

Haikyuu One-shots (ships)

Boyfriend/girlfriend challenges of chaos

Von Anneita

Kapitel 3: Fainting - KuroKen II

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Kuroo "faints"

Ok so, he knew this was technically his and Bokuto's idea, and sure enough, when they proposed it in the "tops-group chat" it sounded fun, but thinking about it now, he got a little... worried. He was on his way to Kenma's and the closer he got the more Kuroo thought about what would happen in just a few minutes.

Sure some might say that his boyfriend was cold or distant and not really emotionally attached to anything but his video games, but Kuroo knew better. Yes, the younger man was indeed shy and rather introverted and he got easily uncomfortable in larger gatherings of people, but that didn't make him cold. Everyone who took the time to really look at Kenma would notice the passion in his eyes when he was with the team or played his games. Or his affection was only expressed by a subtle smile, the way he worried when someone got hurt during a game, or the way he sometimes even took pride in his achievements as their setter and certainly in the achievements of his team. They were small gestures but they were valued.

The more one gets to know the silent setter, the more one would realize that he does care, a lot. Kenma would do so much more for his friends than most people would assume, which concerned Kuroo slightly thinking about the prank. If Kenma were to step out of his comfort zone because of this, the prank would most certainly backfire on him.

He sighed as he approached the younger's house. There was no turning back now. He should have told Bokuto to pray for him in case he won't make it out alive. Another sigh as he searched for the spare key Kenma gave him for his last birthday since he spends so much time over anyways. Kuroo couldn't help but smile at the memory. Back then they had already been together for a while and he knew from the shrimp that his boyfriend had struggled to find a good present -- not that he would ever tell his kitten that Hinata told him, it was more of an accident anyways. In the end, Kenma surprised him with the best present ever and he didn't let go of him for hours afterward, which didn't even seem to bother the smaller as long as they were out of

sight for anybody else. He didn't like the attention. Back then that wasn't difficult, Kenma had waited to give him the present until they were alone. It was one of the best and cutest and most important moments in their relationship, according to Kuroo at least. Kenma wasn't so convinced. He got flustered whenever the taller would mention it and always seemed a bit startled by his enthusiasm, but Kuroo could tell that he at least partially enjoyed it by the delicate smile that crept on his face no matter how hard he tried to contain it.

"Hey Kitten! are you upstairs?" he asked casually as he entered the house. He got no immediate answer, which almost always meant 'yes' and that his boyfriend was probably caught up in a game.

"Oh hi Kuroo-kun, it's nice to see you again. How are you?" Kenma's mother appeared in the doorway to the living room, inviting him in with a warm welcoming smile. Kenma's parents were great and had basically accepted him as part of the family right from the start, even before he and Kenma were a thing. He still had not got them to drop the "-kun" though, but he was working on that.

"It's nice to see you too! I'm good, how about you? and Kenma?"

"That's good to hear, sweetie, I'm fine as well, and when it comes to Kenma... Well, sometimes I think you might even know that better than I do." she gave him another encouraging smile, that almost --almost-- covered up her lie. No one knew Kenma better than her. Maybe someday when they lived in an apartment together, separately from their respected relatives, but for now there was just no chance. His mother must have superpowers or something. She always had a sense for what her kid needed, something that definitely did not come naturally to everybody. Perhaps it was just her character and kindness that allowed her to observe her son for who he really was, accept it and respect his individual needs instead of forcing him into social constructs. Kuroo was more than glad about it.

"Kenma is upstairs in his room, I would offer to get you some snacks, however, I have a meeting in a few minutes, so there is sadly no time for that."

" Alright, thanks anyway, and good luck," he answered quickly as ran up to Kenma's room.

He didn't bother knocking on the door, knowing that the setter wouldn't hear him, while gaming. Sure enough, when Kuroo entered the room, the smaller was sitting in front of his computer, staring intensely on the screen, completely hyper-focused. He carefully approached his boyfriend and tried figuring out what kind of game he was playing, by observing the monitor over Kenma's shoulder. However, before he could even determine the genre the screen went dark, announcing Kenma's defeat in big, glowing letters. Surprised, he turned around, only to find the other glaring at him. That's when he noticed that, he'd started to subconsciously play with the blond hair, which must have irritated and distracted the other. This wasn't usually the case when Kenma knew he was there, but since he had just arrived...

"Sorry," he said, not sounding sorry at all.

He almost expected the smaller to try the level again at least once because first Kenma didn't like losing these games and second to get back at him for causing his defeat. But he didn't, instead, he grabbed his switch and walked over to the bed, where he sat down and gestured to Kuroo to follow. It was an invitation for cuddles, it made his heart melt.

Kenma looked up at him confused as the seconds passed by -- normally Kuroo wouldn't hesitate and waste even so much as a second -- only to find his partner staring at him in awe. Kuroo watched as the other tried to hide his increasing blush behind his hair and attempted to join him before Kenma decided cuddles weren't worth the waiting and the teasing, as he remembered the prank.

He gave the younger a calculating look, observing him carefully as he tried to guess his chances of getting "cuddling restrictions" by doing this. Not that he could avoid it since it was kinda his idea, still... Kenma could be really stubborn and Kuroo needed cuddles way more than the setter...

Argh, this was going to be his end

He sighed, there was nothing to consider. This was perhaps the last chance to do the challenge since Kenma would just assume that he'd fallen asleep when he tried it while they were cuddling.

"Alright here goes nothing" he mumbled.

"Kuroo?" the setter asked.

Something seemed wrong, the taller had been looking at him for a few minutes now and not with his typical goofy looking and affectionate smile, but as if he was considering what to do next. Or maybe hesitating to say something? something about him? about them?

His heart started beating faster and worry started to infect his thinking. He closed his eyes for a moment to try and stop himself from spiraling deeper into these kinds of thoughts. -- His insecurities sometimes tend to get the better of him, especially when he allows himself to imagine the most painful possibility: losing Kuroo -- When he suddenly hears a low thud next to him.

He looked up only to find Kuroo on the floor... unmoving and...

To say he panicked was an understatement. Anxiety flooded his whole system, as a million other and much worse possibilities on how to lose Kuroo ran through his head. No...No, no, no- NO!

Even though he internally screamed, his actual voice, was nothing more than a whisper:

"Kuroo?" he sounded so afraid, so fragile.

The other, however, didn't move. He had to do something! Kenma had to do something!

But it was as if he was temporarily paralyzed, frozen in place from the shock, with his mind having a complete blackout on the information, what to do in these kinds of emergencies. It was as if everything around him got suddenly quieter or rather his heart just beats twice as loud as usual. He could hear the blood rushing through his veins, the pumping of his heartbeat deafening to his ears. At the same time, the air in his lungs started to hurt, burn, and his sight blurred. He didn't even realize that he was crying until the tears dropped onto his tightly clenched fist. Irritated, he looked down at them, away from Kuroo for one second. It gave him a short moment of clarity and he jumped up to get his mother, pleading, praying that she hadn't left the house yet.

The setter darted to the door as quickly as possible, while also trying his best to remain balanced. The room fluctuates dangerously before his eyes and he barely manages to grab the doorknob, before his shoulder collides with the door frame. He breathed heavily, but before he could gather his strength to continue, two arms were put around his waist and pulled him into an embrace.

"Kuroo?..." his voice was shaking and he could feel sobs shaking him.

"Hey Kitten..." Kuroo picked him up and walked them over to the bed. He sat down on the edge and buried his face at Kenma's shoulder. With slow movements, he caressed his arms and head. Tender fingers stroke his cheeks, until he calmed down.

"Kuroo?" he asked again and started to struggle against his grip. Kuroo let go of him immediately and allowed the younger to turn around to face him.

The distress in Kenma's eyes hit him like volleyball in the face and guilt washed over him.

"You- you were... you-"

"I know, but it's fine, I'm okay now."

Kenma didn't look convinced to say the least and continued to stare at him, his eyes widened.

"It was kind of... a prank" Kuroo smiled sheepishly, prepared for Kenma to push him away, shout at him, or worse glare him down with a look, louder than screaming. But the younger did neither. Instead, he stared at him in disbelief, his voice breaking as he asked:

"a... Prank?!?"

Kuroo gulped and nodded, expecting Kenma to launch at him any moment now when the information sank in. Minutes passed and nothing happened, which was even worse, and soon Kuroo's nervousness grew to concern and finally to worry.

"Kenma?"

The setter practically collapsed into his arms and started laughing breathlessly, as relief rushed through his veins. Kuroo was confused, still, he wrapped the smaller in his arms, holding him tightly until his breathing steadied again.

"You're not mad?" he asked carefully.

Kuroo felt Kenma shaking his head against his chest. "No..."

"Really!?" The younger frowned at the loud noise.

"Sorry," the middle blocker pulled his boyfriend closer and gently removed the hair from his face, as the setter laid his ear over Kuroo's heart as if to make sure it was still beating. "It's just hard to believe that you don't feel the urge to kill me yourself, for scaring you like this." he mused.

"I would have been angry... perhaps... You must really care." Kenma blushed and punched him lightly against his chest. Kuroo laughed. Of course, his shy boyfriend would be more bewildered by that, than him fainting.

"Just wait until the relief wears off..." Kenma muttered under his breath and stopped Kuroo's laughing in a matter of seconds.

The taller looked down to his beloved and suddenly got a little concerned for his well-being.

Extra:

They laid in bed for a bit just cuddling and enjoying each other's presents. Kuroo was surprised that Kenma didn't go back to his games immediately after he calmed down a little and instantly felt guilty again. The prank must have shocked the other more than anticipated. As if to say sorry he pulled him closer again, to his side, when the smaller suddenly flinched.

Alerted Kuroo looked at Kenma and tried bringing them both in a sitting position, only to see the other flinch again when he touched his left shoulder. He frowned and set up beside the other. Kenma followed his lead, seemingly careful not to do anything that would give his pain away.

"Kenma, what happened?" Kuroo asked, suspicious.

The setter looked down at his hands and mumbled a barely audible "nothing". He never admitted minor injuries or things like having a cold, because he hated the attention that it brought to him. Especially if he got hurt on the court during a match. Everybody was already looking at him since he was the setter, he didn't need to give them another reason. The Coach wasn't very fond of this, to say the least, but all his lectures only led to Kenma avoiding injuries even more. In other words, avoiding

participating in blocks or doing fast sprints.

"Kenma..." he whispered his name softly, placing a hand gently on his arm. "Can I have a look?"

The smaller said nothing, just nodded. Kuroo pulled the sleeve of Kenma's T-shirt over his shoulder carefully and found a fresh bruise, just starting to turn red and blue. What shocked him was the size, it covered Kenma's shoulder nearly completely. He traced it tenderly with his fingertips, observing Kenma's reaction in case the touch would hurt him. But except for an increase of red on his cheeks, nothing changed.

Kuroo inspected the injury a little longer than necessary before placing a soft, gentle kiss on the bruise and backing away, to Kenma in the eyes.

"What happened?"

"Tetsu..."

"What happened?" he repeated.

Kenma looked down, avoiding his eyes. His gaze flickered to the door.

"Ah,-" he remembered. A second before he decided to end the prank and stop Kenma from panicking he had heard a thud similar to the one that echoed through the room when he "fainted". He remembered Kenma trying to steady himself against the doorframe, before embracing him in a hug.

"You ran against the door?" It didn't sound like a question.

"Doorframe" the younger corrected.

There was a moment of silence between them, in which Kenma caught up in his embarrassment and Kuroo... Kuroo was caught up in a new wave of guilt. This whole thing was a stupid idea!

He stood up, wordlessly. Kenma followed him with his gaze, eyes widening as he saw the captain attempting to leave. Kuroo's expression seemed so uncharacteristically serious.

"Where are you going?" he asked, the nervousness prominent in his voice.

Kuroo turned around, surprised to see the anxious expression of his boyfriend, and gave him a reassuring smile.

"Don't worry, Kitten. I'm just going to get some ice for your shoulder. I'll be back in no time"

He went to go get the ice but hesitated at the door, before quietly adding, just loud enough for Kenma to hear: "I'm sorry"

The setter was too shocked to react immediately and Kuroo hurried out the room before he could.