

Drink these lies

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Drink these lies

by [levisaexual](#)

Summary

sakuatsu exes play truth or drink, what could possibly go wrong?

Notes

aaaaa it's finally here! I've been working on this fic for so long and I'm so happy to finally be able to post it

quick heads-up: they're both idiots

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The lights turn on in the studio, showing a table with a bottle of sake and two glasses on it. Two chairs are positioned on each side of the table, facing each other.

Two men enter the scene and sit down.

They don't look at each other.

introduce yourselves

"Miya Atsumu, setter of the msby black jackals. I'm 25, turning 26 next week."

"I'm Sakusa Kiyoomi, 25 years old. I also play for the msby black jackals as a opposite hitter."

when did you first meet?

The blonde one seems to think for a bit, then answers. "All japan training camp, I think. It was like, so long ago. We were both in high school" and then looks at the other man, as if to ask for confirmation.

"Yeah, that's when we officially met" is the other's response.

"What do you mean officially?"

"I already knew who you were before that, remember?", a timid smile appears on the black-haired man's face.

A nod from the other. "Oh. Yeah. Right"

wanna elaborate on that for the rest of us?

"There's not much to elaborate on honestly. He was famous already in middle school. He and his twin were called the Miya twins. They were a legend, so it's only natural that I'd already heard about him."

Atsumu squints his eyes. "And my brother"

"And your brother. Yeah, of course"

"Mhm sure"

for how long were you together?

"Four years and -" Atsumu hesitates.

"Nine" offers the other man.

"Nine months, yeah"

not counting the days?

"Nope" is Sakusa's quick response.

A smirk. "You're lying"

"I'm not"

"Well, it's 12 days anyway" says Atsumu, teasing.

"It's actually 11"

A bigger smile - the first real one - "I knew it."

"You little-"

okay gentlemen let's move on. why did you break up?

The smile on Atsumu's face wavers for a split second. "Getting straight into it, are we? Well, this one's for ya Omi."

The younger man turns his head toward his ex-lover, a troubled expression on his face.

"You know why", is the quiet response. Something lingers in the air between them, a secret only the two of them share.

"I do, but I want ya to tell 'em since *you* are the one who wanted to break up."

With a sigh, Sakusa begins.

"Well, it's pretty simple-"

Atsumu's laugh is strained at the edges. "Simple. Is it really?"

"It is." the other man retorts, as if he's trying to convince himself too. "It just was all too much for me. There were so many things going on and I couldn't handle a relationship anymore. That's it."

weren't you happy anymore?

Sakusa's answer comes without any hesitation. "Of course I was. I was the happiest with him."

I was the happiest with you too is what Atsumu wants to say. But he has to stop himself before the words leave his mouth. He can't. It's not fair to the both of them. There's no point in bringing that up now.

Instead, he turns to look at the interviewer with a fake fake *fake* smile and gesture in Sakusa's general direction.

"He just got scared and ran away."

"Atsumu..."

"Yeah yeah. I know. It's not like that."

you don't seem convinced, why is that?

A pause. Atsumu considers it, then shakes his head and reaches for the glass in front of him.

"...I'm drinking on this one."

okay then. next question. what do your friends think about the other?

"Well, most of our friends are mutual, so nothing much really changed after we broke up."

Atsumu snickers, "Apart from my brother"

"Oh right. His brother hates me now."

"Samu doesn't hate you."

"He does"

"He doesn't"

Sakusa looks at Atsumu with a frustrated expression.

"Seriously Atsumu, have you seen the way he looks at me?"

The other man turns to him, "Yeah, and I'm saying you're imagining things. He was mad at first, but now he's cool."

"You and I have a different idea of what being cool means."

Atsumu chuckles - *he's so beautiful when he does that*, Sakusa thinks.

"I guess yer right." he gives in, but then adds, softly, "He still cares about you though."

Sakusa is startled for a second and his tone changes without him consenting to it, it gets softer.

"I still care about him too."

"Ya should tell him that. Or like, call him sometimes."

did you have a good relationship with each other's families?

"Extremely good, my mum was almost more excited to see him than she was for me."

"That's because I would always bring her flowers and you wouldn't Atsumu."

"Nah. It's cause ya were more polite than me and never embarrassed her in public."

Similar smiles blossom on both men's faces, the same fond memory replaying in their heads. They look at each other with understanding and both laugh. It feels so nice.

"Also that" Sakusa admits.

who moved on first?

The light-hearted atmosphere immediately changes, both their expressions darken. Sakusa is the first to speak.

"He did"

Atsumu doesn't speak, he just looks at him.

"What? It's true. You were hooking up with Suna like, three weeks later."

"How did you know that?"

"Komori told me. You're not particularly subtle" a hint of annoyance slips in his tone there.

"I'm sorry" Atsumu says.

"For what?" and yeah, Sakusa is definitely annoyed now, "It's not like we were together at that time. You were free to do whatever you wanted with whoever you wanted. It didn't concern me anymore."

You hurt me, is what he really means, Atsumu reads right into it.

"Still, I'm sorry ya found out like that."

"It's okay. It doesn't matter anymore."

(It does)

who was the first person you kissed after the breakup?

"Well, you already know who it was for me Omi. So I think this one's for ya"

Sakusa doesn't miss a beat, "I'm drinking"

He reaches for his glass, but Atsumu grips his wrist, blocking him.

"No you're not" He looks pissed.

Good, Sakusa thinks.

"I am." he says matter-of-factly, "The game works like that, doesn't it?"

yes. you don't have to answer if you drink

"See? I'm drinking"

"But it's not fair" Atsumu tries again, gripping Sakusa's wrist tighter. "Ya know who's mine, so I should know who's yours."

"Atsumu, drop it."

Sakusa's tone is final. Atsumu reluctantly lets go.

"Whatever"

Sakusa drinks.

out of all the people you've been with, where does the other rank?

Atsumu pours two glasses and slides one to Sakusa, who looks at him puzzled.

"I don't wanna know this one, ya can drink" Atsumu explains.

"I just did for the last question."

"I don't care. Do it again"

Sakusa looks at him weird.

"Are you drinking?"

"I am. And you are too."

Sighing, Sakusa takes the glass and empties it at the same time Atsumu does. Once he's done, he puts it down and turns towards the camera, a mischievous smile on his face, and before Atsumu can realize what he's doing, he admits, "He ranks first."

Atsumu almost chokes on his drink.

"Omi!"

"What? I never said I wasn't going to answer."

"You're cheating" Atsumu pouts.

"Why are you complaining? You don't like my answer?"

"No, I- I just didn't expect it."

Curiosity is evident in Sakusa's voice, "Why?"

"I don't know, it's just... I've never been the easiest to deal with, ya know?"

"For me, you were."

It's the truth. So why is Atsumu looking at him like *that*?

"You-" The blonde man seems to be thinking about his next words, but then just drops his shoulders. "No, never mind."

Sakusa tries to read Atsumu's troubled expression, to understand what's wrong, what he was gonna say, but it's like the other man is doing everything he can to avoid his gaze. The silence is uncomfortable.

shall we move on?

"Yes, please" Atsumu says, still not meeting Sakusa's eyes.

what's something the other person should change for their future relationship?

"Nothing"

"Really? Lying doesn't suit you Omi"

Why does he sound like this? Angry? Sakusa still can't understand.

"I'm not lying. You were a great partner, and when you love someone, you give them your all and devote yourself completely to the relationship. That's all what anyone could ever want."

That's why I don't think you need to change."

"Big talk for the person who broke up with me."

Atsumu's words are colder than ice, the smile on his face is vile - he knows he hit where it hurts. But Sakusa can't let him win, not this.

"What happened between us doesn't change my opinion on you Atsumu. Or who you are."

That seems to piss Atsumu off even more, and his eyes burn with fury when he finally looks back at Sakusa.

"I think that's enough" he spits out.

it's your turn to answer the question Atsumu-san

The answer comes immediately, his voice bitter.

"He shouldn't be scared of loving, just that."

This time, it's Sakusa's turn to look away.

when you were together, did you think you were ever gonna break up?

Atsumu can't help the nervous and uncomfortable laugh that leaves his throat.

"How many of these questions do we still have?"

three if you don't count this one

"Okay good, because-"

Before he can finish Sakusa has already took the shot. Atsumu sees red.

"You drank"

"I did"

"Wow"

Sakusa must recognize this tone, because he turns to him, his expression wary.

"Atsumu-"

"Fucking *unbelievable* Sakusa" he snaps.

(Sakusa, not Omi)

"Tsumu-"

"Don't call me that!"

One could cut the tension between them with a knife.

are you going to answer Atsumu-san?

Atsumu shakes his head and reaches for his glass.

"If I don't get to know your answer, you don't get to hear mine" - he drinks - "it's only fair."

And Sakusa hates the way his voice sounds, hurt and vulnerable and angry.

"I think I know your answer anyway" he decides to say against his better judgement.

Atsumu's voice is like venom when he says, "Do you now?"

"Yeah. You probably thought we weren't gonna last long, considering how different we were and-"

"Sometimes I wonder if you ever really knew me."

Sakusa holds Atsumu's gaze and cocks his brow.

"Am I wrong?"

Atsumu smiles - it's fake - and turns to the interviewer.

"Can we move on?"

would he make a good husband?

"Yeah, as I said before he loves deeply and wholeheartedly. I'm sure that whoever gets to marry him will be very lucky" Sakusa answers honestly.

The other man just looks at him, expression unreadable.

Atsumu-san, what about you?

"Oh. well- sure. He'd be great" he mutters, voice different that it'd been just seconds ago. It's like all the anger he had has dissipated, leaving its place to something... softer? Sakusa can't put his finger on it.

"At least pretend you mean it Atsumu, will you?"

Atsumu just looks at him. His eyes are trying to tell him something, a warning. *Back down.* But Sakusa won't, can't. He keeps his eyes on Atsumu, daring him to continue.

They just stare at each other for a while, a silent conversation going on between them. Eventually Atsumu sighs and passes his palm over his face in defeat. When he speaks again, Sakusa's world stills.

"I wanted to propose, ya know?"

It takes a while for the words to register in his mind and Sakusa is sure he didn't understand correctly. He *can't*.

"What?"

"Yeah. I planned on doing that the week after the spring tournament ended" Atsumu hesitates there, like he's planning his next words carefully, then continues. "But you broke up with me the same week I bought the ring."

This can't be real.

"You..." Sakusa swallows, it feels like sandpaper, "...bought a ring?"

"Of course. I was planning on spending my life with ya, Omi."

Atsumu looks at him with an earnest expression, sad and flustered, and he looks four years younger. For a moment, the man in front of him is the same nervous boy who had asked him out that night almost five years ago, honest and vulnerable. His mind and his heart are racing, both going at unimaginable speed. He can't speak.

It's Atsumu who breaks the silence.

"Well, I guess this answers also the previous question, doesn't it?" He scratches his neck awkwardly and chuckles at his poor attempt of changing the subject. Sakusa would find it pathetic if he wasn't too busy putting together the right words to say.

"Atsumu-"

He tries to reach for him, but the other man pulls away. Sakusa pretends it doesn't hurt.

"Atsumu, I had no idea", he tries again.

"It's fine Omi. It wouldn't have changed anything anyway."

Atsumu is right, Sakusa knows it, but still-

"But if you had told me-"

"What then? You would've stayed with me? Marry me out of pity? Spent the rest of yer life with someone you wanted to break up with?"

His words are like daggers being thrown at Sakusa, piercing through his chest and his heart.

“It’s not like that.”

“How is it then?”

And Sakusa wants Atsumu to understand. He *has* to understand. But he can’t do that here, not now, not in front of a camera.

“Can we not do this now?”

“Sure.” is what Atsumu says, but they both know he doesn’t mean it. “We’ll do as you like Omi, like we always do.”

given the chance, would you go back with them?

“You want to go first?” Sakusa asks.

“Nah. I wanna hear ya first, then I’ll decide whether I should answer or drink.”

“Well okay.”

A pause.

Sakusa can feel Atsumu’s eyes on him, but he can’t meet them. Not when he’s being this honest.

“I probably would. Maybe not now. But sometimes in the future… it’d be nice.”

why not now?

“I don’t think he’d want me back, and I also have a lot of work to do on myself. Maybe once we both grow as individuals we’ll be able to reconnect.”

The silence that follows is heavy with the implications of what Sakusa just said, so he hurriedly adds, “If he’s willing to wait for me, that is.”

When the other man doesn’t answer, Sakusa can’t help but look at him. He’s sitting leaning forward, elbows planted on the table and thumbs supporting the chin. His eyes are fixed on a point next to Sakusa’s face, not quite looking at him. Atsumu looks like he is absorbing the words that he just spoke, turning them around in his mind, looking for their meaning, not quite catching up to them.

In his stillness he scares Sakusa. He doesn’t even blink, just keeps his eyes fixed on a random spot behind Sakusa’s shoulders, as if it whispers secrets to him, or an answer.

When Atsumu finally moves - too slowly to be normal - he looks at Sakusa first, brown and dark green meet like it's the first time.

When he speaks, his voice trails slowly, like the words are unwilling to take flight. There is a sadness in his eyes, the brown too glossy.

"I need a second."

sure, take your time. we'll cut it out in the editing.

The scene cuts with the two men looking intensely at each other. The next second Atsumu is looking at the interviewer, jaw clenched and hands clasping together. When he speaks, the words feel measured but sincere.

"It's hard to answer, honestly. If you had asked me this a few months after the breakup I wouldn't have hesitated. But it's been six months, ya know? A lot has happened. I tried to move on and-"

"I'm not asking anything from you Atsumu." Sakusa clarifies, "Not to get back with me. Not to wait for me. I would never."

"I know."

"I'm just- letting you know where I stand, I guess."

"I know."

Atsumu sounds tired.

"Okay."

last question, something you wanted to tell them but never had the chance?

"I was just as scared as ya were Omi."

Sakusa heart clenches as he looks at Atsumu sitting in front of him, helpless, raw emotions on full display. He wants to reach out to him.

"I think I realize it now. I didn't back then. I'm sorry" it's the truth.

"Don't be. Communicating has never been our forte after all."

"I guess you're right."

what about you Sakusa-san?

“Just-” Atsumu looks at him, “I’m sorry.”

“Stop apologizing, yer gonna make me feel bad.”

“I just feel I haven’t said it enough when I should’ve.”

“I understand,” he *does*, but- “There’s no point in keep saying it now though.”

Sakusa has to bite his tongue to stop himself from replying. He knows Atsumu is right.

and that’s it, ladies and gentlemen! thank you so much for being with us tonight! And a special thank you to Miya Atsumu and Sakusa Kiyoomi from the msby black jackals for participating in our show. Let’s wish them good luck for their next tournament!

“Thank you.”

“Thank you so much.”

—

When Sakusa enters the bathroom, Atsumu is already there, he is looking at his reflection in the mirror, hands gripping the sink, knuckles white. He stands there as if it’s nothing, as if he hadn’t been waiting for Sakusa to walk in.

When he hears the other man approaching, he straightens up and turns to face him.

“I’m sorry for raising my voice at you in there. That was a shitty thing to do.”

“It’s okay, you had all the rights.”

“Nah. I was just acting like an entitled bitch.”

Sakusa chuckles dryly.

“It’s alright. I kind of deserved that.”

Atsumu laughs too. “Yeah, you did.”

The silence is not comfortable, but not uncomfortable either. They can work with that.

“Did you really buy me a ring?”

“I did.”

“Can I see it?”

“I don’t have it anymore. I threw it away.”

“Oh”

It’s like they are walking on broken glass.

“It was a nice ring, ya would’ve liked it.”

“I’m sure of it. You always had good taste.”

The what ifs are filling the air between them and they both go silent, unsure of how to continue the conversation. It’s Atsumu who eventually breaks the silence.

“Did you really mean it?”

“What?”

“When you said you would like to get back together in the future. Did you mean that?”

I’ve never been more honest in my entire life

“I didn’t lie in there. What I said is true.”

“And you also meant that... when uhm, you said you would- if I... waited for you?”

“Yeah.” fear is making Sakusa choke, but he still manages to spit out the words, “I don’t want you to promise me anything Atsumu. But... if you are willing...”

“I am.”

They look at each other. Old wounds still hurt, but the hope shining in their eyes is almost blinding, it makes try again looks so easy.

“Will you really do that then? Wait for me?” Sakusa sounds hesitant and hopeful at the same time.

Atsumu looks at him with such a strong intensity that it makes his knees tremble.

“I will. I want to make things right this time.”

And maybe these are all just empty promises, maybe they’ll still fight over the same things over and over again, maybe they will fail and fall another time, maybe it won’t work. But now, in this moment, in the space between them, they can allow themselves to hope. And to love.

End Notes

will they get back together? will they make things work? I'll just leave that to your imagination :)

I felt like giving them this open ending was the right thing to do, so I really hope you liked it!

thanks for reading, if you want come find me on [twi](#)

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