



kels

@sweetestnerd_

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01:05

~NSFW~ #bottomiweek @bottomiweek

Atsumu has always pushed.

Pushed his luck, pushed his limits, pushed until everything he wanted was within his grasp. He's had the drive his whole life. Doesn't matter the situation — it's never any different.

So maybe that's why he couldn't be satisfied with just one fleeting kiss from Sakusa Kiyoomi — a half-drunken dare, something that could only come about from being egged on by Hinata and Bokuto, who wanted to relive their high school days by playing stupid little games.

Sakusa's lips are soft against his — warmer than Atsumu expected, like he's radiating heat. Atsumu goes to chase them, but Sakusa pulls away after a half second, rolling his eyes at Hinata and Bokuto who said he wouldn't do it.

And Atsumu — Atsumu plays it cool, but he spends the rest of the night reeling, replaying every millisecond of the contact, so deep in daydreams about it that Hinata has to beam a piece of popcorn at him to get him to answer a question about their last game.

It's just — if Sakusa was willing to kiss him, what else would he be willing to do?

Hinata passes out sometime after his 5th beer and Bokuto carries him to their room, shouting a 'goodnight' like it's 3 PM not AM, leaving silence behind him as Atsumu and Sakusa have a stand-off.

Well, it's not really a stand-off. Sakusa is on his phone, paying no attention to Atsumu, and Atsumu is contemplating how to proposition him without getting slapped in the face.

In the end, he goes for blunt — because Atsumu's never beaten around the bush. "Hey, Omi?"

"Mmm?"

"One more?"

Sakusa glances up from his phone, eyes sharp. He doesn't ask what Atsumu is talking about

because he's not stupid — but he doesn't scoff or roll his eyes or stomp out of the room either. He just stares for a second, two, and then —

"Sure. One."

Atsumu doesn't let his surprise show — he's not surprised, really. Sakusa flirts with him all the time, in that weird, cryptic way of his, and Atsumu's a good kisser. Of course Sakusa wants more.

He closes the distance easily, scooting over on the couch. "Just one more."

"Yes, you said that —"

Atsumu kisses him and Sakusa returns the pressure immediately. This one is longer by a fraction of a second, long enough for Atsumu to imagine running his tongue along Sakusa's lower lip.

He pulls away, cheeks already warming like he's in middle school again — that's the Sakusa effect, probably. Atsumu's had a crush on him for about as long as he's known he's gay. Sakusa probably dragged him out of the closet unintentionally.

So, he can't really be blamed when he meets Sakusa's curious gaze and asks, again, "One more?"

Sakusa snorts out a half-laugh, and grabs Atsumu by the back of the head.

Kissing Sakusa Kiyoomi is one thing — making out with him is an entirely different thing. It's dizzying, addictive. One kiss would've never been enough.

Twenty isn't enough, so Atsumu mumbles against Sakusa's mouth, "maybe a few more, Omi," and he gets rewarded with Sakusa's tongue in his mouth.

Atsumu gets his hands on Sakusa's ass and Sakusa clammers into his lap, deepening the kiss.

There's only two layers between them — basketball shorts are the easiest thing to wear around the house, and God, Atsumu is thanking their love of comfort above all else right now. He can feel everything, and Sakusa is already hard.

From kissing.

Atsumu isn't faring any better. He isn't trying to act cool here — he'll show Sakusa he's affected. In fact, he'll embrace it. "Hey, Omi," he simpers, running his hands up and down his

back, to his hips, his thighs, anywhere he can touch. "Let's go to my room."

"Are you going to ask me for one more once we're in there?" Sakusa drawls.

"Might ask ya for a lot more, if you're willin'."

"If I wasn't willing, I would've told Hinata and Bokuto to fuck off before they could finish their dare," says Sakusa, and that's that.

They sneak past Hinata and Bokuto's room as gracefully as they can manage with Atsumu's hands glued to Sakusa, and tumble through the door at the end of the hall. Atsumu immediately curls his fingers under Sakusa's shirt and pulls it off.

Atsumu practically tackles him onto the bed, ripping off his own shirt in the process, and smacking their chests together as he drags Sakusa into a messy kiss. He grinds his hips down against Sakusa's, nips at his neck, moves back to his lips to swallow Sakusa's moans.

And it's still not enough. There are too many layers between them, so breathless, Atsumu asks again, "One more?"

One more article of clothing on the floor, then another, and another, and Atsumu is staring down at Sakusa's naked body underneath him, his cock standing straight up.

Another time, Atsumu will get it in his mouth, but right now — right now, he's on a mission.

"You want to fuck me, don't you?" Sakusa groans when Atsumu sits back on his heels, trailing a finger close to Sakusa's groin. "Keep asking politely and I'll probably let you."

"Yeah?" Atsumu leans over to his bedside drawer and snatches up a bottle of lube and a condom. He opens the cap and drizzles it over his fingers. Sakusa watches him with a glazed over expression, unlike anything Atsumu's ever seen. He wants Sakusa desperate; he wants him begging.

He bets he can get it.

"Ya tight, Omi?" he asks, using his dry hand to pull his legs up. He circles Sakusa's rim and gets him wet, smirks at the way Sakusa shivers. He slips the finger in slowly, hissing out quietly as he does. "Yeah, ya sure are."

Sakusa breathes out, and it's labored. He shifts, propping himself up behind his arms, putting all his beautiful muscles on display. Atsumu could paint him like a picture.

He pumps his finger in and out, slow in a way that he can tell is pissing Sakusa off.

He's all flushed, panting. If Atsumu wasn't pinning him down with his body-weight, he thinks Sakusa might kick his legs in a full-on tantrum.

"/Now/ you want to play games?" he growls. "You've been so gung ho all night."

"Just gotta make sure you're nice and ready, Omi."

"How do you expect to accomplish that with one finger?"

"Oh, did ya want one more?" Atsumu asks, grinning, and Sakusa's answering glare is positively scathing. But then — he nods. It's quick, a barely there motion, but from Sakusa, it's practically desperation.

Atsumu can still push further. "Ya sure?"

He teases a second finger at Sakusa's rim, just enough that he feels the stretch before pulling it out and switching back to one. That's all it takes.

"Fuck, /Atsumu/, come on. One more."

And Atsumu gives it to him. He gives him one more, then another, and another, until Sakusa is squirming on the bed, practically writhing under Atsumu's fingers, not even trying to hold back his moans. They're a fucking symphony — Atsumu lets them go straight to his head.

He finally pulls out to roll the condom over his cock and Sakusa watches him like he can hardly /wait/ for it. Atsumu takes one of Sakusa's legs and drapes it over his shoulder, lines up his cock, and pushes in.

It's slow until it's not.

Sakusa sucks him in and Atsumu bites out a groan as he bottoms out, braced above Sakusa like he owns him. Sakusa's eyes close and he bites his lip. Atsumu leans in to make him release it, and claims his lips as his own.

And then he starts moving.

Sakusa takes him beautifully — he doesn't have much more to say, outside of desperate little whines and the occasional plea, which Atsumu eats up, and Atsumu's /name/, which he has latched onto and is now abusing.

Atsumu mouths at his neck as he thrusts into him, thinking of what else he can take — how far can he push? What will Sakusa give him? Everything? Atsumu wants it — he wants everything. He wants to keep asking for more until Sakusa gives him all he has.

“Atsumu,” Sakusa gasps as Atsumu gives him a particularly deep thrust. Atsumu knows what’s coming, knows what Sakusa wants, and this time he won’t make him ask — he wraps a hand around Sakusa’s dick and starts stroking in time with his thrusts and Sakusa cries out.

He tightens around Atsumu so suddenly that Atsumu’s own orgasm slams into him, and they ride them out together, Sakusa shaking underneath him, making a face that Atsumu will dream about for the rest of his life.

For a few seconds, they just stare at each other, chests heaving, and then Atsumu breaks out into a grin. He leans in and kisses Sakusa once, a chaste peck on the lips, and then pulls away.

“Hey, Omi — ya think ya could give me one more?”

yaaay happy bottomi week it's a week long holiday!!

i forgot to put the prompt at the top of the thread but i think y'all can probably figure it out :')

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