

キリヒヨ



KIRIMIYO ZINE



# A PRINCE OF TENNIS FANZINE

FEATURING

KIRIHARA AKAYA  
AND HIYOSHI WAKASHI



# KIRIHARA x HIYOSHI

Thanks for checking out our Kirihiyo Zine! This project was put together to honor and celebrate the release of *Hyotei vs. Rikkai: Game of the Future* and the fated match between Kiri-hara and Hiyoshi—a gift we never expected but always dreamed of.

It's an incredible feeling when characters and a pair you hold so dear and build worlds and dreams around, make an appearance like this in the source material after so long! We first encountered and fell in love with them through the manga, anime, musicals and games. And we get to see them in motion yet again in 2021, a solid 22 years since the series first saw print.

This zine is a labor of love, and a love letter to that.

Many thanks of course to Konomi-sensei who gave us the gift of the *Prince of Tennis* and all of its vibrant and colorful personalities.

Deepest thanks also to the zine's contributors, who took the time and effort to give form to Kiri-hara and Hiyoshi, each with their own personal touch through art and through writing. A whole variety of different eyes, minds and hands that bring these two to life.

A shout-out to Mio, who came up with the idea for making a zine! And Dusty, who did the good work of putting it all together! And Gigi, who sometimes moonlights as Santa's Little Helper.

Kirihiyo Zine was published digitally on April 17, 2021 in the United States of America.

Zine was designed and assembled by Dusty, with a little bit of assistance from Gigi. Cover art by Dusty.

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# WORKS

## MIO



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## G1GB1TTE



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## JUPE



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## HARUKA



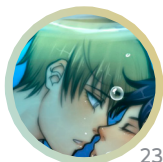
18

## YAENAGI



19

## NOKO



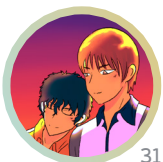
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## SHAY



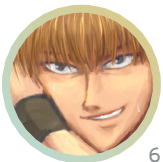
29

## TAKI



31

## DUSTY



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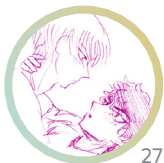
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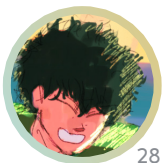
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24



27



28



30



34

CONTRIBUTOR CREDITS CAN BE FOUND ON PAGE 36.

# HIYOSHI KIRIHARA キリヒヨ DAY













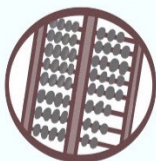




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# BURNT TOAST

“Your lightly warmed bread is done.” Hiyoshi says, clear disgust in his voice as he sets down a small stack of lightly toasted bread on a plate in front of his darling dear beloved. Kiriara lowers his upside-down newspaper, turned to the sports page of course, and smiles a fangy smile.

“Thank you so much for warming up my bread for me honey, I’m so glad we’re married, I love you.” He says in a cheery voice uncharacteristic of himself. Hiyoshi raises an eyebrow.

“What have you been drinking, Inui’s new conocotion?” He says, sitting across the table with his own plate of chalky brownish toast mess. This time Kiriara raises an eyebrow, gesturing towards the plate.

“Never mind that. What the hell is that? Did you put the toaster on the wrong setting again?”

Hiyoshi frowns and shoves a forkful of egg in his mouth to avoid answering, but does anyway. “Mmmph.” He swallows. “It’s not my fault Atobe-san gives such fancy kitchen appliances as wedding presents.”

Kiriara chuckles at that. “True. You gotta be like NASA or something to run that thing.” He looks down at Hiyoshi’s increasingly less blackened stack of toast and then at his own, lightly heated to perfection and his personal taste. His eyes widen a little.

“How much did you toast to get me these?”

“Don’t worry about it.” Hiyoshi snaps, in the way that means he has done something uncommonly kind and soft for his husband and he doesn’t want to talk about it or acknowledge it.

But Kiriara persists, grinning broadly. “You really did try hard, didn’t you? Silly Wakashi. You don’t gotta eat all those burnt toasts for me.”

“I know that.” Gaze lowered, cheeks red, Hiyoshi averts his eyes.

“Just feed ‘em to the birds.”

“Idiot. We’ll get stray dogs or worse.”

“I’ve always wanted a dog.” Kiriara says thoughtfully. Hiyoshi rolls his eyes.

Breakfast passes in relative peace, punctuated by the occasional conversation about Hiyoshi’s students at the dojo and Kiriara’s progress at the office. When dinner is over and the two are clearing the plates and loading the dishwasher, Kiriara puts his hand over Hiyoshi’s, adorned ring fingers almost touching.

“Seriously. Thanks for always being the best.” He smiles at him, warm and backlit by the sunlight from the kitchen window. A real, honest-to-goodness angel.

Hiyoshi flushes, squeezes his hand for a beat, and then slides away. “You’ll be late for work.”

“Don’t worry.” Kiriara winks, “Niou-senpai’s giving me a ride.” He straps on a bright yellow helmet.

“On his motorcycle? Akaya...”

“It’s fine, it’s safe, he’s a good driver.” Kiriara leans in, gives Hiyoshi’s cheek a quick kiss, and is dashing off through the door. “See you to-night, Wakashi! Movie night! Finding Nemo 2! I’ll buy popcorn on the way home!”

Hiyoshi sighs and rolls his eyes, getting himself ready for his own job. Taking the Prius as usual, reasonable and safe. But if he smiles a little more throughout his day, his students don’t say a thing.







Sigh.....  
Hiyoshi's been ignoring me  
during training all day...

Ooooi--  
Hiyoshiiii--



Did I accidentally make  
him mad again...?  
We like each other, right?

Maybe...



LATER,  
ROOM 205...

Look, look! These are  
limited edition  
flavors! Marui-senpai  
gave 'em to me!



Hah?

Is that why you're  
making so much  
noise?



...!!

That night, Kirihara  
learned Hiyoshi is just  
very shy in public.







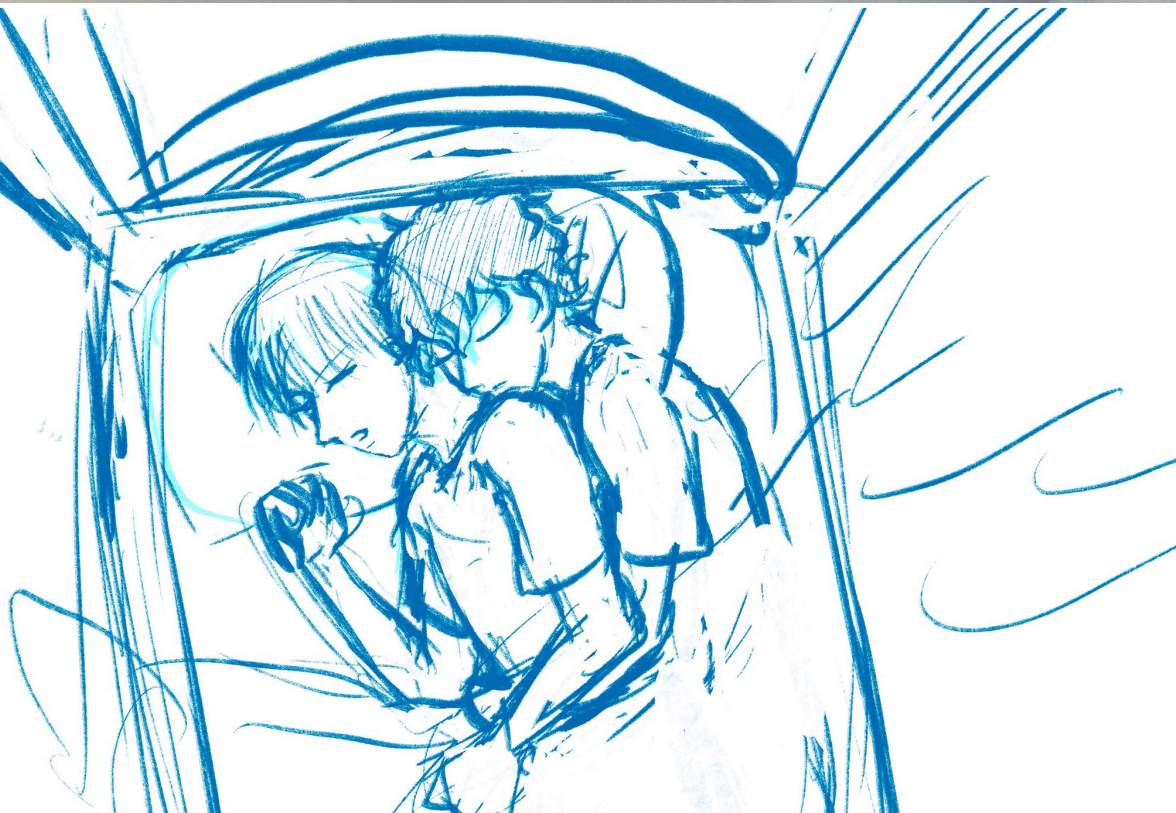




















# STOP BITING ME

“Did you just *bite me*?” Hiyoshi had to laugh. Such was his shock, as he rolled around and pinned Kiriara’s shoulders down to the floor. Kiriara snapped his teeth at him with an evil smile before wiggling loose and shoving Hiyoshi so he could get up. Hiyoshi jerked Kiriara’s leg down, having him drop back down to the ground. He clutched onto the front of his shirt to keep him there.

Kiriara bit his arm.

“Stop! Biting me!” Hiyoshi exclaimed.

Kiriara laughed and wrangled Hiyoshi down, hovering over him smugly. Hiyoshi felt the blood and heat come up to his face as they looked at each other. For a second he forgot they were in the middle of a brawl.

The air was hard to swallow as the two of them looked at each other. Then, Kiriara licked his lips. “Wanna kiss?” he whispered, eyes searching Hiyoshi’s face right before him.

“...W...What?” Hiyoshi couldn’t be anything but confused. Did he mishear that? His eyes searched Kiriara’s expression, hoping for clarification. But before he could blink, the gap had closed and Kiriara was *there*.

Hiyoshi’s eyes closed instinctively. His back on the floor, Kiriara Akaya drifted over him, pressing his lips against his. Hiyoshi’s whole body was on fire and his nerves were lit and something in his head was screaming *holy shit! This is happening!?*

Confused, he shoved Kiriara off, but he didn’t shove very hard. *Why not*, he wondered.

He wanted to say *what are you doing?* But instead his mouth was agape, breathing heavy, looking at his friend. His brain was lagging in shock.

Kirihara bit his lip, looking uncertain. They wordlessly stared at each other for a few seconds, before Hiyoshi abruptly pulled Kirihara's ankle out from under him. He collapsed to the ground.

"Ack!" Kirihara scrambled to sit back up and Hiyoshi, on his butt still, kicked him in the shoulder. Kirihara grabbed his socked foot and Hiyoshi yanked it back, alarmed that Kirihara looked like he was going to bite it. Kirihara snickered despite his failure.

"I can't believe you tried to bite my foot! Freak!" Hiyoshi laughed a little. Kicking appeared to be out of the question. Kirihara jumped at him again and they pushed at each other, both snickering and wrestling to get the upper hand.

*It must have been some kind of distraction technique*, Hiyoshi thought, hands clasped with Kirihara's, fighting back and not winning, definitely not with any brute strength advantage. They were evenly matched, pushing each other's arms.

Hiyoshi found it best to ignore Kirihara's eyes, they made something in his gut swirl.

"What, Hiyoshi? You getting tired?"

*Oh*, now he had to step it up.

"You wish." Hiyoshi put extra power in his shove and to his surprise, Kirihara fell back. He took this chance to hover over him, to pin him down and claim victory, but Kirihara grabbed his wrists to bring Hiyoshi down on top of him. "Shit!" He had been tricked!

Now he lay trapped in Kirihara's arms. They stopped in such a short distance that their breaths mingled and Hiyoshi could hear both their hearts beating.

His eyes closed on their own again when a hand softly curved around his neck, and pulled him closer. Kirihara kissed him again, slowly this time.

Hiyoshi lost thought. He questioned nothing. The shock had worn



off and he let himself release his weight onto Kirihara's body. He let himself move his lips softly back, freeing his arms and bracing them on the ground next to Kirihara's head.

When they pulled away for air, Kirihara's eyes were closed. He looked really good like that. Oddly peaceful. And hot, Hiyoshi realized, with his mouth open just waiting for the kiss to continue where they left off. Which it did because he pulled Hiyoshi's head back to him.

*I have no idea what I'm doing*, Hiyoshi knew, but he was doing it. He was kissing Kirihara. Kirihara was kissing him back. What began as a competition turned into this.

*"Wanna kiss?"* He remembered Kirihara whispering, and the memory ignited him, however recent it was. "Mmm," he hummed thoughtlessly.

Kirihara moaned back and hugged Hiyoshi, which felt so nice. He used the hug to roll them over and *what victory?* Hiyoshi let him, happy for the opportunity to move his arms around his back while he learned slowly how to kiss.

Their breathing grew heavy and audible in the breaks in between each kiss, both of them inhaling before pressing their lips together again. Finally they took a real pause to look at each other. Hiyoshi found it nerve-wracking to fully open his eyes. He found Kirihara's, examining him. He was smiling like he had won something. Hiyoshi gave him a smug smile back to feign confidence. *"What?"* he whispered, hearing his voice rough, asking Kirihara what he was thinking.

Kirihara inhaled and shot up to kiss Hiyoshi again, quickly this time, and the kind, generous, accommodating Hiyoshi Wakashi went to kiss him back only to have his LIP BITTEN!

"Sto-oo-op!" He laughed quietly, pulling his face away.

"Never," Kirihara breathed before catching his lips again, and mischievous Hiyoshi decided to bite *his* lip. "Mmmm" Kirihara hummed and it made Hiyoshi's ears heat up, his entire being on a different sort of fire at this point than it had ever been. *Maybe it's best to stop soon.*

“We should...” They kissed again. “Um,” he himself initiated the next kiss. A few more were allowed before he finished his sentence. His whisper was barely audible. “We should stop.”

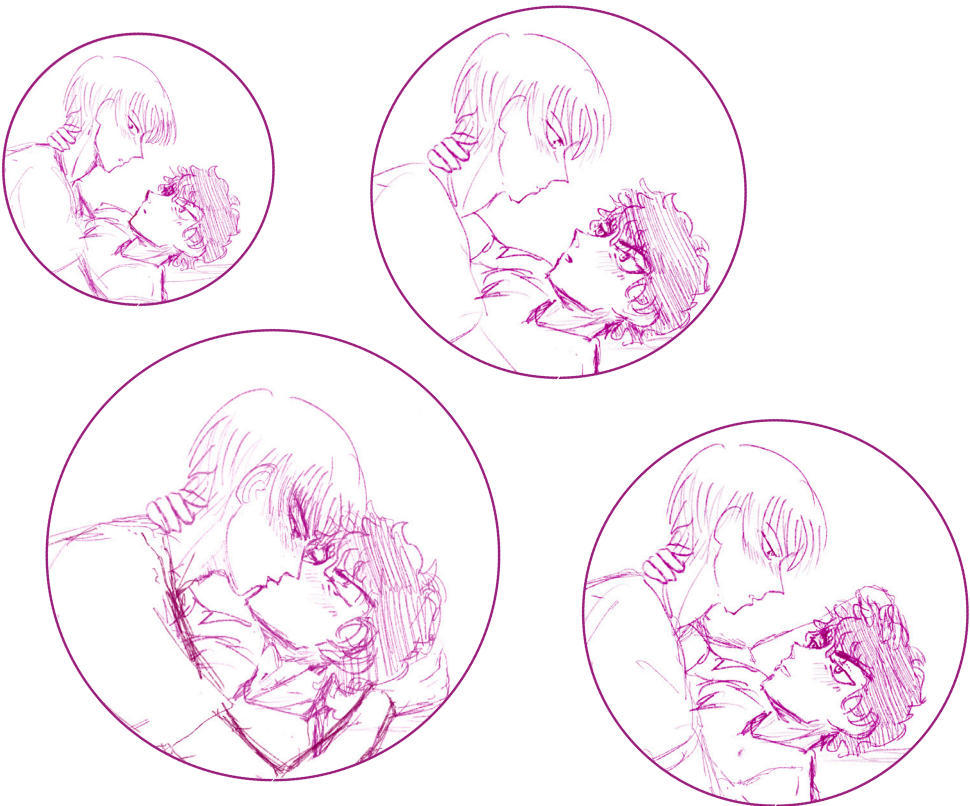
Kirihara pulled away some distance and nodded. “Yeah, probably a good idea.”

*Why?* Surely both of them wondered. Although it was getting a little too hot and this was already overwhelming new territory for them both.

They sat up, some floor space between each other, in silence. They took turns looking over at the other and quickly looking away.

In no time at all they both had pulled out their phones, and soon they were showing each other memes like nothing had ever happened.

Yet in the back of his mind, Hiyoshi couldn't stop thinking about how Kirihara said, “Never.”

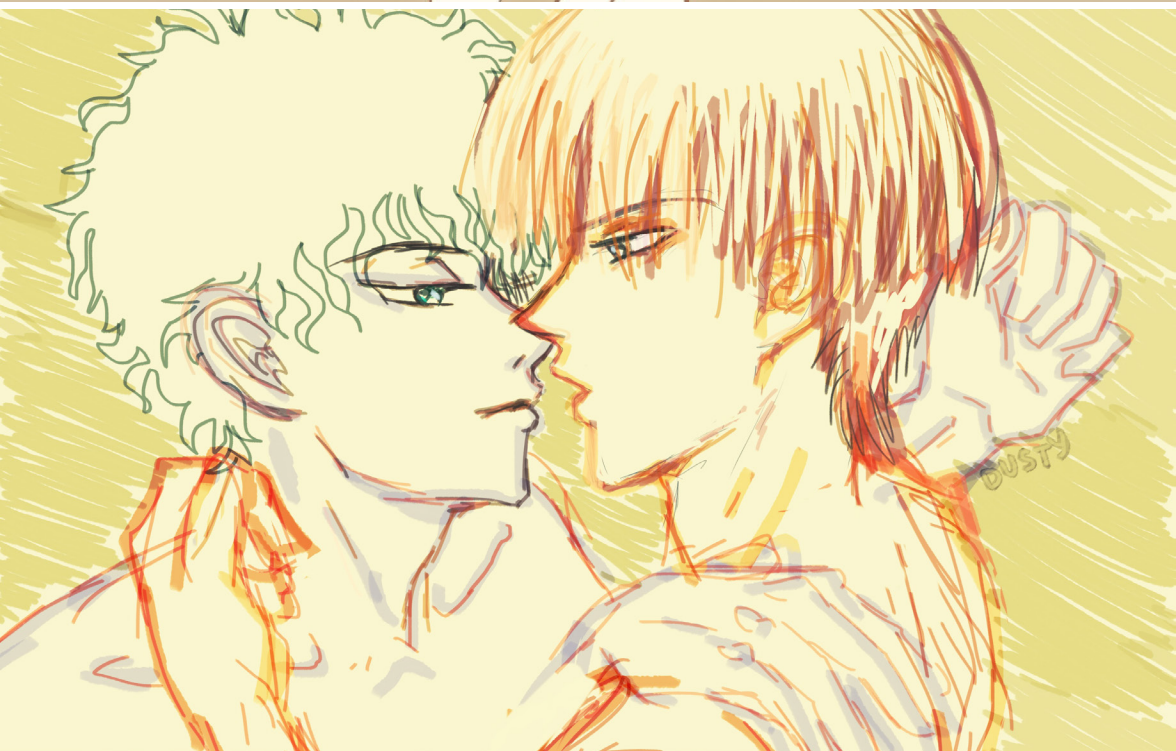
















# ONE AND ONLY

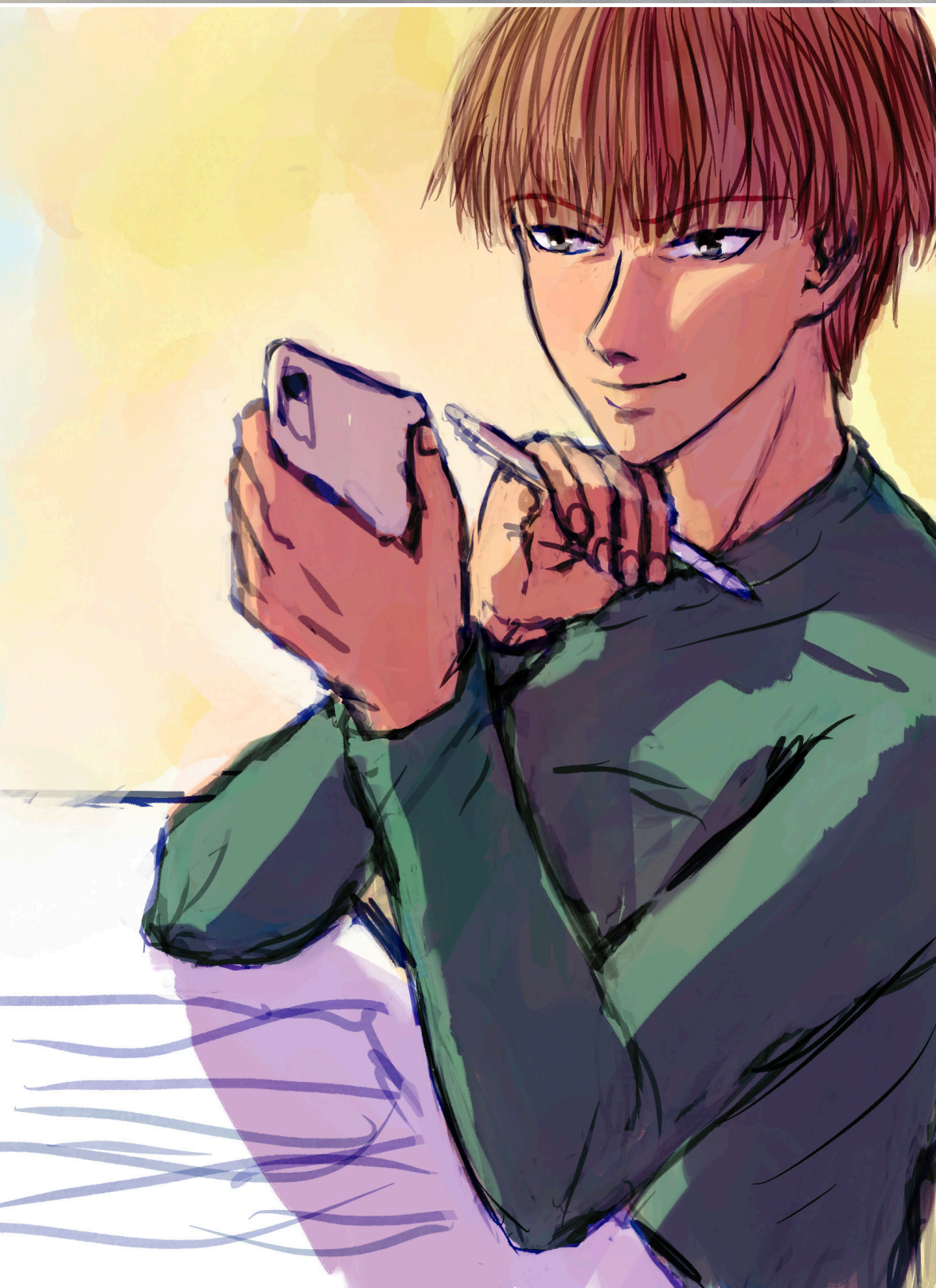












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キリヒヨ



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