



☐ Queenhy ☐on vacation ☐☐

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AtsuSuna // Meet-Ugly

Suna loves Onigiri Miya.

The Onigiris are delicious and they always stock his favorite filling: Braised Shiitake. It's conveniently located on his way to work and the owner is super handsome.

It quickly became his go-to place during work breaks.

Occasionally he would try a different flavor, but he would always, without fail grab an extra of the mushroom-filled Onigiri.

It's not long before he becomes a regular.

The owner knows him by name and greets him with a friendly "Welcome" every time he enters the shop.

Suna is content.

Until one day.

He entered the shop with a smile on his face, he was looking forward to the tasty little riceball.

But instead of the expected greeting, the owner just looked at him and smirked. For some reason that smirk gave him goosebumps.

Miya-san was definitely having an off day, acting and speaking /differently/.

It irritated Suna but he tried to be casual about it.

There was something different about that face, he thought, though he didn't know /what/ exactly.

Perhaps he should have trusted his gut feeling.

He went for his usual order, but when he ate it, it didn't taste right. Fortunately, he made it to the restroom in time.

Now he was sure of it, something was inherently wrong about today's Onigiris and he would get to the bottom of it.

So he went back to confront the owner.

He was met with the same smirk and gleaming eyes. In all of his visits, he was sure, he had never seen such an expression on the owner's face before. Not even once.

"Oi, Miya-san."

Miya looked at him and then had the audacity to point at himself. "Huh? You mean me?"

"Who else? Is there another Miya-san at Onigiri Miya, that I wasn't aware of?"

"I didn't know customers addressed 'Samu so formally"

Miya snickered. What was wrong with him today?

"Samu?"

Suna tried to recall why the name rang a bell.

Miya grinned.

"Oh, you probably know him as Miya Osamu, the owner of this store."

Now Suna was simply confused.

"But you are the owner?"

"Nah, I'm Atsumu, his twin."

He lifted off his cap and revealed platinum blond hair.

"Samu is sick and as the lovely and supporting brother, that I am.

I decided to help out at the store."

Suna rolled his eyes. He had good reason to question that Atsumu was really as good hearted as he claimed to be. He made a mental note to ask Osamu about it. Atsumu was still grinning at him.

How could two people share the same face and have such a stark difference in their personalities?

He didn't like how his heart skipped a beat when Atsumu put the cap on backward. It should be illegal to look this good.

No, none of that. He has to stay focused!

He couldn't get distracted by a handsome face or a charming smile or... get lost in honey brown eyes.

"Speaking of sick, your Onigiri was so bad it made /me/ sick."

"What do you mean? I followed all the instructions..." Atsumu was looking at some pinned papers on the wall.

Suna was suspicious. He had to see it with his own eyes.

"Do it again then, I'll watch."

Atsumu looked confused.

"What do you mean?"

"I want to watch you prepare that Onigiri."

He was serious, deadly serious. It should be a crime to mess up Onigiris this badly.

"What are you the Onigiri Inspection Committee?"

"Do it or I'll tell your brother you are serving bad onigiris next time." He threatened, but Atsumu didn't seem to be worried.

"Ya think I'm scared of that scrub? Hell no."

He crossed his arms in front of his chest and frowned.

Suna never paid that much attention to another man's biceps before but now he could hardly stop staring.

He wondered what Atsumu was doing besides helping out at his brother's store to have arms like that.

Stop. Getting. Distracted.

He mentally slapped himself.

"Well. I won't come back until your brother has recovered."

That was a lie, because Atsumu's face alone already makes him reconsider this decision. It's the same face, his traitorous mind whispered.

"I don't want to spend my money on mediocre Onigiris."

Atsumu squinted at him.

"Say that again."

Oh, did he strike a nerve there?

"I never had such a bad Onigiri before, it's obvious Miya-san is better at this than you."

Suna shrugs.

Atsumu bristles.

"Of course he is, that's his job after all."

"So you agree? The Onigiris your brother makes ARE better?"

There was no coherent answer, Atsumu just spluttered nonsense until he met Suna's gaze dead on.

"Yer on, you and me, kitchen NOW."

Suna didn't waste any time telling him that this was highly unhygienic and improper.

He couldn't believe his eyes, but here he was watching Atsumu watch the mushrooms with soap.

"Wait WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

"Uh, I'm washing the mushrooms," Atsumu said and was about to drop some more soap onto the poor vegetables. "Believe me, ya don't want to eat that dirt-"

Suna didn't let Atsumu finish that sentence. He had to stop him before he could do any more damage.

In one swift movement, he snatched the bowl from a shocked Atsumu, put it on the counter behind his back as if he was trying to protect it, then turned around to glare at Atsumu.

"I can't believe I had to witness this atrocity with my own two eyes." He hissed at Atsumu, who just gawked at him, hands still half in the air.

"Wha- What's yer deal?!"

Suna pinched his nose, "You served Onigiris with vegetables lathered in soap. No wonder it made me nauseous."

"Hey now, it can't be that bad, yer just dramatic."

Atsumu frowned while Suna just glared at him.

"No it really /is/ that bad."

He punctuated the words by stepping closer to Atsumu.

It made Suna feel smug to have those few extra inches on Atsumu, to tower over the other and look down on him.

"Now move, I'm gonna show you how it's done."

He was confident he could make a decent Onigiri, as he spent a significant amount of time watching TikToks and YT Videos.

Atsumu protested half-heartedly but his curiosity seemed to have won the upper hand because he ended up watching 'ing Suna work with intrigue. He couldn't help it, but his heart started skipping a beat /again/ when he realized that he had Atsumu's full attention on him.

And he just now noticed how close they actually were.

Once he was done with preparing the vegetables, it was time to simmer them and let the filling cool down afterward.

Suna was about to turn toward the ricecooker to prepare the rice balls, when Atsumu grabbed his wrist.

"I think ya can rest now, I'll take it from there."

Suna made a face at that.

"I'm not sure I want to trust you with that."

"I didn't see ya complaining about the shape of the Onigiris, ya made the filling, I'll just roll them up. Ya can watch, I know ya like what ya see."

Atsumu winked obnoxiously. Was he flirting with him?

It was surprisingly entertaining to watch Atsumu form the rice balls. And Suna had to begrudgingly admit that the Onigiris turned out to look perfect.

For the final testing, they sat down at the counter.

It was already late now so they were the only ones at the shop. They both took a bite and Suna was pleased to taste the familiar delicious Ongiri flavour he loved so much.

"It's good." Atsumu said with wonder while Suna snickered.

"Yes, thanks to me."

It made Atsumu scowl.

"It was a joint effort." He countered.

"Fair enough." With a shrug he went back to finish his Onigiri. From the corner of his eyes he saw Atsumu doing the same.

Then he pulled off the Onigiri Miya cap and shook his head to fluff up his hair.

Suna momentarily forgot about the Onigiri, the view in front of him too mesmerizing to ignore.

"So, ya come here often?"

How on earth was Atsumu using the world's lamest pick-up line and why was Suna entertaining him regardless?

"Yes, every day."

"See ya tomorrow then."

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This has been in my draft since forever, so enjoy this nonsense AtsuSuna brainrot hehe

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