



miyayu

@rayneclouds_ao3

18-09-2022

19:39

#sakuatsu & #miyaosamu | If you want a secret kept safe, don't talk about it |

Stricken with panic, Atsumu is showing Kiyoomi around his home, with Osamu trailing right behind them.

The panic isn't because he finally has his crush walking around in his house. It's because he bribed Osamu to not be there for a reason; but he took the bribe without holding his end of the deal.

Sharing the same DNA had once again backfired on Atsumu.

His brother obviously knew all his secrets, and he was more than willing to spill them one by one. Atsumu wasn't ready

to confess his feelings so if Osamu revealed that secret, it would be the worst case thing /ever/.

"And this is the kitchen," he narrated. The less he spoke, the better. A quick glance at Osamu, who was wearing no expression, and Atsumu continues. "If you're hungry just tell me and I'll—"

"Whip up something like when you were six and made an omelette with chocolate and pudding?" Osamu cuts in.

"That sounds disgusting, Miya."

"Well, I was six and didn't know better," he tries explaining.

"I was six at the same time as you, and I knew better."

Atsumu

needs to change the subject so Kiyoomi doesn't learn about the time he was ten and tried making the same omelette, because he thought it was the lack of seasoning that made it fail

the first time.

“Let me just show you where the bathroom is.”

“You’re gonna need it if he cooks
for you.”

Atsumu doesn’t find the comment funny, but Kiyoomi does, and lets out a small chuckle.

“The living room is here!” Atsumu shouts to make them both stop giggling and pay attention to what he’s saying instead.

“Did he ever tell you the time when-“

“I probably didn’t,
Samu.”

“How do you know when you didn’t even let me finish, Tsumu?”

“I just do.” It’s clear to both Osamu and Kiyoomi that Atsumu is on edge, and not just on edge, he’s most likely already falling off it.

Osamu finds it entertaining.

Kiyoomi finds it endearing.

But neither

can vocalize it, so they both hold their tongues as Atsumu continues the tour. In one of the corners is the reading nook. Kiyoomi is genuinely surprised at this, “you read?” he asks.

“Uhm...yeah, of course Omi. I love reading.” A bead of sweat is appearing on Atsumu’s forehead.

He’s not a very good liar.

“What’s the last thing you read?” Osamu injects the question before his brother tries to move on to another room.

“Uhm...”

“Or maybe you’re reading something now?”

“Uhm...”

“Or maybe you don-“

Atsumu jumps, arms first, to close Osamu’s mouth. It’s

not the worst secret to spill, but he doesn’t want Kiyoomi to find out about the lie he just told.

“Are you doing okay there, Miya?” The tone has a hint of sincere worry in it, and the words have been uttered enough times for the Miyas pet bird to learn the answer - “No. I like him so much. Hurts.”

All three turn.

Osamu is smiling under Atsumu’s hands, whose heart is beating out of his chest. Kiyoomi, however, wants to know more.

“What does that mean?” He’s pointing at the bird while looking at Atsumu.

“Uhm-“

Before he can invent a lie, the bird

answers for him. “Omi-Omi. Love him.”

/No, no, no, no./ Atsumu shuts his eyes. He’s too scared to see Kiyoomi’s reaction.

Osamu can feel the distress coming through Atsumu’s hands, and he feels a little bad. The entertainment value is seeing him flustered and clumsy, not actually giving away his secrets.

He moves away the hands blocking his mouth. “You see Kiyoomi, oh, can I call you Kiyoomi?”

A nod of approval and Osamu picks up his explanation. "You see Kiyoomi, it's not what you think-"

"I'm sorry Osamu, I already like someone else."

Kiyoomi interrupts.

"Wait, no, I wasn't going to-"

"Who is it?!" Atsumu yells nervously.

For a second, Kiyoomi forgot that Atsumu was standing right beside his brother. All he thought about was rejecting Osamu swiftly so it would hurt him less.

"Maybe we shouldn't do it

here," he does a slow tilt with his head towards Osamu, switching his gaze between him and Atsumu.

"Hm?" Atsumu is confused looking at Osamu, then Kiyoomi, then back to Osamu.

"Oh come on! I wasn't about to confess! It's exactly as you think, my stupid brother over here has a

crush on you. Not me." There's a heavy emphasis on the last two words.

"Samu! That was a secret."

"The bird already gave it away, Tsumu! And I don't want Suna to hear and misunderstand."

"What's Sunarin got to do with this?" Atsumu is once again confused.

"He...uhm...I have to

go, got places to be, things to do." Osamu hurries out the living room, grabs his shoes, and runs out the door.

"So, you like me, Miya?" Kiyoomi asks in a low voice.

"Love you," the bird answers.

“Uhm...is like the bird says.” He covers his eyes, too embarrassed to look at Kiyoomi. Therefore he only feels when Kiyoomi leans in and kisses him. A soft, gentle kiss, that’s over too soon.

“So, is this actually a date?”

Atsumu spreads his fingers so he can take a peek at Kiyoomi’s expression. “Do you want it to be a date?”

“It would make for a great

first date story to tell about how we got together, don’t you think?” Kiyoomi gives him a small smile.

“W-we’re together?”

“Now and forever, because,” Kiyoomi chuckles and says, “Omi-Omi.”

“Love you,” the bird responds on cue.

/end

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