

# Creatures of Habit

*Tags: AkaKita; Domestic Fluff; Tooth-Rotting Fluff; Farm Life*

The room is still dark—a combination of the sun still rising and the cloudy weather. Kita wakes up a few seconds before his alarm; his hand is already reaching to turn it off. Though the ringing stops as soon as it starts, his movements still stir Akaashi, whose head is resting on his chest, awake, and his soft black curls nuzzle deeper into Kita's neck.

"Mornin'," Kita whispers and places a chaste kiss on the top of Akaashi's head, breathing in the light scent of lemon and lavender from his shampoo. Akaashi mumbles something unintelligible, his lips grazing lightly over Kita's collarbone, and Kita assumes it is a light protest for him to stay in bed a little while longer.

However, Kita cannot stay in bed, and Akaashi knows this, so he doesn't protest when the man slips out of his grasp and the bed, leaving the cold air to invade the spot where he had lain. In an effort to combat the chill air, Akaashi pulls at the covers, wrapping himself in a tight cocoon. He lets the soft shuffle of Kita getting dressed lull him back to sleep.

Kita hovers by the door, turning back to peek at Akaashi curled up in the bed, hiding from the morning light. A small smile pulls at his lips with the familiarity of it all; this exchange they do every morning. It's a comfortable predictability.

His routine continues in the kitchen, warming up hot water for a quick cup of tea while he jots down items to get from the garden. When the water boils, he scribbles the last few items and pockets the list before he finishes preparing his tea, which he drinks outside in the fresh air.

He loves the mornings. He enjoys the way the air is filled with a quiet calm as everything slowly

starts to wake up with the sun. He enjoys experiencing that moment just before he starts his daily chores when time stops, and he pauses to be thankful for everything in his past, present, and future.

When Kita finally makes his way to the yard, the animals he keeps start to rise. A small flock of ducklings waddle toward him, converging at his feet. He pets a few of their heads, meeting their expectant gazes, before he stands up to walk toward the fields. The cacophony of quacks confirms they are following in a line behind him.

He leads them out to the rice paddies. Since it's early in the season, he must direct them on where to go. The ducks are still young. Therefore, they will only stay out in the fields for a few hours before he leads them back to the house. To pass the time, Kita idly pulls at weeds.

Kita is a creature of habit—as one who runs a farm often is. He knows exactly what to do every morning. Like changing seasons, his routine alters slowly and steadily through the year until it comes full circle. He can count on one hand the times a major event has restructured his daily patterns: moving to Tokyo for college, buying the farm, and Akaashi moving into his home—their home.

As he returns from the fields, Kita thinks about how he used to eat breakfast alone—early in the morning when he awoke—and stay out in the fields until noon. Now he finds himself walking back to the house mid-morning to share the meal with Akaashi.

He grabs a few eggs from the chicken coop, smiling while he reflects on their last year together. Pulling the list from his pocket, he picks fresh ingredients from their small garden. Every decision is particular and deliberate. Kita chooses only the ripest vegetables, ones he knows will combine to provide a rich composition of flavors.

Kita is meticulous; he takes great care in preparing the meal for them to share. Coffee made with beans that are freshly ground and water boiled to the perfect temperature before it's poured over. He prepares everything but the eggs, for the one unknown of their morning is how long it will take to get Akaashi out of bed.

He carries the steaming coffee to their bedroom, and he pauses in the doorway, looking at the sleeping man. Akaashi has—like always—turned away from the window, burying his head in the pillow in an attempt to pretend it is still dark.

Kita wonders how Akaashi can look so effortlessly ethereal. The light from the window refracts onto

the contours of Akaashi's back, drawing his eyes to move across the bare skin. He debates letting him sleep a little longer, but Kita is following their routine and Akaashi is expecting to be woken up.

He crosses the room to sit on the bed. Akaashi doesn't wake with the movement; his breaths are slow and heavy as he sleeps. Kita traces the fingers of his free hand over Akaashi's back, dancing them up his spine and traversing them along the crevices of his shoulder blades. Each touch carries the weight of an "I love you" and leaves a lingering phantom sensation.

Akaashi moves toward the other's touch, wanting more, and Kita leans down to place a soft kiss on the back of his neck, lips hovering above as a warm breath sends shivers through his body. A groan catches in Akaashi's throat. When Kita moves his lips down, placing another kiss along his spine, the groan morphs to something softer. Akaashi shifts closer to Kita, eager for another kiss.

"Keiji," Kita whispers as his lips brush once more against Akaashi's shoulder. Akaashi hums at the touch, but his eyes remain closed. "My love." The words leave Kita's lips, carried on a breath that warms Akaashi's skin.

Akaashi's eyes blink open slowly, adjusting to the light of the room. He turns his head; his blue-green eyes meet brown ones that turn gold as they catch the sunlight. A crooked smile on his face welcomes Kita to close the distance between them and plant a real kiss on his lips.

He can taste the morning air and faint hints of sweat on Kita's lips, but it's sweet—it's familiar. They do this every morning; his body awaits it—revels in it. He can predict what Kita will do before it happens, but it never feels mundane or boring, and it always leaves Akaashi breathless.

It's the way each touch feels timeless, new yet everyday, that sends Akaashi to the moon. The love between them never fades because everything—every movement, every word, every action—is imbued with memories and affection and adds to their love story.

Kita pulls back to give Akaashi room to move, and Akaashi stretches with a sigh before he shuffles up to a sitting position. Through half-lidded eyes, he meets Kita's dedicated and warm gaze, and Akaashi can't help but rest his hand on Kita's cheek. He leans in for a kiss.

Akaashi wonders if he could convince Kita to get back into bed, to get lost in each other's arms. It's a selfish thought considering Akaashi knows the other has a lot to do on the farm this time of year, but he lets himself wish it all the same. After a moment, he reluctantly breaks the kiss with a sigh.

With his free hand, Kita removes Akaashi's from his cheek and places a kiss against the top of his

long fingers before setting it down. "Ya ready to wake up now?" It's a rhetorical question that Kita asks while handing Akaashi the cup of coffee.

Akaashi brings the mug up with two hands and takes a small sip, and he decides to reply to the question anyway, saying, "Not if it means waking up from this dream I'm living with you."

Kita chuckles. "I think a real life with me would be better than a dream," he states.

Their lips meet once more. This kiss leaves Akaashi breathless and light-headed even though it appears tame to the outside world. But, it's Kita's conviction in every move he makes as if he knows what Akaashi will do before he does that stirs him. The subtle movements that leave butterflies in Akaashi's stomach and turn him into putty at the mercy of the other's lips.

Akaashi's eyes stay closed as they pull apart. His body moves forward as if Kita's lips have a gravitational pull.

"Join me fer breakfast?" Kita asks; his hand is outstretched and palm up. Akaashi smiles, removing a hand from the mug and placing it into Kita's.

Kita gently pulls Akaashi up from the bed and leads him out of their room and down the hall. They are silent as they walk, but Akaashi lightly squeezes Kita's hand as if to say "I love you," and Kita looks back with a smile and warm eyes as if to reply "I love you too."

This morning—every morning—the two of them are reminded that this life is theirs forever. They will never bore of these routines and habits because they are the embodiment of their love.

In each other, Akaashi and Kita have found a love that burns brighter with each passing day, a love that is infinite.