Even though summer was coming to an end, the heat didn’t seem like it would stop anytime soon and this humidity wasn’t doing anything to help Kuroko bike his way up the hill. Rather, it only made his sweat cling easier to his pale neck and clammy face.

When Kuroko arrived at the top of the hill, he hopped off his bike and collapsed onto the grass, deciding to take a break. He was on his way back to the city after having just finished visiting his grandmother, who lived one and a half miles away from the city. He was starting to think that maybe his grandma had a point. Perhaps he should’ve hailed a taxi or hitched a ride. Driving up and down one and a half miles of hills could not compare to the exhausting labor that came from biking.

With eyes shut and arms comfortably tucked behind his neck, Kuroko bathed in the cool wind that dipped low into the grass. It was refreshing, just exactly the thing he needed. And the way those green blades swayed, tickling his cheeks, he was quickly lulled to sleep.

Sometime later, Kuroko switched his position to one where he slept on his side with his legs curled
up to his chest. Unfortunately, or maybe it was a fortunate thing, he woke up to the sound of footsteps pounding against the dirt road and the creaky wailing of metal that seriously needed to be tended to. The sound of his bike wheels moving without his consent instantly got him up on his feet and running down hill. He completely disregarded his messy hair. After all, he had no time to spare when some fucking red head just stole his bike!

Now, if this person wasn’t faster than Kuroko and if Kuroko wasn't so drained from his biking, then perhaps he could have caught the damn bike thief! After all, this person just had to run with his bike. Said thief didn’t even steal the bike by riding away. Now this just grated Kuroko’s nerves. The heat, plus the humidity, didn’t do much to calm him down either.

“At least RIDE IT YOU ASSHOLE!!” Kuroko shouted scornfully, hands cupped around his mouth. As much as he hated to admit it, this thief was quick on his feet!

Kuroko wore a surprised look the moment the thief actually stopped in the middle of his tracks to get on the bike and pedal away. He stood watching the thief get further away and breathed out with astonishment, “He actually listened to me. Huh.”

After a crow’s caw, Kuroko snapped out of his daze. For the love of milkshakes, now, he’d have to walk back to the city.

Years and years later…

“Dad,” Seiji draws out the word slowly. “…How did you and dad meet?”

The six year old blinks, peering up curiously. Akashi folds his newspaper in half before placing it on his lap. A nostalgic and somewhat amused smile appears on his face as he chuckles quietly. While ruffling his son’s hair, Akashi casually asks, “Tetsuya, do tell me how we met again.”

And at that probing question, Kuroko chops a block of tofu, making sure to emphasize the sound of the sharp knife hitting the chopping board. He spins around to flash Akashi a bright smile.

“Of course.” There’s something dark and scheming to Kuroko’s smile. “Seiji, did you know your dad stole and crashed my bike?”

The young Akashi shakes his head, surprised, trying to hide a snickering laugh. Akashi sends
Kuroko a pointed look, intending to make him rethink his decisions, but no, no, no, Akashi Tetsuya won’t have any of that! Kuroko nods to himself, a finger up in the air. “I speak the truth of how we really met, Seiji. University student Akashi Seijuro did not know how to ride a bike and thus after crashing my bike, he was left to walk back to the city just like me. Funny enough, your dad did not know the way back.”

Kuroko sighs, taking a dramatic worried pose. He pinches the bridge of his nose. “I even had to walk him all the way back to his house, Seiji. Aren’t I a good man?”

Seiji grins and nods excitedly. Kuroko walks over to his husband and son. He brings a finger to his lips, face leveled to Seiji’s. “Now, Seiji, this is a top secret between you and I. We can’t let papa know, ok?”

Akashi shakes his head, resisting the urge to roll his eyes. Kuroko’s always gone about things in his own odd, little ways. Seiji’s round eyes dart once at Akashi before he scurries off laughing, leaving Kuroko to defend himself. But nope, Kuroko makes no move to defend himself when Akashi yanks him down onto his lap. Akashi peppers the back of his neck with kisses and Kuroko merely smiles, holding Akashi’s hands.

“Upset at me, Seijuro?”

Akashi chuckles, completely at ease. “No but are you?”

“You know I’m still waiting for my new bike.”

Akashi presses his face against Kuroko’s back. “If you’re looking for something to ride, Tetsuya, then I suggest you ride me instead. I’m much more comfortable.”

“I’m sure you are. In return, Seijuro, you can tell me how much you’ve improved your bike riding.”

“Oh you must mean show you how I ride, Tetsuya.”

Kuroko simply hums away, tracing his thumb over Akashi’s hand. The summer heat isn’t the only thing capable of raising temperature and humidity isn’t the only thing that makes the body sticky with sweat.
Thanks to tumblr OTP Prompt for the: "At least ride it asshole!" prompt. Inspired us to do a bit more with this idea.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!