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@umebomi

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implied nsfw // it isn't kiyoomi's first time waking up in his teammate's bed but it is the first time they stare at each other in utter silence with bated breaths and thrumming hearts.

"last night," atsumu says, hushed and slow, "did... did we...?"

kiyoomi nods.

"...cuddle."

kiyoomi doesn't know how to navigate the situation at hand.

it's one thing to sleep with atsumu; they discuss the terms of their arrangements over coffee one day, kiyoomi matter-of-fact and atsumu's beet red face buried in his hot chocolate.

that isn't an issue.

cuddling is.

kiyoomi still remembers stipulating two of the most important terms, stating, "no cuddling and no staying over," then sipping his americano.

he immediately takes action, straightens and pulls his shoulders back. "we can't keep doing this," he announces. "it's not going to work."

kiyoomi is not a cuddler by any stretch of the word's meaning.

he finds everything about it abhorrent: the restriction when sleeping; the additional heat oscillating him from a slightly chilly to overly, suffocatingly hot; and having to feel limbs, hear sighs, and touch skin.

except, apparently, when it's atsumu.

kiyoomi doesn't mind atsumu's arm, heavy and comforting over him. he doesn't mind atsumu's breaths, slow and steady against the nape of his neck. he doesn't mind atsumu's skin, pressing to him without the normal urgency and desperation.

there's actually a lot kiyoomi doesn't mind with atsumu.

he doesn't mind kissing when it's with atsumu. he doesn't mind sitting so close that their thighs touch if it's atsumu. he doesn't mind laying himself bare and vulnerable in an outstretched palm, so long as it's atsumu's.

kiyoomi's chest hollows because what he just said weighs truer than he anticipated and it's like he's left himself carved open, every breath a chill.

"h-huh?" atsumu asks and kiyoomi catches a flicker of panic before trying to shake it off. atsumu clears his throat. "why not?"

kiyoomi also isn't a friends with benefits type of person by any stretch of the phrase's meaning, but it isn't only social media records that atsumu's stupid tongue breaks; it's apparently also kiyoomi's brain (and self control.)

"i broke the terms," kiyoomi answers flatly.

"w-wait," atsumu protests and shakes his head. "let's just call this a one off, then! ya fell asleep cause you were tired after, it didn't mean anyth-"

"it did," kiyoomi interrupts. he feels atsumu's gaze as he presses his lips into a thin line.

"...it meant something to me."

atsumu doesn't say anything and when he whispers, "oh," kiyoomi's heart suspends, doesn't know if it should lift or plummet.

then atsumu says "oh" again, a small and knowing gasp that sets kiyoomi's cheeks ablaze.

"oh," he rasps for the third time, voice tiny. "...oh. /oh/-"

atsumu's side of the conversation isn't going anywhere so kiyoomi cuts him off, despite his stupefied heart and disseminating blush.

"we can try a new arrangement, if you're open to it," he says. "one where this is okay and..."

kiyoomi falters. he swallows. "we're exclusive."

"exclu-" atsumu stops abruptly and he smirks smugly, leaving kiyoomi grimacing. "so ya wanna date me?"

not anymore, kiyoomi thinks with mild frustration.

kiyoomi's shoulders come up defensively. "i didn't say that," he snaps. "call it what you want, miya, so long as we agree-"

kiyoomi pretends he doesn't notice atsumu sidle closer even though as soon as their legs touch, his heart knows it can soar. "ya wanna date," atsumu whispers and when kiyoomi sees his smile, he melts.

"ya wanna go steady with me, omi-kun?" he teases and kiyoomi rolls his eyes.

"i want a revised arrangement," kiyoomi returns but when he looks up, atsumu's sun-kissed freckles and light-speckled eyes leave him breathless and smitten.

"fine," atsumu replies and his eyes crinkle.

"call it whatever ya want, omi-kun, cause i'm just gonna call ya 'mine.'"

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