Twitter Thread by Mari ■



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"What would you say if I asked you to run away with me?"

Asahi stills, the tip of his pencil hovering over his notebook, and looks up at Nishinoya seated across the table from him.

Nishinoya is staring out the window, chin propped in his right palm as he idly stirs the soda in

front of him with his left hand.

The question takes Asahi by surprise.

Noya had never asked anything like that before.

"What?"

Noya turns his head away from the water droplets streaking the glass window to fully look at Asahi. "If I said "Hey, Asahi-san, let's run away,"

what would you say?" Noya rephrases.

He's joking.

He's got to be.

After all, they're here right now helping Yuu study for his entrance exams in three months. They'll be in different courses, but Yuu is aiming for the same college as Asahi. Asahi's already been cleaning out

his spare room so Noya can move in with him until he finds a place in Tokyo.

Plans for the future have already been made, so Noya /must/ be joking.

But with the way Noya's watching him, waiting patiently for an answer, it doesn't feel like a joke.

"...I would say... that you

need to stop joking around and focus on your entrance exams." Asahi smiles, but it feels awkward, forced. "If you don't work a little harder on your math, you won't make it into the same college as me."

Noya watches him for another minute, and Asahi swallows, anxiety tying his

stomach into knots, and he feels like he answered wrong- but Noya huffs, a smile breaking out over his face as he picks up his pencil.

"Right??" he laughs. Asahi feels some of the tension in his shoulders release. "Will you show me how to do this one again, Asahi-san??" Nishoya

kneels up in the bench and pushes his workbook closer, and Asahi smiles softly as he turns it around to better look at the pages.

"Sure!"

He's glad Yuu is back to normal. He wasn't sure what to do with Yuu looking so serious.

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Nishinoya doesn't show up for his graduation.

"What do you mean he isn't here?" Asahi asks Ryuu, brows furrowed in confusion.

"I mean he isn't here," Ryuu sniffs, eyes red-rimmed from crying. "I went to pick him up this morning, but his mom said he left early."

"I don't understand," Daichi shakes his head, bewildered.

"If he's not here, where would he have gone??"

No one seems to have an answer, and Nishinoya's cell phone is turned off. With no other alternative, they're forced to head home and wait until Noya contacts one of them.

But Asahi can't just /do/ that.

The conversation they had

at the beginning of the year keeps swirling in his head, and Asahi wonders if he said the wrong thing- if he made the wrong decision.

He finds himself standing outside the Nishinoya residence at half past six, staring up at Nishinoya's bedroom window. The curtains are drawn,

but that doesn't mean anything. Noya almost always left the curtains closed.

"Hey, Big One!" Asahi jolts, looking around wide eyed to find the source of the voice and finds Noya's grandfather on peering around the corner of the house.

"Ah, good evening Sir!" Asahi bows

hurriedly. "I was looking for Nishi- ah, Yuu. He's not here, by any chance, is he?"

"I can't say that he is," the older man replies, standing up from his place on the side porch and making his way around to the front yard. "And I don't think he'll be back here for a while."

"What makes you say that?" Asahi's heart is pounding in his chest.

"He had a pretty big bag with him," the older man nods to himself, hands tucked into the pockets of his pants. "And that determined look of his. I asked him where he was going, but you know that boy."

Obviously, Asahi doesn't or he wouldn't be here right now.

"He gave me this, though," the man pulls out a small white envelope. "He said you'd be coming by sometime today and asked me to give it to you."

"Me??" Asahi takes the plain, unassuming envelope and runs his finger over

the edge of it. "What is it?"

"I wouldn't know," the old man chuckles. "It's not my letter!"

"Right," Asahi huffs a small, awkward laugh. He turns the envelope over in his hands and untucks the edge. When he pulls out the letter inside, a small slip of paper tries to fall out

but Asahi manages to catch it. When he sees what it is though, his breath catches in his throat.

It's a train ticket, dated for today and set to leave in less than an hour.

There's only one sentence on the small sheet of paper.

"Hey Asahi,

If I asked you to run away with me... what would you say?"

"Well?" Asahi doesn't realize how long he's been staring at the letter in silence until the man in front of him speaks up. He looks up at Nishinoya-san with wide eyes, but the older man just smiles. "Are you

going?"

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Asahi sprints as fast as he can, but he knows he won't make it. There's just not enough time!!

He tries calling Noya- hoping to get the younger man to /wait/- but the call won't go through- his phone is still off.

The streets are crowded, full of people getting off

work, and Asahi is desperately trying to get to the station- bumping into people left and right, calling out apologies as he rushes past- but he's late.

By the time he gets there, the train is gone.

Nishinoya is gone.

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According to Ryuu, Noya doesn't call anyone, but he

does send post cards home. He's traveling the world as he pleases, going wherever the breeze takes him.

He works odd jobs, and sometimes camps out. He's been rock climbing and parasailing and zip-lining- Nishinoya is having the time of his life, it seems.

He's been bird

watching and climbed mountains, and Asahi...

Asahi still remains in his small Tokyo apartment.

He goes to school, and he interns for designers, and he keeps himself busy, and this is what he wanted.

He wanted to make clothes and work alongside designers like Luna Le'blanc and

Jean, and he wanted to start his own label...

But he hadn't wanted to do it alone.

The spare bedroom becomes an office, and Asahi keeps himself busy. Two years pass by, and he's only ever heard what Nishinoya is up to through Ryuu- who heard it from Nishinoya's parents, of

course.

He tries not to let it bother him, but on nights when the rain pelts against his windows and the moonlight doesn't shine, his thoughts drift back to that night they sat in the family restaurant and studied together... and he wishes he would have said something else.

When Asahi graduates, he begins working for a small company- a start up one of his senpai owns. It's only a few years old, but they have a good reputation and more than a few repeat customers.

Every day is fun and different, and his senpai had always been eccentric. Asahi stays

busy, and he loves it! He couldn't ask for more!

...But every time Ryuu calls to tell him about the new post card or letter from Nishinoya, it feels like something is missing.

It's early in the work day when Asahi's phone rings, and he's in the middle of putting pins in a

bright pink skirt, so he doesn't bother looking at the name on the screen when he picks up the phone. He swipes his thumb over the little green icon and taps the speaker phone button before dropping it back on the table. "'ello??" his voice is slightly muffled around the ends of

the pins in his mouth.

There's a familiar huff of laughter, and Asahi drops the fabric in his hands.

"Yo, Asahi-san! You sound like you're in the middle of something. Did I call at a bad time?"

He probably looks crazy to Suzue and Takahiro as he scrambles to his feet, quickly

stabbing the pins into a small cushion on his wrist. "No!! Not at all! Sorry- lemme just-" he snags the phone off his desk, nearly fumbling the device into the small trashcan at the end of the desk before getting a good grip on it- "I'm gonna step outside!!" Asahi calls over his

shoulder as he all but runs out the front door. He takes the phone off speaker and presses it to his ear. "Yuu??"

"I'm still here!" Asahi can hear the smile in Noya's voice and it makes his stomach flip-flop.

"Yuu!" Asahi slumps against the wall outside the building, "where

have you been?!" That's a stupid question, honestly. He knows where Noya's been.

"Where haven't I been is the real question!" Noya laughs. "I've been all over the place, Asahi, and it's been great!"

Asahi opens and closes his mouth, words caught in his throat.

He wants to ask

when Noya will be home... but that's none of his business.

Nishinoya is having the time of his life right now, and he's not going to ruin it for him.

"That's great!" he says instead, forcing himself to smile. "I'm- I'm really happy for you!"

And he is.

Asahi is happy that

/Noya/ is happy.

That's all he'd ever wanted for the younger man.

"Wherever you are, it sure sounds busy," Asahi says, listening to the sounds of the city on the other end of the line.

"Oh yeah! The city never sleeps, you know!"

Asahi nods in understanding. He's been in

Tokyo for a little over four years now and it's still hard to deal with sometimes.

"Hey Asahi," Noya says, voice suddenly taking on a serious note, and Asahi straightens up immediately. "When I left a few years ago... I left something behind."

Asahi's heart is in his throat.

"Mm." Asahi digs the toe of his shoe into the sidewalk beneath him. "You did..."

"I hoped... that you'd bring it to the train station that day."

"...I'm sorry," Asahi says quietly. He swallows hard. "...I was late. By the time I got there..."

"Ah," Nishinoya laughs softly,

"I get it... it was last minute notice after all."

"You've always been the "spur of the moment" kind of guy," Asahi teases. Nishinoya's bright laughter has him smiling, even as he wraps his left arm around his stomach.

"That I have. Actually... I'm back in Japan right now. I

came to pick up what I left behind, because it's been pretty difficult traveling without it."

Asahi's heart is pounding in his chest now, and he's more than a little confused.

He'd thought the ticket was the thing Nishinoya had left behind. Had there been something else??

"Traveling without what?" Asahi asks, frowning at the toes of his shoes. A pair of worn out tennis shoes enter his field of vision and Asahi's head jerks up, prepared to apologize for standing in the way, but the words catch in his throat.

"My heart," Nishinoya replies, pulling

the phone away from his ear, eyes never leaving Asahi's. "You have no idea how rough it's been without it."

And Nishinoya looks just the same as when he left, but infinitely different, and Asahi still has the phone pressed to his ear, eyes wide and mouth agape like a dummy but-

"Hey, Asahi," Nishinoya smiles up at him, adjusts the strap of the backpack over his shoulder, "If I asked you to run away with me... what would you say..?"

"Yes," Asahi replies immediately.

"Yes?" Nishinoya parrots, smile widening.

"Yes!" Asahi nods, the loose ponytail keeping his hair back bobbing wildly with every movement. "Absolutely! Anywhere you want to go, I'll go with you!"

Nishinoya's smile could light up the entire city, and Asahi doesn't know how he

thought he was living without it. Nishinoya's hands are warm when they take Asahi's, his nose cold when he presses onto tiptoes to brush their noses together, and Asahi's never felt so complete.

"Where do you want to go?" Asahi asks quietly.

"Well first, we should probably go

inside and explain some stuff to your work friends," Nishinoya nods his head at the glass door beside them and the three people inside the shop very openly gawking.

"And then..." Noya shrugs, still smiling, "wherever the wind takes us."

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