

We look for ways to fly

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We look for ways to fly

by [Idiotgenius33](#)

Summary

Hinata Shouyou was thirteen months old when his father got a promotion.

Thirteen months old when his family packed up and moved.

Four years old when he watched his first beach volleyball match.

Thirteen years old when he won his first tournament.

At fifteen, he said goodbye to the beach, his friends, and Brazil.

When Hinata Shouyou was fifteen, he walked through the doors of Karasuno High School

Notes

"Because people don't have wings, we look for ways to fly."

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

Endings and Beginings

Chapter Notes

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

In front of me, a tall, tall wall looms.

What's the view on the other side?

What does it look like?

The view from the top... is a view I could never see on my own.

But if I'm not doing it alone...

but·ter·fly ef·fect

noun

the phenomenon whereby a minute localized change in a complex system can have large effects elsewhere.

When Hinata Shouyou was thirteen months old, a woman watched her husband enter the home after work.

She greeted the man along with their child. The orange-haired toddler reached out for his father. The equally bright-haired man put down his bags and took the child out of the woman's arms.

"How was your day Shouyou?" the man asked as he bounced the toddler on his hip.

"It was great," the woman smiled. "Shouyou watched some TV, did some colouring, walked around the house."

"Did you now?" the man asked, making a silly face at the toddler and the child laughed.

"You called earlier and said you had something to discuss after work?" The woman said, to her husband. The man walked over to a corner in the living room with a blanket on the ground and a few scattered toys. He placed the toddler whine after being let go but the man handed him a toy car.

"Go play Shouyou," the man said. "The adults have some grown-up stuff they need to discuss." The man turned back to his wife who looked back at him expectantly.

"Remember how you always said you wanted to see more of the world?" The man said, he seemed excited but also cautious. Like he wasn't sure how the woman would react to the news.

“Yes?” the woman said hesitantly.

“Well, the company offered me a promotion.”

The woman smiled. “That’s amazing! After all the hard work you put in you were the obvious choice.” She tilted her head. “And what does this have to do with travelling exactly?”

The man looked out the window, then looked at their child before meeting his wife's eyes.

“They want us to move to their branch in Brazil.

In a twist of fate, the Hinata family moved to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Hinata Shouyou was four years old when he saw his first match.

It was a nice day out and Hinata’s parents decided a day at the beach would be the best way to spend it. Once they arrived, however, it was busier than normal. There seemed to be an event happening as tourists and locals alike were gathered in a huge crowd.

Shouyou just barely caught sight of a ball appearing in the air a few times before reaching a point where it seemed to slow down. In almost slow motion, Shouyou watched as a person soared above the crowd and met the ball high in the air. He hit it with a loud *SMACK!* The crowd went wild.

Shouyou let go of his mother’s hand and dove into the crowd. He used his small stature to his advantage as he weaved through the people’s legs until he got a perfect front seat view of what was going on.

“And another point for Isaías and Diego! That brings us to match point!” The announcer's voice boomed over the speakers.

Shouyou watched the pair high five before preparing for the next serve.

Mesmerized by the ball, Shouyou watched as it zipped over the net. It looked like it was about to hit the sand when suddenly, another player was there and the ball was in the air and returned. The rally went on and Shouyou couldn’t look away.

“Shouyou!” someone grabbed his shoulder. He was pulled back into a tight embrace by his mom. “You can’t just run away like that.”

“But look, mom, the man is flying!” Hinata pointed to the men on the court.

“Looks like there's a volleyball tournament going on,” his mom hums.

“Voll-ey-ball?” Shouyou says each syllable slowly as he tests it out. “I’m going to play volleyball!” he exclaimed.

“Well,” his mom laughed. “Most volleyball players are tall,” she said as she ruffled his hair.

“I’m still growing!” Shouyou shouted. “I’m going to beat them and become the best volleyball player in the world!”

When Hinata Shouyou turned five years old, he got his first volleyball.

“Now you can practice to your heart's content.” His father told him as Shouyou tackled him with a hug.

“Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!” both of his parents felt their hearts warm.

Hinata Shouyou was six years old when he played his first match.

It was an unofficial match of course and he would barely remember it when he was older. But at the time it meant everything.

It was just a small game as part of a beach volleyball camp mainly to keep kids entertained as their parents went off to do something else.

Shouyou was paired with a random tourist boy from America and they lost straight sets.

It was also the day Shouyou declared he would do whatever he could to get back onto the court.

When Hinata Shouyou was seven years old he gained a new family member.

“Shouyou come meet your sister,” his mom told him from the hospital bed. Hinata climbed onto the bed gently beside his mother. He looked at the infant who was staring wide-eyed around the room.

“Do you want to hold her?” his mother asked. Shouyou nodded. His mother gently placed his sister in his arms and showed him how to hold her.

“We named her Natsu,” his dad said softly.

Shouyou smiled at his sister. “Welcome to our family Natsu.”

When Hinata Shouyou was eight years old, they lost a family member.

“A drunk driver ran into the car. He didn’t make it.”

Shouyou turned from where he was playing with Natsu when he heard the phone crash to the ground.

“Mom?” he asked. “What’s wrong?”

When Heitor Santana was nine years old, he met an energetic orange-haired boy.

Heitor felt something against his leg. He looked down to see a volleyball. He barely had time to pick it up when he saw a small orange-haired boy running towards him.

“Hey!” the boy called out. “Pass it!” Heitor tossed the ball which the boy caught easily.

“Thanks,” the boy said. “You play?”

“Um,” Heitor paused, and he felt guilt overwhelm him. At the moment he was currently ditching his own practice (which his parents did not know). Both of Heitor's parents were pro volleyball players and thus he had been surrounded by volleyball his whole life. And it's not that he didn't enjoy the sport, it's just he's found himself in a hard place at the moment where he lacked the motivation to continue. His current relationship with volleyball was complicated. “Yeah I play,” Heitor finally decided to say.

The boy didn't even seem fazed by the long pause from Heitor.

“Really! That's awesome!” the boy shouted. Heitor tried not to wince at the volume. “Hey, my partner had to leave early today would you mind maybe subbing in?”

Heitor was tempted to decline then leave, he was trying to get a break after all. However, something about this boy was magnetic, it drew you in.

“Sure,” Heitor replied, “Why not?”

“Oh my god! Thank you so much!” the boy yelled. Heitor wondered if the boy only had one volume. “My name is Shouyou Hinata.” Shouyou held out his hand.

“Heitor,” Heitor said as he took the hand.

“Let's go win this thing Heitor!”

When Heitor was nine years old he found he wanted to improve.

“Shouyou! That was amazing!” Heitor shouted as Shouyou landed a spike in a particularly nasty spot on the other side of the court. The point won them the game, straight sets.

“You're like crazy good too!” Shouyou yelled, jumping up and down. “I mean your jumps were like ‘whoosh’ and all your spikes when ‘BAM’! And you're so tall! I would give anything to be that tall!”

“But your jumps were crazy! I think they were higher than mine” Heitor praised back. “And your digs were also great! Every time I thought we were done for you, we were right there! You were like a ninja!”

“You think so!” Shouyou asked.

“Yes!” Heitor said, without hesitation. They both walked off the court and downed their water bottles. They were both covered in sand and sweat from the beating sun and were breathing heavily.

“Hey, Heitor?” Shouyou asked between breaths.

“Yeah?” Heitor said.

“Do you want to be my partner from now on?”

Heitor thought for a moment. For the first time in a month, he experienced nothing but pure joy for the sport. The same love that his parents felt and in a way he felt like he understood them more. In the end, it wasn’t a hard decision to make.

“Yes!” he said and Shouyou’s smile widened if possible.

“We’re going to make the best team!” Shouyou yelled as he threw an arm around Heitor who had to bend down awkwardly to make that possible.

Heitor laughed. Shouyou Hinata was good. Very good. And though not all his technique was there, Heitor could tell that if he wanted to stay partners with Shouyou, he’d have to be able to keep up with him. Which meant he would have to train, and hard.

Heitor smiled to himself.

When Hinata Shouyou was ten years old, he participated in his first tournament.

It was a youth tournament for ages ten to fourteen.

They placed third.

The medal hung in his room proudly.

When Nicholas Romero was nineteen, he signed his first autograph.

“You’re Nicholas Romero!” an orange-haired boy exclaimed. “You were on the national Brazil youth team and soon to represent Brazil globally in the upcoming years! What are you doing here?”

Nicholas rubbed the back of his neck. “It’s not every day I get recognized,” he let out a nervous laugh. “I’m not exactly a household name yet am I?”

“But you’re so cool!” Shouyou waved his arms around like crazy. “You’re going to be super-duper famous soon I just know it! And one day I will beat you!”

“Beat me?” At this Nicholas smirked. “Don’t you have to be taller to make that happen?”

The boy got a sour look about him and Nicholas suddenly felt guilty, maybe that was the wrong thing to say. But the boy didn't seem to take it to heart and sent back a retort with even more determination.

“Just you wait! Maybe I can't beat you today! Or tomorrow! Or in five years! But one day when you least expect it I will beat you! Make sure to remember the name Shouyou Hinata!”

Nicholas found himself admiring the kids' determination. “Well Shouyou Hinata,” he held out his hand and the kid stared at it in amazement. “I look forward to that day.”

Shouyou took Nicholas' hand and gave it a firm shake. Nicholas turned to leave but the boy cried out.

“Wait!” he yelled.

Nicholas turned around to see the boy frantically padding around his pockets for something. He eventually pulled out a black sharpie. And looked very pleased with himself.

He ran up to Nicholas and handed him the sharpie.

“You're going to be big one day so,” The boy bowed his head. “Would you please sign my shirt!” he yelled.

Nicholas was caught off guard. Sure sometimes big volleyball fans would recognize him, but that was very rare. No one has ever asked him for his autograph before. He felt a sense of warmth spread through him that this boy believed in him that much.

Nicholas uncapped the pen and the boy's eyes lit up as he turned around. Nicholas signed the shirt on the left shoulder, though it was hard since the Shouyou was practically vibrating with excitement.

“Thank you so much!” Shouyou shouted, jumping up and down.

“No problem.” Nicholas laughed. The boy had no idea how much this interaction meant to them either.

Instead of leaving, as he had previously planned, he said instead. “Do you maybe want to toss a ball for a bit?”

Shouyou looked like he was about to faint. “R-really?” he stuttered.

Nicholas smiled. “Maybe I could even show you a thing or two.”

Shouyou's eyes were so wide Nicholas thought they were going to explode.

Hinata Shouyou was thirteen when he and his partner won his first tournament.

When Hinata Shouyou was thirteen years old, he started hearing a name being whispered on the beach he called home.

Ninja Shouyou.

After years of practice. Help from coaches. Asking for advice from people he'd played against. Even getting advice from some pro beach volleyball players he managed to run into by chance on the beach. And more practice against all types of players (old, young, experienced, new, locals, tourists, etc). People started to take notice.

"I hear this kid is crazy talented."

"Can jump nearly four meters in the air."

"He's only thirteen years old."

"He and his partner won the last junior tournament this summer, didn't you hear?"

Shouyou couldn't help but smile.

When Hinata Shouyou was fourteen, his mother asked him his thoughts on moving back to Japan.

When Hinata Shouyou was fifteen, he said goodbye to the beach, his friends, and Brazil.

When Hinata Shouyou was fifteen, he walked through the doors of Karasuno High School for the first time.

Chapter End Notes

This was very self indulgent. I know nothing about beach volleyball or regular volleyball. Why did I write this?

Someone better

When Kageyama Tobio was twelve years old, his grandfather told him something he would never forget.

The one thing Tobio wanted more than anything in the world, the thing he could never get enough of, was volleyball. Because Tobio wanted to play. To be the one who stood on the court the longest and to make contact with the ball the most. It's the reason he became a setter.

So he practiced, to become the best. He played with his sister and was taught by his grandfather and took every chance he could to get better. He continued to play, to improve. *Until those around him could no longer keep up.* The games became dull, too easy, too simple. He started going easy on his opponents just to make the games last longer. This did not go unnoticed.

"Y'know Tobio... If you get really, really good, you'll get to play lots more games. The best players get to play lots and lots of volleyball." Were the words of his grandfather.

But Tobio didn't just want more games, he wanted a challenge. So his grandfather told him this.

"If you get really good," his grandfather's voice was soft, yet firm. What he said was no doubt fact in his mind. "I promise you, somebody who's even better will come along and find you."

So Tobio stopped going easy on his opponents.

He played. He practiced. He perfected. He improved. He waited.

He got benched.

He didn't pass an entrance exam.

He entered the Karasuno volleyball gym.

He started warming up for tryouts.

Tobio did not have high hopes about his high school volleyball career as he entered the gym for the first time. The gym was small, about half the size of the one back at Kitagawa, with only enough room for one court.

The ball that he grabbed from the clubroom was worn out and not in the best condition. The net looked ready to fall apart with a few holes in it.

How he wished he was at Shiratorizawa, if not for that damn entrance exam.

Tobio scowled as he threw the ball in the air, preparing to make a jump serve, just as the doors to the gymnasium burst open.

“Is this where the volleyball club is the meeting?” A voice asked, louder than necessary.

The sudden presence caused Tobio to lose his footing and he crashed to the ground.

“GAH!” the person yelled as they ran up to Tobio. “Are you okay?” he asked, offering a hand.

“I’m fine,” Tobio scowled. He hit the hand away. He didn’t need help, he wouldn’t have fallen if the idiot hadn’t interrupted him in the first place.

“Hey! I was just trying to be helpful.” the person exclaimed. “No need to be mean about it. What’s your name anyway?”

Tobio pushed himself to his feet and got a look at the annoying presence, the first thing he saw was orange. “Why should I tell you that?”

The orange-haired boy let out a huff and crossed his arms. “Well since we both are here we might be future teammates after all.” the boy then did a one-eighty and suddenly had a look of excitement? Constipation? Tobio couldn’t tell but it was freaking him out. “I’m Hinata Shouyou.”

Tobio scoffed. “To be teammates you actually have to make the team.” he gave Hinata a side-eye. “And even then, I doubt you’ll be of any use to me.”

“Hey!” Hinata called after Tobio who was walking to retrieve his ball. “That was uncalled for! And you’ve never even seen me play before! How can you judge someone who you’ve never seen play!”

“Are you a libero?” Tobio asked.

“I- erm” Hinata’s expression changed to one of concentration before he snapped his fingers in recollection. “That’s the one where they can only defend right?”

Tobio felt a strong sense of irritation come over him. *This kid didn’t know about volleyball positions yet was so confident he would make the team.* “If you don’t know the volleyball positions you have no place on the court.” he spat.

‘Who knew that the setter from Kitagawa First would choose us?’ The two were interrupted by a voice from outside.

‘But the guy is cocky; I just know it.’

‘Not again.’

‘Would you stop intimidating everyone you see?’

‘I-i would never do that

The two boys stood frozen in their spots as they watched the doors to the gym open to reveal three older students. Tobio noticed one of them was pale with grey hair and a kind smile. The one standing in the middle had an air of authority to him. *Most likely the captain.* And the one on to the left of the captain looked just about ready to rip someone's head off.

The one that looked borderline crazy stepped forward. "Hey, hey, hey! Who said you guys could-" he was cut off by the middle guy who pulled him back in line by the collar of his shirt.

"You're Kageyama?" the grey-haired teen stated more than asked.

"Yes," Tobio nodded. Hinata looked at Kageyama curiously. *So Hinata was either completely new to volleyball, or was not from around here,* Tobio mused. Not to sound cocky, but he was pretty well known around the local volleyball community. You had to live under a rock to not to have heard the name the King of the Court thrown around at least once.

"Glad you're here," the grey-haired teen said politely. "You're quite tall."

"First impression's key, Suga-! Let's blast him with the majesty of being a third-year!" the teen with the shaved head shouted.

"Tanaka, stop it with that face." the teen in the middle reprimanded. He seemed used to Tanaka's antics.

Tobio noticed Hinata was staring at him like he was analyzing everything Tobio was. Tobio just tried to ignore him. He felt oddly exposed to the smaller boy looking at him like that.

"How tall are you?" Sugawara asked.

"180 cm," Tobio replied.

"Oh wow," Sugawara said at the same time Tanaka said, "That's badass."

"HELLO!" The four were abruptly cut off from their conversation. *Had Hinata been trying to talk? Tobio hadn't noticed.*

"Hey!" Tanaka pointed an aggressive finger towards Hinata. "Who are you shorty!"

The middle guy looked down at a piece of paper in his hand. "This must be the other applicant, Hinata Shouyou."

"We didn't see him at the tournament we scouted last year did we?" Sugawara asked. The other teen shook his head.

"He's kind of small don't you think," Tanaka remarked.

"I may be small But I can jump!" Hinata yelled. "I will be the one to win Karasuno the most points!"

“Not a libero then?” Sugawara said to the middle teen and Tanaka yelled. “So the newbie wants to be Karasuno’s ace!”

“There’s a name for that?” Hinata tilted his head and Tobio’s irritation returned, this time in the form of full outrage.

“How do you expect to play volleyball if you don’t even know the positions!” Tobio scoffed. “Do you know the rules? How do rotations work? No way will someone who hasn’t put in any effort be put on the starting line.”

Something about that set something off in Hinata. “What did you say!” Hinata yelled, somehow louder than before.

One of the older teens tried to intervene but that didn’t stop Tobio. “I said that you have no place on the court! You said you’d win points for the team? How can someone so short have a chance against someone taller than six feet!”

“Yeah-well,” Hinata hesitated before continuing. “I challenge you!”

“Hey!” Tanaka yelled. “Daichi is still talking!” but neither Hinata nor Tobio were listening.

“Challenge me to what?”

“Volleyball, what else!” Tobio rolled his eyes at Hinata.

“How do you expect to challenge me one-on-one?” Tobio scoffed.

“Find a partner and we’ll go two on two!” Tobio wanted to laugh. No way did this idiot think he stood a chance against him.

What happened next was a bit blurry in Tobio’s mind. He didn’t notice the vice-principal enter the gym. Nor did he hear Tanaka and Daichi’s futile attempts to get both him and Hinata to calm down as Sugawara tried to reassure that the commotion was nothing more than a friendly rivalry.

“I’ll serve,” Tobio said with a smirk. “If you can return it, then maybe I’ll think you’re worthy of a challenge.”

“Alright let’s do it!” Hinata said as he ran into position on the other side of the net.

Kageyama smirked. He’s been practicing his jump serves all year, this orange-haired annoyance didn’t stand a chance.

“Here it comes,” Tobio said as he threw the ball in the air and jumped up to meet it. He heard the satisfying smack of the ball against his hand and felt the impact rebound back through his arm and core. The slight sting of the skin on his hand told him that was a powerful one.

There’d be no way he would get that, Tobio thought. He turned to Hinata, prepared to see the look of realization that he is out of his league, but there was no fear in Hinata’s eyes.

Tobio instead watched as Hinata, completely concentrated, positioned himself under the ball. His feet apart and knees bent so his center of gravity would be low enough to be able to absorb the impact of the ball and slow the momentum. His form was near perfect.

Tobio's eyes widened. In disbelief.

Then Hinata received the ball and the spell was broken.

"ACK!" Was the sound Hinata made as the impact of the ball made him take a step back and the ball went spinning out of control towards the other side of the court.

Both Hinata and TObio stared in horror because, the next thing they knew was, the vice-principal was missing his hair which could be found on Daichi's head.

"He was wearing a wig?" Kagayama whispered.

"You just noticed?" Hinata, who was now beside him, asked. "Everyone at the entrance ceremony could tell."

The vice-principal decided he wasn't going to punish them, thank god. That could have been bad. The group was however sworn to secrecy.

"It was all because that Idiot couldn't hit a serve," Tobio grumbled. "My point is proven, you suck!"

"I can hit a serve!" Hinata retorted.

"Really?" Tobio could hear them getting louder again. "Then what was that just now!"

"It was heavier than what I was expecting!" Hinata defended.

"How can you claim to play volleyball if you don't know what a ball feels like!"

"Enough!" Daichi cut them both off. Not that he had both of their attention he continued. "I want you to listen to me. I don't know what your motive was for attending Karasuno. But I'm sure you came here with victory on your mind."

Both Hinata and Tobio nodded at that. Tobio felt some irritation at being forced to agree with the idiot.

"Karasuno was one of the top teams in the prefecture until a few years ago. It happened only once, but we even went to nationals. Now we rank, at best, in the prefecture's top 8. We're neither weak nor strong." Daichi sighed. "Other schools call us things like 'Fallen Rivals' and 'the Crows that Can't Fly.'"

Daichi then got a nostalgic look on his face. "I remember well when Karasuno competed in spring nationals." Tobio had a vague recollection of this as well. "Students from my neighbourhood, I'd pass by high school students, competed against the country's best teams, in a huge gymnasium in Tokyo. It gave me goosebumps. We're going to go there again."

“I’m going to play on a solid court!” Hinata said. He didn’t seem to notice the odd looks he got at his wording. *What did he mean by ‘solid court’?*

Tobio ignored Hinata for now. Something else was bugging him. Karasuno seemed so sure that they would make it to nationals. Win, even. But to do that, they would have to beat two teams that Tobio knew they were no match for.

“Many schools are dreaming of going to nationals,” Tobio said. He moved away from Tanaka who looked ready to murder him.

“For us to make that happen, our team has to be unified. And we can’t have the vice-principal keeping an eye on us.” Daichi approached both Tobio and Hinata menacingly. Tobio watched as both Sugawara and Tanaka backed away.

“I’m not telling you guys to become buddies, But I need you to understand that now, you’re on the same side.” Daichi leaned towards the two first years. Tobio will admit that he was terrified. *Third-years are scary.*

“No matter how outstanding you are, no matter how willing you are to give it your all,” Daichi grabbed them both by the collars of their shirts. “If you fail to get along and hinder your teammates,” He dragged them over to the gym doors and threw them outside. “You’re not wanted.”

Tobio felt a paper being shoved in his face, when he pulled it back to read it, he saw it was his club application form.

“Until you realize that you’re both teammates, you won’t be participating in this club!”

The doors slammed shut.

“WHAT!”

Tobio stared at the door in shock. *Not be allowed to participate? Were they Serious?* If Tobio couldn’t play he didn’t know what he would do with himself. Hinata seemed to recover first.

Of course, their first reaction was to beg.

“I will find a way to put up with him I swear!” he screamed at the door. “Just let us in!”

“You can’t do this,” Tobio shoved Hinata to make room for himself. Hinata shoved back and they both continued to scream at the door. But the door didn’t budge.

Tobio pushed Hinata onto the ground behind them and tried one last attempt. “I swear I will not pick any more fights with him! Just let me play, I will do anything I swear!”

The door opened just a crack so he could only see Daichi’s eye.

“Anything?” Daichi asked expectantly.

Tobio scowled, he didn't want to but he did say anything. "I will find a way to share the court with him. But I still want to do everything myself. Every spike, every pass, every block."

Daichi, the bastard, almost looked amused. "Volleyball is a team sport where no single player can touch the ball twice in a row. It is literally impossible to do everything himself. Looks like you still don't understand that concept," and with that, the door was once again closed.

"Are you an idiot?" Hinata asked innocently. "Or are you just stupid?"

And how Tobio had to physically restrain himself from strangling him.

They came up with the idea to challenge their upperclassmen to a game. It turned into a three-on-three match along with the other first years. If they win, they get to join the team. If they lose, Tobio couldn't be a setter for the rest of the year.

"We have to win," he said to Hinata.

"Oh?" Hinata turned to Tobio. "Well obviously." Hinata sat down on the steps. "But if we lose I'm sure there's another position you could play."

"Excuse me?" Tobio said in a low tone. Hinata was about to continue, but Tobio didn't let him. "Setter is the only position for me. They are the most important, without a good setter, a team is set for failure. They get the most contact with the ball and they rule the court."

"I never said setters weren't important," Hinata defended. "I'm just saying there's so much more to love in volleyball. The feeling when you spike the ball across the court. When you make a receive no one thought possible. The feeling right after a good spike." Hinata looked lost in his own world.

Tobio sat down and crossed his arms. "Setting is the only thing for me," he huffed. "So if we're going to win, we have until Saturday to work on your crappy receives."

"Hey!" Hinata shouted. "My receives aren't crappy!"

"Then how do you explain what happened back in the gym."

"It's just that I need a little bit of adjusting! I haven't been able to practice as much recently!" Hinata pouted that last part.

"Well we're going to have to practice that," Tobio said. "And learn the positions and rules while you're at it."

"But where are we going to practice?" Hinata asked. "We're not allowed in the gym."

Suddenly they heard Tanaka's voice from inside.

"So practice starts tomorrow at seven!" Tanaka said way too loudly to be subtle.

Tobio and Hinata looked at each other.

“Five am it is,” Hinata grinned.

“Agreed.”

Shouyou rattled the door but it didn’t budge. *Well, they should have expected something like that.* Thankfully Tanaka showed up at just the right moment. Sugawara followed him not far behind.

“Your upperclassman is here to save the day!”

Both Shouyou and Kageyama thanked him profusely.

Once the doors were open, Shouyou tried to enter but was elbowed by Kageyama. *What was the guy’s deal? The guy is intense.*

“I’m going to be the first one on the court,” Kageyama insisted and well, Shouyou was never one to back down from a challenge.

“Not if I get there first!” Shouyou shoved back. Something about Kageyama irritated him to no end. The fact that the guy seemed so intent to judge based on appearances had bothered Shouyou. Not that this was the first or the last time someone would bring up his height as an insult. But this guy has only seen him make one receive yet acted like he had Shouyou all figured out.

“Um,” Sugawara said from behind. Not that Shouyou or Kageyama were listening. “You can’t be the first ones on the court if Tanaka is already inside.”

The first thing they did was Sugawara helped Shouyou go over the rules and positions of volleyball. Tanaka and Kageyama practiced spikes at the net.

“Have you played volleyball before Hinata?” Sugawara asked.

Shouyou rubbed the back of his neck. “Well, I have,” Shouyou said somewhat sheepishly. “It’s just I haven’t ever played officially with a team of six players before.”

“Well you’re a fast learner,” Shouyou beamed at the praise. “You seemed to absorb all the rules and technicalities with no issues.”

“Thank you!” Shouyou exclaimed.

They practiced receiving next.

“Oi! I don’t get it! What’s wrong?” Kageyama yelled. “Your form is good and you have no problem getting the ball in the air! So why is your control so shit!”

Hinata scowled. He was frustrated too. When his family moved from Brazil to Japan he thought he would easily be able to pick up where he left off in volleyball. He hadn’t

accounted for the fact that the balls would be smaller and weigh more.

Kageyama sent another ball his way and it flew out of bounds.

Not to mention Kageyama wasn't the best teacher.

"If you'd just throw the ball a little bit slower then adjusting wouldn't be so hard!" Hinata shouted.

Tanaka and Sugawara quickly intervened.

"For the three-on-three, I will be sending all my sets to Tanaka," Kageyama said during a water break.

"Won't that become predictable fast?" Shouyou narrowed his eyes. *Seriously, why wouldn't this guy give him a chance?* "Unless you want me to strictly receive," Shouyou shrugged. "But since my receives are still iffy for now I don't think you would like that either."

Kageyama scowled. It seemed to be a common expression of his.

"I will send the ball to whoever it takes to win," he turned to Shouyou. "I just highly doubt that will be you."

"So what's the deal with you and Kageyama?" Sugawara asked. He had volunteered to help Shouyou get extra practice during lunch. "Do you guys, like, have some sort of history?"

"No." Hinata did an overhead receive. "We never met before the gym on the first day."

"Really?" Sugawara said as he bumped the ball in the air. He sounded surprised. "Hey, what Junior High did you even go to?"

"Colégio Miguel Couto," Hinata said. He sent the ball back to Sugawara but Sugawara missed.

"You didn't go to school in Japan?"

"Nope," Shouyou said as he ran after the ball. "My family just moved here from Brazil."

"Oh wow that's far," then Sugawara's eyes widened. Like something had clicked into place. "So back in Brazil you didn't play indoor volleyball then."

Shouyou shook his head. "No I didn't." he threw the ball up in the air and sent a gentle serve to Sugawara. "I played beach volleyball every day though."

"So that's why your form and technique is so good but it seems to not be translating out on the court. I bet beach volleyball has different rules which is why you needed the rules clarified."

Shouyou nodded. "Yeah, I also didn't think the ball itself would be an issue."

"What's different about the ball?"

"Well for one, it's heavier. Not by much, but enough to throw me off. It's also just a tiny bit smaller and these volleyballs are made out of leather. The type I'm used to is a lot softer. Oh, and the impact from spikes and serves seem to have so much more power behind them so Kageyama's serve caught me off guard." Shouyou said absentmindedly, his eyes did not leave the ball in the air the entire time.

"Wow you must be pretty observant to be able to notice all those differences," Sugawara said.

"Oh-" Shouyou said. "I mean not really. I just really love volleyball."

Sugawara hummed. "Why didn't you just say you played beach volleyball instead of regular volleyball when Kageyama was degrading you?"

Shouyou caught the ball. "I'm not exactly sure." He paused to think. *Why hadn't he?* He did think about it. It sat on the tip of his tongue. To defend himself. But still...

"I guess I just didn't want to talk about it," Shouyou began to explain. Something about Sugawara made the boy feel comfortable and want to open up. "I did think about it, but it feels too much like making excuses. And," Shouyou bounced the ball on the ground a few times.

"Just as I was about to bring it up I got hit with this wave of homesickness ya know. I won't be able to play beach volleyball until summer at the earliest. And I won't be able to play every day like I used to." He felt his face go hot. It was a stupid reason.

"That makes sense," Sugawara said with a warm smile. "If you want I won't mention it to the others."

Shouyou shrugged. "It's not like it's a secret," he said. "I'm sure there's stuff on the internet you could find."

"Huh, were you a big deal or something back in Brazil?" Sugawara asked.

"I wouldn't say a big deal," Shouyou couldn't help the smile that crawled onto his face. "But me and my partner competed in a few competitions. Some videos probably exist somewhere." Shouyou smiled fondly. *He missed Heitor.*

"Well now you got me curious," Sugawara laughed. "C'mon the bells are going to ring soon. You don't want to be late to class." Sugawara grabbed his bags.

"Hey, Suga?" Shouyou called before Sugawara could turn to leave.

"Yeah?" Suga asked.

"Do me a favour and wait to look up any videos of my playing until after the three-on-three," Shouyou said.

Sugawara looked confused for a moment but agreed then turned to walk away.

Shouyou was left alone with the ball in his hand. It felt more familiar than before. Reminded him of the burning sun, hot sands, and ocean waves.

Shouyou grinned.

He was going to surprise them all come Saturday.

And he couldn't wait to see their faces.

Shouyou and Kageyama met Tsukishima and Yamaguchi, the other Karasuno first-years on the team, outside while practicing one evening.

Tsukishima was an asshole.

That was Shouyou's first impression at least.

But something he said piqued Shouyou's interest.

"Kind of the Court?" Shouyou repeated.

"Don't you ever dare call me that," Kageyama seethed.

"Why not?" Shouyou asked. "Nicknames are cool!"

Kageyama turned to him with a terrifying look.

"AGHR! I'm sorry! Okay? I Won't do it, I promise!" Shouyou said frantically as he dodged Kageyama's attacks.

"Stop moving dammit and let me hit you!"

Kageyama continued serving at Shouyou, who was picking up every receive with relative accuracy.

"At least you seem less shitty than before," Kageyama grumbled.

"Really!" Shouyou shouted excitedly. It was probably the nicest thing Kageyama has said to him yet. Shouyou felt himself tear up.

"Don't make it weird dumbass," Kageyama shouted as he sent a particularly powerful hit at Shouyou who still managed to get it in the air.

"Does this mean you'll set for me?" Shouyou asked.

"No," Shouyou deflated again. "I still don't think you will be the reason we win. Don't be getting all cocky because of your amateur serves."

They continued practicing in silence.

The epic first year face-off

Sugawara Koushi didn't know what to expect from this match. The second and third years had been making bets all week on who would win, but the vote was pretty evenly split.

If Koushi had to place his bet, he didn't know who he thought would win.

Sure Kageyama was wildly talented. That much had been obvious when he, Daichi and Tanaka had scouted the teams at the middle school tournament the previous year. Though Kageyama's setting was incredibly impressive, he struggled with communication. He was able to analyze the entire court in an instant but had problems with keeping tabs on the conditions of the players on his team.

As a fellow setter, Koushi knew that communication was key.

Tsukishima was nothing to sneeze at either.

The two other first years had been practicing with the team all week to help them prepare for the game. Neither had the same natural talent for the game, but they were by no means bad. Tsukishima had his height which would give their team a major advantage in the blocking department, and he and Yamaguchi had the advantage of knowing each other for years. Their trust and teamwork would help them work cohesively.

Kageyama and Hinata on the other hand...

Kageyama had refused to practice anything other than receiving Hinata all week. Hinata knew that his receives needed work so he hadn't complained much. When Koushi asked if Hinata wanted to practice anything else Hinata had refused.

"Practicing receives is a good way to get better control over the ball," Hinata smiled. "It'll help me adjust faster. Besides," he cringed a little. "I used to really, and I mean REALLY suck at receiving. So now I know that I need to put in more effort in that area than others."

Hinata's receives had drastically improved throughout the week, but Kageyama still insisted that he didn't need Hinata to win. *The stubborn bastard.* However...

"Do me a favour and wait to look up any videos of my playing until after the three-on-three."

Koushi wondered what sort of tricks Hinata had up his sleeve.

The match started with Tanaka blasting through Tsukishima's block. To which, Tanaka got a little overly excited and whipped his shirt around above his head while cheering for himself.

Koushi kindly but firmly told him to put his shirt back on.

Kageyama confidently executed a jump serve, but Daichi received it and they managed to get it back over the net, earning them a point.

Koushi couldn't help but smile. That was their ever-reliable captain. Not to be underestimated.

5 - 3

Tsukishima, Yamaguchi, And Daichi's team had pulled ahead, but it was a slow process.

Tanaka's spike's kept getting blocked by Tsukushima. It was like Hinata had said before, with only Tanaka spiking, they were becoming predictable.

But whenever the ball was about to hit the floor, Hinata managed to dig it up.

One moment the ball was heading for the open floor, the next, Hinata was there. Hinata's reflexes were pretty damn impressive, and with all the receiving practice the past week, Hinata had no issue getting the ball to Kageyama for him to set.

7 - 4

"KAGEYAMA!" Koushi watched as Hinata ran up to the net and leaped into the air. Time seemed to slow as Hinata soared high above the net.

Koushi watched as Kageyama's eyes widened. Koushi knew that Kageyama had fully intended to send that set the ball to Tanaka, but he managed to perfectly shift his stance in an instant and sent the set to Hinata with Pinpoint accuracy.

Koushi knew Kageyama was talented, but this was the first time he felt his heart drop. Kageyama had something, something Koushi never would, no matter how much he may wish for it to be so.

Tsukishima was caught off guard since he had been focused on Tanaka and Hinata spiked the ball onto a particularly ugly spot of the court.

Everyone's jaws dropped.

"Did you see how fast that was?"

"That would be near impossible to receive!"

"Was it just a fluke?" the others whispered excitedly to each other.

Koushi watched as Hinata stared at his hand, then clench his fist. A newfound determination glinted in his eyes.

And with that, the plan of having only the Tanaka attack flew out the window.

8 - 6

It was Daichi's serve.

Hinata received the ball and sent it to Kageyama.

Suddenly Hinata was right at the net, ready to attack. *But he had just been on the other side of the court, hadn't he?* He was so fast that Koushi's eyes couldn't keep up.

Kageyama sent the set to Hinata, but they were out of sync and the ball flew out of bounds.

12 - 12

Tanaka spiked the ball and Yamaguchi received it. However, the ball flew high over the net right where Hinata was.

Koushi expected Hinata to send the ball to Kageyama to set but that was not what happened.

Instead, Hinata Jumped up to meet the ball in the air.

"TANAKA!" Hinata screamed and set the ball.

Tanaka jumped and spiked the ball over the net once more, earning them the point.

"DUDE THAT WAS AWESOME!" Tanaka shouted as Hinata cheered.

The rest of the Karasuno team was left, once again, staring wide-eyed. No one had expected Hinata to make a set.

Kageyama looked absolutely livid but didn't say anything.

15 - 16

Hinata got three service aces in a row.

He performed three jump serves. One was aimed directly between Yamaguchi and Daichi, they both went for it at the same time, but hesitated when they saw the other move for it.

Another was sent right to the back left corner. It looked like it was going to be out.

The last one hit the net but still managed to make it over. It looked like it could have been an accident.

Something told Koushi it was on purpose.

18 - 19

As the game dragged on Koushi could begin to sense Kageyama's frustration at not being able to gain a solid lead. Tsukishima's height was too much of an advantage, paired with Daichi's receives it was difficult to get points in.

Not to mention, he and Hinata were not syncing up at all.

Koushi watched as Kageyama pulled Hinata to the side and whispered something to him.

Hinata looked a little doubtful but nodded.

Tsukishima served and Tanaka received. The ball was sent to Kageyama.

For a moment, Hinata looked like he was about to jump and Tsukishima and Yamaguchi were right on him, going for the block. But at the last minute, Hinata changed directions and sped to the other side of the court, jumping in the air.

The ball flew straight to Hinata's hand and was slammed onto the floor.

Once again, everyone was left speechless.

21 - 23

Kageyama and Hinata tried the freak quick again.

Hinata ran to an open spot at the net and Kageyama sent the ball his way. This time, the ball was too fast and Hinata almost missed it.

At the last second, Hinata managed to stretch his arm just enough that he tipped the ball just over the net and it fell to the ground with a small thud.

23 - 24

It was matchpoint for Hinata, Kageyama, and Tanaka.

Tanaka served and it was received by Daichi. Yamaguchi set for Tsukishima, who spiked it over.

Tanaka made the receive and sent it to Kageyama. Kageyama set to Hinata, but Tsukishima and Yamaguchi were there to block it.

Hinata spiked the ball.

The ball hit Tsukishima's fingers and flew towards the far side of the gym.

Daichi made a run for it, but it was no use.

The ball hit the ground with a resounding SMACK and the game was over.

Kageyama, Hinata, and Tanaka took the first set.

The second set went a lot smoother.

Kageyama and Hinata landed many more spikes. The super fast quick managed to happen a few more times, which baffled everyone. Kageyama's setting got more accurate and precise

as the game went on. There was no doubt that Kageyama was functioning at one hundred percent. Only it took Hinata to be able to bring out Kageyama's full potential.

Hinata missed one of Kageyama's quick sets and Kageyama was now yelling at Hinata. Hinata was yelling back.

They were at match point for Kageyama, Hinata and Kageyama and Hinata ran up to the net for another spike. Tsukishima ran to block him but Kageyama set to Tanaka instead who got a clear shot of the court.

"ALRIGHT!" Tanaka yelled. He was now shirtless again.

"What are you so proud of?" Ennoshita yelled at Tanaka.

"Yeah, the first years did most of the work anyway!" Koushi said teasingly.

"Put your shirt back on you idiot!" Kinoshita added.

After the three-on-three, Kageyama and Hinata walked up to Daichi like they were on a mission. They both held out their crumpled club application forms. Daichi just smirked and turned to Kiyoko.

"They should already be here right?" Daichi asked.

Kiyoko nodded and retrieved a box that contained the new Karasuno high volleyball jackets.

Yamaguchi and Hinata both seemed pretty excited to try them on right away, though Yamaguchi tried to hide his excitement more than Hinata. Kageyama just looked mildly surprised and Tsukishima looked like he wanted to leave.

After that Daichi sent the four first years home early, much to Kageyama's and Hinata's protests. Daichi said they deserved a break after the amazing performance they gave.

Hinata went to argue but was dragged away by Kageyama. Koushi suspected they were off practicing outside somewhere. Whether the two realized it or not, with their dedication to the sport and how their talents complement each other, they'd make a great team one day. Daichi saw it too, it was one of the reasons he was so insistent on them learning to work together.

"What a match," Ennoshita said as he dismantled the net.

Narita nodded. "And to think this was just a three-on-three. Imagine an actual game."

"Guess guaranteeing our positions as starters is going to be very difficult," Kinoshita let out a stiff laugh.

Koushi's lips pressed into a line. yeah, it would be difficult. Kageyama was no doubt overflowing with talent and dedication to the sport. His setting technique and skills were way beyond that of the average high schooler. Way beyond Koushi. No matter how much the

others defended Koushi's position as official Karasuno setter, he didn't know if that was what was best for the team. Would he really be able to take them to nationals?

But Kageyama, as he was now, was not fit to be the official setter. To be a setter you required good communication skills. You need to get to know your teammates and learn how they work to bring out one hundred percent of their power. They needed to be observant enough to keep an eye on the condition of the players. If one of their spikers was looking tired, they needed to adjust the sets accordingly.

Although Kageyama seemed to have calmed down a bit since junior high, he still had a very closed mind. He was unwilling to give Hinata a chance until a quarter of the way through the match when Hinata arguably didn't give him a choice any longer. Kageyama, no matter his improvement, still subconsciously believed that they should all adjust to him because he was always right.

"Suga," Daichi called out. "You good man?"

"Huh?" Koushi looked up from where he'd been standing with the mop. "Yeah, I'm good."

"You sure?" Tanaka asked. "You've been mopping the same spot for the last five minutes."

"Oh, heh." Koushi rubbed the back of his neck. "Just got lost in thought I guess. Hey," He turned so he could address both Tanaka and Daichi. "You guys both played really well today."

"I would have gotten more points," Tanaka pouted. "I just wasn't expecting the glasses brat to be that much of a pain. I mean seriously!" He waved his arms around. "No first year should have to weigh to be that tall."

"I think what Tanaka means is," Daichi cut in. "We seem to have some really promising first-years, and not just Kageyama who already has a reputation."

"Yeah I mean Tsukishima's height will be a real advantage," Narita said.

"And Yamaguchi has some real potential if he practices a bit more," Ennoshita added.

"But did you see the shorty?" Kinoshita asked.

Koushi let out a small laugh. "His name is Hinata."

"Well, where did Hinata get so good?" Kinoshita asked again.

"Yeah I mean we all saw how last week he couldn't even aim his receives," Enoshita spoke. "But out here today they seemed like no issue."

At this point, no one was cleaning anymore. They were too engrossed in analyzing the first years.

"I mean the kid has been practicing non-stop since the three-on-three was announced," Tanaka said. "But even then, man. I did not expect how high the kid can jump. I mean! The

guy's a shrimp!"

"Suga," Daichi addressed with an inquisitive expression. "You spent a lot of time with Hinata during lunch didn't you?"

Suga nodded.

"Did Hinata ever mention where he learned to play? He never mentioned anything about his past experience," Daichi continued.

"Well, he said he's never really played indoor volleyball before--"

Koushi was cut off by multiple "no ways" and "that's impossibles" before he could continue. Koushi glared at them and the noise died down.

"As I was saying," Koushi glared at Tanaka who had been the loudest out of them all. Tanaka looked away and whistled as if he wasn't doing anything wrong. "Hinata doesn't have any real experience with indoor volleyball. But he has been playing beach volleyball since he was four."

There was a pause.

"Beach volleyball?" Ennoshita asked. "That's not all that big in Japan is it?"

Koushi shook his head. "Apparently Hinata just moved from Rio de Janeiro."

Another pause.

"YOU MEAN BRAZIL?" they all collectively shouted.

Koushi tried not to smirk at being able to hold all this knowledge over their heads. He nodded.

"Why didn't he say anything?" Daichi asked.

Koushi shrugged. "He said it wasn't relevant."

"Who cares if it was relevant or not!" Tanaka shouted. "Brazil! That's awesome! The beach! The sights! The ladies! Oh my god, all the hot women!" Tanaka melted onto the floor.

"I don't know much about beach volleyball," Daichi rubbed his chin. "Is it that different from indoor volleyball?"

"I'm honestly not sure," Koushi said. "Hinata said the balls were different and that was why he was having problems receiving at the start." The team shook their heads. That made sense. "I was going to look more into it after today's match. Hinata said there might be some videos of his games online but told me not to watch them until after today's match. "

"WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR!" Tanaka yelled. "I VOTE WE WATCH US SOME BEACH VOLLEYBALL!"

“Well now I’m curious too,” Kinoshita said. “Count me in.”

“Me too.”

“Also me,” Ennoshita and Narita said as Tanaka ran to the clubroom to grab his phone.

“Hey!” Daichi shouted. Tanaka paused mid-run. “As much as we all want to find out more about one of our newest members and beach volleyball. We can do this after we clean up the gym. Alright?”

“RIGHT!” they all shouted. Then got back to cleaning up. Noticeably faster than before.

Former friends

Chapter Notes

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

Sawamura Daichi was up until the early hours of the morning doing what most people tend to do at night. He fell down a rabbit hole of videos he couldn't stop watching.

When Sugawara originally told the team about how Hinata said there might be some videos of him playing beach volleyball, none of them expected there to be hundreds of videos about a so-called Ninja Shouyou.

They watched a few videos in the clubroom together and the team was left stunned. They had thought they had gotten lucky with Kageyama and his infamous sets, but Kageyama wasn't the only star in their midst. It very quickly got dark and the team had to return to their homes.

The first thing Daichi did when he got home was run to his computer and watch more of Hinata's matches.

There was everything from official broadcasts of junior tournaments to tourists and locals posting poorly filmed videos of games from their phones. But one thing was for certain.

Karasuno was sure as hell lucky to have Hinata on their side of the court.

And how Daichi prayed that all those skills transferred over to indoor volleyball.

Daichi watched as Hinata and his partner hugged on-screen after winning the Junior Beach Volleyball tournament. He felt his heart melt just a little bit at how happy Hinata was. Hinata and his partner had incredible teamwork, Daichi hoped that one day Hinata and Kageyama would be able to work like that.

Hinata all around was incredible. His jumps were just as high, if not higher, in the uneven sand. His rebounds were lightning-fast and all of his spikes were spot on in their aim. He had a large variety of attacks from cross shots to line shots to feints. Daichi also could have sworn in one video he saw Hinata spike with his left hand but the camera had been too shaky to tell.

Daichi clicked on another video labelled 'Tourists challenge Ninja Shouyou' and leaned back in his chair as the video played.

It seemed that wherever Hinata went, no matter if it was the people he was playing against or observers. Hinata had a special ability to draw all of your attention until you couldn't look away.

And it seemed like he knew that, he even used it to his advantage.

Maybe Karasuno could use that weapon too.

“Hey, Suga?” Daichi asked the next morning. He felt nervous but tried to play it off, guilt turned in his stomach. “I wanted to talk to you about something.”

Suga turned to him. “Yeah, What’s up?”

“Well, Takeda talked to me yesterday,” Suga’s head tilted as if asking ‘where is this going?’. Daichi took a deep breath. “He told me that he managed to set up a practice match against Aoba Johsai later this week.”

“Oh wow,” Suga said. “They’re a really good school, that’ll be a great experience for our team.” he paused. “Why did you want to talk to me about it?”

“Well, it’s just- they have one condition to the game.”

Suga made a gesture with his hand prompting him to continue.

“They said that Kageyama had to be the setter for the entire match.”

Suga blinked. “Oh.” He said. He sounded, unsurprised like he expected this to happen. “And you asked me because...” he trailed off.

Daichi nodded. “You’re Karasumo’s official setter, and vice-captain, I wanted to check with you first.”

Suga sent Daichi a smile, “You don’t have to worry about me,” he laughed, though Daichi noted it didn’t sound like his usual laugh. “Like I said,” Suga continued. “This’ll be a great experience for our team, especially the first years. I’m all for it, even if-” his breath caught on a small hitch. “Even if I have to sit out.”

“You’re sure you are okay with this?” Daichi asked. He felt terrible for his friend.

Suga rubbed the back of his neck and let out another small laugh.

“Well,” Suga said. “I’m not super thrilled about it, but I’ve been thinking.” He looked at Daichi with such an intense look Daichi knew there would be no arguments about what Suga was about to say.

“I want us to go to nationals,” Suga said, full of determination. “And if the setter who can bring us there is Kageyama then I will gladly step aside and offer him my position as an official setter. It might be what’s best for the team.”

Daichi could tell from the look on Suga’s face that there was no changing his mind.

Daichi let out a sigh. “Let’s just see how he works with the rest of the team during this match first before we go making any big decisions, alright?”

“Alright everyone, listen up!” Daichi shouted. The sounds of balls flying through the air and hitting the floor ceased as all eyes turned to him. “Thanks to Takeda we have our practice match coming up.”

“Really? Hinata said, with a glint in his eyes, the same Kageyama asked “Who’s it against?”

“Our game is against Aoba Johsai High School,” Daichi said. “But they had one condition.” Daichi looked at Suga. Suga nodded, reassuring him that it was okay. “The condition is that Kageyama has to be the setter for the entire match.” Daichi watched as all heads turned to Suga.

“It’s fine guys,” Suga said casually. “Daichi and I already talked it over, we can’t pass up on this opportunity.”

“Now that that’s settled,” Daichi continued. “We need to talk positions.” He pulled out a whiteboard with a volleyball court-drawn out on it and magnets with everyone’s names on them. “For this game, we’re going to have Kageyama as the setter, Tanaka and Enosita as the outside hitters, I’ll be playing as opposite hitter, and Hinata and Tsukishima will be playing as middle blockers.

“Why is the shortest guy on the team playing a position where height dominates?” Tsukishima scoffed.

Hinata looked like he was about to argue back with Tsukishima but Tanaka cut him off.

“Kids got a point this time,” Tanaka said.

“Hinata is pretty well rounded, why isn’t he playing a wing spiker position instead?” Kinoshita said.

“Blocking will definitely be an issue with his height,” Narita added

“Hey!” Hinata yelled but he was quickly drowned out by Daichi.

“While all that is true,” Daichi said over Hinata’s protests of defence. “But this way he and Kageyama will best be able to utilize that insane quick of theirs. That is,” Daichi looked directly at Kageyama and Hinata. “Only if you two think you can make that attack consistent.”

“I can do it!” Kageyama yelled.

“You can count on us!” Hinata nodded.

Daichi nodded, satisfied with their determination. “And with Tsukishima’s height, he will hold the most blocking power. Hinata doesn’t need to worry about completely stopping the ball. If he can at least get a hand on the ball with those fast reflexes of his, that’ll give us a major advantage. He will also act as a kind of decoy for our team.”

“Decoy?” Hinata asked. Daichi nodded.

“When you go for the ball, you will draw everyone’s attention to you. That’ll open up holes in the other team’s defence so that our other spikers can get us points.”

Hinata let out a slow nod of understanding and Daichi tried not to say in relief that there seemed to be no other protests about positions. He had stayed up late after watching all those videos of Hinata trying to figure out what position would best suit him.

There was no doubt in Daichi's mind that Hinata would excel in whatever position was assigned to him (yes even setter, but Kageyama would probably strangle him). But what Karasuno needed was a strong decoy to give them the edge.

"Everyone got it!" Daichi shouted.

Shouts of "Yes captain!" echoed around the room and Daichi smiled.

"Good! Now let's practice because we are going to win this thing!"

"Oi! Idiot! Why is your timing so off!"

"My timing is off? How do you know it's me and not your sets!"

Tobio scowled and Hinata blanched.

"Look," Daichi took a cautious step forward. "You both have been at this for hours. Maybe it's time to call it a day and try again tomorrow." They had been practicing their dubbed 'freak quick' all afternoon with a success rate of about less than two percent.

"No!" Hinata shouted.

"I can do this! Just a few more sets!" Tobio yelled. "As long as this idiot here can get his timing right!"

"STOP CALLING ME A-" Hinata screamed before he was cut off.

"Well there," Tsukishima said as he finished tying his shoe. "Looks like the King hasn't learned his lesson from last time after all."

Tobio's vision went red. Then, a sense of dread overcame him. Was Tsukishima right? Was this how he was acting last time? What was he thinking? Of course, this was what happened last time, was Tobio even capable of change. How long would it take for these teammates to leave him too? It was only a matter of time-

"Would you stop with the King shit already!" Hinata yelled, tearing Tobio from his thoughts. "Kageyama may be a jerk, and I don't know exactly what the name means, but it obviously bothers him! Whatever it was, was in the past! Now stop bringing it up!"

Tobio was speechless. "I-"

"And you!" Tobio was cut off as now Hinata's anger was once again directed at him. "Your sets are amazing! They come directly to my hand and it freaks me out! So what do you think I can do better so I can hit those quicks?"

Tobio blinked. Hinata was... asking for advice? His advice nonetheless. Hinata, upon first impression, had struck Kageyama as a much more prideful type, the type to not admit they were wrong or wouldn't want to seek help as to not seem weak. Maybe Tobio was wrong.

"Well?" Hinata asked. Tobio could tell his patience was wearing thin.

Tobio quickly snapped out of his trance. "Look!" he yelled. "You have all these crazy fast reflexes and natural speed, it makes me jealous!" Tobio saw Hinata take a step back but Tobio didn't get a chance to analyze the look on Hinata's face before continuing. "It's how I know you can be where I need you to be! You just need to run at the net and trust that I will get the ball to you! Okay?"

Tobio was breathing heavily. That was all Hinata had to do really. He just had to be there. To rely on him. To not abandon him. To not give up on him like his last team had.

"Trust is built, not given." Hinata said after a pause. It was much softer this time. The shift was almost jarring. "It's also a two-way street," Hinata looked at Tobio with a small smile that didn't quite reach his eyes. "You want me to trust you when you don't feel the same way." *What was that supposed to mean?*

Tobio watched as Hinata took a deep breath before a new determination set in his eyes.

"One more time!" Hinata looked at Daichi.

"Hinata are you-" Sugawara was cut off.

"One more time, then we'll leave it for today I promise," Hinata smiled. "I have an idea," Hinata looked at Tobio.

Tobio nodded. "Please," he said. "I know we can do it this time."

Daichi looked reluctant but nodded anyway.

Tobio and Hinata got into position. Sugawara threw the ball and Hinata ran. Tobio set and Hinata jumped. Tobio's heart stopped beating.

SLAM!

Tobio and Hinata both cheered.

Daichi looked at Sugawara in shock.

"Did Hinata just hit that with his eyes closed?"

"Hey, We're playing Karasuno today, right? Doesn't that one guy go there?" Yahaba Shigeru asked.

"Who?" Kindaichi Yuutarou asked.

“The King of the Court. You’re from the same middle school as him or something like that?”

Dawning set on Yuutarou. “Right, you mean Kageyama.” And what a prick that guy was. So entitled, always thought he was right.

“There’s nothing special about that guy,” Yuutarou continued. “He had the best technique out of anybody on the team. But the jerk couldn’t act like a team player to save his life. Too full of himself.” And for a sport like volleyball where you couldn’t do anything alone, something like that was a major weakness. It was also a pain in the ass to deal with.

“Yeah, well I'm wondering why he went to Karasuno High,” Yahaba said. “ I mean they haven't had a great team in a long time. All I know about them now is they've got some super hot babe as the team manager

They have a girl

“Yeah she has this sexy vibe about her”

“And one of their team members looks like a juvenile delinquent. The guy’s even got a shave bald head, and he seems like he's pretty stupid too.”

Just as the two rounded the corner, they were met face to face by said juvenile delinquent.

“Hm?” came the sound from a boy with the shaved head from behind the wall. Apparently, he heard what they had just said too.

“AGH!” the two boys shouted. Behind the delinquent followed three younger boys. First years most likely.

“Ugh...”

“Don’t mock my team bro,” a pause. “We’ll tear you apart.”

“Come on Tanaka,” a tall blonde spoke. Yuutarou hadn't realized Karasuno had anyone that tall on their team. “There's no need to talk like that. I mean look what you've done, the HotShots of Aoba Johsai high school practically shaking in their shoes.” *No, they weren't.*

“You idiots think we're afraid of,” Yuutarou shouted. *He was not going to take these insults from a fallen powerhouse school as pathetic as them.*

“Yeah, you’ve got a point,” the delinquent continued as if Yuutarou hadn’t even spoken. “It’ll hurt worse if we kick your asses on the court instead-”

“HEY!” An angry-looking third year yelled, appearing out of nowhere. “KNOCK IT OFF! I CANNOT TAKE YOU ANYWHERE!”

The third-year proceeded to bow his head and force the bald kid to bow as well. “Please excuse him,” he said, much calmer and more composed than before.

“Erm,” Yuutarou didn’t even know how to process what was happening.

“It’s fine,” Yahaba said.

The team began to walk away with some more bickering before Yuutarou saw a familiar figure pass in front of him.

“So how have you been, your majesty?” Yuutarou said with a smirk. “I bet you’ve already whipped your new loyal subjects into shape haven’t you?”

Kageyama paused. Except instead of getting angry or pissed off as Yuutarou had expected, Kageyama just replied with a dull “Uh-huh.”

Yuutarou watched as Kageyama rejoined the rest of his team and seemed to be scolded for something.

“Yup that’s the King,” Yuutarou said. “Just as stuck up as ever.”

He couldn’t wait to show the King just how flawed he was.

“Man those Karasuno guys sure are arrogant. Who do they think they are?” Yuutarou said to Yahaba on their way to the bathroom. Before they could enter, however, they were faced by a person with blinding orange hair wearing a Karasuno Jacket.

“Hey, take it you’re one of their first years?” Yuutarou stated more than asked.

“What’s it to you?” Orange hair asked.

“So how is King Kageyama?” Yuutarou asked. “Has he learned any manners, or is he still the same conceited jackass?”

“What are you, crazy?” Orange hair seethed. For a second Yuutarou was worried that he had pissed off the guy just before their match, great. “Conceited doesn’t even begin to describe it.” *Oh, Yuutarou thought. He hadn’t just pissed off the small team member while insulting Kageyama, that was good.*

“It’s just like I’m a small, sad little peasant putting up with the daily torture of living in a land without fun or happiness.” Just as Yuutarou thought the little guy was done, he kept going.

“Just ‘cause he’s kind of good, he thinks he’s the boss of everybody.”

Yuutarou turned to Yahaba with a smirk. “See what I mean?”

“He hates that guy,” Yahaba laughed.

Yuutarou stepped in front of the bathroom mirror next to the orange-haired figure. “I mean I’ll be the first to admit he’s good at receiving, blocking, and serving.” It was infuriating how Kageyama was naturally talented at most aspects of volleyball.

“Oh yeah, real good,” the boy agreed.

“But his sets are a pain in the ass-”

“His sets are great too-” *Hold on.*

Yuutarou looked at the orange-haired boy in confusion. *Did this pipsqueak just call Kageyama's tosses good? No way! They were impossible to hit.*

The boy seemed just as confused.

“Are you sure?” Yuutarou asked.

“Uh-huh,” The boy said, no doubt in his eyes. *Yuutarou suddenly had a bad feeling about this match. Why did Oikawa have to have a doctor's appointment during this game of all games?*

“Let me guess you've never had to hit one of Kageyama's crazy sets in a real game before, have you?” *That was the only explanation.* “They're terrible, it's impossible to hit one.”

“Wait really?” the boy asked, but Yuutarou continued.

“He's a selfish dictator. What's the point of him being a setter if he can't put the ball where anyone can hit it. He doesn't belong in that position. To him, a teammate is just a mindless slave who does whatever he tells them. Anyone he can't use goes straight into the trash.”

Yuutarou was interrupted by laughing. Yuutarou turned around and spotted the weird kid with a shaved head leaning against the wall. *Where had he come from?*

“If you want to know if Kageyama has changed since middle school, wait and see the onion top.”

“What did you say!” Yuutarou demanded. He was already done with these Karasuno guys, and they hadn't even begun the game yet.

“Isn't that right shorty!” the shaved head asked the short boy.

Said ‘shorty’ looked deep in thought. Once he came back to his senses Yuutarou could sense this aura around him. It was completely different from the one he had before. Whereas before, Yuutarou hadn't given the boy a second glance, he was too short to be much of a threat and Yuutarou had been more focused on Kageyama. However, Yuutarou was now beginning to wonder if Kageyama was the only one they should be worrying about.

“I don't know what Kageyama was like before High school,” the shorty began. “I don't know what your history is or what mistakes he's made in the past.” The boy then met Yuutarou's eyes with an intense stare. Yuutarou took a step back. “But I do know he's trying to be better, so you should do the same. Besides,” The boy then put on a bright smile, it gave Yuutarou an uneasy feeling. “If all your focus is on Kageyama, you'll lose sight of the rest of our players.”

Yuutarou and Yahaba were left standing in the bathroom as the two players from Karasuno left.

Karasuno was one weird team.

Chapter End Notes

Posted early because it's Hinata's birthday today

GO GO GO GO GO SEIJOH!

Chapter Notes

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

“Hey, Shouyou! You’re not going to bail on me are you?”

“O-of course I’m not!” Shouyou stuttered.

“Well, you look like you’re about to pass out.”

“I feel like I’m going to be sick,” Shouyou wrapped his arms around his stomach.

Heitor laughed. “As long as you don’t throw up during the game.”

“You’re not helping,” Shouyou grumbled.

“You always get like this before a game, you’d think you’d be used to it by now,” teased Heitor.

Shouyou shot a glare at Heitor. “But this is our first tournament. How are you not nervous?”

Heitor scoffed. “Of course I’m nervous, but... ” His expression grew softer. “I have no reason to be.” Shouyou looked up at Heitor.

“I don’t need to be nervous because I know you have my back,” Heitor continued with a smile. “And I have yours so you don’t need to be nervous either. We’re partners.” Heitor messed with Shouyou’s hair, much to Shouyou’s protests.

Shouyou swatted Heitor’s hand away as he tried to suppress his laughter. It didn’t work and both boys broke down in a fit of giggles.

Once they both regained their composure, Heitor held out his hand.

“Partners?” Heitor asked.

Shouyou laughed. “Partners,” he said as he took Heitor’s hand.

Heitor grinned as he pulled Shouyou towards the court with the glaring hot sun, sounds of the waves and sand burning their feet.

“Hinata!” Daichi said before the team took their positions.

“Yeah?” Shouyou looked up.

“Are you ready for your first actual indoor practice match?” Daichi asked.

“Yeah!” Tanaka shouted. “Are you ready to make your Japan debut and announce to the country that you’re here?”

“You’d better not mess up,” Kageyama glared.

“Don’t use your height as an excuse for crappy blocking,” Tsushima scoffed.

“Cut it out you two!” Daichi scolded Kageyama and Tsukishima.

Shouyou felt a hand rest on his shoulder and looked to see it was Suga. “Are you nervous?” Suga asked with his trademarked kind smile.

Shouyou looked around at all his new teammates. He looked at Kageyama.

Shouyou smiled.

“What’s there to be nervous about?”

The whistle went and the game started with Aoba Johsai’s serve.

Karasuno’s captain received it but it flew back over the net.

“Chance ball!” Seijoh’s number one shouted as they made the receive and sent it to the setter.

The setter tossed the ball and the spiker slammed it down past Karasuno’s blocks.

1 - 0

“LEFT!” Tanaka screamed.

Kageyama set the ball.

Tanaka spiked and the ball hit the ground.

5 - 3

“ENOSHITA!” Kageyama shouted as he set the ball.

Ennoshita spiked only for Seijoh’s blockers to get a kill.

“Don’t mind! Don’t mind!”

“Get the next one!”

7 - 5

Hinata jumped. Kageyama set.

SLAM!

“NICE KILL HINATA!”

“What the hell?”

“How can someone so short jump so high?”

14 - 9

The ball flew towards Daichi, but before he had the chance to call the ball as his Hinata came running back.

Daichi stepped back to avoid collision and let Hinata make the receive.

The ball went to Kageyama, then Tanaka before being shut down by the blocker.

Hinata turned to Daichi, alarmed.

“S-sorry!” Hinata shouted with his head bowed. His voice sounded mildly panicked. “I-I keep forgetting there are so many people on the court! I promise to do better!”

Daichi frantically tried to reassure the orange-haired boy that it was all right.

20 - 16

Aoba Johsai was ahead by four points.

Coach Irihata’s lips pressed into a thin line. Yes, they were ahead; but it should have been by more than that.

“Karasuno’s team seems a bit all over the place,” Coach Mizoguchi said.

Irihata hummed in agreement.

Karasuno did have a lot they needed to work on. Their offence, while strong, was uncoordinated and did not have a strong arsenal of attacks at the moment. Their overall defence was weak, that captain of theirs was the only thing keeping their defence together, though that small middle blocker wasn’t half bad at receives either.

The other middle blocker, the tall one that is, had a lot of potential. His blocks were smart, he was read blocking. However, he did not seem particularly motivated or invested in the game.

The setter was particularly notable, his technique was near perfect. Though, he did seem to be having issues syncing up with the other players on the team. He and the small middle blocker especially seemed to have a slow start.

And back to that middle blocker.

Irihata didn’t quite know what to think of him.

The most obvious thing to mention about the orange-haired boy was his jump. That boy must have a secret pair of wings on him or something to be able to jump that high. With that being said, the boy’s jumps also seemed a bit... odd. Whenever the boy went to jump he would jump straight up in the air. Effective in reaching height, but not in power. If the boy kept his

momentum moving forward as he jumped, he would be able to transfer the power of the jump into his spike much easier.

The boy also seemed to lack court awareness. The boy seemed to be getting in the way of his teammates like he would forget they were there. This resulted in many almost-collisions.

Irihata watched as the boy made another spike, earning Karasuno their next point. Watched as the setter pulled the middle blocker aside and whispered something and the middle blocker nodded along.

Irihata crossed his arms and leaned back. Irihata knew two things about Karasuno at that moment.

One: Those two had something up their sleeves that they've been waiting to use.

Two: That small middle blocker would be one to watch out for.

20 - 17

Hinata landed on the ground after a spike.

Shouts of "Nice kill!" could be heard coming from multiple teammates.

Before Hinata could even have the chance to catch his breath Kageyama was pulling on his arm.

"STOP! KAGEYAMA!" Hinata shouted in protest.

"Oi! Idiot! Shut up!" Kageyama whisper-shouted in Hinata's ear and Hinata settled down.

"What!" Hinata demanded.

"I think we're finally playing well enough to do the thing," Kageyama said.

"What thing?" Hinata asked.

Kageyama's eye twitched. "You know..." Kageyama said through gritted teeth. "The thing Daichi told us to wait to use until we were ready."

"OH!" Hinata's face lit up in recognition. "You mean the fwoof-BOOM thing! Why didn't you just say so! Silly Kageyama," Hinata laughed.

If Kageyama had laser vision Hinata would have died on the spot.

21 - 18

Hinata ran up to the net but was met by a wall of blockers. *Don't panic. Look for an opening.*

Hinata quickly changed directions and bolted towards the other side of the net.

Hinata jumped.

Kageyama tossed.

SLAM!

Silence.

24 - 20

Matchpoint for Aoba Johsai and Hinata up to serve.

Hinata tossed the ball in the air. His eyes widened as he realized his toss was off.

He felt the awkwardness of the hit as his palm met the ball.

Hinata watched, frozen in horror as the ball flew too low to make it over the net. Heading right towards...

SMACK!

Someone, please tell Hinata's mom and sister that he loves them and that he will be joining his dad in the afterlife because Kageyama was going to kill him.

25 - 20

Aoba Johsai wins the first set

"Those Karasuno guys are freaks," Kunimi said after taking a drink from his water bottle.

"I'm kind of glad that the last guy messed up his serve though," Yahaba wiped his forehead with a towel. "He had this scary look on him."

"Don't tell me you're scared of some small fry like him," Matsukawa shot.

"Did you not see that freak quick attack they pulled?" Watari fired back.

"They only did it twice towards the end of the set, maybe it was a fluke," Iwaizumi chimed in, taking the rest of the team by surprise. The other teen hadn't looked like he had been listening. "Or maybe they were waiting for the right moment," he shrugged.

"That spiker must have some serious skill to be able to hit those sets," Hanamaki muttered. The opposite hitter looked a bit jealous.

"I think those quicks were more so the setter's doing than the spiker," Kunimi stated. It was less like an opinion and more so a fact.

"What do you mean the setter?" Kindaichi asked with the hint of an edge to his voice.

"Well for one: the spiker was hitting the ball with his eyes closed."

The team had to take a moment to process that.

Watari broke the silence first.

“That’s impossible!”

“That would mean the setter needs to be making a pinpoint toss to the spiker’s hand in a split second,” Iwaizumi said, wide-eyed.

Kunimi just shrugged in response. “I don’t know the specifics. I’m just stating what I saw.”

“Whatever we still won the set,” Kindaichi blurted out. He was growing increasingly more annoyed with the rest of his team's behaviour. Who cares about Karasuno? Their team was still stronger overall. Who cares if Karasuno has a couple of freaky first years.

The team turned to look at the players across the net. The setter seemed to be yelling at the small middle blocker about something as the captain yelled at them to cut it out.

“But it shouldn’t have been that close against a school like Karasuno,” Matsukawa narrowed his eyes at the said team.

“When’s Oikawa supposed to get here anyway,” Yahaba asked. If their captain came, Karasuno wouldn’t stand a chance, freak quick or not.

Iwaizumi rolled his eyes. “He said something like he can make it for the third set if the Doctor gives the ‘okay’.”

“Who says there's going to be a third set,” Kindaichi said through gritted teeth. No way was he going to lose to Kageyama.

“Don’t get cocky,” Iwaizumi scolded. “Anything can happen as long as the game isn’t over yet.”

The second set started with Seijoh’s serve which Daichi received.

“KAGEYAMA!” Hinata ran up to the net and took off as Kageyama set the ball.

The point was awarded before Seijoh had time to blink.

Well, how the fuck were they supposed to stop that?

1 - 3

“That spike really is something,” Takeda said breathlessly.

“Hm?” Sugawara looked over at his teacher. “Oh right,” he laughed. “This is your first time seeing it in action.” Takeda nodded.

They certainly are special.

Sugawara looked back at the two first years as the ball hit the floor with another loud *BANG!*

5 - 8

Tanaka served but it was received by Seijoh's number one who sent it back to their setter.

The setter sent the ball to their number six.

Hinata received the ball and sent it to Kageyama before sprinting up to the net for a quick. Seijoh's blockers were quick to react, forming a two-person wall in front of Hinata.

Kageyama set the ball for a back attack and Tanaka earned them another point.

9 - 13

Coach Irihata frowned as his boys fell victim to another quick attack from the Karasuno duo.

"If you can't block then receive!" Irihata called out.

The boys nodded. Irihata smiled to himself. His boys were determined, they did not enjoy being humiliated by two first years. He could feel the competitive aura rolling off the team in waves.

15 - 17

Tobio sent Hinata another one of the freak quicks.

The ball shot through the air and was about to hit the floor before Seijoh's libero got an arm under it. The ball flew out of control and hit the wall.

"Kageyama!" Hinata called out, snapping the setter's attention to him.

"What do you want?" Tobio snapped. Hinata however was not phased.

"I think we should hold off on that quick from now on and focus on some other attacks,"

Tobio blinked. "Why?" The freak quick was currently the team's strongest attack, why wouldn't they use it? "It's working is it not? They haven't been able to receive it yet."

"Yeah but that libero got under it," Hinata turned to look at something off in the distance. "If we keep using it at this rate they'll get used to it. Then it'll be useless against them in the next set and all future games."

Tobio would never admit it to his face, but he could see Hinata's logic. Tobio was being too careless, too caught up in the adrenaline rush he got by the seemingly unstoppable attack. The thought of Hinata realizing this before him made him sick.

"Okay fine," Tobio grumbled. "I'll send more sets to Tanaka and Ennoshita. You keep running at the net like you're still going to spike. The decoy strategy has also been working well thus far."

Hinata made a face. "You know I know more attacks than just that quick," he muttered. Kageyama rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, well we haven't practiced them before now and the middle of a set is not the time to be trying something new," Kageyama said.

"It's a practice match, what better time to try new things?"

"What are you, an idiot? Don't you want to win?"

"Of course I do!"

"THEN JUST FOLLOW MY LEAD!"

"YOUR LEAD IS STUPID!"

21 - 25

Karasuno wins the second set.

Tooru Oikawa strutted into the Aoba Johsai fashionably late as he put it.

Hajime would have chosen different words to describe the situation but whatever.

Tooru watched as all eyes turned on him as he entered through the gym doors. Karasuno's team looked confused, no doubt wondering what the sound of his adoring fans was.

"Welcome back Oikawa," His coach greeted. "How's that leg doing?"

"Never been better," Tooru smiled. "Glad I can come back to practice now. It was just a tiny sprain."

"Listen, son, don't ever do that again. They brought Kageyama as we asked them to so we can't just show up without our official setter, that would make us look bad."

Tooru internally rolled his eyes. It was not like he wanted to injure himself. He had taken Takeru out to the arcade, like the great uncle he was, and Iwa-chan had decided to tag along. *More like Oikawa begged Hajime to come along.* Long story short, Iwa-chan bet that Tooru would suck at that one dance game (Dance Dance Revolution) so of course Tooru had to prove him wrong.

It's not Tooru's fault that halfway through the dance his ungrateful nephew decided it was the perfect time to make a snide comment that threw Tooru off his game causing him to fall. Just like It's not Tooru's fault that Iwa-chan had to carry him home.

Tooru rubbed the back of his head. "I'm sorry," he apologized. Though, *it was Iwa-chan's fault for insulting him in the first place.*

“Be careful Oikawa!” Tooru turned to see a few of his fans shouting at him from the second floor of the gym. “Please don’t hurt yourself!” He sent a kind smile and a small wave towards the girls as they giggled.

Tooru then turned to the loving gaze of his team. *Oikawa has been back for all of three minutes and Hajime was ready to send his ass back to the hospital.*

“Sorry to leave you guys hanging while you faced Karasuno, but I’m back now.” Tooru looked at the score and he was impressed, to say the least. Who would’ve thought a school like Karasuno holding their own against a top four in the prefecture like Seijoh? Not that he expected anything less from the team that had the little nuisance of a prodigy on it. Speaking of...

Tooru turned to his fellow setter.

“Hey there,” he waved. “It’s been a while.” Tooru might have had his issues when it came to Kageyama, but he did have manners no matter what Iwa-chan might say. “How long has it been since I last saw you? You’ve grown” Tooru did know the exact time he had last seen Kageyama and it was not back at Kitagawa. It was the twenty-third of February at the grocery store. Tooru had hidden behind a display of cabbages to avoid confrontation. “How’s it feel to be the king?”

Kageyama just turned and said something to his team that Tooru couldn’t exactly make out from the distance.

“Now go over there and warm up so you don’t get yourself injured again!” Coach Irata shouted.

Tooru turned away from the black-haired prodigy. “All right.”

As he walked off the court, Tooru sent one last look to Kageyama.

Screw the fact that Kageyama was two years his junior, he was joining to crush this child.

Tooru watched the set playout while he stretched and it was a bit underwhelming if he was honest.

Karasuno’s defence was weak and they relied too much on an overpowering offence. While that might work, for now, it will be a problem in the future. The tall blond has intimidating blocking, but Tooru had a nagging feeling that he was shit at receives. The bald kid was very... enthusiastic but didn’t have a wide range of attacks as of yet making him predictable. And the other wing spiker looks like he lacks confidence in himself.

Then there were the last two.

Kageyama who Tooru had indirectly taught everything he knows. Tooru knew Kageyama, how his mind worked, how he played. Kageyama was one hundred percent talented when it came to volleyball, that was never in question. But his fatal flaw back in middle school was

that the kid could never see past himself. He expected others to fold around him and never modified his setting techniques to better fit those of his spikers. It's how Kageyama got his nickname.

On the surface, Kageyama was adjusting to these teammates better than back at Kitagawa, however, he was still not compromising his position of control. He was not giving his spikers the freedom to decide what types of attacks to use themselves, he was force-feeding the attacks to them and the orange-haired shorty was the best example.

Shorty had been the biggest surprise Tooru had encountered yet.

Tooru had never seen the orange-haired boy at any tournaments before, and with those skills, it seemed very unlikely that the boy was new to volleyball. Not only that but he also seemed vaguely familiar, Like Tooru had seen a picture of him before somewhere but he couldn't put his finger on it.

If Tooru had to guess, he would say the shorty was a very well-rounded player more suited to that of an opposite hitter position than middle blocker. That being said, Tooru could also understand Karasuno's decision to be a middle blocker. The boy was probably one of the best decoys Tooru had ever seen. His presence on the court was so strong you had to force your eyes away from him to be able to focus on the rest of the game.

With all that being said, Tooru couldn't help but feel the orange-haired boy was being held back. Kageyama only ever sent the boy one type of set, one that didn't give him any time to think while in the air. ' *What a waste* ' Tooru thought to himself. Tooru briefly wondered what type of attacks the boy would be able to pull given a setter that would utilize his full potential.

The referee blew the whistle and the team paused.

"Oikawa! You're in," he heard his coach shout.

21 - 24

Karasuno at matchpoint and Tooru up to serve.

Tooru smirked.

Seijoh might not win this game, but he would give Karasuno a taste of what a complete Aoba Johsai was.

The whistle blew and Tooru threw the ball in the air. A jump serve aimed right at their weak point, the tall guy with the glasses.

That was one point for Seijoh.

Another serve, another point.

Tooru had to laugh at Karasuno's face. This just showed their lack of experience. Precise serves like this were not uncommon and if they couldn't handle the power of his serves, what

chance did they think they had against Ushijima.

On Tooru's third serve he noticed the Captain had expanded his defence to try and cover for the blond. *Clever, but if Karasuno wanted to make it to nationals they'd need a more permanent solution to their defence problem.* Tooru aimed at glasses yet again but this time he made a nice receive.

“Oh, you got it, guess I made it too easy on you then,” Tooru shrugged.

Tooru watched as the ball was sent to Kageyama and the shorty jumped at the net.

BAM!

Chapter End Notes

Who would've thought writing about a sport I have never played would be so difficult

Postgame encounters

Chapter Notes

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

“Karasuno was pretty unexpected, weren’t they?” Watari said as he took a long drink from his water bottle. Tooru scoffed.

“Please the only reason they won was because of that ridiculous spike of theirs.” he dabbed the back of his neck with a towel. “Other than that they were pretty average at best.”

Karasuno played a fair game, but they were far from perfect. Had they played Aboah Josai at their best, Karasuno wouldn’t have stood a chance as they were now. They still made basic rookie mistakes and their defence was subpar at best. Tooru couldn’t think of a hundred ways they would need to improve in order to be on the national level they so dreamed of being.

“And that’s only because of Kageyama, but we already knew he would potentially be a pain in the ass,” Kindaichi scowled.

“We still need to be cautious,” Iwaizumi commented. He was looking over at Karasuno, who was talking avidly about the final point in the game. “I wouldn’t underestimate that orange-haired kid, and I don’t think that was their full lineup either.”

“You mean the shrimp?” Hanimaki tilted his head. “I mean he was pretty fast I guess.”

“He jumps pretty high for his height too,” Kunimi chimed in. Tooru laughed.

“The chibi was a wild card,” Tooru looked to where the orange-haired kid was currently in a headlock by the bald boy on their team.

The way the kid looked in the midst of the game seemed like he had experience, which was contradictory to all the beginner mistakes he was making. He was a walking contradiction that Tooru wanted to figure out. Regardless, the kid had potential and a lot of it; not only that but he seemed hungry for more. That’s the real thing that made him dangerous.

Tooru took another gulp of water. “Who cares though,” he looked over to the opposing team who were holding back the chibi and Tobio from attacking each other. Tooru smirked. “This will be the only time they’ll ever beat us. Let them enjoy it as it lasts.”

“Hey, guys! Wait for me!” Shouyou shouted. The team turned back to him.

“Why would we need to wait for you?” Tsukishima snarked.

Shoyo pointed behind him, “I just gotta use the bathroom real quick.”

“Fine!” Tanaka yelled back. “Just don’t get lost this time!” Shouyou scrunched up his face.

"I didn't even get lost last time!" Shouyou exclaimed. "I had an encounter, which complicated things!"

"We know Hinata, you already told us," Suga chuckled.

"We'll meet you on the bus," Daichi said. "Try not to make a habit of antagonizing the other teams in the bathroom."

"They were underestimating us! I had to say something! And um..." Shouyou chuckled. "No promise on the bathroom thing," he waved at Daichi as he turned to run to the bathroom.

"What is that supposed to mean dumbass?" Kageyama yelled at him down the hall. Shouyou turned around while jogging.

"Don't worry about it!" he yelled back.

Hinata opened the bathroom door and immediately stopped in his tracks. At the sink stood a familiar figure.

"Oh my god! It's the Grand King!"

Oikawa let out a shocked chuckle at the odd name. "I'm sorry, what?" He turned to face the new presence in the room and was surprised to see the chibi from earlier standing there.

Hinata rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly. He hadn't meant to say that out loud.

"I mean they call Kageyama the king of the court right?" Oikawa nodded, familiar with the nickname his junior had been given back in middle school. "And after the game Kageyama said he learnt everything from you, so that would make you the Grand King."

Oikawa tilted his head. "You know, I kind of like the sound of that." Hinata smiled.

"You should, it's such a cool nickname. Being called a king is awesome!" Hinata exclaimed. "And you played so good today even if it was for just a bit! Your serves were like *WHA-BAM!* And your receives were all perfect! I'm still working on adjusting to the new environment so my receives are more *meh* or *bleh* at the moment, but I'm getting better! And your setting is incredible! Could you give me some tips sometime?"

Oikawa was so taken aback by all the sudden praise he had to physically take a step back from the boy.

"Okay, how about we slow down and take a breath." Hinata nodded, taking a deep breath. "Okay," Oikawa started, "now that that's out of the way? What was your name?"

"Oh, I'm Hinata Shouyou, nice to meet you!" Hinata fell into a deep bow.

"Okay, chibi. You seem to know who I am pretty well so I won't introduce myself, and I appreciate the compliments but why would you want to know how to set?"

“What do you mean?” Hinata asked.

“You’re a spiker, and you seem to like that position-” Oikawa was interrupted.

“I don’t just like it. I LOVE IT!” Hinata exclaimed. Oikawa winced slightly from the volume. Hinata quickly apologized falling into another deep bow and Oikawa was quick to insist that they didn’t need to be that formal.

“There’s nothing as amazing as the sting on your hand right after hitting a good spike!” Hinata said at a much more manageable volume this time.

Oikawa tilted his head. “Exactly, if you love it so much, why would you want to learn how to set?” Hinata shook his head.

“I already know how to set, but seeing you just showed me how much better I need to be,” Hinata said. “I need to be able to do everything on the court.” Oikawa hummed.

“And why do you think I would help an opposing team to get better?”

“Why not?” Hinata asked. “It would make your games more interesting and fun. And it’s not like I’ll be playing as a setter in a game anytime soon so you won’t have to worry about that.”

Before Oikawa could respond Hinata caught a glimpse of Oikawa’s bag out of the corner of his eye.

“Hey, is that a pin of the Argentinian flag?” Hinata asked excitedly.

“Huh, oh,” Oikawa looked at the pin on his bag. “Yeah, he said. They’re my favourite team.” Hinata’s eyes light up.

“That’s so cool! My favourite team is Brazil, but I’m biased. But Argentina has some really good players, and by really good I mean REALLY GOOD. Like *Senhor Blanco*! He is *incrível* his sets and how he *equilibra seu time é perfeito*. *Meu amigo Nicholas me apresentou a ele uma vez e foi um dos melhores dias da minha vida*. ” Hinata panted.

Oikawa blinked, “How does such a small body have such big lungs?” Hinata blushed. Oikawa continued. “There was a lot to unpack here so let’s start. One, Brazil is a pretty good team as well. Two, I think I heard you say, Blanco, as in José Blanco, which he is a big inspiration of mine. I got the chance to meet him a while back and it changed my life. And three, I have no idea whatever else the fuck you said because it sure as hell wasn’t Japanese.” Hinata’s hand shot up to his face.

“Wait, it wasn’t Japanese? I’m so sorry,” Hinata apologized. “I’ve been trying so hard not to do that while I’ve been here, even when I get excited, and I’ve been doing so good until now.”

“It’s all good,” Oikawa patted him on the back. “What language was that anyway? Spanish?”

“Portuguese,” Hinata said sheepishly. “Spanish wasn’t that far off though.”

“Thank god,” Oikawa joked. “I’ve been trying to learn Spanish so when you started speaking and I didn’t understand a thing I just thought I was hopeless.” Hinata laughed. “Where did you learn to speak Portuguese?”

A fond smile fell on Hinata’s face. “I lived in Brazil until the end of this summer.” Now Oikawa wasn’t expecting that, but now the pieces were beginning to fall into place.

“So before indoor volleyball...” Hinata nodded.

“I used to play a lot of beach, but now obviously I can’t.” Oikawa thought he caught the corners of Hinata’s slip for a second, but it was gone as soon as it came. “Now I get to play with my amazing team! But it’s a bigger adjustment than I expected.”

“Well maybe you could show me sometime,” Oikawa said. He began to walk past Hinata towards the door. Before he exited he paused. “It’s been nice chatting with you chibi. See you around.” Oikawa smiled over his shoulder.

He left, leaving Hinata in the bathroom alone with another bathroom encounter added to his evergrowing list.

Chapter End Notes

So it's been a while. How are you all doing?

End Notes

This was very self indulgent. I know nothing about beach volleyball or regular volleyball.
Why did I write this?

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