

Awkward

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Awkward

by [shizenyume](#)

Summary

Coming fresh off of her win from the most recent Starlight Queen Cup, Oozora Akari encounters Sena Tsubasa once more, both feeling something different this time around.

Notes

Hello hello!! This is my first fanfic so I apologize if it kinda sucks :3

Anyways, a girl loves Aikatsu a whole bunch <3 My absolute fav idol series it's so good. Akari and Tsubasa also happen to be my two fav characters from the first series. They're such comfort characters to me and I love them both and their dynamic and everything (I'd write a whole essay on how much I love them I'm serious), so I decided to write a small fanfic about them. I hope nothing's OOC or anything but please please PLEASE let me know what you think!

Enjoy! :D

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Ahh! The air’s so fresh today, and the skies are clear! Today’s seems to be a great day so far!”

Oozora Akari, idol at the esteemed Starlight Academy, stretched as she took a look at the blue sky above her. She has just finished her work as a weather girl for a local news station, a job she enjoyed dearly. As the news staff began to clean up their equipment, she continued to glance up. Having the opportunity to work with the kind news staff was something that was very enjoyable to her.

Thinking about it, a lot of her work as an idol was enjoyable to her. She had various opportunities to meet new friends and experience different things. However, the one thing she enjoyed the most was her performances. Being on that stage and bringing the smiles out of many gave her a sense of euphoria that she just couldn’t put into words.

Looking down now, she pulled out an outfit from her favorite brand, Dreamy Crown: the White Sky Veil Coord, the coord that had brought her victory at this year’s Starlight Queen Cup. The wedding-like imagery as well as the inspiration the top designer had taken from the sky and the clouds caught her eye every time she gazed upon it.

“Sena-san did an amazing job with this dress...” she said to herself.

Akari had always liked Sena Tsubasa’s dresses and coords ever since the first time she had seen them. The Halloween concert she performed at during her first year had marked the beginning of something special. Ever since then, she had sworn on using Dreamy Crown as her main. Something about the regal flair the brand gave off as well as the cuteness of it and the designs that Tsubasa had created kept her hooked. She continued to stare at the cards in her hands as she hummed a bit.

Her dream-like state was soon shattered once she heard her phone ringing. Almost dropping it, she quickly glanced at the caller ID: “Sena-san”.

“H-h-hello?!”

“Oozora,” the young male responded. “Sorry for calling out of blue like this. By any chance, do you have any free time later today? I just want to take the time to discuss some ideas for future coords.”

“Umm...” the idol quickly went through her schedule in her head. From what she remembered, other than her work for Oozora Weather, her entire schedule was free. She hadn’t come up with anything to do after this, as all of her other friends were busy with their own activities, so this could have been a way to pass time.

“S-sure! I’ll be there as soon as I can!” Akari responded.

“Great. I’ll see you then.” Tsubasa hangs up the phone.

Akari quickly puts her phone in her pocket. “I wonder what we’re going to discuss...”

Excusing herself, she quickly makes her way back to Starlight to grab a couple of things before she made her way over to Tsubasa's residence.

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“Almost there! Just a bit more!”

Akari quickly dashed down the dirt path, trying to take in her surroundings as she made her way down. The forest was always so peaceful whenever she took the time to visit Dreamy Lake. Part of her wishes that she could slow down a bit and take in everything, but, for some reason, her legs wouldn't let her slow down. A sense of urgency filled her mind as she ran. Soon, the splitting image of a massive lake and a small cottage came into view.

Why was she running for? For all she knew, it was a regular meeting between the two. All they were supposed to discuss were dress ideas, something that the pair had done on multiple occasions. But, for some reason, different thoughts had filled her head. With her victory from the Starlight Queen Cup fresh on her mind, Akari had felt as if today's meeting would go much differently than the previous ones.

As she approached the door of the house, Akari had felt her foot hit one of the steps, causing her to lose her balance. She fell over and had expected to hit the porch hard, closing her eyes, bracing for impact. Vaguely hearing the door open, her fall was stopped by a pair of arms. Looking up, her magenta eyes were met by blue ones. Slowly, she realized who it was.

“Careful, now.” A young male spoke up. “Pretty reckless of you to almost fall like that.”

Getting back on her feet, Akari spoke up, “Sena-san, thank you very much.”

“Good to know that some things don't change.” Tsubasa quickly smirked as the two went inside.

Akari quickly glanced around. Everything looked normal. Many of Tsubasa's sketches were laid out on the table, a lot of the fabric and ribbon he uses were also spread out a bit in the other room. Akari wondered why her mind was playing tricks on her before. “*So much for a different encounter...*”

“Take a seat,” Tsubasa motioned towards the couch. “I'll make some tea for both of us.”

“O-okay!” Akari quickly made her way towards the couch and sat very still. Taking a look around, her sight quickly focused on the young teenager making tea a couple of feet away from her. She couldn't put her finger on it, but something about his stature was different.



Almost as if he was nervous in some sense. *“Him, nervous? Doesn’t seem that likely...”* she thought to herself.

She quickly thought about all of their previous encounters. From the first one, where she was a nervous mess, expecting to meet someone else. Where she had offered to gather berries for him so he could complete his very first Premium Rare dress, the Odette Swan Coord. Where they had both made a promise to become the top in their respective fields. Or the second one, where he had surprised her before her performance with Hoshimiya Ichigo and Kanzaki Mizuki with another dress, the Sleeping Aurora Coord. Where he had commended her on being able to perform with two of the top idols in the industry. Or the third, where he had ran to her in the subway station to give her another Premium Rare, the Thumbelina Bouquet Coord. Where he had mentioned that an idol and a designer are a team, and that both of their efforts combined would allow them to reach greater heights.

Or the fourth, where he had surprised her at the debut concert for her unit with Amahane Madoka, Skips, and had given her the unit coords for said unit. Or the fifth, where he had promised to make her wedding dress when she was to get married. Or the sixth, where they had met in the festival and he had given her a mask to replace the one she had already. Or the seventh, where she had taken the time to care for him when he got a cold due to his determination to create a dress fit for a Starlight Queen. Or the eighth, where he had ran to her right before her live to hand her the coord she was to perform with during the Starlight Queen Cup, the White Sky Veil Coord. Or the ninth, right after she had won, where he had informed her that he had become a top designer and she had become a top idol, both of their goals being completed that night.

All of the time they had spent together had caused Akari to change her thinking a bit when it came to the young designer. She obviously valued their friendship a lot, but was it selfish of her to want...

Quickly shaking her head, she realized that her thought process was way out of league. *“No, no! That could never happen at all!”* Her face red with embarrassment, she quickly grabbed one of the sketches on the table and tried to distract herself.

Meanwhile, Tsubasa had placed a kettle full of water on the burner and stood around, waiting for the water to boil a bit. Taking a look around, his sight quickly focused on the young girl sitting a few feet away from him. He had noticed it before, but she had seemed a lot more stiff than usual. Hell, she had almost tripped on her way to see him. She seemed nervous, almost. *“Nervous? I mean, before it made sense, but now...”* he thought to himself.

She had picked up one of his designs and began scanning it, a slight blush on her face. Looking away, Tsubasa had started to think back on their past interactions.

Akari had been nervous around him before, but, time and time again, she had proven to be a massive help in allowing his brand to reach massive heights, heights that he couldn’t even imagine he could reach. All the times that he was able to catch her right before and right after a concert, she seemed so happy to see his new designs, and she also seemed very happy to see him as well. Time and time again, he re-evaluated his relationship with the young idol. He did appreciate his friendship with her, but sometimes he questions if there was a possibility that...

Turning back to the kettle on the stove, he quickly tried to hide the scarlet hue on his face. *“There’s no way! It can’t be possible! Not a chance.”* He stood there a bit, covering his face in an attempt to hide his blush. Soon, the whistling of the kettle snapped him out of his episode and he quickly grabbed two cups and two tea bags from his cupboard.

Akari, completely focused on focusing on the sketches on the table, nearly jumped out of her seat when she heard Tsubasa call her name. “Oozora, here,” Tsubasa reached out to hand her a cup.

“Ah! Thank you very much, Sena-san.” Akari took the cup from his hand and quickly turned to face forward, using the cup to hide her blush.

The pair sat for a bit, no one saying anything for a while, the atmosphere getting thicker and thicker with each passing minute of silence. Finally, one was able to break the awkwardness.

“S-Sena-san! You had said that you wanted to discuss your future designs, right?” Akari spoke up.

“Hm? A-ah, yeah, you’re right... let’s get started on that.” The designer responded, shaking a bit due to nervousness.

Both reached down to grab the same sketch, their hands touching briefly before they both withdrew. Staring at each other now, the hues on their face as well as their uneasiness was now as obvious as can be.

Tsubasa, quickly clearing his throat, uttered “You can pick first. You’re going to be wearing these, after all.”

“Okay...” Akari bent down and picked up a sketch on the table and the two began to discuss their ideas.

...Or, at least, tried to. The entire way through, the only thing that was felt was a lingering feeling of stiffness. Something wasn’t right; this conversation was robotic, in a sense. Their discussion mostly consisted of long periods of silence; when one had tried to speak up, the other would as well, causing both to speak at the same time and then immediately shutting up. If no one spoke, they both quietly sipped on their tea. Sweat visible on their foreheads, as well as red over their cheeks, both knew that something had to be done about this, but neither knew what.

Hours had passed with little progress made. Tsubasa had sighed and quickly looked out the window, softly gasping when he realized how late it was. Akari soon followed his motion and checked the time on her phone. 23:07 (11:07pm), almost midnight. How had they spent so much time “discussing”? How did the time pass so fast?

“Hey,” Tsubasa turned and faced the young idol. “Sorry for keeping you here so long. I didn’t know we would have taken this long.” He scratched his head a bit, almost ashamed of keeping her there for so long.

“It’s okay. I know you didn’t plan on this happening Sena-san.” Akari smiled at him a bit, attempting to give him a sense of reassurance. However, she now had her own problem to deal with.

It was far too late for her to catch a train to go back to Starlight, not to mention how dangerous it was for her to walk home by herself. Akari quietly sighed and thought about how she was going to make it through the night.

“If you want, you could stay here for the night.”

Akari’s head perked up once she heard Tsubasa offer this solution. He was avoiding eye contact, choosing instead to stare up at the ceiling. Things were already pretty awkward between the designer and the idol, but, at this point, there was no other way to go.

“Sure. I appreciate the offer.” She responded, blushing a bit.

Tsubasa had then gotten up and went to go find a change of clothes for her so she wouldn’t have to sleep in the ones she was wearing at the moment. Once he had gone into the other room, Akari quickly breathed a sigh of relief. With how thick the atmosphere was between them before, it was almost satisfying to be able to breathe normally. However, laying her head back a bit, she began to think back to her thoughts from before.

She really did appreciate her friendship with Tsubasa, but why was today so awkward? Did something happen between the two that changed their perception of each other?

She quickly thought about it, and realized something big: perhaps she didn’t just see him as just a designer or as just her friend anymore. All the time that they had spent together during the time leading up to the Starlight Queen Cup had allowed them to grow closer as a duo. Hell, Akari even spent time caring for him when he was sick, even cooking for him and spending time describing the type of Queen she wanted to be. In their moments, she had realized how much Tsubasa had valued her and how he really had wanted her to succeed, both for her sake and for the sake of the brand. Could she, Oozora Akari, possibly, maybe, perhaps, have grown feelings for the young designer?

Her face gaining color again, she didn’t want to believe it at first, but the more she pondered, the more it made sense. Do people who are *just* friends blush at each other whenever they make eye contact? Do people who are *just* friends sit in long periods of silence, both with a vivid color of red on their faces? It didn’t make sense in the sense of being friends, but in the sense of being more allowed for the dots to connect.

Akari sighed, wondering how she was supposed to deal with this information. At that moment, Tsubasa had stepped into the room, carrying a T-shirt and a pair of sweatpants in his hands. “I know it’s not the best, but it should do for now. Here.” he said, holding out the clothes.

Akari took the clothes and quickly moved into the other room to change. Tsubasa was now left alone in the living room. Putting his hand on his forehead, he sighed deeply. What was wrong with him today? Why couldn't he hold a normal conversation with the girl, for crying out loud?

*Normal.*

The word "normal" rang in his mind a bit. Was the relationship he had with the young idol "normal"?

It's true that he valued his friendship with the idol a lot. She had been the first one to request a Premium Rare from his brand, and she had always supported him ever since the two had met. He always found himself attending her concerts just to see how they would turn out. Heck, her visit and her smile had allowed him to complete his "masterpiece", the coord that Akari had ultimately used in her performance during the Starlight Queen Cup. Sometimes, he did find himself elated whenever she would step on the stage, and her smile was something he always noticed. Could he, Sena Tsubasa, possibly, maybe, perhaps, have grown feelings for the young idol?

The scarlet hue appeared on his face again. He didn't want to believe it, but the more he thought about it, the more it made sense. Sighing again, he was caught off guard when Akari had entered the room again, now wearing a T-shirt and sweatpants. After asking where to place her clothes from before, Tsubasa went and changed himself into something more comfortable. Next was a sleeping arrangement; Tsubasa had made the decision that he would take the couch while Akari could sleep on the bed, arguing that she was his guest and that he didn't want to make her uncomfortable.

Both said their good-nights and went off to bed, hoping to forget about the previous day's events. Tsubasa laid down, his face looking toward the ceiling. He pondered about his conclusion from before.

*"There's no way. It's not possible..."*

Closing his eyes, he tried to drift away to sleep.

In the other room, Akari was holding her phone, quickly texting her roommate and friend Sumire, telling her where she was and to not worry:

**Akari: Sumire-chan! I'm at Sena-san's house! I completely lost track of time, didn't realize how late it was (T ^ T)  
I should be back tomorrow, so don't worry! :D**

**Sumire: Ok. Hopefully everything went well over there. I'll have some tea ready for you when you get back (^ ^)**

Putting her phone away, she lay down on the bed, still thinking about her interaction from before.

*"Can it be true?..."*

Her face appearing somewhat flushed, Akari closed her eyes and tried to rest after the tiring day she had just gone through.

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Current time: 2:46 in the morning. Akari tossed and turned and tried every single trick she knew to try and fall asleep, but nothing. She was lucky that she had off that day; any other circumstance would have made this even worse.

Completely fed up, she decided on trying to heat up some milk. Desperate times called for desperate measures. Carefully peeking out of the door, she saw the designer lying on the couch, appearing to be sound asleep. She tip-toed to the fridge as quietly as possible, and right as she was about to place her hand on the handle...

“What are you doing?”

Tsubasa’s voice rang in the room, almost causing the young girl’s spirit to leave her body due to her shock. Slowly turning to face the young male, Akari’s face showed visible concern. He was sitting up on the couch, scratching his head, and his face showed one distinct trait: lack of sleep.

“A-ah, well... I couldn’t really sleep so I was going to try and heat up some milk to see if it would help...” the girl responded softly, her gaze towards the floor.

“You too, huh?” Tsubasa admitted.

“Huh?” Akari looked somewhat surprised. Had he been having trouble sleeping as well?

“Can’t be helped, can it? Might as well make for both of us.” Tsubasa stood up from the couch and began to walk towards the stove. Akari moved back a bit, trying not to get in his way. Sitting down on the couch, she soon focused once again on the young male in front of her, heating up some milk. Her thoughts from before filled her mind, a blush slowly appearing on her face once again. What do you even do when you're in a situation like this? Do you say what you're feeling out in the open and risk rejection? Or do you suppress them and hope that the other person speaks up themselves? Thinking about it made her head hurt. Sighing once again, she looked up to see Tsubasa holding two cups once again. This time, instead of being terrified out of her mind, she seemed scared almost, scared of what was to come if she told him.

Looking down, Tsubasa noticed the girl’s uneasiness, causing him to start blushing as well. He wanted to help her, but with how the previous day’s events had occurred, he wasn’t sure how he should approach it.

Sitting down next to each other, that same stiffness from before filling the room. Both were wanting to speak up, to talk about what had happened, to fix what had happened, and to

possibly allow for their relationship to return to the way it was before, if that was even possible.

A choice had to be made: now or never. Opening her mouth, Akari was about to speak and...

“Thank you, for everything.”

Registering the words that had just been uttered in her head, Akari slowly panned her head so she was facing Tsubasa. He was sitting with his cup in his hand, slightly looking down, a visible glow across his cheeks. Slightly taken aback, she asked one simple question: “W-what do you mean, Sena-san?”

Putting his cup down on the table, Tsubasa sighed before continuing, not wanting to face the idol. “Thank you for everything. I really mean it. If it hadn’t been for you discovering Dreamy Crown during that Halloween concert, I honestly don’t know where I would be right now. You’ve really grown a lot since we first met, and I really appreciate all that you’ve done to support me.”

Looking almost dumbfounded at Tsubasa’s sudden confession, Akari had no choice but to sit there and listen as he continued.

“Because of you, I’ve come to love making dresses even more than before, and I have you to thank. We have achieved our goal of becoming a top designer and a top idol, and it’s all thanks to you. So...”

His last words trailing off as he sat and sighed again. Was it too much? Was it too cheesy? Did he scare the poor girl with what he had said? Did he -

“I have to thank you as well.”

Hearing her speak up, Tsubasa quickly faced Akari, who now sat with a soft smile on her face, the sight of which gave him a sense of comfort.

“I have to thank you. Your dresses have inspired me to keep on moving forward as an idol. They have always been so beautiful, and you have always been so nice with me. You deserve all the success that’s given to you. You have supported me pretty much since the beginning, always giving me advice and providing me with the things I needed to achieve. Your efforts have allowed me to fly higher than I could have ever imagined, and I really appreciate all of what you’ve done for me. Thank you for everything you’ve done for me.” Akari placed her hands on Tsubasa’s, which were now sitting on his lap, and gave them a gentle squeeze, a sign of reassurance.

Finishing her thoughts, Akari removed her hands and moved back a bit, panicked at what she had just admitted to. That was it. She had let the cat out of the bag. No turning back. Looking up now, she found the designer looking at her, almost amazed in a sense. It seems as if they both had felt the same way for each other. However, now what?

Snapping back into reality, she found that Tsubasa seemed to be spacing out a bit, as well as leaning forward. Concerned that he was about to pass out, she moved forward so her body

could catch him in the event that he tumbled over.

Tsubasa found his body moving without his consent, inching closer and closer towards the girl sitting in front of him. She moved a bit closer and showed an expression of worry on her face. His focus became muddled, his eyes seemingly only focusing on her eyes and her lips.

Akari called out, "Sena-san, are you okay?"

Tsubasa heard her, but he couldn't respond. Something was keeping him from speaking up and stopping. Fear? Curiosity? Some other confusing emotion? It didn't really matter at that moment. Moving closer towards her face, his eyes began to close, not wanting to have them open for what he was about to do.

Akari, becoming more and more panicked, called out again, "S-Sena-san! Are you oka--"

Something cut her off. Something that she could have seen coming if it wasn't for her concern of the designer's safety.

His lips fell onto hers.

In other cases, a first kiss is one where both relax into it (or at least one was actually experienced). These two, guess again.

Both had absolutely no idea what they were doing. Tsubasa, once he had "felt the fall", sat there completely still, his eyes shut tight, not even daring to breathe with fear of messing up the moment. His hands moved to lay on top of Akari's, which were laying on her lap. Akari, on the other hand, kept her eyes wide open, her heart beating a million miles per minute, not wanting to push him away but, at the same time, not knowing what she should do.

The lack of air has soon gotten to them, forcing Tsubasa to pull back. His eyes snapped open, and he stared at the girl. Akari stared at him, appearing to be daydreaming (nightdreaming? it was late after all), her fingers soon grazing her lips. Realizing what he had just done, Tsubasa soon placed his face into his hands, not even daring to look the poor girl in the eyes after what had just happened.

"Why did..." Akari spoke softly, hoping not to startle the poor designer, who looked like he was about 3 seconds away from fainting.

"Sorry." He quickly responded, shaking a bit with embarrassment. He needed some sort of reassurance. He didn't want to ruin whatever he had with Akari, so whatever he said next would determine his future.

"Do you love me? Was that uncalled for? Do you want to push me after that?" Going through the various options, he landed on one:

"Did you like it?"

Akari, still a bit taken aback, heard his question loud and clear. Did she like it? It would be a lie to say she didn't. However, the poor boy looked as if whatever she would say next would

determine his fate in the grand scheme of things. Thinking about her response for a bit, she landed on one that she thought would work.

“Sena-san.”

Tsubasa looked up from his hands, facing the idol, curious as to what she would say. Akari soon put her hand on the back of his neck and pulled him in, allowing for his lips to fall on hers once again. Surprised at the girl’s sudden boldness, Tsubasa soon allowed his eyes to close, relaxing himself into the kiss. A lot more calmly now, Tsubasa moved his hands to cup her cheeks while Akari had moved hers to wrap around his neck. They sat in silence for a bit, with the only sound audible being the sound of their racing heart beats.

They remained connected for a while longer before, once again, the need for air consumed them. Separating, both looked each other in the eyes, the blushes on their faces now as bright as can be. Lightly panting, Akari had spoken up once again.

“I loved it. A lot.” Akari told him, a massive smile on her face. That sight was enough to calm Tsubasa’s nerves, allowing himself to smile as well. He took the chance to quickly hug her, and she gladly accepted.

“Sena-san, I -“ Akari spoke up softly, but was soon cut off.

“Tsubasa. Tsubasa’s fine if it’s just us two.” With whatever just happened, he felt a closer connection with the young idol, and he felt that it was appropriate for her to know it, in some sense.

“Well, T-Tsubasa-san,” she shuddered a bit due to the foreign feeling of calling him by his first name, “I really like you. A lot.”

“I know. I like you too, Akari.”

Hearing him call her “Akari” for the first time made her heart jump a bit. Still, it was nice to know that they were now much closer than before.

Releasing themselves from their hug, Akari took the chance to lay her head on his shoulder, softly humming a bit. After a while, she felt something on her head. Glancing up, she found the designer fast asleep, softly snoring. Both had been through a lot these last couple of hours, so it wasn’t really a big shock that he was exhausted. Smiling, Akari soon closed her eyes as well, drifting off the sleep.

Fast asleep now, neither of them were concerned with how they were supposed to reveal this later down the line.

End Notes

And there you have it! I'm not sure if I'm gonna continue this story or just make it a one-shot but like I loved writing this a bunch ^^

I also have a Twitter if you wanna see me gush about idols more - @shizenyume

Let me know what you think and see you soon :D

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!