

## An Affair to Remember

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# An Affair to Remember

by [Stacymash](#)

## Summary

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“There you go, Sir.”

Daichi thanked him and was about to grab them when he spotted a lithe figure heading straight for him, his keen gaze set on Daichi like a shark lurking after a minnow. Daichi’s heart picked up speed as their eyes met, and he took a deep breath to keep from instantly breaking out in a sweat.

*Really, how old am I?*

“Sawamura Daichi, as I live and breathe. Looks like the years have been good to you.”

## Notes

Stacy's 100th fic!! Whooooo!!!!!!

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

Daichi smiled as he leaned against the bar, waiting for his drink. It was a shame it took a wedding to gather his old volleyball team back together and now that they were it was like no years had passed at all. He was pressing into his thirties and he certainly felt it but gazing out onto the dance floor it was like peering into a portal of his final year at Karasuno.

It didn't matter that Tanaka and Shimizu were in long-term relationships with other people and Nishinoya had just started dating someone. Just like old times, the two buffoons chased after her, making sure no one bugged her. Shimizu simply rolled her eyes with a smile and assured her confused partner that they were alright.

And of course, some other familiar faces blended seamlessly in with the old Karasuno team. Hinata, as usual, was leaping above the crowd and surrounded by Kenma, Lev, and Inuoka. Tsukishima lurked off to the side, glaring at them as Yamaguchi and Yachi giggled at his irritation. Daichi stifled his own laughter with his hand. He couldn't blame Tsukishima, he'd be pissed off as well if the man he'd just married seemed more excited to be around their old friends than himself.

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*Really, how old am I?*

"Sawamura Daichi, as I live and breathe. Looks like the years have been good to you."

Daichi couldn't hold back the smirk that spread on his face to mirror Kuroo's, which was just as devilish as the day they met for their third year of high school. He also couldn't resist taking a moment to admire the way his suit embraced his lean figure and stretched over his broad shoulders.

"Fancy seeing you here. It's been how long?"

Kuroo chuckled and placed his palm on the counter, leaning into Daichi's space and flooding his senses with heat and the bite of his cologne. Even in the dim lighting, he could just make out the soothing grey of Kuroo's eye that wasn't blocked by his messy hair.

"A moment away from your side is as painful as an eternity."

"Pfft, oh wow, I think I need a drink to keep this up." Daichi picked both the glasses up and handed one to Kuroo who regarded the already ordered drink with suspicion.

"I wouldn't want to take someone else's drink."

“I instinctively knew you would be coming my way. It’s always our destiny, isn’t it?”

Kuroo snorted as they clinked glasses and tipped the glasses against their lips to drink. As the glass slipped away from Kuroo’s mouth, he made a show of running his tongue over his lips and Daichi thought he might as well be eighteen again the way it set his face on fire.

“What’s this? The alcohol getting to you already, Sawamura?” Kuroo teased as he stretched a finger out to graze down Daichi’s cheek. Daichi frowned and snatched his hand before he could pull it back. He rotated it in front of him and gasped when he spotted a gold band around a certain finger.

“What’s this? You’re married?! What kind of man flirts with an old friend when he’s already taken?” He huffed as he lightly tossed Kuroo’s hand back, biting his tongue to keep from laughing. Kuroo snickered and did his best to look guilty as he scratched the back of his head.

“Oh man, I was found out. Listen, Sawamura, it’s not what you think—”

“Yeah? Well, let me tell you something. It’s not Sawamura anymore.”

“What?”

“I’m married too, took my husband’s name as my own.”

It was Kuroo’s turn to gasp dramatically as Daichi flashed his ring in front of his face with a wide grin.

“What would your husband think, knowing you’re seducing an old flame of yours?”

“Seducing?”

“Yeah, wiggling around in that tight suit of yours.”

“It’s not that tight!”

“Uh huh? It definitely doesn’t leave much to the imagination,” He leered, letting his gaze linger particularly around Daichi’s pecs. “Your husband let you leave the house like that?”

Daichi shrugged. “He trusts me. He knows there’s no one else I could love.”

“Hmm, match made in heaven, huh? Makes me kinda jealous.”

“Oh? Trouble in paradise for you and your...”

“Husband and no, we’re just fine. I just meant that it would take quite a man to steal your heart and ruin you for everyone else. He must be devastatingly handsome.”

Daichi rolled his eyes as he tried not to smile. “Yes, unfortunately, he is.”

“Unfortunately?”

“Yeah, he’s so good looking he could get away with murder,” He said, gazing into his glass as he swirled the liquid around. He took his finger and slipped it around the rim to gather up the spare drops. “And his hands... Oh god, his hands are so beautiful. His long fingers do things to me that make me forget my own name.”

He finally glanced back at Kuroo and nearly snorted at the redness of his cheeks and the way his jaw hung slack. He maintained eye contact with him as he lifted his finger from the rim of his glass and sucked the drops from his finger, making sure to smack his lips extra loud against his skin.

“Shit,” Kuroo hissed into his hand, finally tearing his gaze away from Daichi.

“Is it warm in here, Kuroo? You’re looking a little flushed,” He whispered as he reached out to fondle Kuroo’s tie between his fingers.

“Yeah, it is pretty warm. Maybe we should take this conversation somewhere else?”

“That’s what I was about to suggest,” A third voice deadpanned beside them. They turned to see an unimpressed Yaku standing there with his arms crossed in front of him. “Could both Kuroo’s present please flirt somewhere other than the bar? I’m thirsty.”

“Sorry,” They mumbled, snatching up their drinks and drifting closer to the dance floor. Kuroo’s arm naturally drifted around Daichi’s back, draping him in warmth as they wandered. Daichi felt the familiar squeeze of his fingers around his shoulder and he switched his glass to his other hand so he could wrap an arm around Kuroo’s slender waist. They were quiet for a while, amusing themselves as they watched the antics of their old friends. Daichi felt a slight pressure against the top of his head as Kuroo rested his cheek there and sighed.

“Think your husband would mind if we danced? Just for old time’s sake of course.”

“I’m sure he won’t mind, as long as you don’t get too handsy.”

“Oh ho? No promises,” Kuroo purred while his hand ran down Daichi’s back and below his suit jacket. Daichi laughed but did nothing to stop him, instead taking hold of both glasses and setting them on a nearby table.

“Come on, show me those famous Kuroo Tetsurou moves I’ve heard so much about.”

He threaded their fingers together and walked backward a few steps, his smile playful as he lured Kuroo to follow.

“Better tighten your belt, then. Pants have been known to just drop when I pull out my sexy moves.”

Daichi’s laugh rang out as he turned around, so loud Kuroo could hear it over the heavy music assaulting his ears. Kuroo beamed as he followed his husband through the crowd of their friends. He paused, however, when he spotted one of the grooms bouncing in front of his friends while his husband sulked on the sidelines. He snickered and tugged Daichi to a stop before leaning in toward Hinata’s ear.

“Hey, Chibi-chan, it’s not nice to neglect your hubby just hours after tying the knot. Looks like you’ve got a lot to make up for.”

“Huh? Oh!” Hinata flinched when he caught sight of the dark aura clouding over Tsukishima, his arms crossed tightly in front of his broad chest. “Bye guys!” He chirped at Kenma, Lev, and Inuoka and zipped through the crowd, disappearing completely from sight. Kuroo chuckled and tugged Daichi closer to him, already swaying to the music.

“Something tells me those two will cut out early.”

“I think you’re right,” Daichi agreed, craning his head up to meet Kuroo’s gaze. “Tsukishima’s never been the social type.”

“Nah, and I can understand how he feels. Our wedding was years ago and I still can’t wait to sneak you off for some alone time.”

“Hmm, although…” Daichi drifted off, a secretive smile spreading across his lips and sending goosebumps fluttering down Kuroo’s spine. “It’s kind of fun sneaking around in public too, isn’t it?”

Kuroo brightened at the suggestion and quickly craned his head around to scope out the area. “Okay, we’ve got long curtains over the windows, so we could slide behind one of those. There’s a huge speaker system over that could hide us pretty well.”

“Or,” Daichi began, tugging him down by his tie and stretching up to graze his lips over his ear, “We could hide under the dessert table and see how far we get before we’re discovered.”

“Sold.” Kuroo spun around with Daichi’s hand clasped in his, hunched over so his head didn’t stick out above everyone else’s.

“If you don’t want the entire wedding to know what we’re up to, you might want to be a bit more subtle.”

“Relax Babe, they’re all in their own little worlds.”

“Wait, I want to sneak around with you, but can’t we dance a little longer? We never do this anymore.”

Kuroo paused mid-step on his way to the elusive dessert table, stopped short by the disappointed tone of Daichi’s voice. He glanced over his shoulder and was caught in the lure of his brown doe eyes and found his resolve crumbling into dust.

“God, I’m so weak,” Kuroo chuckled, turning back to his husband and draping himself over him. He could just see the corner of Daichi’s lips turning up as he planted kisses along his hairline.

“You’re not weak, I just know how to use my body to get what I want. It’s not like you don’t do the same with those sex eyes of yours.”

“Oh? You mean these ones?” He asked as he leaned back to fix Daichi with a sultry gaze.

“Yup, those ones, though that rotten smirk of yours kind of negates it.”

Kuroo’s smile widened as he leaned down to remind Daichi how weak he could be to his smirk as well, brushing their lips together softly and pulling him in closer. Daichi hummed contentedly, wrapping his arms around Kuroo’s neck as he lifted himself on his toes. They ignored the other couples shuffling around them even as the music changed to something more energetic. Their bodies swayed back and forth as danced to a song of their own making, nuzzling their faces together with giggles trickling through their lazy kisses.

Suddenly Daichi pulled back with a gasp and turned his head away, making a poor attempt at looking upset.

“No, Tetsu, we mustn’t. If my husband finds out...”

“Shh, it’s alright, Baby. He won’t find out. No one here knows us and he’s out of town, what’s the worst that could happen?”

“I don’t know, I just have the feeling that—”

Their charade was interrupted by a series of awkward coughs, and they turned to see Asahi standing next to them but looking everywhere else in the vicinity as he scratched the back of his head.

“Uh, sorry to interrupt you guys, but there’s a problem.”

“What’s the problem?” Daichi asked, giving Kuroo a warning look before he made his friend more uncomfortable.

“Suga noticed that Tsukishima and Hinata have disappeared, and he’s worried they’re fighting somewhere.”

“Why didn’t he come over here himself?”

“He said he didn’t want to, um, throw up,” Asahi mumbled, jerking his head in the direction of the bar to take the focus off himself. Daichi turned that way and glared at Suga who was leaning against the bar with Yaku, both of them gesturing that their antics were making them sick.

“Well, you can tell Suga that they’re both married adults now, and maybe if he stopped consuming himself in other people’s relationships he’d realize Yaku’s been trying to flirt with him for over ten years.”

Kuroo tipped his head back, his obnoxious cackle ringing out above the music and chatter. Asahi gaped at Daichi like he’d grown a second head as a tendril of sweat dripped down his cheek.

“You want me to say that?”

“Yes, go do it. And enjoy yourself while you’re at it, you’re nobody’s messenger boy.”

“Oh, okay,” He mumbled, walking back to Suga like he was approaching his doom.

“Baby, that was a little savage.”

Daichi shrugged. “He deserves it. Now, where were we?”

“Well, I was just about to say how nice the mood was and that we should take it to a more private location. Then we were so rudely interrupted.”

“I think we could get that mood back pretty quickly,” Daichi chuckled, reaching up his hand to swipe the hair away from Kuroo’s eye, giving him a full view of his handsome face. Kuroo smiled impishly and leaned back down for another kiss.

“I found ‘em!” Tanaka’s brash voice swept across the spacious room and everyone turned to see what the commotion was about. Tanaka was standing next to the desserts with the tablecloth in his hand. A hand shot out from underneath the table and grabbed hold of Tanaka’s ankle, setting him off balance. He teetered for a couple precarious moments before succumbing to gravity and landing on the floor, yanking the tablecloth with him. An uproar of laughter mixed with the sound of clattering dishes, drowning out the music and Tanaka’s squawks, but everyone cheered when the wedding cake managed to remain upright on the table.

“Damn it, they stole our spot,” Kuroo muttered, only half disappointed since the spectacle was so hilarious.

Daichi sighed and looked around the room. Several of their old teammates were rushing toward the dessert table to heckle the couple and help Tanaka out with his mess. Suga and Yaku seemed to be the only ones not paying attention as they spoke quietly off to the side, nervously fiddling with their drinks with reddened cheeks. The entire hall was filled with chaos, and a sly grin spread on Daichi’s lips as he wrapped his arm around Kuroo’s waist and leaned up toward his ear.

“Quick, now’s our chance to escape. Your room or mine?”

Kuroo snickered and began subtly shuffling toward the edge of the dance floor closest to the door. “Depends which is closer, I’m in 301.”

“What a coincidence, that’s my room number too.”

“Wow, small world. Let’s just do mine then, it’ll be easier hiding it from my husband than yours.”

“And why is that?”

“Ah, you know how mine can be, things tend to go over his head. Ow, ow, ow, ow,” Kuroo whined as he nearly crumpled to the floor in pain from how hard Daichi was squeezing his hand. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it! My husband is so smart and observant I know there’s no way we’re going to get away with this.”

“Good, that’s what I thought.”



Daichi wore a smug grin as Kuroo straightened up with a pout on his face. To appease his husband, he lifted the injured hand to his lips and pressed a kiss into his palm. Kuroo's face softened, his cheeks growing adorably pink.

"We better hurry, or we won't even make it to the room."

"I'm not opposed to fooling around in the elevator."

"Sold."

Without another word, Kuroo lunged for the doors with a laughing Daichi in tow, dramatically looking behind them to make sure they weren't spotted. They were definitely spotted by at least three of their friends, but he ignored the fact as he snuck Daichi away. Everyone was expected to be in town for another day or two anyway, so they'd have time hang out with them later. At that moment he wouldn't rest until Daichi's tight suit was rumpled on the floor next to their hotel bed, certain that his husband wouldn't have a problem with that at all.

## End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed it! My brain's been so consumed by my original wip for nano I needed to release some kurodai fluff, especially on Kuroo's birthday!!

**Edit** Blueismybusiness wrote a [companion fic](#) for this!! It focuses on the Tsukihina aspect of the wedding, and it made me cry, and laugh, and cry and laugh again.

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