

Early blooming fireworks

Von nemuri

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This hadn't been the first time Hinata invited him over, but somehow this occasion made him a little more nervous than the previous times. Usually, they'd stayed in Hinata's room and played some video games, but this time... This time, did it really have to be for a festival?

Kenma really couldn't say that he was a big fan of festivals. There would be lots of people and lots of booths and lots of other impressions that could give him a good amount of anxiety to make him want to hide in his room for the next few weeks.

But refusing Hinata's offer would be just as bad. The boy had told him about the fair weeks before, about the stalls he'd usually visit, the food he'd eaten the previous years and of course, how incredibly awesome it would be if they could go together this time. Hinata had even sent him multiple pictures of him wearing a yukata, posing proudly, his smile so radiant that... saying no simply wasn't an option.

The thought of his friend sulking alone at the festival in his pretty attire was too much to bear. And besides all these layers of worries, maybe he was looking forward to the whole thing after all.

Meeting his orange haired friend was rare and Kenma actually treasured every moment they were able to spend together. And there was a slight chance he could convince the boy to leave the festival early, so they could save some time for themselves instead of staying in the bustling cloud.

When Kenma arrived at the train station, Hinata practically jumped at him, as always bursting with energy.

"Kenma!! I'm so glad you're here! Now we can have tons of fun this evening and I can show you this and that and—"

Before things got awkward, Kenma quickly stepped out of their hug. Hinata was so full of joy, he himself couldn't help but crack a smile. And even if he'd heard the volleyball player's plans dozens of times, seeing his eyes sparkle with excitement made his heart race a little.

Maybe he was starting to enjoy it. Maybe he actually wanted to go to the festival

together with the lively boy he probably had a crush on since he'd seen him play volleyball.

No, standing right next to this radiating happiness made him certain that he wanted to do all these things Hinata had told him about, he wanted to see the fair together and maybe even stay until the big fireworks. As long as he could stay by his side a little longer.

Kenma could feel the euphoria settling in his stomach as they were on their way to Hinata's house. It was still too early for the festival, but the middle blocker had insisted on going home already.

The setter hadn't even so much as put down his bag when the orange haired boy jumped into his vision again.

"Show me, show me!"

He blinked in confusion. "What do you mean.."

"Come on!! It's obvious, isn't it? Your Yukata! Where is it? I wanna see you wear it already!"

Oh.

He had been supposed to bring one?

Kenma pressed his lips together tightly. He could already feel the happiness dwindling and being replaced with guilt.

"Ah... Actually... I don't have one... " Surely if he'd look up now, the bright shine would have vanished from Hinata's eyes, so it would be better to keep his gaze fixated on the floor.

"Ehh really?? But... why didn't you say that earlier?"

Wait, what?

Carefully, Kenma lifted his head after all to study his friend's expression. Hinata's excitement seemed a bit dulled but it looked more like he was a little bit worried now. What was this about?

"Y'know if you'd told me earlier... " A pout was actually spreading across the shorter one's face. "I could've asked some of my friends and... WAIT"

Kenma was thrown around from what was happening right now. Did Hinata actually feel bad for the whole yukata-thing that was his fault? And what had crossed his friend's mind now?

"How about you try on one of mine??"

The bright smile had returned as Hinata rushed off to his closet while Kenma still tried to process what the shorter one had just said.

"Shouyou wait, your size—"

Hinata interrupted him by holding a red Yukata in front of his face.

The setter gulped.

"I don't think that this is –"

"It's fine, just try it on!!"

Kenma gingerly took the clothing from his friend. Even though their height difference wasn't that big, Hinata's fashion preference was still far from his.

But there was no helping it. Hinata was looking at him so expectantly and there was no way he could've told the boy without dulling his excitement once again. He'd just have to leap the hurdle. At least the middle blocker had turned away for him to change.

The setter took a quick look at the outfit. He had been shown how to wear a yukata properly before when he'd gone to a bathhouse with Kuroo and the others, but even then he remembered Yaku helping him with every step..

He carefully slipped in the robe to examine the size. From the first impression, it actually seemed to fit quite well. Did this mean he was lucky or unlucky? Well, the orange haired would be pleased at least.

Kenma fidgeted around with the fabric to get it tied properly, but not even with a mirror, there was no way he'd get it right. And what was worse was that Hinata had probably noticed him being uncertain and would turn around any second..

"Do you need any help..?"

Startled, Kenma actually dropped the piece of fabric he was supposed to tie around his waist even though he had expected his friend to intervene.

"S-sorry", he mumbled but Hinata had already come to pick up the belt.

"Don't worry I've already done this countless times!" his friend reassured him with a bright smile as he took a step closer.

The setter accepted the help defenselessly. He could only wonder about the other's concentration while adjusting the piece of clothing, although his hands fussing around felt quite a bit different from when Yaku had helped him. There was a lot more smoothing out, but when he thought about it, maybe it was just Hinata wanting to—

A faint blush settled on his cheeks. He hadn't considered this before but now he couldn't help but concentrate on the little affectionate touches. Somehow, he wanted this to be over quickly, but on the other hand it wasn't unpleasant to have someone fussing around him.

"Alright, we're done!" Hinata patted his sides again, seemingly to fix the belt, but then lingered just a moment longer while looking up into his friend's face.

"T-thanks..", Kenma mumbled, already being caught in the boy's smile. Their closeness made him dizzy again and he wondered how he'd managed being apart from the middle blocker for such a long time. It seemed like an eternity since they'd last been face to face.

And before Hinata could withdraw, he took ahold of his hand.

Now that he could see the other's smile up close, feel the warmth of his hands, and even smell the pleasant scent of his hair, the setter suddenly couldn't even imagine being in another room as his friend anymore.

"I think it suits you.." Even the energetic middle blocker had quieted down according to the situation. His smile was turning lopsided as he leaned in for a hug. Was he thinking the same as Kenma right now?

"Shouyou.. I missed you" It was barely audible but the older still had managed to speak his mind out loud. Not that it helped fight off the blush in his cheeks or his incredibly fast heartbeat Hinata had probably long since noticed. But then again it could also be the other boy's heart, pounding against his chest.

"I missed you too" Hinata lifted his face again, glowing in shame and Kenma couldn't help but to lift his free hand to touch the heated skin. Moving in a bit closer would be..

The orange haired must've read his mind on that because his eyes nervously darted from one spot to the next until he just decided to half-close his eyelids, accepting the rush of feelings.

Kenma took the invitation to angle his head until their lips touched. Even now the sensation of them kissing was still incredible to him, as if every fiber in his body started to vibrate and daze him. Like a wave of heat crashing over him and making him lose all sense of time and space.

Heavy steps towards the door made the boys jump apart just in time as Hinata's little sister Natsu crashed into the room.

"Kenma-kun you're baaaack!!!"

Just as her brother had done at the train station, it was now Natsu's turn to jump into the perplexed setter's arms.

"I told you to knock before you enter my room!" Hinata pouted, face still flushed. Luckily they had noticed before, or else there would be quite some explaining to do that nobody was quite ready to give yet.

Natsu only briefly turned back to her brother. "I only wanted to see Kenma-kun! And uaahh, you're wearing a Yukata! Amazing! It suits you so well!"

Somehow it was still surprising how similar the two siblings were, Kenma mused while awkwardly patting the little girl's head. Hinata and Natsu shared the same energy and bravery, not to mention the same shade of hair colour. On previous visits the setter had also learned that Hinata was doing his best as an older brother, letting the little girl play with them as often as possible. Of course Natsu had also taken a big like to Kenma, and while Hinata sometimes let himself be taken in by jealousy, he was glad his friend hadn't acted on his childish feelings yet.

But as much as the setter liked the younger boy's family, spending time alone was still on top of his list. He and the orange haired exchanged glances and while the setter noted that Hinata was still sulking a little, he must've thought the same.

The younger one's expression softened a little. "How about we go to the festival together? You can stay with us until you meet up with your friends"

Natsu's face lit up as well. "Really?? I can go there together with you?"

Kenma nodded slowly. This seemed to be the best idea, plus it made the little girl really happy.

The orange haired girl soon left the room again in order to get changed into her festival dress and so did her older brother, while the setter whipped out his phone to play a game, distracting himself from wanting to peek at his crush wearing a Yukata beforehand.

But when he finally got to see Hinata wearing the attire with his own eyes did make his heart skip a beat. Especially since the middle blocker seemed incredibly joyous to wear his Yukata, too.

There was no use to hide his own smile, Kenma noted with a slight bit of embarrassment while they stood in front of each other.

"It does suit you", he shyly admitted, only to increase Hinata's radiating excitement.

"Right? Now we kinda match, don't we?"

Lifting his gaze from the orange haired boy's clothes to his face, the blond found himself once more drawn to him. But just as both were about to lean in, Natsu's voice interrupted them from outside the door again.

"Kenma-kun!! Onii-chan! I'm ready!! Let's go to the festival!!"

Hinata broke their eye contact and self-consciously ruffled his hair.

"Let's get going then!" He tried saying in his usual cheerful voice, but there was no way hiding the embarrassment of almost being caught again. In response, Kenma just nodded, feeling a blush spreading to his cheeks as well. At least this time, the girl hadn't just barged in.

Natsu had insisted on holding Kenma's hand while spending time with the boys and while Kenma hadn't argued about this, a slightly jealous Hinata protested about holding Natsu's hand as well (but not without joking about holding Kenma's first, because he the guest and should be treated in a special way, of course).

So now the three of them were walking along the stalls, stopping here and there to

admire the scenery or debating which food to get. The setter still felt a little bit insecure about walking in a crowd of people, but now that he actually had something to hold on – and even if it was just a little girl – it made things more tolerable. The glances he and Hinata exchanged also reassured him that this was the place he wanted to be.

They went to get some of the sweets the middle blocker had told Kenma when Natsu begged for a little stuffed animal that was displayed as a price of a shooting game. Of course she wanted the blond to get it for her and while Kenma at first denied his ability to win at such a game, he couldn't refuse the little girl's sparkling big eyes.

It turned out that his gaming history as well as his experience as a setter made up for a great shooter and he managed to win the toy in no time. Incredibly happy with her price and the one who won it for her of course, Natsu took off, ready to brag about this to her friends.

And while Kenma had noted Hinata's admiration, there was also something gloomy in the air around him.

"Shouyou, I'll win something for you too", the setter declared, determined to make his friend feel important too.

"W-what? Kenma wait, you don't have to –"

Kenma had already handed over the money for another round as he watched Hinata's face turn crimson again.

"It's fine, just tell me which one you want" He went to take aim while the orange haired still fidgeted around but eventually gave in and decided on a keychain.

It didn't take long for the blond to win this one either and even though the look the shopkeeper gave him was quite scary, he tried his best to ignore the man for Hinata's sake.

"Here you go" Holding the smaller one's hand, he dropped the keychain into his palm. When he looked up, he received the same look Natsu had given him earlier, just intensified by the boy's glowing cheeks. He looked way too cute for his own good, but Kenma knew there wasn't really time to admire this sight for long, at least if they didn't wanna seem suspicious to the people around them.

A chiming bell caught their attention and made Hinata snap out of his dazzled state.

"Uaaah!! It's gonna start soon!! How could I forget that!!" The orange haired quickly put the keychain away and then grabbed hold of Kenma's hand again. Looking into his friend's eyes, he suddenly became really serious.

"Quick, I have something to show you!"

Now it was Kenma's turn to be perplexed. What exactly did the younger one want to

show him that was so important that they just flew through the crowd of people? Like this, they'd surely stick out, but oddly enough, the fact that Hinata still hadn't let go of his hand made him feel happy rather than uneasy, so he just let himself get dragged along. Slowly, he learned to accommodate to the younger one's fast paced mental leaps.

They didn't stop walking until they had reached a small hill, a bit further away from the masses of people. Up here, the sounds from the festival had turned also into a faint buzzing. But now that they had reached their destination, it was time for Hinata to explain.

The setter turned to gaze into the boy's face only to find the same serious expression still locked in his eyes. Standing merely a step apart from each other, he could visibly see the other swallow his nervousness as well. What was going on?

"Kenma, I uhm., there's something..." Hiding his shaking hands, he curled them into fists as he gathered his courage, "What I wanted to tell you..."

Another deep breath. The blond suddenly found himself unable to tell whether it was his heart or Hinata's, that was beating so fast. Not knowing what was going to happen, he tensed up, focusing on the other's words.

"I'm in love with y—"

BOOM. The sky lit up in a bright orange as the first fireworks exploded.

Both boys stared at each other in surprise, eyes wide.

Another sparkling explosion lit up the night in green, filling the silence.

"Actually, me too..", Kenma muttered softly, knowing exactly how Hinata had wanted to finish his sentence. It was as if the loud sounds from the fireworks had also shaken off this anticipation. Being able to say these things so freely brought up a different, very warm feeling that spread throughout his body.

It took a second until the words reached the younger boy's ears. His face brightened, almost like the fireworks bloomed above them. Grabbing his friend's shoulders, the orange haired quickly shortened the distance between them.

Their lips met as the next fireworks set off, casting a purple glow on the pair.

Kenma could feel his knees go weak as Hinata's joy swept him along, as well as the extra weight. Unable to support himself and the boy leaning into him, his legs gave in and the boys tumbled to the ground, still clinging to each other.

Only when both ran out of breath did they break the kiss. Overwhelmed, the blond stared into an equally flustered face above him, unable to speak at first.

"Staying like this, I'm really glad" Kenma's words were merely a whisper but got picked up by the short middle blocker anyway.

"Me as well! Being with you makes me the happiest!"
The orange haired boy's bright smile made his heart race once again.

They both settled in the grass, nestled close to each other, their hands tightly intertwined. The passing fireworks almost seemed irrelevant compared to the feelings building inside the blond's chest. How good it felt to finally speak out loud what had been on his mind for weeks.

Maybe it had just been the best decision of his life to come to the festival.