

Stay

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by [N3VERAGOD](#)

Summary

Maybe if Kageyama held back he wouldn't have seen Hinata's heart shatter.

Notes

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

Hinata's line of direction was directed towards the cold hardwood floors in Tobio Kageyama's relatively comfortable apartment.

It brought back many comforting memories to the orange haired male, but as of right now he's mainly worried on what's happening. His boyfriend, Tobio, was yelling at him. It was much more different than all of the other times that he has shouted at him, the only difference being that all of those other times weren't serious, but today wasn't one of those days. Today was the day where Hinata completely tuned out the harsh words that his boyfriend was spewing at him, a tactic that he often used in order to avoid hearing the heart-wrenching insults that plenty of elementary kids had thrown at him, it became a habit that he had thought that he broke, but unfortunately he did not.

That small habit came rushing back, covering his small ears, barricading him from the tongue-cutting words that were thrown out of Kageyama's distorted mouth, or at least that's what Hinata believes is what his mouth looked like. He still hasn't brought himself to look at him in the eyes, instead, he was playing with the smooth ends of the sweater that Kageyama gave him, or more realistically, the one that he stole from his closet. Hinata continued on playing with the smooth end of the soft fabric, he didn't want to have a meltdown, so this was the next best thing to calm his nerves. Although his mind was completely blank, he felt his heart beat out of his chest, and his emotions uncomfortably swish around in his stomach like a overwhelmingly strong whirlpool.

His vision eventually blurred, and soon after there were salty tears streaming down Hinata's pale face, which ran down much lower until they dropped onto the floor. Drop by drop, Hinata felt his guilt overcome him, and the words "I'm sorry" were at the top of his tongue, but for some reason he couldn't let those two simple words out. When he attempted to say those words again, a small whimper escaped his throat instead, leaving Hinata in a frustrated state. He wanted to apologize, he really did, but his body didn't allow him to do so whatsoever.

He softly sniffled and wiped his face with the sleeve of the sweater, leaving smeared tear stains on the fabric. There he was, his small figure shaking with distress coursing through him, Hinata had finally decided to look up at Kageyama, wanting to face him, only to finally hear the word "leave" escape his lips. All of the blood rushed away from his face, and he felt himself freeze for a few moments, not believing what had just happened.

Hinata slowly averted eye contact, and wiped his eyes once more. He quietly picked up his bag and slipped on his shoes, dashing out of Kageyama's apartment, completely ignoring the cold and bitter air slapping his face. His breathing had become ragged, and he was already missing the warmth of Kageyama's apartment, but Kageyama made it awfully clear that he didn't want him there at that moment, and he silently accepted that.

He walked towards the direction of his bike, and got onto it, balancing himself and pushing down on the pedals as hard as he could, wanting to leave that situation behind immediately. Hinata's vision had blurred once again, but it was slightly worse due to the coldness of the night, but then again, he doesn't care. He just wanted to go back to his apartment and forget that this day had ever happened.

Kageyama was in his room, laying on his back while his hand was resting on his forehead.

He was thinking through everything that had happened earlier, and he came to the conclusion that he was, indeed, a fucking idiot. He knew that he shouldn't have lashed out at Hinata in the way that he did, and he never expected to make him cry. Hell, that wasn't even his intention in the first place. He loved Hinata, so why did he do that to him? He silently winced, hurt at the fact that he made his boyfriend cry.

He let out an exasperated sigh, harshly whispering the word "fuck" under his breath. He knew that Hinata was going to avoid him after everything, and that's what is hurting Kageyama. He was well aware of the fact that he could've prevented this from the beginning, but, of course, he allowed his emotions to overrule his logic, and now look at where that got him.

He rolled his eyes and turned to his side, only to spot Hinata's t-shirt right next to him. It was the shirt that Hinata often brought over for his "sleepovers" at Kageyama's place. Kageyama furrowed his brows and bit on his bottom lip, gently grabbing the t-shirt and holding it to his chest, envisioning that the shirt was Hinata instead. "I really fucked up, didn't I?" Kageyama said to no one in particular. He let out another sigh, silently accepting that he needed to swallow his pride and apologize to Hinata tomorrow. But for right now he has to sleep, so that's exactly what he did. He slept while clutching onto Hinata's shirt, hoping that things could go back to normal.

The morning sun shone through Hinata's nearly-closed blinds, practically yelling "It's morning". Hinata slowly scrunched his face and gently began to open his eyes, blinking from time to time in order to condition his tired eyes to become used to the sun. He leisurely got up from his bed and finally opened his blinds all the way, allowing the bright sun to warm his cozy apartment.

Hinata took a short look around, smiling at how pretty the sun can make things look. After admiring the scenery before him, Hinata rose his hand up to rub his eye, only to realize that he still had Kageyama's sweater on. His heart suddenly stung, and memories from the night before came flooding back into his mind. His breathing became uneven, and tears welled up in his eyes.

He sniffled quietly, and took deep breaths in order to calm himself down. He delicately rubbed his eyes, clearing away any tears that threatened to fall from his waterline. Hinata stood in the middle of his room for a moment, attempting to ground himself until he ultimately decided to go for a walk to clear his mind. He made his way towards the bathroom and quickly brushed his teeth and popped into the shower, the cold water making his eyes cool down and become less swollen.

Once he had dried himself off, he looked at himself in the mirror and ran his fingers through his hair, sighing at his reflection. He left the bathroom and decided to look for clothes to wear. While he was looking through his options he had realized that most of the clothes in his drawers were pieces that he stole from Kageyama. He huffed, but decided on wearing baggy black sweatpants and Kageyama's white hoodie. Hinata grabbed his phone and his apartment keys, and slipped on the comfortable sneakers that he often wore out, and finally left his apartment.

The morning breeze gently caressed his face, making him smile with content. It was 7 in the morning, very early, but yet Hinata saw a group of people running errands. It always baffled Hinata to see people properly function so early in the morning. He eventually tore away his gaze from the strangers in front of him, and began to walk at a calm pace. He wasn't 100% sure where he was going, but he just allowed his legs to lead him wherever they wanted to, which eventually, he realized, that he was heading to the direction of the nearest park in his location. He kept on walking until he bumped into someone on the path there. He closed his eyes from the unexpected impact and began to say a small "I'm so sorry-" until he opened his eyes and realized who he was talking to. Hinata nearly jumped out of his skin when he recognized the straight black hair and steel blue eyes that he knew all too well.

Kageyama didn't utter a word. His heart nearly stopped when he spotted the shorter male in front of him. He stared down at Hinata, who still had slight puffy eyes, in which Kageyama noted was from the tears that he had shed at his apartment, and maybe even more at his own.

His heart completely sunk when he remembered the events from the night before. Kageyama frowned, and was about to begin his apology, until Hinata had beaten him to it. "Could you hold me without any talking?" Were the first few words that had left Hinata's mouth, making Kageyama's heart sink even further down. He could see the tears that were forming in Hinata's eyes, and he decided to listen to what he had to say, since it quite obviously seems to be a lot. "We could pretend that last night ever happened, go back to how things usually were," Kageyama kept on staring at Hinata, an intense look of worry painted onto his usually stoic face.

"I don't even have to stay if you don't want me to." Hinata cried, his voice cracking and his nose becoming red from the mixture of the cold and the tears. Kageyama took in a deep breath, finally swallowing his pride. He gently wrapped his arms around Hinata's waist and let out a clear "I'm sorry." Hinata had tensed up for a moment, until Kageyama said it again. "I'm so sorry, Hinata." Hinata's breath hitched.

He never expected Kageyama to apologize first, but either way he was deeply grateful for that. Hinata dug his head into Kageyama's chest, gripping onto the fabric of his shirt, and taking this moment in, trying to remember all of the details. Kageyama then slowly moved his hand up to Hinata's cheek, causing Hinata to meet Kageyama's soft stare. Kageyama gently caressed Hinata's cold cheek with his warm hand.

He always took note of how soft Hinata's skin stayed no matter the weather. Hinata was still staring up at Kageyama with a confused expression on his face. He wasn't exactly sure what his motives were. But before he could ask about it, Kageyama had already connected their lips together. Hinata melted into the kiss, gripping onto Kageyama's arms for support. After a few moments, they had finally separated from the kiss, only to get some air. A soft blush was evident on both of their faces, causing Hinata to smile. Kageyama studied Hinata's face a little longer, trying to memorize his expression since that was one of the things that Kageyama adored about Hinata, his expressiveness.

Without any sort of warning, Kageyama grabbed Hinata's hand and dragged him down the sidewalk with him.

He didn't even explain where they were going, he just looked at him and grabbed his arm. Hinata always found his behavior humorous, but also endearing. After a few strides, Hinata had finally recognized the route that they were going in, so he didn't ask any questions, since he had already recognized the answer. Once they had arrived at the destination, Kageyama immediately opened the doors, welcoming Hinata into his warm apartment once again.

Hinata smiled and took in the scent. It had always comforted him. Before Hinata could think, Kageyama quickly lead Hinata into his room, and laid down on the bed, only to pull down Hinata with him. Hinata giggled, and laid down on Kageyama's chest, listening to the steady sound of his heartbeat. Kageyama swiftly wrapped his arms around Hinata, and Hinata smiled to himself, enjoying the warm feeling of his boyfriend's arms wrapped around his torso. "I love you Kageyama, so much." Hinata said softly. Kageyama's face flushed a gentle pink, but nonetheless he bent down and gave Hinata a quick kiss.

"I love you too, dumbass."

End Notes

Just like that, that is the end! I hope you enjoyed reading this story just as much as I enjoyed writing it <3

The song that inspired this story is called “Stay” by Gracie Abrams. You should listen to it, it’s lovely.

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