Perfectly

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Summary

Atsushi appears on Akutagawa's doorstep bearing gifts, still covered in debris from his most recent mission. Akutagawa's not sure why.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Ryunosuke can't help the sigh that escaped his lips at the sound of a knock at his door. It's far too late for any sensible visitors, which likely means he's about to be set on some urgent job. Right as he'd settled down at the kitchen table with tea and a book no less. Couldn't they have waited another hour? Still, he's nothing if not obedient when work calls, so he reluctantly removes his glasses and stands from the table.

It's not another executive waiting on the other side of the door, however. It's Atsushi, looking far worse for wear than Ryunosuke ever cared to see him--not that he hadn't seen him in more dire straits. There's only small flecks of blood, but he's absolutely covered in what looks to be building debris. Dust, dirt, cement, wood... Hell there was even a bit of roof tile still stuck to the side of his sleeve. Ryunosuke struggled to resist the urge to brush it away. The only real thing that stops him is the look on Atsushi's face. He had an almost mischievous smile that's was bursting with excitement.

"Ryunosuke," Atsushi says. The tone he uses sounds so very relieved to just see him. It soothes Ryunosuke's very soul.

"Come in," he says, perhaps a bit brusquely. He steps aside to let Atsushi past.

To his mild confusion, Atsushi sidles in, very purposefully keeping his back to Ryunosuke all the
While he'd like to investigate, they're more pressing matters at hand. The second the door clicks shut, Ryuunosuke is tousling his hair, dislodging various bits of debris with no care for the fact that his floor was going to be absolutely filthy. Atsushi giggles lightly at the touch. "I'm fine," he says, a smile on his lips.

Ryuunosuke doesn't really doubt that—it is Atsushi Nakajima they're talking about—but that doesn't stop him from tugging away bits of his clothing to take survey of cuts and bruises. There are none, so that likely means the blood is someone else. That gives Ryuunosuke far more comfort than it should. Finally, Ryuunosuke steps back, taking him in once more.

Atsushi should look exhausted as he'd obviously only just completed a job, but he doesn't. Instead, there's a sparkle in his eyes that's full to the brim with tenderness and appreciation.

Ryuunosuke hides a cough behind his hand. "Need a change of clothes?" he asks. It's the only good reason he can come up with for Atsushi's strangely timed visit.

"In the morning, probably."

Ryuunosuke raises an eyebrow at the implication. Was that really what he'd come here for? Not that he particularly minded. Just that it seemed an odd reaction to finish a job and then immediately come over for a fuck.

They stand in the hall a moment longer, just holding each other's gazes for the joy of it. It's Atsushi who finally breaks the silence. "You first." He motions inside.

Ryuunosuke's eyes narrow suspiciously. Atsushi was clearly hiding something. "Do you know what time it is?" he asks.

"Oh please don't be mad at me," Atsushi said, his voice more teasing than serious, "I just got through with a case."

What exactly was he supposed to be mad about? Ryuunosuke furrowed his brow. "I'm no upset. I gathered."

"Hurry up! Into the living room!" Ryuunosuke got the distinct impression that if Atsushi wasn't so resolutely hiding something behind his back, he would have made a shooing motion.

"I have tea in the kitchen," Ryuunosuke says.

Atsushi groans. "Fine. The kitchen, then. Just hurry!"

Ryuunosuke does what he's told, sending a backwards glance in Atsushi's direction. "You're acting strange," he says, "Are you drunk?"

"No," Atsushi says with a roll of his eyes.

Ryuunosuke settles down in his familiar seat at the table and takes a sip of his tea. It's cooled a bit, but still drinkable, thankfully.

The moment he sets the cup back down, Atsushi leans in and places a kiss on his cheek, something that really should've stopped making Ryuunosuke blush a long time ago. Then, he places a small stuffed tiger and a bagged plate of chocolate cookies on the table.
Ryuunosuke blinks at the gifts for a moment, his brain struggling to understand them. "For me?" he asks, reaching out to finger the ear of the tiger lightly.

For a moment Atsushi's smile falters and Ryuunosuke thinks he might've insulted him. Then the smile returns, only far wider. "Ryuunosuke, do you know what day it is?"

"Thursday," he responds, not sure why it mattered.

Amusement danced in Atsushi's eyes. "No. The date."

"The fourteenth?"

"Of..."

"February?"

Atsushi looks at him like this is the part where Ryuunosuke has some big revelation, but instead he just stares back. Finally Atsushi lets out a laugh. "You at least know what Valentine's Day is, don't you, Ryuunosuke?"

While he very much wanted to say 'yes' right away, it honestly took him more than few moments to say why the term sounded so familiar. It rung a bell certainly, but he couldn't place it. It didn't quite click until his eyes caught the heart-shaped cookies. "That's that romantic holiday," he says, his traitorous ears turning a bit pink, "That's today?"

"Yeah," Atsushi says, pulling a chair next to Ryuunosuke's and sinking into it with relaxed ease. He looks to Ryuunosuke with open affection. "I'm glad I decided to do the gifting this time around. Didn't you ever celebrate it?"

"No," Ryuunosuke admitted, bringing the tiger into his lap to stroke its short fur. He'd already resolved to place it on his bedside table, so he could see it on the mornings he and Atsushi couldn't wake up next to each other. "Never really had a reason..." He swallowed. He supposed he could've done something with Gin, but they'd been concerned with more important things most their lives.

There's a edge of emotion to Atsushi's voice when he speaks next. "So it's you first?"

Ryuunosuke turns slightly to look Atsushi in the eyes. "Yes," he says, softening his gaze as best he can.

Atsushi leans forward and leaves a kiss on the very tip of his nose. "That actually make me very happy." His voice is soft and tender; the kind of tone that makes the edges of Ryuunosuke's mouth tug at a smile. Whatever made Atsushi happy made him happy, too.

"I can't imagine a better person to start the tradition with," Ryuunosuke said. He had to look away half-way through, his heart making the most uncomfortable flip-flops.

Atsushi lets out a content sigh as he lets his head rest on Ryuunosuke's shoulder. "Try the cookies," he says, "You're supposed to make chocolate, but I knew you'd like these better."

Ryuunosuke opens the bag and takes one. It crumbles in his mouth just the way it ought and floods his taste buds with a warm chocolatey taste he can't help but enjoy. It's not a surprise. He'd baked with Atsushi on more than one occasion and knew how well his boyfriend was at it. But these tasted a little different than the batches they made together. He was sure it was only a part of his imagination, but these tasted a little sweeter, a little more special. He can't help but like them all the more because Atsushi had made them specially for him.
"They're good?" Atsushi prompts.

Ryuunosuke nods and rests his head atop Atsushi's. "Thank you," he says. They stare off into the distance together, listening to each other's breathing.

"I was worried you'd be mad since it's technically the fifteenth." Ryuunosuke's eyes flick to the clock, which was getting very close to three. "But then you don't even know it's Valentine's Day." Atsushi giggles to himself at this. "I'm glad I made it anyways."

"You didn't have to come straight from work," Ryuunosuke says. He's not quite brave enough to voice 'you make me worry', but he hopes it's inferred.

"I wanted to, though. I wanted to see you."

With a comfortable warmth in his chest, the two of them sit there for a while as the minutes tick by. Ryuunosuke reaches for Atsushi's hand and wraps it up in his. Their palms seem to fit so perfectly together, he realizes not for the first time. It was as if Atsushi's hand was always supposed to be there, and that made him feel home.

Ryuunosuke sighs and lifts his head. "We really should get you a change of clothes."

Instead of agreeing, Atsushi keeps his head on Ryuunosuke's shoulder. "Read to me," he says, "I want to hear your voice."

A smile tugs at his lips again, and Ryuunosuke obliges, slipping his glasses on. He opens to the first page and clears his throat, a sound that makes Atsushi settle in closer. Ryuunosuke takes a breath and starts to read.

End Notes

Happy Valentine's Day! I hope you get to eat lots of discounted sweets if nothing else!

And it's also my first fic of the year. I hope you enjoyed! I have big plans for 2019. Look forward to an akuatsu longfic from me at some point this year. c; Back to this fic, though, did you notice anything different?? It's my first established relationship fic with this pair!! So, Ryuunosuke finally calls himself by his own name. TwT Atsushi made him feel like he actually deserves to. Silly headcanon, I know, but I'll cling to it with my last breath.

I'd be eternally flattered if you commented and/or gave critique! Thank you for your time.

❤

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://www.ficarchive.com/fic/Akuatsu) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!