



cinnamon

@cinnamonulove

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"miya-senshu, can you tell us about your winning attack against the alders?"

atsumu beams at the interviewer and throws an arm around kiyoomi.

"well, it's 'cause i had this guy by my side. baby, tell her--"

atsumu freezes. kiyoomi blanches. the interviewer quirks a brow.

kiyoomi sighs internally. if he was honest, he's actually shocked that atsumu had managed to keep their relationship a secret for this long.

"baby?" the interviewer asks, intrigued, clicking her pen.

"is that what i said?" atsumu laughs nervously, eyes wide with terror.

"well, you see--ah--the thing is..."

atsumu is spiraling. kiyoomi takes in the flush of his cheeks, the way he's subconsciously leaning into kiyoomi for comfort. when atsumu cuts himself off, bites his lip, and looks up at kiyoomi with pleading eyes, kiyoomi's heart flips.

oh, the things kiyoomi does for love.

kiyoomi clears his throat. "everyone on the team calls each other baby."

the interviewer is writing furiously in her notebook. "the msby black jackals all refer to each other as...baby?"

kiyoomi never claimed to be good at lying either.

the team is not happy about it.

"please do this for us," atsumu begs.

"i don't even call my wife baby. that's cringe."

"keiji said he was fine with it, but then he snapped a pencil in half so i'm getting mixed signals."

"it's only a temporary thing," kiyoomi clarifies.

that seems to appease the team. they start calling each other 'baby' sparingly on the court, whenever there seems to be a camera or microphone around. kiyoomi only hopes the cameras don't catch the looks of utter disgust everytime a player forced the word out of his mouth.

eventually, the interest dies down and they stop. kiyoomi's glad about it too, because the one time he actually brought himself to high five hinata and spit out "nice kill...baby", he half expected kageyama tobio to drop from the ceiling and punch him in the face.

they decide to celebrate in kiyoomi's favorite way: making out in an empty room.

they stumble through a random door in the stadium, and kiyoomi gets atsumu up against a wall in record time.

kiyoomi's trailing lips down atsumu's neck when someone clears their throat behind them.

it's a whole room of reporters. cameras, microphones--kiyoomi thinks he sees one influencer live streaming the whole thing.

atsumu steps away. he grins nervously at them.

"this is just how the msby black jackals--"

"don't," kiyoomi groans, cutting him off.

this is for @\_jjk\_is\_lifer\_!! im not sure if this fits with the prompt 100% but i hope it helps :DD

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