



Dean ☐I hate OChem

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09-06-2022

02:57

Sakuatsu, first meeting, crack

"Samu... Osamu please open the door," Atsumu sniffled, knocking repeatedly. "No for real. I'm very drunk let me in, so I don't puke in the hall."

That did it. The door opened to reveal a very tall and very tired man who notably was /not/ Osamu.

Atsumu looked up at the figure clad in nothing but sweatpants and a tiny tank top.

"Don't you fucking dare," he grumbled. "I'm not cleaning up someone's vomit at three in the morning."

Atsumu looked up at the guy, his eyes watering again. "Holy shit," he whispered.

"You're not Sunarin. Holy shit. Where's 'Samu? Don't tell me he's cheating! Oh my god!" He pushed past the stranger to get to his brother.

Sakusa just stood in shock. He'd never interacted much with his neighbor, but he always seemed collected enough.

Never had to complain about noise and there was often the comfortable scent of homecooked food wafting over. So why was he bursting into Sakusa's home looking like a wreck?

Sakusa made his way into his bedroom where Osamu stood. "You're in the wrong apartment."

The blond turned, tears fully falling now.

"Osamu's not here?" He asked. Sakusa thought he was Osamu but figured it wouldn't be good to confuse him further.

"Umm. No he's... Do you want some water?" Sakusa replied while guiding him into the bathroom- the ideal space for throwing up. He nodded, taking a seat on the tile floor.

Sakusa rushed off then came back with a glass in hand. "Here," he handed it over then sat facing+

+Osamu on the ledge of bathtub. It was uncomfortably quiet as he drank down all the water. "I like the blond hair," Sakusa tried. Which was true, even though it was messy and the roots needed touching up, it suited him.

"Yeah? Thanks, I've kept it blond since high school."

He smiled even though his eyes were still wet. Sakusa wasn't quite sure why he was happy to see this stranger smile. He should be impossibly annoyed for being out of bed this late (not that he was actually asleep before this). Instead, he was amused by the mix up.

"Since high school? How come?" Sakusa pressed.

"I've a twin, ya should know him if yer at his place. We got so tired of gettin' mixed up, so summer before first year, we decided to make it obvious who's who. I went blond, and him silver."

Ah, they're twins.

This guy really isn't his neighbor. Suddenly this all clicked into place in Sakusa's head. "So, can I ask your name?"

"Miya Atsumu, but just Atsumu is fine. But now I get ta ask ya two questions! What's yer name?"

"Sakusa Kiyoomi."

"Alrighty Omi," he narrowed his eyes suddenly. "Question 2, what are ya doing at my brother's place all hot and half-clothed, homewrecker! And what'd ya do with him? Where is he?" Atsumu's voice raised and Sakusa was quick to shush him in fear of disturbing his neighbors.

"Calm down!"

"Don't tell me what to do!" Atsumu shouted even louder and shot up from his seat on the floor to tower over Sakusa. Any fondness previously established was quickly replaced with irritation. Sakusa stood up two, childishly proud of his small height advantage.

"Listen to me!" Sakusa whispered, grabbing Atsumu's face with both hands and hardly

getting distracted at how soft his skin was. "Your brother lives in the apartment across the hall. I haven't done a thing to him."

Atsumu looked up at him with his big sleepy eyes.

"Are we about to kiss?" Sakusa jumped back, releasing his hands from Atsumu's cheeks.

"What? No!" And then, another knock at the door.

Sakusa walked over to answer it, fingers crossed at his side hoping it wasn't a noise complaint. Atsumu trailed a few steps behind.

And in his doorway stood the real Osamu. "I am so sorry," his face crinkled in embarrassment. "I thought I heard him yelling. That's my brother who strolled right in here, the fucking idiot.

"Oh yeah, it's fine," Sakusa was too overwhelmed and exhausted to chew either them out+
+for all the trouble. He just opened the door wider to let Atsumu step out.

"Goodnight!" Atsumu waved then turned to walk away with his brother. "Ya never told me 'bout yer hot neighbor," he whined. "Whatever, why are ya here so drunk 'n so late anyway?" Osamu prodded.

"Got dumped again." Was the last thing he heard before shutting the door.

So he's single. Sakusa tucked that thought away for later.

/fin

My last thread was about drunk Atsumu too (I'm back home for the summer, so maybe it's bc I can't drink here LOL).

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