



en 🍀 semi ia | uni

@calliaurite

21-09-2022

12:58

---

#sakuatsu

Atsumu's current concern: his highschool crush — who he never really got over — refuses to talk to him. Every time Atsumu tries to start a conversation, Sakusa gives a one-worded answer before walking away.

Worst part is? Sakusa seems to always leave him for Bokuto.+

He and Bokuto are always so close, hanging out all the time and whispering together like they know some kind of state secret.

The minute Atsumu comes close though, they immediately go silent or try to change the topic.

Atsumu knows that the two of them were on the same collegiate volleyball team, them both being Waseda graduates and all.

But he never knew they were practically best friends till Sakusa walked into the MSBY gym.

Bokuto ran up to him to give him a "bro hug" and Sakusa — Mr "I'd rather shoot myself than let anyone touch me" — didn't even push him away.

He rolled his eyes but Atsumu could tell that there was no murderous intent.

Atsumu was floored. During their second year at All Japan Youth Camp, he helped Sakusa kill a goddamn cockroach and all he got was a reluctant thank you.

Why does Bokuto get a hug?

Atsumu has concluded that there's only one possible explanation.

Sakusa Kiyoomi has a big fat crush on Bokuto Koutarou.

It's perfectly fine. Atsumu can handle this like an adult. Besides, everyone and their mother knows that Bokuto's in love with his high school setter.

Reassured by this, Atsumu decides to wait it out. Sakusa has only been on the team for a month. His one-sided crush on Bokuto is bound to fizzle out soon.

After that, Atsumu can swoop in and win him over.

He's in the middle of subtly looking at Sakusa — Sakusa's abs — in the locker room when all of a sudden, Bokuto slides up in front of Atsumu, blocking his view of Sakusa.

"Hey Bokkun, what's up?" Atsumu asks.

"Hey Tsum-Tsum! I got a question for you," Bokuto replies.

"Shoot."

"Let's say I wanna take someone out for dinner. Do you know anywhere nice I could take them?" Bokuto asks, nervousness lacing his tone.

"Hmm, maybe my brother's restaurant? I remember Akaashi being a really big fan of his onigiri."

"This isn't about Akaashi though.." Bokuto trails off, clamping his lips shut as if he said something he shouldn't have.

Atsumu can't help the way his eyes immediately stray to look at Sakusa. They make split-second eye contact before Sakusa quickly turns away.

Atsumu's heart sinks as the pieces click together. But because he still has his massive ego, he plasters a smile on his face and claps Bokuto on the back before rambling on about a few of his favourite restaurants.

And if he heads over to Onigiri Miya to cry about it after practice, it's no one's business but his.

A week later, the worst thing happens.

Sakusa asks Atsumu if he wants to go for dinner together, at one of the sushi bars Atsumu recommended to Bokuto.

Sakusa must have overheard their conversation that day in the locker room.

It already sucks that Sakusa doesn't like him back. The fact that Sakusa is asking him out for a "practice date" is just rubbing salt into the wound.

Atsumu says yes though, because even if it's not meant for him, he can't pass up the opportunity for a date with Sakusa.

Friday evening, Atsumu shows up to the sushi restaurant and finds Sakusa dressed in a nice pair of slacks and a very flattering black shirt.

Great. Sakusa's even playing the part.

The rest of the night, Sakusa is the most considerate Atsumu has ever seen him. He helps Atsumu sanitise his seat and cutlery before their meal, he orders plenty of tuna rolls and he's 38% more talkative than usual.

If Atsumu's being honest, he's really enjoying himself. Which is why he knows he has to cut things off now.

They're drinking their cups of hot ocha after dinner when Atsumu decides to drop the bomb.

"Tonight was real fun Omi. If ya ever need any more practice, you can ask me out again," Atsumu jokes. He tries not to cringe at how fake his laugh sounds in his own ears.

When he looks at Sakusa's face, he's met with a look of complete bewilderment.

"Practice? For what?" Sakusa asks.

"Practice dates before ya ask Bokuto out on an actual date, duh. Isn't that what this is?"

"Stop talking Miya," Sakusa says as he holds a hand out in front of him. "You think I like Bokuto!?!?"

"Ya don't?"

"Fuck no! He's /just/ my friend. He's also very obviously in love with Akaashi, don't you know that? Why would you even think that I like him?"

"I dunno!" Atsumu says, exasperated.

"It's you, alright? It's /you/ I like, Atsumu. That's why I asked you out on a date. God, you're so fucking stupid," Sakusa groans as he buries his head in his hands.

Atsumu sits there stupidly, jaw dropped because did his seven year long crush just admitted to liking him back?

Oh my god, this feels so much better than winning a volleyball match in straight sets.

“So Omi, was Bokkun like, yer wingman or something?” Atsumu teases, resting his head on his palm as he watches Sakusa get redder by the second.

“Fuck off Atsumu. I still can’t believe you thought I had a crush on my best friend. If this is your way of rejecting me, you can just be honest. I’ll be fine.”

“No! No, I’m not rejecting ya. I like ya too, Kiyoomi,” Atsumu admits

“Good,” Kiyoomi grumbles as he finishes his tea

Atsumu can see Kiyoomi holding back a grin and doesn’t bother stifling his laughter.

Aw, don’t be angry Omi,” Atsumu coos. “I’ll make it up to ya on our next date.”

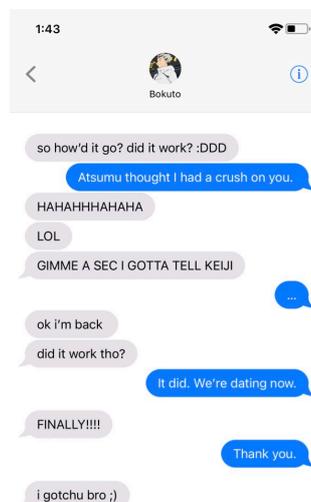
“I want omakase.”

“I’ll have to ask my wallet ‘bout that, but sure Omi.”

As they walk out the restaurant, hands linked and single status gone, Atsumu makes a mental note to thank Bokuto for his help — and also to apologise for glaring at him an unnecessary amount over the past month.

/end

(bonus)



i’m sorry this kinda sucked, it was 5 am when I wrote this and i’ve been on the plane for like 15 hours, anyway i have many many bokusaku best friends from uni thoughts that i may or

may not flesh out one day :)))

Tivitiko - The most beautiful shape of tweets!

Continue to read: <https://tivitiko.herokuapp.com/thread/L9uCVv.html>