

Haikyuu!!

PRIDE

'26

An unofficial Haikyuu fanzine dedicated to our favorite ships to celebrate pride month.

HOSTED BY



MADI & JAX



Simubl



Ow



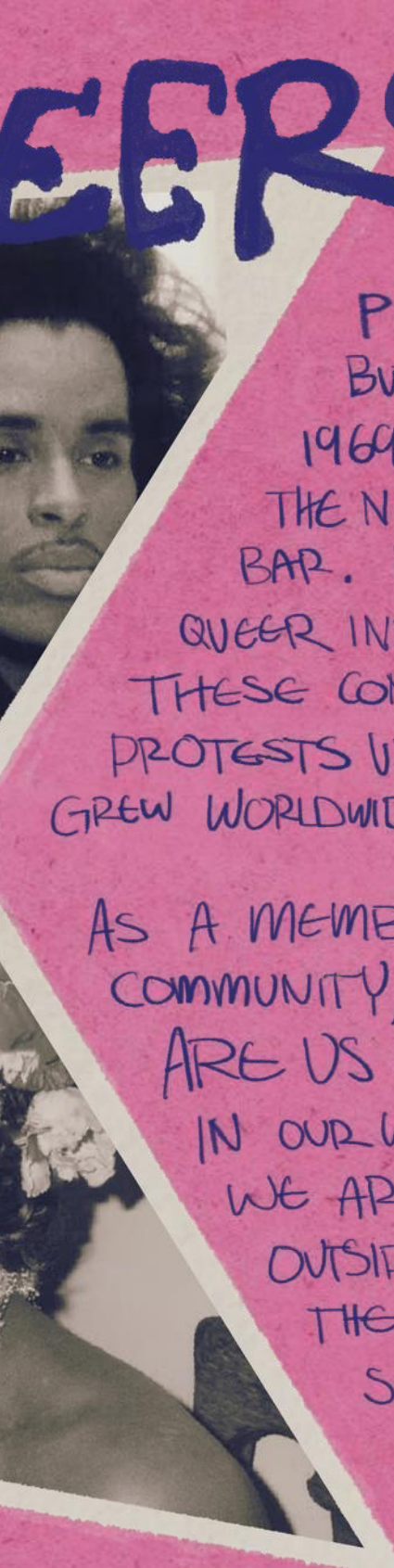
N.Y. CRYSTAL LA BEIJA



PRIDE

SOURCES :

QUEER HISTORY



PRIDE MONTH IS NOT ONLY A CELEBRATION, BUT IT IS TO HONOR THE STONEWALL RIOTS IN 1969. THESE RIOTS ROSE FROM JUNE 28, WHERE THE NEW YORK POLICE RAIDED THE STONEWALL INN BAR. AT THIS TIME, LAWS WERE CREATED TO RESTRICT QUEER INDIVIDUALS FROM BEING SERVED IN BARS. THESE CONFRONTATIONS SPARKED A SERIES OF PROTESTS UNTIL JULY 2, THE FIGHT FOR LGBTQ+ RIGHTS GREW WORLDWIDE FROM THIS DAY ON.

AS A MEMBER OF BOTH THE ANIME AND QUEER COMMUNITY, IT IS SO IMPORTANT THAT NOT ONLY ARE US CREATORS SHOWING QUEER THEMES IN OUR WORK, BUT IT IS ESPECIALLY IMPORTANT THAT WE ARE EDUCATED AND AWARE OF THIS COMMUNITY OUTSIDE OF JUST FANDOM SPACES. PLEASE TAKE THE TIME TO GO THROUGH ANY OF THESE SOURCES BELOW, AND THANK YOU FOR READING THIS ZINE. ☺

[Paris is Burning \(Documentary\)](#) / [The Queen \(Documentary\)](#) / [Making Gay History](#) / [Ace Archive](#) / [Screaming Queens](#) / [Digital Transgender Archive](#) / [LGBTQIA+ Wiki](#) / [Dding Dong \(Fundraiser\)](#) / [The Trevor Project](#) / [Iglu \(Donation\)](#) / [Library of Congress: The Stonewall Uprising](#)

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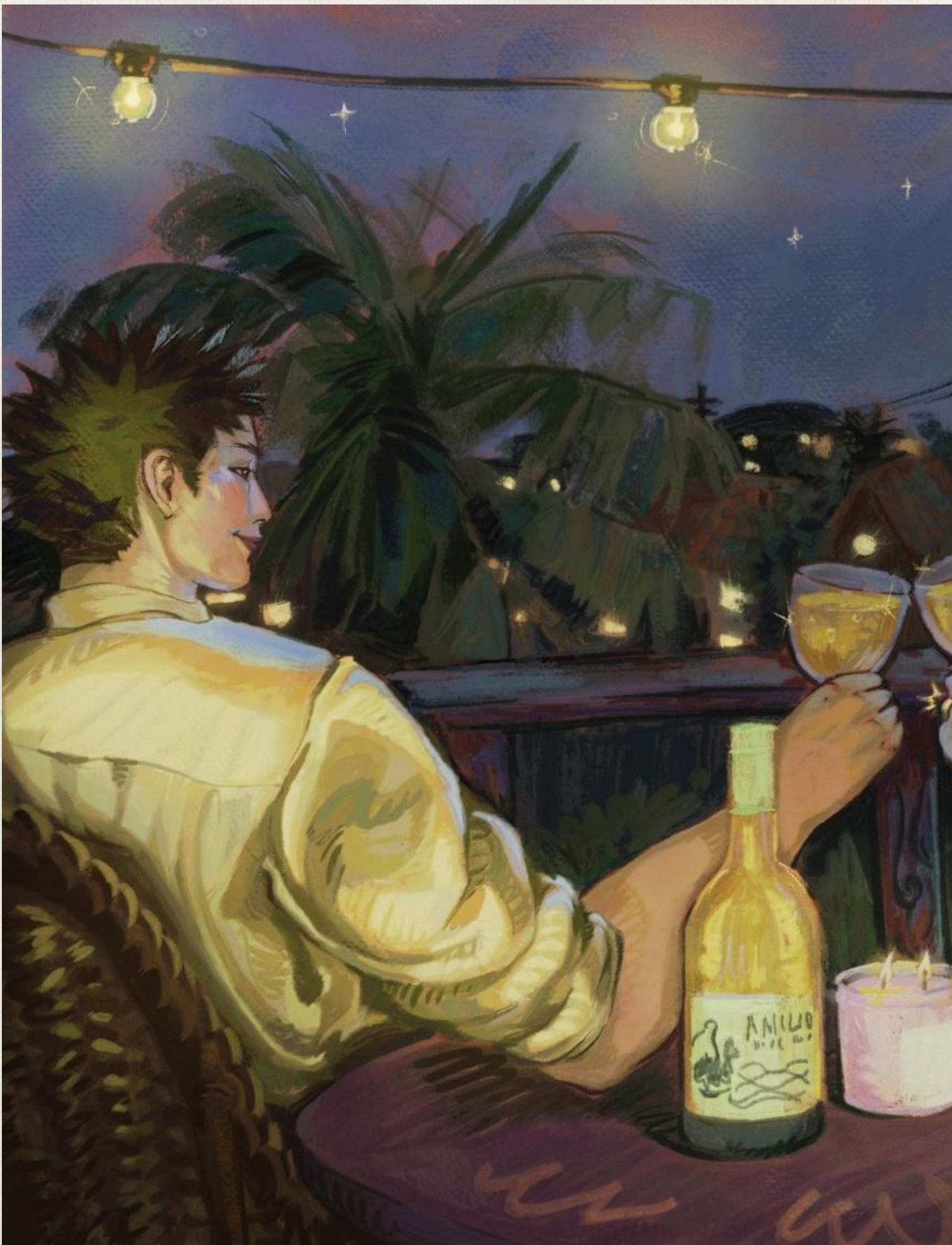






i just wanna kiss it







MIYA ATSUMU'S BISEXUAL AWAKENING

AT A RANDOM BAR...

HEY GUYS!!

LET'S PLAY
SPIN THE
BOTTLE!









HUH..?



MAYBE I
REALLY **AM**
BISEXUAL...



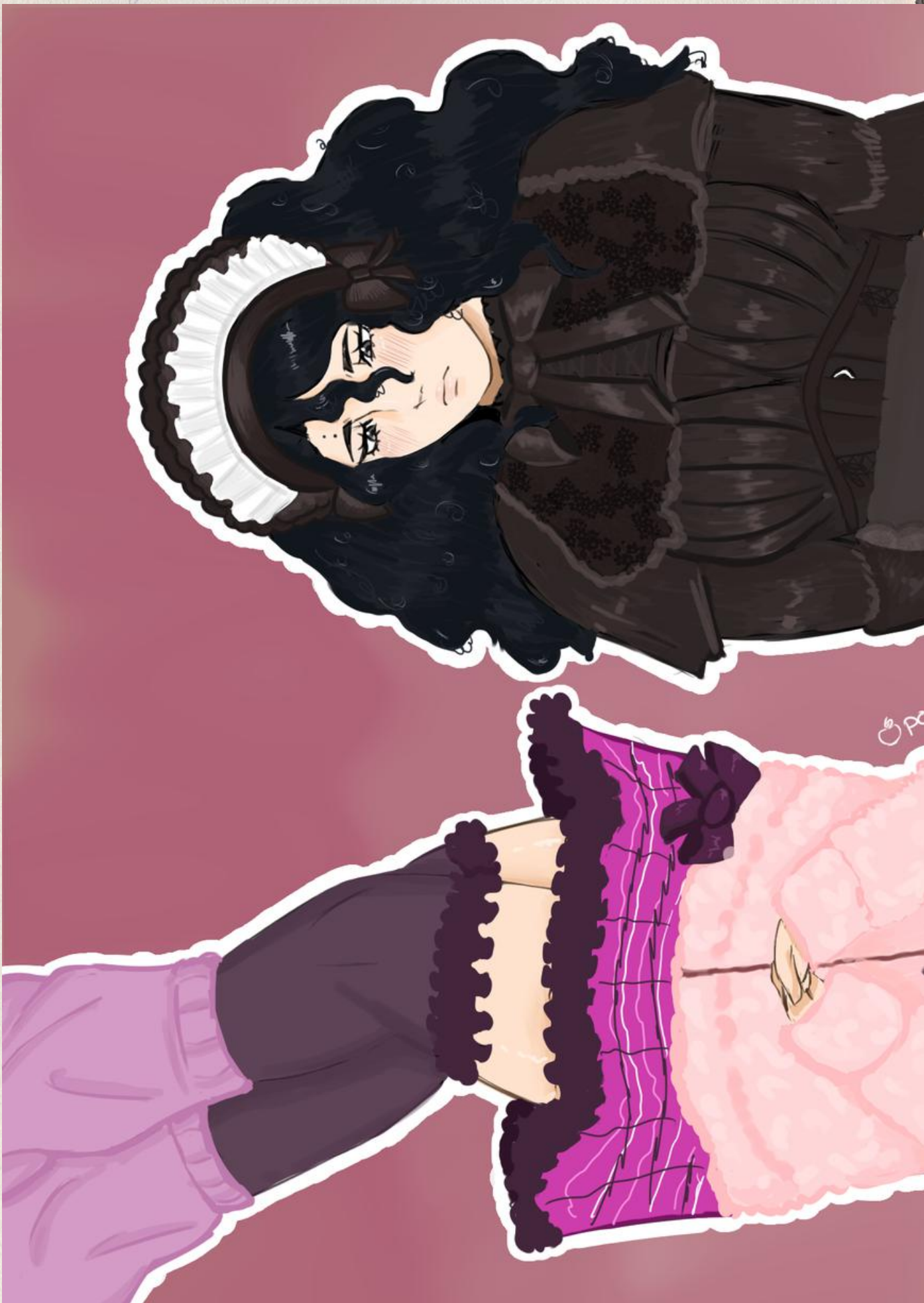
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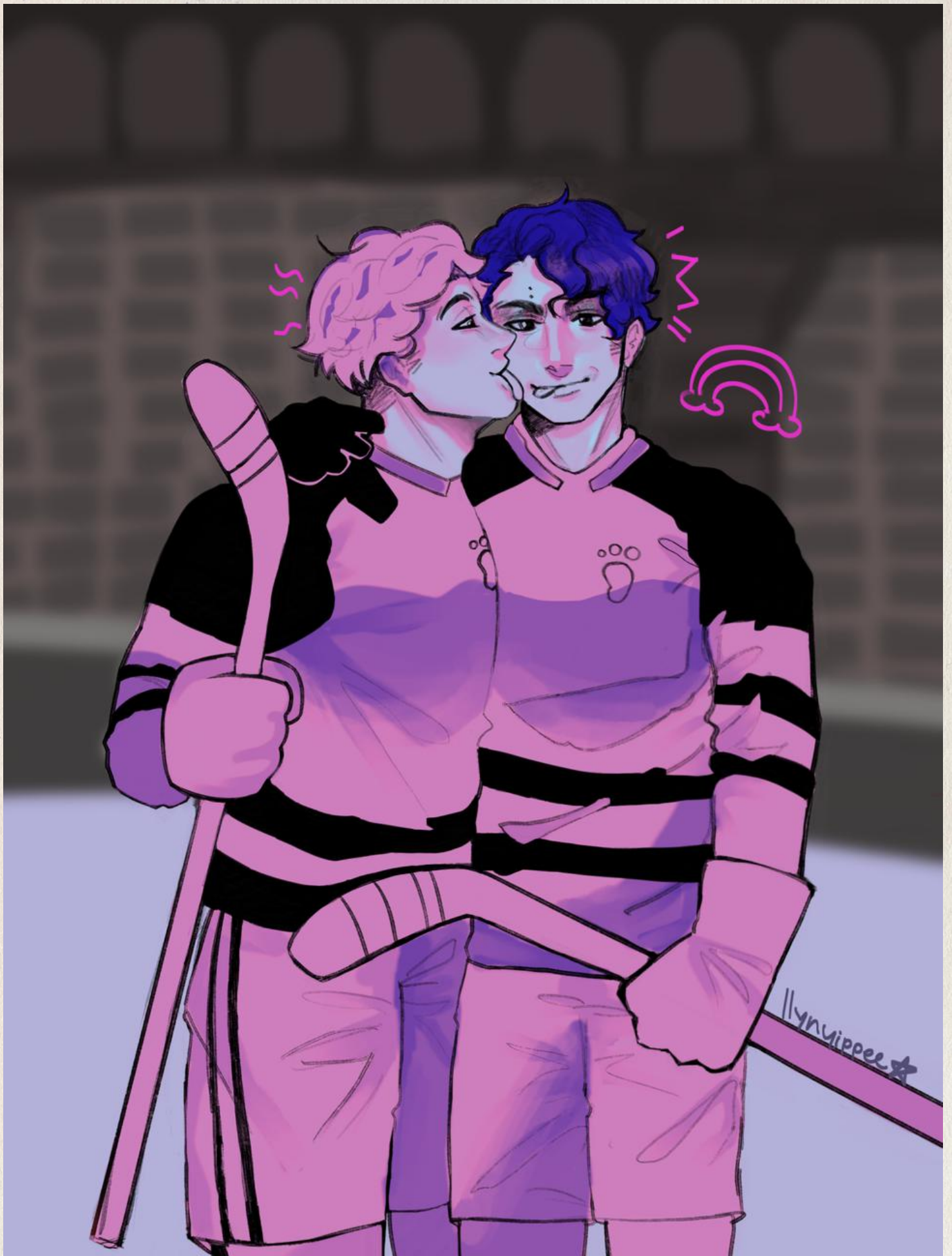


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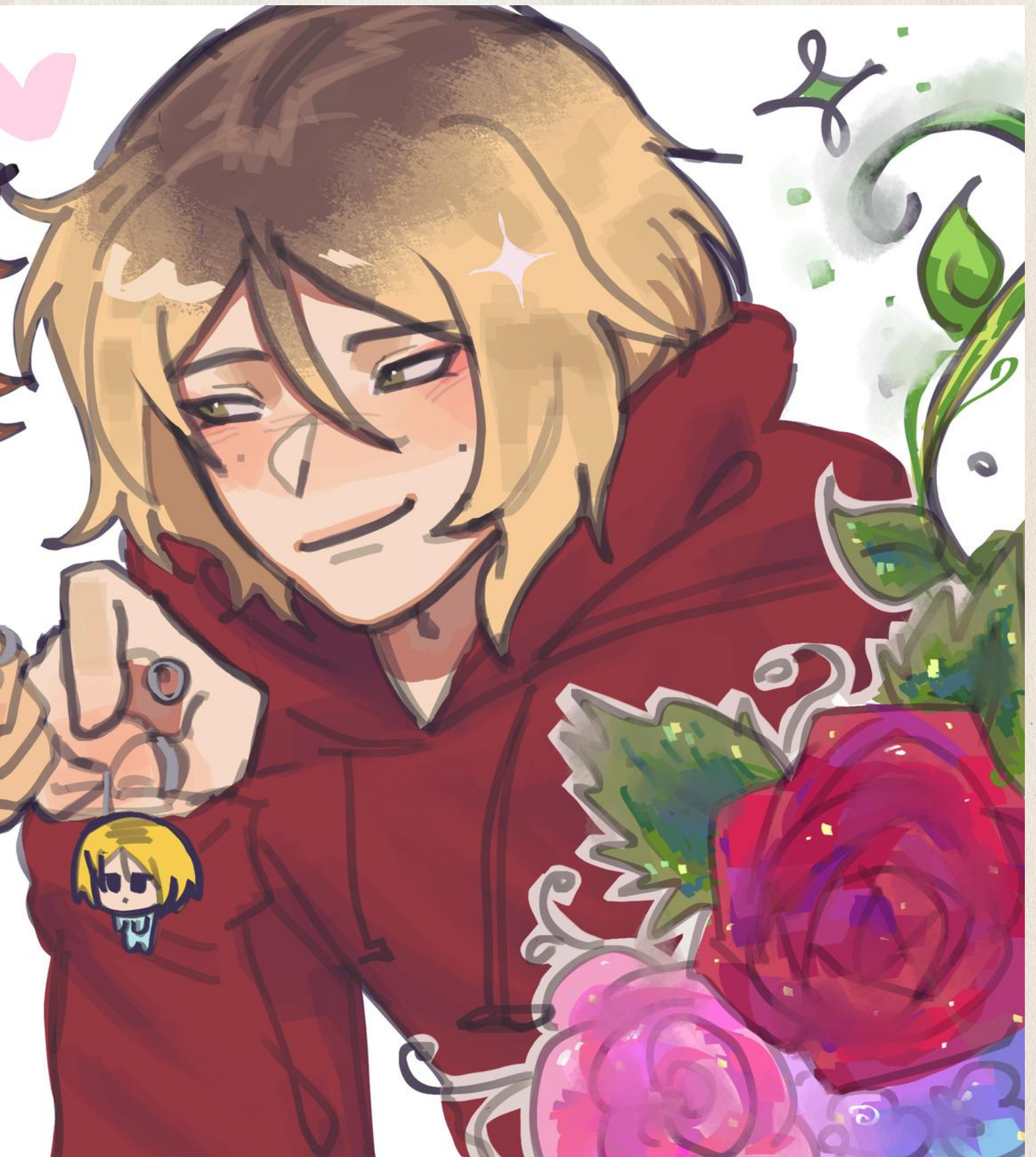






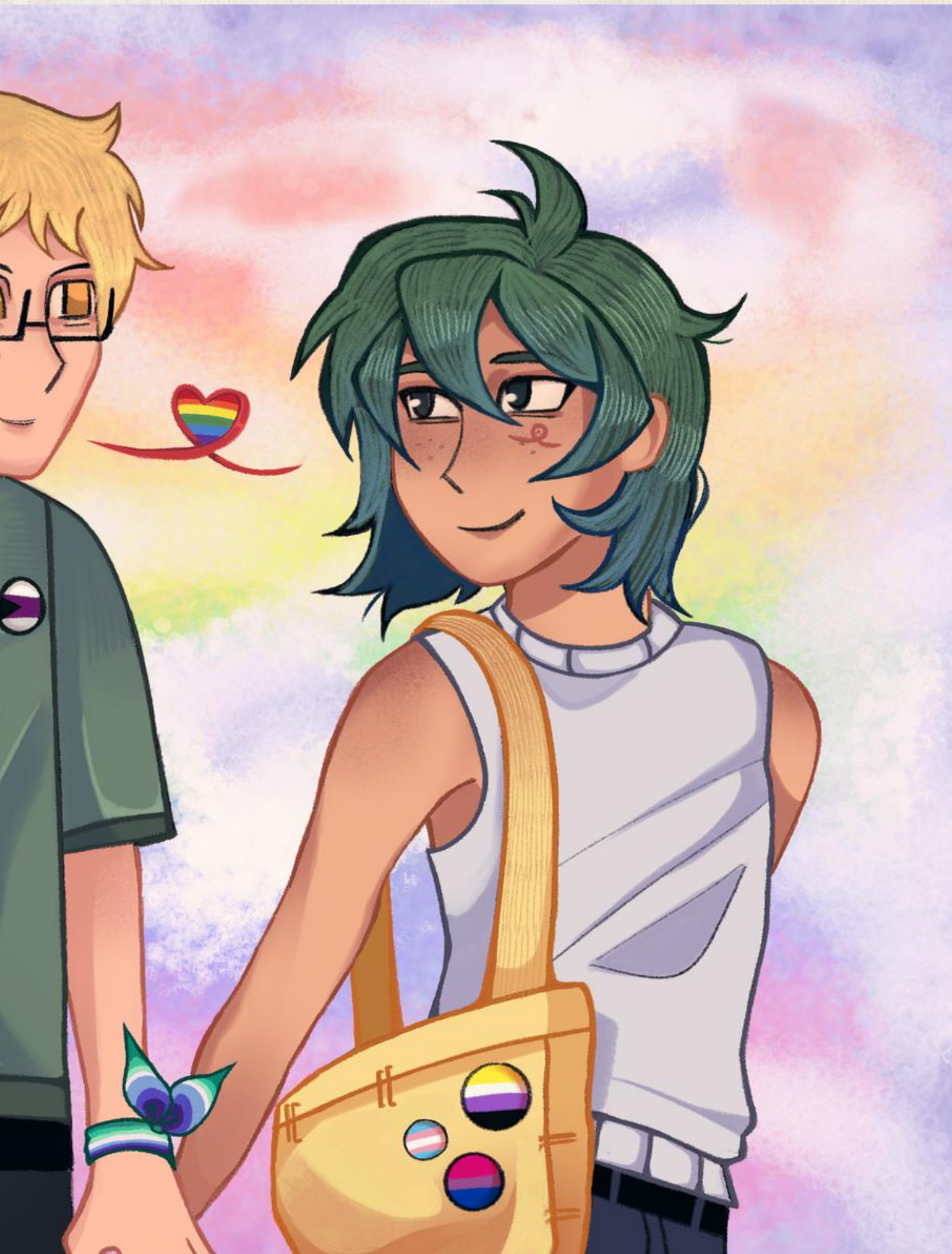






PRIDE MONTH
2020 ♡











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MADE BY
*Artistic
19/07/17*



Happy Birthday



KENMA

SHOYO







banesyuri

don't turn around





the one that got away

the one that got away





Monster - Tsukishima x Hinata

Hikaru

The first time Hinata notices it, he tells himself it's nothing. Just a stray feeling, just a coincidence, just the way his attention keeps slipping, no matter how hard he forces it elsewhere.

He's always surrounded by people, laughter comes loud and easy, and all his conversations flow the way they always do when he's careful enough to keep them that way. He plays his role perfectly, bright, open, harmless.

There are moments, though, when someone's laughter turns a shade too sharp or a question lingers a beat too long, and Hinata feels a chill sweep across his skin.

If anyone ever looked close enough, they might see the way his smile falters, or how many times he secretly scans across the room, searching for danger. Hinata has learned to hide, to disguise behind practised smiles and easy jokes.

Most importantly? To everyone else, he is just human.

But even in the middle of all that noise, his gaze keeps catching on the taller blond. Tsukishima Kei. Quiet, distant, watching everything without ever seeming part of it. Hinata keeps smiling, keeps talking, but when those sharp hazel eyes flick toward him, something uneasy curls low in his chest.

His heart knocks hard against his ribs, equal parts dread and anticipation.

He tries to brush it off, but it feels as if Tsukishima can see right through him, past the laughter and bright words to whatever it is Hinata tries to keep tucked away.

A flicker of fear grew in him. Tsukishima was always observant and composed. The kind of person who notices the wrong thing and doesn't let go, and that's what makes him worry about these feelings.

Tsukishima notices him too, of course. It would be impossible for him NOT to. Hinata draws attention effortlessly, like a human magnet, like something built to be seen.

Yet, that's exactly what makes him suspicious. No one is that open without purpose. No one moves through a world like this without hiding something underneath.

Tsukishima tells himself he's just being cautious, just watching because that's what's kept him safe this long. But there's something off about Hinata, something that doesn't quite line up.

The brightness is real, but so is the sharpness underneath it, the moments where his focus narrows too quickly, where his reactions are just a little too precise. It feels familiar in a way Tsukishima doesn't want to name. It made him uncomfortable.

They avoid each other. Not obviously, never enough for anyone else to notice, but in small, deliberate ways. Hinata shifts conversations, leaves spaces before Tsukishima can enter them, and keeps just enough distance to stay out of reach. Tsukishima does the same, choosing silence over proximity, observation over risk. It should be enough. It should make things easier.

But it doesn't stop that quiet, persistent pull, the strange awareness that lingers even when they're not looking directly at each other.

It doesn't stop the way Hinata can feel Tsukishima's presence like something steady and unyielding, or the way Tsukishima's attention keeps drifting back, no matter how many times he tells himself to stop.

The interaction that changes everything is small. Accidental. Impossible to avoid.

It's late, the gym is mostly empty, the kind of quiet that makes every sound feel louder than it should. Hinata isn't expecting anyone when he pushes open the door to the storage, slipping inside for a moment of stillness he doesn't usually allow himself.

Tsukishima is already there, and for a second, they both freeze. There were no opportunistic distractions; it was quiet, and they were alone.

Hinata's first instinct is to leave, to laugh it off and escape before anything can go wrong—but something in him hesitates. Tsukishima doesn't move either, watching him with that same unreadable expression Hinata never managed to read, though there's something sharper underneath it now. Something more focused.

"...You're staying back late," Tsukishima says finally, voice calm, like this is normal to him.

Hinata lets out a small, awkward laugh, rubbing the back of his neck. "Could say the same to you."

It's nothing. A simple exchange, it should be the end of it, but neither of them leaves.

The silence stretches, thinner now, charged with something neither of them understands. Hinata shifts his weight, glancing toward the door, then back at Tsukishima.

There's no fear in him, not exactly, and that's the first thing that feels wrong. If Tsukishima were a monster hunter, Hinata should be more careful, more guarded.

He should be leaving.

Instead, he stays.

"...You're always watching," Hinata says suddenly, the words slipping out before he can stop them.

Tsukishima's gaze sharpens. "And you're always performing."

The air changes once they both realise it at the same time. This isn't normal conversation anymore. This is something else. Something closer to the truth than either of them should allow.

Hinata's smile fades, just a little. "Maybe I have to."

"People who 'have to' usually have something they're hiding," Tsukishima replies evenly.

There's no accusation in his tone. Just an observation he made, and that somehow makes it worse. Hinata's chest tightens, not with fear, but with something heavier. Because Tsukishima isn't wrong. And neither is he.

"Then what about you?" Hinata asks quietly. "You don't act like everyone else either."

Tsukishima doesn't answer immediately. For once, he hesitates. What's that supposed to mean? And in that hesitation, something shifts slightly, almost unnoticeably, but it's enough for Hinata to feel it. Enough for Tsukishima to notice Hinata feeling it.

Their eyes meet fully this time, everything clicks into place-not as certainty, not as proof, but as possibility.

"He's like me."

The realisation doesn't need words. It hangs there anyway. And instead of fear, instead of panic, there's relief that's sharp and overwhelming and terrifying in its own way.

Hinata lets out a breath he didn't realise he was holding, something soft flickering across his face, something unguarded and real. Tsukishima feels it too, that strange pull snapping into something stronger, something undeniable now that it's been acknowledged. For one reckless second, it feels simple.

Like maybe, they're not alone, maybe, they don't have to be.

Hinata takes a small step forward before he can stop himself. Tsukishima doesn't step back. And that's what breaks it. The reality crashes in all at once, cold and unforgiving.

Because "like me" doesn't mean safe. It doesn't mean trust. It doesn't mean anything except that the danger has doubled.

Hinata stops, the warmth in his chest twisting into something painful. If Tsukishima is like him, then he's just as dangerous. Just as much of a risk.

And if he's not the same, not a monster like him. But rather a hunter. Then Hinata has just gotten too close to someone who could destroy him.

Tsukishima comes to the same conclusion at the same time. Similarity isn't safety, it's a threat. Two secrets in one place are twice as likely to be discovered. Twice the chance of someone making the wrong move. Trust is a liability he can't afford, no matter how strong that pull feels.

Hinata steps back while Tsukishima looks away.

"...I should go," Hinata says, his voice lighter again, but it doesn't quite reach the same brightness as before.

"Yeah," Tsukishima replies.

Neither of them means what it sounds like.

Hinata leaves first this time, the door closing softly behind him, but the quiet that follows feels heavier than before. Tsukishima stays where he is, staring at nothing, the echo of that brief, impossible understanding still sitting in his chest.

They both felt it. They both know it.

And that's exactly why it can't happen.

Because whatever they are, whatever connects them: It isn't safe. And it definitely isn't simple. It was also definitely not something the world would allow. So the next time they see each other, they go back to a distance. Back to careful glances and deliberate space, back to pretending that nothing changed. But it did.

And that's the problem.

Because now, when their eyes meet across a crowded room, it's no longer just suspicion pulling them together. It's something much harder to ignore, and something they both know they'll never be able to keep.

Hinata Shoyo has always been good at pretending.

It's survival. It has to be. He could be dead if his secret slipped.

He laughs easily, speaks without hesitation, throws himself into conversations as if he belongs there—like he's always belonged there. People trust what's warm. People trust what's bright. And as long as they trust him, they don't look too closely.

They'll never notice. It works. It always has.

Except when it comes to Tsukishima.

Because no matter how many people Hinata surrounds himself with, no matter how loud he gets or how convincing his smiles are, his attention keeps drifting. It always lands in the same place, like something inside him refuses to let go.

Tsukishima Kei.

Hinata had tried to ignore it at first. Tried to brush off the way his chest felt tighter when Tsukishima was nearby, the way his instincts sharpened instead of settling. That alone should have been enough to stay away. Instincts like that exist for a reason.

Danger.

But the feeling never stayed that simple.

Because beneath the unease, beneath the constant awareness, there was something else too. Something warmer. Something that made Hinata want to step closer instead of back. And that was worse. Way, way, worse.

Because Hinata knows what he is. And he knows what happens to things like him once they are found out.

He also heard warnings and stories about what hunters look like: Quiet. Observant. Patient.

Like Tsukishima.

So he keeps his distance. Forces himself to. Even when it feels wrong in a way he can't explain, like he's going against something fundamental inside him. Even when every glance they accidentally share lingers longer than it should, heavy with something unspoken.

Until that night in the gym.

Hinata hadn't planned it. Hadn't meant to be there, hadn't expected Tsukishima to already be leaning against the wall, as he belonged to the silence. For a second, Hinata had frozen, every instinct screaming at him to leave, to laugh it off and disappear before anything could go wrong.

But he didn't.

And that was the first mistake.

They talked. Barely. Just enough for the air between them to shift, for something fragile and dangerous to surface. It wasn't what they said—it was what they didn't. The way Tsukishima didn't outright deny anything. The way his silence felt... knowing.

Like he understood. Like he might be the same. That thought should have terrified Hinata. Instead, it stayed with him. Because if Tsukishima was like him, if he wasn't human, if he understood what it meant to live like this, to hide, to constantly watch your own back—

Then maybe...

Maybe Hinata didn't have to be alone.

If he's wrong—if Tsukishima is a hunter—then this is it. This is where everything ends. He'll probably get killed, after all. That's their job. But the thought doesn't stop him. He would gladly die if it meant he could express his true feelings to the boy he cherished.

Because if he's right, then this might be the only chance he ever gets. Hinata exhales slowly, steadying himself.

"I know you're not normal."

The air shifts instantly, tension snapping tight between them. Tsukishima goes very still. "...That's a bold thing to say," he replies, voice colder now.

Hinata swallows, but he doesn't look away; instead, he continues. "I'm not either."

Silence.

Hinata can feel his pulse in his throat, but beneath the fear, there's something else—something steady, something certain. Because this is the truth. For once, he's not hiding.

"For a while now," he continues, quieter, "I thought you might be a hunter." A small, humourless smile tugs at his lips. "I think you thought the same about me."

Tsukishima doesn't deny it.

"And I still don't know," Hinata admits. "Maybe you are. Maybe I'm making a huge mistake right now." His fingers curl slightly at his sides, and he shuts his eyes.

"But I don't care."

That part surprises even him with how easily it comes out.

"I don't care if this gets me killed."

Tsukishima's expression shifts as he listens. Hinata takes a step closer.

"Because if there's even a chance you're like me... if there's even a chance you understand—" His voice catches, but he pushes through it.

"Then I want that chance." Hinata's chest feels too tight, too full, but he forces the words out anyway, before fear can drag them back down.

"I know it's dangerous. I know this is stupid. But I'm tired of pretending I don't feel it." His gaze doesn't waver, the determination never leaving his eyes

"So even if this ends badly... even if you turn me in or decide I'm not worth the risk"

A small, fragile smile breaks through. "I still wanted you to know. I love you, Tsukishima."

Silence follows once again.

Tsukishima is staring at him like he's something unfamiliar, something impossible to categorise. For a second—just a second—Hinata thinks he sees it.

That same pull. That same conflict. His hope flares, the weak candle finally growing.

"You're an idiot."

Then it went out. The words land sharper than anything else could have.

Hinata flinches, just slightly, while Tsukishima looks away, jaw tight, expression hardening into something cold and distant.

"Do you have any idea what you're saying?" he continues, voice low. "What are you risking?"

"I do," Hinata says quietly.

"Clearly not." Tsukishima lets out a short breath, something almost frustrated slipping through. "You don't just trust someone like this. You don't just confess something like that and expect it to end well."

"I didn't say I expected it to."

"Then what do you expect?" Tsukishima snaps, looking back at him. "That I'll just agree? That's this!—whatever you think this is... means we can ignore everything else?"

Hinata doesn't answer immediately. Because the truth is

"...I was hoping," he admits softly.

That's all. That's everything. Hope and passion were what made Hinata keep going. Something in Tsukishima's expression cracks for a fraction of a second. But it doesn't stay.

"It doesn't work like that." His voice was quieter now. "Even if you're right," Tsukishima says, not quite meeting his eyes, "even if I am like you—"

His voice cracked; he paused. His throat feels like it's being choked.

Nonetheless, he forces the rest out anyway.

"That doesn't make this safe. We can't."

Hinata's chest tightens.

"I know."

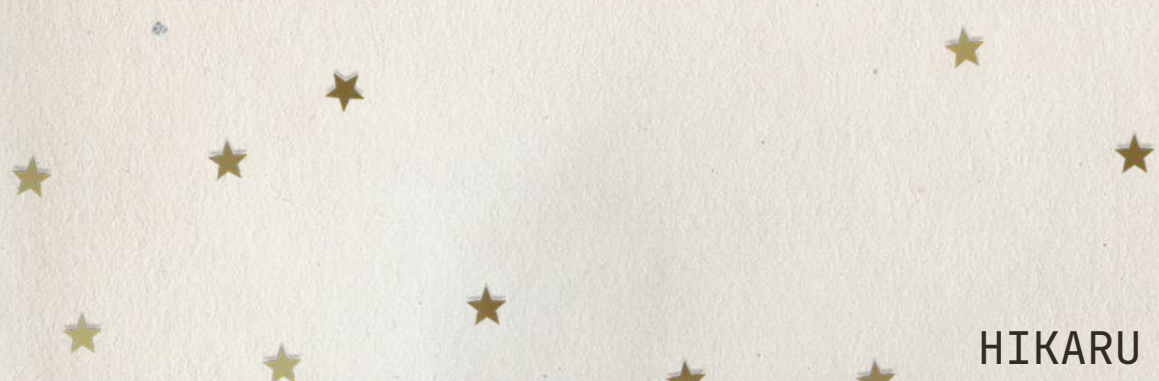
"No, you don't," Tsukishima replies sharply. "Because if you did, you wouldn't be standing here saying this like it's an option."

There's something underneath his voice now. Not just fear.

Something worse.

"If we get close, it's over," he continues. "For both of us. Two people like that don't just get to exist peacefully. Someone notices. Someone finds out."

His hands clench slightly.



"And when that happens, one of us hesitates. One of us makes the wrong choice." His gaze flickers back to Hinata, sharp and almost angry.

"I'm not going to be that person."

The meaning is clear.

He won't risk it. He won't choose Hinata.

Even if he wants to.

"It's not just about what we are," he mutters. "That's only part of it," he mutters. "It's not just about being caught. It's about being seen."

Hinata swallows. "I see you."

"That's exactly the problem."

The words come out sharper than he means them to. Tsukishima's expression flickers—something raw slipping through before it hardens again.

Hinata feels it then, not just the rejection, but everything underneath it. The fear, the restraint, the way Tsukishima is forcing himself to pull back.

It would be easier if he didn't care.

But he does.

That's the problem.

"...Right," Hinata says softly. The word feels heavier than it should. He nods once, more to himself than anything else.

"That makes sense."

Hinata knew this was how it would end, but knowing doesn't make it hurt less.

He takes a step back, putting space between them again, even though it feels wrong now in a completely different way.

"Sorry," he adds, a small, strained smile returning to his face. "I guess I just wanted to be honest. For once."

Tsukishima doesn't respond.

Hinata lingers for half a second longer—just enough to memorise the moment, the expression, the distance.

Then he turns and walks away.

Later, when he's alone, Hinata lets himself feel it. It stays with him longer than he expects.

Not regret. Not the rejection. Not even the words. Because even now, he doesn't think he was wrong to say it.

Hinata turns it over and over in his head, as if he looks at it from enough angles, it'll start to make sense.

If anything, he thinks the worst part is knowing it could have worked. In another life. In a different world. But not this one.

Never this one.

Because Tsukishima was right. It was dangerous. Monsters didn't get second chances. They didn't make mistakes. One slip, one wrong person noticing, and that was it. Gone.

Hinata knew that. He'd always known that.

So why did it feel like Tsukishima was more afraid than that?

Hinata presses his face into his pillow, frowning.

They could've been careful. They would've been careful. They wouldn't get caught. They'd figure something out, like they always did. Stay out of sight, keep things quiet—no one would have to know.

So why— Why did Tsukishima look at him like that?

Like this wasn't just about being found out. Hinata exhales slowly, the thought frustrating and just out of reach. Maybe Tsukishima was just... more cautious. More realistic.

Yeah. That had to be it.

But even as Hinata tells himself that, something about it doesn't sit right.

Because Tsukishima hadn't looked scared of dying. If anything, he'd sounded certain. Certain in a way that didn't leave room for "maybe." Hinata's fingers curl slightly in the sheets. He'd said it as if it were already decided. Like, there was never a version of this that could work. Hinata squeezes his eyes shut.

"...Idiot," he mutters under his breath, though he's not sure who he means.

Because it could work. It should have.

Unless... the thought comes quietly. Hesitantly. And once it's there, it doesn't leave. Unless that wasn't the kind of "monster" Tsukishima was afraid of. Hinata goes still. The room feels different all of a sudden. He stares at nothing, the realisation settling in slow, heavy pieces.

Oh.

Forgotten, But Preserved in Paint - Hoshiumi x Hirugami

Inti

The realistic statue, meticulously carved out from marble, gazed up unblinkingly at the ceiling as Hoshiumi stared. The volleyball player was determined to try and appreciate the Grecian artefact, but eventually, she frowned and moved on. The bust was nice, but stirred little to no interest in her.

A few days ago, Sāchiro had to fly back to the UK for a family event. Apparently, she had some relatives there, and the Hirugami family were invited to attend a celebration. Since it was off-season, Hoshiumi suggested accompanying her, since the rest of the family had planned to go ahead first.

"Are you sure? You should be busy resting up, you know." The veterinarian frowned, looking up from her work laptop and pushing back her glasses. "And you'll be meeting my extended family too. Which is unnecessary, in my opinion."

Hoshiumi shrugged from the kitchen, as she tries to carefully fold in the omelette.

"I know. But we won't spend the entire week with your family, right? We could, I don't know, treat this as a small holiday for us too."

Sāchiro's frown softened as she considered it, tucking a strand of hair back into place. "I just don't think you'd be very interested in what London has to offer. It can get touristy at times..."

"Yeah, but like, who cares?" Hoshiumi laughs, brushing it off while also celebrating her success in keeping the omelette whole. "We can just wander around the city and explore, right? Take it easy and all."

Her girlfriend hums in thought, gradually getting won over. "Now that I'm thinking about it... The National Gallery is having this new exhibition. You wouldn't mind keeping me company, would you?"

Hoshiumi let's out a dragged out 'huhhh?' as she walks over, before setting down the plates on the kotatsu table. Out of habit, Sāchiro scoots over and closes her laptop, letting Hoshiumi sit down instantly. The athlete let's out a little huff as she plops down on the carpet, knee brushing against Sāchiro's.

"If you really want to, why not?" She sighs, shovelling rice into her mouth after turning on the TV.

Sāchiro can't help but grin and lean against Hoshiumi, head slightly resting on top of the other's. "You act so tough at times, but you're kinda cute right now." She laughs, before planting a quick kiss on Hoshiumi's cheek.

"What? Are you sure you don't need me to come?" Hoshiumi squawks in surprise, almost spilling her takeaway cup of hot cocoa as a result.

"Yes, it's fine, but I'll take awhile." Sāchiro groans as she taps on her phone, while Hoshiumi watches her take off her glasses just to rub her eyes.

"Gosh, we just got here too." Hoshiumi grumbles, brows furrowed as she looks around while Sāchiro books a taxi for herself. They had just arrived at Trafalgar Square and were about to enter The National Gallery, before Sāchiro's mother called. Now Sāchiro had to take up the role of a delivery woman.

Hoshiumi huffed as she adjusted her beanie, keeping her head warm and hair tucked in. A strong gust of wind was whipping through the place, sending trash on the ground flying and rustling people's clothes and hair— Sāchiro was not an exception, but she somehow looked less like a mess and more like a model in a photo-shoot. A very serious, slightly annoyed model.

The athlete looks up at Sāchiro, frowning expression relaxing and fading away as she watches her girlfriend's body language.

"Hey, don't worry about me. I can go explore this whole place first, anyway. I can get you coffee too, if you want? Heard they got a cafe here."

"Maybe later. I'll text you when I get back, okay?"

Hoshiumi nods in acknowledgement, before reaching out and brushing a flapping curl away from Sāchiro's eyes. The woman stiffens up in surprise, but it doesn't take long before her body relaxes and her gaze shifts to Hoshiumi, soft and fond.

"Thanks." She laughs, flustered, while tucking back a strand of hair as she gets up. Even from here, Hoshiumi can see that Sāchiro's ears are a bright red— The other woman doesn't blush easily, but when she does, her ears give her away first.

Silently, Hoshiumi reaches for Sāchiro's hand, gently holding it as she starts to massage her callused fingers. The veterinarian glances down, and just in time; She will feel her hand receiving a kiss, one so soft and kind that it could've been easily confused for the wind.

"Take care, yeah?" Hoshiumi asks, giving the hand she's holding a quick squeeze.

She blinked slowly, registering the information before a fond smile stretched across her face.

"Of course."

And hence, that's why Hoshiumi is by herself, in a gigantic museum that she knows little to nothing about.

What was the exhibition Sāchiro wanted to see again? Something something, new collection of medieval paintings...

Hoshiumi wandered around the museum, sneakers lightly squeaking against the marble floor as she tries to read the plethora of English letters that swarm her. The athlete's English isn't the best, but she does manage to recognize and figure out a couple of words here and there.

Eventually— miraculously, even!— Hoshiumi stumbles upon a queue pole sign, with an image that matched the event poster Hirugami had showed her. She sighs in relief and makes her way into the exhibition area, going in with low expectations.

Surprisingly, the place is eerily quiet, with no one else around. There wasn't even a curator lurking! Hoshiumi frowns a little, but thinks nothing of it, starting to try and admire the paintings.

Apparently, the exhibition arranged the paintings from most recent to the oldest, trying to bring the viewers back in time. It was an alright concept, Hoshiumi supposes, as she approaches the first painting. The moment she lays an eye on it though, her heart strangely squeezes.

The painting depicts a woman who must've been in her 20s, dolled up in a fashion that would've stunned both people from the past and future: The lady's brown curls were held back by strings of pearls, complimenting soft skin. Her silk dress was a dark blue and painted so realistically, it bore resemblance to the steady, rippling waves of water. Yet, all this detail was not what truly captivated Hoshiumi to the painting; It was the model's melancholic eyes, droopy and darkened with emotional anguish. Something about her solemn expression stirred a sense of recognition in Hoshiumi's brain, but she just couldn't put her finger on it.

The woman peered at the plaque next to the painting, taking out her phone and going to Google Lens before snapping a photo. Though Hoshiumi knew that the generated translation would be choppy, she would at least gain some understanding of the art's history.

Unknown

Portrait of Noblewoman, 1863

Oil on Canvas

Private Collection

Well. It seems that the plaque was kinda useless, after all. Hoshiumi sulked in annoyance and clicked off the app.

But since this piece was part of the new exhibition... the woman snaps a picture of the painting quickly, before making her way to the next few.

As Hoshiumi heads down the line, it seems that so far, the noblewoman is the main focus of the paintings. She must've been quite an important figure, maybe even on the same level as Queen Elizabeth. Yet, she was shrouded in mystery, with no clues pointing to who she could've been, and what significance she brought to history.

The noblewoman's melancholic gaze was present throughout, regardless of the change of scenery and painting style. One painting, she's depicted on a steed, looking into the distance as knights and generals stand by her side or behind her. Another, shows her in front of a medieval tent, being tended to by a handmaiden while a lion stands on her left, and a unicorn on her right, perhaps symbolizing her purity or something.

A sting of compassion wedges between Hoshiumi's ribs, as she wonders how profound must this woman's sadness be, for it to be captured perfectly by tens or hundreds of painters?

Gradually and eventually, Hoshiumi reaches the end, pausing as she faces the last and oldest painting in the collection. Compared to the other works, the style was more 2-Dimensional and had brighter pops of colour. Though the noblewoman was present as per usual, her depiction was less formal in this one. In fact, the painting seemed to depict a tragedy, instead of triumph.

The painted woman was cradling a body, letting it lean against her white robes. The body's clothes were bright and patchy, most likely an ancient edition of a costume bodysuit.

The glaring issue to Hoshiumi was that the person's head was missing.

The part of the painting that should've shown the body's face, was torn off. Whoever had once owned the painting must've damaged it, perhaps even intentionally.

"Damn." She mumbled under her breath. It's this easy to erase history, huh?

Despite the difference in art style, the noblewoman's melancholy was present as ever: Those sad brown eyes— haunting Hoshiumi for the past hour or two. Honestly, she wasn't so sure why she was still this invested in the exhibition. The tug of familiarity was the first reason but... Hoshiumi had a feeling that it was more than that. This connection felt too personal to just be interest.

She stares at the painting for a few more moments, more specifically at the painted eyes. Something stirred in Hoshiumi's mind, like puzzle pieces finally being pushed together and clicking.

Oh my god. She looks like-

"Hoshiumi!" A voice echoes out, forcing the athlete to snap out of it and turn around. Sāchiro speed walks over, face relieved at the sight of her girlfriend.

"There you are— I texted you, but you didn't respond." She laughs once, slowing down the moment she gets closer. Hoshiumi stares up at her, not responding at first. But seeing Sāchiro's face— slightly flushed from running, but her eyes soft and fond— she couldn't help but smile back.

"Sorry. Got busy trying to understand these paintings."

"Really?" Sāchiro raises her brows out of surprise, a sparkle in her eye. "I'm glad— you did seem invested."

The two of them exchange laughter for a brief moment, before they turned back to face the depressing scene before them, preserved in paint forever more.

Hoshiumi watches Sāchiro's expression swiftly change, going from humoured to saddened, as she takes in the details of the picture and its tragic tale. The other's transformation immediately softened the athlete's heart; Unconsciously, her hand reached out and grazed against her girlfriend's, before slowly interlinking their fingers together.

Sāchiro says nothing, but squeezes Hoshiumi's hand briefly, taking in a deep breath.

Hoshiumi watches her chest rise and fall, a reminder that her girlfriend was still here.

With her.

Time passes and the two stand there regardless, not minding the seconds or minutes that flew by them. Eventually, Sāchiro turns away and looks back at her, and Hoshiumi sees those melancholic brown eyes once more.

"Let's look at the others again?" She offers her a small smile and a question, testing the waters and seeing if Hoshiumi feels exhausted or not.

The pieces click together in her head, but Hoshiumi decides to not mention it.

"Sure, why not. Then, we go get some coffee."

First off, I would love to thank all of you talented individuals who stuck through with this project until the end. Your interest as well as participation means so much to me, truly. During the creation period I know that many dealt with graduation preparations as well as moving out. So I want to say congratulations on how well you're all doing! Your hard work will not go unseen!

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Jax, thank you so much for sticking close with me in this project despite you not being in haikyu as much you were still willing to help me and I'm so happy you did :) I owe you boba



TRANS
PRINCESS

I
DON'T
WORK
HERE



dyke
princess

Estrogenize
Me

PINKO
COMMIE
QUEER

IBOY
POWER

End.

the
whole
universe
revolves
around
me

TGIRL
POWER



I Kissed
a Girl
I liked it

DYKE
OF THE
MONTH



True
Romance