

Clean threads:

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1421609759493472264?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww> **TUMBLRED**

I just think that Kenma has anxiety yeah, but he also has the best friend override, in that he is 10,000% ready to square up against anyone who says shit about his best friend

And it's usually in a words are sharper than knives kinda way. Like, he observes everyone carefully all the time, so he knows exactly what to say that will haunt them

Some kid to his friend: don't you think Kuroo is really annoying lol

Kenma, immediately: that's bold, coming from a loser who spent three weeks pestering a girl who told all her friends that you disgust her

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1413032614609498113?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww> **TUMBLRED**

After high school, Kenma doesn't cut his hair for a long time. A really long time.

Kuroo looks up from his paperwork one day and realises it falls halfway down Kenma's back and only the ends are blond anymore.

He forgets sometimes how soft and feminine Kenma can seem from outside point of view, with his small, delicate features.

He especially finds it easy to forget when Kenma is on top of him, tying those dripping, long locks back with a scrunchie so he can better command Kuroo. Sometimes Kuroo will brush his beautiful boyfriend's hair at night, insisting, even as Kenma's heavy eyes close under his gentle touch.

The hair nearly surrounds his whole body at times, a shield from the world in moments of extreme anxiety, and Kuroo resists the urge to brush it away, knowing it will only make Kenma panic more.

Kuroo's loves it when Kenma pushes it all over to one side. Something about it is so pretty, the way it drapes over, exposing the crinkle of one eye as he smiles, the lopsided dimple on his cheek.

When he's serious, he looks like a model - sharp angles with a soft blanket. Kenma's twitch audience fawns over it, and even their friends will ask to touch it and be refused, which is why Kuroo's heart feels so full when he feels it brush against his own body as Kenma leans into him for a kiss, taking the paperwork right out of his hands.

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In another life, Kuroo and Kenma met in an office. They shared smoke breaks and stolen glances over vending machine coffee. They kissed for the first time in an alleyway next to a bar while their officemates celebrated happy hour inside.

In another life, Kuroo was the younger one, the smaller one, the one who people underestimated. And Kenma protected him with his life on a battlefield. To Kuroo, Kenma seemed invincible, and he cried over a bloody body the day he learned it wasn't true.

In another life, Kuroo and Kenma almost never met at all. They spent their lives thinking something was missing, thinking Is this all love is? when other people never fit quite right. They nearly missed each other, but luck insisted they have a chance and they met when Kuroo got on the wrong train on his way to work and Kenma forgot his game at home. Kenma never talked to other strangers, but somehow, at 42 years old, he met the love of his life looking sweaty and flustered and adorable on a train.

In another life, they were supposed to hate each other. Their families in an eternal feud that they were meant to carry on. Kuroo was shocked that the prince was so beautiful when he'd been described as vile. And Kenma didn't think he'd have such kind eyes. In the end, they ran away in the middle of the night and got married on a pirate ship, saying their vows with huge grins and the knowledge that they were throwing away their power in exchange for freedom.

In this life, Kenma is wrapping up a recording while Kuroo brings home dinner. They'll eat noodles and then Kenma will lay his head in Kuroo's lap while reality television plays in the background. Maybe they'll have sex or maybe not, but either way, they'll laugh in bed as they tell each other about their day and cuddle until they fall asleep. They'll have coffee together in the morning and soft sweet kisses. And they'll do it all again.

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Kenma has insomnia so when he finally gets to sleep he ends up sleeping in most days and rushing. Kuroo, on the other hand, has no trouble falling asleep but the quality of his sleep is awful. It's like his dreams are shouting at him. Sometimes literally. Because he wakes up so easily, he ends up rising early most days. Certainly earlier than Kenma.

Oddly, when they start sleeping together, their wake up patterns swap. Kenma can fall asleep for the first time in his life and Kuroo can stay asleep. The safety in knowing the other person is right there is enough to calm their brains. So Kenma ends up waking earlier, making coffee, playing on his switch, and eventually getting impatient and climbing on top of Kuroo to try and make him get up. "Kuro," he says, kissing his cheek repeatedly in a similar way to how he kisses the cats, "I've been awake for so long, wake *up*."

"Mm," Kuro agrees, unmoving.

"Kuro," Kenma flumps onto body.

Kuroo's arms drape around him. Kenma sighs.

"Fine. Just a few more minutes."

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Kenma's mental health is better than it used to be, but occasionally he'll have days or weeks where he swings between feeling anxious and depressed. The anxiety high will carry him through his streams but when he finally gets his body to calm down, it completely crashes. Kuroo doesn't know what to do when this happens. He's never struggled with his mental health in quite the same way as Kenma where there can seemingly be no trigger, and even if there is one, it just makes Kenma more irritable when he tries to find the thread like it's a puzzle. Eventually he realises that all Kenma wants is someone to hold him while they sleep. To listen to him complain for too long about things that normally wouldn't matter to him. To be a little extra gentle and forgiving when he hasn't slept well in a week. He loves him though, so he still finds small ways to care for Kenma.

"Do you want a hot drink?" Kuroo asks.

Kenma looks up. He seems exhausted.

"Yes please."

Kenma has a few comfort videos and movies that he's seen a thousand times each too. Kuroo suggests them when they've got their hot drinks in hand, happily rewatching an old Lets Play for the nth time or a movie that he likes but isn't really made for a hundredth rewatch.

Kenma relaxes against him. And if he feels him start to shake as he cries,

He just holds him closer. The scene isn't sad, but it must have hit something in Kenma's heart.

When Kenma feels better, Kuroo smiles at him, "I'm proud of you."

Kenma rolls his eyes, but Kuroo sees the soft smile that lets him know that Kenma's proud of himself too. "Getting better isn't easy, no matter how many times you do it," Kenma says quietly to Kuroo in bed, "But it's easier than it used to be."

"I'm happy you're here with me," Kuroo whispers.

He runs his thumb over the semicolon tattoo on the back of Kenma's thumb. They fall asleep spooning, and in the morning Kenma smiles and makes them breakfast, and Kuroo feels like he could cry from happiness that he's so lucky to have his Kenma come back to him every time.

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If I were to say purely based on canon, I'd say that Kuroo and Kenma decided to be boyfriends as little kids and didn't ever have a "grown up" conversation about it. They've just been together for nearly their whole lives. Sometimes people ask why they're not dating anyone, people who have known them for years, and Kuroo will just say, "I'm with Kenma."

Some people think it's a joke until Kenma confirms it. Other people will suddenly realise what they missed. It makes sense in retrospect, the way they're so close, closer even than best friends normally are. The way they're so protective of each other, right by the other's side at nearly all times. They're casual about it so it's easy to miss, but it's only because they have nothing to prove. It's the closest you can get to unconditional love.

As kids, being boyfriends really meant no more than best friends. As they get older it means Kuroo taking Kenma's hand, Kenma kissing Kuroo goodbye before he goes home, playdates become dates.

Having sex for the first time isn't a big deal. Well it is. But it isn't. They buy condoms and forget to use them, laughing as they mess it up and try figure out how it's supposed to work. They've done stuff before, but this is a little different. It's not that good, and they talk about that after, guessing that it takes practice. Kuroo jokes that they need to level up and Kenma shoves him with a laugh, before agreeing.

As adults they still get questions, especially once they start wearing their wedding rings. It's not legal in Japan, but their friends encourage them to have a real ceremony, and they do - though they make up a few of their own traditions. They end up getting matching tattoos to mark it. There's no worry about jinxes, it's just sewing in what was already there. It's understated. They're not together to tell people about it. Sure, they're just people, they've thought about what it would be like to be with someone else, but the idea sounds wrong. Silly even. Kuroo is Kenma's. Kenma is Kuroo's.

Always has been and always will be.

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Kuroo who goes silent when he's in a bad mood and Kenma who goes on rants to Kuroo when he's in a bad mood.

Kuroo is out of patience and doesn't want to say something he'll regret, and Kenma has lost his patience and can no longer keep his frustrations to himself.

Kuroo knows he has a sharp tongue, so when he's tired or irritable or something has gotten on his nerves, he makes an effort to keep his mouth shut. But Kenma's tongue is even sharper, which is why he normally stays silent even in frustrating situations.

When he's really lost it, he still makes an effort to keep the peace he knows he could so easily shatter, ranting to Kuroo in paragraphs, gesturing like his hands are tools of murder.

He doesn't often lose it on anyone else, but when he does, they're left shocked. Most of the time when it happens it's because they've said something about Kuroo, not him, and knowing Kuroo will never defend himself, Kenma will do it for him. He's not a knight in shining armor, he's an animal whose teeth carry venom.

On the flipside, Kuroo will always defend Kenma too, albeit with smoother words and a more passive aggression, knowing that Kenma will prove his own worth, if only given an audience. Kenma doesn't even need to show off, it's just who he is. He'll crush their words without trying. Kuroo doesn't realise that he could do the same, always choosing to push others into the spotlight instead, but Kenma knows.

He knows and he'll slit the words of anyone who doubts it.

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"I just don't know if it's gonna work out with Omi."

"You just have to talk to him," Bokuto says.

"That's easy for you to say!" Atsumu huffs, "Akaashi's your soulmate!"

"Keiji's not my soulmate."

Atsumu's heart drops. "Is everything okay between you guys?" He asks in a hushed voice.

Bokuto laughs, his voice booming against the walls.

"Tsum, you're not getting what I'm saying," he says, "There's no such thing as two people being perfect for each other."

"But-"

Bokuto holds up a hand,

"There's just two people who decide to keep making it work. At some point in any relationship - no matter who it's with - you're going to have the thought that something could be better. That's when you have two choices: break up, or figure out what needs to change."

As Atsumu lays in bed that evening, Bokuto's words echo in his brain. He rolls over. Damn, who'd have thought Bokuto would be the one dishing out good advice.

The bathroom door opens and Kiyoomi walks out looking freshly washed.

"Hey Omi? Can we talk about somethin'?"

It turns out to be easier and harder than expected. Kiyoomi felt the problems too, so at least there was that. But Atsumu can't help feeling crazy guilty about bringing it up at all, even after they'd agreed on what they both needed to do to make their relationship keep working. "I'm really sorry," Atsumu says in a rush, "I've totally ruined your night."

Kiyoomi furrows his brows, "You don't have to be sorry. We're a team. If there are problems, they're both of our problems."

Atsumu feels his eyes go a little glassy, "I love you," he whispers. Kiyoomi smiles and pulls Atsumu close to his chest, "I love you too," he says, like it's the most obvious thing in the world.

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In the winter, Kenma takes Kuroo's chilly hand in his and stuffs them into his hoodie pocket together. Kuroo does his best for the other hand with the pocket of his slacks, but it isn't the same. On days when Kenma doesn't have morning meetings over skype or zoom, he walks with Kuroo to the station, making sure to warm his hand as best as he can before they part ways. Kuroo loves the way Kenma's nose turns pink from the cold, like a little cat. Before he walks into the station, sometimes he'll rub his flat palm over the tip of Kenma's nose to try and warm it up and Kenma will scrunch up his face, making him look even more catlike. When their cold lips meet each others they always kiss two or three times (the movement helps with the cold right? or so they tell themselves).

Kuroo fixes Kenma's beanie to cover his ears properly, "Go sit under the kotatsu," he says, smiling. Kenma makes a pouty face and then smiles, "I wish you could come back with me."

"Me too, but I don't think my boss will accept 'my husband pouted very cutely' as an excuse for missing work."

"Unbelievable," Kenma shakes his head solemnly. "Ridiculous, I know," Kuroo agrees.

"I love you, I'll see you tonight," he takes Kenma's face in his hands, one warm and one cold, and gives him one last proper kiss.

"Love you, be safe," Kenma says against his lips. When Kenma gets back home, he thinks how lucky he is to be under a warm kotatsu with cats around him instead of in an office with other people.

When Kuroo gets to work, he thinks how lucky is to be surrounded by other people who are so passionate about volleyball. ---

When Kuroo gets home in the evening, he kisses Kenma's warm lips with his cold ones, hugs a warm cat, and then sits under the kotatsu in his pajamas with his little family. He was never a big fan of winter as a kid, but maybe, he thinks, winter isn't so bad after all.

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If you saw him in public you'd never know, but Kenma is covered in tattoos.

His hoodies and jeans cover them up and since he hasn't entered a locker room since high school, no one sees them. He's pierced too, little silver barbells in his nipples that glint even in a dark room. Kuroo is the only one who knows.

Kuroo went with Kenma to get his first tattoo, a little N64 controller on his forearm. He'd been a little nervous to see Kenma in pain - the last time he'd seen Kenma in real pain was from a twisted ankle in high school, it ended up healing pretty quickly, but Kenma had actually teared up a bit (though it may have partly been from the humiliation of everyone standing around looking at him) and Kuroo had honestly been terrified to see his placid friend like that - but Kenma didn't even wince. His breathing was steady the whole time and he'd even chatted a bit with the tattoo artist. He seemed totally unaffected until he stood up on shaky legs and Kuroo's anxiety spiked. "Oh yeah, that's pretty common, it's just from the adrenaline. Your body produces it in response to the pain," the tattoo artist had said. Kenma had an almost light air to him though, laughing out loud with Kuroo on the train home.

When they lie in bed at night, Kuroo traces the ink with his fingertips, feeling out the textured pathways in Kenma's skin. There's a dragon on his back, a twisting teal and white version of Haku from Spirited Away surrounded by puffs of pink smoke. It's one of the few colored tattoos Kenma has, the rest of his body splashed with thick strokes and fine wisps of black ink. Every year, the two of them watch Spirited Away together during Golden Week. When they were little they'd sit on the floor in Kenma's parents' house and watch with wide eyes as No-Face swallowed the bathhouse workers whole. As adults they sit on the floor in their own home with a pile of blankets and an apple pie that they share straight out of the dish. Kuroo loves being the keeper of this secret, loves holding the knowledge of what paints the skin under Kenma's clothes. Although to Kenma it's not really a secret, just a topic that never came up because no one asked, and no asked because they don't know. An introvert's catch-22.

And even though Kuroo feels special having the privilege of owning a secret about Kenma, in truth they have a thousand secrets, just the two of them, and he absolutely cannot wait for the day this one is discovered. It happens on a day when lots of people are around.

After Hinata returned to Japan, he wanted to see everyone, often, and this is one of those near-weekly meetups. Kenma isn't the biggest fan of such large, boisterous, gatherings so the two of them don't always attend, but he also isn't the wilting flower he once was and when they do go he can keep up with, well maybe not the rowdiest of the bunch, but he certainly isn't afraid of getting a little rowdy himself. Because of this, it doesn't slip Hinata's notice when Kenma isn't joining in on the festivities as usual.

They're at Bokuto and Akaashi's place this time, drinks getting passed around freely despite it being barely past lunchtime. In their defense, it's summertime and the cold beer really takes the edge off the heat. Kuroo doesn't know how Kenma can wear that hoodie in the heat, even if they are indoors. Kuroo is settling onto the arm of the couch with a beer when Hinata plops down next to an empty-handed Kenma.

"You're not drinking? How come?" he asks.

"Ah, I can't," Kenma says, "I'm getting a tattoo later."

"A tattoo! Is it your first?" Hinata nearly shouts, grabbing the attention of the others. He's normally pretty loud, but drinking definitely magnifies his exuberance. The exclamation turns a few heads their way.

Kuroo snorts. "Nah, it's not my first," Kenma replies, nonchalant as ever.

"Ooh, you have a tattoo already?"

This revelation further draws the attention of their friends.

Lev bounds over, "That's so cool, can we see your tattoo Kenma-san?"

Kuroo can't help the grin spreading over his face. Kenma looks at him and narrows his eyes.

"Yeah, you should show them, Kenma," Kuroo says, restrained laughter tinging his voice.

Kenma sighs. The whole party has gathered around them at this point.

He looks at Kuroo again, to most people his expression would probably seem blank or even annoyed, but Kuroo can see the small spark of amusement in his eyes. He's enjoying this, the lead up to the reveal. "Okay," Kenma says.

Their friends watch as he stands up and reaches over his head to pull his hoodie and T-shirt off in one fell swoop. There's a collective gasp.

"Woah," Kuroo hears Tora and Tanaka whisper in unison. Sewn into Kenma's arms there are characters and items from his favourite video games, flowers, 8-bit hearts, a volleyball, a bee with a trail behind it, the little N64 controller. In the middle of his chest there's a bold, black tattoo of the master sword from Legend of Zelda combined with a winged triforce.

There's a pirate ship from One Piece on his ribs, more video game and manga references, a halved apple on his hip. From where Hinata is sitting he can see the dragon on Kenma's back, which he gapes wordlessly at.

"I'd show you the rest, but I'm not taking my pants off with everyone watching."

Kenma's dry statement breaks the uncharacteristic silence and everyone starts immediately clamoring, berating Kenma for not showing them before and yelling about how cool the tattoos are. "Hey, can I touch them Kenma-san?" Lev shouts.

"No."

Kuroo cackles, pleased as punch with the outcome he knew to expect.

"Nipple piercings, huh?" Kuroo looks over his shoulder to see Suga smirking at him, "I bet you like that."

Kuroo feels his cheeks warm, but smirks back nonetheless. He's not wrong, though Kuroo hadn't expected anyone to notice the silver barbells amidst the sea of tattoos they were seeing for the first time. He looks back at Kenma. He seems to be getting tired of the attention already, and judging by the goosebumps on his arms, a little chilly. Kuroo stands.

"All right, all right, let's let Kenma breathe," he says, handing Kenma his clothes from where he'd dropped them on the couch. Kenma looks up at him gratefully, slipping his arms back into his shirt.

Kenma's new tattoo is a simple one, just a thin band encircling his calf.

"I like it," Kuroo says to him. They're both slouching into the couch, Kenma's playing Call of Duty with the sound off. "You like all my tattoos."

"That's true," Kuroo watches as Kenma makes three headshots in a row. "They know about your tattoos now."

"Mm."

"Does that bother you?"

"No," Kenma blows at a piece of hair in front of his eye. "They don't know about yours though."

Kuroo turns his head to look at him, "Does /that/ bother you? I've only got the one anyway."

Kenma hums.

"Did you want me to show them mine?"

Kenma doesn't say anything.

Kuroo smiles, "I'll show them next time."

The corner of Kenma's lips perks up. When they lay in bed that night, Kenma touches the matching apple half on Kuroo's hip.

"I still think we should get another matching one for something you like," he says.

"I think if we got my favourite food it'd be a little too bro-ish though."

"Mm, maybe not a mackerel."

"How about my favourite formula?" Kuroo asks, grinning.

Kenma laughs, rolling his eyes, "Absolutely not, you nerd."

"Fiiiine," Kuroo says, leaning in to kiss Kenma's neck with a smile.

"Hmm," Kenma's hum vibrates against Kuroo's lips. "Oh!"

"Oh?" Kuroo murmurs against his collarbone.

"Our jersey numbers," Kenma pushes Kuroo back and leans away to make eye contact with him, "The number 1 for you, and 5 for me."

Kuroo smiles, "Yeah," he says softly, "Sounds perfect."

Kuroo Tetsurou has two tattoos, and everyone knows it.

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Some little everyday headcanons about Kenma for his birthday ✨ (includes Kuroo stuff)

1. He uses strawberry flavoured kids' toothpaste because mint hurts his mouth
2. He washes his hair with the plainest grocery store shampoo, but orders special conditioner because it makes his hair soft. Kuroo finds the combo horrifying.
3. Every time he goes grocery shopping, he buys himself a treat as a reward. If Kuroo does the shopping without him that week, he brings a treat back for him anyway.

4. He sits like an absolute gremlin. Squatting on top of a stool. Crunched into a corner of the couch, facing away from the room. Folded up into a pretzel like shape and upside down. Feet on the bed, self on the floor.

5. Most days his breakfast is tiny and he has 3 am second dinner. This used to consist of various snacks he could find around the house until he started living with Kuroo and he was relentless about making sure it's an actual meal.

6. Most days Kenma has a sandwich or noodles now. Kenma secretly thinks the most romantic thing Kuroo does is always offer him something hot to drink at night. He was so sad when he started to cut down on his caffeine intake and had to refuse tea, but Kuroo bought some hot chocolate and herbal tea so he could keep offering.

7. Kenma's pocket holds his phone, wallet, lip balm, and a D20 from the first set of dice he ever bought. He rubs it between his fingers when he's feeling nervous, and nearly all the number paint has rubbed off at this point.

8. Kenma likes a clean home aesthetic, but his tendency to hoard sentimental items means that their home is more of a gamer's paradise mixed with a museum dedicated to his relationship. (Kuroo thinks it's wonderful, his desk at work is pretty similar but with more volleyball)

9. Kenma sleeps with a cat stuffed animal that Kuroo gave him on their first date. At night, usually Kuroo spoons Kenma, and Kenma spoons Tachi-cat.

10. Kenma has a singular birthday tradition that has become a family tradition - eat a slice of pie with ice cream for breakfast. The rest of the day changes each year, but the breakfast stays the same.

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Kenma and Kuroo getting food together after school, a day when they don't have club, and Kenma finds himself watching the way the afternoon sunlight streams across Kuroo's laughing face, his smile so big, his eyes crinkling at the edges.

No one else laughs at Kenma's jokes the way that Kuroo does, just big, pure enjoyment.

Kuroo offers Kenma the crispiest fries, and Kenma realizes that he loves him. That he's in love with him. It's a tiny thing, but to Kenma it's a part of the everything that Kuroo is. Kenma exists in the details of Kuroo's life. Not at the peripherals, but in the little specks of dust that could easily be forgotten, the moments that could fall away without noticing, he exists in all of them to Kuroo.

The sunlight feels warm inside him. He takes the crispy fry that Kuroo is offering and thinks that he wants to be with him forever.

Kuroo is teasing him as he tries to beat a hard boss. A girl from his class comes by and he smiles at her warmly, kindly.

He's beautiful with that smile. He's even more beautiful with the smile he gives Kenma when he thinks Kenma isn't looking.

He's ugly when he laughs sometimes, but Kenma loves it. It makes him laugh too and he thinks it's perfect. The girl seems surprised when he turns his attention back to Kenma instead of flirting back. Kenma thinks she's probably wondering why someone like Kuroo would be so interested in someone like him. Maybe he would wonder too, but he doesn't care why.

The universe must have conspired to bring them together, and that's enough for him. Kuroo feeds him another fry, convinced that the few minutes spent on his game between each bite will cause him malnutrition. Kenma smiles at him and his eyes blink wide before his face splits into a huge grin. It's an overreaction and Kenma loves it.

Kenma teases Kuroo back on their way home and Kuroo pretends he doesn't like it when Kenma's mean. In the dark, it's easier to flirt.

When they part ways in front of their houses, Kenma wishes Kuroo would kiss him before he goes, he's too afraid to do it himself. Maybe tomorrow he will be more brave.

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Kenma and Kuroo's bedroom has little pieces of framed kid art from when they were both little on the wall, a valentines day card from Kuroo to Kenma with a P.S. and a P.P.S. and a P.P.P.S all telling Kenma that he's the coolest; a drawing of the two of them where the lines are too hard and a little wobbly, but Kenma made sure to give him and Kuroo volleyball bruises on their arms, red speckles that look a bit gruesome in retrospect but cute nonetheless; a drawing of gravity defying cats sitting in a tree; of hero Kenma and Kuroo.

There's a newer one too: a little kid and his dads standing together. Their cat is in the picture too, tiny with scribbled stripes along her tail. It's Kuroo and Kenma's favourite. Their son has long outgrown cray/ola drawings of their family, preferring eyerolls and video games and volleyball as his preferred love languages at 15, his drawings getting quickly stored away before his dads can look too long, the lines careful and clean now. But every year on their birthdays, they get a new drawing, one that has murmured permission to be framed on the walls outside where everyone who visits can see, even if Kisho blushes and complains when Kuroo and Kenma brag about them.

All the art in their home is created by someone who lives in it, clumsily or carefully but always with love.

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Kenma comes home one day with bloody knuckles. Kuroo had to stay late after practice to deal with his new duties as captain so Kenma went back by himself. It should have been fine, Kenma doesn't even talk to anyone, he's quiet but he's not rude, except to people he likes. Kuroo panics when he sees Kenma sitting on the sidewalk outside their houses, dabbing at his hands with a napkin he found in his backpack.

"I didn't want my parents to freak out," he says.

Kuroo doesn't know how he can sound so calm. "What the fuck happened?" Kuroo asks, too loud, too harsh.

But Kenma knows him well, knows that he's just shocked.

"Some guys from my year saw that you weren't around and tried to bully me."

"Are you okay?" Kuroo unsticks himself from his spot and kneels quickly next to him. Kenma laughs a little, mostly humorless, "I'm fine. I'm lucky it didn't happen at school or I would be in trouble right now."

Kuroo is...baffled, "What? Why the hell would *you* be in trouble? *They* went after you!"

"Everyone knows that the person who wins the fight gets the punishment. Unless they're popular," he looks up at Kuroo, "So it would've been a lose-lose for me."

Kuroo gapes at Kenma, his mouth open.

"You...won?"

Kenma grins a little, "Are you proud of me?"

Kuroo's face splits into an involuntary grin. He feels relieved and thrilled and a little breathless at the thought. Maybe it's not the responsible thing to say, but he's not Kenma's dad and he thinks Kenma is amazing.

"I am so proud of you," he says. Kenma's smile gets a little bigger before he presses his lips together and glances back at his knuckles.

"They didn't think I could fight," he says quietly.

"I didn't know you could either," Kuroo admits.

"My dad worries about it. Me getting bullied."

Kuroo gets it. When he was younger, before he could be confident and charming when he needed to be, before his height intimidated people, his dad had similar talks with him. He

made sure Kuroo could punch and that Kuroo could run. He can only imagine the worry that Kenma's parents must have. He's sharp with Kuroo and Tora and Lev, but it's easy for Kuroo to forget that with other people, he's meek. Soft. Small.

"Let's go inside," Kuroo says, "We should clean your hand properly."

Kenma nods. He lets Kuroo grab his bag and follows him into his house. His dad is working on his laptop in the kitchen and doesn't look up long enough to notice that Kenma almost drips blood onto the floor, greeting them and then turning right back to his work. In the upstairs bathroom, Kuroo dabs an alcohol soaked cotton swab on the cuts, murmuring apologies when Kenma winces, the pain stingier without the adrenaline of a fight.

"You seem tired," Kuroo says quietly.

"We had practice and then I got into a fight. That's the most physical activity I've done in months."

Kuroo huffs a laugh. Of course that's how Kenma would be thinking of it.

"Do you want band aids for the cuts?"

"It's fine, they won't stay anyway."

Kuroo looks up at Kenma's face, his hair is a little messier than usual, but no cuts or bruises besides those on his hands. He reaches out and smooths Kenma's hair with his hands. Kenma's eyes blink wide with surprise. It's only then that Kuroo registers that it's an unusual point of physical contact for the two of them. They sit side by side, shoulders touching, sleep in the same bed out of laziness, but in the quiet of the bathroom...this feels intimate. Kuroo draws his hands back quickly, hiding them away.

"Sorry," he chuckles nervously, "Your hair was messy."

Kenma's eyes searching Kuroo's face, lips parted like he's not sure what to say.

"...It's okay," he says finally.

Kuroo takes a step back, realising how close together their bodies are. Kenma takes a step forward.

Oh.

Kuroo's heart pounds in his chest. "Kenma-"

"Kuro."

Kenma's eyes are searing hot on his. Kuroo swallows, willing his breath to stop heaving in his chest.

"Um-"

He's cut off by Kenma kissing him. His back hits the wall behind him and without thinking, he wraps his arms around Kenma's waist, pulling him closer. Kenma's lips are soft but firm against his, his hands holding tightly onto Kuroo's neck. When they pull apart they're both panting, with the same shocked expression on each of their faces, like they can't believe they just did that. Kenma swallows, "Um. Sorry."

"It's okay," Kuroo says breathlessly.

They both look at each other for another moment, only their breaths filling the silence, neither of them taking their hands off the other.

"...do you want to sleep over?" Kuroo asks.

Kenma smiles, "Okay."

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1456481382218321935?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

"I'm afraid," Kenma says, "Of you not loving me."

"I'll always love you," Kuroo says.

"You'll always stay with me. Even if you stop loving me. That's what I'm afraid of."

Kuroo sighs softly, pursing his lips to one side. Kenma feels guilty even bringing it up, but he has to. He has to let Kuroo know that he can leave if he no longer loves him. The only thing worse than the man he loves no longer loving him, is him forcing himself to stay with Kenma out of obligation.

"Love isn't a feeling," Kuroo says finally. "Do you love me the same every day?"

"Well..." Kenma thinks about it, gives his question the respect it deserves. He thinks of days where he wishes Kuroo paid more attention, loved him louder, the days where he selfishly wishes Kuroo would be a little less kind to other people, the days where they're both tired and they barely spend time in the same room, the days where it feels more like they're friends. He thinks of the days when Kuroo holds him tightly from behind while he's cooking, when he brings home flowers just because, when talking feels like flowing honey and milk and spice, the days he couldn't imagine being without him, the days when they both laugh until they can't breathe.

"...no," he answers finally, "It's not the same every day."

"But you always love me."

It's not a question.

"Of course I do."

"Even when I irritate the fuck out of you?"

Kenma smiles, "Yes."

Kuroo smiles back, tipping his head to one side, "Because you choose to. You choose to give me those shitty little moments, you choose to love me, right?"

"Yeah," Kenma whispers. "If love is a choice," Kuroo says, taking a strand of Kenma's hair in between his fingers, "- and it is - then I will always choose to keep loving you."

Kenma looks down, smiling softly, "Okay."

"So there's nothing to worry about, right?"

Kenma nods. Kuroo looks under the hair covering Kenma's face with a sly smile, "Can I have a kiss?"

Kenma rolls his eyes in an affectionate force of habit and leans in close to kiss him.

"I love you," Kuroo says, muffled against his lips.

Kenma laughs against him, "I love you too."

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//ftm/nb Kenma, he/him prns

Genderfluid transmasc Kenma who figures it's better to just say he's a boy, that more people will believe him, but finds himself getting more and more depressed the more he suppresses his fluidity and tries to just fit into a new box. Kuroo finds him sitting inside his closet one day with tears in his eyes.

"Don't say it," Kenma mumbles.

"It's a really good joke."

"It's not."

Kuroo sits down next to him, squeezing in close. It's quiet. Kenma presses his cheek against Kuroo's shoulder. "You don't have to just be one thing," Kuroo says softly.

"No one will ever believe I'm a man if I don't commit to it."

"Is that going to make you happy?"

"Don't ask me leading questions."

"It's a real question."

"...maybe."

"Okay."

They're quiet for another long moment. "You have time," Kuroo says finally, "If it turns out it'll make you happy to transition, you're not going to run out of time to do it."

The little pout on Kenma's face becomes more pronounced, "But there are all these people younger than me, who are just...sure."

"You don't have to be like them," Kuroo brushes the hair off Kenma's forehead and he looks up at him, "You're you."

"I suck at being me," Kenma says, sounding watery despite the attempted joke.

Kuroo kisses the top of his head and whispers into his hair,

"You're the best you I know."

Kenma squishes himself impossibly close to Kuroo, hiding his face. Kuroo hears him sniffle and then feels him shake his head.

"You wiping your nose on me?"

"...no."

"It's okay, I'll borrow a shirt."

Kenma nods, his fists clenching in Kuroo's top

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//mental illness, suicidal thoughts ⚠️⚠️

There's a point in college where Kenma's mental health is absolute garbage. He's living alone, he hasn't gone to class in weeks, fuck, he's probably only brushed his teeth once in the past month. Before, he could at least squeeze a little dopamine out of those random party hookups, but now it feels like the feeling of sadness is seeping out of his toes. The only thing keeping him alive is hyper-fixating on a group of let's players on youtube. He does his best to respond to Kuroo's texts, but Kuroo is busy and it feels like maybe he just doesn't...need Kenma anymore. Or want him.

Kenma considers himself extremely lucky that his best friend is the type of person who would take a sudden vacation day just to prove those thoughts wrong, even though he doesn't exactly feel lucky at the moment. He feels more like nothing. Or crying maybe.

Kenma is sitting in the same spot he's been in for the last seven hours, wondering if it would be too upsetting for the people he loves if he killed himself, when there's a knock at the door. He considers ignoring it, but he receives a text a few seconds later from Kuroo, telling him to open the door. Anxiety hits him like a sucker punch to the chest. Kenma sighs, half in an attempt to calm his nerves that never calm down anymore, except to turn off to the point of depression. He sludges off the couch and goes to open the door.

"I'm here," Kuroo says perkily, but looking tired.

"You're here," Kenma is speaking through a fog. His voice is croaky from not having said more than a few words in the last few days, "Why are you here?"

"You don't seem so good," Kuroo says, dropping the upbeat voice.

"You're wearing a suit," Kenma says.

"Yeahh, I drove here straight from work."

"Oh."

Kenma thinks for a minute, "What time is it?"

Kuroo's eyebrows furrow. Kenma supposes that he didn't realise he was doing quite this bad. It's kind of a relief to have someone see it, but also kind of not.

"Almost 2 am. I'm staying the night, by the way."

Kenma nods. Thank god. He won't be alone for a night.

"Can I come in now?"

Kenma shuffles out of the way to let Kuroo in, who's wearing a backpack and holding a grocery bag in one hand, neither which Kenma had really registered before. Kuroo drops his backpack on the floor, "Come on, we're going to the balcony."

"Why?"

"Because I'm guessing you haven't been outside in a while," Kuroo says, his eyes raking over Kenma's no doubt terrible appearance.

"I don't want to go outside."

"You need the fresh air."

"I don't want fresh air."

"Well luckily for you, it won't be too fresh because we're going to go smoke."

This actually catches Kenma off guard, "What?"

Kuroo faces him squarely, "I don't really want to think about it too hard but

I don't think you want to live."

He looks so, unbearably sad, and Kenma wishes he could deny it.

Kuroo speaks again, "And it's better to live doing something unhealthy than it is to die."

"Okay," Kenma whispers. He lets Kuroo lead the way outside. Kenma watches Kuroo light a cigarette between his own lips and then pass it off to Kenma before lighting his own. The air is cool and it makes Kenma feel sort of shaky.

He takes in a pull of smoke from the cigarette. It's weird, but it does give him the tiniest thrill. It's something his parents would absolutely loathe, and something about that is giving him a little spark. He glances up at Kuroo.

"Do you smoke at the office?"

Kuroo looks guilty, "Sometimes, don't tell my dad."

He winks at Kenma and Kenma feels a layer of something melts inside his chest.

"I didn't just bring cigarettes!" Kuroo says suddenly defensive, "I also brought ramen and candy."

Kenma smiles. It feels like it's going to break on his face,. He's going to try to say something rude or cheeky, something normal, but he can't.

"I miss you," he says instead. His voice is wobbly, and his eyes fill with tears.

"Hey, I'm right here," Kuroo says, looking at him concernedly.

"I know, but I miss you,"

Tears finally spill over, stinging on the paths that they've taken over and over on his cheeks. Kenma doesn't know how to explain the feeling of standing behind glass, the feeling of missing Kuroo even as he's within touching distance, the untethered feeling he's still having. Kuroo crushes his cigarette on the railing and then takes Kenma's and crushes it too. He pulls Kenma into his arms and hugs him so tight it almost hurts and for the first time in weeks, Kenma feels like something is grounding him.

"I'm here, Kenma."

Kenma wraps his arms around Kuroo and lets his horrible tears and snot wet Kuroo's nice suit jacket. He lets Kuroo stroke his hair like a little kid even though he doesn't even like the feeling of having his hair stroked, and he squeezes him tight enough that maybe he won't disappear.

Eventually the tears subside and Kenma's legs ache from standing for so long.

"Can we go inside?" he mumbles.

"Yeah," Kuroo kisses him on the crown of the head before letting go, "Do you want to wash your face?"

Kenma nods, taking Kuroo's hand in his. He doesn't want to be alone for a second right now, so he drags Kuroo to the bathroom with him and he can't even find it in him to be embarrassed to be watched washing his face and brushing his teeth for the first time in so long, because it feels so fucking nice to have

Kuroo there with him. Kuroo convinces him to change into new pajamas and puts on his own that he brought with him in his backpack, which is even nicer. Kenma feels a little less disgusting and he has his Kuroo here. Not office Kuroo in his nice suit, but sweatpants sleepover Kuroo

He lets Kuroo take care of him in the way that he never lets anybody do it, making them both cup ramen and tea, putting on an old show that they used to watch together as kids, covering both of them with a single blanket, and sitting close. Kenma nearly scalds his tongue with hot noodles and it feels amazing, and the sadness in his stomach almost hurts in a nice way for a little bit, and when he thinks back on it later in bed, Kuroo's arm around his waist, he realises that maybe the sadness went away for a bit there

Kuroo asks for another day off in the morning, apologizing on the phone to his boss and saying it's a family emergency. He stays for the weekend too. Kenma cries again while he's there, but in a good way. He smiles too and laughs in a way that doesn't feel exhausting. He thinks maybe it's worth not dying if he can have weekends like this with Kuroo again.

...

It's a long time before Kenma is really better. Even longer before he thinks about dying when something goes wrong for the last time. But he does get better. He gets a happiness again that doesn't leave the moment Kuroo walks out of the room. He learns how to be in silence again. He showers, and feeds their cats, and plays games, and laughs out loud when those lets players do something stupid, even when he's alone. And he learns that every little sadness isn't a threat, and that things do get better. They always do.

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//nsfw ish

Kenma realises he's attracted to Kuroo on a day that isn't hot for Kenma but apparently is for Kuroo. Kuroo is wearing a sleeveless shirt and Kenma watches as he casually laces his fingers behind his head. It emphasizes his muscles, and shows off his armpit hair, a feature that Kenma never thought of as "attractive" before, but strikes him as incredibly hot right now. Not just attractive in some objective sense, but horny in the subjective sense. As his eyes trail lower, he decides the happy trail peeking out of Kuroo's shorts is hot too. Wow, Kenma's learning all sorts of new things about himself today.

"Kenma?"

Kenma's eyes snap up, "What?"

"You okay?" Kuroo asks, lowering one arm.

Unfortunate, Kenma thinks.

"Yeah," Kenma says.

"So, food? Did you miss what we were talking about?" Kuroo grins annoyingly. Kenma nods, "Sure. I was just thinking about something."

On the walk to the ramen shop, Kuroo drapes an arm around Kenma's shoulder as he laughs with Kai and Tora, and Kenma thinks he smells nice.

They eat, Kenma participates in the conversation a little, and plays his PSP a little. It's dark by the time they walk home, but Kuroo comes up to Kenma's room for a bit anyways.

He sits on the floor and fidgets with Kenma's feet, that are hanging off his bed by his shoulders, while he waits for a text back from someone. Kenma hopes it isn't a girl.

"Who are you texting?" he asks.

"This girl from my class."

Kenma's stomach feels itchy, and he smooshes the peak of Kuroo's hair with the sole of his foot in hopes of somehow feeling better because of it. Kuroo laughs and twists around, grabbing one of Kenma's calves and one of his thighs. His hands cover so much more than Kenma's do, and that grin is so annoying, but also Kenma hopes he doesn't grin at the girl he's texting like that.

"Oy! You're gonna mess up my hair!"

"Your hair is always messed up."

"Mean," Kuroo says, bumping his foot with his cheek, "But I guess you're right."

His phone buzzes and he turns to check it and Kenma resists the urge to kick him hard.

"Oh, do you want some of my old shirts?" Kuroo asks before leaving. He's typing again. He looks up, "They don't fit me anymore, but I don't really want to get rid of them."

Kuroo's old shirts are always soft and nice to sleep in.

"Okay," Kenma says.

Kuroo smiles, "Cool, I'd be sad if I saw someone else wearing my stuff," he tugs on a piece of Kenma's hair,

"I'll see you tomorrow, you're coming to Kai's place right?"

"Yeah."

"Cool, the girl I was talking to will be there too," Kuroo raises his eyebrows cheerfully.

"Oh. Okay."

"Don't worry, she's nice," Kuroo says.

Kenma hopes she isn't. "Okay," he says.

"Don't stay up too late playing games," Kuroo says, heading towards the stairs.

Kenma makes a grumbly sound and Kuroo laughs. He hears him saying goodbye to his parents and then the sound of the front door opening and closing. Kenma lays down in his bed without his PSP and thinks that he's fucked.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1467011762805514240?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

Kenma will be playing games on stream and Kuroo brings him a cup of tea, bc he was making one for himself and the chat turns into "IT'S HIM" and there are always a bunch of clips of Kodzuken's sweetheart eyes. For months it's like a cartoon where they never see Kuroo's head, but finally, /finally/ they do...and everyone falls in love. What happens is that he leans down to see something that Kenma's pointing out onscreen (he left his glasses in the other room). He kisses Kenma on the cheek before he leaves and chat is /screaming/. ronalg_mcdonalg: wait why is he so handsome??

strawbewwies: KODZUKEN I'M SO JEALOUS OF YOUR LIFE

MuchAdoAboutEverything: wait I KNOW THAT FACE

nolucklost: ARE YOU KIDDING ME

appetizzlers: so you're telling me kodzuken not only plays video games for a living but his bf is- ill.take.the.bees: am i losing my mind or was that the volleyball guy??? GUYS????

MuchAdoAboutEverything: IT IS IT"S HIM

scwamble: am i stupid i straight up thought he was dating miya atsumu

clip_on_ears: hes dating sakusa kiyoomi idiot

babieTK: that's just a fan theory headphoneyack: i'm gonna CRY hes so HOT

undertails: wait you guys know who he is PLEASE TELL ME

Meanwhile Kenma's looking at the chat like, "Uhh...did I not introduce Kuro to you guys?"

He films a Lets Play with Kuroo a week later and it's his most viewed vid thus far.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1467378512411729922?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

//sex mention, ND krkn

Kenma who taps both shoes on every crack in the pavement. Who has to adjust his socks over and over so the line sits in the right spot (even though he wears them inside out). Who has to think about making eye contact. Who needs tight hugs and firm grips on his waist and in his hair during sex, but whose fingers hurt sometimes when he interlaces them with Kuroo's.

Who eats the same thing for dinner five weeks in a row before forgetting about it for a year. Who forgets how to breath sometimes because the pattern feels all wrong. Who feels joy in the pounding of his heart in a way that's nearly indescribable. Who loves so much and so hard and sometimes forgets he loves at all, only to feel it all over again as though he's feeling it for the first time.

Kuroo who sounds so calm with the timbre of his voice. Who focuses on volleyball like it's a task he can't look away from. Who reads every book and watches every youtube video about a topic before never thinking about it again. Who forgets to eat. Who forgets he has a physical form. Who remembers he does and can't keep it still. Who seems like he's twelve years old again in his excitement, in the bounce of his step, in the way he runs too fast in front of Kenma only to turn around and run back. Who has someone who remembers for him. Who reminds someone to breathe. Who has too little patience for himself and so much patient for everyone else.

Who loves someone. Who has someone that loves him too.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1473244962699554818?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

//hurt/comfort

Kuroken exes who meet again at a party and end up holding each other in an empty room. They each blame the alcohol that neither of them drank.

It would be less painful, less embarrassing, if they were making out, sloppy and wild, but they're not. They're just hugging each other tight, wishing that things could begin from here, instead of ending before they were grown enough to understand what they really wanted, the twisted parts of themselves still bound and unknown to their conscious brains.

Kenma, the DD for his friends, drops Hinata and Kageyama and Fukunaga off at their houses and then drives home with blurry eyes. He cries louder and longer than he ever did after they broke up, the tangibility of what he's missing so apparent all of a sudden.

Kuroo goes home and blankly stares at the copy of Metal Gear Solid that Kenma bought him, feeling like a ghost outside of his own body. He doesn't want to be in this moment, he doesn't want to feel how it hurts. They both go to bed, the sheets so cold and their own body heat seemingly not enough to warm them.

Kuroo lays awake for an hour before getting up and digging out the shirt in his bottom drawer that's two sizes too small and smelling it to see if it still smells like him. It's barely there, the scent of Kenma. He buries his face in it, breathing in the last little bit of him that he still gets to have.

There's a knock at his door. It's nearly 4 am at this point, his friends are certainly all asleep in their own beds. /Please,/ he thinks. /Please let it be him./

And he opens the door. And there he is. Small and perfect, and different, and /Kenma/.

"I can't do this without you," he says in that low, rough voice of his.

Kuroo doesn't ask what he means, he /knows/ what he means

"Me neither."

He doesn't know who kisses who, but then they're kissing and it's not a drunk, passionate makeout, it's a tender confession, a plea to stay, a hope that it can be them again, just the two of them, always, always, always.

And they sleep in the same bed that night. And it isn't cold. And it doesn't hurt like it did before, when they were pretending that it didn't. And they sleep better than they have in years. And in the morning Kenma cries again, but this time out of relief that it wasn't just a dream, and Kuroo cries too, and they hold each other close.

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//skts oskt

Osakita art makes me think of them in a secret relationship because Osamu knows Atsumu is in love with Kita and he doesn't want to break his heart, but Atsumu finds out and he cries to Omi and Omi comforts him while pretending he's not in love with Atsumu himself. But they get closer and closer as Atsumu tries to accept that Osamu loves Kita in a way that he can't, but it still hurts and he says to Omi, "it's not fair, why doesn't anyone love me, why doesn't he love me?!"

And Omi breaks, and his eyes fill with tears that are so angry and so sad, and he quietly says, "you are so selfish."

And he leaves.

And Atsumu doesn't understand, so he goes to the only person he knows how to go to, and he asks Osamu, feeling embarrassed and shitty and upset that his best friend is mad at him for some reason, and Osamu just sighs, and says, "I know I got no right to say this, but how could you hurt 'im like that, Tsumu?"

Atsumu is so confused at this point, so Osamu spells it out for him, and he goes sprinting out the door to go after Omi, and he ends up breathless at his door,

Apologising over and over, bowing at Omi's feet, until Omi makes him stand up and Atsumu says, "I didn't know someone like you could ever love someone like me. If I'd known, I woulda never considered anyone else."

And Omi kisses him and kisses him and kisses him. And it's okay. They get to be in love. They're all happy in the end.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1473953555631509505?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

krkn coffee shop AU where Kenma is the forever tired barista and Kuroo is the cute guy who stops by every day and flirts with him. Normally Kenma hates it when people try to flirt and fulfil some kind of different-from-the-rest-of-the-crowd fantasy of theirs, but with Kuroo, he doesn't mind.

Maybe it's the way he doesn't seem to be begging for attention, or maybe it's just that he's hot, but either way, Kenma likes him. He manages to get a smile out of exhausted Kenma most days, and when he comes in late and the shop is empty, he'll stick to Kenma like glue, talking to him about whatever problem chased him around the office that day.

Sometimes he'll lean in close like he's making a confession and tell Kenma how much it bothers him when the women at his workplace lean over his desk, obviously trying to get him to look at their cleavage.

"I mean...I like tits, sure," he says, "But I'm just not interested. In them."

He says the last part while looking right at Kenma.

"Not interested in the tits or the women?" Kenma says.

Kuroo grins, "I'll admit, my preferences lean more barista."

Kenma rolls his eyes, "That was your worst attempt at a pickup line yet."

Kuroo leans back and clasps his hands behind his head, "Fair enough, but you're still blushing."

"It's because I'm embarrassed for you."

"Oh, you must like me a lot to feel so empathetically."

"You're annoying," Kenma says, reaching into the dessert display for a cookie.

"And you still like me that much? Wow, I must be really hot," Kuroo's grin widens.

"I don't like you," Kenma places the cookie onto a napkin in front of Kuroo.

"Ah, I must have misinterpreted things," Kuroo says, picking up his free cookie and taking a bite.

"You must have," Kenma leans forward onto the counter, "Feel free to pay for that if you like."

"Sorry, I only carry kisses on me. Do you have change for a twenty?"

"Truly incredible how your lines get worse every time."

"You'll have to give me lessons on how to improve."

"Oh, I can teach you a lesson if you really want."

"On flirting?"

"I thought we were talking about something more painful."

"I didn't know you were so kinky, Kenma."

Kenma laughs, "I don't think you'd be flirting with me if you didn't have some idea."

"Sadist," Kuroo says dreamily.

"Is that a request?"

"I didn't know I was allowed to make requests."

"If you're good, I'll allow it."

"Have I been good?"

"Hardly, but go ahead."

"Go on a date with me?"

Kenma pretends to consider it, "Well...alright then," he smiles.

Kuroo beams back at him, looking absolutely victorious. "Will you give me that lesson after?" he asks.

"Maybe, if you're good."

"And if I'm bad?"

Kuroo is standing up now, leaning onto the counter as well.

"Well," Kenma says with a grin, "Bad boys do need to be punished."

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//transphobia, parental abuse, ftm Kuroo and ftm Kenma, he/him prns used

Kuroo's mother reacted badly to her daughter wanting to be a boy. She dressed him only in the girliest clothes she could find, only let him do girly activities, only let him have girls as friends. In short, she did everything she could to "fix" him.

But Kuroo desperately wanted to do a sport, and his dad hated seeing his child suffocating at the hands of his wife. So he managed to convince Kuroo's mother that volleyball was a sport for girls, so it would be okay. It brought Kuroo so much joy to have this one little thing. And on top of that, it turned out that the kids volleyball league in his prefecture was co-ed, so for the first time, he was able to be friends with boys. It made him nervous but it was exciting at the same time. Kuroo was always tall for his age, and it impressed the other boys

how high he could hit the ball, how long his step was. Kuroo felt...like he was part of something. Connected to something.

But the temporary peace came crashing down when his mother came to his first game. She lost it. He was dragged home, screamed at for lying about having boys as friends, for being a bad child, for disappointing her, for making her embarrassed. For being "disgusting".

Kuroo cried hard, and he was screamed at for crying too. His dad tried to talk to her, but for a month, two months, three months, their house was nothing but screaming. "How could you do this to me?" she'd yell at Kuroo, "Ungrateful!" she'd scream. Kuroo was locked in his room after school every day, forbidden from talking to anyone.

His dad kept trying, but he gave up on her after the first time she threw a glass at Kuroo, luckily missing his face. He took him away, determined to keep his son safe. Getting full custody was easy, she never wanted to see them again.

A new haircut, a new house, a new prefecture later, Kuroo met Kenma.

It was weird at first, there was no reason for two little boys to automatically get along, and Kuroo hadn't talked to another kid in months. But Kuroo saw a blanket in Kenma's room with a girl's name on it.

"Is this your sister's?" he asked.

"No, I don't have a sister," Kenma said. He looked hesitant for a moment and then quietly said, "It used to be my name."

"Oh. I-I have girl name too," Kuroo said softly.

"You're a boy though, right?"

Kuroo nodded.

Kenma looked at him like he understood, "Do you know what you want to be called?"

Kuroo shook his head.

"Okay. Can I call you Kuro then?"

Kuroo smiled for what felt like the first time in forever, "Yeah. You can call me Kuro."

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1476860919254818827?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

krkn au where they're Great British (Japanese?) Bake Off contestants, and Kenma helps out a very stressed Kuroo with his croquembouche by watching the caramel while Kuroo fills the cream puffs in a hurry.

Another day, Kuroo helps out a nearly tearful Kenma whose showstopper has quite literally gone sideways.

Between challenges and after filming, they laugh together, Kuroo charmed by Kenma's pretty hair and eyes and dry wit, and Kenma enamored by Kuroo's terrible laugh and messy hair and sweet demeanor. They ride the train together at the end of each weekend, until Kenma regretfully gets off at his stop, wishing he could go with Kuroo to meet his chickens instead of back home to his parents.

They start texting, both of them amongst the youngest of the contestants, the rest of the contestants a little protective over them, parental, but also cooing secretly at the little romance clearly blooming between them. They send each other pictures of parts of their practice runs, not wanting to spoil it by showing off the whole thing before the weekend.

Kuroo is devastated when Kenma goes home on a poor technical challenge, perhaps even more so than Kenma. He hugs him for a little too long after the filming is over for the weekend, sniffing into his apron strings. Kenma is so sad to be done with the adventure, but at the same time, a little thrilled to be held like this by Kuroo. A teeny bit happy that he will be so missed. Bittersweet feelings, he thinks to himself a teary laugh, back in his own bed after a goodbye that couldn't be extended any longer, with the train about to pull away from the platform.

He wonders how Kuroo is doing the next weekend, his first not on set with him. It's only one more before Kuroo texts him to say that he's out too. His showstopper having been a disaster "without you here to save me."

>> i'm sorry Kuro, that sucks :(

>> it's okay, it's no fun without you anyway

>> that's not true

>> but i'm glad you said it.

>> this is my first weekend free since starting

>> true

>> come over. meet my chickens

Kenma squeezes his phone and kicks his feet, an embarrassing reaction, had anyone been there to see it.

>> sure. i'll come for the chickens. not you ofc

>> of course not, just for the chickens

>> :)

...

Kuroo's place is full of succulents, and hanging light reflectors, his tiny backyard, home to four chickens. Kenma learns that fresh eggs really do make better cakes. And that baking takes a lot longer when you keep stopping to kiss, but gosh if it isn't the prettiest cake he's ever laid eyes on, between Kuroo's piped flowers and Kenma's carefully arranged strawberries. He really does think buttercream tastes better when it's on Kuroo's lips.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1482181649953656839?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

//krkn, food

When Kenma is stressed, he likes to bake. Kuroo comes home to the smell of apple and cinnamon and finds Kenma looking frustrated at the kitchen counter on his laptop, an oven mitt still on one hand. The tension in his shoulders melts when Kuroo hugs him from behind, asking what's wrong.

"It's just this-" he huffs out an irritated breath, "This stupid tax form makes no sense."

Kuroo laughs softly, and Kenma scowls.

"Is that it? Give it to me, I'll do it."

...

Another day, Kuroo smells vanilla before he even steps through the door. When he goes to the kitchen, there's a steaming cake, but no Kenma. He searches the house in worry, but eventually he finds Kenma in a little ball in their closet, tapping away on his old PSP. He barely looks up when Kuroo moves the clothes aside to sit next to him, but

Kuroo can see the tears threatening to spill nonetheless.

"Are you okay, baby?" he asks softly.

Kenma nods, his mouth set in a stubborn pout.

"Mm," Kuroo hums, "Well, I had a pretty hard day, so could I have a hug?"

Kenma nods and sets the console down, immediately burying his face in Kuroo's chest. Kuroo holds him close and strokes his hair and kisses him on the head, but he doesn't ask any questions. Later, when he's feeling a little less overwhelmed, Kuroo will make him tea, and he'll go on a long rant about it, and Kuroo will listen, and they'll eat cake until Kenma is feeling less heavy and burdened by the world.

...

Kuroo comes home to the smell of chocolate and he's immediately worried. He drops his bag and rushes to the kitchen, ready to soothe Kenma's stresses, fuck the dinner reservation, but then there's Kenma - in a silly "kiss the cook" apron that Kuroo knows he hates, his hair in a bun, for once, all pulled away from his face, and a tray full of cookies.

"Happy Valentine's day," he says with a smile.

Kuroo smiles back, breathless at his perfect lover,

"Happy Valentine's day," he says, "Do I get to kiss the cook now?"

"I'm actually more of a baker, than a coo-mm!" Kenma squeaks and then laughs against Kuroo's lips.

Kuroo pulls away, "I'll get you a new apron, don't worry."

Kenma rolls his eyes, "Please don't. Have a cookie."

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1484029404103720966?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

//eventual kuroken, angst to fluff, sex mentions

Love is a noun, Kenma thinks when he is a teenager.

It's something you possess a finite amount of, so you have to choose carefully who you give it to, Kenma thinks as he high fives his teammates. It simply comes into existence, he thinks, being hugged too hard by his parents at graduation.

It's something you have whether you want it or not, he thinks as his shitty college boyfriend storms out of his apartment after accusing him of cheating. It's a curse you can't get rid of, he thinks, walking in on that same shitty boyfriend, fucking one of his friends.

It's something I don't have, he thinks, sitting in a silent apartment when silence never bothered him before.

It's

Kenma watches Kuroo fuss over his belongings in his new apartment in Tokyo, closer to their parents houses than he's lived in years.

"Oh! I brought you some pie from that bakery we used to go to as a kid," Kuroo says, digging in the paper bag he brought with him, "I almost forgot."

He holds it out to Kenma along with a plastic fork.

Kenma smiles, it feels like cracking plaster.

"Thank you," he says quietly.

"A thank you? From /the/ Kozume Kenma??" Kuroo exclaims dramatically.

Kenma rolls his eyes, "Ha ha," he says dryly.

He sits on the couch that Kuroo helped carry in and eats apple pie with his plastic fork whose prongs keep bending when he tries to break the crust, and watches Kuroo set up his consoles in front of the TV without being asked to. Kuroo prods him for the location of each item in each box and sets up half the living room around him before pulling him off the couch and saying, "Okay, I don't know where half of this shit goes, dude."

He lets Kenma give up before it's done, the lamplights reflecting against the dark, curtain-less, windows, and pulls him into his arms.

"It's actually a requirement to slow dance in the living room when you move into a new place," he says.

"I don't think that's true," Kenma says, letting himself be swayed around anyways to the music drifting from Kuroo's phone speaker on the couch.

Kuroo's thumb rubs gently on his lower back. Kenma closes his eyes and rests his head on his chest.

Love is a verb, Kenma thinks, and I know he loves me.

Love is an action, Kenma thinks, and I want to do it for him.

Love is a comfort, Kenma thinks...and I know I'm in love with him.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1525575409265528836?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

AU where Kuroo and Kenma live in different universes and they're each other's "imaginary" friends



Jarod Roselló
@jarodrosello



My almost-5-year-old was playing with his imaginary friend. And when I asked about it, he said, "No, I'm the imaginary friend."

And now I have my next book idea.

They both exist in a very particular way that they can see one another and play together, but no one else can. Like a ghost, but instead of haunting each other, they love each other. As they get older, it gets weird to have imaginary friends, but their lives are still aligned.

They sit next to each other in the same classroom in different universes.

They play volleyball on courts that line up just so.

They eat lunch alone, but they aren't alone at all. They can see what the other person is touching in their universe, but nothing else. But the worst part is that they can't touch each other. They're just...ghosts after all.

The only place they /can/ touch, is in their dreams. One day, they notice each other getting less transparent and strangely, people in their worlds start saying the other person's name.

Kenma overhears Tora say he borrowed an eraser from Kuroo, but when he asks about it, Tora looks confused and says he borrowed it from Kenma. Yaku mentions that Kenma was energetic at practice, but when Kuroo asks, he says "who?"

In their dreams that night, Kuroo and Kenma meet. Kenma forgetting for a moment about the important thing, and instead touching his fingertips to Kuroo's cheek. "It still feels like a dream," he says.

"It is," Kuroo holds his hand closer anyways.

It takes a minutes...hours? before Kenma remembers - "Tora said your name today."

They start hoping for more. Kuroo takes notes, marking down each time he hears Kenma's name. Kenma makes a point to talk to more people, to see if that changes things, to see if it's really their universes colliding. Kenma listens in on conversations, waits and hopes for them to mention Kuroo to him, but it's always to someone else.

"Do you think we're glitched?" Kenma asks. He and Kuroo are eating lunch in their respective empty clubrooms.

"Maybe only one of us can exist at a time."

Kenma frowns, "don't say that." it's right when they've started losing hope that it happens - someone mentions Kuroo to Kenma

"Have you seen Kuroo today? I need to return his textbook."

Kenma's heart is pounding, he feels like he's been running, he does his best to stay calm,

"Yeah," he says, glancing at Kuroo, who's walking out of the classroom, "I think he just went to his locker."

It happens more and more after that, and Kenma cries in the bathroom each time, he cries again when he gets home and the previously empty plot of land next to his has an ancient looking, condemned home on it.

"You're real," Kenma sobs to Kuroo, "You're real, Kuroo."

"I know," Kuroo laughs - he's started laughing in a kind of unhinged way lately

Kenma looks at him, sitting next to him on his bed with his barely transparent skin, and whispers, "please be real for me"

Kuroo and Kenma's bedrooms have always overlapped. They've always slept together. But when Kenma wakes up in the morning, Kuroo isn't there. he panics. of /course/ he panics. Kuroo isn't in the bathroom, he isn't downstairs, he isn't anywhere, he's-

there's a knock at the door.

Kenma's hands tingle as he hopes beyond all hope. he opens the door and there he is, there are tears on his cheeks and they look so...

"I'm real," Kuroo says.

And when they hug, so, so tightly, he feels real, he feels so real.

"I'm gonna kiss you," Kuroo says, though it sounds more like sobbing

"Okay," Kenma doesn't sound much better.

Kuroo's lips feel soft on his, and Kenma thinks it's probably the most important kiss in any universe anywhere. And maybe even better than it all is what follows right after: his mom's voice saying, "Is that Tetsurou? Tell him to come in and have some breakfast."

Kuroo is real.

//end oh and the condemned home becomes a house that looks just like Kenma's, except that Kuroo lives in it

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1556504878708580352>

College age Kuroo who can't figure out why his dates never work out, until he goes on a double date with Bokuto and Akaashi (they set him up with one of their friends). Afterwards, Kuroo gets rejected for a second date again and laments to both of them. "I just don't get it," he says, "What am I doing wrong?"

Bokuto and Akaashi exchange a look.

"What?"

"Do you really not it, dude?" Bokuto asks.

"Hear what?"

"Well..." Akaashi hesitates, giving his boyfriend another look. "You talk about Kenma a /lot/."

Kuroo shrugs, a little miffed, "He's my best friend. Am I just supposed to not mention him?"

"Dude. That was /mentioning/ him. I'm pretty sure Akaashi doesn't talk about me as much as you talked about Kenma."

"I always talk about Kenma!"

Akaashi leans forward, /hmm-ing/ like an inquisitive journalist.

"You do, don't you?"

Bo's head tilts to one side, "That's true."

Kuroo looks between them, suddenly feeling like he's been caged in between two predators, "Y-yeah?"

Akaashi takes a breath, "Tell me something Kuroo," he says.

Kuroo could swear he was being interviewed by an award winning journalist were he not face to face with a person whom he watched doing a reluctant keg stand not two nights ago.

"How do you feel about Kenma?"

"What? You guys know how I feel about him."

"I'm starting to think that maybe we don't."

"Or maybe we do, and you don't," Bokuto says.

Kuroo's eyebrows raise, "Woah, what are you saying?"

"No, no, let's stick to you and your thoughts for now," Akaashi taps the counter,

"How often do you think about Kenma?"

"Well...I don't know. Most of the time, I guess."

"Hm. And what kinds of thoughts are these? All innocent or...?"

"Yeah! Of course!" Kuroo sputters. And then pauses, feeling a little guilty, "I mean...well. Mostly."

"Mostly," Akaashi echoes.

"Mostly?" Bokuto prods.

"W-I-I mean. Come on," Kuroo scoffs, "Who hasn't thought about one of their friends while jerking off."

Akaashi and Bokuto exchange another of those irritating looks. "What?? I know for a fact that Bo thought of you like that before you guys started dating!"

"Yes," Akaashi says evenly, "And now we're dating."

"Oh my god," Kuroo rolls his eyes in his best impression of Kenma. "It's not a big deal, he does it too."

His friends' eyes go wide. Bokuto recovers first, "He uh. He does /what/, buddy?"

"He...he thinks about me when he...masturbates?" Kuroo finds himself mumbling under his intense gaze.

"And you talk about this together?" Akaashi's voice has gone a bit high pitched.

"Y-yeah?"

"Okay, I'm gonna change the premise of the original question: are you stupid?"

"...no?"

"Great," Akaashi says like he's complimenting a /very/ stupid child. "You love Kenma, right?"

That's an easy one.

"Of course I do."

"Do you want to - oh, I don't know - be with him all the time? Hold his hand? Sleep in the same bed? Kiss him? In front of other people?"

Kuroo looks down at the counter for a very very long moment. He can feel his friends' eyes on him. "I, um-" he clears his throat, sliding off his stool, "I need to make a phone call."

"You do that, buddy."

Kuroo books it to his bedroom, pulling his phone out of his pocket and tapping the name at the top of his favourites list.

/Ring, ring. Ring ring. Ring ring./

"Hello?" Kenma's low voice says in his ear.

Kuroo swallows, "Um. Can we talk?"

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1557087573767606272>

Kuroo is walking down his least favourite street in the city - tourist boulevard, as he calls it in his mind. Caricature artists and sellers of the same three cheap trinkets line the sidewalks at near perfect alternating intervals. The sound of flip flops around him is like rain.

This is the place where art comes to die. And the place that a potential buyer of a very expensive piece has asked to meet him. You can't always pick your clients.

Kuroo is looking straight ahead, trying to avoid eye contact with the gremlin street artists around him, who are all trying to scrounge a dollar from the passersby. He's so focused on not breaking eye contact with his path that he runs smack into a very small someone carrying a lot of things.

"Oh shit," he says, looking down at the mess he's created. "Sorry."

The small, beanie wearing, someone rolls his eyes and sighs. (Okay. Rude.) But Kuroo courteously squats down next to him to help him gather his things. He's gathering oil pastels that are attempting to roll off and picking up a pad of sturdy paper when it occurs to him that he's helping out one of those mongrel street artists.

He scoffs lightly, "Oh."

Said mongrel looks up sharply and then snatches the pad from his hands. He shoves it in his bag along with a handful of loose oil pastels, before grabbing his easel which had clattered to the ground next to him.

He stands up and holds out his hand, still glaring at Kuroo, and Kuroo drops the rest of the drawing utensils into his palm, standing up and brushing himself off.

"Nice suit," an expectedly deep, rough voice says. Kuroo looks at the little artist properly for the first time. He's actually quite good-looking under that horrible worn beanie of his. It's a shame, he'd clean up nice.

"Thanks," Kuroo replies flatly. "What are you drawing? Tourists in their big sun hats?"

The little artist scowls, "No," his mouth presses together in a flat line before he sighs and shoves a hand into his overflowing tote bag, pulling out a drawing in a plastic covering and thrusting it at Kuroo. Kuroo takes it, expecting to be as uninterested by it as he is by the hundreds of submissions he receives every day at his gallery from pretentious art students who don't know the difference between detailed and busy, simple and flat. But instead, he looks down to see a colorful cat smiling on its own in a spot of yellow-pink sunshine on a kitchen table. It feels...fulfilling to look at.

"Nice colors," Kuroo murmurs. He looks at it for a moment longer before asking, "How much?"

"2000 yen."

Kuroo's eyebrow lifts, "That's it?" he huffs a little laugh, reaching into his pocket for his wallet, "You're undercharging."

"Oh?" The artist looks bored, but there's a light pink flush on his cheeks.

"I'd get you a lot more for an original if this was in my gallery."

The artist smirks, "I knew I knew your face," he accepts the money Kuroo is handing over.

"You know my face?"

"I've been in your gallery," he says, "Hard not to notice such a handsome, important man," he says it like he's mocking Kuroo, but if Kuroo didn't know better, he'd say the little artist was flirting with him.

"Well, I'd say I should have noticed you, but I'll be honest, even a pretty face is diminished dressed like that."

"You think I have a pretty face," the artist says.

Kuroo grins slightly and holds out his hand, "Kuroo Tetsurou."

The artist takes it in his small one, gripping more firmly than Kuroo expected, "Kozume Kenma. Just Kenma is fine though."

"Just Kenma. I noticed you didn't sign your artwork."

Kenma holds out his hand for the drawing, leaning the easel against his side and digging in his bag for a writing utensil with the other.

Kuroo removes it from the plastic and hands over the drawing, watching Kenma scribble his signature in the corner and then flip it and write something on the back before handing it back. "Enjoy your art. I should get going before someone steals my spot."

"Mhm."

Kuroo watches him walk away before looking down at the drawing. On the back is a phone number and a messy note that says,

"take me on a date or put me in your gallery mr handsome man"

Kuroo grins. Well, why not both?

He checks his watch, smiling to himself.

"Oh shit, I'm late," he mutters, walking quickly away with his new drawing tucked under his arm.

https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1559810358042394624?s=20&t=1W40Yb_rjGlfUG309MsqlG

Kuroo showing up to total stranger Kenma's house in the middle of the night being like "I'm so sorry to wake you in the middle of the night but-" and then he looks at Kenma and he's like "Never mind, you clearly haven't been sleeping."

Kenma, who woke up 6 hours ago and has been playing video games that whole time: did you need something

Kuroo, whose phone died and car broke down in the middle of the night and thought he was about to be the victim of a horror film: uh yeah, can i use your phone

Kenma's wearing a hoodie and holding a cup of coffee like it's 8 in the morning and while Kuroo's waiting for the tow truck in his house, he's like "So...what do you do for a living?" and Kenma goes "I'm a CEO."

Kuroo: you uh, work with clients overseas?

Kenma, sipping his coffee: not really

Kuroo can't imagine that he's lying, his house /is/ nice, and also what reason could there be to lie? But this guy is wearing bunny slippers and drinking coffee at 2 am and there's clearly a paused game of Skyrim on the TV, like what CEO is living this life?

"You're a CEO?" he asks again, in case he somehow missed a detail.

"And I make online...content."

Is he a cam boy??

"Oh. Cool. Well um, thanks for letting me use your phone."

"No problem."

"And for letting me wait inside."

"Mhm. Want some coffee?"

"You know what...sure," this night is already weird enough as it is, no need to risk falling asleep in a stranger's house.

Kuroo watches him pour a mug of coffee and then place it in front of him on the counter. Kuroo picks it up. It has a logo on it and the word-

"Oh!!!"

"You good?" his host asks.

"You're kodzuken!" Kuroo says.

"Kenma is fine," Kodzuken replies, taking another sip. Kuroo feels pretty embarrassed right now, but also several things just clicked into place. Most of Kodzuken's videos are faceless, but he knows that voice, he listens to it most nights before he goes to bed, and even worse, he definitely has a crush on that voice. "Oh, I'm Kuroo, by the way. Tetsurou," he holds out a hand, remembering his manners finally.

Kodzuken looks at it but bows his head instead of taking it. Right. He's said publicly that he has a thing about touching. Kuroo quickly withdraws the hand.

"What do you do, Tetsurou?"

"I'm in the JVA promotion division," Kuroo says.

"Oh," Kodzu- Kenma says. "I've been meaning to reach out to the JVA, you might be someone good for me to talk to, actually."

"Really?"

"Like I said, I'm a CEO. I've only mentioned my company in a few videos, but if you've heard of Bouncing Ball-"

"I have!" Kuroo exclaims. There's very few people in volleyball who haven't. "That's /your/ company?"

"It is. And I've been looking for ways to bring volleyball into the limelight on my channel. The JVA seems like a good way to do that, don't you think," he leans forward with his elbows on the counter. From up close, Kuroo can see the clever twinkle in his eye and smirk playing on the corners of his lips. A piece of hair falls free from his bun and Kodzuken tucks it back.

"Yes," Kuroo says softly, suddenly feeling pinned.

"Do you watch my videos, Kuroo Tetsurou?"

"I...I do."

It feels oddly embarrassing to say, but it would be even more embarrassing to lie and say no.

"Do you enjoy them?"

"I do."

Kenma takes a sip of his coffee without breaking eye contact.

"What do you enjoy about them?"

Kuroo can't explain it, but something about his questions doesn't feel like a simple survey.

"Your..." he hesitates.

Kenma's head tilts to the side, "Yes?"

"Your voice."

A predatory grin spreads on Kenma's face. Or maybe Kuroo is imagining it, but he's never felt quite so much like prey. Nor wanted quite so much to be eaten.

Kenma sets his cup to the side and straightens up, "I can hear the tow truck outside."

"What- oh."

Kuroo had completely forgotten why he was here in the first place.

"I'll walk you out."

As they approach the front door again, Kenma says, "This was a lucky meeting."

"Y-yes," Kuroo agrees, "It was."

"How about I give you my number?"

Kuroo looks at him.

"So we can talk more about this."

"Right," Kuroo says. For the...business...thing.

"Or," Kenma says, stepping closer, "You can give me yours."

"Whatever you like," Kuroo more breathes than speaks.

Kenma holds out his hand and it takes a second before Kuroo realizes he's asking for his phone. He takes it out of his pocket and unlocks it before handing it over.

Kenma types a number into the dial pad and presses call, letting it ring a couple of times before handing it back.

He smiles, "I'll text you."

"Okay..."

"You'd better get going."

As Kuroo walks back to his car, the tow truck idling by it, he thinks to himself, What a strange, strange night.

https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1562355367891410944?s=20&t=1W40Yb_rjGlUG309MsgLg

//ftm character, transphobic stuff, krkn

ftm Kuroo who's only out to his team - rumors have floated around here and there amongst the circuit and sometimes their team gets stares for the wrong reason, people trying to suss out which one of them it is. Sometimes, people will ask outright. This is both better and worse, at least Kuroo's not waiting for it to happen anymore, an anxiety playing at the corners of his eyes. Often, people will assume it's Kenma - as if a short stature and long hair make someone female - and Kenma will stare at them. Kenma, who hates eye contact, staring unblinking into their soul ("It's that one, isn't it?" they say, pointing at him). It usually creeps them out enough that they leave. Once, Kuroo asked why he didn't deny it,

"Why should I?" Kenma said, "What difference does it make?"

Kuroo knows what difference it makes, Kenma's seen the difference it makes, he's seen Kuroo be outed in middle school, he's heard Kuroo's aunt use his deadname, Kenma knows. Which is exactly why his answer means so much to Kuroo.

Kenma's playing video games next Kuroo right now, they're sitting in his bed, Kuroo's tossing a volleyball in the air. He catches it between his palms and slumps over Kenma's shoulder.

"What is it?" Kenma asks. "Nothing," Kuroo murmurs.

"You're heavy," Kenma says, but he makes no effort to move.

Kuroo circles his arms around Kenma's waist, and Kenma lets him. Part of him wants to ask a trap question (would you love me more if I was born a boy?)

(does it bother you when people assume you're trans and I don't say anything?) (the answer is no to both questions, Kuroo knows that).

Instead he says, "I love you."

"I love you too, Kuro."

"Are you sure?"

"You're being annoying."

"So you're sure."

"Yes."

"How come you're still on this boss?"

"Because you're distracting me."

"Should I stop distracting you?"

"Yes."

Kuroo doesn't move. Kenma doesn't move him.

"Tora got in a fight because of me," Kuroo says.

"It wasn't because of you," Kenma says. "That guy was saying shit because-"

"Because he was an asshole, Kuro."

Kuroo's mouth turns down.

"He was all scraped up."

"Tora doesn't mind, he thinks girls like scars."

"Do they?" Kuroo asks.

"How should I know? I don't know any girls except your sister."

Kuroo sighs and closes his eyes. He listens to the sounds of Kenma pressing buttons and feels the muscle twitches in his shoulder as he does.

After a minute he asks, "Can I have a kiss?"

"After I beat this level," Kenma says.

Kuroo decides to be quiet. Apparently he falls asleep, because the next thing he feels is Kenma's lips on his.

https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1453217799086686211?s=20&t=1W40Yb_rjGlfUG309MsgLg

Krkn and tsym on a double date but it turns into Kenma and Kuroo bullying Tsukishima for being a simp and he doesn't know what to do bc usually he's the bully and now the tables have turned. Yamaguchi pretends to comfort him but Tsukki can tell he thinks it's funny too
+

The irony is that that krkn are the biggest simps but they're not embarrassed about it so he can't bully them back.

Tsukki: Gives Yamaguchi his fries

Kuroo: Woww, somebody's whipped

Tsukki: You're literally feeding Kenma!

Kenma: Look how flustered he is, Kuro 🤔

Tsukki: Looking to Yamaguchi for help

Yamaguchi, obviously gleeful: Don't listen to them babe, you're not whipped

Kuroo and Kenma: obnoxious snorting

Dirty threads:

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1367046989083529228?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

Thinkin' about Hinata tonight, hooking up with guys he met on the beach in Brazil, but when Kageyama is there for the olympics he stays for a few extra days to see his high school buddy/rival +

Hinata asks if he wants to play a game on the beach, but Kageyama is too exhausted from the exhilaration of being an olympic athlete so they end up hanging out at Hinata's place. Pedro is visiting his parents so it's just the two of them +

They wind up talking about high school and Kageyama tells Hinata how he "used to" have a crush on him. Hinata's hooked up enough that he can see right through the lie for the clumsy flirting it really is +

"Really?" He says. He shifts closer to Kageyama on the couch and pretends he doesn't see the growing blush on his cheeks.

"That was forever ago though," Kageyama huffs a laugh but it comes out breathy and nervous sounding +

"Do you ever think about it now?" Hinata lets his hand touch Kageyama's thigh but keeps his eyes focused on his face. Kageyama swallows. If he denies it, Hinata will just move on, pretend this never happened, but if he doesn't, he'll know Kageyama wants to do this + as much as he does.

"Sometimes," he finally says. He meets Hinata's gaze. His eyes are dark. Hinata squeezes his thigh and leans in, twisting his fingers into Kageyama's hair, pulling just enough to let him know...he doesn't plan to be gentle.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1377807058330865671?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

Y'all ever think ab how easy Kuroo probably is for Kenma to mess with? Like I can fully imagine them at dinner with their friends and Kenma decides to give Kuroo a handjob under the table +

He's turning red and trying to cover how flustered and turned on he is, meanwhile Kenma is as impassive as ever, acting like he hasn't got his hand down Kuroo's pants +

Lev goes, "Hey are you okay Kuroo-san?"

And he has to croak out, "I'm fine, it's just a little hot in - ah! - in uh, in here."

Kenma's not even looking at him, let alone acknowledging that he swiped his thumb over his slit mid-sentence on purpose +

When he gets close (which is pretty quick, doing stuff in public turns him on more than he'd care to admit), Kenma stops, easily able to recognise his tells even as he tries to hide them +

And Kuroo whimpers. He tries to to pass it off by clearing his throat and pretending the table isn't staring at him.

"I'm gonna go to the bathroom," Kenma says, the bastard, knowing Kuroo will follow +

And Kuroo does, holding a jacket in front of his crotch as he walks. When he goes inside, Kenma pulls him into a stall and drops to his knees. He sucks Kuroo so good he forgets all about his embarrassment +

And when he comes, Kenma swallows every drop. And then he stands up, gives him a peck, and walks out without another look.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1379327672925487106?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

So Kuroo is stressed. Work has been...a lot. So Kenma decides to cheer him up with a little break and a present +

Kuroo at his desk, starting to get a headache from the monitor and his glasses, when he hears Kenma walk into the room. He's focused, so he doesn't look over.

Kenma clears his throat, "Kuro, do you have time to take a break?"

"Uh, I've got a call in a few minutes. But sure, what's up?" Kuroo glances over.

And does a double take. Kenma is wearing cat ears and an oversized hoodie. As Kuroo's eyes rake over his body, he's pretty sure he sees a fuzzy tail peeking out from behind his leg. "You...look good," he grins, his brain catching up to the situation. "What exactly did you have in mind?"

"A little stress relief," Kenma walks over to him and swivels his chair to face him. He bends over and places both hands on Kuroo's thighs, leaning in for a kiss. Kuroo hums, happily parting his lips for Kenma's tongue. Kenma pulls away and looks him in the eyes as he lowers himself between his legs.

"I'll never get over how pretty you look kneeling," Kuroo says.

Kenma says nothing, instead unzipping Kuroo's jeans, and pulling his boxers down to grasp his hardening cock. A breath forces its way between Kuroo's teeth. Kenma starts slowly stroking it, waiting for it to harden all the way before wrapping his lips around the tip and sucking. It makes Kuroo gasp out a moan, and he grips his fingers into his armrests, not wanting to mess up Kenma's cat ears with his fingers. Kenma glances up, his golden eyes piercing into Kuroo's. He runs his tongue around the head once and then sinks down until nearly the whole thing is in his mouth, saliva dripping over the hand he has around the base of Kuroo's cock.

"//Oh, god//" Kuroo breathes. Kenma hums and he feels the vibration surround him. He slowly lifts back up, sucking as he goes. When he comes off the top it makes a lewd squelching sound.

"How long until your call?" he asks, ever pragmatic.

"Oh, uh," Kuroo glances over to check the time. "Fuck, only five minutes."

"Okay, I can work with that," Kenma says.

How? Kuroo thinks about saying. Then immediately decides he doesn't care, as Kenma begins sucking more vigorously. He's starting to drift, losing track of the rest of his body, when Kenma comes off again. He stands up and then straddles Kuroo, kneeling over him in the desk chair. Then he reaches behind himself and pulls the tail out, making a beautiful pained expression as he does, and drops it onto Kuroo's desk with a clunk. Kuroo swallows, he's running out of time, but he can't care when his beautiful partner is looking down at him like he's prey. Kenma puts one hand on his shoulder and lines Kuroo up underneath him, sinking down with a groan, eliciting one from Kuroo as well. Kenma tips his head forward so his forehead is touching Kuroo's and starts to move, lifting up and letting gravity pull their bodies back together. Kuroo slips his hands under Kenma's hoodie, his fingers squeezing into his waist as he helps lift Kenma for every thrust.

His phone rings. Shit. Kenma pauses. He leans over and grabs Kuroo's phone off the desk, handing it to him. He doesn't get off Kuroo's lap. Well, okay then.

"Hello, this is Kuroo." he answers.

Kenma starts moving again, lifting and lowering himself slowly over Kuroo's cock. Kuroo tries to control his breath, the fingers still on Kenma's waist digging into his skin. Kenma tips his head and smiles at him sweetly. Kuroo knows he should maybe be upset about what's happening, but he isn't. He smiles back, replying to the person on the phone as if nothing is possibly distracting him from their conversation. Kenma squeezes around him. He bites his lip to keep from making any sound. To be honest, this is getting him close to the edge faster than he normally would.

"Kuro," Kenma breathes softly.

Hearing his name combined with hazy look in Kenma's eyes makes his cock twitch. The corner of Kenma's mouth flicks upwards. He starts moving faster, thighs flexing as he stays controlled to avoid the sound of skin slapping together, the tip of his dick brushing Kuroo's

shirt as he rolls his hips. His breathing starts growing irregular. Kuroo's starting to lose the thread of his conversation too, but luckily the person on the other end is a talker.

Fuck, okay he's going to come, he's definitely going to come. Kenma is panting, covering his face to muffle the sound, and then suddenly, sharply, he curls over, clenching around Kuroo, and it tears Kuroo's orgasm out of him with a groan midsentence. He tries to cover it with a cough as Kenma keeps moving,

Milking out his orgasm, even as he clears his throat over the speaker, apologizing for getting something stuck in his throat. When Kenma finally stops moving, he slumps over for a moment, catching his breath. Kuroo covers the mic to catch his as well. Kenma kisses his neck softly and moves to dismount his lap. A trickle of white liquid runs down his leg. He smiles at Kuroo, who pulls him in for a kiss and smiles against his lips.

"I love you," he mouths.

"I love you too," Kenma whispers. He feels a lot better after that.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1422444835982749696?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

Kenma bought something. In all fairness, he wasn't even looking for it. It's just that he happened to come across a youtube review by a popular BDSM creator and she said it was the best lube she's ever used. And if it happens to look like cum, it does. He didn't buy it because he wishes his best friend would cum on his body...or in his body...or...no it's not because of that. He hasn't been fantasizing about Kuroo like that. Fuck, he definitely has been fantasizing about Kuroo like that. He doesn't know what's happened, but lately every time Kuroo comes over to his apartment, it's like he's looking at something mouth-watering. Kenma keeps finding himself staring at the sliver of skin that appears when Kuroo folds his hands behind his head. And then yesterday, he wore a tank top that showed Kenma too much of his muscular arms. It's indecent is what it is. It's not Kenma's fault. So he bought the lube. And he's going to use it.

There's no point though, if he can't actually see it, so right now he's on the floor in his living room in front of the full length mirror he has there to check if he's decent before filming or

leaving the house. Kenma opens up the bottle for the first time, rolling off the cap and and peeling away the little paper cover. He gingerly lifts it to his nose. It smells like, well, nothing. That's good. He screws the cap back on and squeezes a little onto his fingertips, rubbing it between them. It's thick and smooth. When he pulls them apart, the whitish liquid stretches. Wow, realistic.

Kenma sets it aside and pushes his sweatpants and underwear down, leaving him in just his hoodie. He picks up the bottle again and squeezes it over his fingers. He leans back on one elbow and spreads his legs open so he can watch himself in the mirror. Deep breath, and then he pushes a finger in. The feeling makes his breath shudder. White liquid oozes around his finger as he works it in and out, stretching his hole until he can add two and then three fingers. When he's sufficiently stretched out, he picks up the dildo laying next to him and squeezes more lube onto it. He strokes the toy, the particular slippery feeling and muscle memory giving him an odd feeling as if he's just stroked someone to completion. He lines up the toy in front of his hole, sliding forward a teeny bit to get a better view in the mirror. And he presses it inside. He moans at the feeling, imagining that it was really Kuroo pressing into his body. A generous amount of the stretchy liquid drips down his skin. Kenma starts to move the dildo, breathing hard into the way it stretches and strokes his insides. He wishes someone else really were moving inside of his right now so he could use his other hand to stroke himself. Forget it, he loves seeing himself in the mirror, his flushed face, lewdly spread thighs, the way he's moving the silicone cock, but it's too much work to stay up. He flops onto the wood and closes his eyes, grabbing his dick with the now free hand. He moans at the added feeling, "Kuro, Kuro yes," he says to no one.

There's a sound at his door. A key in the lock. Kenma's eyes snap open. The only person with a spare key to his apartment is Kuroo, and he's in a bit of a compromising position right now.

He doesn't even have time to think about taking the dildo out before the door opens and Kuroo's voice drifts down the hall. "Hey Kenma, I think I left my laptop here," he says. And then, "How did you know it was me?"

Fuck, he heard Kenma saying his name. He should really scramble his way into his bedroom, but then Kuroo's there, looking at him, and it's too late.

"Oh, shit," Kuroo says. ----

// okay pausing cause i'm really tired. Let me know if y'all want more. Oh, also since I didn't say above, this is kuroken thread lmao oh and the reason for this thread if you missed it

Okay i have a little time before taekwondo so let's continue

The eye contact is killing Kenma, but he can't exactly look away.

"Uh," he says, like an idiot.

There's a beat and then Kuroo licks his lips and shifts his weight to one foot, "Having some fun?"

"Um," okay, so his brain just isn't producing words. A little smirk appears on Kuroo's upside down face.

"Looks like a lot of work," he says, his eyes flicking down to Kenma's hands which are still holding the dildo and his erection, "I don't suppose you want some help?"

Kenma's cock twitches in his hand, and Kuroo's grin spreads. Kenma's brain finally kickstarts.

Kenma swallows, "Yeah. That would be good."

Kuroo strides over, pulling his shirt over his head in one clean swoop and tossing it onto the pile of sweatpants and underwear next to Kenma. He steps between Kenma's legs and kneels down, running his hands down Kenma's inner thighs. He locks eyes with Kenma again.

"I heard you say my name," he says.

"Yeah," Kenma says. No reason to lie now, when he's getting what he wants.

Kuroo doesn't say anything else, instead his eyes trail down Kenma's body, landing on the toy sticking out of his body.

"I'm gonna take this."

He grasps the dildo from Kenma's hand and pulls it completely out in one steady go.

Kenma makes an involuntary sound, "/Ungh,/"

Kuroo licks his lips. He doesn't do anything else to Kenma right away. Watching the way Kenma pants under his gaze, Kuroo pushes the waistband of his shorts down and pulls his own cock out, he casually strokes it to its full hardness, his expression like he's waiting in line at a coffee shop, instead of watching his best friend, naked on the floor, getting ready to fuck him.

It's kinda doing it for Kenma.

Kuroo lets go of his dick and leans forward over Kenma, planting a hand by his head. Kenma's never been more aware or more grateful of how big Kuroo is compared to him. He lets his eyes run over Kuroo's chest and arms and when he looks back, his eyes are hungry and dark against Kenma's.

Yeah. This is definitely what he wanted. Kenma sighs a shuddering breath. Kuroo stays there above him, unmoving. Kenma waits. Okay this is taking too long.

"Kuroo, are you going to fuck me?" he asks, habitual irritation tinging his voice.

Kuroo laughs, "You're always so impatient. I'm just enjoying the moment."

"And // would like to enjoy the feeling of you co-" Kenma breaks off with a gasp as Kuroo suddenly sweeps down and bites his neck.

He stretches his chin upwards and Kuroo sucks hard, definitely leaving a hickey, the feeling makes Kenma moan. Kuroo's tongue swipes over the spot before he pushes himself back.

"Okay," he says, an annoying smirk on his face. "I'll fuck you."

Kenma rolls his eyes, but his heavy breathing and flushed face definitely ruin the effect. He pats around for the lube bottle, grabbing hold of the first plastic thing he finds. He hands it to Kuroo, who takes and glances at the label.

"Cum lube?"

"It's. Listen, I don't have anyone to cum on me, and I just," Kuroo snickers, "Never mind, just use it please."

Kenma looks away, flustered and annoyed. Kuroo laughs again and clicks the bottle open, squeezing some over his hand. The sight makes Kenma's cock throb a little, the cum-like liquid oozing over Kuroo's big hand. He strokes it over himself efficiently. It makes Kenma's mouth water. He feels like a complete whore, thinking these thoughts, but whatever. Maybe he is.

Kuroo lines himself up at Kenma's entrance and then finally, finally he presses inside, moving until he's completely bottomed out inside of Kenma. The two of them groan in sync, and Kenma clutches onto Kuroo's arms, his nails digging into his skin.

"Yes," he breathes.

Kuroo grins around his panting breaths, "You been thinking about this a lot?"

Kenma feels almost drunk as he nods.

"Yeah, me too actually."

Well that's a fucking relief. Would've been nice to know sooner.

Okay i'm taking another pause because I want to write some more of my WIP before class.
I'll be back later 🕊

I'm back and I've just realized that I never said that Kenma took his hoodie off, just that he was naked. Uhh, it happened at some point, let's not worry about it lol

Kuroo draws his hips back and thrusts, making Kenma gasp and breaking his thought process

He grinds into Kenma's body tearing a rough moan from his lips. He pulls back and slams their hips together again, and again, and again, making Kenma's breath go ragged, building a rhythm, and then he stops and captures Kenma's slack, bitten lips in a kiss. Kenma moans again, the sounds vibrating against Kuroo's tongue and lips, the clean, sweet taste of Kuroo's tongue in his mouth as Kuroo begins moving again, slower and more purposeful.

When he hits his prostate, Kenma gasps and Kuroo pulls away from him. He looks smug, "There it is."

Kenma can't even be annoyed at his attitude, he's feeling too much and for once, he thinks, maybe that attitude is warranted.

Kuroo grinds against his prostate again and again until Kenma feels like his insides are burning with oversensitivity. "Kuro," he gasps, his fingers losing their purchase against his body as they go slack and loose.

Kuroo takes mercy on him and scoops one of his legs up and hooking it over his shoulder, he returns to the steady rhythm he had built up before, but the new angle makes Kenma throw his head back with a groan. He clenches around Kuroo as his orgasm approaches, and Kuroo's paces stutters as he gasps out a soft moan.

"Fuck, Kenma," he breathes. His expression serious and dark for once and that's what sends Kenma over the edge. He feels himself cry out, as his orgasm pulses around Kuroo, spurting onto his stomach and chest, Kuroo keeps thrusting until he's completely done, covered in his own cum.

As soon as Kenma's body relaxes, Kuroo pulls out and starts stroking himself. "You wanted someone to come on you?" he says through heavy breaths.

Kenma nods, yes, yes, "I want you to come on me," he says, the endorphins slurring his words, "Please, please come on me."

Kuroo's breath and pace quicken until suddenly they break and he's splashing onto Kenma's stomach, hot, and thick and lots, the liquid painting the spots that Kenma didn't already paint himself.

Kuroo catches himself before he can collapse onto Kenma and sighs, heavy and satisfied. They both catch their breath for a moment without speaking. Kenma lifts his head and looks down at his body. He's covered. Kuroo lifts his head and follows Kenma's gaze.

"You look fucking obscene, Kenma," Kuroo says. But it sounds almost reverent. He tips back onto his heels and then reaches out to help Kenma sit up. Kenma feels himself dripping as he sits up. God, yes. This, this is what he wanted. He feels completely fucking dirty and completely fucking satisfied.

He grins at Kuroo through heavy eyelids, "We should do that again."

Kuroo laughs, "Yeah, we should."

His eyes rake over Kenma's body, "How about I clean you up first, though? And then you can help me find my laptop."

Kenma laughs, the endorphins in his body making things extra funny, "Yeah, maybe a shower."

Kuroo does clean him in the shower, laughin affectionately at the way Kenma seems almost intoxicated. And they find a new way to blow off steam after that. Kenma's lube ends up getting a lot of use.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1427826232285093888?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1433629736643801088?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

Nineteen year old Kuroo who comes home to visit only to realize that his best friend is hot actually. He doesn't look that different from how he always did, maybe a tiny bit taller, a little bit more muscular - the things that happen when you grow up -

But for the first time in his life, Kuroo is...noticing him. His face, with it's small, pretty features, his soft hair, his slim body with pretty collarbones and slender fingers, but feels kind of strong against his when they hug. Kenma's been cooped up at home without Kuroo there to drag him places, so for once, he's the one who suggest going out. They borrow his

dad's car and go to a movie theater, scrolling on their phones for the showings with the ignition off instead of walking the few hundred feet to check.

Kenma leans over from the driver's seat, "Look at this text from Tora," he says.

>> me and Lev found a kitten! [image attached]

The picture is of a tiny kitten with a collar and two hands, obviously belonging to Lev and Tora, petting it.

Kuroo laughs, "How does Lev always find cats?"

Kenma shrugs with a smile, and taps a reply back. Kuroo feels a strange pang inside when he leans away.

"So is there anything good playing?"

"Not really," Kuroo says, "Unless you want to watch a romantic comedy."

"Mm, if it's that one with the actress who cries a lot, it looks bad."

"I have no idea who you're talking about. Is it her?" They both lean in again, shoulders touching.

"Yeah," Kenma tilts his head to look at Kuroo, "Remember in that superhero movie, she kept screaming and crying?"

"No, but I believe you. What do you want to do then?"

Kenma sighs and rests his head onto Kuroo's shoulder, "Can we just hang out in here? I don't want to do anything but I also don't want to be around my parents for a little while."

Kuroo laughs, he remembers the stifling feeling of third year, "Sure. Wanna sit in the backseat?"

"Yeah," Kenma twists around and slithers through the gap to get to the back. Kuroo elects to use the doors.

When they're settled, Kenma pulls out his phone again. "Can I show you something weird?"

"Yes, please."

Kenma types into the search bar, /volleyball porn/, and clicks on the first result. There's a girl onscreen in a volleyball uniform humping a volleyball.

"Not that weird," Kuroo comments.

"Just wait. "Yes!" she moans, way over the top, "Bokuto-san, yes!"

"What??" Kuroo half-shouts.

Kenma looks at him with wide eyes and a huge grin, "I /know/."

"She said Bokuto, right? She said that!"

Kenma turns up the volume and scoots closer to Kuroo. "Bokuto-san!" the girl wails.

"She /has/ to be talking about our Bokuto," Kuroo says, laughing.

"He's the only pro-volleyball player with that name right now," Kenma agrees.

"That's insane," Kuroo whispers.

Kenma cackles, "I haven't decided if I should send it to Akaashi yet"

"Fuck, send it to Bo too. He'll love this."

The video ends with a ridiculous whine as the girl exaggerates her orgasm, crying out Bokuto's name.

"I've never gotten the whining," Kenma says, "It's not even hot."

"Yeah, I don't want to know who it's fooling. Hey, have you ever looked up Kodzuken porn?" Kuroo asks, snickering. "There are impersonators who pretend to be youtubers getting fucked."

"My channel's not that big, so I doubt we'd find anything," Kenma says, typing it out anyways. They don't find real porn, but what they do find is a compilation on youtube titled, /Kodzuken Porn For Simps/

"Hey guys," Kenma's voice says. There's a zoom in as his tongue flicks out to lick his lips.

"Oh god," Kenma says, "I hate this already."

As they watch, there's a series of clips of Kenma smirking while playing COD, biting his lip as he concentrates, and untying his hair. Kenma cringes at each new clip, but Kuroo...

"I kinda have to admit, a little hot," he says.

Kenma rolls his eyes, "Shut up."

"I'm serious," Kuroo hesitates for a moment, but then decides /fuck it/, there's nothing he could say to Kenma that would fuck up their friendship, "You look good. Hot."

"Me? Or the video," Kenma says teasingly, turning to look at Kuroo. Kuroo ruffles a hand through his own hair, looking around the car with a smile before landing back on Kenma, "You," he admits.

Kenma grins, rolling his eyes, but his cheeks go a little pink, "You look good too," he says.

Kuroo notes the difference in his smile. Until recently, his grin still felt sort of innocent. A child's smile. Even though Kuroo knew that Kenma was far from innocent of course, evil plans lay behind that smile. This grin though...it's more confident. Sultry, in a way. Kenma clicks his phone off and sets it on the center console. He looks back at Kuroo like he's evaluating him.

"What?" Kuroo laughs.

Kenma shakes his head, "I'm just trying to decide something."

"What are you trying to decide?"

"I'm trying to decide if it would be weird for us to make out."

Kuroo laughs again, feeling his cheeks warm, "I don't think it would be weird," he shrugs one shoulder.

"If you say so," Kenma leans in close, resting a hand on Kuroo's inner thigh. His heavy eyelids and golden eyes are locked on Kuroo's. Kenma's tongue wets his still smirking lips.

Oh okay, this is actually happening.

Without closing his eyes, Kenma kisses Kuroo softly. Kuroo brings a hand to Kenma's face and pushes the loose hair away from it. Kenma's eyes close. Kuroo lets his close as well, inhaling the familiar scent of his best friend. He runs his tongue along Kenma's lips, who opens them and licks back delicately like he's tasting Kuroo, seeing if he likes it. Kuroo's heart thrums pleasantly inside his chest. He kisses back a little harder and Kenma makes a small sound. The hand he has in Kenma's hair tightens involuntarily. Kenma pulls away about half an inch and speaks.

"You're right, not weird."

Kuroo smiles and kisses him again, bringing his other hand to Kenma's waist. Kenma takes it a step further and shifts their bodies so that Kuroo is leaning back in the seat and straddles him. Kuroo doesn't know why, but he's sort of surprised to feel Kenma's length pressing against his body. It's nice though, it feels good. Kenma rolls his hips, obviously feeling Kuroo's erection underneath him as well. He tucks his feet in close to his body, hooking them on the insides of Kuroo's knees, and Kuroo feels slender fingers run into his messy hair. There's a tug at the back of Kuroo's head, Kenma wordlessly commanding Kuroo to tilt his chin up. Kuroo snickers softly against his mouth and the fingers twist in his hair sharply.

Kenma leans away, continuing to move his hips. "I was wondering if you felt similarly," he says conversationally, as though his piercing eyes and rolling hips aren't currently removing the breath from Kuroo's body.

"Similarly?" Kuroo manages.

"You went to college and you came back hot. I didn't go to college, but..."

"But you're hot now?" Kuroo laughs breathily.

"That's for you to say," Kenma says as though it has nothing to do with him.

"You're hot now," Kuroo confirms.

He slides his hands under Kenma's baggy top, exposing his stomach, and rubs his thumbs over Kenma's nipples. Kenma gasps.

Kuroo grins, "Is that your weak spot then?"

"I'm not an enemy boss," Kenma says indignantly.

Kuroo pinches lightly at one of his nipples and Kenma moans like he can't help it.

"I don't knoww, seems like I'm winning."

His grin widens at the competitive fire that lights in Kenma's eyes. He hates losing.

Kenma curls down and bites at Kuroo's neck, making his hands pause and squeeze Kenma's body. He runs his runs over the spot lightly and up to Kuroo's ear.

"Fuck," Kuroo breathes. He can practically see Kenma's smug little smirk in his mind's eye and decides to break it with some fun of his own. He takes a hand and slides it down the back of Kenma's jeans. There's a soft, shuddering breath in his ear. He squeezes, and is gifted with an involuntary sound. Kenma seems to take his own pleasure as an attack and aggressively sucks at Kuroo's earlobe, forcing a breath out of Kuroo's lungs.

He makes a sound that's half laugh, half gasp, "It's not actually a competition, Kenma."

//Brb, I'll continue this in just a few minutes 🕊️

"Not that I'm complaining," Kuroo concedes.

A hand snakes down the front of his body and Kenma presses it against Kuroo's cock through his jeans. Kuroo takes a breath, the hand down Kenma's jeans squeezing again.

"You do think I'm hot," Kenma whispers in his ear. Kuroo groans, the feeling of Kenma's hand against him and his voice in his ear making him feel almost dizzy. Kenma unbuttons his jeans and lowers the zip. Kuroo feels his breath shudder. There's something sort of unbelievable about the situation, /Kenma/ is touching him right now

"Bigger than I thought, actually," he says, running his hand along Kuroo's length.

"What were you expecting?" Kuroo manages breathily.

"Something I could fit in my mouth."

Kenma says it so nonchalantly, like he didn't just make Kuroo's cock leak with words from his lips. He leans away from Kuroo's ear then and slips his hand inside of his underwear.

Kuroo gasps at the skin to skin contact. Kenma smirks at whatever expression is on his face.

"Don't worry, Kuro," he says, "I'll still do my best."

Kuroo's brain isn't keeping up. His best at what?

Kenma slides off of his lap and kneels between his knees on the car floor. /Oh/.

"Scoot up," he commands.

Kuroo does. Kenma smiles sweetly and then pushes the waistband of his boxer briefs down. He grasps Kuroo in one tiny hand

He gives it a few strokes, "I'm not very good deep throating," he explains, in the same tone that he might have said /my blocking need some work/

"I have a big mouth," he continues, "But I haven't really done anything about my gag reflex."

Kuroo laughs in mild disbelief, "Kenma, trust me, I am not about to complain."

Kenma laughs, "No, you're not," he says confidently.

Oh fuck.

Kenma opens his mouth and sucks on the tip. It's hot and wet and it feel so good.

"/Kenma/," Kuroo breathes. Kenma hums. He sinks down lower and then pulls back up, keeping his lips wrapped around Kuroo's cock. He takes Kuroo's hands, which are curling on the seat beside him and places them on his own head. He hums again, the feeling reverberating inside of Kuroo. Kuroo groans and combs his fingers tightly into Kenma's hair, responding to the wordless order.

"Mm," Kenma hums again in approval.

He begins moving in earnest, sinking about halfway down each time before rising and sucking hard on the way up, making Kuroo's breath shake and groan. After a few head bobs, he sinks further than he has and gags. He doesn't lift up though, simply letting the saliva drip down Kuroo's cock and over his hand. His eyes lock with Kuroo's, they're watery and intense. "/Fuck/, you're so sexy Kenma," Kuroo groans.

Kenma comes off of him with a pop, "Thank you," he says with a little smile. His cheeks are pink, and if his saliva drenched hand wasn't currently stroking Kuroo's dick, he would look sweet and innocent. Regardless, it's cute. Kuroo reaches down and wipes a trail of spit running down his lip.

"You good?" he asks.

Kenma rolls his eyes and wraps his mouth back around Kuroo. He lowers his head, and when he comes back up, his cheeks hollow out as he sucks. The feeling shatters Kuroo's breath. Kenma starts to move faster, gliding down and sucking on the way back up, his golden eyes checking Kuroo's expressions.

"I'm close," Kuroo gasps suddenly.

Kenma takes his mouth off Kuroo and continues stroking, lowering himself until his face is level with Kuroo's cock.

"Come on my face, Kuro."

Kuroo does, spilling over those pretty features of Kenma's, ruining his delicate face with his sticky cum. When he's done, he leans back into his seat, panting. "That was. So good," he says, his words clipped from labored breathing.

"Good," Kenma smiles, gathering cum off of his face with a finger and licking it off. He looks absolutely obscene to Kuroo. This is the same kid who refused to eat a gummy bear that fell on the ground. He gets most of it off, leaving his face just a little sticky.

"Yummy," he grins, pleased.

Kuroo laughs, "How about you now?"

"I don't think you'll fit on the floor," Kenma says, getting a wet wipe from the seat pocket. He wipes the residue from his face. "That's true. Come up here then," Kuroo pats his lap.

Kenma does, straddling his legs once again. Kuroo undoes his jeans and takes his dick out. It's hard and the tip is red and shiny with precum.

Kenma pants as Kuroo strokes him, leaning his forehead against Kuroo's. "Kuro," he sighs, his eyes closed.

Kuroo strokes his hand through Kenma's hair as the other works over Kenma's dick.

Kenma sighs and gasps with the movement of his hand, "I'm going to be thinking about this," he breathes, "Until you visit again."

Kuroo's heart throbs at the idea.

"Me too," he says softly.

Kenma's eyes open and his breath quickens, uneven, "I'm-I-" he moans, a lewd choked sound, and then he's spilling over Kuroo's hand.

/His face is so pretty/, Kuroo thinks, watching his best friend orgasm. When he's finished, Kenma sighs again, deep and satisfied. He quickly hands Kuroo the wet wipes when he notices his mess dripping onto Kuroo's jeans.

Kuroo wipes his hands and jeans off as Kenma slides off of his lap and puts himself away. Kenma giggles a little. "What is it?" Kuroo asks with a smile.

"I just feel like such a cliché teenager right now," Kenma's eyes crinkle with amusement, "getting laid in the back of my dad's car in a movie theater parking lot.

Kuroo laughs, "You're an adult technically."

"True," Kenma settles against the seat, turned towards Kuroo, "When are you leaving?"

"Day after tomorrow," Kuroo says, balling up the wet wipes.

Kenma smiles, "Then we can do this one more time before you leave."

Kuroo grins, "Yes, we can."

Little bonus for you 😊

Kuroo, age twenty six, calls his boyfriend, who's editing in the other room "Oy, Kenma!"

"What?" Kenma calls back.

"Come here!"

On Kuroo's laptop is a porn site. Typed into the search bar, the words "kodzuken porn"

Results: 426

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1434668323527139330?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

The guy - Kuroo, he said his name was - looks nervous. Really nervous. It's funny, he doesn't look like the kind of guy who would be practically sweating at dinner, with his fancy suit and crooked grin. Kenma smiles.

Kuroo takes a sip of water, trying to calm his heart. This is stupid, he's literally paying this guy to be nice to him, but he can't help it. The escort is pretty. So, so pretty. Kuroo's eyes trail over Kenma's high ponytail and loose bang and thinks,

/I never ask him out for real/.

"Are you okay?" Kenma asks softly.

His voice is deep and almost a little rough sounding, it surprised Kuroo when he first heard him speak, what with his little frame and delicate features. Kuroo nods shakily, shooting him an anxious grin, "I've...I've never gone on a date with a man before."

Kenma smiles at him, "That's okay," he says, "The men I usually see aren't as handsome as you."

Kuroo laughs, "You're just saying that because you have to."

Kenma laughs too, "I don't /have/ to say anything. You're paying me for dinner and sex, nothing else."

"So with these other men, you don't flirt?" Kuroo asks with an eyebrow raised.

"That wasn't flirting, I was just stating a fact."

Kuroo feels himself blush. He knows it's probably an act, but this guy is pretty and something about the way he speaks makes Kuroo believe what he's saying.

He clears his throat, attempting to look a little less bashful than he feels. Kenma smirks. God, he's so pretty. "Um," Kuroo tries, "So is this your only job?"

He suddenly realises how rude that must sound.

"I mean! You don't have to say, I don't mean that in a bad way, like, this is a real job of course," he hurriedly tries to backtrack.

Kenma laughs again, snorting. It's the snort that shocks Kuroo out of his nerves. That's a real laugh.

"You're fine," Kenma says, shaking his head. "I," he sighs like he's about to admit something embarrassing, "I have a gaming youtube channel. But I don't make enough money to support myself."

"Oh," everything about this guy is surprising, Kuroo thinks. "That's really cool."

"Is it?" Kenma says with a grin. His cheeks are a light pink color.

The waiter comes by then, asking if they're ready to order. She jots down their choices and walks off. "So it's your first date with man," Kenma's golden eyes are clear and non-judgmental, obviously prodding Kuroo to open up.

"It is," Kuroo runs a hand through his hair, "I couldn't get up the nerve to ask someone out in real life. So I thought maybe this would help."

"Is there someone you like?" Kenma asks.

"No, not really," Kuroo doesn't say that maybe he's starting to like Kenma. That would be idiotic.

"Do you like women?"

Kuroo sort of feels like he's talking to a therapist. A therapist who he's also paying to have sex with him. He half-laughs, "I do, sort of. Not...romantically. I tried. A lot."

"You must have broken a lot of hearts."

Kuroo smiles ruefully at the table, "A few. That's why I stopped trying."

"Sorry," Kenma says, "It isn't nice of me to ask you about this, is it?"

Kuroo looks up at Kenma, he looks genuinely apologetic.

"No, it's okay. It's kind of nice to actually say it out loud. I'm not...out to anyone."

Kenma smiles and reaches across the table, "Can I see your hand?"

Kuroo places his hand in Kenma's confused,

"Are you going read my palm?"

Kenma laughs, "No, I just like hands."

"Oh," Kuroo feels himself blush again. He hopes Kenma likes his hand.

Kenma traces his thumb over Kuroo's knobby knuckles and protruding veins. He turns his hand over and smooths it out with his little one. "You have nice hands," he says quietly.

Kuroo swallows, "Thank you."

Their food arrives, and Kuroo expects Kenma to let go, but he holds on until after the waitress leaves again. Kuroo's heart pounds at the idea that the two of them might look like boyfriends right now. He lets go then, and Kuroo wishes he hadn't.

Kenma stirs his noodles with his chopsticks, "Does your hair get crunchy with all that product?" he asks teasingly, easily switching gears from intimate to flirty.

Kuroo laughs breathily, still a half-step behind,

"I don't put anything in it," he says.

Kenma's eyes squint doubtfully, his mouth too full of food to talk. Kuroo takes note of the enormous mouthful. /Cute/.

"I don't!" he insists.

Kenma swallows, "It's sticking straight up," he raises his eyebrows. Kuroo ruffles a hand through it to show the softness, "It's just bedhead, I still don't know how to tame it," he admits with a smile.

Kenma laughs, "Are you a rooster?"

"Hey! I think you'll find that I'm more like a flamboyant parakeet."

Kenma laughs, snorting again, and Kuroo feels a little swell of pride.

"I'll give you that," he says, "You're well groomed, very ostentatious."

"Am I?" Kuroo looks down at himself.

"Yeah," Kenma says in a /duh/ voice, "Fancy suit, fancy tie, fancy hair," he tips his head, and looks Kuroo up and down, "I wonder else is fancy."

Kuroo is probably blushing more at this meal than he has in the last two years combined.

"You /are/ a flirt," he says.

Kenma shrugs, "Never said I wasn't," he grins and takes another bite. ---

Kuroo is feeling nervous again. After a while at dinner, his anxiety had subsided, but now they're at his apartment, and he can hear the water running in the bathroom as Kenma showers and it's starting to feel like he's in over his head. How is he supposed to live up anything Kenma has experienced?? Hell, this guy has sex with men for a living. And he's never had sex with a man even once. Kuroo puts his head in his hands. It shouldn't even matter, it's not like this is a real date, but he can't help it, he likes Kenma. Yes, it's ridiculous for him to have somehow developed a crush on an escort over the course of a single evening, but he is, idiot-mcgee, ready to risk it all for someone he's paying. The water cuts off in the bathroom. There's some shuffling and Kenma comes out with a towel around his waist and his dry hair wrapped into a high bun on his head. Kuroo watches as he pulls the hair tie out and shakes out his hair so it's loose around his shoulders.

"Fuck," Kuroo breathes. Kenma looks at him with a smile that turns to concern as he sees how pale and nervous Kuroo looks. His expression softens. He sits on the bed next to Kuroo and is quiet for a moment before speaking.

"Kuro," he says. Vaguely, Kuroo notes the nickname, "You don't have to do this."

He continues when Kuroo stays silent, staring at the floor, "If you're not ready for this, you can just keep the other half of the money, and we can do something else."

Kuroo takes a shaky breath, "It's not that I don't want to..."

Kenma bumps him softly with his shoulder to encourage him to continue.

"...this is so stupid," Kuroo mumbles.

"What's stupid?"

Kuroo sighs, "I just feel like there's no way I can measure up when you're so...experienced," he cringes, expecting Kenma to laugh at him. // Brb, I'm just pausing for like five minutes and then I'll continue

Let's continue

--

"Kuro," Kenma says quietly, "Most of the men I sleep with aren't good at sex. They don't care how I'm feeling. A lot of them are rich men cheating on their wives, and they're just looking to fuck a man who won't tell on them," he takes a breath,

The fact that you even care is a step up from them. And more than that, the fact that I actually like you. I'm not going to be...disappointed."

Kenma gently turns Kuroo's face towards him, his golden eyes are like molten honey against Kuroo's. He searches Kuroo's face. "Are you feeling a little better?" he whispers, seemingly half to himself.

Kuroo feels like he could melt into Kenma's hands.

"Yes," he says, "Thank you."

Kenma smiles, "Don't worry, I'll the lead. Should we get in the bed now?"

Kuroo nods and allows himself to be directed to lean against the pillows at the head of his bed. Kenma climbs over him, straddling Kuroo's hips with his knees. The towel is threatening to fall off at any moment so Kuroo places his hands on Kenma's hips to hold it in place. The corner of Kenma's lips lift. He leans down close, and Kuroo's breath quickens in anticipation. Kenma kisses him softly. Kuroo's hands tighten on Kenma's body and he kisses back, savouring in the movement of Kenma's lips against his. He feels Kenma's tongue swipe over his lips and parts them, licking back cautiously. Kenma deepens the kiss, licking and kissing back still softly but a little more aggressively, pressing his body against

Kuroo's. Kuroo's breath stutters when he feels Kenma's erection. Kenma pulls away then and kisses Kuroo's neck, trailing soft, wet kisses along the path of muscle.

"Kenma," Kuroo sighs.

He lets himself run his hands along Kenma's skin then, feeling the smooth bumps on muscle and bone on his sides and back. Kenma hums against him. He pulls away a few centimeters, "Can I leave hickeys?" he asks Kuroo.

Maybe it's childish, but the idea of makes Kuroo's heart accelerate, that people might see marks that Kenma left on his body.

"Yeah," he whispers. Kenma finds a spot and sucks on it, pulling away once and then returning to suck more to make it satisfactorily dark. He finds a new spot and does it again.

"Can I?" Kuroo gasps, "Can I do it too, or is that-is that not okay?"

Kenma pulls away from him, looking thoughtful. "Okay," he says, "You can."

Kuroo leans in immediately to kiss Kenma's neck and collarbones, pleased and relieved when he feels the rumble of his moan in his chest. He chooses a spot on the front of Kenma's throat and sucks on it, biting the skin gently. Kenma gasps. Kenma's fingers run into his hair, tightening into the strands as Kuroo sucks on the shell of his ear, his throat, his chest - Kenma gasps out a moan when Kuroo's lips close around his nipple, his fingers clenching in Kuroo's hair. He sucks on it, reveling in the moans that Kenma can't seem to contain and rubbing a thumb over his other nipple. Kenma rolls his hips against Kuroo, the much needed friction making Kuroo's breath shudder. He pulls away and looks up at Kenma, who immediately kisses him. Kenma rolls his hips again and Kuroo moans into his mouth. He loves the feeling of this, making out with Kenma, the movement of their bodies against each other's. He slides a hand down to squeeze at Kenma's ass, only to find that the towel has already slipped off. Kenma's breath shakes.

He breaks the kiss to speak, "I already prepared myself in the shower, but I don't know how big you are," his voice is breathy and it makes Kuroo's cock twitch against his body.

Kenma raises an eyebrow, "Bigger than I thought maybe."

Kuroo swallows, and leans over to pull a bottle of lube from his bedside drawer. He coats his fingers that are more shaky with arousal and adrenaline at this point than nerves, and reaches behind Kenma.

"Hold on," Kenma says, "It might be easier if I lay down."

He climbs off of Kuroo and lays on the bed. Kuroo hovers over him, holding himself up with the non-slick hand. Kenma runs a hand along the muscles of Kuroo's supporting arm.

He laughs suddenly, surprising Kuroo. "Sorry," Kenma says, grinning, "It just sort of struck me how hot you are."

Kuroo laughs, his cheeks feelings warm, "Thank you," he hesitates, but then decides fuck it, "You're the prettiest person I've ever seen," he breathes.

Kenma blushes then, full and deep. He rolls his eyes, smiling, "All right, finger me already," he says.

Kuroo grins. He takes his fingers to Kenma's entrance and strokes gently, relishing in the soft gasp Kenma gives, and then presses inside. True to his word, Kenma is loose, but not quite loose enough. He strokes Kenma's insides with two fingers, then three, then four, unless Kenma is gasping and moaning with every breath and Kuroo is aching hard.

"Please," Kenma gasps finally, "Just fuck me now."

Kuroo grins, "Sorry, I was just...enjoying this."

Kenma smirks, "Can you enjoy me with your cock now?"

Kuroo laughs, "Yes, sorry."

He pulls his own towel off, grabbing a condom and rolling it over himself before squeezing some lube in his hand and giving himself a couple of strokes.

Kenma watches his hands, "You're experienced too," he observes.

"I've had sex, but only with women," Kuroo says. "That's experience too," Kenma says.

Kuroo leans over him, "Should I...?"

"Yes!" Kenma claps his hands on either side of Kuroo's face with wide eyes, "You're killing me here."

Kuroo giggles, his cheeks squished by Kenma's hands. He lines himself up, holds his breath, and pushes inside. Kenma groans as Kuroo's breath is forced out of him. He rests his forehead against Kenma's for a moment, panting.

"Wow," he whispers.

"I'm ready whenever you are," Kenma pants. Kuroo kisses him. Kenma kisses back with a smile on his lips.

He draws his hips back and presses forward again, testing the waters. Kenma's arms wrap around his back. He does it again, still kissing Kenma, and slowly working up to a more forceful rhythm. He's moving at a steady pace when he breaks it, rolling his hips, and Kenma moans against mouth.

"Is that it?" Kuroo asks, breathing hard.

"Yes, yes, Kuro there," Kenma gasps.

He does it again and again, pulling his hips back each time and grinding at the apex of his thrust. Kenma cries out suddenly, "Kuro, Kuro I'm close!"

Kuroo increases his speed, and then Kenma is crying roughly, spilling over his own stomach as Kuroo pounds into him, the feeling of his orgasm pulses around Kuroo and Kuroo groans, and then he's coming too, his breath shaking. He continues moving through it, only stopping when they're both finally finished. He rests his weight onto Kenma, who wraps his arms around Kuroo with a sigh. They both lay there content for a moment and then Kenma groans.

"You're so heavy," he manages.

"Oh! Sorry."

Kuroo rolls off him and they both laugh, flopping down next to each other.

"Wow," Kenma breathes.

"Was it okay?" Kuroo asks, concerned.

Kenma laughs and turns to face him, "It was really good."

Kuroo smiles, "For me too."

Kenma pulls him into the shower after a few minutes, and Kuroo lets himself enjoy rubbing soap onto Kenma's skin, and the feeling of Kenma's fingers in his hair. He falls asleep almost immediately after, totally exhausted. Kenma's still there in the morning. Before he leaves Kuroo's apartment, he hands him his phone.

"Give me your number?" he says.

"I thought-"

"Not as escort. I want to go on a real, unpaid date with you," Kenma says, plain and unambiguous. "Is that okay?"

Kuroo nods eagerly, "Yes, I would really like that."

Kenma grins, his cheeks a soft pink, "Great."

Kuroo gets his number too. As soon as Kenma leaves his apartment he clenches his fists, grinning so hard it hurts. His phone vibrates.

From: Kenma

>> are you busy on saturday?

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1437885954983878663?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

Kenma loves his hoodies and sweatpants, but when he has to leave the house it's ripped jeans and sneakers for class, swap the hoodie out for a button up for meetings (though the jeans stay usually), and Kuroo favourite: suits for events. The best part is coming home and taking it off of him though.

Kuroo loves him with his loosened tie, messy unbuttoned top, jacket slipping off his shoulders. His eyes glazed over a little bit from the happiness, and alcohol, and tiredness.

//

Let me know if y'all want to read some smut from here, I can't write it rn, but in a few hours

Alright, let's continue with some smut

Kuroo tugs Kenma's tie loose, leaning in to kiss the side of Kenma's neck.

"You look beautiful," he says.

Kenma tips his head to the side, "You always say that," he can hear the smile in his voice. "Well, that's your fault for always being beautiful," he kisses softly along the path of muscle.

Kenma laughs, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder isn't it?"

"You complimenting my eyes?"

He can practically hear the eye roll Kenma gives, and smiles against his skin. Kuroo gently sucks the spot just under Kenma's jawline, and Kenma sighs softly, leaning back into one hand and brushing away the loose hair resting on his neck with the other.

"Nah," Kuroo says, pulling away, "I'm pretty sure this a you problem."

He kisses Kenma, the two of them smiling against each other's lips. Kenma's hands push the suit jacket off of Kuroo's shoulders, and Kuroo pulls it off and tosses it to side without taking his lips off of Kenma's.

Kenma's tongue brushes against his lips, asking them to part. Kuroo opens his mouth, licking back, tasting his tongue against his. He pulls away, unbuttoning Kenma's top as Kenma's fingers undo the buttons on his.

"Did you have fun?"

"It wasn't that bad," Kenma says. Kuroo knows that means he did. As soon as Kenma's shirt is open, Kuroo sits on the bed and pulls Kenma onto his lap, so he's straddling him. Kenma lets his blazer slide off of his arms fall to the floor in a crumpled mess before bringing his hands to Kuroo's face and kissing him again. This time the kiss is deeper, Kenma licks into mouth, aggressive with the way he pulls Kuroo to him while Kuroo happily lets himself be pulled, squeezing Kenma's waist.

When Kenma pulls away, he runs fingers down Kuroo's bare chest,

"You do look gorgeous in a suit," he says, "but I prefer you like this."

He leans in close to Kuroo's ear and runs his tongue along the curve delicately, making Kuroo gasp.

"This you is all mine," he whispers into his ear. Before Kuroo has chance to respond or do anything other than shudder, he takes a nearly vampiric bite at Kuroo's neck. It almost feels like he would drink Kuroo's blood. Wouldn't it be beautiful? To know Kenma was tasting him, for their blood to run through the same veins? He sucks on the spot, leaving a possessive bruise. Kuroo sighs at the feeling, closing his eyes. Kenma kisses over the spot softly after, trailing slow kisses down his neck, his throat, his collarbones. He pulls his shirt off as he does, letting it fall on top of his blazer. Kuroo's shirt quickly follows, Kenma's hands removing it even as he licks and kisses Kuroo's body. Kuroo's chest heaves with each breath, his hands running over Kenma's chest, his stomach, gripping at his body.

Kuroo undoes Kenma's slacks and presses his hand against him. "Mm," Kenma moans softly against Kuroo's shoulder.

He leans away and unbuttons Kuroo's trousers as well, pulling down the zip and smiling when rubs his hand along the length and Kuroo groans.

"Those women who always flirt with you at these things, Kenma says,

"Imagine how jealous they'd be of me right now."

Kuroo huffs out a laugh, "I think the men who flirt with you would be much more jealous of me."

"Oh, is it a competition?"

"Well if it is, I don't know who I'm competing with but I think I'm winning."

Kenma laughs and pushes Kuroo over so he's lying on the bed. He gets off and yanks Kuroo's pants and boxers off, making Kuroo laugh because of the aggression he's doing it with. Kenma takes his own off as well, kicking them into the crumpled pile he's been making, and climbs back over Kuroo's lap.

"Scoot back," he commands.

Kuroo snorts, "So demanding," he says, doing as he's told.

Kenma crawls over him and pins his hands next to his head with his own, "You like it," he says with a smirk.

"I definitely like it," Kuroo agrees. Kenma leans over to the nightstand and pulls out a bottle of lube. He takes one of Kuroo's hands and squeezes a generous amount over his fingers.

"Can we switch if I'm doing it?" Kuroo asks, amused.

Kenma immediately flops down next to him on his back. Kuroo follows, shaking his head. With his dry hand, he pushes one of Kenma's knees up, resting it over his shoulder. He takes his fingers to Kenma's entrance tracing his fingers around his hole. Kenma's breath shakes at the touch.

Kuroo presses a finger in. Kenma moans softly, his chest rising and lowering with his breath as Kuroo moves his finger. Kenma's abdomen clenches as he presses in the second finger, and he lays a hand on it, stroking the muscles to encourage him to relax. When he rubs against Kenma's prostate, he gasps a sudden moan, his leg shaking a little. Kuroo leans forward to kiss him as he pushes another finger inside, pressing Kenma's leg back and opening him up further. Kenma moans against his lips, his own lips going slack. By the time he's ready for Kuroo, he's breathing hard. He winces a little as Kuroo pulls his fingers out.

"Sorry," Kuroo murmurs. He grabs the lube and slicks himself up.

He lets Kenma's leg down and pushes his thighs apart then before lining himself up. Before pressing inside, he rubs the tip of his cock between Kenma's cheeks, his breath shuddering at the feeling. Kenma makes a whiny sound.

"Come on," he says breathily, "I need you inside me now."

Kuroo grins. Without any more more teasing, he presses in. His breath hisses out of him from the feeling and Kenma groans, gripping at Kuroo's arm next to him.

Kuroo and Kenma both pant and Kuroo lets him adjust to the feeling.

"I'm good," Kenma gasps.

He starts moving slowly, long, drawn out thrusts that make Kenma moan softly. Slowly, he builds up his rhythm, going faster, harder, until Kenma is crying out and holding onto him, he grinds into Kenma at the apex of each thrust.

"Kuro," Kenma gasps, "There, there, yes, there!"

"Yeah? Like that?"

"Yes, yes," Kenma pants. He fucks into Kenma, pushing his legs apart, his hands hooked up Kenma's knees, and then Kenma gasps and cries out with a choked moan, curling in on himself and spilling over his own stomach, clenching around Kuroo. He goes limp, but Kuroo keeps moving, chasing his own orgasm, fucking into his pliable boyfriend, his climax building and building until it breaks and then he's coming hot inside of Kenma, his breath breaking into short gasps, and he keeps moving until finally he's finished. Kuroo relaxes then, laying down on top on Kenma, who puts his arms around him. They stay there for a while, breathing in each other's scent.

"Okay," Kenma says after a while, "You're getting heavy now."

He and Kuroo laugh, the feeling rumbling against each other. Kuroo pushes himself up and pulls out of Kenma, cum oozing out Kenma as he does.

"Do you wanna shower?" he asks the limp Kenma.

Kenma makes a fake crying face and Kuroo laughs, "I'll hold you up, come on," he smiles and gently squeezes Kenma's calf. "If I have to," Kenma says, his voice a little rough from moaning.

"Well you are leaking cum onto bedspread."

"And whose fault is that?" he pushes himself up and reluctantly slides off the bed.

"I can proudly say it's mine," Kuroo pecks Kenma on the lips, and Kenma smiles. They shower, change the sheets, and fall asleep with their arms around each other.

The next day Kenma wears sweatpants and a hoodie all day.

"You look beautiful," Kuroo says, kissing him on the forehead.

Kenma rolls his eyes with a smile, "Thank you."

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1442236514008698882?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

//a short thread of nsfw krkn headcanons (includes mentions of SM, feet, mild feminization)

1. Sometimes Kenma will play on his switch when he's on top and Kuroo wouldn't admit it to anyone else, but it really does it for him

Kuroo and Kenma have had angry sex only once, and it's because they got into an argument in the middle of sex and neither of them wanted to stop

In college, they nearly got caught fucking in an empty classroom, and the threat of being caught was what made Kenma come. Kuroo's hand over his mouth muffled the sound of him coming but he did make fun of Kenma for it after

A coworker once conspiratorially asked Kuroo if he knew that some people like to be hit during sex and he had to pretend that he wasn't currently having trouble sitting at his desk bc of the flogging his husband had given him the previous night

The first time Kenma experienced a proper harsh spanking from Kuroo, he cried through his orgasm and afterwards, drunkenly said it was the best orgasm he'd ever had

They once had such bad sex that Kenma was depressed for a full day afterwards

Kenma doesn't have a foot fetish but he does love having Kuroo worship his feet, because it makes him feel so loved

Kuroo isn't normally into feminization or lingerie, but Kenma once wore a Calvin Klein sports bra and underwear set and he absolutely lost it. Kenma saves the set for when he really wants to treat Kuroo now

Kenma's favourite time that they've had sex is the day Kuroo gave him a promise ring. They were both so happy, everything they did felt like melting ice cream

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1445927315662323715?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

//NSFW, kuroken, degradation/humiliation, pee desperation, self-wetting, daddy dom Kuroo, light age play elements

Please mind the tags ✨ I'll try and include a warning if anything else ends up coming up.

I'm happy there was interest in this, let's get into it ~

"Color?"

Kuroo is sitting on the edge of the bed, looking up at Kenma with a cup of water in his hand.

"Green."

"Good," Kuroo coos, lifting the cup to Kenma's lips.

Kenma drinks obediently. Kuroo gives him a break halfway through to catch his breath and then lifts it again and has him drain the cup.

"That's one," Kuroo murmurs. He sets the empty cup down on a little table and picks up the next full cup.

...

Kenma's thighs are twisted together and he's biting his lower lip, his expression twisted in discomfort. "Come on, one more," Kuroo grins, "You need to stay hydrated."

Kenma makes a strained whiny sound.

"Come on now, be a good boy," Kuroo chides, lifting the cup to Kenma's lips.

Kenma's mouth turns down into a pout, "Yes, daddy."

He drinks. Kenma gasps wetly when the glass is drained.

"See, wasn't that easy?" Kuroo says, smiling.

Kenma pushes a hand between his thighs, his face twisted with discomfort.

Kuroo tsks, "You don't have to pee just from that, do you?"

"N-no."

"Of course not. Come here."

Kenma steps closer so he's standing in between Kuroo's knees.

"Move your hand," Kuroo says.

Kenma does. Kuroo puts both of his hands on Kenma's hips, and then presses his thumbs into Kenma's abdomen.

Kenma sobs, "Daddy, please."

"Oh?" Kuroo says innocently, "So you were lying?"

Kenma looks down, his face scrunched up.

"Answer me."

"Yes," Kenma says quietly.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, daddy."

"That's right," Kuroo presses his thumbs against Kenma's bladder again and Kenma curls over with another sob. "You'd better at least be able to hold it," Kuroo says, his thumb still pressing into Kenma, "It would be pathetic if you couldn't even do that."

Kenma's thighs press together even harder. Kuroo hums, pleased. He moves one hand from Kenma's hip and lightly strokes the back of his fingers over Kenma's cock. Kenma shudders.

"Just relax," Kuroo says with a grin, "What are you so tense for? Big boys can hold it."

"Yes," Kenma whispers. He's bobbing up and down slightly as he tries to hold it. Kuroo's eyes slide over Kenma's figure, he loves this part, when Kenma really, truly, genuinely tries, and both of them know he'll fail.

That's the whole point, after all. Kenma makes another strained sound, somewhere between a moan and a sob.

"No," he gasps softly.

Kuroo's eyes land on Kenma's crotch, where he sees a dark spot form and then slowly spread as Kenma continues to try desperately to hold it. It's no use from here though, it'll only get harder until his bladder is empty.

"Pathetic," Kuroo repeats meanly, "So you're just a pathetic little boy who can't even hold his pee."

Kenma's eyebrows are pulled together, his eyes a little glassy, his thighs mashed together in vain.

"No," he cries, continuing to wet his pants even as he denies it.

Kuroo tsks again, "And look at this," he says liltingly, "you're even enjoying it."

He presses his hand against Kenma's hard cock, pressing into his bladder as he does, warm liquid running through the denim.

"You have the gall to not even be ashamed," Kuroo says, "Instead, you're getting hard."

"No, nono," Kenma says desperately, "I'm not."

"Don't lie to me, Kenma," Kuroo says sharply.

"Sorry," Kenma breathes, looking down, his eyebrows still pulled together as he tries to hold himself back.

"Sorry, what?" Kuroo prompts, like Kenma is a very stupid child.

"Sorry, daddy," Kenma says contritely. More liquid leaks through, running down the inside of his leg and darkening the fabric. He seems resigned to his fate now, watching ashamedly as the wetness ruins his jeans.

"What are we goin to do?" Kuroo says, shaking his head, "You're a mess."

He rubs his hand along Kenma's erection, liquid now gushing over his hand as he does. Kenma moans like he can't help it.

"Does that feel good?" Kuroo murmurs.

Kenma nods, looking guilty.

"Such a dirty little boy."

Kenma nods again. His jeans are completely soaked. Finally, it seems like the last of it is out.

"Are you done?" Kuroo asks flatly with an eyebrow raised.

"Yes, daddy," Kenma mumbles.

"You're a mess."

"Yes, daddy."

"Your clothes are ruined."

Kenma nods.

Kuroo sighs and wipes his hand on Kenma's shirt. "Take them off."

Hesitantly, Kenma unbuttons his jeans and pulls them down. They stick along the way from the wetness.

Kuroo snaps the elastic of his boxer briefs, "This next."

"Yes, daddy."

Kenma pulls those off next so he's naked from the waist down.

"And your shirt."

Kenma pulls his shirt off over his head. He's completely naked now.

"This is embarrassing, daddy," he says quietly.

"Do you think little boys who wet their pants deserve to keep their clothes on?"

"...no, daddy."

"Good, we're in agreement. Kneel."

Kenma does so immediately. Kuroo undoes the button and zip on his trousers as he speaks, "You lied to daddy, so you're going to have to make up for it."

I need to take a break for work stuff, brb

Okay I'm back, I'll finish that stuff later. Let's continue.

Kenma sits obediently on his heels as he watches Kuroo's hands pull out his cock.

"You're going to make it up to me, right?" Kuroo says, stroking himself.

Kenma licks his lips, "Yes, daddy."

"Such a little whore," Kuroo says, his eyes heavy lidded as they pin Kenma's, "Getting hard from wetting yourself."

He weaves his fingers into Kenma's hair and grips tightly, pulling him close. Kenma's mouth opens immediately, and without any hesitation Kuroo pushes into the hot, wet, warmth of his mouth. He groans at the feeling. Kenma moans in response around his cock.

"You are a little whore," Kuroo says breathily, "You love this."

"Mm, nm!"

"Don't try to deny it," Kuroo says, nudging at Kenma's stiff cock with his foot.

Kenma huffs out air through his nose. Kuroo knows it must be getting uncomfortable to have his mouth stretched around him without any movement and he slides his other hand into Kenma's hair. Using his grip on Kenma's head as a handle, he starts to fuck Kenma's mouth, slowly at first and then, once he can hear Kenma's breath even out, and little hums from the back of his throat, he starts moving faster. This is one of Kenma's favourite "punishments", getting his mouth fucked for being too much of a whore.

"You love being a fucktoy for daddy, don't you?" he says roughly.

Kenma moans, his glassy eyes connecting with Kuroo's.

"I know you do, my pretty boy," he breathes. Kenma shuffles even closer, trying to take in as much of Kuroo as possible even as tears spill over the corners of his eyes.

It doesn't take long for Kuroo to reach the edge with the visual of the love of his life, messy and drooling and teary below him, trying his best to take him in further and further, happily choking on his cock in exchange for being called a whore.

"Filthy - little - slut," Kuroo manages between thrusts.

Kenma whines around him, blinking tears from his eyes as Kuroo increases the pace even further. When he's half a second away from coming, he pulls out entirely, holding the panting Kenma still with one hand still gripped in his hair and stroking himself quickly with the other, and then he's coming onto Kenma's face and chest and tongue, and Kenma is moaning with his mouth wide open, jaw still slack, drool running down his chin. He really is filthy. He's absolutely, obscenely, gorgeous.

Kuroo's grip loosens in Kenma's hair as he comes down, panting for air. As soon as he catches his breath, he smiles at Kenma. He cups Kenma's jaw in his hand and gathers the mess with his thumb. Kenma obediently licks the cum and tears off of it. Kuroo strokes Kenma's face once more.

"Beautiful," he can't help murmuring.

Kenma smiles up at him sweetly. He looks drunk off of endorphins. "Since you took it so well, I'll let you come too," Kuroo says, as if he'd ever intended otherwise.

He pulls the pliable Kenma onto the bed and props him against the pillows. Kenma sits compliantly as Kuroo wets his fingers with lubricant. He leans forward over Kenma after and kisses him, licking into his soft, wet mouth and biting at his lower lip. Kenma happily parts his lips for him, his eyes closing right away. Kuroo kisses him under the eye, on the jaw, on his neck, his collarbone. He pushes Kenma's legs apart and then props his knees up so his feet are flat on the bed. Kenma watches himself be manhandled, the rise and fall of his chest quickening once again. Kuroo pulls his cheeks apart and circles Kenma's entrance and Kenma moans needily. "I got you, baby," he says quietly, "I know what you need."

Kenma mumbles something that sounds like, "Thank you, daddy."

Kuroo grins and presses a finger inside. Kenma gasps and then moans on the exhale. Kuroo slowly slides the finger in and out of Kenma, kissing his stomach as he does so.

"Mmm," Kenma hums.

Kuroo presses in a second finger, and Kenma groans loudly, his fingers searching for purchase in the sheets. Kuroo moves his fingers with more purpose now, stroking Kenma's inner walls and curling his fingers as best as he can with how tightly

Kenma is clenching around them. He pushes in a smidgen further and curls his fingers again.

Kenma cries out, "Yes, daddy there!"

Kuroo grins against Kenma's inner thigh where he's kissing. He sucks a mark onto the skin as he does it again, knowing that the dual sensation will make Kenma cry out again. And it does.

Kuroo begins moving his fingers in a steady rhythm, pushing in and curling into the bundle of nerves with every wet press of his fingers. Precome spills from Kenma's cock, dripping onto his stomach as he moans with each breath. "Yes, yesyesyes," Kenma breathes suddenly, and Kuroo knows that he's close.

He takes a hold of Kenma's cock, which twitches in his grasp, and starts stroking him in time with each thrust of his fingers. Kenma clenches around his fingers, his moans stuttering and his cock twitches again and he spills hot over Kuroo's hand and his own stomach, crying out.

"/Kuroo/," he gasps as the last of it spills from his cock.

When his body relaxes, Kuroo releases his grip and pulls his fingers out. He leans up to kiss Kenma softly on the lips. "Mm," Kenma sighs contentedly.

"You were wonderful," Kuroo whispers against his forehead, "Perfect. Beautiful."

Kenma laughs softly, "All that?" he slurs.

"All of that," Kuroo smiles, "Such a good boy."

"Thank you, daddy," Kenma smiles. His eyes are still blown out. Kuroo kisses him again before getting a warm washcloth to wipe him off with, cleaning away all the stickiness.

Kenma curls up on his side after, and Kuroo covers him with the blanket before putting his clothes in the wash and starting the machine. Afterwards, he lays down with Kenma and kisses him once on the neck before taking the role of the big spoon and hugging him tightly. Kenma hums happily again.

"I love you, Kenma," Kuroo says softly.

"I love you too," Kenma says sleepily, "That was fun."

"I'm glad you had fun," he finds Kenma's hand with his own and waves his fingers between Kenma's, "I did too."

Eventually, once he has a little more lucidity, Kuroo makes Kenma begrudgingly get up to shower. He laughs as Kuroo tells him about how today his coworker had very conspiratorially told him about the "weird kinks" some people had and he'd had to pretend like it was all new information to him.

"You should've just been honest," Kenma says with a grin. "Oh, yeah?" Kuroo says, also grinning, "I should've just gone, 'Yeah, I like to make my husband piss himself and then fuck his face', I'm sure that would have gone well."

Kenma curls over with laughter, and Kuroo feels proud to be the source of his laughter,

They change the sheets after showering, have (non-caffeinated) tea in bed and go to sleep. In the morning, they'll meet up with their friends for brunch.

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I love flexible!Kenma because it not only has fun sexy potential, but also excellent party trick potential.

Kenma gets smashed at a party with all the ex and pro volleyball players he knew in HS and some of them are talking about stretching (as athletes do) and he mentions he can do the splits. Smash cut to everyone hollering as Kenma slides into an easy full split in the middle of the room. And then Kuroo goes "You think that's impressive, you should see how far he can really go" - cue chaos. Kenma wakes up to a hangover and many text messages that bear resemblance to the YOI banquet pics. He rolls over to see Kuroo back covered in scratches and concludes (correctly) that he got wasted

2. showed off his flexibility
3. turned Kuroo on with said flexibility
4. had excellent sex

All in all, not a bad night. Kuroo's party trick is lifting people with his arms, which he also put to use, judging by the pictures of Hinata, Kenma, Daichi, and Bokuto hanging off of his curled arms.

It would be a lie for Kenma to say it doesn't turn him on just as much as his flexibility turns Kuroo on.

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//ftm Kenma, dysphoria, nsfw ish, he/him pronouns used

Kenma doesn't dislike his body. He thinks it's pretty. He's slim, he has a small waist. Very...feminine. He's used to it, this body. He knows that it's attractive, objectively, and that Kuroo likes it. But while he doesn't dislike it, he's not sure that he likes it either. He doesn't mind being pretty, he likes that Kuroo likes the way he looks, but there's something a bit hollow about it. It's a B/arb's body, a doll with perfectly nice dimensions, made to be pleasing. So he plays that doll in the bedroom, leans into it, thinking "I'm a pretty doll that's meant to be used," and that makes it okay for a bit. Until it starts hurting, and that hollow feeling grows bigger. He stops knowing whether he's "okay" with his body or if he's afraid that Kuroo will stop liking it if it's different. He knows, /knows/, Kuroo would never say it, that he'll stay with him no matter what, but Kenma hates the idea that he would be some mismatching part to Kuroo if his body were different, a cog that doesn't roll smoothly next to him, but that Kuroo forces himself to grind away to nothing next to. He half convinces himself that it would be better if Kuroo broke up with him now and they were both spared the heartbreak of later, of further down the line. But he doesn't want to let him go and he's

not going to break up with Kuroo himself. Kuroo notices something is wrong when it's clear that Kenma no longer enjoys the touches from Kuroo's hands that he once did.

"We don't have to do this right now, if you don't feel like it," Kuroo says.

"No, it's fine," Kenma says, knowing that later will be the same, that it's not that he doesn't want to, but that he desperately wishes it felt different.

Kuroo frowns, "It shouldn't just be 'fine'. We can just hang out tonight, you know."

"Okay," Kenma says, feeling guilty. He wonders if Kuroo really will break up with him, and he hopes he will and he really hopes he won't.

Kuroo strokes a hand through Kenma's hair. No, of course he won't.

"Does it hurt?" Kuroo asks, "Doing the vocal training?"

"Oh," Kenma's a bit surprised by the question, "Sometimes. I guess it can feel a little like a sore throat if I do a lot."

Kuroo tips his head to the side. Kenma likes it when he does that, it reminds him of a puppy. He moves to sit cross legged in front of Kenma, making a humming sound. "Have you thought about going on hormones?" he asks in a gentle voice. He's looking at his fingers, which are tapping patterns on Kenma's knee.

Kenma blinks, "Have...yeah, I've thought about it," he hesitates, but Kuroo doesn't fill the silence. "What if it makes me...gross?" he asks in a quiet voice. It sounds like a stupid thing to say, and he cringes at himself.

Kuroo smiles, "I think I was probably pretty gross during puberty too."

Kenma laughs a little at that, despite himself, "I thought you were hot."

"Oh myy," Kuroo says with a grin, "You flatter me with your poor taste, Kozume-san."

Kenma laughs softly again. He feels a bit too raw and exposed for anything more.

"I'm not saying I don't like you like this," Kuroo says, more seriously, "I don't want you to think that, but you seem really...unhappy lately."

Kenma looks away and swallows. He's feeling overwhelmed with the urge to cry.

"Um," he manages. It sounds like he's going to cry too. He tries again, "I um. I thought I could do it, you know? Be like this. Live in this body."

"Yeah," Kuroo whispers, tapping more patterns onto Kenma's calf.

"It used to be fine," Kenma's voice cracks on the last word. Ha. It's like it's mocking him. He takes a breath that is too big and probably more like hyperventilating than calming.

"Yeah."

"...I don't want you to think I'm ugly," he says, tears finally spilling over. Stupid, stupid, dumb tears.

Kuroo laughs, and Kenma wants to tell off him for laughing when he's already embarrassed, but he can't quite manage angry right now. "Kenma, I'd never think you're ugly. I'm not going to lie and say it won't be a little weird, but that doesn't mean it'll be bad."

"But you've never been with someone with a...'male' body before," Kenma mutters.

"I've never been with anyone except you before," Kuroo points out. "And that will remain consistent," he says.

Kenma rolls his eyes. It makes the tears slide down his eyeball in an odd sensation.

"You know what I'm saying."

Kuroo reaches out and pinches Kenma's cheek, "I know what you're saying. And I'll get used to it."

"But what if I get really hairy and start smelling bad?"

"Well, I like the way you smell-"

"Right now."

"-but I imagine you're not going to stop wearing deodorant. And if you don't like the hair, then you'll just have to wax it or something."

"But what if /you/ don't like it?"

"That seems like more of a me problem then, but it's not like I'm begging you to shave now."

"But I'm not that hairy now."

"Are you trying to /convince/ me to be grossed out by this hypothetical version of you?"

Kenma shrugs and makes an I-don't-know sound.

The corner of Kuroo's lips perks up, "I'm sure I'll be just as attracted, if not more, to sweaty gorilla Kenma."

"Well...I'm holding you to that," Kenma says quietly, pulling at the bedsheets.

Kuroo straightens up and salutes. Kenma smiles.

"Can I kiss you now? Please? Pretty please?" Kuroo grins at him, all soft crinkled eyes.

Kenma rolls his eyes, also grinning, the tears drying up now.

"Yes."

He's tackled by Kuroo, who attacks him with kisses until he's laughing and breathless and the tears are just dried tracks that he'll wash later in the bathroom.

....

Kenma looks in the mirror and runs a finger over the faint, healed scar on his chest. "Hello, gorgeous," Kuroo's voice comes from doorway.

Kenma looks over to see a grinning Kuroo, leaning in the doorway.

"Hello," Kenma smiles at him.

Kuroo strides over and loops his arms around Kenma's waist, dropping a kiss on his bare shoulder. Kenma turns his head to kiss his husband on the lips. Kuroo sighs contentedly. When they part, Kenma swears that he practically has hearts in his eyes. Adorable.

"Kenma, we do have a little time before we have to go to this dinner," he starts hopefully.

Kenma laughs, "Oh yeah?"

//I'm going to continue this in a few minutes with some smut, just taking a short break

"We don't have to leave for /at least/ half an hour," Kuroo says insistently. He kisses along Kenma's neck and shoulder while looking up at him, as if hoping to tempt him.

"And we won't be late?" Kenma asks, amused.

"We won't! We'll be quick!"

Kuroo looks so eager, that puppy-dog like look on his face. Kenma almost feels like teasing him a bit more, but then they really will be late.

"All right then," Kenma relents with a smile.

He laughs as he's immediately lifted off his feet and deposited onto the bed. Kuroo crawls over him and dips down to kiss him, his tongue running over Kenma's bottom lip. When Kenma parts his lips, their tongues brush together, and he hums softly. Kuroo takes this as a cue to deepen the kiss, tilting his head to lick into Kenma's mouth. Kenma moans into Kuroo's mouth as he feels one of his hands travel down along his side, almost, but not quite, tickling his skin. Kuroo pulls away just enough to kiss along his jaw and along his throat, sucking gently, his teeth grazing Kenma's skin. "You're already wearing your suit," Kenma says, as Kuroo travels downwards.

"I'll keep it on," Kuroo says roughly against his chest.

"Good," Kenma breathes, feeling a tickly wetness seeping into his underwear.

Kuroo grins, glancing up at him. Kuroo bites onto Kenma's pec, sucking a mark into his skin and he moans again, running his fingers into Kuroo's hair. Kuroo licks over the mark and kisses lower, leaving a trail along Kenma's stomach that makes him shudder and his breaths deepen. When he reaches the waistband of Kenma's boxer briefs, he lifts it with his fingertips just enough to lick under it and make Kenma gasp, his leg kicking involuntarily. Kuroo smiles, and then lifts the hem on his inner thigh and kisses once, twice, softly but it makes Kenma moan desperately. Kuroo lowers himself to his stomach, draping Kenma's legs over his shoulders, and kisses along his inner thigh, leaving a hickey that no one could possibly find except him, and then trailing his tongue into the crevice of his hip. "Kuroo!" Kenma gasps, "We have to go!"

"Lemme just make you come once like this," Kuroo says, his eyes smoldering as he looks up at Kenma, "Please?" he punctuates the question with another kiss on Kenma's cock through the fabric, which makes Kenma gasp and his hips buck. Kenma is panting and he knows his face must be red and he relents without argument, with a weak, "Okay."

Kuroo grins, too big, at getting his way. /We're definitely going to be late/, Kenma thinks. Kuroo slides his fingertips under the waistband and pulls the boxers down, Kenma obligingly lifting his hips to let him slide them off. He looks down at his husband. God, he looks good, laying between his legs in a suit. Kuroo licks a quick stripe all the way from the bottom of his lips to the tip of his dick.

"Fuck," Kenma gasps at the sudden direct contact, his knees curling in.

Kuroo's hands pin Kenma's thighs this time and he dips down to take Kenma entirely into his mouth, sucking gently on his way back up. Kenma groans, his hands tightening in Kuroo's hair. Kuroo repeats the motion, bobbing up and down on Kenma a few times until Kenma's chest is heaving from the sensation. Kuroo pulls off then and pushes two fingers into Kenma's vagina, and Kenma sighs. He strokes inside of Kenma in a slow come-hither movement and Kenma sighs another groan. He can't come from his fingers alone, but it feels /good/ and /deep/. When Kuroo takes him into his mouth again, Kenma feels the muscles in his abdomen shake. "Oh fuck, Kuro," he breathes.

Kuroo hums and Kenma could swear he feels it every part of his body. His tongue is flicking over the tip every time he comes up and then suddenly Kenma is close.

"Kuro, Kuro," he gasps urgently, "Like that!"

Kuroo hums again, keeping the same rhythm, his fingers moving inside Kenma, his mouth moving over his cock, his tongue flicking over the tip, and then Kenma's gasping as he comes, his fingers tight in Kuroo's hair, his head thrown back with a strained cry. He pushes at Kuroo's head when it's done, panting and dizzy off of his high, and Kuroo lifts his head and then pulls out his fingers.

Kuroo is breathing hard too, "You taste so good," he says, looking gorgeous with red cheeks and dazed eyes. "Come on," Kenma pants, "Fuck me."

A wide smirk spread on Kuroo's face. He rolls Kenma over so he's face down on the mattress and then pulls his hips up and nudges his knees apart. Kenma, full of endorphins from his orgasm, happily lets himself be manhandled. Kuroo reaches over to the nightstand and pulls out a condom, efficiently ripping it open with his teeth and rolling it over himself. Kenma feels the tip of Kuroo's cock slide over his lips and moans, pushing his hips back. A hand grips his hip tightly and then Kuroo's cock is pressing between his lips inside of him and they're both groaning. He's always slow at first, as he sinks into Kenma, filling him deep. But then his other hand grabs Kenma's hip and Kenma's just a toy in his hands, easy,

and moaning, and full of that deep, tickly pleasure that travels into his toes and his brain and his fingertips.

Kuroo leans over him to speak into his ear, his tie tickling Kenma's back, "You feel so good Kenma," he says, his voice deep and rough. "My good boy, my gorgeous boy," he kisses Kenma's shoulder, still fucking into him as he moans and gasps with each thrust.

And then Kenma's coming again, pulsing around Kuroo with a gasp and then a long rough groan. "Fuck," Kuroo gasps into his ear, and it feels so good to hear his fucked up voice, his labored breathing, and to know it's for Kenma, it's all just for him.

Kuroo's hips jump out of rhythm, and stutter as they press into Kenma's oversensitive insides, and he moans Kenma's name as he comes into the condom inside of him, and Kenma thinks for a moment that maybe this is the best that life gets, and he thinks that if it gets better than this that he might not be able to handle it and he'll burst. Kuroo collapses over Kenma, catching himself on his forearm and then lowering them both before pulling out. He pulls off the condom and ties it, tossing it into the trashcan under the bedside table. They both roll onto their backs to catch their breath. Kuroo takes Kenma's hand in his and lifts it to his lips.

"I love you," he says.

"I love you too," Kenma turns his head and smiles at Kuroo.

They're both content and happy for a moment before Kenma speaks again, "Are you sure you don't need to change?"

Kuroo looks down at himself and lifts his button down off of his skin with a cringe, "Yeah, I might need to change."

"Probably for the best that we don't go to an award ceremony smelling like sex."

"It's not a /ceremony/, it's just a dinner and we're presenting an award."

"That's an award ceremony, Kuro," Kenma pushes himself up, "Come on, the only thing worse than us being late to present our high school friends with an award, is being late and smelling like sex."

"Yeah, but imagine Yaku's face," Kuroo cackles. "Exactly," Kenma pushes him out of bed, "He already has to deal with the other couples on the JNT, he'll murder us in cold blood if we don't get a fucking move on."

"Alright, alright," Kuroo relents with a grin, taking off his jacket. ...

"And, so we would like to present this award to the Japan National Volleyball Team for their exemplary performance in representing this country and inspiring Japan's youth," Kenma says into the mic.

Kuroo smiles as their old teammates and rivals climb the stage to accept their award from the hands of the love of his life. In moments like these, Kuroo can't help but remember the wilted flower that Kenma once seemed to be. Timid, only flashing into a full bloom at rare moments, almost never where anyone other than Kuroo could see it. But where once a strong breeze might have knocked him down forever, he stands in front of millions, steady, confident, able to withstand a blizzard or a tornado all on his own. Kuroo knows exactly how hard Kenma would laugh if he said all this to him, but he doesn't need to say it at all. He's more than happy to show Kenma just how proud he is, how in love he is, with kisses, and smiles, and coffees, and conversations that will never leave their memories, that will stay locked away in college apartments and childhood bedrooms, hidden between the sheets of a bed they shared and didn't have sex in, on bathroom tiles that knew too many tears, a doctors office where Kenma smiled, his eyes filling with happy tears, still in the fog of anesthetic, but finding Kuroo's eyes first, regardless.

Kuroo and Kenma will keep these memories in the Russian dolls of themselves, close, and imperfect, and wonderful nonetheless.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1455082487990861827?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

Kenma has a tendency to bite his lip instead of moaning when something feels really good, too focused on chasing the feeling rather than expressing how good it is. Sometimes though, Kuroo will push his fingers between Kenma's lips instead and Kenma sighs around them, involuntarily biting down a little from time to time when Kuroo hits a good spot just right.

Or, sometimes Kuroo kisses his bitten lips instead, soft and wet and too pink, slack as soon as they're no longer being abused by his teeth. Kuroo loves the way Kenma looks when he pulls away, panting, his hair splayed out wildly on the pillow, his eyes dark, with only a smudge of gold left at the edges. He smiles at Kuroo around the breath leaving his lips, soft and smoky in a way that no one would believe if Kuroo described it. That sharp, protective edge that he has, falling away when it's just the two of them in this moment, when it feels like it's just the two of them in this world. Kuroo loves it when he makes Kenma laugh in bed, the way he can feel the laughter in his whole body, how his muscles clench around him without thinking, his eyes scrunching closed, head tilted back in an easy open laughter that no one else ever sees. Kuroo feels a bit sorry for them, he thinks, never getting to see the beauty that is Kenma during sex. He feels a little possessive of it too, happy that they don't get to have him the way that he does.

"You're beautiful," Kenma says breathily, his hand touching Kuroo's face. Kuroo turns his head to kiss Kenma's palm, "You're unbelievable," he murmurs, "The most gorgeous thing I've ever seen."

Kenma blushes and laughs, "You're too much."

"I can give you too much," Kuroo winks before gripping Kenma's waist tighter and pounding into his body. Kenma gasps and then pinches his bottom lip between his teeth, little involuntary sounds coming out as he gets closer to his orgasm, his eyebrows furrowed.

When he comes, he really is fucking gorgeous. Stunning. Kuroo doesn't have the words for it. He gasps, a moan breaking into pieces as he spills, the cum dripping over one of Kuroo's hands as he continues to thrust, chasing his own orgasm, that's nearly there.

"Come on, Kuro, that's it," Kenma pants, his breath barely caught. "Come on, baby."

Kuroo practically sees stars when he comes, Kenma's voice tipping him over the edge. It's fucking good, and it's such an overwhelming feeling for an instant that he can't think at all, the words wiped from his brain except for the, "Kenma, Kenma, fuck," that falls from his lips. The comedown is great too. He feels dizzy and drunk and loose from endorphins and he can tell Kenma feels the same, another easy laugh bubbling out, no joke told.

"I love you," Kuroo says. A brief thought runs through his mind, wondering what his friends would think if they knew what was between them. That he's in love, that Kenma loves him too, that he spends his weekends and afternoons in bed with him more times than not. He wonders if they already know. He thinks they probably don't. No matter how obvious it is, he's heard people say it, "You two are such good friends," "Why don't you have a girlfriend, Kuroo?" "Why do you guys spend so much time together?"

"I love you too," Kenma smiles at him, rolling over and taking his hand in his own, lifting it to kiss it lightly, "More than anything."

"More than anything," Kuroo agrees, smiling back, "It was always going to be me and you, you know?"

"Yeah," Kenma rolls his eyes, "Of course."

Of course, Kuroo thinks, looking at those perfect golden eyes. Of course it's you, who else?

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1457254772243943424?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

Kuroo and Kenma decide to share an apartment in college and everything is pretty much normal until one day when Kuroo comes home and walks into Kenma's room intending to ask him about dinner but instead sees Kenma on his bed, fucking into himself with a dildo. He's frozen for a moment, his eyes glued to where the dildo is pushed halfway into Kenma's

body, before he realizes what and /who/ he's looking at. His eyes flick up to meet Kenma's wide ones.

"I'm so sorry," Kuroo blurts.

Kenma's eyes move down to Kuroo's crotch. Kuroo suddenly remembers that the hot flash of arousal going through his body comes with a visual marker.

"I am so sorry!" he repeats and rushes out of the room.

Kuroo runs to the bathroom and jerks off to the image of Kenma, pink and sweaty, his cock stiff, dripping. It's by far the hottest thing he's every masturbated to and he comes fast and hard.

It's immediately followed by an immense wave of shame. Not only did he just play accidental voyeur to his best friend, but then he had a fucking wank to him. What the fuck, Kuroo! By the time Kuroo is done silently lecturing himself in the mirror and opens the door, Kenma is standing outside the bathroom.

"Um!" Kuroo says brilliantly.

Kenma takes a hesitant breath, like he's not sure what to say. He runs anxious fingers through his hair, looking away. Finally, his eyes flick back to Kuroo's, "Do you like men?" he asks in a firm, steady voice.

It's not what Kuroo expected him to say. His face and ears heat up tremendously.

"Uh...yeah?" he replies hesitantly.

"So...we're both gay."

"Bisexual," Kuroo breathes, before the statement catches up with him, "Wait, you're gay?"

Kenma makes a face like Kuroo is a moron, which he probably is, "Do you know a lot of straight men who like to take it up the ass?"

"I try not to make assumptions," Kuroo says, feeling rather disconnected from reality.

"...riiight."

There's weird moment of unfamiliarity between them. It's a feeling that doesn't happen a lot between two people who have known each other for most of their lives.

"We both like men," Kuroo agrees, as if it's something to agree with.

He wonders for a moment why Kenma never told him, before remembering that he never told Kenma either.

There's another weird silence. Kuroo vaguely notes that his legs are starting to ache from standing so stiffly.

"Did you just jerk off in there?" Kenma asks. "...yep."

"Okay."

"Um. Sorry."

"Um," Kenma scratches at his neck, "It's fine. I don't mind."

"Really?"

Kuroo thinks it's probably bad that he's already thinking about jerking off to Kenma again. He doesn't even have puberty to blame anymore, he's 19 years old. Wait, when does puberty end? Not the priority right now.

"Yeah, I masturbate to you all the time," Kenma mumbles.

Oh, shit. OH, shit.

"Oh," shit, Kuroo finishes in his head.

"Is that okay?" Kenma's ears are scaldingly red.

"Yeah, of course, I don't mind either,"

Kuroo says in a rush.

He's trying really hard not to think of this as blanket permission for all future (and admittedly, past) instances of jerking off to his best friend.

They both go to bed weirdly early that night.

...

"What's going on with you and Kenma?" Oikawa asks. Kuroo practically jumps in his seat, "What? Nothing!"

"Right. That was a super normal and convincing answer."

Kuroo cringes at himself. Not his best moment.

"Seriously," Oikawa says, "That was the weirdest goodbye I've ever seen between two supposedly best friends."

Kuroo groans and slides his arms out onto the table in front of him, "Is it really that obvious?"

"Hey! Watch the coffee," Oikawa snatches his paper cup out of the way of Kuroo's forearms, "And yes, extremely. Though I have no idea what 'it' is."

Kuroo decides to admit defeat and that he needs help, "I walked in on Kenma masturbating the other night. And I got a boner. And he saw. And also now we both know that we masturbate to each other sometimes," Kuroo's head clonks onto the table, "And it's all I can think about."

"...wow," Oikawa takes a very deliberate sip of his coffee, "Well, if it helps, it looks like it's all Kenma can think about either."

Kuroo looks up at him, his chin and arms still on the table, "What am I supposed to do with this information, Oikawa?"

"Well, for starters, you could fuck."

"What?" Kuroo springs upright.

"Don't tell me you haven't thought about it."

"Well...I mean. Not seriously."

Oikawa rolls his eyes, "Who brought it up?"

"Brought what up?"

"The masturbation thing," Oikawa snaps his fingers, "Keep up."

"Oh, um. Kenma did."

Oikawa gives him a real /you fucking idiot/ look, "You canNOT be this stupid."

"What?" Kuroo asks defensively, fully aware that he is probably that fucking stupid.

"That was him giving you the signal," Oikawa slaps a hand on the tabletop, "Seriously, you are a biochem and advertising double major, how are you so dumb?"

Kuroo elects to ignore the second part, "That was the signal?"

"Kuroo, I'm gonna kill you with my bare hands."

"Fair enough," Kuroo says absently. His mind is in other places."

//uhh lemme know if you want to see them have sex lol, I gotta stop for the night

//alright let's go~

Kuroo is in his room when he hears Kenma come home. He spends a good fifteen (or maybe thirty) minutes hyping himself before he gets up the nerve to go out to the living room, where he finds Kenma sitting on the couch on his laptop.

Okay. He can do this. He walks over to Kenma.

"Hey, kiddo."

Kenma turns his head and narrows his eyes, "What?"

"Sorry, I was just...trying something," oh god, maybe he can't do this.

Kuroo quickly takes a seat next to Kenma before he can further embarrass himself.

"Whatcha workin' on?"

"Coding project," Kenma says, slumping further down into the couch.

"Cool, cool."

Fuck, why can't Kuroo think of anything to say?? Okay, okay, maybe it's better to just. /Do/ something.

Kuroo leans over to look at the unintelligible lines of code on Kenma's screen. He slides a casual arm over the back of the sofa as he does, letting his fingers touch Kenma's shoulder. Kenma looks sideways at Kuroo.

Kuroo chuckles nervously, "I was just curious."

"Mm," Kenma's eyes go back to the screen. He types some more things that Kuroo doesn't understand. Okay, okay, this is an improvement.

"So..." Kuroo tries again, "That thing we were talking about the other day."

"What thing?" Kenma mumbles absently.

"The uh. The um," Kuroo can feel his ears and neck heating up, "Masturbation? Thing?"

Kenma's fingers pause. He stares forward blankly for a long moment before sitting upright and moving his laptop onto the coffee table in front of them. He turns to look at Kuroo.

He licks his lips before speaking, and Kuroo's not sure if he's annoyed or possibly flirting. "Kuro," Kenma says, "Are you trying to fuck me? Because, if so, you're doing a really bad job of it."

Kuroo pulls all of his limbs in close and groans into his hands, "I know. I'm /so/ sorry, I'll just go die of shame in my room now."

Kenma's fingers pull at the hands covering Kuroo's eyes. "I didn't say I didn't want to," he tips his head to the side, an amused smirk on his lips.

"You didn't," he repeats dumbly.

Kenma rolls his eyes,

"How about we skip the flirting, provided you're better at what comes next."

Kuroo gapes at him soundlessly for a moment before his brain snaps back into reality, "I am, I'm a lot better. I mean, I'm usually better at this part too, but I'm definitely better at the other part."

"I think you'd have to be to ever get any experience past this point," Kenma says, raising his eyebrows.

"That's fair."

Somehow, even knowing it's coming, Kuroo's not prepared for the fist in his collar and the sudden lips on his. Kenma's lips are soft, but it's firm and aggressive, and all Kuroo can think is, /I'm kissing Kenma/.

Before he knows it, his fingers are tangled in long hair and Kenma's tongue is licking against his. He tightens his grip and Kenma makes a soft moan into his mouth. A leg slides over his lap and Kenma shifts over until he's straddling Kuroo's lap. Kuroo takes advantage of the new position to kiss Kenma's neck which has been so tempting to him for years but especially recently, and Kenma tips his chin back with another moan. "You are better at this," he breathes, but it doesn't sound teasing.

Kuroo hums against his throat, and sucks on the skin there. Kenma's fingers tangle into his hair, pulling when Kuroo bites on the side of his neck and his fists clench. When he bites Kenma again, a hand pulls sharply at the base of his head, forcing him to look up. Kenma immediately kisses him again, licking into his mouth. Kuroo groans softly, his hands squeezing where they've found purchase on Kenma's waist. It's the tiniest thing, arguably more innocent than the filthy makeout they're having, but when Kuroo's fingers graze the skin under Kenma's top, his cock twitches. Kenma pulls away a tiny bit and glances down, and Kuroo knows that he felt it.

"Um," Kuroo starts breathily. "Don't apologize," Kenma says sharply.

Kuroo nods. The commanding tone is kinda doing it for him.

"Keep going," Kenma says bossily.

"Yes s- Kenma."

Kenma smirks at the aborted "Sir".

"I prefer baby," he says, "To 'sir'."

"Yes, baby," Kuroo breathes. // i'll be right back, just gonna KT tape my hands so i can keep typing

Kuroo slides his hands under Kenma's shirt, reveling in the feeling of his smooth skin under his fingers. When his fingers graze Kenma's ribs, he can feel Kenma sigh under his touch. Kenma dips down and kisses along Kuroo's jawline. When he reaches his earlobe, he sucks on it and Kuroo gasps, his hands gripping tightly on Kenma's waist. Kenma hums low in Kuroo's ear. He feels Kenma's tongue trace the edge of his ear and a breath huffs out of him. Kenma travels back along Kuroo's jaw, sucking gently. When Kuroo had locker room fantasies, staring at Kenma's back, thinking about staining it with hickeys, he'd never thought he'd genuinely have the opportunity to...touch. To be touched. Kenma curls over

and his tongue runs along the path of muscle on the side of Kuroo's neck. Kuroo groans at the feeling. He's overwhelmed by the urge to see more of Kenma, to have more of him. He pulls at Kenma's shirt until Kenma leans away from him and pulls it over his own head, tossing it off to the side. Kuroo takes a long look at the gentle slopes of muscle, his nipples that aren't quite perky yet, the breaths moving his chest, and sighs, feeling awestruck.

"Baby, you're gorgeous," he says.

"Oh, so now you're a smooth talker, huh?" the corner of Kenma's lips lift.

Kuroo laughs, feeling his cheeks pinken, "I'm just stating a fact."

"...oh," Kenma's ears seem very red, Kuroo thinks.

"I said keep going," Kenma says, gentler than before.

"You can be meaner than that," Kuroo says, "If you want."

Kenma laughs, looking away for a second before his eyes come back to Kuroo's, "You like it when I'm mean to you?"

//degradation

It feels incredibly embarrassing in an incredibly good way to nod yes.

Kenma grins and bites his lip, "I can be mean to you. That's easy," his fingers grip into Kuroo's hair until it stings, "It's easy being mean to someone so pathetic."

Kuroo groans, his cock twitching against Kenma. Kenma's grin widens.

"Was there something you wanted to do, or were you just planning on staring all day?"

"No, baby," Kuroo leans in immediately to suck on Kenma's collarbone. He indulges himself, leaving hickeys everywhere he sucks and licks and kisses. Kenma's chest heaves with his breath when Kuroo's lips close around his nipple and he moans on the exhale.

"Kuro," he groans, "Fuck."

Kuroo hums and then licks over the perked bud. Kenma just barely jerks forward at the sensation. Kuroo moves to the other nipple and sucks on it.

"Fuck, daddy," Kenma cries out almost involuntarily, it seems.

Kuroo tightens his arms around Kenma, pulling him closer. He can feel the blood throbbing in his dick. He's had sex with people who have called him daddy before, but never after calling him pathetic. It's a delicious combination that he couldn't have dreamed of.

Kenma pushes Kuroo away, "That's enough of this, take this off," he yanks roughly at the hem of Kuroo's shirt. Kuroo obediently pulls his shirt off. He's barely settled back into the couch cushions before Kenma's fingers are unbuttoning his jeans.

"Already leaking," Kenma murmurs, pressing a finger to the wet patch on Kuroo's underwear.

Kuroo gasps and jerks at the sudden pressure. Kenma rubs his hand against Kuroo's length slowly and surely, pressing the heel of his palm firmly against the head, making the muscles in Kuroo's abdomen jump. It feels good and it's also not nearly enough. Kenma withdraws his hand too soon, but Kuroo can't complain when he sees that Kenma is moving to

unbutton his own jeans. Kenma slides off of Kuroo's lap and pushes his jeans off the rest of the way without hesitancy. It's almost shocking how confident Kenma is in this position. It makes Kuroo want to drool or maybe kneel at his feet. Kenma snaps his fingers, "This isn't a single-player game."

"Oh!" Kuroo moves to take his own jeans off as Kenma slides his underwear off and then stands watching with his hands on his hips. Kuroo assumes he's meant to do the same and he stands up to take his underwear off too. "Are you comfortable stretching me, or do I need to do it?" Kenma asks.

"I want to do it, if you'll let me," Kuroo says, kicking his underwear aside, "Do we need a condom?"

"I'm good without one. Have you been tested?"

Kuroo nods, "I'm good too."

"Okay, no condom then. That's better for me."

Kuroo tries to shut up the voice inside in his head that screaming /you're going to come inside of Kenma/.

"Cool," he says instead, hoping he does in fact look cool and not super psyched. Kenma's eyes travel down to his erection and he gazes for a good long minute, "You have a nice cock," he says.

"Yeah-you, uh you too," Kuroo laughs breathily, "I don't know how you can be so confident."

"What's there to be nervous about? You want to have sex with me, and I want to have sex with you," his eyes flick up to meet Kuroo's, "Tell me how you want me."

"I guess you're right," Kuroo grins, "Can you bend over the armrest for me, baby?"

//ah I have to stop for tonight, but i'll continue this later ofc. thank you sm if you comment or qrt, i love seeing everything you guys say, it makes me so happy <3

Kenma folds himself over the armrest of the sofa, propping himself up over his forearms. Kuroo steps behind him and smooths his hands over Kenma's ass cheeks before gripping and pulling them apart, his thumbs pulling at Kenma's hole. Kenma hums.

"Fuck," Kuroo breathes, feeling glaze eyed, blood throbbing in the head of his cock. He's about to press a finger in when he suddenly realizes he's missing something crucial. He pauses, "Kenma, do you have lube?"

"Front pocket of my backpack," Kenma nods toward his bag on the floor.

"Wait, why do you have-"

"Don't ask questions," Kenma says sharply.

"Yes, baby," Kuroo murmurs. His heart pounds in his chest, his fingers almost tingling as he kneels to search Kenma's backpack. This is exhilarating.

When he turns back to Kenma, he's in the same position but with his chin propped in his hand now, watching him with an expression Kuroo doesn't understand.

"What is it?" Kuroo asks hesitantly.

"I've wanted to do this for a long time," Kenma says softly. He closes his eyes and flops down, "Come on, I don't have all day."

"...yes, baby."

Kuroo stands behind Kenma and coats his fingers with lube from the little bottle he found in Kenma's bag. He sets it on a chair and takes a deep breath, squeezing Kenma's waist with his clean hand and stroking with his thumb. Kenma's spine jolts straight at the first touch of Kuroo's cool finger before he relaxes once more. Kuroo presses a finger inside and Kenma groans softly, going impossibly lax, seemingly melting into the cushions. Kuroo grins and curls his finger in what knows will be the right spot. Kenma gasps.

"You're fast," he says accusatorily.

"Perks of long fingers," Kuroo says, admittedly a little smugly.

Kenma sighs, "I bet. Wish I had long fingers," he says wistfully. "You can borrow mine anytime," he curls his finger again, dragging it against Kenma's inner wall on the way out.

Kenma groans, "I might take you up on that."

Kuroo strokes at Kenma's inner walls with one finger until he's relaxed enough to add a second and his ever chilly skin is damp with sweat. Kenma is a little tense for the second finger and Kuroo assumes he must be used to smaller additions in size. He leans over him, supporting himself with a fist in the couch cushions and kisses along his back and shoulder. Kenma sighs a long breath, relaxing. Kenma is panting by the time he demands a third, "Are you trying to make me come from your fingers or fuck me?" he looks over his shoulder, glancing at Kuroo's cock, "Either way, I'm going to need another finger."

"Yes, baby. When Kuroo curls all three fingers inside Kenma, Kenma sobs roughly, "Yes, there daddy!"

Kuroo's grip on Kenma's waist tightens involuntarily and Kenma moans again. Kuroo spreads all three fingers wide and sees Kenma's fists clench against the couch cushion. He withdraws his fingers finally when he thinks Kenma is ready.

"Finally," Kenma pants. His eyes are glossy and his face pink, skin sticky under Kuroo's fingers.

"Are you ready? Should I put it in?"

"Kuro!" Kenma snaps, "I swear to god!"

It's such legitimate impatience that it makes Kuroo laugh. Kenma rolls his eyes, a ghost of a grin on his face. He's about to say something else but at the feeling of Kuroo's cock at his entrance, his spine goes straight again. He props himself up, taking a long breath. Kuroo pushes inside. Kenma feels fucking good inside, tight and hot, lube oozing out from around Kuroo's dick. They both groan when he bottoms out, releasing unintentional held breaths.

"Gimme a minute," Kenma pants.

"Now who's wasting time?" Kuroo asks teasingly, holding himself stock still nonetheless.

"Don't be a brat," Kenma says between slow, deliberate breaths. "Okay, I'm good. You can move."

Kuroo's first few thrusts are slow, gentle, letting Kenma get used to the feeling, but when Kenma makes a whiny sound, he grips his hips with both hands and slams their bodies together.

"Fuck," Kenma huffs.

He cries out on the next thrust and the next, until his voice starts going rough and Kuroo breaks his rhythm, rolling his hips at the apex of the thrust.

"There, daddy, there!"

Kuroo's cock twitches inside of Kenma and Kenma moans. Kuroo repeats the movement, taking his time grinding against Kenma's prostate, deliberate, making Kenma moan roughly.

He does it over and over, thrusting and rolling his hips until he's sure his abs are going to be sore tomorrow and Kenma is biting his lip from the overstimulation rather than moaning, and then he pulls Kenma upright, keeping him up with an arm across his chest and the other across his stomach, holding his slack body tight with both hands as his head leans back on his shoulder. "You weren't lying," Kenma says with a heavy grin.

"About what?" Kuroo smiles back, enamored with this Kenma.

"You're good at this," Kenma says.

Kuroo kisses him and Kenma hums happily against his lips, pulling his face closer with one hand. "Thank you," Kuroo says smugly when they pull apart. Kenma just rolls his eyes, but the effect is lessened by the lazy smile still on his face.

Kuroo wraps a hand around Kenma's cock and Kenma gasps, jolting slightly at the contact. One of Kenma's hand wraps behind Kuroo's neck as he starts to move again, his arms still keeping Kenma upright and steady as he fucks into him, stroking in time with each thrust. Kenma's dick twitches in his hand and he tightens his grip, feeling Kenma's body stiffen in his grasp

"Oh-h," Kenma gasps, "Fuck, Kuro," he manages before crying out, his head tipping back onto Kuroo's shoulder as he spills hot over his hand.

Kuroo slows when Kenma is finished, giving him a moment to catch his breath.

"Your turn," Kenma breathes, sounding dizzy and content. Kuroo is so close, he speeds up again, it only takes him a few quick thrusts into Kenma's loose, pliable, post-orgasm body, and then he's coming too, he looks down to memorize the visual of his own cum spilling out of Kenma even as he continues to thrust into him until he's totally finished, spent.

He barely keeps them both upright as he catches his breath, staying in for an extra minute, just to remember the feeling of it for later. When he pulls out, his cum oozes out of Kenma, running down the inside of his leg. The both make it the roughly one foot to the couch and collapse side by side.

Kuroo glances over at Kenma. It's funny, they're both slumped in their usual positions, they're just naked this time. Kuroo chuckles to himself.

"What?" Kenma looks over. He seems pleased. "I was just thinking, usually when we sit on the couch like this we're wearing clothes."

Kenma laughs, "Yeah. We can do this more often though...if you want," he seems nervous for the first time since this whole interaction started. "Like, as a friends with benefits thing?" Kuroo asks.

"If that's what you want," Kenma is doing that thing where his expression is carefully blank.

"I mean...it doesn't just have to be that. If you want."

Kuroo recognizes how silly this conversation is, somewhere in the back of his mind. They're both acting like they don't really care when Kuroo knows for a fact that he cares, and he hopes that Kenma does too.

Kenma takes a deep breath next to him and pushes himself upright. He turns and sits cross-legged facing Kuroo with a determined expression. "I'm in love with you," he says. His mouth is set in a little defensive pout, like he's ready for Kuroo to say something snarky or turn him down.

Instead Kuroo says, "Oh, thank god."

Kenma's mouth open into a little O shape.

"I thought I was just gonna have to live with my feelings forever and not say anything to you and like, watch you get married to some girl-"

"I'm gay," Kenma says absently.

"- or guy who's not me and like, live alone in misery and pretend I'm happy with someone else or something."

"You done rambling?" Kenma asks, his eyes still wide.

Kuroo nods. Kenma takes a hold of him and kisses him, and it's so...real. It's not a /lets have a quick fuck/ kiss. It's a kiss that feels like crying. Like kissing the boy he's been in love with for years. Like not holding back. Like love. Kenma pulls away, "You do...love me too, right?"

"Did I not say that?"

Kenma shakes his head.

"Yes! Yes, of course I love you. Of course I do."

Kenma smiles, huge and happy, and when Kuroo kisses him, he can feel Kenma's smile on his lips. ...

Oikawa watches from his table at the coffee shop as Kuroo and Kenma walk up, holding hands. /Finally/ he thinks, /Took them long enough/.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1461086131387260929?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

For Kuroo's 20th birthday, Kenma asks him beforehand what he wants for it.

Kuroo responds, annoyingly cheekily, "A surprise."

Great, Kenma thinks, The one thing that's actually hard to do for his friend. It takes him a full week before the idea comes to him in the middle of the night and his eyes snap open.

Oh...that would certainly surprise him wouldn't it?

Kenma grins to himself, it's even free.

On the night of Kuroo's birthday, his apartment is full of friends. It's loud and crowded and the complete opposite of Kenma's last birthday, but for once Kenma doesn't mind. In fact, it will make his present land better. He snags Kuroo by the sleeve as he's passing off a beer, "Hey, could you help me with something in the bathroom?"

"Sure," Kuroo smiles and follows him, raising his eyebrows when Kenma shuts and locks the door, "Is everything okay?"

"I didn't want to give you your present around everyone," Kenma says.

Kuroo looks blankly at his empty hands, "Present?"

"You asked for a surprise."

"I...did."

Kenma grins and takes a step close, pressing Kuroo against the wall with a few light fingertips to his chest. "If you don't want your present, I can keep it."

Kuroo laughs breathily, "I'm not super sure what the present is yet."

Kenma pushes a hand down the front of Kuroo's jeans and Kuroo takes a sharp inhale.

"Really? Because this is telling a different story,"

Kenma says, squeezing gently at Kuroo's half-hard cock through his boxers, "So, do you want your present?"

A grin spreads on Kuroo's face, "Yeah, I think I do."

"Great," Kenma tips his head to the side with a smile, "Just don't think about everyone outside that door."

Kuroo's cock twitches in his hand, and Kenma laughs evilly.

That's enough preamble, Kenma thinks. Kuroo's eyes follow him as he kneels onto the bathmat, a hand still hooked in his waistband. He swallows when Kenma unbuttons his jeans and undoes the zip, making a little show out of it, with his eyes locked on Kuroo's. Kenma lets himself enjoy the way Kuroo's chest heaves when he lowers the waistband of his boxers and then the little jolt he gives when Kenma takes him into his hand.

"I can't believe you're really doing this right now," Kuroo breathes

"Never thought about it?" Kenma asks teasingly, knowing that isn't true. They've both stolen more than enough glances across the locker room throughout the years.

"Of course I've thought ab-" Kuroo breaks off with a gasp at the first lick of Kenma tongue on the head of his cock. "You were saying?" Kenma asks innocently.

Kuroo laughs, "You're always such a brat."

"You like it."

Kenma licks all the way along the side of Kuroo's dick, making Kuroo's breath shudder, and then he does it again on the other side, making him wet. "I like it," Kuroo agrees in a deep, low voice.

Kenma smiles at him before dropping his mouth open and sinking over his cock. Kuroo groans, his fingers tangling into Kenma's hair. His eyes are full of heat on Kenma's and Kenma can feel his own cock throbbing. Kenma sucks on his way up and Kuroo breathes a soft, "Fuck, Kenma."

Kenma hums, sinking down again. He does it slowly a couple more times, until Kuroo's cock is slippery and wet with spit in his grasp, and then he starts to build up a rhythm, sucking him into his mouth and then sucking even harder on the way up. Kuroo's breath is shaky already by the time his jaw starts to ache, and he pulls off of him, stretching out his jaw.

"I'm not going to last much longer," he admits.

"That's fine, you have a party to go back to," Kenma strokes him tightly as he speaks.

Kuroo sighs, his grip briefly tightening in Kenma's hair, "Oh, yeah."

"Did you forget?" Kenma teases.

"Only for a second, don't get cocky," Kuroo winks with a grin.

Kenma grins back, "Will you come in my mouth, Kuro?"

"Fuck. Yeah, I will."

Kenma opens his mouth and sinks back over Kuroo, taking him in all the way to the back of his throat this time with a deep breath. His mouth waters, dripping over his hand, even as he suppresses his gag reflex. Kuroo groans and grips Kenma's hair tightly like he's trying to stop himself from fucking into his mouth. Kenma's grateful, he's not a porn star and he's not exactly experienced in face fucking, but he does love the feeling of Kuroo desperately pulling his hair, of being so turned on by /Kenma/. Kenma groans around him, moving faster. He picks up the pace, sucking hard each time he draws up, and he feels it when Kuroo twitches in his mouth, his breath stuttering.

He comes with a groan inside of Kenma's mouth, bitter and salty, spilling into his mouth. He very gently pushes Kenma's head away when he's done, panting and looking down at Kenma as he catches his breath.

Kenma looks up and opens his mouth to show him the cum gathered on his tongue, the tiniest bit dripping off of his tongue onto the bathmat, before closing his mouth and swallowing it all. It burns his throat a little on the way down.

"Oh my god, Kenma," Kuroo breathes. He offers Kenma his hands, who takes them, and lifts him to his feet.

As soon as Kenma's up, Kuroo takes his face between his hands and kisses him. Kenma closes his eyes, breathing in the smell of Kuroo, his spicy deodorant and sweet shampoo smell, his tongue sweet and clean when it swipes against his, a contrast to the lingering cum taste.

Kenma laughs breathily when they pull apart, "Did you like your surprise?"

"They're gonna have a tough time beating that," Kuroo grins, tipping his head toward the door.

They both laugh at that.

"You should go out," Kenma says, "They'll be missing you."

"What about you?" Kuroo glances down, nudging at Kenma's hard on with his thigh.

"Later," Kenma grins giddily, "I can wait."

Both of them think about "Later" for the rest of the night. No present does beat Kenma's, not the dildo gag gift from Bokuto, the sports medicine book from Daichi, or the "World's Best Enemy" mug from Yaku, all given to Kuroo with big smiles and well wishes. Kenma thinks it might be a little unfair that he gets such a good present when "Later" comes that night when it isn't even his birthday.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1463246969690890244?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

Adolescent Kuroo who knows he likes Kenma more than other people, but has never thought much about it until one day when Kenma drinks some water, spilling some over lips, and Kuroo's brain tells him to go lick the droplets off. He locks that thought firmly away. The thought flashes back to him in different forms over the years. A glimpse down Kenma's loose top. The way Kenma flips his hair to one side when it's hot, exposing his neck. Kenma spreading his knees and exposing the smooth inner thighs under his shorts. When Kenma reaches over a sitting Kuroo and Kuroo sees, for the first time, the happy trail that didn't used to go from under his bellybutton to somewhere beneath his waistband.

At some point Kuroo gives up. When he jerks off at night, his thoughts are all of Kenma, Kenma, Kenma

When Kenma leaves a shirt at his place, he finds that when he smells it, he can feel smooth locks of hair running between his fingers.

He feels ashamed.

He wonders if Kenma knows what he's doing.

He especially wonders as the years go on, and Kenma is certainly

Not so innocent that he doesn't know that it's unusual to straddle your friend to fix his hair, or to put your best friend's fingers in your mouth when there's chocolate smudged on the tips. It's definitely unusual, the way Kenma always finds a way to be touching him, isn't it? "How much longer am I going to have to do this?" Kenma sighs one day.

He's straddling Kuroo's lap again. Kuroo is trying to pretend that it's his cellphone in his pocket that's pressing against Kenma, despite his phone laying on the table next to them. "It's okay if you can't see the eyelash," Kuroo says, "It's not really irritating my eye anymore."

Kenma looks at him tiredly, "Not that. This," he rolls his hips very deliberately.

Kuroo's spine snaps straight and his hands involuntarily tighten where they've apparently landed on Kenma's hips.

"Kenma!"

"Kuro," he says flatly.

"W-what are you doing?" Kuroo asks nervously, hoping he's not misinterpreting things.

"You have to know, by now," Kenma says, "And I know you like it," he says, pinching Kuroo's, admittedly very hot, ear. Kuroo's brain is creaking as it tries to catch up, "...so, it really was on purpose?" he asks.

Kenma looks at him in disbelief and laughs, "Obviously!" he gestures to their current position.

"Oh. Right," Kuroo blinks once, twice, as it finally registers what this means. He looks up, suddenly desperate, "Can I-"

"Please!"

Kuroo pulls Kenma close, and then they're kissing, and it feels strange and right and good and Kenma is laughing against his lips, and it makes him laugh too.

When they pull away from each other, Kuroo speaks again,

His voice breathless, "I'm sorry I'm so stupid. I was just scared."

Kenma smiles, his eyes looking a little glassy, "It's okay. Kiss me again."

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1463764128695308290?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

Kuroo find out that Kenma likes to wear panties when Kenma loses a game he's playing and leans back, covering his face in frustration with a groan. Kuroo laughs at first, but then he sees the thin strings riding up over Kenma's hipbones and loses all the air in his lungs. Kenma's shirt settles back over them when he brings his hands back down to glare at Kuroo for laughing. Kuroo tries to pretend he never saw anything, even though his brain is /racing/.

He goes home that night and masturbates to the thought of pushing his fingers under the tiny waistband.

It happens again when Kenma is reaching for a cup in a high cabinet in Kuroo's kitchen. Kuroo is about to go help him, but his brain malfunctions when he sees the thong sticking out of the top of Kenma's jeans. Kenma turns around after precariously hooking his finger into the handle and pulling it off the shelf.

He raises an eyebrow at the dumbstruck look on Kuroo's face, "What?"

"Nothing," Kuroo rushes to say, "I um. Have to use the bathroom."

Kenma nods and pulls his PSP out. In the bathroom, Kuroo jerks off to the thoughts of sliding his hands down the back of Kenma's jeans, or of pulling Kenma's baggy clothes off of his body and seeing what he looks like in just those panties.

Even afterwards, when his boner is gone and he's sitting at the kitchen table with Kenma, all he can think about is how Kenma might look with his chest flat against Kuroo's bed and his ass in the air, Kuroo's finger tracing over the thin strip of fabric between his ass cheeks.

If he slapped the exposed cheeks, would Kenma moan? The next time it happens, Kuroo is looking for it. Kenma is laying on Kuroo's bed and unthinkingly stretches his arms over his head. He jumps when Kuroo's finger touches his hipbone, drawn there like a magnet.

"Oh!" his face turns a bright red, "Sorry, it's not. Um."

Kuroo swallows.

"Sorry," he says back, pulling his finger away quickly, "I should have asked if I could touch."

"That's okay," Kenma says hesitantly, somehow going even redder, "I don't...mind."

Kuroo holds his breath as he reaches out again and tucks his finger under the G-string. Kenma takes a deep breath.

"Can I touch some more?" Kuroo asks, looking up at Kenma's eyes.

Kenma nods.

Kuroo's heart pounds inside his chest as he slowly slides his hand down the front of Kenma's pants. Kenma's stomach rises and falls with his breath. Kenma jerks when Kuroo's fingers come in contact with the head of his cock and Kuroo pulls his hand out, apologizing again.

"No, it's okay," Kenma says quickly, "Do you, um. Want to see?"

"Yes," Kuroo answers immediately. He watches as Kenma unbuttons his jeans with shaky fingers, and then lifts his hips to push them down.

"Fuck," Kuroo breathes, "You're so hot."

//sorry to do this to y'all, but we're skipping ahead bc i don't feel like writing the in-between bit lol

...

Kenma is tiny under his giant clothes. It's easy for Kuroo to forget, between his giant hoodies and sweatpants and volleyball clothes. He's laying face down on Kuroo's bed, naked apart from the thong he was wearing underneath those worn jeans, with his ass lifted in the air and being pulled apart by Kuroo's hands.

Kuroo is fucking Kenma's hole with his tongue, the thin string pulled aside by his thumb as Kenma moans desperately.

"Plea-please, Kuro," he cries, "I need to come!"

Kuroo hums, burying his face further between Kenma's cheeks as he reaches around his body to grab his cock.

Kenma gasps at the contact, and then his moans grow higher and higher in pitch as he gets close to coming.

"Oh-h," his voice stutters, "Fuck, Kuroo-"

He breaks off with a groan as he spills, his cock twitching in Kuroo's hand, coming onto the bedsheets.

Kuroo lets him slide onto the mattress when he's finished and both of them are panting for air. Kenma rolls over. He's sweaty and flushed and looks totally fucked out.

"Come on me?" the corner of Kenma's mouth lifts.

"Yeah," Kuroo breathes.

He undoes his jeans and pulls his throbbing cock out. Kenma reaches up with one hand and wraps it around him. It looks huge in Kenma's small hand. Kenma strokes him slowly at first, with a tight grip, and then faster, until Kuroo's chasing his own orgasm and fucking into his grip, his hands braced on either side of Kenma's head.

It doesn't take long. "Come on my body, Kuro," Kenma says.

And he does, he comes, splashing onto Kenma's chest and stomach with a gritted moan.

He collapses next to Kenma when he's finished and both of them lay there in the afterglow, reeling from what just happened. Finally Kuroo speaks, "I'm gonna buy you some more panties."

Kenma laughs and turns to him, "Well, then I guess I should say thank you."

Kuroo pulls him in and kisses him, reveling in the taste of his tongue.

When he pulls away, he glances down Kenma's body and then back up.

"It's more of a gift for me."

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1465069090192637965?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

The girl - Suzuki-san - isn't not-nice. What she is, is loud. And pushy. By Suzuki-san's insistence, the Nekoma volleyball team, plus a few extras, are currently playing

truth or dare on the floor in Kai's living room.

"Dare!" Lev says proudly. A mistake, since Yaku's the one asking.

"I dare you to call your sister and tell her what really happened to her skirt," Yaku says with his arms crossed.

"Wait...truth?" Lev looks guilty. Kenma doesn't want to know what they're talking about.

"Wait!" Suzuki-san exclaims, "What's the story here?"

"You don't want to know," Kai says smoothly.

"I do!"

"No, I said truth," Lev says quickly. If /Lev/ is embarrassed, then Kenma definitely doesn't want to know. "Awww!" Suzuki-san pouts.

Kenma wishes she would shut the hell up.

"Fine," Yaku says, "But you're gonna have to tell her eventually," he thinks for half a moment, "Tell us one of your kinks."

"Um...I like it when hot people are mean to me?" Lev grins. We know, Kenma thinks.

"We know," Kuroo whispers.

Kenma makes eye contact with him and they both smirk before looking away.

"Suzuki-san! Truth or dare?" Lev has always been good at being friendly, Kenma will give him that.

"Ooh, truth!"

"Do you like someone?"

Suzuki-san grins and flips her hair over her shoulder, "Yes."

"Oh, is it someone from your class?" Lev asks excitedly, for some reason.

"That's /two/ questions...but yes," she says, still smiling. She turns to look at Kuroo, "Kuroo, truth or dare?"

"Dare," Kuroo says immediately.

He never picks truth. Everyone thinks it's because he's trying to act cool, but Kenma knows it's because he's not comfortable with the idea of sharing something personal.

"I. Dare. You..." Suzuki-san says, irritatingly slow,

"To kiss someone in this circle," she says it like she thinks she's clever.

Suzuki-san is the only girl in the room, she obviously knows she's getting kissed. Kenma's decided it's okay to hate her, after all. Kenma feels a hand on his face and turns his head. Before he can really register what's happening, there's a brief press of lips against his. He manages to kiss back just before Kuroo pulls away, and a clawing in Kenma's stomach forms, saying /More, more, more./

"Ewwwuhhh!" Suzuki-san's voice says.

No one laughs. Kenma sees the edges of Kuroo's eyes tighten and his jaw clench for a moment, before his expression smoothes out again.

"What?" he asks her calmly.

"You kissed a boy!" she says in a /duh/ voice. "And?" Tora pipes up.

He is inarguably the most masculine amongst them, and Kenma is grateful.

"You guys are crazy," Suzuki-san says, except it's the flattest she's sounded all night.

"Yep," Kuroo brushes it off, "Kenma, truth or dare?"

"Kenma, truth or dare?"

"Dare," Kenma says. The only things Kuroo doesn't know about him are things he doesn't want anyone to know.

"Alright," Kuroo says. There's something behind his eyes, but Kenma can't quite tell what yet, "I dare you to spend ten minutes locked in the bathroom with a person of your choosing."

Kenma's heart is beating so fast he feels a bit sick.

"Um!" Suzuki-san chimes in, "What if the only girl here-"

To say the look Kuroo gives her is gratifying is an understatement. It's withering. "What does being a girl have to do with anything," he says flatly.

She lets out a little scoff laugh thing, clearly unaware of how serious Kuroo is, "Well, I know you two don't mind being /friendly/ together, but I also know that most boys don't want to play that kind of game with their /bros/."

Kuroo's jaw tenses tight. Kenma can tell his other teammates aren't happy either. He can't help feeling immensely vindicated in a way.

Before anyone else can speak though, Kenma decides it's his turn to rub it in her face,

"I'm gay," he says.

It's a shock to no one except Suzuki-san. Kenma watches the dawning realization on her face that Kuroo must have known this before deciding to kiss Kenma. And the further dawning realization that by insulting Kenma, she's just ruined her chances with Kuroo. Feels good. Feels /really/ good.

"I pick Kuro," Kenma says, staring down Suzuki-san with intense eye contact.

He knows that nothing will likely happen in the bathroom, that Kuroo just brought up the dare because she was pissing him off, but for one delicious moment, he's won. There's a chorus of wolf-whistles and laughter as everyone turns to a grinning Kuroo. Kenma notes that the tips of his ears are reddish.

"You can't take your PSP," Yaku shouts over the cacophony, grabbing Kenma's console before he can stick it back in his pocket. It is a relief for the tension to be out of the air. Kenma's sure they're all just as aware as him of what's really going on, but that certainly won't stop them from making it out as if it's something more. If only to try and embarrass Kuroo. "Alright, alright," Kuroo stands up, pulling Kenma up by the wrist as well, "We're going!"

"We'll come get you in ten minutes," Tora calls after them in a singsong as Kuroo shuts the bathroom door with a snap.

Once they're alone, Kuroo turns to Kenma with an apologetic look. "I am so sorry about her," he says, "I didn't know she'd be like this outside of class."

"That's okay," Kenma says. Now that they're separate from the group and the expectation, the possibility, of something is there, his heart is racing again. "We don't have to like...do anything if you don't want to obviously," Kuroo laughs breathily.

"You don't...want to," Kenma's not sure if he's asking a question or stating a fact.

"I mean!" Kuroo's cheeks turn a bright red, "Um," he swallows. They both look at each, the silence thick with implication as it becomes clear that this isn't just a joke at the expense of a homophobe.

Kenma swallows, "They'll probably just think we're talking," he offers.

"Yeah," Kuroo nods, his eyes a little too wide. There's the briefest of pauses and then they both lunge for each other. They both have their hands on each other's faces, pulling the

other one close, kissing like their life depends on it. It's not like the kiss out there, with everyone watching, short, chaste, it's desperate,

Kenma's fingers pulling at Kuroo's hair, Kuroo's hand grasping the fabric of Kenma's shirt. Kenma parts his lips and he immediately tastes Kuroo's tongue against his. There are hands on his hips now, fingers on his skin where his shirt has lifted. His arms have circled around Kuroo's neck and he tugs on Kuroo without thinking, sending them both stumbling. Kenma's back hits the wall as Kuroo's fingers squeeze on his hips and he makes a sound he doesn't think he's ever made before, and then Kuroo makes a sound

//NSFW

that Kenma is sure he's never heard Kuroo make before. Kenma is hard, probably embarrassingly so, except he doesn't have the capacity right now to feel anything other than /more/ and /Kuro/. Kuroo's hands slip under Kenma's shirt and up along his ribcage, tracing his skin, and Kenma moans against Kuroo's lips.

Finally they break apart, but Kuroo doesn't pause, his lips are on Kenma's jaw and the side of his neck, and Kenma is gasping with each press of his lips and brush of his tongue, and when Kuroo sucks, Kenma's knees actually go weak and the only thing that keeps him upright are Kuroo's hands gripping him tight.

"Kuro," Kenma gasps.

"Kenma," Kuroo's voice vibrates on his skin before he pulls away to look at Kenma for the first time since their lips touched.

"How much time do we have?" Kenma asks rushedly.

Kuroo quickly pats at his pockets, "Fuck," he says, "I don't have my phone."

"Me neither," Kenma bites his lip and makes a snap decision, "Take your shirt off," he pulls at the fabric on Kuroo's upper back. where his hands can reach.

Kuroo nods, "Yeah okay."

His face is flushed and his hair is even messier than usual and it's unbelievably attractive, Kenma thinks. He pulls his shirt over his head and tosses it onto the counter.

"Oh my /god/," Kenma breathes

"What?" Kuroo looks worried and it would make Kenma laugh if he was feeling anything other than horny.

"You're just so hot," Kenma says.

"What are you talking about?" Kuroo's eyebrows pull together, "Look at you," his voice dips low as his arms cage Kenma in on either side. "What? What about me?"

Kuroo laughs in disbelief, "You've been all I can think about for months. The way smile, the way you bite your lip when you concentrate, the way you tuck your hair back when it's just us alone," his eyes trail over Kenma's body,

"Your fingers. Your little waist that I only get to see when you stretch," he looks to the side, embarrassed, "I've been getting off on imagining your nipples in my mouth for fuck's sake."

Kenma's mind goes completely blank. When it reboots, he says the first thing he can think of.

"Why are you just imagining it?"

Kuroo's eyes snap back to him and lock on his.

/Knock, knock,/ "That's ten minutes," Yaku calls through the door.

Kenma feels a little violent. He sighs and presses his lips together. He reaches over to hand Kuroo's shirt back to him, but Kuroo grabs onto his hand along with the shirt, "Do you want to get out of here?"

Kenma looks at him, "Yes," he says firmly.

...

"Hey, soo, we're actually gonna get going," Kuroo says, as Kenma picks up his PSP and their phones off the floor.

"Oh my god," Yaku says, "You guys actually made out!"

"Uhh, nope. No, we just have-"

"There's a hickey on Kenma-san's neck!" Lev shouts.

"He's right!" Yaku points accusingly.

Kai leans into one hand with an amused smile while Tora cackles the rest of Nekoma's team and Kuroo and Kai's other class friends barely holding it together. Suzuki-san looks like she could murder Kenma. It almost makes up for the embarrassment of what's currently happening.

"It's not a hickey!" Kuroo shouts, "We're leaving!"

He ushers Kenma out the front door as Yaku continues to shout accusatorily after them, "Kuroo if you ruin this team with your crush, I'm gonna kill you-"

Kuroo pulls the door shut.

They look at each other and burst into a fit of giggles. What a mess. "Come on," Kuroo says, grinning. He grabs Kenma's hand and starts pulling him in the direction of their houses, "No one's gonna knock on my door and stop us."

Kenma grins back. He really should thank Suzuki-san for how well his night has gone.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1466542541294039041?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

"Thanks for letting me use your shower," Kuroo says.

They're at Kenma's apartment, and Kuroo is shirtless with his jeans undone.

With the steam still ghosting into the room from the open bathroom door (Kenma doesn't know how Kuroo doesn't boil alive with his scalding showers), it feels like a movie set, where Kuroo is the star.

It's painful, Kenma thinks, being in love. "I know you never like the people I date," Kuroo says.

"I've never said that."

Kuroo raises his eyebrows. Okay, it may have been implied.

"But you're going to like him," he carries on.

Kenma forces a smile. Kuroo does have terrible taste, but that's not really the point. The point is that the people he dates aren't Kenma.

It was a little better before Kuroo came out as bi, at least Kenma knew he never had a chance. But now that he dates men too.

/Just shoot me in the heart,/ Kenma thinks.

Kuroo looks beautiful, and it makes Kenma want to cry. // I'll continue this after tkd later

//this will be hurt/comfort btw, sorry for not tagging at the top, but we don't do sad endings in this house dw

Kuroo tilts his head to the side with a smile, "Look less enthusiastic," he says. He pulls his shirt over his head, "I'm serious, you guys have a lot in common."

"Okay," Kenma says. He'll try to like him for Kuroo, he really will.

"That's my boy," Kuroo grins. He does up his jeans and turns around to grab his phone off the counter.

Kenma gets up off the couch, "Your tag's sticking out," he says quietly, tucking it in. "Oh, thanks," Kuroo mumbles, "Okay, I told him we're on our way. You're ready, right?"

"Yeah."

...

Akira is a fairly good looking guy, if slightly short (around Kenma's height). Kuroo greets him with a kiss on the cheek before introducing him and Kenma. "I've told you about Kenma, of course, my best friend," he smiles wide, "You guys have tons in common, I'm sure you'll get along great!"

Kenma and Akira bow to each other politely. Kenma notes the blond tips at the ends of his hair and pinches a strand of his own hair without thinking.

They order beer inside the bar, and after a couple of drinks, Akira loosens up. He and Kenma do have a lot in common. He plays video games. He's a bit facetious with Kuroo, snarky, but in a flirty friendly way that Kenma finds uncomfortably familiar. He likes cats, he's not a streamer but wanted to be when he was younger and ended up going into game development, something Kenma does for the indie game company he's planning on announcing next year along with a release. He likes cats. He plays volleyball, but reluctantly. It's when Kuroo says, "He's an amazing setter," and Kenma isn't sure which one of them he's talking about that it really clicks.

Akira doesn't "have a lot in common" with Kenma, he basically is Kenma. Except that Kuroo is actually interested in Akira. Oh. So the only thing preventing Kuroo from actually...liking Kenma. Is that he's Kenma.

Kenma wonders if it would be rude to order several shots of tequila. He decides that maybe it would be better to remove himself from the situation. "Hey, this has been really fun," he says, trying his absolute hardest not to ruin this for Kuroo. A glance at Kuroo tells him it's not working.

/Don't do this again,/ Kuroo's eyes say.

"But I'm not feeling too well," Kenma says.

"Oh no," Akira says. Kenma wishes he was meaner.

"Do you need to head home?" Akira asks.

"Yeah, you two have fun though," Kenma smiles and hopes it doesn't look like a grimace.

Kuroo sighs quietly next to him, "No, I'll walk you home. It's getting late anyways."

"Yeah, you should definitely walk him home" Akira says.

"Will you be okay on your own?" Kuroo asks.

"Yeah, of course, I'm only a block away," Akira touches the back of Kuroo's hand. Kenma feels like he's going to be sick.

"You should walk with Akira, Kuro."

Kuroo looks at him with furrowed eyebrows, "You really don't well. I don't want you to pass out on the walk alone."

Kenma looks at the table instead of saying anything.

...

Outside, Kuroo gives Akira another kiss on the cheek before they start walking to the station. "Be safe," he says.

"I will, you guys too."

"Thanks. It was nice meeting you," Kenma says.

"You too."

Kuroo and Kenma are both quiet for a solid minute before Kuroo speaks, "Are you really sick or do you just not like him?"

"He's great, Kuroo."

"Don't use my full name like that when you lie."

Kenma shakes his hair in front of his face. He really doesn't want Kuroo to see the tears in his eyes.

"I don't understand how you can dislike him, you guys are so similar, you're basically the same person."

Kenma huffs out a little breath that's supposed to be a laugh but isn't and wipes his nose with his sleeve.

"Why don't you ever like who I pick? Kenma!" Kuroo stops and grabs Kenma's arm, forcing Kenma look at him.

Kenma glares at him through his blurry vision. He doesn't know what kind of expression Kuroo is making, just that he's not saying anything.

"I can't /do/ this, Kuro," Kenma says, and his voice is shaky, and there's no way Kuroo doesn't know he's about to cry.

"What? I don't get it," Kuroo asks, "What was so bad about him?"

Kenma yanks his arm from Kuroo's grasp and covers his face with a frustrated sound.

"Kenma, what is happening? What did I do?" Kuroo asks, sounding worried.

Kenma feels a hand on his and he reluctantly uncovers his face. "If you were going to date someone just like me, why couldn't date /me/?" Kenma's tears finally spill over.

It hurts, it hurts, it hurts.

Kenma doesn't know if it hurts worse saying it or keeping it in, all he knows is that it hurts and Kuroo is either going to leave him now or spend the rest of his life feeling guilty for not being able to give Kenma what he wants.

Kenma's legs feel like jelly. He squats all the way down on the sidewalk and hides his face away from Kuroo with one hand again. He hears Kuroo's shoes shift on the pavement.

Kenma wants to run away. Kenma wants to beg him to stay forever. Kenma wants to die so he never has to experience the consequences of this moment.

He feels Kuroo squat in front of him, "You...like me?"

"I love you, jackass," Kenma's voice is creaky and horrible.

"I'm gonna tell our kids that's how you confessed to me."

Kenma looks up, "What?"

Kuroo looks like he's going to cry too, his eyes are red and shiny. "If I'd known I could have you, I'd never have settled for cheap replacements," he says.

And then he kisses Kenma.

It's a horrible kiss, it's wet with tears and probably snot, and when Kenma wraps his arms around Kuroo's neck he falls backwards onto the pavement with Kuroo on top of him. And it's the best. Kenma didn't know kissing could feel so good when it's so bad and suddenly he understands how wet clothes don't ruin kissing in the rain.

When they break apart they're both laughing and then Kenma starts sobbing, loud, like a kid who's scraped his knee and doesn't know yet that worse things can happen, like broken hearts and good friends leaving.

Kuroo kisses his cheeks and his forehead and his hair, saying, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," in between each one, "I didn't know, I'm sorry."

You have to break up with him!" Kenma sobs, "You're making me an accomplice to cheating!"

It's not why he's crying but it's the best he can manage.

"I know, I will, I'm sorry," Kuroo blabbers, "I'll do it tomorrow."

"No!" Kenma practically shouts, "Go do it now!"

"Okay," Kuroo agrees, "I'll go now."

Kenma lays his head down on the ground, taking in gulps of air. The tears are still coming, but he finally, finally, feels like he can breathe.

"Are you gonna be okay?" Kuroo asks. He looks so worried.

"I'm the best I've ever fucking been."

Kuroo laughs, "Okay. I'm gonna go then. Don't get mugged. Or stepped on."

Kenma waves him off, "I'll see you at my place after. Do a good job. He's nice, he deserves that much."

"Okay," Kuroo promises, "I'll do my best."

Kuroo kisses him on the lips again, and Kenma smiles. "I love you," Kuroo says, "By the way."

"You fucking better," Kenma's voice cracks.

"I do, I promise. I do."

...

Kenma makes it home on his own in one piece. His stomach is full of nerves and he feels awful about what he's done to Akira and he feels the best he's ever felt in his life.

He plays some Breath of The Wild for a bit, just to have something to do while he waits, but he's never been less present playing a game in his life.

He makes coffee then pours it down the sink when he realises it'll only make his nerves worse. He ends up sitting on the couch in his pajamas, fiddling with the pop socket on the back of his phone. He doesn't know how long he's there, his mind racing, before there's a knock on his door.

He runs to yank it open, and there's Kuroo. Breathless and pink cheeked and /his/. "Did you do it?" Kenma asks.

"Yeah."

"Did it suck?"

"Yeah."

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"Absolutely not."

Kuroo picks Kenma up and kisses him, desperate and hot and so much better than their first kiss and with a totally different intention too. Kenma wraps his legs around Kuroo and kisses back and breathes in the scent of Kuroo, and feels the muscles of Kuroo's body against him, and his hands on his body and his hair between his fingers. And somehow they make it to Kenma's bed. And maybe it's not the best sex Kenma has ever had, but they have time to practice, and it's the only sex he's ever cared about.

He could cry again, feeling Kuroo's tongue on his body, his fingers gripping tight on his waist, his hips underneath Kenma's, spreading his thighs wide.

The feeling of having Kuroo inside his body is enough to make him temporarily lose his mind. All he can do is gasp his name, "Kuro, Kuro, yes, more, please," like a mantra, prayer.

But nothing has ever felt better than hearing Kuroo groan "Kenma," as he comes, deep inside of Kenma's body.

Afterwards they lay side by side in Kenma's bed, holding hands. It's the sort of thing that might make Kenma gag if he heard someone else describe it, but he's so happy and boneless and if he could live in this moment forever, he would

"I love you," Kuroo says again, he lifts Kenma's hand to his lips and kisses it, "I love you so much."

Kenma smiles, "I love you too."

Kenma presses his cheek to Kuroo's sticky shoulder and they're quiet for a brief moment before Kuroo speaks again. "Is it too soon to ask you to marry me?"

"Yes," Kenma says with a laugh. And then, "Ask me again tomorrow."

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1468877938300968965?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

Camboy Kenma who's still a gamer...just a slutty one. His streams start out with him playing GTA or COD. Dressed seemingly normally, apart from the cat ears on his head. As the stream goes on, his clothes come off.

"It's getting kind of hot," he says in his monotone, pulling off his hoodie. Underneath, he's wearing a short sleeved button up.

He readjusts his camera at that point so the chat can see his skirt and thigh highs. The viewers watch in anticipation as he slowly unbuttons his top, claiming each time that he's feeling warm. It gets to the point where his top is completely open and falling off his shoulders. He pretends it's normal. He keeps playing. Sometimes he wears lingerie underneath. Sometimes not.

The real treat comes after he takes his top off entirely. "Oh," he says nonchalantly, "My boyfriend's home."

They have a few different ways things go from here.

The possessive boyfriend, where Kenma gets called a slut, a whore, for showing off on camera, fucked in front of the viewers or forced onto his knees. The "accidental" exhibitionism, where Kenma pretends that he meant to turn off his stream and has dirty sex with Kuroo on camera. At the end, they pretend to realize that the stream was left on and act embarrassed.

The extra viewer, where Kuroo just hangs out in the back while Kenma continues his show, stripping down entirely over the course of the stream. Sometimes he'll jerk himself off without commenting on it. Sometimes Kuroo will hook his chin over Kenma's shoulder and jerk him off while he ignores him like an invisible man. Sometimes, he'll sit on Kuroo's lap and have to focus while riding him, or even be bent over and fucked roughly while he does his best to win at Call of Duty. He often succeeds, but sometimes the controller slips from his grasp as he moans, his face lewd and pink in the camera's view.

Some days they'll go the complete invisible man route. Kenma will make no comment and won't undress himself. Kuroo simply enters the room and takes off his clothes. Fondling him. Licking him. Kissing him. The viewers desperate for every little gasp and breath and tiny groan that Kenma makes, as much as he tries to pretend that it's not there.

When they want to switch things up, they make it a game for the audience. Kenma will set up a minigame in GTA and they'll have to do their best to win against him. Each win equals a reward. A headshot on him in COD equals a request.

Even when his gamertag becomes well known, Kenma doesn't get a lot of stream snipers from players, most of them too embarrassed at the idea of watching gay porn to sneak a kill. Some of them worried they'll like it. Some of them are just angry that he can do both so well at the same time.

It's fun. Kenma gets to do two of his favourite things at once. And he gets to make a lot of money doing it. Kuroo gets to have fun too, and if anyone has ever recognized him from his other work, they've certainly never said anything. What are they going to do? Say they were watching a camboy get his throat fucked when they recognized their coworker? Unlikely.

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1471942739138912260?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

Kuroken where they're both recently divorced from women and meet at a mutual friend's birthday party at a bar. They both end up on the chilly empty patio in the back, needing a break from pretending to be cheerful and friendly. Kuroo feels awkward, like he's intruding, but

He doesn't want to go back inside, so he introduces himself.

He offers a hand, "Kuroo Tetsuro."

"Kozume. You can call me Kenma though," Kenma takes his hand.

When he looks up and locks eyes with Kuroo, Kuroo is struck by how pretty he is. It takes him a moment to realise

That they're still holding hands and have passed the threshold for the appropriate amount of time for a handshake.

Kuroo smiles and draws his hand back with a little nervous laugh, "So. Are you here on your own?" He asks.

"Um, yeah," Kenma looks down and scuffs his shoe on the ground, "My divorce was finalized a few days ago. So. I'm on my own," he says quietly, like he knows it makes people uncomfortable to hear in the same way that Kuroo knows it does.

"Mine was finalized a month ago," Kuroo says, "So I'm gonna take a wild guess and say that we're both out here for the same reason."

Kenma looks back up as he's speaking, looking almost hopeful

"Oh," he says. He hesitates, "It sucks...more than I thought it would."

Kuroo nods.

There's a brief silence and then Kuroo grins cheekily, "So why did your marriage fail?"

Kenma laughs. Kuroo's glad he doesn't seem to be taking him too seriously.

"I'm gay," Kenma says. He looks at Kuroo expectantly, waiting for his reaction.

Kuroo bursts out in loud obnoxious laughter.

"It's not /that/ funny!" Kenma says, but he's grinning too. "No, no," Kuroo manages, "It's not, it's just that my wife dumped me because she found out I'm bi."

Kenma laughs, and it's an ugly laugh, and Kuroo loves it. It's not that funny, but it's a relief to have someone laugh at him instead of saying something kind and sincere like,

/I'm so sorry,/ or /You'll get through this./

Kenma sighs and sinks down into a squat, taking a sip of his beer, "We must be the same person from alternate universes."

Kuroo considers for less than half a moment before sitting next to him with his knees up. "We must be," he agrees, holding out his beer bottle.

Kenma clinks it with his own and they both take a drink. He shifts to sit in a position mirroring Kuroo's.

"I don't know what to do," Kenma says, "Now that I'm...free to act on it."

"Did you know you were gay before you got married?" Kuroo asks instead of suggesting what he wants to suggest.

"I just sort of figured everyone felt that way and they just...lived with it," Kenma gives Kuroo a wry smile.

Kuroo smiles back, bittersweet, "I know the feeling. I didn't know my sweet wife could be so disgusted by me."

Kenma nods, "Yeah," he says quietly, "I thought we were friends."

Kuroo scoots back so his back is against the cold stone wall behind them and straightens out one leg and Kenma follows. When he leans against the wall, he shivers. "Are you cold?" Kuroo asks softly.

"Yeah, it's okay though. I don't want to go back in," Kenma says.

Kuroo leans up and pulls his own jacket off and holds it out. Kenma's eyes go very round. He sits up and lets Kuroo drape it around his shoulders. It's big on him. "Thanks," he whispers, leaning back again.

Kuroo doesn't know if he's imagining it, but it feels like Kenma is sitting a little closer. They're both looking at each other and Kuroo wonders if Kenma is thinking the same thing as him. Kuroo opens his mouth to speak and then closes it again. No, he wants to say it.

"I'm really attracted to you," he says.

Kenma's cheeks go very pink and he laughs a little, "I'm really attracted to you too."

"Well, that's good," Kuroo says and Kenma laughs again, "Do you want to make out?"

Kenma nods, grinning wide, "Yeah, okay."

Kuroo's heart pounds loudly in his chest as he leans in. He places a hand on Kenma's cheek. They're both a little hesitant but their lips touch and Kuroo thinks how soft they are, and how nice Kenma smells, and he feels a hand touch his neck, and he thinks /Oh, this is nice./

He draws back just enough to kiss him again with a little more pressure, a little more heat, not quite aggressive, but Kenma hums against him and the the fingers on his neck press in a little bit. Kuroo feels Kenma's tongue run over his bottom lip and parts his lips to taste him back. Kenma pushes back against him and licks into his mouth and Kuroo's hand clenches at Kenma's waist without thinking.

They're both turned towards each other now and Kenma knee slides over Kuroo's lap. Kuroo pulls him onto his lap so he's straddling Kuroo's hips, and Kenma pulls away just long enough to grin breathlessly at him and then kiss him again.

Somewhere in the back of Kuroo's brain, he realizes that this might be a little inappropriate for a thirty year old, mostly sober, divorcee to be doing in public, but he could not care less about what that part of his brain has to say when he has one hand dipping under Kenma's top and the other gripping into his long hair, and when he kisses Kenma's neck he moans softly, tipping his head to the side. Kuroo sucks at the side of Kenma's neck and then runs his tongue over the spot that appears.

"Fuck," Kenma breathes. His chest is heaving with each breath.

"Sorry," Kuroo says, pulling back, "Is that okay? I just-I wasn't thinking."

Kenma nods. His hair is a little messy from Kuroo's hands, and he looks awfully pretty with the moonlight behind him.

"Yeah. Yeah it's okay. I just," he closes his eyes and takes a shuddering breath, "I haven't done this with a man before. It's...so much."

"We don't have to do this right now if it's too much," Kuroo says, concerned that he might be pushing Kenma further than what he's ready for.

"Do you want to come back to my place?" Kenma asks.

It's not what Kuroo expects to come out of his mouth.

"Are you sure?" he asks. Kenma's ears go a little red, "You don't have to, if you don't want to."

"No! No, I want to!" Kuroo definitely sounds a little desperate, and Kenma smiles.

"Okay."

"You're sure you're...ready though?"

Kenma bites his lip for a moment, "If it's too much for me, are you okay with playing Mario Kart instead?"

Kuroo smiles, "Sure."

Kenma smiles back and then stands up, brushing off his knees, "I think I'll be fine though," he offers a hand to help Kuroo up.

"Cool," Kuroo breathes, grinning. He takes Kenma's hand. //I can write more of this if y'all want, but I'm gonna leave it here for now bc i gotta teach soon

Kuroo and Kenma end up in a mostly empty train car on their way to Kenma's place. There's only one other woman at the other end of the car, who appears to be falling asleep.

"You know," Kuroo says, "It just occurred to me that we don't really know anything about each other apart from that we're both friends with Akaashi and we're both divorced."

"Hmm," Kenma spins around the pole he's hanging onto, "I'm not really a fan of small talk though."

"Oh you're too deep for it?" Kuroo says teasingly.

Kenma rolls his eyes, "No, it's just boring. 'What do you? Oh you're in software, what's that like?' like, who fucking cares."

Kuroo snorts, "So harsh."

Kenma gives him a lazy grin, "Are you just upset because you work in software?"

"I'll have you know that I have a super cool job, actually."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yes! I work in sports promotion," Kuroo says proudly.

Kenma makes a face, "That's pretty straight of you."

Kuroo laughs, "How dare you, I'll have you know that I lost a wife for the privilege of being bi."

"We've all lost wives, maybe find something a little more unique,"

Kenma says dryly. Kuroo laughs again.

"It's volleyball if that helps."

"You know, I think it does actually."

"Alright, what's your super cool, gay, job then?"

"I'm a video game developer."

"So you literally work in software."

"Exactly, why would I want to hear about someone else's worse software career? I'm not spending time sucking up to someone about how interesting they are if I'm not getting paid for it," Kenma says.

"Alright, well what /do/ you enjoy talking about?"

Kenma looks thoughtful for a moment.

"Cats?" he offers.

"Oh, that's pretty good actually," Kuroo grins, "Tell me about cats."

"Did you know that the frequency of a cat's purr makes wounds heal faster?" Kenma says.

"Maybe hospitals should have friendly cat rooms."

"I think that's a very good idea," Kenma says seriously.

They're both leaning on the same pole now, their faces close to one another's. Kuroo wishes they weren't on a train so he could kiss him again.

"How much longer until your stop?" he asks.

"Five minutes."

"Tell me about video game development."

Kenma smiles, "I'm working on a game right now where a fox falls in love."

"Who does he fall in love with?"

"You'll have to buy the game to find out."

"Capitalist."

"Cheapskate."

Kuroo looks at Kenma's smiling lips again and then at the woman behind him. She's completely asleep now. Kuroo looks back at Kenma, and before he can say anything again, he kisses him on the lips. When he pulls away, Kenma looks surprised for a moment and then he blushes and grins, looking away.

"Tell me about volleyball," Kenma says. "It's all about connection," Kuroo says, "You should come to a game, you'll understand."

"Okay," Kenma agrees, "Take me to a game."

The train screeches to a halt.

"This is our stop," Kenma says. //i'll add more later prob, i gotta make din dins though

Kenma sort of wishes real life was like the movies where you stumble in drunk and passionately making out. But real life is a little quieter. Instead of having sex with no necessary preemptive communication, Kenma finds himself offering Kuroo juice and taking shaky breaths. He's nervous. Super nervous. Half of him wants to abandon the idea of doing anything at all, and the other half wants to do everything.

"Are you okay?" Kuroo asks softly.

Kenma swallows down the embarrassed urge to tell him to shut up.

"I'm fine," he mumbles instead. "Do you want to watch a movie or something?" Kuroo suggests.

Kenma nods, screwing that cap back onto the juice carton.

"You can go sit in the other room, I'm just gonna use the bathroom."

"Cool," Kuroo takes both their drinks with him. Kenma rinses his face in the bathroom, willing himself to calm down. At the bar, it was easier to pretend this wasn't a big deal. But Kuroo seems...wonderful. He's kind, and funny, and he understands what Kenma is going through, and he's really hot. Like. So attractive. Kenma takes a slow, deep breath. He's allowed to kiss him. He's allowed to have these feelings. He's allowed to want this now.

When he goes back to the other room, Kuroo is sitting on the sofa on his phone, his glass half drained.

"Texting someone?" Kenma asks, sitting down. Kuroo smiles, "Uh no, I'm just doing that thing, you know? Where you don't know what to do with your hands so you pretend you have stuff to do on your phone."

Kenma snorts, "Yeah, I know what you mean. What do you want to watch?"

"It doesn't really matter," Kuroo says, looking at Kenma rather than the TV.

"Right," Kenma says under his breath.

He puts on an ocean documentary, and then leans over and flicks the lights off. //sorry i know this isn't a lot, but i'm not really up to writing right now, i wrote these earlier and i don't want to lose the tweets though

//tag update: NSFW

The room is filled with blue light, the sounds of water, and the deep, soothing voice of the narrator.

"I love nature documentaries," Kuroo says, leaning back.

Kenma glances over. He looks beautiful in the blue light. He's highly aware of how close together they're sitting and it's making a tingly feeling of anticipation swim in stomach.

A school of fish swims by and Kuroo's hand touches his knee. It's almost embarrassing how much the little stroke of his thumb is turning Kenma on. He feels like a teenager, desperate and anxious.

Kuroo's hand slides up a little higher on his thigh after a few minutes, his fingers grazing along his inner thigh as he draws patterns, his eyes still on the TV.

When he squeezes, Kenma bites his lip. When he looks over, Kuroo gives him a little side glance and a smirk. He looks away, but Kenma keeps looking.

/I can have this,/ he thinks.

He slides a hand onto Kuroo's neck and Kuroo turns his head with a smile. Kenma kisses him. His lips feel nice. They taste nice. His tongue tastes even nicer.

Kenma drapes a leg over Kuroo's lap as Kuroo's hands find their way onto his waist and into his hair, squeezing, pulling him closer with a low hum. His hand dips under Kenma's shirt and slides up his ribs until his thumb rubs over his nipple, making his breath shudder. Kuroo ducks his head to the side to kiss Kenma's neck and Kenma finds himself moaning without thinking.

"You're so pretty," Kuroo murmurs against his skin.

No one has ever called him pretty before, and god it feels fucking nice.

"Thank you," he gasps

Kuroo sucks at his earlobe and Kenma moans again.

"I love the sound of your moaning," Kuroo says in his ear.

Kenma's face goes very hot and he presses his lips together.

Kuroo tsks, "If you do that, I'll just have to find a way to /make/ you moan."

"Oh, fuck," Kenma breathes. Later, Kenma won't remember exactly how their clothes came off, but at some point they're naked and Kuroo is braced over him with his slick fingers stroking over Kenma's entrance as he pants through parted lips, his cock twitching at the light grazing at his inner thighs and the presses at his hole.

Kenma groans when the first finger pushes in past the tight ring of muscle and a little smile plays at the corner of Kuroo's lips. It feels good, the way Kuroo's long fingers curl inside him. It feels good, the way he kisses along Kenma's throat and jaw and sucks on his nipples. It feels good, the little tickle of Kuroo's fringe on his skin as he kisses him all over his body.

Kenma takes a deep, deep, breath when he squeezes another finger in and Kuroo smiles and kisses him again. His hair feels nice between Kenma's fingers when he pulls him impossibly closer.

He gets close too fast, moaning Kuroo's name desperately, but he thinks it's probably forgivable if Kuroo's dark eyes and grin are any indication.

"Oh /fuck/, fuck, Kuro, I'm-I-"

"Yeah?" Kuroo says, "You gonna come for me?"

Kenma nods, "Y-yeah, I'm gonna-" he breaks off with a choked sound, spilling untouched onto his own stomach, his orgasm resonating into the tips of his fingers, vibrating in his toes.

When it's done, he relaxes into the cushions, loose and happy and boneless. He sighs, content.

Kuroo kisses his soft, slack lips once more and Kenma can feel his smile against them.

When he's caught his breath, Kenma sits up, "Okay, it's your turn," he says.

Kuroo's eyes look bright and amused as he slides off the couch onto his knees between

Kuroo's legs.

"Don't expect me to be good at this, but..." Kenma shrugs one shoulder, aware that his cheeks are pink, but hoping the low lighting hides it.

Kuroo's breath catches when Kenma's lips touch the tip of his cock, his hips jerking the tiniest bit. "I think you're overestimating what this is gonna take," Kuroo says in a slightly rough voice.

Kenma feels the corner of his mouth tip up before he wraps his lips around the head and then lets his head sink down and slides back up. He hears Kuroo's breath above him. Encouraged, he does it again, and then again and again, until he can go almost to the base, but his jaw is aching. Kuroo's hands are gripped tightly in his hair at this point, but he hasn't pushed Kenma's head down.

Kenma pulls off and stretches his jaw, still stroking with his hand, which is wet and shiny with spit.

"You're pretty good," Kuroo says roughly, grinning.

Kenma grins back, "Thank you."

"You sure you've never done this before?"

Kenma rolls his eyes, "Very sure."

He lowers his head again, and Kuroo gathers up the hair that falls into his face in his hands.

Kenma looks up as he bobs his head up and down, locking eyes with Kuroo.

"Fuck," Kuroo breathes, "You're gorgeous."

When Kenma comes up the next time, he hollows out his cheeks and sucks hard.

"Oh, god," Kuroo groans.

He does it again. And then again. And again. It only takes a couple more bobs of his head before Kuroo starts babbling his name.

"Kenma, Kenma, I'm gonna come," Kuroo's grip tightens in his hair, "Ohh, oh, fuck."

Kenma hums around him, sinking as low as he can, and then Kuroo is coming in his mouth, hot and salty, with a low groan.

When he's done, he gently pushes Kenma off, panting heavily. When Kenma swallows, it burns his throat a little. Interesting.

Kuroo grins at him through heavy eyelids and pulls him up into a kiss. Kenma climbs onto his lap and they make out for a few minutes, slow and gentle.

They settle under a blanket afterwards, Kuroo leaning against the armrest, Kenma against his chest, watching the fish swim by.

"I thought you were married to a woman too," Kenma says,

"How come you seem so experienced at this?"

"I hooked up with men before I was married. She just didn't know."

"Mm."

They're both quiet for a bit. Kenma traces his fingertips over Kuroo's knuckles.

"This is so nice," Kenma says. He sounds a little like he might cry. "Yeah," Kuroo whispers, "It is," he kisses Kenma's temple and then his cheek.

"Will you really take me to a volleyball game?" Kenma asks as Kuroo kisses his shoulder.

"Of course I will."

Kenma can hear the smile in his voice, and it makes him smile too. 8 Months Later~

Kenma sighs, "I can't believe I ended up with the first guy I kissed."

"Kenmaaaa, don't sound so disappointed!" Kuroo squishes at Kenma's blanketed feet in his lap

"You're so whiny," Kenma sticks out his tongue, "I just mean that I didn't get to be a slut."

"I'm sorry I've burdened you with true love," Kuroo sighs dramatically.

Kenma laughs, "I guess I'll take it."

"It's okay anyways. We can be sluts together if you want," Kuroo winks with a little smirk.

"Oh, really?" Kenma grins, "Sounds like fun."

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1475018972047290369?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

//NSFW, dubcon, corruption, krkn, I got fever brain lets write some fuckin smut babey

/He looks so worried,/ Kuroo thinks, watching his student's tiny, pouty mouth as he asks questions about the assignment. Adorable.

"You're the only student I have who consistently comes to my office hours, Kenma," Kuroo says, "It makes me happy, whenever you come knock on my door."

Kenma's cheeks turn a furious red, "I just want to make sure I have all the information."

"You're gonna do fine Kenma. You're so careful," Kuroo walks around to the side of the desk that Kenma is sat on and leans back against it. He twirls a strand of Kenma's hair around his finger, pleased by the way he innocently looks up at him.

Kuroo smiles, "Do you mind if we talk about you?"

"About...me, Kuroo-san?"

Oh, Kuroo loves this, he really does. "Mhmm."

"Okay," Kenma's cheeks are a pretty, bright pink.

"Are you a virgin, Kenma?"

The pink turns into a bright red and Kenma's eyes go very round.

"Um, I-I-um-"

"Don't worry, Kenma, there's no wrong answer here."

Kenma nods, looking at the ground. "A pretty little virgin," Kuroo says with a smile.

Kenma looks back up shyly, "You don't think that's weird?" he asks quietly.

"Of course not," Kuroo coos, brushing the hair off of Kenma's forehead, "I think you're lovely."

"Thank you," Kenma whispers. "So no one's ever touched you then?" Kuroo asks, as though the answer isn't obvious.

Kenma shakes his head.

"That's a bit of a shame. I bet you're lovely under those clothes," Kuroo tilts his head to the side and reaches down to pull Kenma's shirt up just enough to expose his stomach.

Kenma's eyes go very wide and his hands jump up to his chest, "Sensei!"

"What is it?" Kuroo asks.

"Are-is it okay...for-"

"Kenma, I just want to help you out. Who better to teach you, than your teacher?" Kuroo's eyes slide down to the bulge in Kenma's pants. "And you certainly seem interested."

"I-um," Kenma swallows, "I haven't done this before."

"I know," Kuroo withdraws his hands and goes back to sit on his side of the desk, "Let's start small. Have you ever sat on someone's lap? As an adult, anyways."

"No."

"Come here, Kenma," Kuroo pats his lap, "I think it'll be good for you to try something new, you're too careful about stepping outside of your comfort zone."

"...okay," Kenma hesitantly stands up and walks around the desk to Kuroo. He pauses in front of him. "Come on," Kuroo coaxes, "This will be good for you."

Kenma bites his lip and turns around and then sits down onto Kuroo's lap. Kuroo puts his hands onto his hips.

"There you go," he says into Kenma's ear, "That's not so bad, is it?"

Kenma shakes his head. "Such a pretty little virgin," Kuroo murmurs again, "I can't believe no one's touched someone as pretty as you."

Kenma shivers at the hot breath on his ear. Kuroo smiles and slides a hand under his shirt, stroking across his abdomen and tickling next to his waistband. Kenma gasps, "Sensei..."

"You're so sensitive," Kuroo purrs.

"I don't know if-" Kenma gasps again as Kuroo pushes his hand under the waistband of his jeans and rubs his palm over his hard cock.

"Don't think so much, Kenma," Kuroo wraps his other arm around Kenma's waist. Kuroo strokes his fingertips over Kenma's smooth inner thigh and Kenma moans shakily.

"That's it, just enjoy it," Kuroo licks at the side of Kenma's neck.

"Oh my god," he breathes.

"Good boy," Kuroo coos, "That's my star student there," he squeezes at Kenma's cock. Kenma moans again. Kuroo kisses along the side of his neck, under his jaw. He takes his soft earlobe into his mouth and sucks gently, pleased when he hears the shaky inhale that Kenma takes.

"Let's take these clothes off, huh?" he whispers into his ear. Kenma nods, his eyes still closed. Kuroo grins and pulls Kenma's shirt off over his head, dropping it to the floor.

"Upsy daisy," he has Kenma stand and then turn around with his back to the desk as Kuroo undoes the button and zip on his jeans. He yanks them down, and then pulls Kenma's underwear off too, both his jeans and underwear, pooling around his ankles.

Kuroo lets his eyes trail over Kenma's naked body as his hand runs down his ribs, his hips, his thigh.

"Wow. You really are so pretty, Kenma."

Kenma's blush spreads all the way to his chest, and his dick twitches at the praise.

"Thank you, Sensei," he whispers.

Kuroo's cock strains against his pants. He cannot wait to ruin this boy.

Kuroo trails his fingertips along the inside of Kenma's thigh, "You're doing so well"

"T-thank you. Kuroo-san."

"Just Kuroo is okay," he says, leaning in to take one of Kenma's nipples into his mouth.

"Okay, K-Kuro-ah-god," he gasps, his hands gripping at the edge of the desk of either side on him.

Cute, cute, cute. This kid is just so cute. Kuroo pulls back and looks up, "You have lovely lips, Kenma."

"Thank-mmph!" Kenma is cut off as Kuroo yanks him down into a kiss.

He slides his tongue into Kenma's mouth, licking into his mouth, holding him close with a grip in his hair. Kenma's hands come to either side of

Kuroo's neck, his fingers scratching into the hair at the base of Kuroo's neck as he moans into Kuroo's mouth. The way he's so eager for it is delicious, it's making Kuroo feel almost feral.

Kuroo stands up, still kissing him, towering over Kenma now as he pushes him onto the desk with a hand on his chest.

Kuroo pulls away when Kenma is flat on the table, panting with his mouth open, and spits into his mouth possessively. He pushes his jaw closed with one hand.

"Swallow," he commands roughly.

Kenma's adam's apple bobs as obeys.

"Good boy."

Kenma's eyes are a little glazed over, just watching as Kuroo pulls his legs up and yanks his pants and underwear off the rest of the way, throwing them onto the floor. He manhandles his legs so that his feet are flat on the tabletop and then sucks two of his fingers into his mouth to make them wet. He reaches down and strokes his fingers over Kenma's hole, humming and pinning Kenma's hips down when he jolts at the touch.

He pulls Kenma's cheeks apart, thumbing at his hole, "I can already tell you're gonna be so fucking tight."

"Oh, fuck," Kenma breathes.

Kuroo chuckles, "I've never heard you swear before," and then he pushes a finger inside of Kenma.

Kenma groans, gripping at the edge of the table, next to his feet.

"Is it like what you expected?" Kuroo grins.

Kenma shakes his head, looking dazed. //i'm gonna take a pause, so let's do a poll.

Pick a line to be used (nothin saying i won't use more than one ofc):

"Such a pretty little boy, who makes such pretty little sounds," Kuroo murmurs, curling his finger and making Kenma moan again.

"Am I..." Kenma trails off, panting, "...am I doing good, Sensei?"

Kuroo grins, "You're doing so good, Kenma. My little star student."

Kuroo slides his finger in and out of Kenma's body, curling his finger as he drags it out each time, delighting in the way Kenma's eyes turn glossy from the stimulation. He's so sensitive to every little touch from Kuroo's hands, shivering as Kuroo pinches his nipples, smooths his hand over his ribs, rests his fingers lightly around his throat, possessive and thrilled by the trust Kenma has in him.

He pushes a second finger into Kenma's tight hole and Kenma sobs, squeezing his eyes shut.

"Does it burn?"

Kenma nods, his lips parted. "You like it though, don't you?" Kuroo grins, wide and feral.

Kenma's eyes open and his pupils are dilated. It's like Kuroo is holding a baby rabbit in his hands, so little and innocent and trusting in the claws of a wolf. He nods. "Say 'yes daddy,'" Kuroo purrs, drunk on power and just barely tightening his grip around Kenma's throat.

"Yes, daddy," Kenma says obediently, like the good little boy he is, "I like it."

"Good boy."

Kenma smiles at the praise, breathless. Kuroo spreads his fingers as far as they'll go within the tight ring of muscle squeezing them, scissoring them back and forth with efficiency. He leans over Kenma and kisses his, his lips soft and pliable and welcoming to the intrusion of Kuroo's tongue as he groans from the new sensations happening to body.

Kuroo pulls his fingers out and shuffles in his desk drawer for a moment before he finds the lube stashed away in there. He smiles at the way Kenma watches him unzip his pants and pull out his hard cock.

"Big," Kenma whispers absently. Kuroo grins. He glances at Kenma's stiff little dick, red at the tip and dripping.

Kuroo laughs, "Oh, you are too easy."

"Is that bad?" Kenma asks, looking worried.

"No no, baby," Kuroo strokes his cheek with the back of his hand, "I love it, getting to be the first one to touch you."

Kenma smiles drunkenly. Kuroo squeezes lube into his hand and strokes it over his cock to slick himself up, hissing out a breath at the touch. He grips Kenma's hip with one hand and with the other, strokes the tip of his cock over Kenma's hole. //sorry short update, i just don't want to lose these tweets

Kenma's breath quickens and he starts to sit up, but Kuroo pushes him back down onto the table.

"You just need to take it, Kenma. Don't worry about what I'm doing."

Kenma nods, "Okay, Se-daddy."

Kuroo grins. He feels powerful. Kuroo could do anything to this kid and he would thank him.

"Now you're getting it Kenma," Kuroo says lowly, in a near growl.

Without further warning, he pushes into Kenma's tight little hole. It's been a long time since he's fucked a virgin, and god it feels good. Not just the impossibly tight heat around him, but also getting to be the one to crack his innocence. To soil his purity.

Kenma moans, his fingernails scratching the wood underneath him.

"Have you ever put anything inside yourself, Kenma?" Kuroo pants.

"N-no," Kenma gasps.

"What do think of it?"

"I like it," Kenma sighs. Kuroo chuckles, "Maybe I should give you extra credit for this, huh?"

Kenma's eyes go big and he nods, "My mom would be really happy."

"Oh, yeah?" Kuroo's grin spreads, "Maybe don't tell her how you got it though."

Kuroo draws his hips back and thrusts into Kenma, breaking whatever train of thought he was about to follow.

"Ah! S-sen-daddy," he cries out, his fingers scrambling for purchase as he grabs the edge of the desk over his head.

Kuro pounds into him, pulling his tiny body by the hips with each thrust. Kenma's dick, which is sticking up off of his belly, bounces with each thrust, a string of precum connected from the tip to a little wet spot on his abdomen. His lips are parted and his brow furrowed as he cries out and moans like he's never felt anything so good in his life. Suddenly, he gasps, little breaths that go higher and higher in pitch, his knuckles turning almost white where he's clenching the edge of the desk, and then he groans, his head tipping back as he comes onto himself, splashing white onto his smooth, clean skin. It spills, sticky onto the wood.

"That's it, angel," Kuroo growls, "Make yourself filthy."

He doesn't stop, chasing him own orgasm, eager to fill Kenma up with him cum, to see it dripping out of him, to finish wrecking him. Kenma goes limp like a doll when his orgasm is completely wrung out of him, moaning from the overstimulation, and Kuroo fucks into his pliable little body, gripping so tightly there's likely to be bruises left behind. His rhythm stutters and then breaks. He groans, curling over and filling Kenma, his cum already oozing out around his cock onto Kenma's skin and onto his desk.

Kenma gasps at the feeling, dazed eyes widening as he looks down at his own stomach. Finally, Kuroo sighs and catches himself, leaning into one arm. He pulls out and watches the semen spills out of Kenma's body.

Kenma reaches down and runs his fingers through the mess on his stomach, and then reaches lower to feel the cum dripping from his hole. "Holy shit," he breathes.

"You enjoy that?"

"Can I come to your office hours again tomorrow?" Kenma asks, looking at Kuroo.

Kuroo laughs and pulls Kenma upright and then off the desk.

"You can come anytime you like, Kenma. I told you, it makes my day when you come see me."

"And you'll give me more extra credit?"

Kuroo smirks, "I feel I may have just created a monster," he looks down at Kenma's filthy, naked body, "And yet, I can't find it in myself to say no."

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1469221797245689856?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1478878834984427523?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

~NSFW . KuroKen Day 2022 . Dancer AU~

Kenma doesn't /love/ dancing. It's just something he does, has always done, like walking. You wouldn't say that you /love/ to walk, it's just a part of your life. His mom is a dance

instructor, so he's been doing it since he was small, and since he's been doing it for so long, he's good. It always surprises people because he's so uncoordinated and awkward in every other aspect of his life. It's a weird exception, where his body just knows what to do.

Kuroo loves dancing. Kenma can see it in his eyes. He's better than Kenma. Well, not exactly, Kenma has the benefit of having done it longer, but he has a natural ability that Kenma doesn't. It's fine, it's just a fact, it doesn't bother him. In fact, it bothers him a lot more when other people try to deny it. There's nothing wrong with someone being better, that sort of thing doesn't really make him jealous. He's a lot more jealous of how likeable Kuroo is. He's used to being an afterthought, being his mom's son before being Kenma, someone's friend. He doesn't resent Kuroo for it, but he's definitely envious.

People like Kenma's mom. She's friendly, and good at what she does. She's likeable in a way that he could never figure out how to be. He's jealous of his mom too, in that way. So when Kuroo joins, he just assumes he'll like her better than he likes Kenma, just like everyone else does. It's fine. It's the way things are.

But Kuroo...talks to him. Goes out of his way to talk to him, probably even more than he does with anyone else. He's funny, and nice, and it makes Kenma feel breathless, having his attention on him. He asks Kenma for help with moves that took Kenma ages to get down and he gets them right in a few minutes, and Kenma doesn't care, he loves the way Kuroo smiles at him when he tells him it looks good.

He and Kuroo are stretching together after class one day, when Kenma realizes that he's probably in love. Kuroo is chattering away about isolations, gesturing with one hand like it's a miniature body, and Kenma just realizes it. It's nothing special, but he knows.

//homophobia mentions

He wonders if Kuroo would be disgusted. Probably not, he's sweet and kind. But Kenma also thought his one friend in middle school wouldn't care that he was gay, and that ended up...terribly. Kenma absently rubs at the scar on his elbow, where he scraped it on the pavement after being shoved away with disgust. Maybe it's better to just keep it to himself.

And he does. He keeps it to himself. He very successfully keeps it to himself, until Kuroo comes to him, asking him to collaborate on a routine with him, that's apparently going to be a hip hop version of a tango. Which means a lot of touching, and eye contact.

Kenma thinks he should probably refuse, lest he melt into a puddle on the floor, and yet he doesn't. He agrees before he even decides to speak. Kuroo /beams/ at him.

...

"Look me in the eyes for this part - yeah, but more intense, I want the heat of a tango, even with the sharp movements."

Kuroo's one hand is tight on Kenma's waist, the other one sliding down the side of his neck to his shoulder, his elbow, his wrist. Kenma thinks he might die.

"-2, look away and back-"

Kuroo's eyes burn into Kenma's.

"-5, and roll-"

Kenma's face is burning as they both do a simultaneous body roll and he feels Kuroo's hips touch his. If it were anyone else, this would just be choreography, but it's not anyone else, it's Kuroo, and Kenma's body is screaming that he wants to be pinned to the floor.

The one small mercy is that they're the only ones in the studio, Kenma's mother having given him the keys to lock up when they're done. Somewhere in the back of Kenma's mind, a tiny voice says, "this is pretty gay though". He can't pay attention to it when Kuroo is kneeling in front of him though. Was that part of the choreography?? Why did Kenma agree to this?!

"Kenma?"

"Sorry, what?" Kenma snaps back into reality, where Kuroo apparently asked him a question.

"Are you coming down?" Kuroo laughs, his eyes playful suddenly, instead of passionate and intense.

Right. The most excruciating part of the routine, how did Kenma forget.

Kenma nods and makes his way to the floor, where Kuroo "pushes" him flat to the ground with an open palm, a few inches away from his chest, and then crawls over him, hovering above his body, the two of them moving in congruous push-pull motions, until Kuroo dips down in a body roll motion, his breath hot in Kenma's ear. If Kenma dies tonight, he hopes his mom doesn't ask Kuroo how it happened.

"Kenma? Are you okay?"

He hadn't even realized that he'd squeezed his eyes shut. He opens them to see Kuroo's concerned looking face very close to his own. He's so beautiful, it's unfair. Kenma groans and covers his face with his hands, "I give up."

"What is it?" Kuroo asks, "Is the choreography not good?"

"Stop, if you seriously aren't flirting with me, I'm gonna kill myself," Kenma says.

Kuroo laughs.

"Too obvious?" he asks, his voice low and deep. Kenma uncovers his face, his eyes wide, "Wait, you're really flirting with me?"

Kuroo laughs again, snorting this time, "Kenma, I don't normally ask people to spread their legs for me in a professional way."

Kenma looks down at the way his knees are spread to accommodate

Kuroo's hips.

"That's fair," he mumbles. He lets his head clonk back onto the ground, looking up into Kuroo's eyes again, which have gone beautifully dark, "So are you gonna kiss me or what?"

Kuroo grins and kisses him. His lips are soft, but he kisses like he dances, passionately, and unfairly good at it. Kenma wraps his arms around Kuroo's neck with an involuntary hum, pulling him closer, and when he's rewarded with tongue, he wraps his legs around his legs around him too. Kuroo groans into the kiss when he feels Kenma's erection beneath him

Kenma parts his lips a little further to lick into Kuroo's mouth and then nip at his bottom lip. When he pulls away to kiss at Kuroo's sharp jawline, Kuroo breathes out a soft, "Fuck," and his hips grind down against Kenma. Kenma gasps, pressing his hips upwards to meet him. Kuroo dips down to kiss Kenma's neck, leaving a soft trail all the way up the side of his neck and then biting and sucking a mark into his skin. Kenma moans, pressing his hips harder against Kuroo, and Kuroo hums against his skin, the sound rumbling into Kenma's body. His hand slides under Kenma's top as he leaves another hickey. When he's pushed Kenma's shirt out of the way, he pulls away to kiss his chest, which heaves with each breath. Kenma winds his fingers into Kuroo's soft hair, gripping tightly and groaning when he sucks on his nipple. Kuroo flicks his tongue over it lightly.

"Kuro, fuck," Kenma gasps.

Kuroo looks up with a grin, looking mischievous and hot with his one eye covered by his floppy bang and Kenma's hands clenched tightly into his messy hair.

"God, you are way too attractive," Kenma breathes. Kuroo kisses Kenma's stomach as he pulls down Kenma's sweatpants, speaking between kisses, "Do you even look at yourself?"

Kenma glances over at the walls of mirrors, where he's greeted by an stupendously hot view of Kuroo curled over, kissing his body with his hands hooked into

Kenma's waistband.

"Looks pretty good," he mumbles.

"Kuroo laughs when he sees what Kenma's looking at, "Not what I meant, but I'm glad you're enjoying the view," he says.

He tucks his fingers into the waistband of Kenma's boxer briefs and Kenma's hips jolt. He looks straight up at Kenma, making intense eye contact, "You're so beautiful, you almost made me believe in love at first sight," he says.

He curls back down to kiss just under Kenma's waistband and make Kenma's breaths go shaky, "But then I got to know you, and I realized what love actually is," he murmurs.

Kenma's not sure if he was meant to hear that part, but it send a flood of heat through his body.

"You love me?" he asks, feeling dazed.

Kuroo glances up, "Of course," he says like it's obvious. //i have to pause to make dinner, but i'll finish this later ! "Oh..." Kenma says softly.

"Can you lift up for me?" Kuroo asks, as if he hasn't just confessed his love for Kenma and it isn't a big deal.

Kenma lifts his hips anyways to let Kuroo pull his underwear off, still in a daze from his disbelief at the situation. Kuroo lays flat on his stomach and drapes Kenma's thighs over his shoulders. When he kisses his inner thigh, Kenma gasps and kicks his foot involuntarily at the sudden tickle, and is pulled back into the moment. He can't even think about saying "I love you" back though, when Kuroo's tongue is tracing the inner crevice of his hip and his cock is twitching only centimeters away from Kuroo's mouth. Kuroo infuriatingly, wonderfully, takes his time teasing Kenma with his mouth, licking and biting and sucking and /marking/ Kenma's inner thighs. It's so quietly possessive and Kenma is so in love, and there is not a chance in hell that he's gonna last more than five minutes once his dick actually gets any physical contact. Kuroo makes a show out the way he's kissing all around it though, grinning at the way it twitches when he gets close. And then, suddenly, without warning, he takes the whole thing into his mouth. Kenma gasps and then groans at the feeling of being enveloped in the wet heat of his mouth and sucked on. Kenma isn't huge, but still, Kuroo must have a pretty big mouth to just take him in completely like that with no preparation. Kuroo sucks on his way up, focusing too much attention on the rim of the head, Kenma spilling precum onto his tongue with shaky moans, his fingers gripping so tightly into Kuroo's hair. He looks back at the mirror. This view is never going to leave his brain. Kuroo, so intently focused on making him come, the veins in his forearms prominent as he grips Kenma's thigh tightly in his large hand, the other squeezing his hip to hold him still.

"Oh, god," Kenma groans. He's close, and he sounds wrecked. Kuroo can obviously hear it in his voice too, and he speeds up, sucking hard on his way up and down Kenma's shaft and-

"Ah, Kuro-" Kenma gasps, spilling into his mouth with a stuttered moan.

Kenma very gently pushes him off when he's finished, and Kuroo opens his mouth to show him the cum pooled on his tongue, swallows, and then rests his head on one of Kenma's thighs, sweetly smiling up at him.

Kenma looks down at him, panting as he catches his breath.

"Oh my god," he breathes finally.

"Good?" Kuroo grins cheekily. "Shut up, you know it was," Kenma smiles in spite of himself.

"I know, it's just nice to be appreciated," Kuroo says in false sincerity.

Kenma laughs and pushes him away, "Alright, let me appreciate you then."

He slips his underwear and sweatpants back on before kneeling in front of Kuroo, "Stand up."

Kuroo does as he's told, his cheeks a bright pink and his lips parted as he stands, his shorts at face level with Kenma. Kenma pulls the waistband of his shorts and underwear down and pulls out Kuroo's hard cock.

"Wow," Kenma murmurs. "What?" Kuroo asks, seeming worried for the first time despite how his breath has quickened from the touch.

Kenma grins at his flusteredness, stroking him lightly "Nothing, you're just...huge."

Kuroo's blush deepens, "You don't have to say that," he mumbles. Kenma rolls his eyes, "Trust me, Kuro. I have no interest in saying something just to flatter you."

Kuroo looks like he's trying to form words but instead, he groans when Kenma takes him into his mouth, his fingers finding purchase in Kenma's long strands. Kuroo is far too big for

Kenma to take him into his mouth the way that Kuroo did with him, but he sees the way Kuroo's eyes are following Kenma's little saliva covered hands as they stroke what Kenma can't take into his mouth. He sucks on the head of his cock though, pleased when he tastes salt on his tongue. It doesn't take Kuroo long either, he rocks his hips forward just barely as he groans Kenma's name, his fingers tightening in Kenma's hair in a delicious way. Kenma speeds up the movement of his hands then and removes his mouth completely, aiming the tip towards his own face, and looking up at Kuroo with obvious intent.

Kuroo groans again, "How can you look so innocent and so filthy at the same time, you're gonna kill me."

Kenma grins, "Come on my face Kuro," he says sweetly.

"Yeah...fuck, yeah," Kuroo breathes, rocking into Kenma's tight, slick grip, faster, both of them making eye contact, Kuroo so beautifully wrecked in Kenma's hands, and then he moans shakily, spurting cum onto Kenma's face, gasping, and then finally nearly stumbling when he's done.

Kuroo catches his breath, looking down at Kenma, "Oh my god, you're so dirty...and // did that," he says, sounding intoxicated.

Kenma laughs happy, sitting down onto his heels.

"Hey Kuro," he says, feeling just as drunk as Kuroo sounds.

"Yeah?" Kuroo's smile is so gentle. "I love you too."

Kuroo smile grows wide and sunny, and he practically knocks Kenma over when he kisses him, both of them laughing into it.

"You taste like cum," Kuroo says, kissing the stickiness off of his lips and his cheek and his jaw.

"Oh yeah? Whose fault is that?"

"Mine!" Kuroo sounds victorious.

"Yeah...yours," Kenma smiles.

When they finally get up off the floor, Kuroo carefully wipes his face with some damp paper towels, they lock up the studio, and Kuroo walks Kenma home.

"Goodnight," Kuroo kisses Kenma's lips softly. "Goodnight," Kenma says dreamily.

"Dance with me tomorrow?"

"Of course," Kenma smiles, "Let's come up with something new."

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1479763322991951872?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

Kenma isn't attracted to his best friend. He's not! It's just...his hands are so big. And sometimes Kuroo rests a hand on Kenma's upper thigh without thinking, because he's just sort of touchy like that, and the way they could clearly wrap around nearly the whole circumference makes Kenma unbelievably horny. It's not his fault. It's Kuroo's for having pornographically large hands.

Kenma's gotten used to controlling himself though, what with Kuroo's constant touching, his lightly drawn patterns on Kenma's leg, his fidgeting and squeezing Kenma's fingers, his combing through Kenma's hair with his fingers. So it's fine, he's fine. Well, he can wait until he gets home to masturbate anyway.

But apparently Kuroo is determined to break him. Or he would be if any of this was in any way intentional.

They're at a restaurant with their friends, sitting at a booth, so at least no one else can see what's happening under the table - but what's happening should not be allowed! Kuroo's hand is wrapped around Kenma's leg, his fingers tucked under his inner thigh, and not only that, but they seem to be sneaking further and upwards. It's lucky that Kenma isn't an easy blusher, because he's certain his face would be entirely red right now otherwise. He's doing his best to keep his eyes trained on his PSP and not look down or at his best friend.

He breathes a little sigh of relief when Kuroo's hand drifts back downwards toward his knee. Crisis averted.

No! Crisis not averted!!

Kuroo's fingers are now slipping under the hem of Kenma's shorts and once again slowly making their way up his inner thigh! Kenma takes a deep, slow breath, desperately attempting to keep his cool and avoid eye contact with his growing boner. He looks up finally at Kuroo instead, who's casually chatting about volleyball with Tora and Yaku like he hasn't a care in the world. "That last rally was crazy though, did you see Spain's setter?"

How does Kuroo not realize what he's doing? What he's doing to Kenma!

Kuroo's pinky reaches out and slides along the crevice of Kenma's hip.

Kenma makes an involuntary squeak. "You okay, Kenma?" Yaku asks.

Kenma looks at him, willing his face to stay neutral, "Fine. Sorry...hiccup."

"You have such cute hiccups," Kuroo says. Kenma looks at him and sees the smirk spreading across his face.

"Yeah," Tora laughs, "You really do."

Kuroo's hand squeezes. Kenma makes another squeak.

His eyes narrow. This fucking bastard.

"Uh oh, you really do have the hiccups," Kuroo says innocently, "You should have some water."

He passes Kenma his glass, and Kenma takes it, but when their fingers brush...Kuroo throws him a wink. Kenma is a fool. Of course he knew what he was doing.

"Thanks," Kenma says through gritted teeth.

"Sure," Kuroo sustains eye contact through his shit-eating grin and Kenma's glare...and his hand slides even higher, brushing over Kenma's erection.

Kenma jolts with a squeak. //Sorry to leave y'all hangin but it is choose your own adventure time

Kenma presses his lips together. This bastard. But it's not like he can say anything, he's the one with a boner in the middle of a restaurant. He has no other choice except to just do his best to keep quiet.

"One of Italy's middle blockers had this crazy jump floater," Tora is saying.

"Yeah," Kenma agrees quietly, attempting to seem engaged instead of utterly distracted by the long fingers tracing up and down his clothed cock.

"The spin on that thing was crazy," Kuroo says.

Kenma doesn't know how he's doing it, carrying this conversation like the conniving little liar that he is.

Kuroo grabs Kenma's cock with his entire hand, rubbing over him with his palm and Kenma takes a deep breath that he hopes can pass for trying to resist hiccupping. Kuroo glances at him out of the corner of his eye. He looks away. Apparently that was too calm of a reaction for him though, because then his fingers start slowly travelling up to the waistband of Kenma's boxer briefs. Kenma internally curses himself for wearing such loose legged shorts. He sets his PSP down on the table and leans into one hand with his other hand, he grabs Kuroo's wrist, squeezing it tight. When he glances at Kuroo's face, he sees the smirk playing at the corners of his lips. God, it's infuriating how that look is turning him on even more. Kuroo's fingers are long though, and they dip under his waistband with ease, despite the restraint on his wrist. When they touch the head of his dick, Kenma jumps.

"Oh, fuck!" he says involuntarily.

"You okay?" Tora looks at him with concern.

Kenma sighs irritatedly, "Kuro stepped on my foot."

It may not be the truth, but the least Kuroo can do here is take some of the blame.

"My bad," Kuroo grins.

Kenma kicks at his shin under the table, but it's a miscalculation because it shifts Kuroo's touch on his dick and Kenma only just barely holds back a gasp. "Ow!" Kuroo winces.

Kenma does feel smug for about half a second before Kuroo's thumb swipes over the leaking head of his cock and he squeaks again.

"Man, you're having a rough time, Kenma," Yaku looks at him with a laugh.

Kenma wishes he would stop looking, partly because it feels risky and embarrassing, but more so because having his friends eyes on him is making his dick twitch and leak in Kuroo's grasp.

Fuck. This is unfortunately a huge turn on.

Kenma can feel the smugness radiating from Kuroo, but they're in this together now it seems. Wait! This asshole is taking his hand back! Wait...

Kenma watches in disbelief as Kuroo casually brings his thumb to his lips like he's thinking, and then swipes the tip of his tongue against it to taste Kenma's precum. Kenma realizes a moment too late that his mouth is hanging open. He closes it, clenching his jaw.

"Mmm," Kuroo makes the sound as if he's listening to the conversation, but Kenma knows better.

He covers his mouth with his hand, looking perfectly innocent from Tora and Yaku's point of view, but Kenma watches him lick his hand before lowering it and slipping it back into Kenma's shorts.

Kenma is more prepared this time, but still, he barely stifles a groan when Kuroo's hand wraps around his cock, getting away with the tiniest "Mm!" sound. Okay, Kenma can't help it, he's super into this.

Slowly, Kuroo's tight grasp begins to move, and god it feels good. What Kenma's been daydreaming about every time Kuroo's hand wanders on his body is actually happening...in broad daylight. In public. In front of their friends. It's all he can to pick up his PSP again and give himself something to stare at that isn't Kuroo, one of his friends, or the bulge moving inside his shorts.

And yet Kuroo seems determined to torture him.

"What was it that you wanted to do on New Year's again, Kenma?"

Apparently the subject has changed. Wow, isn't /fun/ how you just miss things.

Kenma makes a mental note to beat the shit out Kuroo. Or maybe to request this experience again, he's feeling conflicted.

"We're gonna - um -" his voice is a little shaky, "Do some baking and fireworks," he looks at Kuroo with murder in his eyes, "Like we al-" he makes a tiny grunt as Kuroo's hand speeds up mid-word, "Always do."

Kuroo's grin is unstoppable, "Yeah, but you wanted to bake something specific."

His fingers are dragging over the head with every stroke spreading the precum that's practically dripping from him.

"I don't fucking know, Kuro," Kenma manages in a single rush of breath.

He knows Tora is looking at him weird, but he can't care right now.

"Ahh, never mind then," Kuroo finally looks away from him. Kuroo's hand speeds up even more, little flicks of the wrist that covers Kenma's entire cock. Oh god...Kenma's going to orgasm right in front of his friends. They're going to see him come.

He must have something wrong with him that the thought pushes him even closer to the edge. His dick twitches in Kuroo's grasp and he makes a little strained sound, shaking his head to try and cover his face with his hair.

Out of the corner of his eye he sees Kuroo's expression. He's no longer grinning, but biting his lip, and Kenma's is sure his eyes have darkened. And then Kenma comes, right in his shorts, in Kuroo's hand, with a series of short shaky breaths, his hands tightening so hard on his PSP that the plastic creaks a little.

"Kenma, are you sure you're-"

"He's fine," Kuroo interrupts Yaku. In that half-shame, half-bliss, post-orgasm haze, Kenma is extremely grateful that Kuroo saved him from answering.

He nods, making short eye contact with Kuroo.

Kuroo withdraws his sticky hand from Kenma's shorts, snagging a napkin off the table with his other hand, and wiping the cum off of his hand.

When Kenma looks down, he can see how hard Kuroo is through his shorts. He takes his phone out of his pocket, uncomfortably aware of the stickiness in his underwear, and types out a message under the table.

Kuroo's phone buzzes. He pulls it out and looks down at it. He types a response.

Kenma >> want some help with that?

Kuroo >> at least buy me dinner first ;)

Kenma hates his best friend.

He pulls out his wallet, digs out some money and slaps it down on the table in front of Kuroo. Tora and Yaku stare at him.

"Happy?" Kenma says.

Kuroo looks at him, surprised, and then his face splits into a huge grin, "Very."

Okay. Maybe Kenma is attracted to his best friend.

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//angst, cheating on an abusive partner, happy ending krkn

Kuroo who waits outside all night for Kenma to come home from his boyfriend's house only for him to never show up. Kenma who spent the whole night being called an ugly cheater for wanting to go home. Kenma who shows up finally at 6 am with red rimmed eyes and a distant look in them. Kuroo was planning on telling him off for taking him for granted, but when he sees him through the window, looking like a little lost boy, he loses the words. He ends up watching Kenma sit on his own doorstep wiping his nose and scrubbing his already red face even redder with his sleeves in an attempt to stop the tears that don't seem to have any end.

Finally, Kenma pulls out his phone and Kuroo's phone buzzes. >> im sry i missed our hangout. i hope u didnt wait up for me.

Kuroo swallows. He pockets his phone and finally moves his feet.

Later, he wonders if the rest of the neighborhood saw as he held Kenma in his arms under the sunrise, because no one came outside, despite it being a workday, but in the moment he just sees the way Kenma's eyes turn from sad to furious, saying, "If I'm a cheater then I should at least get to cheat, I should at least, I should at least-" he sounds exhausted and a little crazy, but Kuroo feels the same, so when Kenma kisses him he just kisses back desperately, hoping it's a first time and not a last, not caring that he's the other man, not caring for a second that he'd always said that cheaters deserve hell, because to him Kenma is heaven and if this is bad then he doesn't want to be good. He doesn't want it.

Kenma's grip on his collar is harsh, the fabric rubbing against Kuroo's neck like a rope burn. His hands might leave bruises on Kenma's skin, the way he's holding him so tight. Later, he can't remember how they made it up to his room, but at some point, there they are, clothes scattered around them, messy, the taste of Kenma's skin under his tongue.

"I think this is what it's supposed to feel like," Kenma whispers after. After a sleepless night, Kuroo falls asleep too soon, and when he wakes up, Kenma is gone. He wonders if that was it. If there's no more Kenma for him. If it really was the last time, the only time, no more Kenma, no more best friend, no more almost lovers, no more, no more. But Kuroo is the luckiest man alive, and there's a knock on the door as he's pouring the strongest cup of coffee he's ever made, and he opens the door to Kenma in new clothes and a bright red cheek. Kenma smiles, a tiny thing, "I broke up with him. Turns out I don't like being a cheater..."

"What happened to your cheek?"

"Oh," Kenma rubs at it self-consciously, "He didn't like me ending things," he holds out a hand when Kuroo's face turns angry, "I'm fine. He didn't expect me to hit him back."

Kuroo doesn't know what he's supposed to say so he just says what he wants to, for once, "Good for you."

He smiles, he can't help it, and when Kenma smiles back, he grins big and wide and laughs, "I don't know what to do," he admits

"Well...maybe you could kiss me?" Kenma blushes.

"Good idea," Kuroo breathes.

And he does, and /god/ if it isn't the best kiss he's ever had. He pulls Kenma swiftly into his arms and kisses him like he's always wanted to, and Kenma laughs against his lips like he's relieved, his fingers soft on the sides of Kuroo's neck.

When they pull apart, Kenma speaks again, "I was right, this is what it's supposed to feel like, this is it," and he kisses Kuroo again and again and again, until Kuroo's coffee goes cold in its cup.

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Krkn lesbians where Kenma is a sculptor and Kuroo is her muse.

Kenma sees her for the first time when she's walking on the street, Kuroo is in a sundress, Kenma is wearing a dusty button up and high waisted trousers. Kenma is enamored

immediately, but there's no way she can bring herself to speak this woman. She remembers her though, and the fabric of her sundress makes it into her sculpture.

It's months later when she sees Kuroo again, but she knows it's her right away. The smell of her perfume lingers the way the memory of her eyes do when they met Kenma's. Playful, like she knows Kenma is looking with more than just jealousy.

She sees Kuroo more often after that. At the cafe across the street from her studio, in front of the fountain where she takes her smoke breaks, at a party Kenma left early. She still doesn't get up the nerve to speak to her, but bits of Kuroo make it into her sculptures: the way her hair flows in the wind, her long fingers, strawberries for the scent of her perfume.

Finally, it's Kuroo who makes the move. "Are you going to keep staring, or are you going to speak to me one of these days?"

"Please let me sculpt you," Kenma blurts without thinking.

Kuroo blushes but agrees with a little laugh. It's not long before she's posing nude for Kenma every night in the golden lamplight that illuminates her studio.

"You're beautiful," she tells Kenma one evening.

"That's like an angel complimenting a rabbit," Kenma murmurs.

"And what about it? I happen to like rabbits," they're quiet for a moment while Kenma works,

"Are you ever going to touch me?"

Kenma looks up, meeting her eyes, "Do you want me to?"

Kuroo laughs, "I'm naked and we're alone, isn't that answer enough?"

"No."

"I've admired the way you've touched her skin for months now, but I'm starting to get jealous."

"She's you," Kenma answers.

"But she's not though."

Kenma's hands pause. Her lashes flutter like she's thinking.

"Oh."

And finally, finally, that night, Kenma touches Kuroo's skin.

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Kenma who became a cheerleader instead of joining the volleyball team because he didn't want to play, but he still wanted to encourage Kuroo.

Cheerleading is harder than he thought it would be, it turns out. The routines are fun though, actually, even though he hates the emphasis on perfect posture.

There are always a few other boys on the cheerleading team, even as he gets older, but the coaches always take one look at Kenma's slight body and long hair and put him in the position of flyer. It's fun, so Kenma doesn't mind. The first time he's on a competitive team

though, the coach tells him he has to wear the same outfit as the other flyers for uniformity, which means no more long pants and tops that cover him completely, but instead, short skirts and crop tops. He has to tie his hair up properly too, a high pony like the girls.

It makes him nervous, the whole idea, the performance of it all, but he tells Kuroo and Kuroo's eyes light up.

"Oh my god, you're gonna look so cute," Kuroo says, practically squashing the volleyball in his hands.

"Really?" Kenma asks, shrinking in on himself still with the thought of it.

"Yes! Okay, I know I'm biased as your friend, but you have a pretty face, no one's going to even notice," Kuroo says, aware that Kenma's main concern is drawing attention.

Kenma chews his lip. "...do you want to see?" he asks.

Kuroo's eyes go wide again, "Please!"

He has the uniform in his backpack, so he goes into Kuroo's bathroom to change. He looks at himself in the mirror before going out and remembers that his hair will be up. He digs through his bag. He's sure he's got a hair tie in here somewhere. Ah.

He pulls it out and then does his best pulling all his hair back into a high ponytail the way he's seen the girls do it. At the last second he decides to pull out two front pieces from his bangs, still too nervous at the idea of having his whole face exposes with nothing at the peripherals. Okay.

He opens the door and steps out, "Okay, what do you think?" he asks, looking at the floor.

There's no response. He looks up, worried that Kuroo has realised that actually

Kenma looks terrible, but Kuroo's face is entirely red and his mouth is hanging open a little. Kenma's not quite sure what that face means.

"...Kuro?" he asks hesitantly.

Kuroo blinks rapidly a few times, "Sorry! Um, you..." he trails off, his eyes tracing Kenma's body,

"...look really good," he says finally.

Kenma suddenly realises what Kuroo's reaction means, it's the same reaction he had that time he didn't have practice for once so he watched Kuroo's volleyball practice, and Kuroo, sweaty and hot from the exercise, peeled his shirt off and threw Kenma a smile with a little wink.

Kenma licks his bottom lip and then bites it, tilting his head to one side, "You really like it?" he asks coyly.

Kuroo swallows, looking at the hem of Kenma's skirt, which Kenma's fingers are fidgeting with, "Yeah."

Kenma takes a step forward, "Would you like to get a closer look?"

Kuroo looks up at him from where he's sitting on his bed, "Um, y-yeah."

"You know," Kenma says casually, "We have shorts to wear under them, but I figured I didn't need them right now."

Kuroo's eyes are saucer-wide, "You don't?" he asks.

"Well, I'm not trying to hide anything right now."

He takes another step forward.

"Right," Kuroo breathes, like he's not quite sure if he's dreaming.

Kenma grins, he knows it now. Kuroo is hooked. Kenma takes one last step forward to one side of Kuroo's thighs, and then another to match, so he's standing over Kuroo, pseudo-straddling him. Kuroo looks up at him, his ears and cheeks bright red.

"Wanna touch it?"

"It?" Kuroo squeaks. Kenma's grin spreads, "The skirt, it looks like you like it."

"O-oh."

Slowly, Kuroo's hands come up to rest on the pleated material on Kenma's hips. His fingers dig just the tiniest bit into him.

"It's...nice," Kuroo says, but his eyes are on the slight bulge between Kenma's thighs.

What can he say, he's enjoying the situation.

"Why don't keep touching it then?" he suggests.

Kuroo nods, "Yeah... I'll do that," he says.

His hands slowly slide down, down, down his thighs until then they're touching skin. Kenma's breath goes shaky. "Your legs feel even nicer," Kuroo says, finally looking back up Kenma, as if to confirm.

"Keep touching," Kenma breathes.

Kuroo's eyes glint and then look away. His fingers trace up Kenma's inner thighs and Kenma has to resist the urge to moan by biting his lip. //uhh NSFW whoops i don't think i tagged it

His knees shake though and before he can think, Kuroo's hands are pulling him down onto his lap.

Kenma gasps, his hands landing on Kuroo's strong shoulders, and then he feels Kuroo hard underneath him and he moans without thinking. "You like that?" Kuroo asks, rolling his hips up against Kenma.

"Uh huh," Kenma says dazedly, rolling his hips back against Kuroo.

Kuroo's grip on his hips tightens and he pulls Kenma forward as he grinds his hard cock against him through the layers of fabric they're wearing. "Fuck," Kenma groans, "Oh, fuck."

"You don't usually swear," Kuroo breathes distractedly.

"Fuck, Kuro," Kenma says, "You're-so-"

"Yeah?"

Kenma's hands grip at Kuroo's t-shirt, "Mmngghh," he manages instead of words.

"What am I, Kenma?" Kuroo asks, looking him in the eye. "Sexy," Kenma gasps. "Big."

One of Kuroo's hands suddenly grabs at Kenma's hair and yanks him into a messy kiss, all tongue and hot breath. Kenma moans into it, grinding desperately against Kuroo like he's been wanting to for probably too long. And god, it feels good. Kuroo bites at Kenma's lip and then licks over it and Kenma moans again, thinking about how Kuroo's tongue is on him.

Kuroo ducks his head to the side and bites at Kenma's neck then, almost possessively, and Kenma's hand, which has somehow made it's way into Kuroo's hair, clenches into a tight fist as he throws his head back. Kuroo moans against his throat, his teeth grazing Kenma's skin, and then his lips closing around that spot and sucking a mark onto it. They're both a desperate mess and neither of them care, and Kenma's probably going to come right in his underwear, in his new skirt that Kuroo loves so much.

"God you're so hot, Kenma," Kuroo breathes into his ear before he sucks his earlobe into his mouth.

His fingers are squeezing Kenma's ass as they rut against each other like animals with no control. And then Kuroo's pulling Kenma down against him hard.

"Oh, fuck," he groans, tucking his head into Kenma's neck.

And the added friction sends Kenma over the edge and he comes with a gasp, spilling sticky and messy into his own underwear from dry humping his best friend. They sit there for a moment, not looking at each other, just panting for air. Kenma waits for it, the shame, the awkwardness.

"I didn't even get to see you naked," Kuroo says into Kenma's shirt.

Kenma laughs. They're okay.

"Next time," he sighs. Kuroo pulls back and looks up at him, his hands still on Kenma's waist.

"When's next time gonna be?"

"In about fifteen minutes if you've got some snacks?" Kenma offers.

Kuroo laughs and then takes Kenma's face in both hands and kisses him. Kenma laughs against his lips, in relief or joy or maybe just because. When they pull apart Kuroo speaks,

"You're the best," He says with a big grin, and Kenma blushes bright red.

//end

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Cheerleader Kenma who's as sharp as a tack - no, as sharp as a knife. Her words cut deep and she has no interest in the men who fawn over her, thinking she's a bimbo with cotton in her brain and slick in her panties just waiting for some idiot to call out "nice ass"

like she doesn't know that. She gets along with everyone, not because she's nice but because they want her to like them, her high ponytails sitting blonde and shiny on top of her head, her skirt somehow shorter than anyone else's, her tummy exposed just the tiniest amount, a tease. She's nice to the girls, but she's strict. She's the first to tell another girl to

break up with her boyfriend, the first to say her bar is too low, the first to say, "expect more". There's one boy in the school who doesn't fall all over himself for her though, and if she hates all men, she hates him the most.

Kuroo scoffs when his friends point her out and try to flirt - clumsy attempts. "Please," he says, "Are you guys really gonna fall for her manipulation that easy?"

"What 'manipulation'?" Kenma asks, venom dripping from her tongue.

"The short skirts. The thigh socks. You think I don't know you get a little thrill out of every guy trying to look up your skirt? Well, I'm not interested."

Kenma makes a disgusted face, leaning closer, their noses nearly touching, "As if I'd ever want your interest. Keep your eyes away from my skirt."

Kuroo can't explain it, why she pisses him off so much. He tells her to her face too, "You piss me off."

"Shut up," Kenma spits.

She's distracted, the hand Kuroo has inside her panties will do that.

He's seething, and yet there's no greater pleasure than seeing her toss her head back in a silent moan as she pulses around his fingers.

Kuroo minds her short skirt a little less when it's pushed up and she's folded over the counter in the school bathroom, his dick buried inside her slick cunt. Her ponytails are a little less annoying too, when he's pulling her head back with his grip on them. "Your tight little pussy is the only thing I like about you," Kuroo pants, watching the way his thrusts make her tits bounce in the mirror.

"Tight means I don't like it, asshole," Kenma manages.

Kuroo leans in close to her ear, "Now, we both know that's not true."

She moans, "Fuck off," she says weakly.

"You're such a little slut," Kuroo breathes.

"You're a pig," Kenma bites.

"You love it, the way they they all look at you, showing off your little body like a whore."

"No I-"

She cuts off when Kuroo kisses her, moaning softly. "But I'm the only one who gets to see you like this," Kuroo whispers.

"Your friends would be so jealous," Kenma replies in a dazed voice.

She comes for the second time with Kuroo's lips on hers and a possessive hand around her throat. Kuroo comes with her lips wrapped around him, a gorgeous view of her on her knees.

And then they go back to class, Kenma sitting in math class with damp underwear on, and Kuroo remarking snidely to his friends that he ran into the cheerleader bitch in the hall again. And at the volleyball game, if Kenma cheers a little extra loud when Kuroo is up to serve, no one notices a thing.

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//NSFW, cheerleader fem!Kenma, kuroken

The volleyball team won tonight, and even as they head home for the night, everyone is giddy and full of adrenaline. Some of the boys go off to waste a few hours in the park and burn off some of the excess energy,

others stay behind at the gym to practice a little longer ("Don't forget to lock up," Kuroo said sternly, handing them the keys), and the rest go home to their beds, Kuroo included.

But. He's still keyed up. And the image Kenma in her short skirt, bright and peppy like she only ever is on the court, plays itself in his mind. When the girls cheered for his serve, he could hear her voice the loudest. The other guys on the team flirted shamelessly with the cheerleaders after their win, more than a few of them trying their luck with Kenma, who didn't even look his way.

Kuroo tosses a ball over his head as he thinks, watching it spiral up toward his bedroom ceiling and then land back in his hands. He catches it, squeezing it between his hands and then tosses it off the side of his bed, pulling his phone out of his pocket. He taps out a message.

Kuroo: come over

He stares at the screen while he waits for a reply. It doesn't take long.

Kenma: why

Kuroo grins to himself, she wouldn't reply if she wasn't going to come.

Kuroo: you know why

He watches the little "..." typing bubble pop up and go away several times before Kenma replies.

Kenma: fine. give me ten.

Kuroo smiles at his phone and then stands up to put some of his dirty clothes into the basket so she won't complain when she gets there. Kenma only lives a few houses down, so he's not surprised when she shows up less than ten minutes later at his bedroom window, tapping with one of her long nails and then crossing her arms. She's still in her cheerleading uniform, so she must have just gotten home before coming over.

Kuroo slides his window open and she hoists herself up, climbing inside.

"This'd better be worth my time," she snips.

Kuroo grabs her hand and yanks her in close, "We both know you wouldn't be here if it wasn't," he says lowly into her ear. He draws back and grins smugly when he sees the red on her cheeks.

"Don't make that stupid face," Kenma says with a glare.

"Then don't wear that stupid outfit," Kuroo says.

"Puh-lease, I know you like it. You were /staring/ at my legs after the match."

Kenma looks smug now.

"No, I wasn't," Kuroo snaps, knowing it's a weak retort.

Kenma leans up onto her tippytoes her face getting close to Kuroo's, "You were soo jealous, watching all your friends flirt with me," she croons. "God, you /piss/ me off so much," Kuroo growls, and then he kisses her, bruising, his hands gripping tightly at her ass, fingers already slipping under her panties while her nails claw at his scalp, squeezing fistfuls of his hair in her hands. She moans into the kiss and Kuroo hopes his parents don't hear her, but he pulls her closer anyway.

Kuroo walks backwards until the back of his knees hit the bed behind him and give out, pulling Kenma over his lap in a smooth, practiced motion. When she feels his cock hard underneath her, she leans her head back with a satisfied sigh, rolling her hips.

Kuroo takes the opportunity to lean his head down and bite at the side of her neck, sucking a hickey into her skin.

"You trying to mark me, huh?" she asks breathily. She laughs meanly, "You really are jealous."

"Shut up," Kuroo growls, lifting her skirt and slapping her asscheek with his hand.

She gasps.

"Kuro, your parents are gonna hear that," she whispers.

"Well, then I guess you shouldn't be such a bitch," he says hotly. Kenma presses her lips together with a glare and shoves at his chest hard so he falls backwards onto the bed.

"You know what? I'll be /nicer/ if I don't have to hear you talk," she snaps, moving to pull off her panties. Kuroo sees how shiny and slick they are when she tosses them aside, and then he sees how wet her pussy is when she climbs up the length of his bed to straddle his face.

Kuroo curls his hands around her thighs immediately, pulling her down onto his face without hesitation. "Oh, fuck," she says and then she claps a hand over her own mouth.

With her other hand, she pulls her skirt out of the way, bunching it up in her fingers.

She makes less sound with her hand over her mouth, but it doesn't take long before she's whimpering at the feeling of Kuroo's tongue flicking at her clit and groaning when it dips inside her.

She almost sounds like she's crying when she comes, the taste of her gushing onto his tongue as she rocks her hips over his mouth.

Kuroo's so hard it nearly hurts. Her legs shake as she climbs off of him, both of them catching their breath. She doesn't waste her time with pushing his shorts down though, doing it quickly and curling over to take his dick, which is far too big for her, into her little mouth. Kuroo does his best not to groan too loudly at the wet, hot feeling of her mouth around him or of her eyes directly on him, remembering how earlier she'd avoided even a glance his way, but now he's the only one she's looking at. "Fuck Kenma," he breathes, reaching down to play with her pretty, blonde pigtails.

She only bobs her head along his length a few times before she stick out a hand.

"Right," Kuroo mumbles, opening his bedside drawer and fumbling for one of the condoms hidden at the bottom

He finds one and drops it into her open palm and she draws off of him with a little /pop/ sound, wiping the spit running down her chin from her shiny lips.

She tears the packet open and rolls it over Kuroo's dick smoothly. She's adjusting herself and aligning him so she can sit on it when Kuroo speaks.

"Wait, wait!" he says.

"What?" she asks flatly.

He lets his eyes run over her pretty little body, "Take your top off," he says.

She rolls her eyes but crosses her arms to pull her shirt off and then her sports bra, so she's left in only a skirt.

"Happy?" she asks.

"Yeah," Kuroo says lowly, reaching to cup one of her tits in his hands, running his thumb over the smooth, pale skin and then pinching her nipple lightly between his fingers and tugging once. She gasps softly, her already pink face turning pinker.

She looks down, "Sit up," she says as she goes to align their bodies again, "I'm not doing all the work."

Kuroo does as he's told, gripping her small waist in his hands. She's so slim that his fingers nearly touch. She sinks over him and moans and Kuroo kisses her to muffle the sound, resisting the urge to groan himself.

Kuroo's not gonna last long, he knows it.

He makes it easy for her, moving her body on his cock like a toy, bouncing her up and down, her tits bouncing with the movement. They're both panting, and Kuroo can feel her clenching around him more and more, she's gonna come again soon too.

"Ugh," Kenma pants, "Why does it have to be so good with you?"

Her skin is salty under Kuroo's tongue as he leaves another mark. "Shut up, I should be the one complaining," he hisses in her ear.

She whimpers, her voice turning high, "I-I don't li-like you."

"Then why am I the only one you let fuck you? Huh?" Kuroo's voice is turning thin too, "You want me."

"No-n-" Kenma's voice breaks off into a gasp as she pulses around Kuroo and Kuroo comes too, the feeling drawing out his orgasm with a deep groan as he pulls her as far down onto his cock as possible, coming deep inside her into the condom.

Kuroo flops down onto the bed with Kenma on tops of him. He sighs, satisfied. After a moment, Kenma rolls off him, letting his dick slip out of her. Kuroo pulls the condom off and ties it off, throwing it into his little trashcan by the bed and making a mental note to shove it to the bottom later.

"Oh, god," Kenma groans, touching her neck,

"I'm gonna have to cover these."

Kuroo doesn't say anything.

Kenma sits up, "Do you know where my underwear is?" she asks.

Kuroo pushes himself and searches the messed up sheets for her things, handing them to her as he finds them.

"Thanks," she says softly. She redresses while Kuroo watches.

"You were really good in the game today," Kenma says. She's not looking at him, she's turning her shirt right-side out.

"Thanks."

Before she goes back out the window, Kenma checks her neck in the mirror on Kuroo's wall,

She sighs, "Seriously Kuro, my parents are gonna kill me if they see these."

Kuroo feels a little guilty when he thinks about that, "Sorry."

She smiles a little, "It's whatever."

She turns to open the window.

"Wait, um," Kuroo touches her wrist.

"Yeah?"

Kuroo leans in and kisses her once, softly.

"Nothing, just...text me when you get home."

She looks at him silently and nods.

When she's gone, Kuroo neatens up his bed and shoves the condom and it's wrapper to the bottom of the trash before laying down. His phone buzzes.

Kenma: i'm home.

Kenma: so you don't have to feel guilty for my murder

Kenma: this time

Kuroo snorts.

Kuroo: ah well, better luck next time

Kenma: i fucking hate you

Kuroo: hate you too

<https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1525992686536343552?s=20&t=Bwmmb2nGSztoV7HcSfM5Ww>

The first time Kuroo masturbated it was because that day it was really hot and Kenma had borrowed one of Kuroo's tank tops. They'd shared clothes before, but Kuroo's recent growth spurt meant that his top was huge on Kenma and the straps kept slipping off. Kenma was on his PSP - of course - so Kuroo fixed the strap for him when it fell down for the hundredth time, exposing his nipple. It was nothing, of course it was nothing...except that Kuroo kept

thinking about it?? And then, well, alone in his bed that night, it turned out it wasn't exactly nothing.

Kuroo couldn't quite look Kenma in the eyes for two days after, until Kenma snapped at him and made him admit what was going on.

"That's it?"

"Yes, I'm so sorry 🙄"

"Why the fuck would I care about that"

"Huh?"

Kuroo ended up taking that as the blanket permission that it was, and gosh, wouldn't you know it? There was all sorts of things Kenma did that Kuroo liked thinking about when he was alone.

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Kuroo with a kink for being owned and Kenma with a kink for marking him up so that everyone in his office knows he belongs to Kodzuken -

He leaves around lunchtime, saying he's going to negotiate their next promo with Koodzuken. His new juniors wish him luck, Kodzuken is notoriously intimidating and they've heard that Kuroo-san is the only one who knows how to deal with him and get everything they want.

And then, 3 hours later, Kuroo returns. A contract has been signed, there were no revisions. There's a prominent bite on his neck next to a fresh purple red hickey. His intern stares with wide eyes, until his coworker elbows him.

Did he-?

Surely Kuroo-san didn't-?

But that would be-?

Kuroo-san is gay?? Kuroo removes his suit jacket and rolls up his sleeves to start going over the details with his team, which is when they all clock it: rope burns on his wrists.

Kodzuken didn't...force him into something, right? But the contract was signed without even any changes

Kuroo notices them staring and laughs sheepishly, "Sorry," he says. "Kenma gets...carried away sometimes, during our negotiations..."

/Kenma?/

"Although, I'll admit I'm not exactly complaining," he grins. "We get it, Kuroo," one of the senior level members of their team rolls her eyes, "You haven't lost the spark in your marriage."

"I'm just glad it means he doesn't fight on most of this stuff," another coworker laughs. Kuroo sighs, "Yeah, we got lucky this time. I have a feeling it won't go so smoothly next time unless I'm willing to try something particularly nasty."

"And we all know you are, Kuroo."

"Well...maybe."

/Oh my god, my boss is married to Kodzuken.../

https://twitter.com/theylikeboth/status/1510336512461840384?s=20&t=1W40Yb_rjGlfUG309MsgLg

AU where Kenma is a slightly unhinged cage fighter and Kuroo is just a sweet guy who sees him getting mugged and tries to save him but ends up getting rejected entirely and seeing this tiny twink beat the shit out of someone probably four times his size with zero fear

//NSFW

Kenma, spitting blood onto the pavement with a grin, "Sorry, did I ruin your knight in shining armour fantasy?"

Kuroo, on the other hand, has never met someone who both fits his tastes looks-wise (small, slender, looks like they would break in half from his cock) and could clearly easily physically overpower him.

"You are incredible," he breathes.

Kenma laughs, maybe a little meanly, maybe Kuroo likes that.

"Oh, yeah? You should see me fight against someone strong."

He flicks something paper at Kuroo's chest and Kuroo fumbles to catch it. When he does, he sees that it's a card that simply says, "Cage Fights: Tuesday - Saturday" with an address underneath.

He'd never really thought about how cage fights were advertised, but somehow, this wasn't it.

When he looks up, Kenma's gone. If he wants to see this guy again (which, strangely, probably inadvisably, he does), he'll have to go see him fight.

A thrill that he's not used to runs through his stomach at the thought. One he's unfamiliar with at his boring job, where the biggest shock that's happened all year is that one of his coworkers got pregnant after both she and their husband thought they couldn't have kids. Wow, what a story. Certainly worth hearing 1200 times.

As thrilling as accounting is though, the thought of seeing that bloodstained grin again, is a lot more thrilling for Kuroo. // if y'all are interested in more of this I'll write more, I gotta stop for now though bc I need to get out of bed lol

//gonna add some to this while we wait for a table at this restaurant

The guy's name is Kenma, Kuroo quickly learns when he walks in to the sketchy building and sees him hanging off the side of the cage he's in, a feral grin dripping from his lips. He learns this because of the announcer who is apparently praising Kenma's technique, though Kuroo is not entirely sure if technique is the right word.

It took him a lot of suspicious googling to figure out what time he should get here, but he managed to come at a time when the building was already chock full and no one would stare. Imagine being early to a cage fight, how embarrassing would that have been.

Instead of embarrassment, Kuroo's heart is pounding as he pushes his way to the front, drawn in by the animal who called him here. He's fighting someone big. No, not just big, strong and scary. The kind of person that Kuroo, who possesses both height and decent muscle mass, would cross the street to avoid. This person though, is smiling too. In a way, his smile is less scary than Kenma's. It's...joyous. The sound of the crowd presses in on Kuroo's eardrums as he gets right up to the cage, hooking his fingers on the metal.

"Bokuto makes a big swing, but Kenma avoids it!" The announcer shouts.

Kuroo watches Kenma's grin spread impossibly wider, and then he's pushing off the criss-crossed metal wall and leaping right onto Bokuto, wrapping his legs around the beefy man's neck and raining quick punches one after the other onto his face. Bokuto doesn't take it lying down though, in a maneuver that's too quick for

Kuroo to understand, he's flipped Kenma upside down and slammed them both into the ground on their backs.

Kuroo's grip tightens on the bars.

Bokuto turns and punches Kenma in his delicate looking face, hard. It's clear to Kuroo, even as someone who knows nothing about this world, that Kenma's advantage is his speed and adaptability, and Bokuto's is his brute force, but that doesn't mean that Kenma isn't strong or Bokuto isn't fast.

When the bigger man draws his fist back, there's blood on his knuckles, and Kuroo's eyes dart back to Kenma. //okay pausing again

//yo, this is gonna get pretty blood kinky fyi

Kenma's head is turned away from the force of the punch, but when he looks back up, his nose is definitely bleeding, maybe his lips too. He looks dazed, his blood-slick lips parted, and Kuroo thinks for a second that he's lost. But then he licks his teeth and that grin comes back, syrupy sweet and dreamy-eyed. He swings his legs upwards and hooks them around Bokuto's neck again, but instead of pulling Bokuto forwards like Kuroo's seen in the movies, he pulls his own light body over the bigger man's head so he's sitting on his shoulder, grips his head by a handful of hair, plants his bare feet on either side of his body, and slams his face into the ground. He doesn't give Bokuto the courtesy that he had given him either, he just does it again, once-twice-

/tap, tap./

Bokuto slaps the mat with his hand and Kenma pauses just before slamming it down one more time, and a referee that Kuroo didn't even notice until now, steps out of the corner of the ring.

"Bokuto yields!" He grabs one of Kenma's hands and hoists it into the air along with Kenma's body, "Winner!"

The crowd around Kuroo erupts into a cacophony of cheers and booing, next to him, a few people swear loudly, presumably having placed their bets on the wrong horse.

In the cage, Bokuto has rolled over onto his back, his face now just as bloody as Kenma's. Kenma offers him a hand and he takes it with a sporting grin, allowing Kenma to help him up. Seeing them both standing normally (or rather, upright) next to each other really emphasizes their height difference. Kuroo can't blame those people for betting wrong.

The announcer comes on again, practically screaming over the noise of the crowd, "Both Bokuto and Kenma will be fighting again tonight, folks! If you want to place new bets, now's your shot!"

About half of the crowd around Kuroo practically vanishes as they head off to the betting tables, but Kuroo stays put, drinking in the visual of Kenma grabbing hands with Bokuto and bumping shoulders with him, an easy smile having replaced the predator's grin.

The door to the cage swings open, Kuroo didn't even realise he was standing right next to it, and Kenma skips down the couple steps to the ground.

He looks over and locks eyes with Kuroo, recognition lighting in them.

"Business boy," he says, "You came."

"I did," Kuroo says, probably not loud enough to be heard over the noise around him. Kenma steps closer, "What do you think?" he asks, that dangerous grin creeping back onto his lips.

Kuroo steps right into his space without thinking, drawn to him like a planet to a star, "I think you look beautiful with blood on your teeth," he says. Kenma laughs, "Oh, I like you."

He grabs Kuroo's shirt collar and yanks him into an unexpected open-mouthed kiss. Kuroo moans without thinking, too quiet to be heard by anyone around them, but loud enough for Kenma to hear. He runs his tongue over Kenma's slick teeth, tasting salt and copper and spit.

The kiss ends as suddenly as it began when Kenma pushes him away.

"Well? How's it taste?" Kenma eyes could start a fire in his body, he just knows it.

"Like I want more," Kuroo says, barely staying on his feet. Kenma looks pleased, "Come," he commands.

He grabs Kuroo by the tie and yanks, turning on his heel and pulling him like a dog on a leash after him. Kuroo follows obediently, more than happy to be his dog. //okay stopping again, i won't leave y'all hanging though, there will be smut 🍆🍑

The stall door clatters shut behind Kuroo as Kenma reaches forward and locks it.

"What's your name?" Kenma asks.

"Kuroo," Kuroo says, realising how unusual this situation is in which there's a crowd roaring just outside, and in front of him is the kind of guy that he thought only existed in movies. And they only just learned each other's names. And on top of all that, Kenma is looking up with him with that feral grin still spread on his face, while his fingers undo Kuroo's pants. Yes. This is definitely a far cry from his regular office life or his dates with women he met on dating apps or mutual friends. Dates that never went anywhere, let alone a bathroom stall where he tasted blood on their tongues.

Kenma's mouth is on Kuroo's again now, and his lips are softer than Kuroo realised. They're slick and sticky too, and they taste sharp and metallic and salty and Kuroo can't help running his tongue over the split in his lip and before he knows it his hands are buried in Kenma's long hair, fists that hold him close. Kenma shoves a hand down his pants and Kuroo takes a sharp inhale and then groans when it wraps around his cock.

Kenma pulls away a little to speak, "I like you," he repeats, "Just a milquetoast little man, but you have a taste for blood, huh?"

"You're littler than me," Kuroo manages.

Kenma laughs and then yanks him down by the tie, "You're right. Get on your knees."

Kuroo whimpers as the blood rushes to his dick and makes it twitch. He feels precum start to leak from it as his knees hit the ground. Kenma places a foot on Kuroo's thigh and grinds down with his heel, "See, now you're the little one."

Kuroo moans, his hands coming to grasp Kenma's ankle.

Kenma smiles down at him and then takes his foot back and steps forward, "Do you have a safeword?"

Kuroo shakes his head.

"Aw," Kenma coos, "This your first time?"

"No-"

"Your first time doing something that isn't vanilla."

Kuroo swallows. His whole life is vanilla.

"...yes."

The smiles leaves Kenma's face for a moment, "If you want me to stop say 'red', if you need me to slow down, say 'yellow', if you want me to keep going, say 'green. Understand?"

"Yes," Kuroo breathes.

"Say it back."

"If I want you to stop I'll say red, if i want you to slow down I'll say yellow, if I want you to keep going I'll say green."

"Good. So what's your color?"

Kuroo swallows again, his eyes flickering down to where Kenma is playing with the string in his shorts.

"Green."

"That's a good boy," Kenma croons. And then he finally undoes the drawstring on his shorts.
"Tap my leg if you need to speak."

In his mind, Kuroo sees Bokuto tapping the mat.

A hand pets through his hair and then grips tightly, tight enough to sting and make his scalp tingle. "Open."

Kuroo drops his mouth open obediently and then Kenma is pushing into his mouth with a soft groan. Kuroo tastes salt on his tongue and he moans around the cock in his mouth.

"You like it, don't you?" Kenma says softly, like he hasn't got Kuroo in a harsh grasp. Kuroo hums, /Yes, yes he likes it/.

"I know you do."

And then he's fucking Kuroo's mouth. Not slowly at first, not nice, but mean, hard to breathe, rough, his hands controlling the pace. Kuroo's hands ball into fists on his knees as tears gather in his eyes, and god he feels alive in this moment. He's just here to be used, he's just a toy to person who looks like toy himself. Kuroo blinks away the tears and looks up at the delicate features that are contorted into a animalistic smile, scrunches up features that shouldn't be beautiful, but are so beautiful it hurts.

Kenma finally pulls out of his mouth and Kuroo starts coughing immediately.

"You okay, baby?" Kenma asks.

Kuroo nods, still coughing.

"Good, because you're gonna fuck me next."

...

Kuroo never thought having your fingers inside someone could feel so...submissive. But it does. And he /likes/ it. He likes it a lot. He likes it so much that his cock almost hurts from how hard he is. He likes the way he's being berated, the way Kenma ripped his shirt open like it was paper, buttons scattering across the floor, he like the fact that his arms are the thing holding Kenma off the ground right now, coupled with the way Kenma's legs are wrapped around his waist. And he likes the fact that Kenma is leaving purple-red unprofessional hickeys on his neck right now that are surely going to ruin his presentation tomorrow morning, but are going to leave him hard every time he looks at them in the bathroom mirror.

"I like this," Kuroo gasps as teeth sink into neck.

Kenma laughs, "Me too."

Miscellaneous:

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