



hinta
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10-07-2022

15:46

#miyatwins, background sakuatsu

Surprisingly, it's Osamu who breaks first.

At the sound of the first sniffle, Atsumu whips his head around, eyes wide. "No. Stop!" he tries frantically. "Why are you crying? If anything, I should be the one crying!" +

"Shut up," Osamu says, voice thick. "You'd start crying either way."

It's true; already, Atsumu can feel the prickling behind his eyes return with a vengeance. It seems that even some twenty years, an apartment, and an entire marriage later, he still can't shake off

this instinctual response to Osamu's tears.

"It's just a new jersey," Atsumu says around the wobble in his voice. "I used to wear Miya A on my clothes all the time."

Back during elementary school, he and Osamu had donned Miya A and Miya O with hardly a second thought.

Atsumu had been ready to wear it for the rest of his life as they took on the V League and eventually the national stage together. The image had been so clear back then—two figures draped in national team red, their names spelt out clearly across their backs.

That Miya A had been the image of his dream for the longest time until it wasn't, until the end of high school where the dream became just Miya.

Atsumu knows he wasn't alone, and Osamu knows it too. He carries Osamu's presence in his muscles, in the skills he helped hone and in

their last name itself. It's the same reason Osamu gave Onigiri Miya the name that he did, with Miya still linking them beyond the boundaries of the court.

This new jersey though feels like a childhood indulgence. An innocent dream turned unattainable turned tangible once again.

"Miya A and Miya K," Osamu sighs wistfully. "A little different to how we thought it would be, but close enough."

"I did almost give Omi a Miya O jersey," Atsumu admits, and he and Osamu both laugh at the memory.

When Atsumu walks onto the court in a few months time wearing Miya A on his back, it'll be because there's another Miya there with him. The world will think that it is Miya K, but Atsumu will know that the other Miya was and will always first be that number eleven over his heart.

On that day, with one standing underneath shining stadium lights and one watching from the lively heart of Onigiri Miya, they will both curl their fists in a private victory.

The Miya twins have finally made it to the Olympics.

// Does this make sense? I just think there's some nostalgia when Atsumu goes from wearing Miya A to Miya to Miya A again

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