

When Sleep Calls, Heads Fall (On Awaiting Shoulders)

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When Sleep Calls, Heads Fall (On Awaiting Shoulders)

by [Emels_stories](#)

Summary

“It’s the sixth set when Takeda falls asleep.”

Aka that fic where Takeda is exhausted and falls asleep on Ukai’s shoulder during a practice match.

Notes

This is kind of my first time writing in present tense, so I apologize if it’s cringy. I’m pretty sure I caught everything, but I might have slipped into past tense out of habit. Enjoy this short cheesy little thing of Ukai having a gay crisis at a Karasuno/Nekoma practice match.

Also, if you didn’t realize from the “I wrote this very spur of the moment at midnight tag”, I wrote this very spur of the moment because I was thinking about Ukatake and how underrated they are and how cute Takeda using Ukai as a pillow would be so at 11:20 I was like “lets go” and now it’s 12:50 and I should really sleep but whatever. I hope this isn’t bad from me being sleep deprived and busting it out in under two hours.

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

It's the fourth set when everyone is getting tired.

Well obviously the players on the court are tired already, but that's from exertion. None of them complain though—the entirety of both the Nekoma and Karasuno teams had agreed to play another set.

The rest of them are tired for sleep. Ukai's sleep schedule has been a mess for months with all the work for both the store and the team on his plate.

He yawns, and soon Takeda yawns beside him as well. Ukai looks over, and Takeda looks just as exhausted as Ukai feels. Takeda has a lot of work too, what with organizing practice games, arranging stuff for the club, and, of course, his normal teacherly duties.

Takeda may or may not have earlier implied that he pulled an all nighter to grade papers last night.

Ukai sighs and turns back to the game. He's the coach after all, and has to watch.

Takeda yawns again, and Ukai glances back over. As Takeda trains his gaze back to the court, Ukai can see his eyelids drooping.

It's the sixth set when Takeda falls asleep.

The first few plays, it's clear he's having trouble keeping his eyes open. At some point, sometime during the fifth set, Ukai asks if he's okay only to be waved off with an, "I'm great!"

Tell that to your eye bags , Ukai had thought.

Now Ukai just watches. His eyes flicker constantly to Takeda, watching him fight sleep. Ukai doesn't understand how he *could* sleep, what with all the noise in the gym—about half of which is coming from a single source, Hinata—but that just goes to show how tired he really is.

It's about halfway through the set that Ukai feels a weight fall against his shoulder. He looks to see Takeda has lost his battle for consciousness.

There's no way that position can be comfortable for him, and not wanting Takeda to wake up with a sore neck or something, Ukai adjusts, careful not to wake him, until his head is resting nicely on his shoulder.

It's times like this Ukai is painfully reminded of his feelings for him. Curse this stupid crush, making him feel like a silly hormonal teenager again. He sighs, turning back to the chaos of Hinata and Kageyama yelling at each other over a fumbled play.

It's not even a minute later that Ukai makes eye contact with Sugawara.

Suga is looking at him—at *them* —with his head tilted and mouth open a little in question. When their eyes meet, Suga's eyes widen into a smile. Ukai can guess about a million things running through Suga's head, and just silently wills him not to say anything.

He's pretty sure Suga receives his telepathic message requesting peace. Suga just chooses to ignore it.

As Sugawara turns to the others on the sideline with him, Ukai reaches up uselessly with the arm Takeda isn't leaning on in a silent, *No, no, no!*

They all turn. Yamaguchi hides a laugh behind his hand. They're all smiling, as if they're happy to see Takeda sleeping against Ukai. For some reason, an air of, *finally*, seems to be coming off them.

Kinoshita starts walking away from his spot.

Ukai narrows his eyes questioningly, but realization dawns on him as Kinoshita continues to where his bag is at the outskirts of the gym.

If not for Takeda being *asleep* , and in great need of it, Ukai would have yelled at him. Instead, he mimes *no* s and *stop right there* s and made an angry cutting gesture at his neck to just *stop* . Kinoshita just smiles and mimes back, feigning confusion about what Ukai was saying.

He reaches his bag and pulls out his phone.

Ukai just glares as he takes a picture.

Finally, Kinoshita puts his phone away and heads back to the other sideliners. By now, a few of the players on the court have noticed too, but they've all returned their attention to the practice game at hand.

Ukai realizes he doesn't even know what the score is, he's been distracted for so long. He looks over. 20-18, Nekoma's favor.

He lets himself gaze down at Takeda, now that he's no longer under the prying eyes of a bunch of high schoolers.

Takeda's lips are parted slightly, soft breaths falling through in a slow rhythm. His glasses are tilted a bit, and past them Ukai can see his eyelashes splayed gracefully on his smooth cheeks.

He just looks so cute and innocent and *pretty*. Ukai feels a fond smile form on his face.

Then he hears the camera sound.

His eyes shoot up as he looks at Kiyoko, who had been silently seated at Takeda's other side. She looks just as surprised as Ukai, her phone hovering in her hand and pointed at them, "Oh,

I had my volume on. Sorry.”

“ *Shimizu* ,” Ukai hisses.

“Would you like me to send it to you?” she starts typing something on her phone.

Ukai’s jaw moves up and down because honestly, he *does* want it, but he’s definitely not going to say that.

“I’ll just send it to Takeda-sensei and you can ask him to send it to you if you decide you want it,” she decides for him.

“Wait, no!” Ukai starts to make a grab for her phone, but Takeda stirs in his sleep. Ukai freezes.

He now has two options: wake up Takeda when he’s in desperate need of sleep and have to explain the situation of him trying to snatch Kiyoko’s phone, or let Takeda wake up to a picture of Ukai practically *fawning* over him while he uses him as a pillow.

It’s not a very hard choice. Ukai settles back, careful not to wake Takeda, and lets Kiyoko off with a glare.

Kiyoko smiles, the closest he’s ever seen her to *smug* , as she texts the picture to Takeda.

Hinata ropes everyone into playing one more set, but at least it’s just a half set, only going to fifteen points. Somehow, the kid still has energy and is practically bouncing off the walls while everyone else collapses.

Ukai gently shakes Takeda awake for the post game pleasantries.

Takeda’s eyes flutter open and he sits upright, pushing his glasses up as he rubs the sleep from his eyes, “Wha-? How long was I out?”

“About a set,” Ukai says. “Come on, we got to go say our goodbyes.”

“Right. Sorry for falling asleep on you by the way. You’re a good pillow though.”

Ukai feels flush creep up on his cheeks, “Nah, it’s fine. You needed the nap, I don’t mind.”

Takeda looks up at him with a sweet smile, and it squeezes his heart, just a little.

Ukai and Takeda walk side by side as they leave the school, Takeda checking something on his phone.

They've just passed the gate when Takeda freezes.

Ukai looks over, "Is something wrong?"

Takeda is staring intently at something on his phone, the screen illuminating his features. Finally, "How mad would you be if I made this my screensaver?"

Ukai looks over at his phone, then promptly curses internally. It's the picture Kiyoko had taken. Before he can react though, or even register that Takeda just asked to use it as his *screensaver*, Takeda's phone dings with another message.

He opens it, and it's from the group chat Sugawara had made for the whole club. Kinoshita had sent one of the pictures *he* got.

"Wow, you really gave Kinoshita the death glare there," Takeda comments as the chat starts filling up with messages from the rest of the team.

Ukai's face feels like it's steaming.

Takeda seems to sense his embarrassment, and looks up, cocking his head to the side. "Are you okay?" he asks gently.

"Yep!" Ukai spins to face away and continues down the road. He calls over his shoulder, hoping to sound like he doesn't care rather than like he's choking, "You can do whatever you want with the photos!"

"You're a good pillow."

At least Takeda stays true to his word, Ukai thinks as his now-boyfriend sleeps, almost laying on top of him with his head on his chest.

Ukai is unconsciously running his fingers through Takeda's hair with one hand and scrolling through his phone with the other.

He could really get used to this domestic lifestyle.

End Notes

And then they got married and lived happily ever after and Takeda's favorite pillow is Ukai Keishin. Well this has been fun, and I should go to sleep now because I have school tomorrow.

Thank you for reading, and I hope you enjoyed!

<3 Emel

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