashi's hips and pulled him closer. The kiss became messy—urgent.

Tetsurou watched as his boyfriend stuck his tongue in Suga's mouth. Suga seemed to pick up on the fact Akaashi was putting on a show for someone, and he slipped one hand under Akaashi's shirt. The other toyed along the waistband of his shorts.

Part way through, Akaashi opened his eyes, looking to the side to meet Tetsurou's.

Heat rose to Tetsurou's cheeks. His whole body felt like it was on fire. He had never thought himself to be the type to be turned on watching his boyfriend make out with someone else, yet there he was.

"You okay, bro?" Bokuto asked, placing a hand on his shoulder.

"Totally good," Tetsurou whispered back.

When Akaashi broke off the kiss and returned to his original spot, both him and Suga looked completely unphased. Everyone else in the room was dumbfounded and blushing, looking between the two of them. The only indication that anything had just happened was the small, sly smile on Suga's lips.

"I think we're going to be friends," Suga said sweetly across the circle to Akaashi.

Akaashi smiled back, but he didn't get to say anything before Konoha piped up.

"Oh my gods, there's another one!"

Followed by Daichi, who quietly added, "We're all doomed."

~ 3 / Because Fukurodani Had To Do a Penalty Lap ~

The whistle blew, signaling a match ending: Fukurodani vs Shinzen. To everyone's surprise, Fukurodani had lost and they were headed outside to do sprints. Tetsurou caught Akaashi's eyes when he walked by the court where Nekoma was currently facing Karasuno. He gave the setter a smug smile, taunting the loss.

Akaashi pretended to not see, his attention falling back to his teammates while they complained about the heat.

Tetsurou thought Akaashi wouldn't be so expressionless when they came back in, and he couldn't wait to see him struggle. It wasn't often that Fukurodani lost, so Tetsurou liked to savor every bit of it. Of course, he still had to keep his head in the game he was currently in, but they had a decent lead over Karasuno so a little split attention wouldn't hurt.

It was his turn to serve when he heard the Fukurodani members chattering on their way in. The whistle blew and he threw the ball up.

"Akaashi, think you're gonna live?" It was Konoha's voice, and Tetsurou had to fight the urge to see

how his boyfriend was suffering.

His serve was a little shaky, but it made it over, and the volley started.

“Gods, Akaashi, you’re practically sweating through your shirt. You’re worse than Bokuto!” Komi teased.

Tetsurou couldn’t stop himself and turned his head to look. He just wanted a small peek. One glance and he would return to the game in front of him.

Or at least that was what he told himself.

Akaashi stood at the doorway, his teammates around him. He didn’t seem too phased by the teasing, his expression bored until he saw Tetsurou looking at him. Then he smirked.

Keeping eyes on Tetsurou, he lifted his shirt to wipe the sweat from his brow.

Tetsurou froze. Ears burning as his eyes glossed over Akaashi’s abs and the glistening sweat that accentuated every line. He had seen Akaashi far more unclothed before, and yet, this felt naughtier. Tetsurou figured it was the way he knew Akaashi was doing this on purpose to get a rise out of him.

“Kurooooo!”

Tetsurou remembered then that he was still playing volleyball—that they were in the middle of a match. He jerked his head back to the court, eyes registering the ball headed directly for his face, but he didn’t have time to react. The ball hit him on the cheek and he stumbled back.

He was lucky enough that it was picked up by Yamamoto and that they were able to return it. Kenma didn’t say anything at that moment, but Tetsurou knew he was going to get a small lecture from his best friend after the game.

It was honestly deserved. He shouldn’t have let himself get distracted; he should have known. As he attempted to keep his head in the game, he felt the devilish grin Akaashi was probably giving him.

~ 4 / After Extra Practice In Gym Three ~

"Kuroo-san, do you need some help?"

"I—" Tetsurou was going to say he didn't need any help—that he could return the brooms on his own. But then he saw the look Akaashi was giving him. "I could use some help," he sputtered.

He handed one of the brooms off to Akaashi, and the two walked toward the storage closet. When Akaashi fell in step in front of him, Tetsurou looked back to see if Bokuto was watching what was happening. He wasn't because he was too enthralled in a conversation with Hinata. However, Tsukishima was watching them, his eyebrow raised curiously as they disappeared.

Akaashi put his broom away first, and then he turned back to take the one from Tetsurou's hands and put that one away as well.

"Good thing there were two of us to do this," Tetsurou joked. Akaashi turned to face him; a smirk on his face as he stepped forward.

Tetsurou stuttered backwards. It only took another step from Akaashi before he leaned in to keep Tetsurou pressed up against the mats behind him. The setter's hand slipped under the hem of Tetsurou's shirt, fingers grazing over his abs.

His whole body felt like it was on fire, his face only getting hotter as Akaashi moved in. Akaashi's lips grazed along his jawline, and Tetsurou swallowed hard. His own hands had a death grip on the mats.

"You're really cute when you blush," Akaashi whispered in his ear.

Tetsurou was going to make a comment, but he didn't get the chance.

Akaashi was kissing him fully now, and Tetsurou became very aware that their friends were just outside the very open door. Though he kissed Akaashi back, he kept as much space between them as he could.

"You know you can touch me. We are dating, after all," Akaashi said, fingers dancing across Tetsurou's hips.

With that permission Tetsurou forgot about everything outside of the two of them. He wrapped his arms around Akaashi and pulled their bodies close. When Akaashi's lips parted, Tetsurou accepted the invitation and slipped his tongue in, their kiss deepening.

It had been at least a week since they'd had a proper kiss. They'd snuck a few small ones while no one was looking, but it was never enough. Though he never forgot how good of a kisser Akaashi was, remembering and experiencing were two different things.

In moments like this, Tetsurou knew he would agree to anything Akaashi asked for. All because he never got enough of the way his stomach fluttered and heart raced when Akaashi gave him a hungry kiss like this.

Tetsurou planted kisses along Akaashi's jaw, his neck, anywhere there was exposed skin. His hands roamed under Akaashi's shirt, feeling the heat of skin to skin. When the setter let out a breathy moan, Tetsurou captured his lips with his own again.

Akaashi's fingers were teasing at his waistband. Tetsurou knew they should slow down. He reminded himself they had friends just on the other side of the wall, but he didn't care. Not when Akaashi was in his arms. Not when he could taste him, savor him.

"Aghaaaaaashi! Kuroooo! I'm hungryyyyy. Let's go!" Bokuto called out.

The two broke apart right before Bokuto entered the storage closet. The only hint they had been up to something was Tetsurou's flushed face.

"Alright, Bokuto-san," Akaashi replied.

He gave Tetsurou a small squeeze of his arm before walking past Bokuto and out into the gym.

"You okay bro?" Bokuto asked, taking in Tetsurou's almost catatonic state.

"Just great. Let's go get some food." His voice sounded rough, weak.

This was the fourth time Akaashi had messed with him this week, and Tetsurou knew he had to think of some way to get payback.

~ 5 / At the Training Camp BBQ ~

Akaashi sat down next to Tetsurou and Bokuto, plate full of food. The setter's knee just barely touched his own, and Tetsurou knew it to be purposeful.

"That's a lot of food, 'Kaashi,'" Bokuto said as he leaned forward to grab some meat from Akaashi's plate.

But Akaashi moved it out of reach with a glare, Bokuto falling forward and crushing his empty plate on the ground. The one thing Tetsurou learned very early on is that his boyfriend does not share food.

"Aghaaaaashi," Bokuto whined. "Are you going to make me walk all the way back for more—"

"I think you are more than capable of doing just that, Bokuto-san," he said, eyes focusing on his food, mouth beginning to drool.

Bokuto sighed and sat back up. After a moment, he gave Tetsurou a suspicious grin before reaching for the last piece of barbecue on Tetsurou's plate. Tetsurou snatched it between his chopsticks and moved it away from Bokuto. He reached out his other hand to hold Bokuto back by his forehead.

"Go get your own, Bo," he ordered, giving his friend a little shove.

"So you won't let me, your best friend in the whole world, have your last piece, but Akaashi can steal it off your chopsticks and that's fine?"

"Huh?"

Tetsurou turned his head and found Akaashi staring at him innocently, his teeth still biting down on the meat. Given where Tetsurou had been holding his chopsticks, Akaashi was close. So close that when Tetsurou faced him, he was sure his breath was grazing by Akaashi's cheek. But it didn't seem to bother Akaashi at all.

Tetsurou on the other hand... He felt his face and ears heat up, making the warm summer air almost unbearable despite the fact they sat in the shade. Even in this feral state where his only goal was food, Tetsurou thought Akaashi looked like the prettiest person in the world.

With a smile in his eyes, Akaashi ate the piece of meat in one bite, leaving nothing left for Tetsurou.

Akaashi shoveled more food into his mouth faster than he could swallow it, creating little chipmunk cheeks that Tetsurou thought about kissing. Sometimes it was the mundane things that sent Tetsurou into a trance where he just thought of why he liked Akaashi so much.

"I'm going to get more food," Tetsurou said, standing up quickly.

Before he got too far away, Bokuto shouted, "Bring me back some too!"

~ +1 / Right Before the Teams Went Home ~

Tetsurou stood by Fukurodani's bus as the teams said goodbye and prepared to depart. He was over there under the guise of saying goodbye to Bokuto, which wasn't a total lie. His main goal, however, was to say goodbye to Akaashi, who was currently talking to Tsukishima.

"Extra practice next week?" Bokuto asked.

"Don't you ever take a break, Bo?"

Bokuto laughed. Volleyball was the spiker's life and in different ways, it was also so for Tetsurou.

"You forget who you're talking to, Kuroo-san," Akaashi said as he walked up to join the conversation.

With Akaashi's arrival, Bokuto gave a final goodbye to his friend, knowing the two preferred to be alone. After giving one last pat on Tetsurou's shoulder, Bokuto began to order everyone to load up their bags and get on the bus.

"Come over next weekend?" Tetsurou asked and took a step closer to Akaashi, who glanced around to make sure no one was watching them.

"I'll see what I can do." His tone was cool, but Tetsurou knew that to be Akaashi's version of a yes.

There was a small smile on Akaashi's lips. It would be barely noticeable to someone who didn't know the setter, but Tetsurou knew him very well.

Sometimes Tetsurou wondered how he got lucky enough to date Akaashi. It honestly didn't make sense to him some days. He didn't understand how someone as talented and pretty—and sassy and smart—as Akaashi liked him and agreed to date him.

It was quite the accomplishment, and now that training camp was over, Tetsurou wanted their friends to know. He took a step toward Akaashi.

"Kuroo... Tetsu—"

Tetsurou closed his eyes as he removed the remaining distance between them. At first, Akaashi was tense, but it didn't last long. He pressed forward, letting his lips part slightly to invite Tetsurou to deepen the kiss.

However, Tetsurou wasn't one for sucking face in front of people, so he kept the kiss slow and languid. A fact that he could tell annoyed Akaashi as he tried to taunt Tetsurou with a pleased hum.

For a brief moment, Tetsurou contemplated it—slipping his tongue in to give Akaashi what he wanted. But then came the hoots and hollers from the bus behind them. When Tetsurou pulled back, he saw the Fukurodani players cheering from the opened bus windows.

He looked back to Akaashi, cheeks dusted rose-pink.

"Just a little payback," Tetsurou whispered in his ear before leaving him with a kiss to the cheek.

It wasn't actually true. He really had just wanted to kiss Akaashi, but given how many times Akaashi had made him blush that week, it felt good to leave Akaashi a little flustered and embarrassed.