



revereri @ miyac3stober!!

@revereri

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miyacest , light angst but happy ending !! //

the twins starting their romantic relationship, being so careful to draw the line between siblings and partners, wanting to set clear boundaries and have clear schedules. +

except it doesn't work out. it fucking sucks that osamu can't have atsumu-his-twin and atsumu-his-boyfriend at the same time. atsumu hates that when he wants to seek comfort in his partner, he has to make sure they're not in 'sibling time' first. +

they're both so tired from this back and forth, emotionally and physically, and they can tell that others are starting to notice.

they decide to talk about it, dedicating their thursday afternoon to it. they both desperately, desperately hope that it won't end with them +

deciding that trying to be in a romantic relationship won't work out after all.

not when beneath all the strain it's putting on them, it makes them feel happier and freer than they've ever been. like everything finally makes sense, that the pieces are coming together. +

on wednesday night, however, atsumu sneaks into osamu's bed. he whispers, brushing osamu's hair out of his face, 'i don't even want to consider the possibility of losing you, of losing this.'

osamu whispers back, 'i don't want to either.' +

'then fuck it,' atsumu says. 'fuck our past selves. they don't know what they were doing.'

it makes osamu chuckle. he puts his hand over atsumu's heart. 'but i liked that past you. i like /all/ of you.'

atsumu curses under his breath. 'so... so let's stop. +

no more trying to divide it. we're brothers, we're twins, but we're also boyfriends and lovers. no matter where, no matter when. we're both.'

'we're both,' osamu repeats, and smiles.

atsumu leans in, and kisses him. 'so is it okay if i sleep here tonight?' +

osamu kisses atsumu back. 'you know you don't have to ask.' he turns onto his other side and wraps atsumu's arm around his waist.

'yeah, but i wanted to anyway,' atsumu says. he snuggles closer to osamu, resting his lips against the expanse of osamu's neck. +

'goodnight, brother-lover.'

'ha,' osamu lets out a laugh. 'brother-lover. i like the sound of that.'

he feels atsumu smile against his neck.

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