

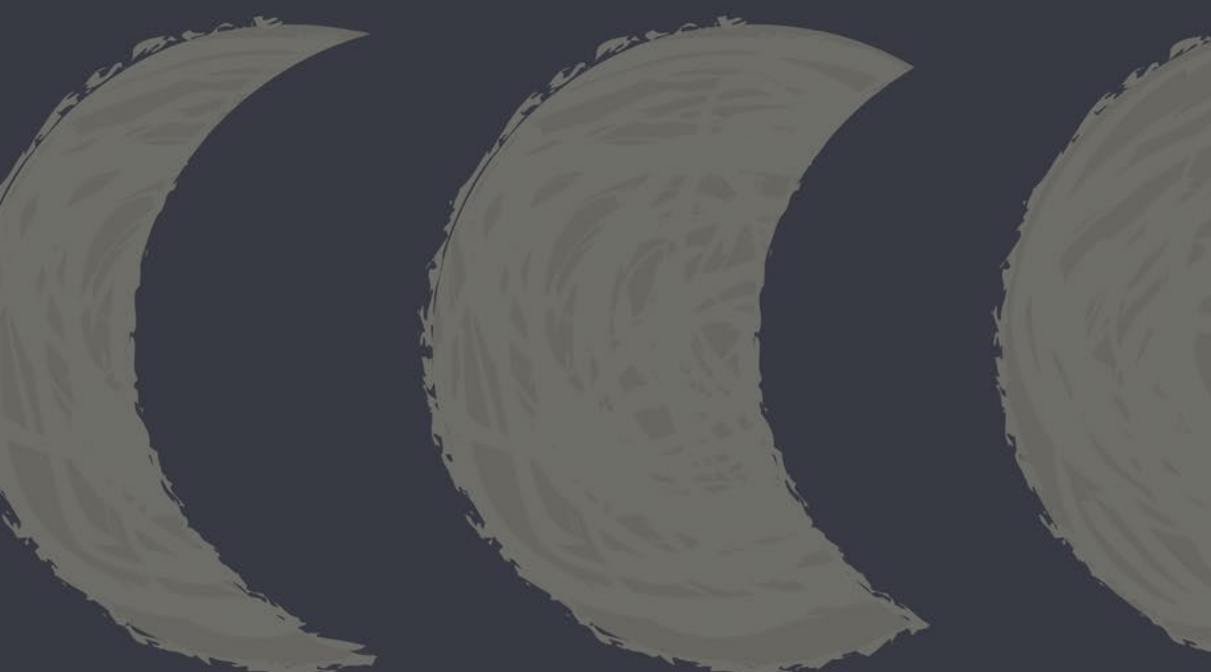


moonrise
side zine

LOVE

letters

To: Kei



Thank you for picking up the Moonrise Side Zine:

LOVE LETTERS

We hope you enjoy this mini zine featuring multiple Tsukishima ships!



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TSUKKI ZINE MOD TEAM

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DO YOU WONDER (ABOUT OUR WONDER YEARS)

Fic by Mads © Tsukki/Bokuto/Akaashi/Kuroo

“On my count.”

A bead of sweat drips down his brow and Tsukishima quickly wipes it away so that it doesn't disrupt his vision. He has the other team's setter clear in his sight, and he can see the way the other player keeps cutting him sharp looks over his shoulder, like he knows that Tsukishima is on his tail. Tsukishima smirks to himself.

Out of the corner of his eye he sees Koganehara give a sharp nod of understanding, which would have been more than enough communication, but because he's Koganehara, he also adds a loud, “Roger that, Tsukki!”

Tsukishima heaves a long-suffering sigh, but if he's being honest, the Dateko alum, no matter how over-the-top he may be, is one of the most reliable blockers Tsukishima has ever had by his side. He watches for the moment that the ball leaves the setter's fingertips, its admittedly graceful and precise arc through the air, and the first pair of sneakers to run after it.

He and Koganegawa shift to the left in perfect sync, like the well-oiled and terribly dressed machine they've become since playing together, and he feels the other blocker tense up at his side, legs coiled like a spring ready to snap.

"Not yet," Tsukishima says to himself under his breath. The spiker's feet jerk to a stop and Koganegawa flinches like he wants to jump, but he waits for Tsukishima's word. Good thing, too, because the spiker delays the spike, obviously trying to mess with the timing of their block. He's too focused on his own timing that he hasn't even noticed that Tsukishima and Koganegawa still haven't left the ground. "Not yet," he says again.

The spiker's sneakers leave the floor.

"Now!"

It's a complete shutdown, the ball leaving a satisfying stinging feeling in the palm of Tsukishima's hand. Set point for the Sendai Frogs.

Through the group of his teammates coming over to pat him on the back, congratulating him for taking the first set for them, Tsukishima looks over to the side of the stands that's filled with an ocean of horrible bright green shirts and painted faces. He scans the crowd over once, then once again.

There are a few familiar faces. Kyoutani's boyfriend, Yahaba, and Koganegawa's high school teammates, Futakuchi and Aone, but not who he's looking for. His lips purse unhappily as he goes over to join the rest of his team to listen to their coach's mid-game pep talk. He tries to pay attention but can't help but keep stealing glances into the stands over his shoulder, as if he could actually possibly miss them if they were already here.

The first few minutes of the second set, Tsukishima is distracted. He wonders where they are, why they aren't here yet, if something happened, if they won't end up making it at all. But all of those thoughts are quickly pushed to the back of his mind as the other team hits double digits before they do, and the only things he's thinking of now are the game and strategies they can use to win.

They catch up about halfway through the set, one of Koganegawa's super high sets getting spiked mercilessly down to the other side by Tsukishima, too far above the blockers for them to do a damn thing about it. That point ties them up, and Tsukishima's thoughts are so focused on the game at this point that it completely catches him off guard when he hears his name being shouted... along with a few other things that make his cheeks burn.

“Go Tsukki, that’s our Tsukki! Yeah, you heard right people, that one is ours!”

“Show ‘em how it’s done, baby! Make Daddy proud!”

Bokuto, in a horrendously neon Sendai Frogs jersey, and Kuroo, with half his face painted green and a headband that makes it look like he has frog eyes sitting on the top of his head, are both on their feet, waving their arms excitedly in the air, as if Tsukishima could possibly miss them. Akaashi stands to the side, burying his face in his hands and shaking his head, but when he peeks through his fingers and spots Tsukishima looking over at them, he gives him a small, secret smile and a thumbs up.

Kyoutani snorts a laugh under his breath. “You call your boyfriend ‘Daddy’?”

“The only person who refers to Kuroo as ‘Daddy’ is himself.”

A few players from the other team look confused and borderline alarmed at the scene that Bokuto and Kuroo are causing, but most of Tsukishima’s own teammates are painfully used to the specific brand of stupid that his boyfriends contribute to games by now and hardly bat an eye at it. Eventually, Akaashi manages to wrangle them both back into their seats,

only for them to end up right back on their feet any time Tsukishima so much as breathes near the ball.

Really, they’re so embarrassing.

And if he starts playing a little harder once he knows they’re here, that’s nobody’s business but his own.

• ◡ •

“Nice work out there today, Kei. That win was well-deserved.”

Tsukishima finishes gulping down his water and wipes the corner of his mouth with his thumb. “Thanks, Coach.”

“You have about two hours before they come around to lock up.”

Tsukishima nods in understanding and his coach gives him a final pat on the shoulder before starting to gather up all his things to leave, along with the rest of the team. A few players from both teams have already started to trickle out, as well as pretty much everyone in the stands.

Well, not quite everyone.

“Tsukki, babe, you were on fire today!” Bokuto hooks an arm around Tsukishima’s neck before he can stop him and plants a loud and messy kiss on his cheek. Petulantly, Tsukishima shrugs him off (a pretty impressive feat given the size of his boyfriend’s biceps) and crosses his arms.

“You guys were late.”

“Sorry, darlin’.” Kuroo jerks his chin in Bokuto’s direction. “It was Bo’s fault. He couldn’t find his left sneaker for like, thirty minutes.”

Bokuto scratches the back of his head sheepishly. “I forgot that it fell behind Tsukki’s reading chair when I threw it to save him from that spider on the wall the other day!”

“You mean when you *missed* the spider and I had to come and kill it for both of you?” Akaashi asks with an arched eyebrow. Bokuto turns red and sputters defensively while Akaashi weaves his fingers into Tsukishima’s sweaty blonde hair and tugs him down so he can steal a kiss. This close, his teal eyes always seem to glitter like gemstones, especially when he’s wearing his glasses. “Good game,” he grins when he pulls back and Tsukishima shrugs and bites down on his pleased smile.

“You sure you’re up for this?” Kuroo smirks teasingly at Tsukishima, grabbing his towel off the bench and slinging it around Tsukishima’s neck to pull him in for his own kiss. He smells sharp and warm—Tsukishima’s favorite of his colognes. “You did just play three sets. We’ll understand if you’re too tired.”

Tsukishima smirks back, placing a finger in the center of Kuroo’s chest and pushing him away. “You worried I’m gonna run circles around you and make you look bad, old man?”

Kuroo gasps in dramatic betrayal, pretending to faint into Bokuto’s already waiting arms. Tsukishima and Akaashi roll their eyes at each other, fond grins playing at their lips. Their boyfriends continue messing around, flailing about and laughing loud enough that it echoes through the rafters while Akaashi sits Tsukishima down on the bench and works some of the knots out of his shoulders while telling him about a new project Tenma has him working on.

Finally, the four of them all go still and quiet as the last straggling player leaves the gym, giving them a weird look over his shoulder as they all stare at him go, and the door closes behind him, leaving them in sweet, blissful solitude and silence.

“Alright, I call being on Tsukki’s team first!” Bokuto jumps up from where he and Kuroo had sprawled out

on the ground, shimmying his joggers down his hips to reveal the athletic shorts underneath, and Kuroo and Akaashi follow suit. They always came to his games with shorts under their pants and sneakers on their feet for this exact reason.

So they'd be ready to play together at a moment's notice.

The four of them have been following this exact ritual for over a year now. It started by accident, when the three of them came to see one of Tsukishima's games just like this one. They had all gotten a little, ahem, *distracted* in the boy's bathroom (which, for the record, Tsukishima did not ask them to follow him into) and when they came out, everyone was gone and the doors were locked.

Tsukishima texted his coach, who said the facility would send someone back to let them out (without asking any questions about where they were, or what they were doing, thankfully), but in the meantime... Well, they were four volleyball players stuck in a gym with a net and some balls. The rest was nothing more than muscle memory and instinct.

It had been years since the four of them all played together. Life had gotten hectic as one by one, they all graduated and went off to university or got adult jobs

or started playing for another team (or, in Tsukishima's case, all three), and while volleyball certainly wasn't the only thing holding their relationship together, it was a pretty special bond they all shared. It was what brought them all into each other's orbits in the first place, through serendipitous and sometimes meddling forces at work.

Tsukishima hadn't realized how much he missed Akaashi's calculating stare from the other side of the net, instead of across the kitchen table over breakfast, trying to figure out if Tsukishima actually got as much sleep as he said he did or if he had been up late watching videos on his phone again. Or the blowing force of Bokuto's killer spikes smacking his palms, rather than Bokuto's soft cheeks between his hands while trying to get him to stop kissing Tsukishima long enough for them to finish brushing their teeth. The way he was so used to Kuroo's body lying alongside his in bed, but had forgotten what it felt like to have him standing, crouched and ready by Tsukishima's side as they waited to pounce for the perfect block.

After that, they started purposely hanging around after games, long past the time when everyone else had left, playing two vs two matches until the maintenance staff eventually came around and kicked them out.

Volleyball wasn't the foundation of their relationship, but it would be a lie to say that it wasn't a huge part of them. It was where they came from.



Bokuto gets his wish, and he and Tsukishima start off on the same side of the net. Not that it really matters all that much anyways.

They never keep the same teams for long, constantly rotating in between sets. Sometimes the teams end up being ridiculously unbalanced, and sometimes they volley back and forth countless times before anyone scores. It doesn't make a difference to them; they aren't playing to win anyways. Good thing, too, given the amount of rule-breaking and blatant cheating that goes on during these games.

Surprisingly, it's Akaashi that he really has to look out for. He's as ruthless as he is pretty, and he'll sabotage anyone even if they're on the same team as him.

Not surprisingly, it's Tsukishima who ends up as Akaashi's victim today.

They're playing around their third set already, although it's hard to tell exactly since they have no actual way of keeping score, and Tsukishima finds himself on the same side of the net as Akaashi, watching Kuroo

throw a sloppy toss to Bokuto, and the ace running up to spike it. He has his hands up in front of him, ready to jump and block it, when he suddenly feels a finger hooking itself into the waistband of his shorts.

He makes an embarrassingly high-pitched sound of surprise and confusion, still keeping his eyes on Bokuto and the ball, even when he hears Akaashi snickering under his breath.

"What are you—?" he starts to ask, but his words are cut off when Akaashi stretches out the elastic of his waistband and releases it with a snap against his skin. Tsukishima lets out a yelp and his hands instinctively lower to grab his stinging hip, just in time for Bokuto's spike to go sailing over his head.

Bokuto cheers, throwing both hands in the air to slap Kuroo's waiting ones in a double high-five. They both obviously know they only got the point because Akaashi cheated, but in these games, everyone celebrates however they want to.

"You"—Tsukishima points a warning finger in Akaashi's face when his boyfriend shrugs innocently at him—"are doing all of the dishes after dinner tonight. Alone."

It's a total bluff, and Akaashi knows it, grin tugging at the corners of his lips. He takes a few steps forward

until the toes of their sneakers touch and takes Tsukishima's chin in a gentle grip, angling his face down so that their noses brush.

"Even if I apologize?"

"Better be a damn good apology."

Tsukishima is already parting his lips before Akaashi can lean forward and capture them. One of his hands comes down to Tsukishima's hip, thumb rubbing circles into his abused hip. It's soft and slow and Tsukishima will do all of the dishes himself if Akaashi asks him to right now.

That is, until two bulky forms come crashing into them at full speed, taking all four of them down to the ground in a tangle of limbs and elbows and knees.

"Really?" Tsukishima groans, pushing at Kuroo until he un-lodges his knee from his kidney. Or, where Tsukishima thinks his kidney might be. Whatever it is, it's painful. Kuroo gives him a sheepish grin and shifts up onto his knees, one on either side of Tsukishima's hips, and bends forward to adjust Tsukishima's sport goggles on his face.

"We were feeling left out," his boyfriend informs him, fingers lingering at his temples and brushing his hair behind his ears. It's getting long, and he meant to get

it cut ages ago, but his boyfriends all keep telling him how much they like it and giving him good reasons to keep it.

"And a total body takedown was the only possible remedy you could come up with?" Akaashi grunts under Bokuto's weight, the silver-haired man having flopped on top of him like a dead fish.

"Yup," Bokuto responds happily, nuzzling into Akaashi's collarbone.

And that's how the man from the maintenance staff walks in on them.

It's his familiar and world-weary sigh that makes all of their heads snap towards the door, cringing guiltily when they see his grumpy, wrinkled face.

"You four again? Why am I not surprised." He shakes his head and turns to walk right back out the door. "You got five minutes before I come back, you hear?"

They all quickly agree, and Kuroo holds out his hands to pull Tsukishima to his feet while Bokuto and Akaashi untangle themselves.

As they're packing their things up and Bokuto is slinging Tsukishima's duffel bag over his shoulder, carrying it for him as he always does, he says

thoughtfully, “It’s kinda nice when the old man comes around and scolds us, isn’t it?”

Kuroo snorts and ruffles Bokuto’s hair. “Ew, dude. Weird kink that we will not be exploring any further.”

“No!” Bokuto huffs, fixing his hair with one hand and taking Tsukishima’s with the other, the four of them walking out together. “I just mean, it kinda makes me feel like a teenager again. Like we’re still in high school, getting reprimanded by our coaches for sneaking out of practices and getting caught making out in supply closets, and stuff. You know?”

Tsukishima squeezes Bokuto’s hand in his, because he does know. Even now, all these years later, just the memories make his heart flutter giddily and his lips curve into a helpless grin. They had been so young, and this, them, had been so new. But they were determined, and they were in love, and they were going to do everything they could to make it work.

And they did.

“It wasn’t just the coaches that caught us,” Akaashi points out, making Kuroo laugh as he slings an arm around his shoulder.

“Nothing will ever top when Shorty walked in on us that one time.”

Tsukishima groans and buries his face in Bokuto’s shoulder. “Please don’t remind me,” he grumbles, feeling his face flush.

“Hinata still can’t be in the same room as Tsukki when he eats bananas!” Bokuto’s entire body shakes with his laughter and Tsukishima elbows him but doesn’t let go of his hand.

Kuroo hangs back so that he can put his other arm around Tsukishima’s shoulders, the four of them walking side by side now. “You guys ever miss those days?” he asks, chin tilted thoughtfully towards the setting sun.

They’re a bit like that sunset, Tsukishima thinks, as he looks around at the orange and red hues dancing across all of the faces of the boys who grew into the men he loves. It’s beautiful, ethereal, so stunning in the moment that you never want to let it go.

But the thing about sunsets is that there will always be another one the next day, just as beautiful as the first. Maybe even more beautiful.

They aren’t those same fumbling, lovestruck teenagers they once were; they’re in a whole new phase of their lives and their relationship now. But, if Tsukishima does say so himself, he’s enjoying this view just as much.

He's not going to say all of that, though. Akaashi is the writer, after all, so what he says instead is, "Maybe a little, but I wouldn't go back. I wouldn't trade how far we've all come for the world."

And Bokuto tears up a little and Kuroo won't stop kissing the side of his face and Akaashi is scrambling for his phone so he can 'write that one down' and they are the most ridiculous, most perfect sunset Tsukishima has ever seen.

He can't wait for the next one.



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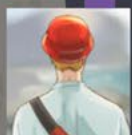
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