

Stubbornness

Atobe x Akutagawa

Von greensilverserpent

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It seemed like the longest match Atobe had ever played. Normally someone like Wakashi did not even come close to his level, today however, everything was just off. The other boy got so close, Atobe caught himself with the thought of fainting just to put an honourable end to it. Well, maybe not honourable but at least inconspicuous. Because if anyone noticed he was simply not up to his usual form there would be questions he'd rather not answer and fainting could be explained a lot easier. When the match was finally over he walked back to their clubroom without a second glance. Hoping his energy would last until he reached something soft.

"Atobe-buchou?" Jirou's voice called over from the door, the boy himself already closing the distance between them in swift steps. Atobe tried not to groan but, judging from the concerned look, he did not succeed. "Why did you go through with practise when you're not feeling well?" Jirou asked, concern letting him drop his usual hyperactivity. Atobe did not remove the arm that covered his eyes when he answered, still out of breath, "We have to train regularly." "The team could have trained alone. You can't train with us when you work either. So there wouldn't have been much difference between today and the many weeks before." Atobe sighed. Only Jirou would dare to make such irritating comments. Well, irritating but true. Right now though, all he wanted to do was sleep. "It's not good when a captain does not train with his team, Jirou." "As I said, you did not train with us for weeks, what was different today?" "I..." "Don't bother." Jirou broke in, looking his captain over. "You're exhausted. No, let me correct that. You're beyond exhausted." Atobe said nothing. Jirou's words rang true. Too true. He hated it when someone witnessed him so weak. Even if that someone was the most understanding member of his team. Jirou must have known where his thoughts were going, because he sat down next to him, one hand touching the arm that still had not been moved away. "You're not weak. You've been working so hard it was only a matter of time." There was a pause but Jirou was sure Atobe would not try to fill it. "I think you should call your driver and when you get home just go to bed and try to think about nothing until Sunday evening."

"What do you think you're doing?" Atobe's voice was not really a hiss but close. Jirou smiled happily. "Going home with you. I know you won't rest if no one's around to tell you to." "Jirou..." Atobe growled but the other just continued to smile. "No argument. Just skip over."