Barefoot

by am_i_write

Summary

Suga loves painting his nails, and Daichi loves watching him.

Notes

Based on the Inktober for Writers prompts by spymastery.

Day Two - Barefoot

See the end of the work for more notes.

Daichi has long ago given up on his homework in favour of watching his beautiful boyfriend painting his fingernails. Humming under his breath, Suga is gradually turning his nails a pretty shade of dark red.

"I like that colour," he says absentmindedly. Suga stops humming and looks up, smiling a bit. "It suits you." He feels a blush creeping up his neck, but it's totally worth the smile it coaxes out of his boyfriend.

"Hmm? You like?" Suga teases, lightly dragging his fingertips down Daichi's cheek, careful not to smudge the polish. "This one is It's Raining Men by Deborah Lippmann."

"You gonna do your toes the same colour?" Daichi asks, reaching over to tug a sock off of one of Suga's feet, who squeals and pulls them back, trying to swat his boyfriend away without smudging
his nails. The whole thing would be unbearably cute if he didn't know how insecure his boyfriend was about his feet. "Don't hide your toes, they're cute."

"Nah, I've picked out a different colour for my feet," Suga says, only acknowledging the second sentence with a small furrow of his brow. "I'm doing them in Topless and Barefoot. Essie."

"Well, I have to admit, both of those names together do sound rather like a fantasy," he murmurs, reaching over to capture Suga's lips between his own, but the moment's ruined when Suga lets out a small snort.

"You say that as if you didn't apologize to me for finding some random shirtless guy attractive once, Sawamura," he says, blowing him a playful kiss. "Don't try to play suave with me."

"Hey," Daichi complains, poking him in the side. "You're going to have to stop weaponizing my family name when you have it, too, someday."

Wait.

He tries to sputter out an apology, feeling his face become a shade of red that might camouflage well with It's Raining Men, Suga snickering all the while. "Oh? Thinking about marriage now are we? And please, we both know that you're taking my family name. You've called me Suga for too long to give it up without a fight. You've wanted to be a Sugawara since we were kids."

It's embarrassing, but Daichi realizes in that moment that he'd never considered taking Suga's family name. Tanaka and Noya used to tease the two of them about being like the parents of the team, and while Daichi believes that becoming captain and vice captains does entail the taking on of parental roles of some sort, he agrees that he and Suga might be slightly different. While many of the other relationships within their team were more wild and passionate and full of the reckless intensity of youthful relationships, his and Suga's had been more calm and domestic from the start, which only strengthened when they moved in together. And somehow, perhaps partly of consequence of being coined as the dad of the team, his dreams of marrying Suga always ended with Sugawara becoming Sawamura.

And yet... the idea of himself taking on Suga's family name makes him blush fiercely. Just the thought of someone saying "Suga-san" and meaning him... Gosh, he can only imagine what his face looks like, but it feels like the fires of hell itself are being stoked beneath his flesh.

Suga's giggling softly, but he's kind enough to look away. He shakes a bottle of cream-coloured liquid before screwing off the lid. He's tilted away, obviously supposed to be looking natural, but Daichi's having none of it.

"C'mon, Suga," he says, tugging on the other boy's shoulder. "You know how cute I think your feet are. Stop trying to curl away from me."

His boyfriend sighs, slowly adjusting so that his feet are right in between them. "It's subconscious, you know," he says, frowning as he wiggles his toes. "I don't even mean to anymore, it just happens automatically. But it's okay, Daichi. I know you won't judge me."

"Of course I won't judge you! There's nothing to judge," Daichi insists, but when the other man doesn't respond, he adds, "Will you let me paint your toenails, Koushi?"

His boyfriend's head snaps up at an alarming rate, eyes widening dramatically. "You want to paint my nails? I tried to get you to paint my fingernails once and you chickened out even after Ipsyched you up for ten minutes."
"Yeah, but people can actually see your hands," Daichi mutters, face flushing at the memory of how scared he'd been. "Since you always hide your feet anyway, it's okay if I mess up. And I want you to know how much I love your feet. They're beautiful feet."

"Stop embarrassing me," Suga whines, but slowly he slides his feet onto his boyfriend's lap before handing over the bottle of Topless and Barefoot. "Alright, you can paint my toes, but be aware that I'm never going to find them beautiful."

"Alright," Daichi says, taking the bottle from him. "But be aware that I'm never going to stop calling them beautiful until you can't even doubt it for a second." Suga scrunches his nose, but doesn't argue as the other man starts delicately brushing the colour across his nails. The motions are relaxing, and when Suga starts humming lightly again, Daichi can't help but wonder how he got so lucky.

It only takes a few minutes to complete, and soon Suga's smiling fondly at his nails. There were a couple mistakes, but overall the motions were fairly intuitive, and Daichi feels a strong sense of accomplishment. "You're the most beautiful man in the world," he tells Suga, "whether you're in a hoodie and sweatpants or topless and barefoot." Maybe Suga will always be insecure about his feet, but Daichi hopes that someday he'll understand just how much he loves every little part of him.

Suga giggles, pressing a kiss to the corner of his mouth. "Likewise."

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Let me know what you think :)

Gosh, I know nothing about nail polish, so uh? All my knowledge comes from trying to paint the nails of my sister's dominant hand once.

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