



oruka.
@orcinuska

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13:59

#miyacest #atsuosa

early halloween entry — mandela catalogue inspired.

everything was a blur when it happened. at least, his mind was. miya atsumu is many things, and most of them admittedly, aren't at all positive.

comprehending and following instructions were one.

especially under building stress.

it's not an exaggeration that he's /only/ at his prime with just /volleyball/.

osamu, on the other hand, is the functioning twin. not that he would admit it aloud. it's just how things has always been. he grounds him.

so when their movie was interrupted by an uncanny message from the federation, all atsumu could focus on was the blue filling his screen. his eyes already sting from staring.

they sat through the entire message, silent.

ears perked as they take in the computer-generated voice providing instructions.

atsumu heard nothing. osamu heard everything.

"tsumu."

atsumu tears his gaze away from the screen, the video long ended. the shrill prolonged beep nothing but white noise now.

"yeah?" he answers, tentative.

"go to our room. find a good hidin' place."

atsumu frowns. he sucks on his canine.

"what? ya hidin' in the trashcan?" pathetic attempt.

"i'm gonna go grab pa's gun."

heavy silence falls between them, and it takes everything in atsumu to swallow down the rising bile.

he doesn't ask how long osamu will take when he's pushed towards the direction of their shared room.

doesn't ask when osamu — patient and calm osamu but oh his hands are cold and there's just the slightest tremble — simply tells him to lock /everything/ that may grant the outside world access into his room. doesn't ask osamu when he tells him to never open the door.

never open even if it's osamu.

the twins shared a quick kiss. grey drowned in mahogany for a moment too long; eyes relaying a message the mouth couldn't: i love you.

then osamu's gone.

atsumu never got the chance to refute with a 'but' when he's shoved inside.

so here he was, flat on his stomach under their bunk bed, a hand against his mouth. he felt useless. he felt like crying. he's oh so scared and—

he needed osamu now.

he didn't know how long time had passed. all he knew was that it has been eerily quiet outside.

too long for his liking. he considered going out and calling everything bull, then his chances of surviving.

it's fucking slim, the latter.

his squeak was muffled behind his palm as screams roared on the other side of the door. then furniture breaking.

then gunshots. then silence.

complete and utter silence.

atsumu's about to turn blue from holding his breath.

there's knocking. one, twice, thrice. a quick 'tok-tok-tok' on the wooden partition that separated him from whatever the fuck was going on outside and shitshITSHIT.

horror gripped at atsumu, and he shuffled deeper into the confining space; as deep as it allowed because what the fuck.

the knocking was incessant and atsumu felt faint. his mind was a whirlwind of what, who, osamu, osamu, OSAMU——

"tsumu?"

atsumu froze.

was it really——

"tsumu? are ya there? ya okay?"

tears well up in his eyes and he's scrambling out from under the bunk, movements twitchy as adrenaline rushed through his veins.

it's osamu.

"samu ... !" he managed, throat tight.

there's a moment's silence, before osamu spoke again.

"yer okay! good, good. everythin's taken care of. was just a burglar, unfortunately. open up, will ya?"

open up. open. op ...

atsumu paled. oh. his stomach did that roil when something's wrong.

he must've had not replied, because osamu was speaking again.

and his doorknob jiggled.

"tsumu? hey? open up, man. c'mon. everythin's fine, yer scaredy-fox."

atsumu took a step back, gulping. he willed the tremble away from his voice when he spoke.
"yer not samu."

silence again. and god, he's so sick of it. sick of this vile game that he did not consent on participating.

"what're ya sayin'? that's some bull comin' from ye."

atsumu wanted to be in denial, anything just to open the door and kiss his twin stupid and cry.

but he can distinguish urgency when he hears it. because that's how he usually is. always urgent for something.

"tsumu." the tone was dark. a warning. another step back.

the jiggling on the doorknob was aggressive now, the sound loud and jarring. atsumu wanted to vomit.

osamu tugged and pushed at the door, hoping force will grant him luck. "miya atsumu, open the door NOW!"

he's screaming and he's not osamu and he just wants to /die/.

atsumu sobbed and sank to his knees onto the floor, hands pressed against his ears.

maybe if he just closed his eyes and think happy thoughts, this would all go away. yeah, happy thoughts ... osamu is a happy thought ...

the wild banging came to a halt all of a sudden that atsumu thought he imagined it. he wouldn't be surprised if he did; he was losing it.

he chanced a peek; unscrewing an eye just to look at his door.

it's still locked. he's still safe.

he let out a shuddering breath, and all the stress seemingly melted away with it. suddenly, he's tired. he's tired and there's ...

no, maybe osamu was still there —

a bang sounded from behind him, and atsumu screamed, high-pitched and broken.

if this was any other usual situation, osamu would've laughed. full-on unabashed cackling. and atsumu will blush, both from indignant shame and teenage adoration.

but this wasn't osamu.

wasn't /his/ osamu. his face was long with distorted features. eyes big and black, drooping nose, face-splitting grin — he looked like he's melting.

it's uncanny and everything in atsumu is blaring red and cold and—

the sick copy of his twin hopped from the force-opened window and down onto carpeted floor with eerie agility.

"i told you to open up, tsumu."

the last thing atsumu remembered were cold fingers around his ankle before he blacked out.

— fin.

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