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#SakuAtsu | fake boyfriend | rated T (#Haikyuu)

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They're celebrating another win, alcohol and laughter flowing freely—MSBY snatching the last set from the Adlers is always a worthy cause for celebration.

Atsumu hadn't expected Kiyoomi to join them, he rarely does, but it was such a pleasant surprise that he kept plying the man with drinks and toasting in his honour.

"To another outing with Omi-omi!" He cheers and downs a neon coloured drink that makes Omi wince.

The world is a pleasant blur of his teammates, upbeat music and the buzz in his veins. Atsumu isn't really paying attention to his surroundings, save for checking if Omi escaped every once in a while.

That's why, when Kiyoomi rushes to his side with a single-minded focus, Atsumu notices right away that something is off.

Kiyoomi—touch-allergic Kiyoomi—snags Atsumu's bicep in his hold and leans in close enough that Atsumu feels his shaky breath on his cheek.

"Just play along please, I'll do anything."

"Uh?" He says intelligently, but is stopped by the sudden arm around his waist and the warm palm sliding across his cheek to tip his head aside.

"Omi?" He rasps, searching that dark, inscrutable gaze.

"I'm going to kiss you," Kiyoomi says without preamble.

Atsumu's breath catches in his throat. He barely has the chance to nod before a warm mouth descends on his with a ferocity that he really wasn't expecting.

He makes a surprised noise in his throat that morphs into a moan when Kiyoomi immediately nips and licks across his lips.

He doesn't know what's happening but he suddenly really, really doesn't care.

Atsumu leans up on his tiptoes, winding his arms around Kiyoomi's neck and hauling him closer until they're tightly pressed together and Kiyoomi's entire fist is curled in his hair.

He's not gentle about it either.

The way he pulls until Atsumu's head is fully craned back makes his blood sing in his veins.

When Kiyoomi releases him, Atsumu only has enough presence of mind to demand: "Why'd you stop?"

Omi blinks hazily at him, as though he too has been on the cusp of getting carried away.

"He's gone."

"Who's he?"

"An ex-classmate from college. He incessantly asked me out for two years," Kiyoomi cringes at the memory.

He's yet to step back from Atsumu. Atsumu is yet to relinquish his hold on him.

"Ooh... does that make me your fake boyfriend?"

Atsumu licks his lips, and is enraptured by the ways Kiyoomi's eyes hungrily track the motion.

Kiyoomi nods. "Something like that."

"So you owe me a favour." Atsumu's lips curl up in a teasing smile. Kiyoomi's eyes are drawn to the motion like he's helpless to it.

It leaves Atsumu riding a type of high that's irresistible.

"One favour," Kiyoomi agrees, the hand fisted in Atsumu's hair sliding down to cup the back of his neck.

His nails scratch lightly at the short hairs at his nape and Atsumu nearly purrs.

"Good. Kiss me again," Atsumu grins drunkenly. "And make it good."

“Oh? That wasn’t good enough for you?” Kiyoomi taunts heatedly as he leans in very close again.

Atsumu feels drunk off the taste of his breaths. “You can do better.”

“Mm,” is all Kiyoomi offers before he crashes their mouths together again. It’s not gentle or tentative, Kiyoomi demands and steals the breaths from Atsumu until he’s woozy.

It’s exhilarating.

Kiyoomi tries to lean back for air, but Atsumu yanks him in again.

“I didn’t say you can stop.”

“You’re a brat,” Kiyoomi huffs, though he sounds pleased as they meet in the middle.

“Nu-uh,” Atsumu says in a hot murmur against his open mouth. “I’m yer fake 〇〇〇〇〇〇〇〇〇, Omi-omi.”

Thank you @simp_sakuatsu for the inspiration 〇〇

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