

## Soak Up the Sun

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# Soak Up the Sun

by [AnimeSmash](#)

## Summary

The Seijoh VBC takes a beach trip for their first day of break (courtesy of Oikawa)!

## Notes

Y'all...I'm pushing these out but I am going so slow. I almost have the next day finished so hopefully I can get it out tonight (fingers crossed).

On a completely unrelated note: Happy (belated) birthday, Suga!

And again, if you find any grammatical errors, please let me know! :)

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

#### **Day 4 ~ Seijoh VBC ▪ Beach ▪ Pampering**

For once, Oikawa actually had a team bonding idea that no one seemed mad about.

Aoba Johsai, along with most schools in the Miyagi Prefecture, was officially on break. So as captain, Oikawa had decided that the entire Seijoh Volleyball Club would take a trip to the beach. Their coaches had agreed so they all drove or walked down to their local beach.

It didn't take them long to set up, and soon, they were all frolicking around the beach, either in the water or playing in the sand.

Oikawa sighed, closing his eyes and laying back on his beach towel under the umbrella he put up.

"Captain's too pretty to play in the sun?"

Oikawa opened his eyes to find Makki and Mattsun standing over him. He closed them again. "No. I'm doing my duties as captain."

"And that would be?"

"Babysitting."

"How are you babysitting with your eyes closed?"

"You're not even the oldest, dumbass."

This time, Oikawa sat up. "C'mon, let me have this, Iwa-chan! It sounded all official!"

Iwaizumi sat down next to him, handing him a bottle of Ramune, opening his own strawberry one. "Why are you trying to make yourself sound cool? And why are you just sitting here? You're the one who suggested this trip."

"And look at them. They're having fun."

"Yahaba looks like he's two seconds away from drowning Kyōtani."

"You two better not get all parenty on us," Hanamaki sighed, sitting on his towel under the same large umbrella.

"Got any Ramune for us?" Matsukawa asked, joining the other third years.

Iwaizumi shrugged. "You never asked."

"Neither did Tōru."

"He doesn't have to," Makki said with a smirk. "They just know each other *that well*."

Both brunettes blushed. Iwaizumi threw an extra towel at both of them. "Like the two of you can talk. Do you wanna talk about the one time the team caught the two of you making out in the locker room?"

"That was just an example of how often we find the two of you making out there."

"The number of times we've caught the two of you is just sad," Mattsun added, shaking his head.

"Twenty-six since the end of our second year," Makki exclaimed like it was his most prized piece of knowledge.

Oikawa nearly spit out his soda. "Why are the two of you spying on us all the time?!" He was about to move to tackle the two, but Iwaizumi had beat him to the punch.

The only two's saving grace was Kindaichi calling Oikawa from the water. "Hey, Captain! You should come join us! It feels great!"

Oikawa laughed, waving at the first year. It was odd seeing his hair flattened to his head. "I think I'll stay here! You guys have fun though!"

"Pretty Boy's too afraid to get his hair wet," Makki called after him.

"Oh, that's it, Salmon Head! You're dead!" This time, he did pounce on Hanamaki, tickling his ribcage.

The pink-haired boy howled. "No! Issei, save me! The Volleyball Monster is after my life!"

Matsukawa sighed, easily picking up the captain and swinging him over his shoulder.

Oikawa let out a less than graceful squeal. "No, put me down! Iwa-chan, help me!"

Iwaizumi sighed, helping Hanamaki up as he watched Mattsun walk off with his boyfriend. "And I was hoping for a day of peace..."

"You do realize who you're dating, right?"

Oikawa let out that same squeal, only louder this time, as he was dropped in the water. When he surfaced, sputtering, he glared at his assailant. "Now look what you've done! You messed up my hair!"

"You're still hot, Pretty Boy. Now get up."

Oikawa pulled the taller teen down with him with a laugh. "Ha! Now you're soaking wet too."

Matsukawa looked at him. "That's it! You've just declared war." He turned towards the shore. "Takahiro!"

"Hajime!"

The two wing spikers sighed, jogging up to their boyfriends.

"Chicken fight, right now," Oikawa said, climbing up onto Iwaizumi's shoulders.

"Why are you on top?! You're heavy, dammit!"

"Chicken fight?" Yahaba asked from a few feet away. "Mind if we join?"

"A team chicken fight! Why not?"

Yahaba leaned down for Watari to climb on his shoulders, saying something about how "Kentarō didn't wanna join". Kindaichi did the same for Kunimi.

The four groups then moved to stand in a diamond formation. "Alright, now on the count of three, we all charge," Oikawa explained, hands already out at the ready. "Everyone ready? One...two-"

"Three!"

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"No fair! Why did you all go for me and Iwa-chan first?!"

"Because you were the one who came up with the idea in the first place," Hanamaki answered, taking a sip from his Ramune (which he bought himself).

"I still refuse to believe that Kunimi and Kindaichi won," Yahaba shook his head with a smile.

"I think they got some help." The group turned to Oikawa.

The brunette shrugged. "No idea what you're talking about."

"I felt something tickle my ankles right when you disappeared."

"Could've been a fish."

"This close to shore?"

"You never know, Mattsun. The way of the fish is a curious one, indeed."

"Please never say that again, you nerd," Iwaizumi sighed. "What now? We still have a few more hours until the sun begins to set."

Oikawa reached in his bag, pulling out a volleyball.

"Why do you have a... You know what? I'm not even that surprised."

"How would we split teams though?" Watari asked. "There's nine of us."

"I'll sit this one out and keep score," Hanamaki offered. "There are so many wing spikers that it's only fair."

Kyōtani sighed, causing Yahaba to look over at him. "You're not getting out of this one. You haven't participated in a single thing with us."

"Don't be like that, Mad Dog," Oikawa said. "It'll be fun!"

"Whatever...only if I get to be on Iwaizumi's team."

"Aren't Iwa-chan and I going to be on the same team?"

"That would be so unfair," Mattsun answered. "You and Iwaizumi have been a powerhouse duo since you guys were fifteen. If any of us went up against the two of you together, we would lose."

Oikawa pouted. "Fine. But as captain, I get to choose who I want first and I want Kindaichi."

"Wait, really?" The first year looked at him.

"Of course I want you on my team!"

*"Someone's showing favorites,"* Iwaizumi whispered into Matsukawa's ear.

"I heard that, Hajime!"

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It ended up being a captain vs vice captain match up; the teams being Kindaichi, Kunimi, and Watari on Oikawa's team and Matsukawa, Kyōtani, and Yahaba on Iwaizumi's team. Hanamaki kept score. They didn't have a net, so Makki decided to draw a long line in the sand with a box, claiming that that was the new net.

It was then that the stakes were decided. Whoever lost, the "captain" of that team would pay for dinner that night. And thus, the game began.

The Seijoh team had gathered quite a crowd by the time they reached their third set, though it was due in no small part to Oikawa and Yahaba winking at every passing girl when they weren't playing.

To the captain, however, that only made the sting of defeat more unbearable as he slipped in the sand, nearly faceplanting.

Said faceplant is how Oikawa found himself paying for dinner at a small, local ramen shop. "I'm gonna go broke because of you guys!"

"You're the only one of us with a job, idiot."

"Plus, what happened to 'fulfilling your duties as captain'?" Makki asked with a final slurp of his ramen.

Oikawa frowned. "I really hate you guys sometimes..."

"For what it's worth, I had fun today," Kindaichi said, smiling at Oikawa. "Even if you did cause us to lose our game."

"I slipped! It was an honest mistake!"

"He is right, though," Yahaba continued, placing his chopsticks across his bowl. "Thanks for dragging us all out here." The setter's comment was then followed by a chorus of "thank you"s from the rest of the team.

Oikawa couldn't help but smile. "Of course! You guys are my team! I do take care of you all." They all stood. "Make sure you all get home safe. Text the group chat when you get home." There was another chorus, this time of "yes sir"s before they all left.

The brunette felt someone squeeze his hand. He turned to face Iwaizumi. "Ready to go?"

"Today was fun."

"It was."

"And now it's my turn to take care of you? How about a nice walk along the coast?"

Oikawa smiled, kissing his boyfriend on the cheek. "That sounds perfect."

## End Notes

I hope you guys enjoyed. This was a much shorter one but I wanted to push it out. Stay tuned for the next one. As always, thanks for the bookmarks, kudos, and comments!

See you guys l8tr!

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