



el  
@kunimisbangs

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nsfw sakuatsu, overstim

atsumu throws his head back and moans as kiyoomi presses the wand to the tip of his cock.

it's drippy with lube and come from his last three climaxes, painfully red from the overstimulation.

the vibrations to his head force another small bead of precome to spill from the slit as atsumu chokes on air. there's no way he's going to survive this.

"it's too much," atsumu gasps. "p-please.../please/-"

kiyoomi's only response is to wrap his other hand around the base and start stroking atsumu's cock. the squelching noises are obscene to hear, but it's nothing compared to atsumu's pained wail.

"shhh," kiyoomi finally relents as he watches atsumu struggle in his bounds with impassive eyes.

atsumu's hands are tied to the headboard by shiny, silver handcuffs, and he's practically drawing blood from his wrists with how hard he's pulling on them.

"i...i..ohh..." atsumu starts stammering, a clear sign that he's getting close again. the poor guy is red from the chest to the tip of his ears, and he's trembling all over.

"that's right." kiyoomi encourages him, speeding up his hand.

atsumu arches his back with a choked whimper, useless. if he's trying to get away from the pain (or the pleasure), it doesn't work. kiyoomi can see it in atsumu's eyes that are trying so hard not to roll back.

they cross a little instead, and he has to bite back what would be a bit of a sadistic grin. "give me one dry, and i'll let you go."

he's not sure atsumu even registers the words because all he gets in response is a weak whine before atsumu's breath starts stuttering.

his hips kick upwards and kiyoomi watches, entranced, as atsumu shivers through yet another orgasm. lips parted with no sound coming out and brow creasing.

his cock noticeably pulses, but nothing more than a puddle of precum pools from the tip.

not one bead of cum dribbles from it, until atsumu goes through his last full body tremor and kiyoomi sees it.

cum, spurting out of the thick head, right before the blonde setter sags back onto the sheets.

"it looks like you weren't done yet."

"what?" the word is barely louder than a whisper as atsumu relaxes on the bed.

kiyoomi tuts, and repeats. "you're not done yet."

atsumu's head snaps up, his voice now edging towards panic. "what...?"

he tries to twitch away when kiyoomi drags a finger around the head of his cock, but it's nothing compared to the clang of the handcuffs when he sees the cum sticking to it. he sobs out desperately.

"you're hurting yourself," kiyoomi scolds, eyeing atsumu's arms with a frown.

bruises, red, blue and purple are blooming all around his wrists like painful little bracelets. atsumu either loves the pain, or is too far gone to care, because he continues to tug on them like a madman.

"i can't come again," he whispers wetly. "please omi. i swear i'm done."

"really now?"

"mhmmm." atsumu's head bobs as he nods. "i'll do anythin'...just please don't touch me again..."

kiyoomi squints. pulling five orgasms out of atsumu wasn't initially in his plans. usually three or four is enough to drain much of everything,

and he doesn't want the blonde to pass out for pushing too hard. still, he can't help but note that atsumu hasn't safeworded out of his predicament yet. him breathing out 'stop, stop' in the middle of a scene and then thanking kiyoomi for doing the exact opposite isn't out

of character.

glancing down at atsumu's softening cock, kiyoomi decides to play it careful.

"atsumu, give me your color," he orders gently.

when the blonde looks up, eyes blurry with tears but so open and trusting, it nearly takes kiyoomi's breath away. "...green."

"you want me to take the cuffs off?"

atsumu hesitates, then shakes his head, squirming on the spot. kiyoomi takes a deep breath.

he reaches over to poke the blonde on the nose, a sign of affection for them. "good boy."  
atsumu huffs out a moan, so kiyoomi continues.

"i told you the rules from the start. i'm not stopping until i'm sure you've got nothing left to give me." as he speaks, he grabs the lube from the sheets and pumps some of it in his palm.  
"this'll be over soon. sit back and let me finish, yeah?"

atsumu doesn't answer, and kiyoomi doesn't expect him to. he doesn't have a choice.

when kiyoomi's hand wraps back around his spent cock, the way he screams, hoarse and pained, sounds like surrender.

//the end

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